

Vrelder was struggling as they reached the outskirts of town, there was sweat gathering on every inch of the Paladin. Right down the blue furred rabbit ears and through their hair and across all the *vast* swaths of pale flesh. They were plenty strong, but the cauldron of sin in their belly was giving them *problems*. It was just lucky the bit of rabbit in their bloodline made for strong legs.

“C-cannot b- *Bwurph*- believe the cultists a- *HwuRRPHHHBB*- are d-doing this..”

The walk had taken him ages already. Ordinarily the Paladin would have an easy trip back on his mount, but that had been *before* he ended up compelled to *eat* the cultists of Tiamat that he'd gone to bring justice to. Now they wouldn't be terrorizing the village, sure. But there were other problems.. The fact that Vrelder was waddling clumsily toward town *naked* and without his mount with him was rooted in the worst of them. A vile rumbling built up in the deepest parts of the bunny Demihuman, the results of trying to run *raw evil* through a digestive system, and-

*Fwurummphhbt- Fffwrrrrrphhhbtt- VwurUMPHHBBT-*

The foul eruption behind Vrelder made the Paladin wince. It wasn't the first such thing, but the sheer corpulence they were dealing with now meant they'd been gassing everything every few yards for *miles* now and their mount had run away not long into that along with the armor Vrelder had to take off before they outgrew it, along a lot of the proof of the conquest. Now Vrelder was stuck waddling, ass shaking like pudding with every step, clutching the only thing left they had as proof – a few of the cultist banners.

At the moment Vrelder was holding them against his chest, trying to stem the flow from it as best he could. The things were driving the Paladin to distraction. As the cultists squirmed and writhed inside and Vrelder's body thickened slowly but surely those man tits were picking up a fair bit of that soft, pillowy mass – and the throbbing heat in their body was rooted deeper there than most places. It left the Paladin, as he jiggled and farted his way to the doors of the adventurer's guild hall, wondering just what else was going on in him that he'd started leaking milk. That was dribbling down the vast swaying apron of flab hanging off his body along with the sweat.

A fresh problem arose when the Paladin *reached* the guild hall. They shouldered their way up against the door and then *got stuck*. Ass wedged deep in the door frame, body quivering and wobbling, and all that pressure building up..

“Oh come on.. Not *now*. This.. so c- *Uwrphhhbb*- so close t- *BWURPHHHBB*- to done with this. Need to g- *GwurRPPBBBT*- get a priest then..”

It was hard not to feel the eyes everywhere. Vrelder's ass was on display to the entire town and it was stuck that way – and the entire guild hall's occupants were watching him wriggle and grunt in the doorway while dribbling milk onto the floor.

“Uhm. G- *Gwurphhb*- get a little help here? I..”

Another hard lurch followed as Vrelder tried to force the matter. On the one hand the sweat and effort were finally lubricating things a bit and the bunny demihuman felt some give.. they were sliding free, slowly. On the other hand- *Vwurumphhbb- FRRPHHHBT- VWURPHHBBT-*

Wincing once more, Vrelder tried to weather the embarrassment.. but it got him inside. Shuffling awkwardly, waddling up to the guild's taskmaster with a bundle of milk and sweat soaked banners in their arms.

“I.. ah, I couldn't.. bring the uhm, b- *BWURPHHB*- bodies for.. reasons, b- *BwurLPHBB-*”

Eyes went wide, Vrelder's included, as he belched up a small heap of cultist gear. The staring continued, right through the guild clerk handing a small satchel of gold up to the Paladin that Vrelder had to struggle to reach past their own blubbery body for. The Paladin *wanted* to explain things further, but as they opened their mouth their ass pulverized the room with another wave of farts and suddenly it felt very much like time to leave.