

“They’re grrreat!” Tony the tiger smiled as he flicked a thumbs up to the camera. There was a moment of odd stillness before the director called out ‘cut!’ and everyone relaxed their posture, Tony included. The actors left the set and Tony walked back to his trailer. With so much ‘milk’ in these commercials, he needed to refill his tank. Reaching in his stash under the sink, he pulled back out the jar of micros he had recently caught. Many were from a group of *enthusiastic* fans that aimed to take his signature red handkerchief. Others were simply interns with a less than fortunate role. Flexing his sheath in paw, he decided to haphazardly grab a couple with a handful, not caring about how much. His cock slowly reawoke from his sheath, feeling just how tired and drained he was down there. A few of the micros in his paw almost seemed thrilled to get such a close look at what the mascot had down there. He was less than thrilled, truly only aiming to get some of the losswed sperm back in the bank after spending it all on prop bowls and spare boxes. With irritation, he started to slowly finger the few micros in his paw in one at a time through his experienced cumslit. It was only now that many of the micros came to realize what would become of them.

With some feebly trying to wriggle their way out of the massive tiger’s grip, others succumbed to their fate as mascot batter for some final dressings on the cereal. In his prime days, he was able to fill a jug without any prey. Albeit he still had some help, now he could only really dress over the cereal after the fact. He wouldn’t usually want to fall back on adding prey to his balls, but who knew what side effects it could have.

One by one, the bulges writhed through his length, being swiftly deposited in the balls of the mascot before being trampled over by another. While some were separated between the two balls, the sheer amount was enough to stuff both of them full. Once his handful was done, he realized that there were only 3 more stragglers left behind. They wouldn’t be any help with just them, would they? With some mild curiosity, Tony reached in and grabbed two at random, though he did notice one of the micros in his paw. A costumed fan wearing a tiger onesie with a store bought a handkerchief. The fan seemed especially compliant with it all while the other in his paw seemed to try and squeeze out. The other that was now left alone in the jar began pacing the glass walls, curious as to how they could escape.

“Alright fine... Only because I feel like you’ll need better guidance if you want to be strutting around with a makeshift costume like that.

