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This story was inspired by [this art](#) by [Better with Salt](#). I'd just started reading One Piece when I wrote it.

Contains: Weight Gain, Stuffing

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## Whole Nami Island

Nami woke up on a beach. She should have been wet, but she'd been lying in the sun for a while and her long orange ponytail was shiny and clean. She should have been dirty, but her red jumper and ruffled white top were pristine. She should have been lying on a bed of sand, but the ground beneath her bottom was made of a softer, more spongy material.

"Wha— where am I?"

Nami's brown eyes scanned the horizon, taking in trees and foliage. The trunks and branches looked like candy cane or gingerbread, and where leaves should have been she saw cotton candy and licorice vines instead. It looked a lot like Whole Cake Island, but there were no signs of any people or even animals.

"Zeus!" Nami called out.

A small puffy cloud with a face and a tiny baseball cap popped into existence half a meter away.

“Yes Nami?”

“Zeus, where are we?”

“Hmm...” The cloud looked around as Nami had. He floated up a few dozen meters, then drifted back down.

“It looks like a deserted island, but there’s a castle just over that hill.”

“Did you see any people?”

“No. It might have been one of Big Mom’s watch outposts, but it looks abandoned.”

“Welp, if there’s no one here, that means I can claim it for myself.” Nami said, slapping a fist into her palm. “Let’s go check out that castle.”

The cloud hovered beside the tall busty redhead as she walked up the hill toward the structure. Along the way Nami eyed the candy and cake growing as plants on the island.

“I wish there was some real food here, but I’m hungry, so this will have to do. I wonder how long I was out...”

Nami plucked a cookie from a nearby shrub and nibbled on it.

“It’s pretty tasty at least. I wonder what keeps it fresh...?”

The “castle” was really more of a guard outpost. Not more than ten meters on any side, it was made of gingerbread bricks and roofed with chocolate bar shingles. The structure was indeed abandoned.

“Woohoo! My very own castle!”

Nami was a pirate, and she lived by two rules: “possession is nine-tenths of the law,” and “more is more.”

“I wonder if we’re near any major shipping routes. A cake and candy shop could rake in some serious dough...” Nami grinned at her terrible pun. Zeus didn’t laugh.

The tall redhead spent the next few hours strolling around the island and its coastlines looking for any other survivors. The Straw Hats were the only family she had and she hoped they were okay. As the day went on she started snacking more heavily, ripping bigger and bigger handfuls of cotton candy from the small trees and shrubs. Larger trees were covered with delicious peppermint bark and their branches were weighed down with delectable cupcakes, cookies, and donuts.

“This *-homf-* place is *-munch-* great!”

Nami’s hourglass body slowly started to swell as she ate. Her hips got wider and her large breasts pressed even tighter against her white top. Her slim waist started to catch up with her hips and bust, filling out more and more as she popped confections into her mouth by the handful.

Little did she know, the island was deserted for a good reason— a few of Big Mom’s henchmen once staged a mutiny and now their souls were trapped here, cursed to keep watch for all time. Over the years their non-corporeal forms weakened and dispersed into the cake-land itself, the essence of their avarice and greed seeping into all of the edible plants and foliage.

As Nami snacked on the delicious baked goods and candy, the malice of the island found kinship with her natural greed. As she continued searching for survivors, her thoughts started to take a dark turn. If any of her fellow pirates found her new island, she’d have to... share... with them!

Nami started eating faster, shoving cupcakes and chocolate bars into her mouth almost too fast to enjoy the taste. Coming to a small tree with cotton candy foliage and donut hole fruit, she stripped the peppermint bark trunk clean of both, then started to break off branches and devour those as well.

“Uh... Nami...” Zeus said slowly. “If you leave those branches they should grow more candy leaves and donut fruit.”

“Don’t care! –*om nom*– They’re mine –*ulp*– all mine!”

Zeus watched helplessly as Nami devoured bush after tree after shrub, stuffing sweets into her mouth with both hands, steadily swelling up larger, and larger, and larger. The more of the island’s food Nami consumed, the bigger she got, and the bigger she grew, the greedier she became.

By the time the sun was halfway down in the sky, traditionally dinner time, Nami had picked the entire island bare. Leaning against the tiny building, Nami rubbed her swollen stomach with both hands, grinning broadly.

“Hmmm, so good... –*urp*– and now it’s aaallll mine. Nobody can steal any of my treasure now...”

Nami was huge. Her tummy rolled out over her lap, so big she could barely reach her belly button. Her upper arms were larger than her thighs had been when she woke up on the island. Her legs were twice as big around as her arms, and fluffy rolls bunched around her chubby knees. Nami’s breasts had fattened up to almost twice the size of her head, and billowed forward almost as far as her bloated stomach. The redhead gazed down lovingly at her swollen breasts and tight-packed stomach and giggled.

“I’m the richest pirate ever...”

Nami’s weight resting against the gingerbread walls of her “castle” made the confectionary construction crack slightly. The sound of it cracking made the redhead turn her chubby face upward, where she could see the chocolate eaves of the building’s roof.

“The castle is edible too... If Robin finds me, she might want to... *eat* my house!”

A drop of rain-sweat slid down Zeus’s brow as the living cloud saw the greedy glint return to Nami’s eye.

In a matter of minutes, the small fort was reduced to nothing but a gingerbread foundation. Nami gobbled up the door, every bit of furniture, gnawed her way through walls, and when the roof collapsed, she ate that too.

