There’s an old, overused sort of saying that goes something like this—“desperate times call for desperate measures”.

And while any old adage could be used to the point that the words that make them up lose all meaning, no one was having a more desperate time than Belinda Velazquez.

After years of dating her fiancée Freddie, she’d slipped into some uncomfortable habits and awakened the chunker deep inside. Cookies, cupcakes, and those cute little fruit pies that they sold at the market slowly found their way hugging her hips and dangling from her formerly tiny tummy; until she had blown up to just over two hundred and forty pounds. Her soft, caramel-colored skin could be grabbed in handfuls now—a far cry from the lean and exotic-looking heartthrob that had caught her fiancee’s eye all those years ago.

No doubt the same lean and exotic-looking heartthrob that he had had in mind when he had proposed to her back in January.

But the stress of planning a wedding hadn’t helped anything. If anything, Belinda was snacking more than ever! As her fried nerves kept urging her to find solace deep in the fridge, Belinda couldn’t help but thinking that this was setting a horrible precedent for herself. After all, if this was what she was like *before* she got married, what sort of hog would she turn into when she could let herself go?

She could hardly bear the thought of becoming like her mother or her aunt, both so big and heavy that just walking from one room to the next was enough to leave them out of breath. But in order to *ensure* that she was in good enough shape to fit into the *perfect* wedding dress, she knew that she would need some help.

That’s where the “desperate measures” part of this comes in—and there were hardly any measures out there more desperate than Abdication Inc.

“Okay, so… *this patch*…” Freddie held up a girthy orange adhesive with a lightning symbol emblazoned on it, “Will go off every time you eat when you’re not hungry… Lin are you sure that you want to—”

“Do you *want* me to look like a pig in the wedding photos?” Belinda snatched away the patch and slapped it onto her right shoulder, “Just keep reading.”

“That’s… really kind of all there is to it.” Freddie made a face, “We just had lunch… should we… you know… test it out?”

“That’s a great idea.” Belinda rocked against the meat of her belly to come to a standing position, “Where are those chocolate covered pecans your grandmother sent us?”

The bride-to-be hurried into the kitchen with her fiancée dragging behind her. Reaching for the white Tupperware container on top of the fridge, she pried off the top, ripped open the bag, and handed it to her husband.

“Okay, we’ve had lunch, I’m not hungry, and I am officially on my diet.” Belinda said confidently as she sat down at the kitchen table with the container, “Feed me.”

“What?”

“Feed me!”

“Why should I feed you?”

“What if I seize up and bite my finger off?” Belinda asked, “Come on, just help me please?”

“Alright, alright…” Freddie rolled his eyes, “Open.”

Belinda did as she was told. She opened her mouth and let her fiancée pop a chocolate-coated nut past her lips. She chewed with trepidation, unsure of just when the shock would come. Rolling it around a bit, getting to savor the flavor, hit just a bit hollow when she knew that any moment she’d be getting a jolt from her pa—

“OW!”

It came as soon as the pecan hit the pit of her stomach. It wasn’t a big jolt, but certainly one that made her jump in shock.

“Okay! Wow! Alright!” Belinda blinked, feeling like she ought to be singed like in the cartoons, “So… it doesn’t register until I swallow…”

“That’s, uh… that’s good right? No chance of biting off your tongue?”

“Mmm… maybe that was just a fluke.” Belinda said aloud as she grabbed a pecan for herself, “Let me…*ooh!*”

With another pecan down, Belinda was more prepared for her shock. Her synapses sizzled at the little bolt of lightning that ran up and down her spine. Tickling each and every one of her muscles in a mixture of pain and… pleasure? That couldn’t have been right.

“Oof...” Belinda found herself breathing a little heavy as her mind operated in a fog, “M… maybe I should… you know… try to build up a tolerance…”

“Does it hurt you, baby?” Freddie asked with concern in his voice, “Because we can send it back as long as it’s within—”

“N-No! No it doesn’t hurt… too bad.” Belinda’s breath was hot and wanting, “Um… h-help me out a little. W-What, uh… d-do you think you could feed me another one?”

“Lin, I’m not gonna shock you with—”

“*Just do this for me, Frederick!”*

The full name ultimatum won him over. Freddie dutifully plucked chocolate covered pecans to pop past his wife’s plump lips. He watched her chew wantingly, little bites that made her chubby cheeks jiggle every so slightly, before she salaciously swallowed the single pecan that her body registered as being over her natural limit. And after that…

*“Ooooh~!!”*

Belinda’s tongue hung out of her mouth after what she called a “big one”. Her brown eyes looked hazy and distant as she held her mouth open for another, her chest rising and falling with shallow breaths.

“Ahh… haaa… a-another one?”

“I… don’t think that this is going to have the effect that you want, Lin.”

“Buh… Freddie pleassssssssse?” she whined, “I… I think it’s cooling down…”

“Are *you* cooling down?”

“Oh fuck you’re right… I… this is getting me kind of hot…” Belinda worried mournfully as she touched a hand to her cheek, “The… last thing that I need is another excuse to eat like a little piggy…”

She reached for another pecan absently.

“A big, fat, greedy little piggy…”