

“Sister- I don’t remember you being quite like this”

Ayra shifted uneasily on her leather soles. Despite the biting cold of the other wind, that was not the reason that the Stark girl felt uncomfortable.

“Well, what can I say” her older sibling spoke with the same refined candor of their late mother, her face as serene and beautiful as the last day they had seen each other, so many years ago. “Times change. I am not the little girl that left this keep so many summers ago.

The little bird I was, is gone”

With great emphasis on “little”, Ayra couldn’t help but think, as her eyes dipped downward to Sansa’s form.

She wore a dress that had once been their mother’s but had received some quite extensive augmentation to accommodate the new lady’s girth. It once had been a gown that finished at Lady Caitlin’s ankles, but now it terminated at the top of Sansa’s gut, pulled upwards to expose the fecund monstrosity of her middle.

The lady Sansa’s womb jutted outwards in a titanic mass of pale Northern flesh- its radius extending a full meter ahead. It dwarfed the rest of her body with its monstrous size- greater in scope than any of the many pregnant mothers Ayra had seen in her life. Her own mother hadn’t come close to this bloated greatness when she had grown large with Bran and Rickon. The skin was smooth and pale- it’s only distortion being the plump sized mass of Sansa’s popped navel, centred on the drum-tight globe and slightly red in the cold of winter.

How can she bare it, in such cold winds? Ayra thought as she longed to touch it, to feel the warmth emitting from the immense curvature. She wanted to caress and feel the unborn babies inside, to ask her sister how it felt to be so immensely pregnant. But common manners prevented her from doing so, just yet.

The lady’s shoulders were draped in a cloak of wolf skin, the symbol of their house, but her neckline was bared for all to see. Breasts- so immense and milk-laden- jutted from her chest like the heights of mountains. Sansa had always been the more womanly of the two girls, but when Arya had first caught sight of her, her breath had been stolen away. Each of the mammaires were bigger than Sansa’s beautiful head- bigger in fact than the great green melons that Ayra remembered seeing in King’s Landing and Essos. Their weight was such that they visibly sagged downwards onto the upper face of Sansa’s belly, drooping off to either side. When she moved, the dress looked fit to break open and expose her udders with a wet slap, though the material had remained steadfast so far.

She’s like an old goddess of the woods. Fit to burst and as milk laden as a heifer.

“How do you feel?” Ayra ventured as Sansa idly danced her slender fingers across the dome of her distended womb. “It is a great chill with the coming storm”

“It is” Sansa sighed, shaking her head as she looked out over the mass of spears and armoured men marching to and fro. The armies of the North and those from across the oceans marshalling to fight the great evil of the ice wastes. Her gut made a movement, something squirming within that made a small brunt spill from her lips. “But I feel warm. So very warm. They keep moving about in me.... I think they’re playing”

“Wow” Ayra couldn’t help but murmur. She tried to picture what it would be like, to be so big or to feel so many little lives and movements inside herself. She wanted to touch her own belly to aid in this speculation but knew it was not the right thing at this time.

“They make so many little movements- kicks and squirms. They’re going to be so strong when they grow up” Sansa smiled again, making no effort to cover her belly back up. In the

weak winter sunlight it seemed to shine- a perfect contrast to her stunning red hair. Hair that seemed to have grown even glossier and thicker than when Ayra remembered seeing her. The glow of childbearing had elevated Sansa Stark to a beauty few had even imagined.

When they had first met again, Jon had been all over her. Doting and caring, insisting she do as little strenuous activity as possible- feeling for kicks as he laid his sister down on beds and couches for rest. He seemed so eager to play the doting uncle- so much so that Ayra knew it was annoying his white-haired companion. The Stormborn queen, as perfect as she liked to act, was jealous. She couldn't hide it from Ayra. Those without faces had taught her enough that she could see the jealousy for Sansa's bloated figure and Jon's protective urges.

