

Cameo was bored, very bored; here he thought that the Joestars would be traveling down the Red Sea by now but apparently not. He wasn't told of this by DIO and was now left all by his lonesome on what he assumed was a desolate island. Nobody but the vampire knew he was stuck here so what point was there to crying for help? There was no point, which was the answer to a question that Cameo never asked.

It had been a solid week since he was told to come to this island. DIO had given him explicit instructions: levee the Joestars transportation onto this island, hide, use your Stand, and kill all of them one by one, then you'll get your money. Man, money was something Cameo really needed right now, the only reason he took this job was so he could get some green to pay off his debts and get himself a nice house back home. He really missed his home, he missed how it wasn't swarming with gnats and didn't smell like intoxicating saltwater ninety-five percent of the time. The Stand User definitely wasn't a man who enjoyed the tropical climates, not by a long shot, he actually preferred colder weather, and he preferred sweaters over tank tops and hot cocoa over soda. Long story short, Cameo thought this island sucked.

Cameo sighed, his plump lips pursed into a pouty frown, and his fingers tapped against an empty coconut shell. He watched the waves ebb and flow from behind his tinted swimming goggles and his sighs became a loud and sustained groan of frustration. He sank back into the sand and huffed. He was so bored, so incredibly bored! Thoughts ran through his head about just what he could do to alleviate his boredom, but all of those thoughts involved technology and things that a barren island had zero of.

A small gurgly rumble sounded from Cameo's pale stomach and he frowned even harder, not only was he bored; he was also starving, he was unfortunate enough to be allergic to a good majority of the fruits that were abundant on the island and the animals were too wild and violent for him to even attempt to attack them. Another growl came from him and he whined.

"Ugh" He murmured "Why didn't I think to pack some goddamn food?"

Self-loathing aside, the glint of a familiar golden object caught Cameo's attention; the glow belonged to his most treasured possession: an ornate Arabic lamp that dated back to the times of the Wise Men. Its shining surface showed no tarnish, even with waves of saltwater splashing onto it. Truly it was an amazing piece of history to behold, along its outside it was adorned with glyphs of ancient gods and the people who worshipped them. Cameo remembered just why the glint of the gold made his stomach jump ever so slightly: not only was it a beautiful lamp, it was also the holding cell of his Stand.

Cameo's Stand, Judgement, was the answer to all of his problems! Of course, why hadn't he realized it sooner?! A Stand that was capable of granting its user, and those "fortunate" enough to stumble across it, wishes was the most amazing Stand that could possibly exist! He grabbed the lamp out of the sand and frantically rubbed at it with the base of his wrist. After a few rubs, the lamp shook and shuddered, almost as if it was alive.

A burst of peach colored smoke exploded forth from the nozzle of the lamp, it flowed further and further, forming a large sphere in the sky that swelled like a balloon until it ultimately popped into a plume of more purplish colored fog. The fog and smoke was thick and intoxicating and it never failed to make Cameo cough up a storm whenever his Stand was summoned. The smoke cleared, revealing what appeared to be a large robotic humanoid. Its head was comprised of a half turned army helmet and a guard to cover its mouth. Large shoulder guards, similar to a quarterback, covered its arms that ended with black spheres and three long fingers. The body looked like a shoddy compilation of sheet metal and metallic ribs and its legs folded inwards towards each other in a yoga pose.

“HAAAAIL 2 UUUUUUU!” It boomed, its voice sounded like Cameo to an extent, but it had a certain distortion to it. Its eyes peered down at its master, a hand moved to its face and it lay on its side. “Aaah, Master Cameo! How nice of you to summon me once again! Tell me, what do you wish for? Unlimited riches? A hot wife? A bigger dick?” Judgement chuckled wryly to itself.

Cameo couldn’t help but scoff at his Stands sense of “humor”, he had always known that it was a bit of a smart aleck, but he wasn’t in the mood to joke around.

“Judgement! Listen to me!” He shouted, to arrange wishes with Judgement, Cameo had to be assertive and forthcoming; he yelled over the sound of his stomach growling and pointed directly at the robotic genie. “I only have one wish this time, do you hear me? One wish!”

