

MIGHTY TIGER DAD WITHIN

By: Firingwall

“C’mon, honey! Just try it! You’ll like it, I promise!”

“No! It’s not Pebbles!” Joey pouted, folding his arms.

Leah could only sigh, shaking her head. She loved her son dearly, but sometimes he could be so difficult. When it came to breakfast cereals, he was at his most stubborn and picky.

That particular breakfast that early morning would be a challenge. Her husband, Jake, was still sleeping in bed. It had been a long shift the previous day, going well into the night. He usually took care of these situations with Joey, but with him still sleeping soundly, Leah had to handle this head-on.

There was no other cereal or breakfast foods left that Joey would go for. It was this cereal or nothing at all, the latter of which he was really leaning into by pushing the bowl away and turning to the side.

Leah frowned. “Frosted Flakes are really good! I’m sure you’ll like the taste if you try them!”

Joey responded with silence. *Looks like this may need a stronger approach.* The mom looked at the bowl and decided on her next action. “Mommy likes Frosted Flakes! You’ll like them too!”

Leah didn’t like them. They were better than most of the extremely sugary cereals out there, but the taste did nothing for her. Still, on sale was on sale, and she wasn’t going to let them go to waste.

She took the bowl and spoon and held them up. “Seeee? Mommy really likes Frosted Flakes!”

The whole thing felt silly, stupid even. Her son wasn’t a toddler, even though he was acting like one. What she was doing wasn’t probably going to even much now that he was older. It felt desperate.

Yet, she was still going to try it at least.

Leah scooped up some of the cereal and plopped it in, chewing it up fast to get it over with. It tasted like she remembered it, but yet there was something different in it too. She couldn't quite put her finger on it. Maybe the recipe had changed slightly since she last had a bowl?

Regardless, it was better than before, so it wasn't as hard as she thought it would be. Swallowing it, she let out a pleasant "aww". "See? **Daddy likes his Frosted Flakes!**"

That was a pause. Joey slowly turned around then. He looked straight at her, not the bowl itself. Still, despite that confused look on his face, that was promising.

Leah smiled, flashing some sharp, feline fangs briefly. *Okay, good! He's looking at me now at least. Maybe that's a sign! Keep it going...*

"**Mmmmm!**" She chuckled rather deeply, "**Frosted Flakes are good!**" She scooped up some more and plopped it into her mouth. It tasted better on the second scoop.

As she chewed it up, there was twitching across her body. The chubbiness within it was fading, burning off any excess weight that accumulated over years of motherhood. However, her form retained some of its thickness as muscle mass took its place.

Leah rose where she stood. She gained several inches as her figure became even fitter. Her clothing looked a touch form-fitting as she developed some toned muscles in her arms and legs. Her shirt felt the same, though from the fact that her shoulders had broadened and raised.

Leah licked her chops, finishing her spoon. She smiled back at her son, though noticed something was off. He seemed more confused than before, his head tilting like a confused dog.

Hmmm, am I losing him? Leah bit her bottom lip. *Maybe I should change it up a little. Maybe throw in a little fun with this.*

"**Frosted Flakes are more than good! They're grrrrrrreat!**" Leah snickered with a wink, taking another scoop of cereal.

In it went and with a chomp of the sugary breakfast meal, something popped. From behind her, out came a long, orange fur with black, triangle stripes. It swayed eagerly, bouncing about with each chew.

As she swallowed, her ears wobbled. Black fur sprouted across the outsides while white cloaked the inners. In a swift, quick motion, the ears shot up, through her hair, to the top of her noggin. They wiggled gently, free of their human form.

Joey flinched, blinking and rubbing his eyes.

“**Joke was** too obvious, huh?” Leah shook her head. *Humor: not the right approach.* It was only confusing him more somehow. Maybe she needed to appeal to him in a different way.

“Well, how **about this, sport? You love your** sugar, right? Well, Frosted Flakes has plenty of that sugar-coated deliciousness all over it!”

Leah took another bite and soaked in that sugary delight. The taste was getting so good now. She needed to have more of it. Every few months wasn’t enough.

Across her body, hair was growing. Black, angular stripes were popping up along her arms and then her legs. They popped up along her back, stretching from side to side. Even a few appeared on the sides of her face.

Some white fur also sprouted but kept to her torso. It grew just below her collarbone, spreading down over her chest and the front of her toned tummy. White hairs could just be seen poking out of her collar and through her tightening t-shirt.

