... At first I guess it was just the practical way to feed a child, but later it became a way of getting me to finish up my food when I was reluctant to eat any more, and she continued to do it right the way through my childhood up to the age of around Sixteen or Seventeen. She would even spoon feed my father from time to time, trying to get him to finish up his main course or dessert. Nowadays I associate it with warm, safe feelings, since she was very attentive, giving gentle words of encouragement as she pushed the spoon towards my mouth. By the time I left the table I always felt very full and completely satisfied...

...I found myself copying their actions and gestures in an attempt to be more like they were. Sometimes I would deliberately walk slowly, even more so than I needed to so that I could pretend that I was even fatter than I actually was. I would take my time lowering myself down onto seats or standing up, and puff and pant as if I was finding it an enormous effort...

...there was something about the assistant's attitude that was very reassuring and comforting, professional to the core and just matter-of-fact about the situation. I soon found myself starting to relax, and then began to actually quite enjoy the experience, realising that being too fat to dress myself was something I'd often fantasised about. It began to feel so natural and obvious to me that I should need other people to take care of me like this...

...He was also absolutely huge, my size plus a few more pounds on top, and it was obvious he really loved his food, often getting to the canteen before me for seconds or dessert. We would eat together while we played bingo, sharing chips and drinks, and I knew I'd found a soul mate when I brought the conversation round to my favourite subject of food and weight issues...

...It worries me slightly that he'll be too overweight to take care of me properly should we ever move in together but at least for now I still have my parents for that…

Growing up as a Feedee by Tammy Tummy