“Ahhhhh, one wish this tiiiiiiime? My goodness Master, how oddly paltry of you, now pray tell...what is your wish?” Judgement held up one of its slender, robotic fingers. One wish, Cameo only got one wish; the Stand moved the finger back and forth, making a ticking noise with its mouth.

“Food”

“I...beg your pardon Master? Did I hear you right? Did you say...food?”

“Yes! I said food!”

“Oh Master you know I can’t grant the wish unless you say you wiiiiish for it, how can I grant a wish if you don’t say that? Hm? You’ve had me long enough to know this sort of thing!”

Cameo’s stomach rumbled again, this time much more violently and loudly than the last few times, he was at the point that just saying the word “food” was making his stomach want to eat itself. He let out a frustrated groan and readjusted his goggles.

“FINE! I WISH...hear me? WISH! I wish for food! Enough food to make me feel fuller than I’ve ever felt before in my life! Food that’ll keep me from keeling over and dying! I wish I wasn’t hungry anymore god damn it!”

With that, Judgement's eyes seemed to flash with mischief, so...his master wanted food? He wanted to feel full? Fuller than he's ever been before in his life? Well then, Judgement would make that happen! Already the Stand was concocting a way to skew the wish and make it punish his master instead of help him, that was the cruel irony of Judgement after all, all of its wishes would backfire horrifically.

"Hee hee ho ho, yes, yes of course Master Cameo! Your wish shall be granted posthaste!" The thick fog and haze returned once again, enveloping Judgement before exploding into a cloud of comical confetti of varying neon colors.

"HAIL 2 U!"

With those words, the wish had been granted.

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Or had it?

Cameo looked around in silence; there was no buffet table or a banquet of meats and vegetables he could gorge on to his heart's content. There was nothing! He glared daggers back up at Judgement, face growing red with frustration and his stomach growling like a wild animal, how DARE his own Stand trick him like this! Who did it think it was?! Cameo was so hungry he actually felt like he was going to keel over and pass out at that very moment, his legs quivered, and his eyes fluttered open and shut rapidly in an attempt to blink away the sleepiness he was now experiencing.

Before long...Cameo had passed out.

It was now time for Judgement to fulfill his master's wish.

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Cameo awoke to the sensation of something soft and hot being shoved into his mouth, instinctually; he bit down on it to keep himself from choking. Biting down on it caused whatever it was to burst open, releasing even hotter juices and viscera that sloughed down his throat. He let out a shocked grunt and tried to spit out whatever was now in his mouth...until...his tongue played around with it for a moment.

Pork?

It was a...pork dumpling?

"Mmf...wha?" He murmured out inbetween the mouthfuls of pork and onion still in his mouth. It tasted delicious, yes, but why was it so unceremoniously shoved into his mouth like that? Who did such a thing? The heavy scent of oil and spiced meat filled his nose and the sizzle of a pan

caught his attention: odd, he was still on the beach; there shouldn't have been a kitchen anywhere near he-

“HAIL 2 U!”

A voice broke Cameo's thoughts...and so did another pork dumpling. Like the one before he chewed at it and swallowed it all, gasping slightly at the effort he exuded, having an entire dumpling filled to bursting with pork, onions, and a savory gravy-like sauce was definitely taxing on the jaw; and he had only had two so far!

“Mm...mmph...Judgement?!”

“Hee hee ho, hello master, you've awoken! Do you like your wish so far? Hmmmm”

Judgement was...well...it looked ridiculous. During the time Cameo had passed out from hunger, the Stand had created a white chef's hat and apron for itself, the absurdity of a Stand that looked so cold and robotic wearing something so human and ludicrous made the Stand User snicker to himself.

“My wish? OH! Shit that's right, I did wish for food didn't I?” Cameo stifled another laugh and dusted some sand off of his poncho “Yeah, it tastes pretty great, you didn't have to shove it into my mouth though!”

