

Perona strolled through her barren living room to the stony, snow-covered balcony of her lair embedded deep into the mountainside. She rubbed her eyes and grumbled under her breath. Once again, she awoke not to her own alarm clock, but rather her head throbbing to the same merry tunes being sung from miles away by those who hadn't crashed into slumber. Were today warm and bright like the summer or a gloomy autumn afternoon, she might have been able to shrug it off then slip underneath her sheets again, but unfortunately for her, there were carolers swarming the front gates of the five separated islands from which the mountain she resided in rested. And those carolers always appeared once the sun rose bellowing the same holiday songs since Perona migrated to the lands, happy to have anybody join in their efforts to spread cheer during the coldest time of the year.

Anyone, of course, not counting Perona herself, who stopped at the jagged boulder separating her and the open space leading down to the empty trail towards Brewery Village. There she propped her index finger on the tip of the rock, glaring at the people below. Perona groaned listening to their voices rise. She curled her toes and imagined the noise that would escalate come the holiday morning when the people of the islands received their presents, tearing the wrapping paper apart to get their hands on the latest toys they don't need. And the noise, oh god, the noise! Once the dust settled, everyone would hold hands and sing to the literal choir, louder than Perona could ever hope to bear. Clowns were better at keeping their mouths shut before those mewling children were!

She dragged her hand across the rock dwelling further on the thought. The snow on the tip had been cleaned off before a sharp jolt shot through Perona's finger, and she cried out before recoiling her hand back to her face. Blinking away the tears, she pouted at her favorite rock to perch on, then seethed with rage as she clasped it in her grasp before lifting it over her head. With one throw, Perona sent her beloved boulder rocketing down the village until it disappeared in the white fog below, ending in the chorus ending their song abruptly in a loud shriek.

"Pah! Good riddance!" Perona scoffed. "It's too early for the holidays anyway..."

Perona dusted her hands on the sides of her thighs, still frowning at the mourning masses before her. She glanced at her lean, spindly frame complemented by her green panties and bra, softly rubbing her arms in the chilling winds. The usual chilly nip of the air hadn't bitten her yet, no doubt thanks to the melting ice caps outside of the village. Surrounding them were the accompanying Sugar, Cocoa, Harvest, and Pastry villages, each sizzling in the forty-degree heat that purveyed the chilly lands. It would be a perfect day to stock up on supplies for her own private holiday celebration, provided she could find the perfect dress to wear...

Squeaking metal grinded along the linoleum floor with each step Perona took, the world around her fading into a blur of warm lights and idle chatter. She pushed her cart filled with ten boxes of eggnog and a single crate of frosted cookies through the cluttered hallways of the grocery store, skirting beside her fellow shoppers then arriving before the check-out lanes, rattling her fingers along the handle. With every line her massive eyes went to, Perona's drumming quickened further. It didn't matter what year it was, she hated the holidays more than anyone else on the 'wonderful' Winter Islands. Why she did, she couldn't care to question. Her ruby slippers fit her fine, her head had been bolted to her neck following the incident, and her heart of all things never so much as skipped a beat wherever she went.

Perhaps Perona was in hell, it made sense given the circumstances of her life. Having inherited her now fallen estate after her parents died when she stood to their knees, Perona hopped across several towns throughout the many seas in search of a new home. The names were always different, but she never bothered to study the lands or the people for terribly long. She might stay to sample their sweets, maybe hoard them for herself using what little money she saved earlier in life, but the thought of speaking to another person had Perona retching at the thought. She pursed her lips at the line of women ahead of her either scratching their asses or running their hands through their breasts, all while standing in her vicinity.

"Ugh! Are you peasants too poor to afford a wallet?!" Perona craned her head to the right as she brought her lips to the nearest bimbo before her. No response. Zip. The big-chested babe stared into space, never glancing at the cart pressing against her massive butt cushioned by years of 'extra flesh' as her doctor described it. She could have sworn he said there might have been another place it went, but her brain throbbed thinking of where it would be.

"Hello?!" Perona waved her hand at the bimbo until her joints stung. "Are you listening to me?!"

