Daenerys Targaryan: Unfulling Meal Part 1

**Sansa Stark**

Sansa accidentally sneezed some of the spice off the plate. They put too much pepper and sauce on the meal. How is the Daenerys is supposed to enjoy her “royal meal” proper if all she can taste is the nasty spices? It was unfortunate she didn’t have time to properly “prepare” herself. With the right seasoning, she would make an excellent lemon cake.

Today was a special day in the ash-filled ruins that was formally known as the Seven Kingdoms. There was going to be a celebratory feast celebrating the two-year anniversary of the Targaryen restoration in Westeros with Daenerys personally bestowing Sansa the humble title of “Meal of Honor” for the occasion. Sansa volunteered to make dinner since all the cooks kept vanishing. With all the guards in the castle, it’s not like she was escaping anytime soon, especially on a momentous occasion like this. It’s a shame none of her friends or family will not be around to see it.

After Arya’s death, Daenerys fed Tyrion to Drogon and made Sansa rub his belly to prevent him from getting stomaches from his meal. Poor Brienne of Tarth was subjected to be the queen’s dinner with Sansa still remembering the horrid sounds Brienne made as she was slowly digested alive in the queen’s gut. Sansa was at least thankful that Bran committed suicide before Daenerys’s wrath turned towards him even if meant she and Jon would share the punishment.

Jon? She didn’t want to think about what kind of hell he endured. All she needed to know was that he somehow got Daenerys pregnant with twins, and joined the rest of her victim as fat on her curves.

Now Sansa is all that remains of the Starks, laying on top of an over-sized plate glazed up in gravy and ready to be served. The price of “treason and oath-breaking” the Queen would justify. Cersei must be having a good laugh in whatever seven hells she’s burning in.

Sansa’s thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the dining room chamber door opening, revealing a very pregnant Daenerys in an elegant black dress that exposed her midriff. From what Sansa saw, Daenerys was very long into her pregnancy with twins. The unborn twins were all that was left Jon in the world.

Daenerys gently kneaded her belly as she walked towards the table Sansa was placed at. Her hips swayed on every step as if to enticed Sansa. She licked her lips as she appraised the meal laid out before her. Daenerys predatory glare only served to annoy Sansa. Just end it already, Daenerys.

“Well, you look quite good today, Good sister,” Daenerys finally spoke. She pulled Sansa close and kissed her with her tongue exploring Sansa's mouth. Sansa even got to taste bits of her latest victim in Daenerys’s saliva.

“I always make myself look presentable no matter the situation I’m in,” Sansa said with a hint of sarcasm in her voice as broke the kiss. She even wiggled her rump just like Daenerys instructed.

“The results truly speak for themselves, because you look delectable,” Daenerys said ogling Sansa’s nude form some more even giving her smack on her bottom and groping it. She then turned her attention to her lively baby bump. “Where are my manners! The twins would like to meet you too.”

Sansa just wanted this whole ordeal to be over, yet her Tully tendencies got the better of her.

Daenerys took Sansa’s head and place it on her middle, allowing Sansa a meeting with her future niece and nephew. They are going to be strong judging by their kicks. Sansa would like to imagine they were trying to punish their devil of a mother for her heinous crimes on their Stark side of their family.

“Have you decided names for them?” Sansa broke the moment as she gently massaged Daenerys’s middle.

“The boy would be named Jahaerys, and the girl will be named… *Arya*.” Daenerys said as she stared down into Sansa’s eyes. Sansa fought the urge to scowl at her naming choice. No doubt this was Daenerys attempt to get a rise out of Sansa.

“I’m sure her namesake would have been honored,” Sansa said hiding back the sorrow in her voice.

“I would like to think so too. I have great plans for them. Jahaerys will inherit the Iron Throne, while Arya will claim The North after the last claimant is disposed of.

Sansa tried to maintain her composure. It wasn’t enough for her to wipe out the last of the Starks, but Daenerys will ensnare The North under Targaryan tyranny through her niece. The Starks of old must be spinning in their graves.