Bran, as mysterious as ever, had spoken little or made little comment. He simply watched his overbloated sister totter about as she met with the armies of the North, always accompanied by Theon who guarded her like a dog with its master. The poor man had been broken, and now he clinged to Sansa- determined that nothing would come to pass to harm his pregnant charge.

Her size had been of great interest to everyone, especially Sam with his maester's training. Sansa was broader and larger than any pregnancy in the lands, and when they feasted she ate like a ravenous bear. Chickens and pork were piled in front of her as she tore into them with wild hunger, her lips gaining with juices as her perfect teeth stripped flesh from bone. She could out eat any man and the belches that echoed from her maw when she finished were as loud as the snorts of a boar.

When they first had reunited of course, the question had been paternity. Jon had asked the same inquiries but both had become fruitless. Sansa had no idea who the father was.

"I suppose it was Littlefinger who is the one behind my size" she had said a few days past at a meeting, where she lounged in naught but her nightclothes and a cloak. "He gave me the potion of fertility- slipped into my drink. But the draught is long lasting- and he is not the only one who could be responsible for their conception"

She tried to hide it of course, but Ayra could see anything. The slight smile, the look in her eyes. Sansa may have been a tool, and a pawn in the games of two men who's evil was great in varying ways. But she still remembered how they had bred her- first the sly politician and then the brutal warrior sadist.

"Either could be the creator of the ones in my belly, but I care not. These children inside are mine, and they shall be Starks"

Both men had used her. Both could have fertilised her. Both had met their end under her. Ayra's own knife had opened up the slimy Littlefinger and the last thing he had seen as he lay there bleeding had been the massive womb of Sansa standing above him- dominating him with its vastness.

Ramsey had died at Winterfell's taking. From her stout workhorse (the only steed big and strong enough to carry her weight) she'd watched the Knights of the Vale crush his army. He'd been brought to her, broken and beaten bloody by Jon. The fool had tried to laugh, Ayra had heard. He'd mocked her and tried to play his little mind games. She gave him nothing but contempt and as his own dogs ripped him to bloody shreds, the last sight he had was that over bloated body waddling away.

Sansa Stark was a mother now, and she was the strongest of them all.

"Do you ever wonder how many there are?" Ayra spoke up, her eyes drawing downwards to look at the immense belly once again. It suddenly bulged as one of the occupants squirmed and Ayra's heart jumped at the sight.

How amazing it must be to feel that inside you!

"No, I don't" Sansa shrugged, her hands reaching as far as they could but being unable to reach her own swollen navel. "There's no real way of knowing- given my size. I guess I shall find out when I birth them"

"And do we know when that time will be?"

"No" her sister said simply. "I haven't a clue"

She really didn't care. Sansa was just swept away in the joy of being so massively pregnant. She still had her dress hitched up high, bearing not only her gut but her plush, pillowy thighs and buttocks to the whole world to see. Even her sex, which Ayra had glimpsed so many times with her sister's disregard for decorum in her current state- was bare to the cold. But she seemed to not even notice her red-swathed loins tingling. Ayra swore they even seemed to be growing wet- leaking the fluid of a woman's pleasure.

She's so aroused. Every second she feels it. She must be pleasuring herself every moment she can, Ayra realised.

I wish I knew... what that felt like...

"You worried about the dead?"

"No" Sansa spoke again with iron certainty. "We will break them. I shall have my babies in a North free of the tyranny of the White Walkers"

Her belly squirmed with sudden movement at their name and Sansa staggered a little, grabbing a rail to steady herself as she grunted but regaining her composure. "We must and will win, and then we will take on that tart queen of the south"

Your sight alone must inspire the men more than any dragon or Storm-Queen would.

"I think we should retire" Sansa spoke up after a few minutes, minutes in which Ayra realised she had spent the entirety of staring at her sister's belly. It was like the moon on a clear night- so vast and white- one could stare at its girth for hours and be lost in its enormity. "The war draws near and my back tires" she patted the gut, the resulting sound like patting a hard, ripe fruit. "As do my ankles. Summon me some maids, for my bosom needs easing"

How could Ayra forget? She fought off blush as she tried to keep her composure. Those twin peaks of fattened and engorged breast-flesh, sometimes even sloshing audibly as they awaited all those mouths to feed. She had seen Sansa leak into so many of her gowns, white lactate running freely without the lady even noticing. Ayra knew that she'd even arranged to be milked by maids, like a cow, just to ease the constant pressure of mother's milk in her breasts.