“So much of that **sugar-coated goodness on** them!” Leah spoke, trying to refocus on what she was doing. “It’s all packed perfectly with the cornflakes **that it just tastes... tastes...**”

Leah grinned. “So all **tastes grrrrrRREEAT!**” She couldn’t help it, putting so much more enthusiasm into it than before. It was so easy and felt so natural coming out of her mouth that it was almost embarrassing to a degree.

As that word echoed, her mouth trembled. Her lips thinned and began to darken. White fur sprouted around them, partially obscuring them as they spread. The fuzz went along her mouth, around her nose, across her cheeks, and up to & partially past the black face stripes.

Joey just stared at Leah, mouth slowly opening. “Umm... mom? Are... are you okay?”

Leah chuckled. “**Heh, of course I am! Daddy’s okay!**”

Though, the question did give Leah some pause. Maybe they were overselling it now or just being too overzealous? They couldn’t help it. They loved Frosted Flakes with all of their heart and wanted Joey to enjoy them as much as they... he did.

Leah ate another scoopful of the cereal without any commentary, just thinking about things. He closed his eyes, soaking in the taste. His eyebrows thickened, growing as black as his stripes. His form rose taller and broader, his shirt looking like it was two sizes too small now.

His tail whisked about happily as his eyes opened once he was done with his savoring. They were gleaming, a lively, bright, feline yellow that looked so warm and caring.

He spoke sweetly and pleasantly, Joey still staring hard at him. **“I understand. Sometimes trying new foods can be unfun. However, just know, your big, cool dad only wants you to eat right! Frosted Flakes are part of a growing boy’s diet after all!**

“Plus, they smell nice!” The words tumbled out of his mouth all silly and quick. Again, he just got so passionate about his favorite cereal of all time.

The furry guy leaned in and took a deep sniff of the bowl. His nose twitched, inhaling that sweet aroma. His nostrils flared, turning blue and lifting. The tip of his nose lifted and broadened as the nostrils shifted. His snoot grew more until it was a big, blue cat nose.

His messy, dull, brown locks quivered behind him. His mane slowly shrunk upwards and back to his skull. It shrunk and shrunk, the roots turning orange. Eventually, hair became pure fur.

Leah looked at Joey and then at the bowl, his snout almost against it. He smiled sheepishly and cleared his throat. **“Anywho, ah, it’s all about eating better! It has all your sugar, yet it’s also good for your body!”**

The former mom happily devoured another scoop of it. From his skull and tail, orange fur began erupting and spreading across his body like a raging fire. Any remaining trace of skin that wasn’t already furry gained that orange coating.

Even beyond that, some extra bits of body hair grew, mixed in with it. They were longer than the fine, short hair that made up his pelt, and thicker. They were a darker shade of orange on his arms and legs, while a dark gray sprung forth on his chest, cheeks, and chin.

The tiger dad licked his chops and chuckled again. **“Eat it, and you can grow into a mighty tiger, just like your dad!”**

Eating another scoop, he smiled knowing he wasn’t exactly lying. As long as he could remember, back to when he was a small cat, he had been eating Frosted Flakes. He was so

scrawny and thin, but then he started eating it and after a few years, he had grown into a dense beast.

Sure, there was also all the time spent at the gym and fitting in as much running and sports as he could in his spare time. However, Leah was confident in his breakfast choice being a contributing factor at a bare minimum.

Swallowing, he let out a soft sigh and patted his stomach. He grew just a little more, just budging over seven feet tall. His arms and legs were buff, packed with powerful tiger muscles. His stomach was toned but with a trace of belly fat that gave it some softness.

Leah looked at Joey, whose expression was less confused and more curious. **“Well, maybe not literally a tiger, but still! Big and strong like me!”**

For the first time in a while, Joey looked away from his parent. He looked at the box next to him, staring at it intensely. Leah’s ears twitched. ***Oh? Is he gonna-***

His son looked at him. “Maybe... maybe I do want to try it.”

Leah grinned, pride filling his heart. He did it! He was able to finally get Joey to try something new all by himself.

The tiger looked at the bowl in his small, dainty hands. **“Well, let me get you a fresh bowl, son!”**

“Leah” shoveled the rest of the cereal in and gulped down the milk fast, setting the bowl to the side. He turned and headed over to the cabinets to fetch another bowl. His stomach growled and some trembles rolled through his body, but he paid them no mind.