“Oh, don’t worry Sansa,” Daenerys said grabbing a bowl of stuffing. “Today’s a feast, so let’s celebrate! I’ll help feed you.”

“Can you just eat me already? You don’t have to degrade me any further.”

“Sheep don’t get to choose when they die, Sansa. Daenerys said as she patted her belly Besides, I’m eating for three. Don’t you want your niece and nephew be well nourished?”

No. Sansa would want what was best for her family. Sansa decided she can at least endure one more round humiliation for their sake. “Fine, Daenerys.”

Without saying another word, Daenery scooped up a big portion of the stuffing and shoved it in Sansa's mouth. Sansa fought the urge to gag as she swallows the mush. They cooked it all wrong, but she would just have to endure. She swallowed the mush down much to Daenerys sick pleasure. It wouldn’t be long now before she finally meets the rest of her family.

Sansa’s gut started to expand and ache from all the stuffing she was taking in. One might mistake her pregnant with triplets given how bloated she was now. She was struggling to stand up as her middle kept her off balance. She started to uncontrollably hiccup, causing her gut more stress than already needed.

“*Hick*- Please Daenerys,” Sansa pleaded in spite of her hiccups. “*Hick*-No more.”

“One more Sansa and we’re finished,” The Queen said as she happily placed a free hand on Sansa’s bloated stomach and rubbed it. Sansa would never admit out loud how relieving that was. “Open wide.”

Daenerys shoved the rest of the stuffing into Sansa's mouth, however, Daenerys pushed her hand to deep and it was lodged in her throat. Sensing opportunity, Sansa swallowed more Daenerys’s arm in. However, she briefly paused thinking about the twins growing inside Daenerys, and realizing they will die along with their foul mother if she goes through with this. As much as Sansa hated Daenerys, she couldn’t bring herself kill them.

Reluctantly, Sansa dislodged Daenerys hand. Daenerys gave Sansa scowling look as she pulled her hand free from Sansa’s mouth. She then delivered a hard slap across Sansa’s face. Sansa almost regrets not swallowing her down.

“Taste like cow shit.” Sansa sputtered a jape. She knew it would be her last.

“You. Bitch!” Daenerys hissed as she pulls Sansa up by her hair. “You woke the dragon, Sansa, and now she going put you in place!”

Sansa remained defiant even at the site of Daenerys’s jaw unhinging itself wide and shoving Sansa’s head inside her dark, damp mouth, without not even bothering to taste her. Sansa felt insulted considering all the effort she went through to present herself as a tasty meal. Sansa was slowly being pulled down into Daenerys tight and slimy throat, constricting her movements as the pulsating muscle pushes her down further. Thankfully or not, the sphincter opened up to a much more roomier part of Daenerys, and what would be Sansa’s final resting place.

Sansa’s head was the first to be disposited inside gut with the rest of her body soon joining in. The powerful muscle forced its meal to curl into a tight ball. It was only when things started to calm down that she took stock of the awful situation she was in.

What little air inside the belly was rancid and foul-smelling from past victims. The groans the gut made was nerve-racking and along with the sounds of Daenerys black heart pounding in the distance along with the violent pulsating movements in the belly. Is this the terror that Jon, Arya, and Brienne all endured before that devil melted them away?

There was an odd sense of hope in this poor situation, however, as she won’t be alone in this. Sansa using her free hand gently rub the part muscle where she believed to be the direction of the womb.

“Jahaerys and Arya, it’s your aunt Sansa,” Sansa said with a warm yet bitter tone. “Even if you will never learn of it, but I love you. I-I wish I can get to see you when you're born, but your cruel mother made sure that will never come. The least I can do for you is give my body to nourish you and punishing your horrible mother in what little ways I can.”

Sansa closes her eyes. It won’t be long now, but with what little time she can give the children and Daenerys something to remember her for.