

Valkyria Chronicles WG

KEEP HER WELL ARMED!



BUY WAR BONDS

“Tell me, Brigadier General, how is it that our well trained and numerically superior forces are losing to a ragtag band of militia and a single, cobbled together tank?”

Selvaria Bles stood wordless, her gaze cast downwards as she approached the imperial throne.

“Tell me, how is it that my right hand commander, a legendary Valkyur whom I personally saved from a fate worse than death, lost a battle to a baker girl with a rifle?”

Prince Maximilian rose from his marble throne, his furred robes and ivory armor gleaming bright enough to blind her as he descended to meet her. He was her sun, her everything and yet she could not help but feel a twinge of fear as he drew ever closer.

It felt as though she would burn to ashes just by being in his presence.

“Tell me, Selvaria, what I should do about all this?”

“I-I don’t know...” Selvaria bleated. *“P-please just give me another chance. I-I’ll work harder and I won’t lose next time!”*

The strong, confident woman who showed no fear through countless battles; a weaponized warrior of legend who had cut down tanks with her bare hands and shrugged off just as many shells, had reverted to a sniveling child before her master. The empire was not her true home and her national pride was minimal at best, but her devotion to the prince would see her crush every enemy who stood in his way to see their collective dream come true.

And yet, the Empire's grand war machine was quickly losing steam.

The European Campaign had been an expensive one with many resources lost and so much time wasted all because of these lucky blunders. For all the expendable bases and soldiers he had at his disposal, critical locations were falling one after another all because of that infuriating squad 7 and their accursed tactician.

The very thought made him angry. He could feel his brow furrow as he raised his gloved hand in preparation to unleash himself upon the still prone Selvaria. Maximilian paused as he watched her flinch out of anticipation. That face of hers was too beautiful to mangle as he reconsidered his actions and the effect that might have on the morale of his men to see their 'invincible' commander bruised and battered.

"No, this simply will not do."

"Y-your highness?"

The prince cleared his throat as he turned back towards his throne. Allowing such things to register on an emotional level was what separated him from the common folk. It was hard trying to understand their primitive and uncouth ways and yet there might have been some benefit to doing so.

"If I might interrupt for a moment, your majesty..."

Both Selvaria and the prince turned to address the new face to have entered the royal chamber.

"This had better be important, Radi Jeagre," the prince uttered in icy tones. *"I am a little preoccupied at present."*

The Empire's greatest tank commander bowed low as he approached the throne. He hated it when the prince addressed him by his full name.

"Uh, yeah, it sure is," Jeagre replied, his easy going nature uncomfortable around such stern attention to protocol. *"I couldn't help but notice that you've got a bit of a conundrum on your hands."*

“Are you questioning my tactics, general?”

“O-oh no sir, not at all! I just thought I could throw my hat into the ring and try and offer a solution to both your issues if I might...”

The prince gave an unenthusiastic wave to continue. Jeagre could feel himself exhale a breath he wasn't even aware he had been holding.

“Well, intel has shown that while our military might is technically unrivaled, we've been neglecting to attack our enemy's underlying mental and economic strong points. A good war is like a good tank battle and that's often about attrition and I have it from a very good source that-”

“Get to the point, Jeagre,” the prince said sharply.

“R-right...Anyway, the answer is war bonds. We need to change our approach.”

The prince raised a curious eyebrow.

“Explain.”

“Gladly, your highness,” Jeagre replied as he approached close enough to stand next to the fallen Selvaria. *“We can blast our cannons all day and take all the territory we want, but we are not leveraging the true strength of our numbers. The real reason why we are losing ground is because Squad 7 inspires those around them. We need to do the same and sweep that weapon out from underneath them. We need to attack the hearts and minds of the people, not just their defenses.”*

“And how do you propose we do that?”

Jeagre smiled as he knelt down and placed his hands atop Selvaria's shoulders.

“You just leave that to us. I'll also see to it that our little super soldier here takes full responsibility for her failings thus far...”

CRUSH YOUR



ENEMIES

Enlist Today!

“See, I told you the new posters would turn out great!”

For as enthusiastic as Jaeger was about their new recruitment drive, its poster girl was less sure about his methods.

“Oh come on, Selvaria, stop pouting; you look great in all of these!”

“I...appreciate...the sentiment,” Selvaria replied hesitantly as she cast eyes over her printed self. *“But I am not sure if the general public would be as supportive as you are.”*

“Oh? But why not? It is important for the masses to observe the Empire’s mightiest warrior in order to keep morale up! I know, I always feel better when I see you!”

“That may be so...,” Selvaria replied as she measured her words carefully. *“...however I do feel that this particular angle seems to...amplify...my curves beyond a reasonable measure.”*

This was the second round of propaganda posters to have come off the press and she looked even fatter in these ones than the last. Following the last war room discussion that had in her absence, it was only natural that she had bulked up as it was on Prince Maxamillian’s orders that she increase her intake significantly. The plan discussed between Jaeger and himself had stressed that element which was absolutely non-negotiable.