Try as she might, Perona remained ignored. She struggled to understand why she hated the things she did given how much she accrued over the years in spite of the circumstances. Then she remembered there were girls - girls whose ample chests squished out over their tops or whose perfectly round bubbly asses had their spines curving inward. Perona pried one hand off her cart before gripping her own breast hidden behind her puffy black sweater and grumbled. Gripping her other breast saw little else than thin cloth in her grip, failing to feel the hard texture of her bra beneath, only noticing her claws pricking her skin instead. Perona drew a long breath from her nose, then snapped her fingers as five ghosts phased through the floor, circling behind her cart awaiting her commands.

"Darlings, I'm afraid this line might not ever end." Perona shook her head and hung it down to her chest, then jolted upward with a wicked glare in her empty eyes to say, "*You know what to*

do.”

It didn't take another second before the ghosts flew past the line, spreading a harsh white mist that bathed those ahead in its aura. Nobody coughed let alone squirmed as the fog drifted on, but one by one they sank to the floor and curled their arms around their legs, unable to rise up. Their chests grew; eyes squinting halfway open yet staring directly at the floor with their shopping carts shoved away into a massive bundle of clanging metal and twisted wheels thanks to the one lone cart that plowed through the crowd ahead.

Perona marched past the people and extended her hand to the frowning cashier, dropping a single piece of gold before tossing her cart away then snapping her fingers again. She didn't bother to look upon their simple faces when their bodies phasing past the walls carrying her eggnog in tow told her all she needed. She hummed a small tune to herself, pleasantly content to have her men behaving just like she wanted them to be. Simple, obedient, and above all else ready to serve her needs at a moment's notice. Now, if she could quickly journey through the mountains before sunset, she may have a chance to finish her brew of nog with plenty of time left to stare at the bedroom ceiling and let the anger inside from years of self-loathing be set fr-

“Cutting in line again, Perona? I hope you actually tipped the cashier this time instead of just running off in front of everyone.”

The world grinded to a halt, with Perona keeping her a leg high in the air as she spun around in a perfect circle to face the angsty woman sneering at her behind. When she clamped her heel to the ground, she crossed her arms together pouting at who awaited her. Had it just been one cute curvy girl, Perona may have shrugged her off, but when she glazed over three ladies each of whom were decorated in a matching pair of full-suit crimson dresses, she balled her hand into a fist on pure instinct, and only set it aside when a group of civilians gathered around her from every side.

Perona released her grip and ran her fingers past her pink bangs until her nerves settled. Nami and Nico Robin were the two members of the Straw Hat group of pirates that usually targeted young girls such as herself whenever they were alone or especially unprotected. Standing behind them was a blue-haired, big-eyed woman who frowned at her presence. Perona recognized her best by the name of Vivi, a bleeding heart princess hailing from Arabasta. She, along with the other voluptuous voyagers, were happy to lend an open hand to those victimized by rogues of any kind except Perona. She was considered a rogue to the pirates since her bounty first made headlines.

“For your information Robin, most charities tend to pocket the money that's given to them for up to ten years in their bank account whose balances are available to see for everyone,” Perona

retorted. “Keeping my family’s hoard is a kindness. If I subtracted that kindness, it would be soooo disrespectful to them! More so than, oh, I don’t know, sharing my dear departed mother’s autopsy to cover my caboose, horohorohorohoro!”

As if on cue, Nami pointed her finger towards Perona and immediately started tearing into her, shouting every nasty criticism she could think of at once. Granted, Perona’s expression failed to change beyond a stone-like smirk. She ignored her words outright, instead listening to her whiny tone shift between petulance and justice whenever it cracked. With all of the fire burning in her dirty brown eyes, Perona wondered if even Nami happened to be paying attention to what she said, especially as she finished her rebuttal.

“You’ve been the same crummy little creep from when we first met!” Nami ranted. “I wish someone did something about your parents when you were a kid. You could have afforded some manners instead of the same stupid dress you already have!”

Perona’s lips formed a small ‘O’-shape that gradually stretched as she snarled at Nami and stomped her foot once. That the vicious glare in Nami’s eyes stayed persistent wasn’t lost on her. Oh, how she would have *loved* to strangle her then, if only her ghosts weren’t hauling her groceries nearby. So rather than throw a fist, Perona sauntered up to Nami’s face and huffed.