Oh how divine you must feel. I hope you know how lucky you are, dear sister. That potion slipped into your drink was a blessing indeed.

With a grunt, Sansa finally let her dress drop and turned to waddle away. Her stride was wide and ponderous, reduced to a slow crawling pace with the new width of her hips. Even through the fabric of her gown, Ayra could see her protruding buttocks, fattened to a size akin to a horse.

"Come along sister!" Sansa ordered, and Ayra obeyed without hesitancy. She gripped her sword handle tightly, her eyes locked in her sister's waddling figure.

Sansa had once been a small girl, bereft of buttock and bosom. Now she was a woman- a mother to be with breasts no woman across the land could rival and an ass like no other. Ayra, in her mind's eye, started to imagine. What her own body would be like, ripening like a fruit, expanding outwards with fat and child. Her breasts and belly straining at her clothes- a constant sensation of bloat and tightness ruling her mind. She bit her lip at this fantasy, wishing she could see her own belly extending so far ahead that she couldn't see her feet, and then imagined breasts so swollen and turgid that she couldn't even see her distended room past them. The mere thought made her loins grow wet in her woollen underwear. Sansa started to ascent the stone steps, grunting and muttering with each one, belly wobbling like mad. As Ayra watched her sister's own waters of pleasure run down the pillowy thighs and drip onto the floor, she knew that somehow, she had to find that potion. Her skills would do her well, she resolved. Her sister would not be alone in her wonderful, wonderful condition.

Later

Not for the first time since she'd fallen pregnant, Sansa cursed the amount of steps to the towers of Winterfell. With each stride her swollen ankles had throbbed and smarted, engorged like the pig's bladders peasants used for football. It took her far too long to ascend to her chambers, all with Ayra following her about like a dog.

What had that girl gotten into her head? She wondered, *all she does is stare and gape like I'm some fair attraction! I know I'm big but I'm not some freak!*

When she'd finally gotten to the heavy oak doors of her bedchamber, Ayra had lingered some more, almost as if she wanted to enter, but Sansa had dismissed her away.

"These babies drain my strength, I need some rest" she'd said curtly before waddling through the doors- only just clearing the narrow stone doorway with her engorged width, grunting like a hog as she went. Ayra watched her go from the door, before it slammed shut. "Gods!" Sansa moaned as she undid the clasp of her cloak, letting it drop. "My bosom is killing me" she struggled with her dress, fingers fiddling with the clasps and hidden buttons. There was a great pressure in her chest, a fullness worse than the intense bloat in her belly. At this late in the day, she felt it pushing right against her nipples- an aching throb of pain that had been building over the last few hours. She could feel a wetness about her nipples and knew that she had started to leak into her clothing.

"Oh mother" she sighed. "If only you could see me now. What state I have become" she remembered the late Caitlyn Stark's pregnancy with her now deceased brother Rickon. Her mother had been large but never to this size. She wished she still had her about, to advise on a mother's duties or just what her changing body would do. The soreness, the strain on her bones, the milk that flowed and the burning need for sexual release.

Moving to the bed, she slowly lowered herself down, hamstrings and fattened thighs throbbing with the strain and causing her to grunt before she came to rest- bed groaning beneath her hefty weight. She kicked off her leather shoes, wincing at how swollen her feet were and the blisters that formed, before she grabbed at the hem of her dress and struggled. It took effort to get it up past her belly and then over her head, the fabric catching on the apex of her great fertile gut more than once before she finally shrugged it off.

With the dress gone, her breasts suddenly tumbled free, no longer held back. They fell downwards to her belly where they landed with a slap so loud and mighty, Sansa was certain it would have been heard throughout the tower.

