

Tigress was having a tricky time of walking of late. Somewhere between the curses rooted inside her, especially her stomach full of spiritually awakened liquor, and the *massive* cock and balls she was contending with the Master just had a little too much to deal with. She couldn't even entirely remember what she came to town for as she shuffled awkwardly through the dusty streets, using her feet to lift the thicker-than-her-legs cock up and slide forward a bit with one step. Then she'd have to brace herself and tug forward so her medicine-ball-esque nuts could drag behind her, leaving a trail along the path she'd taken to get her. A very uneven trail from her staggering side to side, mostly after a rough hiccup or two left her balance askew.

“The *heck* d'I come out s'thish place for a.. *-hic-* anyway? I don..”

Wobbling in place, Tigress might've fallen were it not for her cock and the massive orbs behind her making her quite stable whether she liked it or not. She did pitch forward though, putting a bit of pressure on her dick in the process, making the whole thing tighten up and clench.

“H-hhng! Ohsheez.. H- *hic-* how'm.. I shposhed to- to even- with you all..”

Shaking her head, Tigress started to gesture vaguely at her dick. Then she stepped that up to something more emphatic, and turned about to the people staring at her as she conversed with her penis in the middle of the town. The Master tried to get their attention to linger as if they might join the conversation and back her up.

“Like.. h-howsh.. you got all, *there.. -hic-* and.. and everyone can tell, and-”

A heavy exhale escaped the Master as she watched her junk tighten up and shudder, taking her whole body with it and starting to leak visibly into the dirt path.

“Don worry.. heesh okay, s'all.. *-hic-* good.. a-and he won't hurt-”

It caught Tigress off-guard when a breeze behind her caressed her nuts in just the right way to set her off. The gentle kiss of wind through that fur and she felt her whole frame tighten, breath caught in her throat, eyes rolling back. She couldn't help slipping into a wanton moan right there, but that moan was joined by one other (and by a fair few surprised gasps). Specifically it found itself paired by the pained groan of the pig who had been crossing the path in front of her and was battered by a surprise maelstrom of tiger cum hammering into his body and sending him flying into the nearest wall. The impact was hard enough to leave the pig stunned and cause a bit of damage to the wall in the process.

“Ohzshit..! Shorry. *-Hic-* s.. shorry, he jusht.. that happensh an uh, and..”

It took an extra second for Tigress' booze-addled brain to catch up with what had happened fully. She'd reached out toward the pig and then her foot had brushed her dick. That, the embarrassment from being seen and losing control like that, and the gentle touch of another kiss of wind all conspired. Tigress' whole frame sank low and she let the pleasure hit. Gasping first, curling her arms tight around her chest afterward, resting some weight against the root of her dick as she did – Tigress heard the wall take the next of her orgasms. Wet spatter and chipping stone left everyone else giving the Master a wide berth while she climaxed all over again.

Master Tigress managed, at her best, to not touch herself and make the situation worse. It still was the better part of an hour before she managed to come down from the over stimulation and get to her feet again. An hour in which time she bored a hole through a stone wall with cum alone, and then resumed her awkward stumbling shuffle right back where she'd come from.