“My parents *did* try to give me some ‘manners’, thank you very much.” she stated. “It’s funny you mention that they tried. Because right now, you’re starting to remind me of them...”

As Perona’s brow drooped, Nami and Robin’s faces reddened. But before Nami’s could flourish farther, giving in to anger, Robin brought her dusky arm out before her, stepping up to bat with Vivi staying beside her. Words were no less helpful than fighting her, but she would be damned if she were to try much else.

“Is that really so?” Robin sneered. “Do you hear your own voice right now? You sound like a child!”

“Now, now, Robin, let’s not be hasty.” Vivi cupped her hands together as she rattled her fingers along her knuckles. Her mouth creased to the ends of her face, and she created a half-way smile that never cracked to the ends while keeping her focus on Perona. “I’ve heard lots about you, Perona. How your parents died and how you were raised almost entirely alone...”

“I lived almost entirely on my own because I killed my parents.” corrected Perona. “My servants have been taking care of me ever since. And if you know what’s best for you, the three of you should actually put on a bra before I ever see you again. Happy Holidays and screw you, losers! I’m goin’ home!”

Without so much as looking twice at them Perona tilted her head up, then turned on her heel with her gloomy gang of ghosts following suit. She sashayed across the busy parking lot while Vivi sheepishly glanced at Nami. Any semblance of warmth on her face faded. Surely, Perona must have been sour over another event she refused to tell them. At least, Vivi hoped so. The idea of killing her parents at a young age was enough for her to start shivering in the cold. Perhaps she should have worn a coat if she knew the temperature would dip.

“Stupid brat. She never learns no matter how many times we spank her.” Nami shook her head with Perona’s words playing in her head. She spat in Perona’s direction before sauntering off to the stone-laden path that brought her to the misty grocery store. “C’mon, let’s get a move on girls. It’ll get dark by the time it’s five,”

“H-hold on Nami!” Vivi tugged on Nami’s arm and brought her face to hers, showing what she could only describe as a melting pot of anger alongside confusion when she heard her voice crack. “Um... I can’t speak for certain on Perona’s attitude given you and Robin have more history with her than I do, but shouldn’t we give her a chance since it’s the holidays?”

Robin craned her head to the side before putting her hands on Nami and Vivi, carefully edging them apart until Vivi’s arm limply fell to her hip. “You want to rephrase that, hon?” she asked Vivi.

“Perona is an orphan, yes?” Vivi asked.

“She’s a voluntary orphan!” Nami blurted as threw her arms to the air. “The person who killed her parents is in her reflection! Weren’t you paying attention?”

“She could be lying, you know!” Vivi pointed a finger at Nami, and her brow pinched shut. The look on Nami’s face twisted, now having her jaw drop as Vivi’s voice deepened, her speaking much clearer than when she first met Perona. “People this time of year are usually in a rut. If we try to actually come through for her, we could make a difference. And besides, aren’t you tired of being her enemy? Don’t you want to get along with her?”

“You’re fighting an uphill battle with this, Vivi,” Nami grumbled. “Pacifism doesn’t always make everything better. And if this doesn’t work—”

“We can at least say we tried?”

Nami went dead quiet as she saw Robin approaching her; arms folded together, gazes locked with hers until she broke it to quickly focus on Vivi, then to her. Sternly, she brought her hand to

her friends' shoulders, pulling them closely leaving just an inch of space between the three girls. Nami swallowed hard when her fingers burrowed into her skin. It might have been the breaking point for when she realized her usually scary friend had frightened her again.

“Listen, I’m not saying Perona isn’t a pain in the ass,” Robin admitted, “But I don’t have much to lose this season. So if you want to be a bleeding heart and drag us along Vivi, that’s fine by me. Just know what you’re getting us into beforehand, ‘kay?”

Nodding her head in elation, Vivi wrapped her arms around Robin and Nami’s waists, thereby shattering the little space they shared to form a one-sided group hug. Nami grimaced in Vivi’s midst while Robin could only smirk. A small fire flickered in her chest she hadn’t felt since she went to her mother’s knees.