Nami sat in the spot where the tiny castle once stood, sucking chocolate off her fingers one by one. Compared to the forest of sweets she'd devoured that day, the small structure had a relatively minor impact on the greedy pirate's physique, but Nami now was almost as wide as she was tall. She patted her even larger stomach – still mostly hidden from her view by her massive breasts – with contented fullness.

“There. That'll keep Robin from trying to eat **my** new *-braap-* house!”

Nami rolled onto her back, sending a shockwave of ripples through the soft sponge cake that made up the now-bare ground of her private island. Her arms and legs were like a series of soft round blobs covered with smooth flawless skin. Her stomach pooled over her pelvis, too full and tight to form rolls. Her breasts towered over her chest, they oozed forward and might have smothered Nami if they hadn't been held firmly in her top.

Nami's clothes were somehow intact. The outfit had adjusted magically to her rapid growth. The straps of her dress dug deep into her holiday ham size shoulders, and gallons of cleavage were on display, but she was still fully clothed.

Staring into the sky contentedly, Nami's imagination made an inventory of all the delicious sweets and treats that were now safe in her belly— secured from any pirates who might come try to take what was rightfully hers. As pink clouds passed overhead, Nami noticed a few smaller, more dense clouds hovering closer to her island.

“Hey Zeus...” she said slowly, “what are those clouds?”

Zeus looked up, then hovered away to get a better angle. He zipped back down after a few moments.

“They're some kind of watchtowers I think.”

Nami's bloated stomach rumbled audibly, ripples visible through the tight red material of her dress.

“Are they... made of food?” She asked, licking her lips.

“Y–yes...”

Zeus had once been a thrall of Big Mom, so he was used to a mistress with a healthy appetite, but this pirate was on another level. The island’s influence had corrupted her fully.

Nami rolled onto her side and struggled back to her feet. Her pudgy toes were almost hidden from view by her plump ankles, and the ground sank down several centimeters where she was standing.

“Come on, you’ve got to take me up there!”

“Um...” Zeus eyed the massive pirate nervously, drops of rain beading down around his face. “I don’t think I... I don’t think you’ll fit...”

“Don’t be silly, I’m not *that* big!” Nami laughed, patting the sides of her overfed hips.

She waddled over to the cloud, who obediently hovered down to ground level. Nami lowered her enormous rounded cheeks, casting a dark shadow over Zeus’ entire form. The small cloud disappeared under Nami, crushed between her fattened rump and the cake ground.

“–*Hmff, grf mrr!*–”

“Huh?” Nami looked around, unable to see Zeus past her gargantuan breasts and bulging love handles. She stood back up with a soft grunt.

Zeus reformed from a flattened disc into his normal shape, puffing and gasping even though he didn’t need to breathe.

“Sorry Zeus,” Nami giggled, “I guess you’ll need a little more ‘oomf.’”

Nami used her weather staff to conjure some small storm clouds for Zeus to eat, until the living cloud was as big around as a small dinghy. Then she crawled onto his back on her hands and knees. Straining with the effort, Zeus managed to elevate his greedy passenger up to a floating watchtower. Drops of rain slid down his sides to pitter-patter on the cake surface of the small, barren island.

The watchtower was indeed made of food— large cakes even bigger around than Nami herself, topped by upside-down ice cream cones as tall as the *Going Merry's* mast.

“Take me to the top Zeus!” She commanded. Once they reached the tower’s conical peak, Nami reached out her pudgy fingers and broke off the waffle cone tip, popping it in her mouth.

“–*Mmmm*– It’s even tastier than the castle!”

Once again Nami shoveled chunks of cone and magically perfect ice cream into her mouth. Barely spilling a drop or a crumb, the tower vanished into the redhead’s mouth layer by layer. As she gorged, Nami continued to swell even larger. Her breasts seemed to be filling with cream as she gulped and chewed and gulped some more.

Once the layers of half-eaten tower got wide enough, Nami crawled off her cloud conveyance so she could more easily reach the edible building. Rotating slowly, she broke off fist-sized chunks of cake and scooped massive handfuls of frosting between her greedy lips.

And Nami grew. Her arms got rounder, her butt rose higher, and her bloated stomach bulged into the edible surface of the tower as Nami crawled around and stuffed her face. The dessert structure had been over twice as big as she was, but that didn’t stop Nami from devouring it all, one massive bite at a time.

Sitting on the cloud base of the tower, bloated belly reaching past her knees, Nami patted her middle gleefully.

“Oh that was sooo –*hic*– yummy! No ice cream for Robin, it’s aaallll mine...”

Nami's brown eyes, squinted by her chubby cheeks and greedier than ever, spotted another watchtower nearby. She pushed herself upward, using the weight of her front to propel her back to a standing position.

"Come on Zeus," she said, waddling to the edge of the cloud, "there's more over there!"

When Nami rested her full weight on Zeus, drops of rain rolled down the living cloud to cause a spring shower below. The pair of them plummeted several nearly a meter before, teeth clenched, Zeus managed to keep them both aloft. Nami's knees and palms were near the edges of his body. Her bloated belly pressed into his top. Her breasts hung down, fat and full, four times the size of her head.

"Go Zeus, go!" Nami commanded, reaching her fat arm and chubby fingers toward the next watchtower.

Zeus summoned all his strength and they started floating, slowly, toward the next of Nami's 'snacks.' Zeus prayed his mistress wouldn't notice the five more watchtowers that circled the island. Or the candy shrubs that were already starting to sprout up under the rain he was making trying to keep her growing body in the air as she ate, and ate, and ate.