

“..We appreciate the assistance, Sharesh. Keeping my troops fresh and at a higher vantage as we hunt the Yiga is a decisive advantage, to be sure. Do you see them, by chance?”

Sharesh moved sluggishly but with purpose, the obese gray horse's belly scraped the ground as he shuffled through the caverns and carefully navigated the rock formations around him. He had to be careful not to let the war harness he wore, the one Urbosa and her Gerudo were clinging to, be damaged on any of the stone of the cavern walls and that made for slow going. That, and the horse was simply so corpulent that many of the tunnels were tight fits for him.

“I do not.. but my vision isn't the best in the darkness, it's more for spotting things around my sides. I have to tr- *Bwurphhb*- trust to your warriors for this. I-”

The opening ahead was tight. Tall, that part was fine, the harness would not be a problem.. but Sharesh knew the opening he was looking at was narrower than his body. Yes, fat was easy enough to squeeze through things, but..

Getting himself up against it was the first step, Sharesh wedged his belly in and lifted it with his hooves to wiggle through as gently as he could manage. It was a delicate dance to not hurt himself on the stones but put in enough force to get through.

Said dance being just the right kind of pressure and jostling to dislodge a humid, rancid *Vwurrphhhhhbbbt*- behind Sharesh was pure coincidence.

“Mmm. Well, I suppose the Yiga likely already knew we were here. Besides, it's not as if they can tell what part of the caves such an outburst comes from with all the echoing, yes?”

Blushing furiously, Sharesh nodded. Urbosa was likely correct anyway so that helped take the edge off the embarrassment of all that farting he was doing. The tight fit certainly made this one happen a bit more promptly, but it wasn't the only outburst. It was just the best excuse so far. Sharesh still found himself, as he rounded the next corner, unloading a torrential wind storm of ass fog into the caves.

Urbosa and her warriors shared a look over that latest wild display of flatulence. They were lucky they were riding above the worst of the stench and they knew it.

“In.. indeed. Yes, lady Urbosa. You are *sure* they are in these caves, though?”

The ambush was indeed real. Or at least, it would have been. A small heap of Yiga watched the trundling horse and his entourage of mounted guards amble past them for the second time and tried to stand up, gather themselves, and carry out the ambush they intended.

Then they ended up being blown over by another catastrophe of a fart, bathed in so much acrid funk they spent the next several minutes trying to cough and whimper quietly and get their eyes to stop watering. By the time they got even close to recovered Sharesh was shuffled well past them, well out of the ideal position to carry out their attack.. and the air was getting foggier, wetter, and more rank the longer the beast continued his trek through the caves.

“Oh indeed! I am *entirely* sure, sir Sharesh. It's just a matter of taking our time finding them. If you aren't too fatigued I am perfectly willing to walk this patrol *all day and all night* until they emerge~”

The Yiga didn't hear Sharesh's response. How could they, with the entire cavern system echoing in a cacophony of *BVVWWURRPHHHBBBT*- that left them all blind, deaf, and fighting for air all over again.