“Excellent! I’ll call Boa Hancock and we’ll make our way to the mountains by the evening!” Vivi broke her hold as she put her hands to her face, beaming from ear-to-ear. “Oh, I can see Perona smiling right now. This can’t possibly go wrong!”

They were singing again - singing clearer and louder than they ever would have were the sun still high in the sky. Perona frantically unbuttoned her black vest, letting her round belly jut out after being restrained since she first dressed herself that morning. Normally, she could hide her ‘imperfections’ just fine under her clothes, but her ears were already turning a harsh shade of red the angrier she grew, and she couldn’t be happier to be home. As she dug her fingers around the top of her cardboard eggnog carton, then ripped the top clean off, Perona downed it one gulp while thinking back to what those girls told her moments prior - back when she could stick to hating only herself in peace rather than exerting her energy towards someone else.

The gall of it, the *audacity* to label her as a ‘crummy little creep’ would have been enough had they not brought her parents into the mix. So what if Perona chose to whack them because they told her to get a job? All the better to keep the cookies they hoarded amongst themselves and chose not to waste frivolously on her in her growing gut. Perona dove her hand into the nearby box of treats before pulling out a handful of chocolate chip delights towards her slobbering lips. She shoved her hand into her mouth and wasted no time in tearing her food apart, shredding through the sugar and mesh like a chainsaw cutting through a tree made out of wet toilet paper, leaving nothing but the few crumbs falling past her chin behind. Perona refused to stop to savor the flavor as she took a swig of her eggnog and leaned back against her creaking wooden chair. She smacked her belly twice then groaned when what seemed to be ripples running across her oddly bouncy body ricocheted on impact.

Every last drop of nog swirled down her mouth before she crushed her carton hard and threw it well over the table into the dark void beyond where she sat. She pinched her brow together as she dwelled on the thought before a familiar roar filled her ears with its dull warning. Quickly, Perona licked her lips clean twice over and brought her pudgy knuckles to her mouth. She hated to be oh so unladylike, but the rich scent that wafted up her nostrils made breaking the taboo all the more worth it.

“GWWWOOOOOOOOUUUUUURRRRRRPPPP!!”

Perona’s belch lasted a good few seconds until eventually ending when she leaned back down, allowing gravity to stop her. She smacked her mouth at the aftertaste left behind by her meal, the rich sweet flavor blending in alongside bitter alcohol, then swiped at another carton of her nectar sitting on the table and raised it to the roof. Strangely enough, it looked to be closer to her than when she last lost herself to the glowing chandelier some twenty seconds ago. The hairs on Perona’s neck stood tall and settled just as soon as they arose. Perhaps the view of her built-in woman’s cave started playing with her mind? She must have seen that painting left behind from the previous owner showing what appeared to be a furry green man in a red outfit holding a bag over his shoulder every day since she moved in. It was admittedly the only thing that gave her home any sort of life beyond the drab gray palette that met her at every corner of the room. Perona, nonetheless, gave a half-hearted shrug as she continued to sift her hand inside the plastic box of cookies again, and squealed when another trio of treats was brought to her.

She deserved this. It didn’t matter whatever some punk or bitch on the street said to her, Perona deserved her happiness and then some. Soft whirs and lion roars echoed in the cave while she sipped on her drink, lost in thoughts of when she first saw Nami’s chest. She remembered the faint pink outline of her areolas slipping past her bra, the ample shape of her tits complementing her skinny frame, not unlike Perona’s own flat curves. Perona rubbed her stomach while heat flourished up her sunken wrist. Were Nami’s boobs always so big? That fat cow’s tits must have been too tight for her bra if they were squeezing out of them so much. How men could be attracted to a body like hers, she couldn’t understand. The hourglass frame a boon to bear compared to her fortune, so what if they cushioned her blows or kept her healthy? With a pig-like snort, Perona finished the last of her eggnog by raising it to the top of the roof (narrowly grazing it as she did), content to live her life as low as she could.