“Oh but I did master, if I did not, you would still be passed out and choking on it, you must be awake to chew your food you know” Judgement recanted, its hands were busy rolling out dough for the pork and spices to rest inside. The Stand formed medium sized balls of the meaty concoction and placed them into more of the glutinous casings before dumping them into the oil filled pan standing on a floating kitchen range; supported by pink and peach colored smoke. The dumplings crackled a bit in the oil and the smell was simply heavenly, there was a lingering smell of peanuts that emanated from the pan and mixed with the scintillating scents of the pork. Peanut oil, the best oil to use for dumplings, Judgement knew exactly what its master loved.

Cameo found himself salivating a little over the scents, what a wonderful Stand this was, with Judgement by his side he could wish for whatever he wanted at any time! He thought over all of his options: money, fame, food, water, EVERYTHING! The world could be his proverbial oyster! He didn't need this stupid job given to him by DIO; he could just get off this goddamn island and wish himself up a mansion and a stable income!

But first, he had to have some more of those dumplings, why waste a wish after all?

Judgement handed him one of the steaming hot dumplings and went back to its little floating kitchen range, still adorned in the chef's hat and apron that made its user laugh quietly to himself. Cameo sat lazily against the sand bar and bit into the meaty morsel as if it was an apple, humming and reveling over how delectable it was, the pork was cooked to perfection and the

onions were diced so finely that one would need a microscope to even locate them within the mixture. The peanut oil gave the puffy outer a very addictive flavor that worked harmoniously with the thick beef stock gravy that gurgled forth amidst bites. Before he knew it, the entire thing had been eaten, but thankfully Judgement had replaced the now devoured dumpling, which was being eaten just as eagerly as the last. The growling in the man's stomach had ceased entirely by the fifth dumpling and he delicately sucked any remaining juices off of his gloved fingers, mentally slapping himself for not taking them off before he started eating in the first place, his poor gloves would take forever to wash in the saltwater. But that wasn't his concern now, now he was simply content with patting his now full belly and lying on his back. The movement dislodged an airy belch and his cheeks reddened in embarrassment.

"O-Ohhhhh, those were...those were amazing! I'm so full, I don't think I could eat another bite, ooph, this is the best wish I have ever ma-MMPGH!!!"

Cameo had been cut off by another dumpling being forced into his mouth by metallic fingers, he sat up and let out a muffled cry, attempting to chew and swallow it properly so he could talk. Cameo witnessed Judgement floating before him, its glowing green eyes staring right into his own, and it yet again forced a meaty dumpling down his throat.

"Ah ah ah Master, you haven't cleaned your plate yet" was the only thing Judgement said during this, its tone was warm and motherly in a way, as if Cameo was being slightly reprimanded for not finishing all of his vegetables before excusing himself to his room. "Waste not want not"

"Mmpgf...JUDGEMENT! STOP!" Cameo had managed to stand back up and dodge out of the way of his Stands hands, each one holding an overstuffed dumpling. "I'm full! You can stop now! As your master I WISH for you to stop!"

Judgement stared again, pausing, for a moment it had appeared that the genie-like robot had indeed stopped...until a chair appeared next to it. The chair burst to life, whinnying like a horse and galloping towards Cameo, grabbing him up in its seat and using its wooden arms to hold the ginger man's arms and legs in place: like shackles. The Stand floated closer to the now struggling Cameo and tilted its head sinisterly.

"You had a rule Master" It murmured "One. Wish. Only." Its hands held the dumplings up and forcefully pushed one into its master's mouth. "Now finish your dinner, if you're good, I will get rid of the chair, that's a precaution really: so you don't try and run or use the lamp to send me away~"

"Mm...Mmmfpggh" Was all Cameo could reply with, his cheeks were stuffed with pork and gravy, any time he swallowed, Judgement simply refilled the empty space with more of those now accursed delights.

Time stretched on and on, hours felt like days, Cameo felt himself growing fuller and fuller with each dumpling that was forced into him. Judgement was relentless, endless, never seeming to run out of the dumplings. The Stand Users pale tummy rounded outwards, swelling larger like a balloon, what once was a flat surface had become an insurmountably tight and burgeoning curve, it screamed out in agony for Judgement to stop, gurgles and moans rumbled from empty spots in Cameo's mouth. He begged for it to end. The area around the midriff of his poncho grew tight and unwieldy, the underwire in the white hem dug into his overstuffed gut, bringing him great discomfort; he wanted to kick and scream but the chair he was in kept him still, painfully still, he couldn't move a single muscle except for his jaw.

