

Princess Connect! RE-WG Story



“Heya! Thanks so much for showing interest in our guild! My name is....the stomach that’s always starving, Pecorine!~ It’s super crazy wild to meet you!”

You had heard the whispers and rumors around the city; of a hidden guild started up by one of the strongest women the land. Tales of her exploits were only ever rivaled by her immense appetite, leaving restaurants and storehouses empty in her wake. Your village was among the ravaged and yet everyone you had met seemed grateful to the gorging princess whose boundless love for food had allegedly saved as much as it had destroyed.

It was a cost that was far too much for a poor peasant family to bear as you watched your people pass through the cold, harsh winter fewer and fewer by the day. The cost of her services reaped 30% of what everyone claimed would have been a total wipe out had the dragon been allowed to have its way. As far as you were concerned, the true monster had still yet to be slain.

“Anyway! I’m sure you’ve got a lot of questions! Like ‘how did this girl get so fat?’ I gotta say I’m pretty huge, aren’t it? When you get to my size, your world becomes really quite a small place. But it’s a very beautiful world, you know?”

She’s right in front of you. This massive girl dressed in armor and sporting a tiara surely couldn’t be that hard to slay if you really tried. Signs of breakfast still clung to her flabby cheeks as it would appear you had caught her unaware and in between meals. Now would be the perfect time to strike.

A quick slash to where the fat was thinnest...maybe around one of her chins? Hurry, while she’s prattling away. You can end the nightmare as you feel your fingers wrap around the hilt of the dagger hidden behind your cloak.

“My days consist of eating and sleeping and trying out new recipes with all the food I’ve gathered in my travels! I gotta say, traveling was a lot easier a few hundred pounds ago, but to gorge on food all day and to realize that the worlds flavors are at your fingertips really settles me down.”

Her hands moved with a speed which betrayed her size as she grasped your free hand still dangling by your side and intertwined her chubby fingers with your own. You balk and release your grip on the dagger you held at your side as she applied just the lightest amount of pressure in order to heave herself upright in a single, swift motion.

“Whew! Thanks for the help! It’s getting a bit tougher to lift all of me by the day! But enough about that, let me show you around! Just keep your eyes on me and you’ll never get lost! All these rolls and blubber are really good for being a landmark, huh?”

Her infectious enthusiasm momentarily made you question your killing intent. So many questions flood into your mind as she speedily waddled about the comparably small guild hall, navigating her bulk around narrow corridors and tight doorways with such precision and ease that she never allows her armor to make a single scratch against the walls.

“We’ll start with the bedroom first! This is where my day usually begins with a gentle nudge from Kokkoro-chan as she gets breakfast ready for all of us. She rigged up this lovely device from bamboo which lets the steamed rice and leftover meat just pour straight into my mouth so I don’t have to suffer hunger pangs while she cooks for us all. I taught her everything she knows!”

Pecorine’s eyes glaze over a little as she eyes the freshly reloaded tube. Of course, you were aware of her habits as no successful hunter should ever go after prey without studying it first. Over countless days, you’ve seen her lazily suckle from that tube while she admired herself from a small hand mirror as she jiggled and played with her enormous body. You have assessed her numerous blind spots, hoping that the difficulty she has seeing much of her enormous form would be to your advantage. The small part of her bountiful chest and the flabby wings of blubber at her side made it seem like a sneak attack could easily be possible so long as she wasn’t propping her enormous body up against the side of her bed or a wall.

You merely had to wait for the right opportunity...



You follow the princess' stately waddle as she makes her way towards what is undoubtedly her favorite room in the house. The kitchen's humble looks betray the royal portions of calorie laden dishes which are born from its ever busy stove tops.

"Kokkoro-chan might be getting a little too good at cooking though, She's gotten almost as big as I have, but she seems to struggle with her size a lot more. I told her that if you're going to be a part of the Gourmet Edifice Guild, you've still got to keep up your physical training as well as all your eating!"

You peer over Princess Pecorine's massive frame and spy an equally massive elf girl angling herself atop a kitchen stove. She's so caught up in her cooking and tasting that she barely notices your presence as she slurps the nearly empty pot of stew in front of her. Several empty pots litter the floor around her, evidence of her 'warm up dishes' before setting about making what is sure to be a very hearty breakfast.