Although just when Perona shook her carton of any last droplets remaining, she came to a halt when her eyes went to the container before carefully drifting to her forearm, now straining on her own fleece coat. There were pockets of flesh that jutted through the torn holes and seemed to stretch farther even as Perona remained absolutely still. Then when the rips reached her wrist, she rushed her hand right back to the table. She pinched the open flaps between her fingers before the folds extended on to her forearm, and she released her grip just as quickly.

Damn it, not mummy's old top! Perona thought.

Perona's knuckles whitened, and within a flash, she tore her coat clean off; cloth splitting apart past her flabby forearms. She tossed what remained of the mess beside the table before she leaned back in her chair. The weighted ton in her stomach tightened further with every passing second. She brought her hands to her forehead then rubbed it in small circles before all noise in the quiet cave stopped. Because the instant Perona brought her fingers to her stomach, she shuddered at a sudden spike in heat that went up to her wrist, now smothered in a smooth gelatin embrace.

Curling her fingers around the mass, Perona feverishly bit her lip and wiggled her feet from the increase in pressure that persisted even when she let go. A quick glance below saw her fears confirmed as her chest squished over her equally fidgeting bra struggling to hold her chest together. What once were little less than bumps now put her fabric to the test by loosening the straps second by second. Perona brought her hands up to her newly enlarged breasts before squeezing them tight and gasping at the touch. The hard outer shell cut her meaty palms briefly, but she noticed warm flesh no doubt. She reached further below her waist and to her belly. Folds of fat oozed into her sweaty palm, made all the hotter by her kneading herself gently, as if to savor just how large she grew.

The rounded edge of her stomach led Perona's fingers below to her crotch covered by her now shrinking thong hidden inside her massive ass crack. The idea of pulling it free came and went with a snort. She hadn't even registered what would have been a sore tug up her rump were it not for the copious amounts of extra flesh covering her on all sides. Perona stuck her leg out from underneath the table as she gnawed her lip pressing her foot down on the carpet to a shrill squeak in response. In spite of her tattered clothes still content to lay in a pile by her feet, she instantly rose up and shifted her hips side-to-side, growing quiet the longer she looked.

Gone were her nonexistent curves or her humble jelly belly, replaced instead by plush love handles alongside a bulging gut that sagged well below her crotch and bounced at the slightest movement. It didn't need to be smacked for it to jiggle, as Perona simply wobbled her waist before her stomach rippled shortly after. When she did bring her arms to her waist, a sudden round of applause drew her attention from behind and brought her to absolute silence at what lay behind her.

She might have noticed it when the heat within her swelled, at least she would have had she not been dwelling in her thoughts again. Perona's pale ass, no wider than her stomach while miraculously protruding several inches away, glowed in the dusky moonlight that emanated in the cave. Fingers rattled in the air hovering above her cheeks as Perona's brow rose higher. She

must have touched herself countless times before, but to see her butt, *her* little big, fat butt, larger than it ever had been was downright otherworldly. Then she craned her head back and bit the bullet, grabbing a large handful of her supple ass while kneading it carefully. Perona rolled her eyes into the back of her head when the warm flesh shot up her arm. Being fat may as well have been an afterthought. Hell, the pit in her gut fizzled into white noise, still existing, but serving as little else than a nuisance for when her palm glazed across her waist and to her crotch, the softest part of her entire body.

Quickly, Perona curled her pinky and ring fingers underneath her thumb before extending her other two fingers. The biggest question of all sat in the back of her mind with the answer revealing itself when she lifted her belly up. Her right arm strained beneath the weight while Perona gasped for air. She arched her back inward and leaned her back by the end of her 'table', then smiled when the tension subsided. It was a matter of moving her gut away as her fingers sauntered below, stopping at her huge pussy lips already dripping in the humid air. Perona didn't waste a second before biting hard on her teeth. The noises that might have escaped her next would be downright nasty, and she couldn't afford hearing herself squeal during her time alone.