“What? No,” Jaeger reassured the brigadier general with a forceful slam of his hand against her printed buttocks. *“The people love you and your curves! They’ve always been there after all.”*

Selvaria eyed herself once again and tried to look upon the situation more favorably. Cooking had always been a beloved hobby of hers and now she was receiving direct orders to engage in doing a lot more of just that. Her initial protests about needing to be present on the battlefield front lines were met by Maxamillian's stern gaze with expectations for her to start by doubling her intake within the week and consider adding an official fourth meal of her day by the end of the month.

Almost all the weight went into her chest and backside which Jaeger playfully reminded her were the 'stars of the show' but there was no hiding the slowly building roll of belly fat which encircled her back and started to hang out in even the largest of uniforms.

It was in fact the violent destruction of one of those those very uniforms which had brought about the slogan for their new campaign after she had made the reckless mistake of attempting to sit down a little too quickly upon a chair in the officer's mess hall.

The very thought of that recollection still caused her hips to ache from memory.

"Look at it this way," Jaeger prompted in an attempt to fill the uncomfortable void in their conversation. *"At least his highness isn't mad at you anymore. In fact, he's only been speaking your praises lately."*

Selvaria's eyes lit up.

"Oh? I was unaware that he had spoken of me recently...M-might I request you to indulge me with the details?"

"What? Surely you know what ol' maxy is like! He just said-"

"You'll refer to him by his proper title, Jaeger," Selvaria interrupted, her voice stern once more. *"Do not forget your place."*

“R-right....Anyway, troop morale is up by over 20% and we’ve been receiving a lot of support on the front. Your pretty face is a thing of legend among the men and this is the best way for everyone to get to see more of you outside of the heat of battle.”

Selvaria considered this. It was true that she had noticed soldiers around her fight with a lot more fervor. Her reputation as a legendary warrior preceded her wherever she went and the funding they received in war bonds was able to buy them all a lot of very well crafted gear and supplies.

Whatever it was that drove the soldiers’ passion was certainly a viable tactic. She was doing her part in whatever way she could and it was becoming clearer to her that there was indeed more than one way to fight a battle other than with her legendary armaments.

“Very well,” Selvaria sighed as she waved a dismissive hand. *“You have my permission to distribute these. I hope that they will prove just as effective as you say.”*

“It shall be done,” Jaeger bowed submissively, taking extra care not to let Selvaria know that he had in fact already distributed them out a week before to the printers for mass production. *“Oh and one more thing before we wrap up here.”*

“Hmm?”

Jaeger fished into his pocket and withdrew a letter emblazoned with Maxamillian’s personal seal. He could almost hear the sound of Selvaria’s eyes widening as she gingerly took the paper from his hand.

“Orders from the top. While I work on the next part of the campaign, you are to work on the next part of yours. His majesty has prepared this eating plan for you personally....”



War was changing.

The Galian forces were small but tightly knit with firm lines of communication and a belief in their cause. That was their strategy and the linchpin which Maxamillian's new strategy hinged upon weakening.

It was working.

What was initially dismissed by the Federation as a strategy they called 'The Big Lie' was quickly gaining traction as the Empire increased its propaganda machine with Selvaria at the forefront. Pages comparing her thighs to the widest caliber barrels were surprisingly effective. The rallying cry summoning troops to establish dominance were even more so.

By the third month of the campaign, the battle was quickly shifting off the more traditional theater of war and into the hearts and minds of the people. The Empire had far more citizens and their voices and opinions rang out far across the nation as support for the legendary Valkyria swelled along with her size.

Maxamillian's new diet had worked wonders for her as she had already doubled her original weight. This was in part due to her shifting her focus from daily combat drills to regular photo shoots with meals prepared for her around the clock. Maintaining her barracks was already getting to be too much for her as her once normally sparse and simple quarters was now coated in an array of empty food containers and outgrown uniforms.

Privileged new recruits were often inducted into service by proving themselves as her maids and servants rather than being thrown out onto the front lines which had proved to be a far more appealing task than getting shot. Other duties which they had taken to included waking her up every morning for a very large breakfast.

Such meals went on for well over half the morning and started to encroach upon her midday meal. Jaeger had already taken steps to ensure that she could persist with her round the clock snacking as she stepped in for her next photo shoot with a proud and stately jiggle.

“Make this photo shoot a quick one,” Selvaria declared sharply. “His majesty has requested my presence this afternoon to assess our progress.”