"I took her idea of making stamp cards whenever one of us does good, so she gets a stamp for doing at least one sit up per day! Then she can cash in her stamps to get to use the big full length mirror to see all of herself for the day! It's such a crazy awesome idea! She really loves all the praise I give her whenever she finishes a meal too! First we start with two pounds of sausages, followed by four dozen eggs..."

It's starting to become clear to you about how these girls got so big. Between these two alone is a positive feedback loop of praise and gluttony which the legends barely did justice. Pecorine destroyed their enemies in exchange for handsome rewards of food and gold and this girl converted them both to added layers of plump padding, never to be seen again by the hungry villagers they left in their wake. You allow the shock of their size to exit your mind as you recall your purpose for being.

Princess Pecorine wasn't the only one who had friends. You were told from a reputable source that amid that guild was a double agent who would be sympathetic to your cause. This swollen elf certainly didn't look the part, but you were told none the less that you would know her when you saw her. Maybe after you met, you could arrange a coordinated strike...

"....and that's when I told her just to blend it all with bacon grease and burnt bits and pour it down my throat! Oh, I'm sorry if I went on too long with our daily eating habits. We take our breakfasts so seriously here that we sometimes forget to have lunch!"

The princess gives her belly a playful jiggle only to have it growl back at her in return. She doesn't even look the slightest bit shy as she recognizes that her tummy's voice was not one of aggression, but of a gentle reminder of what was still to come.



“Kyarū-chan should be back with our lunch ingredients real soon! She’s the only one who can still fit out the door without me having to constantly do the remodeling so we let her get the groceries. I can’t wait to see what she brings back!”

The tiny bell at the front of the guild hall tingles its shrill chime.

“And here she is!”

The ‘most mobile’ member of the guild still barely grazed the sides of the open doorway as she hoisted her load inside. An enormous cat girl was breathing heavily as she waddled her way to the dining table which she grabbed onto for support. Her face was flushed with effort as she mopped the sweat off her brow and the multiple rolls which clung to her outfit like a second skin.

“My god, Pecorine, why the hell do you have to order so much! This is even more than last time!”

“Sorry, Kyarū-chan! It’s just that we go through it so quickly, I thought we would make less trips if we stocked up more.”

“It doesn’t work if you just eat more with each meal! Every damn day you make me go on these absurd grocery runs and the people in the city give me weird looks because they could have sworn that they saw me here yesterday buying just as much! It’s super embarrassing!”

The cat girl lifts her belly out of her over tight skirt which barely covers her gargantuan thighs as she fans herself with a flabby hand. The sound of buttons clattering across the wooden floor as she relaxes the gut she had been holding in echo through the entrance as she hastily attempted to shed her clothing. Her thighs look uncomfortably chaffed from waddling so often that you could tell her discomfort was feeding into her bad mood.

There were only three members of the guild on paper and all of them were whales. Your hopes of a stealthy assassination were all but dashed if you had to rely on this butterball feline to help you take your revenge. You begin to scan for an unbarred window as you plot your escape to come back another day as you slink back behind Princess Pecorine's shadow.

The princess cleared her throat loudly.

“Um, Kyaru-chan, we’ve got a guest with us today...”

Your bulky cover shifts to one side in a single, swift motion allowing you and the new arrival to make awkward direct eye contact. Pecorine's eclipse descends upon you once again, just as quickly as it had initially left, as she pushes you from behind and towards the overweight cat girl.



“Come! Meet our new applicant! First impressions are important!”

Kyaru’s eyes grow wide as she struggles to refasten her clothing. Flustered shock gives way to embarrassed horror as she can see your body rocketing towards her, plastered against the living bed of the princess’ mighty belly.

“No, wait! Don’t just-”

Her words are cut short as you slam full force into the second wall of feminine obesity. You stare up at Kyaru meekly, a mouth full of her flabby breast forced into your mouth as your body is sandwiched between the two girls. Tears begin to well up in the corners of her eyes as the gravity of your forced assault grows even heavier with every misplaced grope your panicking hands make in vain efforts to free yourself from all that cascading flesh.

“PECORINE! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING!”