Five seconds passed since Perona tenderly rubbed her clit, and she used her other hand to clutch the table moaning sweet nothings under her breath. Her nails dragged along the stony exterior; images of Nami and Robin and Vivi each flashing then disappearing interspersed with their ugly beautiful faces all staring at her in shock. Perona panted with her tongue falling to her chin the longer her enemies' faces lingered. She could only imagine the looks they might give her when she chose to arrive again, now left speechless by her improved physique. Nami's breasts bounced before cutting to Vivi's puny ass jutting out from her dress showing a hint of her naked cheeks. Perona's lip pursed and the sounds of frantic wheezing meshed along with skin slapping against itself.

Her entire fist delved between her enormous legs as Perona sucked on the air. She bucked her hips back when her stomach grumbled, harsher than it ever had during her previous binging sessions. Sucking in on the clean air, Perona couldn't help groaning thinking about those uptight bitches again. The rest of the islands didn't deserve their holidays, let alone the gifts that would be inundated onto them once the sun rose. They might scream and dance if Perona were lucky, they might march throughout the land singing praises to their fellow man if not. Groans turned to whimpers as Perona dwelled further on the plot.

Ahead, just before Perona's watery eyes, the moon arose consuming any pocket of light remaining in its dark hold. Her insides twisted as thin juices trickled down her inner thigh. By now, the weight in her stomach left Perona staggering to the ground, no longer capable of supporting herself with the table. There must be something she could do to stop the whole bloody affairs! The gift giving, the singing, the dancing, and oh god, the EATING! It all needed

to be stopped, but how? How could she stop the holidays from coming?

*PPLLLLLLRRRRRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPSSSSSSSSPPPPPPPPP
PPPPPTTTTT!!!*

The answer came when Perona’s hand jolted away as her fluids stained the floor, followed by the table being thrust on its side with the boiling temperature rising rapidly around her.

Her mind was racing as all other thoughts vanished, replaced by a wonderful, awful idea that not even her ear-piercing fart could muster. Entire layers of snow fell outside and slid past the mountainside, but Perona’s lips tightened into a hellish grin she hadn’t yet shown since she was six years old. Burning egg yolks and spoiled milk filled her nostrils as a wonderfully, dreadfully awful idea formed in her mind. She remembered it from a book she read long ago - long before she inherited her family’s fortune and certainly prior to when she first met any fellow pirates outside her world. Perona stomped through her cave towards the open source of moonlight that led to the outside world, where she took a clean whiff of fresh air untainted by her gas. It might take all night to get done, but should she succeed, every citizen across the five islands would wake up in tears rather than cheers. And the first step began with Perona snatching the nearby burlap sack dangling on the coat hanger (a leftover courtesy of father dearest), before sucking in on her gut and laying her foot on the slanted edge below.

From there, Perona gave in to gravity’s will as she sped down the mountain in a hot pink blur and a roar of thunder echoing over her shoulder. She closed her eyes squealing at the top of her lungs. The thrill of skiing downhill returned to her, now with the added benefit of the weight in her stomach disintegrating upon speeding by the first set of nearby trees. Her rippling ass blew the snow off the tops, leaving them bare and dead just like her soul. Not that Perona minded, as she simply listened to the crackling cacophony behind her escalating the faster she traveled, with her insecurities melting away.

*PPPPRRRVVVVPPPTTT-PPRRRRPPPTT-PPPTT-BRRRPPP-BRRRRRUUUUUMMMPPPPP
VVVVTTTT!!!*

“Horohorohoroho!!” Perona rustled her fingers, the sweat on her brow growing as the humidity rose. “Thank goodness I bathed before I went skiing!! ...mother’s money.”

Another bout of quick sputtering farts followed after before her massive body grinded to a halt, her arms leaning forward to catch herself by the side of a humble log cabin next to a row of houses up ahead. Not a trace of smoke billowed in the sky, all the better for Perona to clasp the wooden sides of the house before scampering ahead, clenching her teeth tight. Her clammy hands graced the edge of the roof before her view pulled back, her foot having slipped on a flaky

layer of snow until she heaved upward and wheezed. It was a matter of tossing herself forward and landing face-down, cushioned by another thin sheet of snow below. Perona rested on her chin as she rapidly blinked the flakes away, flashing an eternal pout to the full moon already soaring above the village.