Each of her immense hugs lost some of its form, revealing just how fat her mammaries were. They sagged downwards and flopped against her womb, each one larger than her head. Nay in fact, each one of her monstrously engorged breasts was as large as the full term belly of an ordinary pregnant mother. Had her pregnancy been normal, Sansa would be dwarfing her unborn child with both of her colossal tits. But as her gut was so huge, it still made her emourmous bosom appear small by comparison.

Her sigh of relief was immense, built up over a sore and tiring day. As much as the heft of her breasts, sagging all the way down to her midriff strained her back, to set the monstrous bosom free was worth it.

“Good gods” she muttered, bringing her dainty pale fingers up to clutch at one of her breasts. It was soft and squishy, but with a firmness beneath that she knew was the saturation of thick milk within. Each of her dark purplish areola was as big as a plate, stretched wide by growth and dotted with little bumps and mounds. In the centre of these were her nipples- and what a sight they were. The size of buttons, as thick as her thumb, extending outwards by a distance of a few inches. They were inhumanly large, just like the rest of her body, and she could see the light reflecting off the droplets of milk about them.

Her fingers pressed about the nipple, holding the thick teat between her thumb and forefinger.

“Gods, at this rate, they should change our sigil to a cow or a swine” she told herself as she looked in the mirror, as the bloated mass of female flesh that displayed. Her stomach squirmed, so many limbs pushing at her lining and she grimaced.

“Though wolves do have litters” she mused, glancing at the standard. “Sansa Stark the She Wolf.... Wolf Mother.... a lot more fitting that Sansa the Great Stark Heifer”

She squeezed on her teat and the sudden rush of release was accompanied by an orgasmic explosion of milk. White lactate sprayed from her nipple, onto the stone floor in a long stream. Her lips opened in a breathless moan as she squeezed on the other in tandem. Milk continued to shoot out, the turgid nature of her overflowing tits meaning that it came loose in prodigious quantities. White fluid gathered in the depressions of the worn floor while droplets splattered and ran all down the mirror. Normally she would get maids to do it, but the act of milking herself gave it a whole new thrill.

She continued to squeeze and squeeze, allowing her teats to refill and then emptying again. Jugs worth of her cream was emptied out, stray droplets running down her belly to coat her massive mound in a glistening sheen. Sansa couldn't help but give her wet fingers a lick, delighting in the creamy taste.

The lady milked and milked until the streams were reduced to sputtering droplets. Her room was a mess, great pools of the lactate upon the floor and all over her mirror.

“Perhaps....” she panted “The Cow of the North would be a more fitting title...”

She staggered away, her naked body glistening the candle light, and sat upon her bed. The Wolf fur bedspread was delightful soft on her fattened buttocks. It took great effort to heft her legs up and my with the great weight of her belly pressing down on her middle. Moaning

with the strain she laid back and slipped her pale hand past the over bloated sac of her womb, seeking out her engorged swollen pussy.

Her fingers worked at her sopping lips and bulging, fatten clit with hormone fuelled abandon. All thoughts of the approaching dead, of the threat of battle, was cleared her mind, by the throbbing needs of her body. She worked and worked to climax, letting loose a cry of glee as she spurted.

Sansa went limp, her body motionless aside from the gentle movements of her stomach. She felt them, and as her brood of children stirred within her hyper fertile belly, she let her eyes slowly drift closed- seeking the rest of deep sleep.

Her room went quiet, the only sounds being the gentle stirring of the pregnant noblewoman's breath. One by one her candles ran down to stubs and extinguished, casting the bedchamber into shadow.

Then, softly, her locked door clicked, unlocked and glided open. Faint torchlight spilled in, as a figure quietly entered.

The swollen, fattened body of Sansa Stark lay there before, gently stirring as she dreamt. Her immense, child laden belly glimmered in the faint light of the single remaining candle. Ayra stared at it for what felt like an age, drinking in every detail. Her hand reached out as she went in closer....