Darkness obscures your vision as the flabby cat girl leans over the princess’ belly to seize her enormous cheeks. She was unwilling to admonish a stranger, no matter how offensive their behavior, but clearly had no trouble voicing her discontent to someone more familiar. Breast and belly mashed together in your waiting mouth as you slowly attempted to pry yourself from between the mountainous women. You feel the dagger slip from your back pocket, along with your cloak and other belongings as you forcefully slide between the hot and heavy crevasses of their exposed folds.

Passing through their thighs after what seems like an eternity, you gasp for life giving air. You are reborn once again into the world and are given new perspectives. They’re bigger than you, stronger than you and are a hell of a lot more unpredictable than you could have ever dreamed as you crawl out and away from the colossal women. So focused on keeping your hands and knees continuously moving one in front of the other, that you barely notice them stop moving as your head collides with another belly hanging mere inches off the ground.



“Um...hey everyone....lunch is ready...”

A calm, small voice, coaxes you to look up, knowing very well what you would see. The obese elf looks down at you from the curvature of her belly, her lips tightly puckered into an embarrassed ‘x’ that she could hardly get the words out. Her belly rises a few inches and gently plops back against your face as she takes a deep breath to relax herself.

“Will our new friend be joining us?”

The princess pried her cheeks out of Kyaru’s meaty grasp, beaming her same radiant smile as she relishes an idea you can tell has run through her mind many times before. You can hear your cloak and dagger fall with a metallic clatter as her gargantuan shadow looms over you once again.

“An excellent idea! We can look over the guild paperwork after we’ve gotten our tummies full! Maybe they’d like to try feeding us too! My arms sure are tired after all that walking!”

The cat girl shakes her head as she props herself up on a pair of blubbery arms after being sent flying back from a serious belly thrust. She catches sight of your discarded cloak and dagger, immediately putting two and two together as she quickly attempted to sprawl her enormity out and over the sheathed blade.

“That doesn’t even make any sense, Pecorine! You told us you were going to try eating this week by just burying your face in the bowl in order to preserve precious calories!”

“Oh yeah! That’s a crazy awesome plan, right? Maybe our guest would like to watch?”

“I’m sure they would, right after you two go wash up. We can’t be eating with such poor table manners! It’s disrespectful to the food!”

It was only with Kyaru’s observation that both Princess Pecorine and Kokkoro became aware of the bits of food still clinging to each other’s cheeks. After a couple of fruitless attempts to lick the morsels away, they half-heartedly sighed and accepted that washing their faces would be the only way forward. The two girls lumbered towards the kitchen sink, leaving you and your corpulent co-conspirator a precious few moments alone.

“Listen, the assassination plans are off for now. I’ve tried to fatten Pecorine up as much as I can but it seems that with every pound she gains, she only gets stronger. I wish I could tell you that she’d be immobile soon, but that’s really beyond my ability to judge.”

She thrusts the bundled cloak and dagger back towards you before furtively gripping the uppermost roll of her belly and wrung it between her fingers.

“If you’re really serious about this, spend some time helping me keep her fed and getting her fatter and maybe together we’ll be able to do something about her endless appetite. I’m super serious about this plan you know, but Pecorine....she has this way of getting you caught up in her pace! It’s not like I do this because I like the food or anything...”

The Princess’ voice echoes through the kitchen amid the sound of running water.

“I made you your favorite, fish and chips for being such a good girl today! An extra large portion for Kyaru-chan for making the grocery run again!”

You can see that the part time assassin, turned full time foodie, had her edges softened in more ways than one. Even her tail got fat as it rose to attention beneath the hem of her absurdly tiny skirt. The girls, now fresh and clean, made their way to the sturdy stumps they used for seating against the wooden table piled high with enough food to feed several small villages.

The girls beam at you widely, coaxing you towards the first, heaping pot of stew in hopes that you’ll ladle it out to them as they rhythmically bang their cutlery against the hardwood in ever ravenous anticipation.

You realize your quest has taken you to a crossroad where your decision could have enormous consequences. The cold steel wrapped up in your soft cloak echoes this subconscious truth as your path remains unwritten. The princess beams her eternally sunny smile at you as her double chin quivers in anticipation of your response.

“I guess that concludes the tour. So, do you wanna join us? It’d be crazy awesome if you did!”