His hands and toes jittered and clenched. Fur parted from his soles, palms, and finger & toe tips. Skin began to bulge and inflate, turning into a pleasant, cute pink. Finger- and toenails lurched forward through the fur, turning thin and claw-like. The digits shifted slightly, making it so the claws could be retractable.

In his torso, his breasts began to fade. Already stretched from his widened chest, they deflated and melted back inward. They turned more squarish, retaining some thickness. Their shape and form were now pectorals befitting the beast’s new body.

Leah gave it no mind, fetching a new bowl and spoon. He strolled back over to Joey, placing them in front of him. He poured some cereal in and stepped over to the fridge. “Here, let me get some milk for-”

However, Joey was already at it. He was already scooping big spoonfuls of Frosted Flakes into his maw. Leah smiled. *Heh, maybe I sold it a bit too well.*

The tiger sighed, chuckling and shaking his head. There were a few pops and cracks, the noises so low they were almost inaudible. The shape of his head shifted with a rounder dome at the top, wider cheeks, and neck muscles. His face jutted forward, forming a short but strong muzzle. The last of his humanity was gone.

“Whoa!” Leah’s ears perked up. “Slow down there or you’re gonna choke!” The tiger quickly turned towards the sound.

Leah’s husband, Jake, had just walked into the room. He looked like he just rolled out of bed only seconds ago, still wearing his ruffled tank top and boxers. His hair was a mess, a light five o’clock shadow on his mug.

Jake walked up beside Joey and patted his shoulder. “Easy there! Take a little time to actually taste what you’re eating, okay?” Joey nodded and did indeed pace himself a little better.

Jake looked up and over at the tiger man wearing his wife’s clothes... or what should’ve been her clothes. During that little walk to the cabinets, they had shifted into a red tank top and blue gym shorts made for working out in.

Jake looked at the tiger. The tiger looked back at Jake. There was silence, stillness between the two.

After a moment, the human dad smiled and walked over. “Heh, looks like my mighty mighty tiger finally accomplished his greatest victory yet!”

The tiger chuckled. **“Yeah! Took some coaxing and some of my patented dad charm, but I finally got him to eat my cereal.”**

“You did good.” Jake stroked the tiger’s face, scratching under his chin. “Now, can you stop bringing so many boxes of the stuff from work home now?”

“Not a chance!” The feline smirked, flashing a devious grin. **“That stuff is grrrrrrrrreat!”**

Jake scoffed. “Must you keep doing that, Tony?”

“Don’t act like you don’t like it,” Tony cooed into Jake’s ear, getting a chuckle out of the human. They leaned in and gave each other a long, soft kiss.

Tony was such a lucky tiger. Sure, he had a successful career as a spokesman and mascot for his favorite cereal. He even ran a gym on the side, helping others unleash their inner mighty tigers in a more figurative sense. However, none of it compared to finding such a loving, wonderful man as Jake and having a sweet, if picky, kid like Joey. There wasn’t a luckier tiger on Earth than him, he felt.

As they broke from their embrace, Tony looked over at Joey. The kid had stopped eating and was looking at his hands. He seemed to be studying them carefully before looking at his arms, pulling back his shirt sleeves. He even lifted his shirt. The more he looked, the more the kid looked frustrated.

“Something wrong, champ?” the tiger asked, walking over.

Joey huffed, arms drooping. “I... why am I not big?”

“Big?”

“I ate Frosted Flakes! Why am I not big like you?”

“Oh, that it?” Tony the Tiger laughed, ruffling Joey’s hair. **“Son, you got a long way to go before you grow up to be big like me. Frosted Flakes are good, but you also have to keep eating right, exercising, and more!”**

The kid did not look impressed. He slouched, folding his arms and looking away. He muttered, “You got to be a big tiger so fast. Why can’t I?”

Tony shook his head. His son had such a silly imagination. The tiger didn’t get to be big and buff overnight after all! It took years of growing and hard work to be such a large tiger. Even now, he still had to work hard to maintain his physique. One couldn’t expect to be as brawny as him after one breakfast.

Though, eating a bowl or two of Frosted Flakes every day didn’t hurt either! Tony certainly could go for another one. A big dad like him did need to eat right to look his best after all!

THE END