While remaining loyal to a fault and more than capable in combat at any size, so much food and pampering had softened Selvaria’s hard gaze while sharpening her presence in other ways. Rather than the lean combat machine she had been sold as at the start, the added weight had given her a more regal and refined presence on the battlefield. She looked far more as a living embodiment of victory and justice, swatting away even the hardest battalion with so little effort that she could devote more time to plumpening and preening for the camera.

With her increase in size, many men had reported witnessing her great feats of strength as she was better able to draw upon her divine gifts. Why should she have to charge into the front lines and risk tearing her ever tightening uniform when simply blasting away with her lance from a seated position would also do?

Similar stories had spread through the Galian forces as the rumors spread of a silver haired angel of death whose many exploits varied in different accounts but summarily came down to how much her fleshy body overflowed her outfit. As rumors tended to do, they too started to blow out of proportion with hints of a ‘weaponized blimp’ began to take root.

That would be the angle which Jaeger decided upon for this next set as he directed Selvaria into her new pose.

His dream of halting the bloodshed of the nation he loved would ride upon those swelling hips with every pound she gained...

DON'T WASTE FOOD!



The fall of the Galian front would mark a historic turning point for the battle as the Empire's victory drew ever closer. With active soldiers rapidly depleting, the royal family had desperately turned to recruiting both women and children into their service in a last ditch attempt to stave off the inevitable.

Yeager's ploy had made for a swift and decisive blow to cut off this last line of retreat. Men who did not immediately meet their merciful end before Selvaria's raw power were willingly charmed by her feminine curves and switched sides. Women, desperate to avoid active combat, ate themselves to unbelievable levels of obesity, rendering them far too useless to even field basic spotting duties out of fear that they might simply abandon their post while in search of a meal.

On the day that the empire soldiers marched through the streets to take the capital at long last, they found little to no resistance awaiting them. The royal family and its retainers had fled, leaving the obese traitors of their nation behind them as well as their riches sources of raw ragnite ready for the taking. A new age was upon the empire as it stood upon the precipice of greatness.

"We did it...we actually won!"

Selvaria slumped against the edge of a battle tank as she was rolled into the town square. This was her more favored mode of transport now as walking tended to leave her quite tired and sweaty which was unbecoming for her photo shoots. Doing her make up and making her look more presentable was so time consuming, time which she would prefer to spend actually consuming things of a more fattening variety.

“That we have,” Jeagre sighed as he popped out of the gunner’s hatch.

“Although, I’m sure his highness will not stop until any last point of resistance has been completely crushed beneath his heel.”

“Then we must do so on his behalf,” Selvaria declared triumphantly as she raised a flabby leg against the barrel of the tank’s mighty turret. *“I shall continue to serve my lord through thick and thin.”*

“And thick and thicker,” Jeagre pointed out, as he noticed her own thighs were now more than double the width of the barrel. *“But before we can embark on that campaign, we have our new orders.”*

The general withdrew a royal envelope from his front pocket, emblazoned with the empire’s golden eagle. Selvaria carefully slid from her position and sprawled herself across the chassis so that she could read along.

“Congratulations upon your glorious victory this day. The city is ours and these resources shall be used to help our empire prosper even further. However, while we may have taken the bodies of the citizens for now, it is a hollow victory until we seize their hearts and minds. Pockets of resistance continue to oppose our occupation by denying us resources to survive the long, Galian winter. You two are to put an end to any further pointless depletion of resources until my entourage arrives in the spring.

Do not disappoint me.”

Selvaria shuddered with admiration as she mouthed those final words. It was by his will that she had undertaken such a drastic change upon her figure and while she had to admit that she had felt hesitant about it at first, the final results were more than stellar. She chastised herself for ever having doubted the plan in the slightest and resolved to double down her convictions instead.

“So, you know what ol’ Maxy’s wanting us to do, right?” Jeagre continued, noticing Selvaria’s glassy eyed stare. She didn’t even take notice of him referring to their lordship in such a colloquial way.

“I am aware, Jeagre,” Selvaria said calmly and clearly as she found herself refocusing. There was a brilliant strategist still underneath all of her added softness who laid out all of their most immediate priorities. *“Securing food for the winter is going to be our number one priority and the rebels know that.”*

“So what do you suggest we do?”

“Why, that’s simple.”

Selvaria leaned into the opening of the tank with her plump fingers to withdraw Jeagre’s trusty camera. She tossed it to him quickly as she struck another pose along the edge of the vehicle.

“The time for traditional fighting is over, we’ll make our opponent eat their words while we eat their stocks. There’s only limited film left so you’d better make every shot count!”

Jeagre grinned.

“But these are city folk, my dear general. What shall we do if they aren’t intimidated by the size of our forces like the country folk?”

Selvaria grinned as she gave her flabby belly a forceful slap, which sent it rippling in all directions.

“Then I guess I’ll have to muster some reinforcements. Drive me over to the nearest bakery. I’d like to sample their wears with the tip of my lance...”