Cameo felt like he was going to vomit, right here and now, his stomach was full to bursting and it wasn't having that. He heaved and gagged, his neck lurched forwards, the food that was already in his mouth became caked with a slurry of sizzling stomach acid and partially digested comestibles. The bile trickled down his chin and on his cheeks before he finally spewed onto the sand below him. Judgement rocketed backwards at the sight and watched in awe at its master puke his guts out, the reek of bile and pork filled Cameo's nostrils, making his gag reflex act up and making the stream of chunky vomit continue to spill forth.

Before long, Cameo had no puke left to be rid of, remnants of the embarrassing episode stained his lips and teeth. His throat burned like crazy and his nose stung with the lingering scents that were now rotting on the sand, making it as chunky and disgusting as his own emesis was. Cameo HATED vomiting, he always had, and it made him feel feeble and sick and terrible. Tears stung the corners of his eyes and he coughed out a wet sob, the sob became a wail and his goggles became misted over with the tears that spilled from his eyes. He was sick, reeked of vomit, chained to a chair, and just wanted for it to end; he bawled like a baby and tried his best to keep himself from rocking the chair too far to one side; he didn't want it to topple over into his own vomit and make him feel even worse.

Judgement floated back down towards Cameo, created a hankie out of thin air, and gently dabbed away the nasty puke from its master's lips before it tied it around his neck like a baby's bib.

"Ohhh you have made a mess haven't you Master? Please don't cry, I just want you to eat well! Now that's it, keep your mouth open, I need to fill you back up again, please at least attempt not to vomit this time"

This was horrifying to Cameo, even after that little display, Judgement was still adamant on feeding him. He should have expected this though; he did make that wish after all. Cameo screamed and wailed through mouthfuls of freshly made dumplings, chunks of vomit clung to his tongue and made what he was chewing on taste absolutely horrible. It almost tasted like dirt, very acidic and burning dirt!

He just wanted this to end.

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“There we go Master! All done! Congratulations, you have eaten all that I have cooked for you!” Judgement cheered, forming a party popper and popping it in his master’s face. Oh what a good master he was! He had actually managed to eat EVERYTHING!

All Cameo could respond with was strained moans and whimpers, the process that had happened before he had vomited simply happened again but with greater force and quantities. Any time he felt like vomiting, Judgement forced him to gulp down a bottle of chalky stomach medicine that it had created, it weighed his stomach down even more than the dumplings did. The poor chair had broken after the entire ordeal, forcing the Stand User to lie back in the sand. Cameo could hardly breathe; his stomach was fuller than any human stomach should ever be able to be. It looked like an overinflated balloon, gurgling and creaking ominously as it attempted to hold back all of its contents and digest them, the area around his navel was reddened beyond belief and the underwire of his poncho was digging hard enough into his belly to bruise the skin. He gasped and coughed, weakly grasping at the monolith of a belly he now sported. He shivered violently when he felt something cold press against it and knead his taut flesh.

“There there Master Cameo, allow me to help, consider this wish to be free of charge” Judgement cooed, its slender fingers ran up and down its masters gut, rubbing and poking at it to alleviate the pressure. It listened to Cameo moan and groan, the rubbing seemingly helping him to settle down a little bit.

“U-Urgh...b-blgh...”

“Shhhh, it is alright Master, just let that food digest, you will be fine”

The rubbing continued, Judgement showed as much fervor towards rubbing Cameo’s stomach as it did with feeding him. It wanted to make sure that Cameo didn’t go to sleep with a godawful stomachache or, god forbid, puking in his sleep. It did care about him in a way, all Stands cared about their users, but the fact that Judgement had a personality all of its own made it seem more believable.

Night began to turn into morning and the rubbing continued on, the Joestars wouldn’t be near this island for a while, so Judgement had more than enough time to let all of those delicious dumpling digest inside of his grateful master.

Yes, he was so obviously grateful, he would be even more grateful once he was able to breathe properly again.