

A Trip to the Mall

Feat. Luca, Beloved Prince of Lagoon City, Precious Jewel of Otter Bay

And

Freija, Legendary Berserker, Honored Protector of the Prince and Grand Consort

Art commissioned from [RainbowsprinklesArt](#)

It was a busy day at the Bazaar. Morning sunlight glinted gently off the calm waters of the lagoon, painting the canvas of the merchants' arcade with dappled light. A cool sea breeze carried conversation and the scents of fresh fish and spices down the boardwalk.

Hordes of otterfolk milled around, stepping over each other's tails and haggling over the best price for the morning's clams. Lively models, mostly the sons and daughters of the merchants themselves, demonstrated the latest palm leaf wetsuits, their perky nipples stiff from the wind and the crowd's attentions. Moving their hands over their slender bodies, the models preened and posed to show off fit and form. Occasionally the tease of a breast or bulge would elicit a burst of catcalls and playful chatter before the commotion melted back into the dense noise of the busy crowd.

With the shining sun and the fresh sea air, today even the nobility found themselves mixing with the common folk and partaking in the gentle chaos of the central markets. Just outside the palace, the crowd split to make way for Luca, the city's young prince. His little round ears and thick tail were perked, and his slender fingers played with the beads and pearls that rested gently against the creamy fur of his chest. Not inclined to talking, the petite otter boy simply smoothed the sheer green fabric of his traditional sarong and strode ahead. A happy bounce graced his steps, causing his plush bottom to bounce, and his wide hips to sway rhythmically with his easy gait.

Although delighted to see their gentle prince out and about, today a normally handsy crowd gave the prince a wide berth. Smiles and curtsies were mixed with a wary eye. Today the otter prince was not traveling alone.

A great shadow loomed at his back. Freija, the prince's appointed guardian, towered over the boardwalk. Rusty fur and loincloth alike fluttered gently in the wind as the massive wolf stretched luxuriously in the sun. Eyes that normally trailed over the Prince's shapely hips were drawn to the imposing curves of the furry amazon that dwarfed them all.

In an isolated community like Lagoon City, anyone over four feet was practically unheard of. Luca himself was of average stature, give or take an inch; the closest spectators were barely able to see the tips of Freija's ears over her tremendous breasts. She stood head, shoulders, and bust over them all. A massive halberd was slung across her back, glinting menacingly in the morning light. As she trailed her charge through the crowd, the feathery fur of her waving tail swatted unlucky onlookers in the face.

The crowd closed the gap behind her, drinking in her mighty form. A white bikini hugged every curve, straining to accommodate her mass. The fabric was stretched so tightly that in places it was practically transparent, serving only to show off the cheeks of her muscular ass, and the broad, soft disks of her nipples. It was obvious the garment was not meant to hide such

a large expanse of body. In fact, most otters were about the same size. Even the Prince's clothes were painstakingly custom made. This was, in fact, the reason behind the Prince's visit today.

The models at the prince's boutique of choice greeted Luca tentatively, watching his bodyguard warily, glancing up at the weapon on her back. Seeing their hesitation, Luca cleared his throat gently, and after a moment the girls parted to let him look at the designs on the rack. Freija eyed one of the girls blankly, watching her stumble backwards. The sudden attention seemed to spook the little otter, and as Luca milled about behind them they watched each other warily.

After a minute, a swarm of attendants emerged from a side room brandishing measuring tapes and writing slates. Out in front of the group strode a greying otter woman with tapes and scissors dangling from every limb. She smiled curtly at the prince, a certain sparkle in her weary eyes, before barking at her gaggle of helpers.

"Alright ladies, we've got a special order in today. The prince has asked for a new suit for himself and his guardian. For now I'm going to have half of you work on the prince and half on the wolf. Take some of the new girls with you to work on the prince. He's been here enough that you can show them the ropes."

The seamstress turned to Freija, taking a moment to take in her massive form before continuing, "Since we've never had the pleasure before: my girls and I are going to take your measurements and you can take a moment to look at this season's designs before we get started. You're so tall I don't think we can fit you in here, so we're going to have to scoot you out back to get you sorted out."

Freija pursed her lips and eyed the prince. "Are you sure we can't do it in here? I'd rather keep my eyes on Luca with so many people around."

"Honey, I know you're his guardian and all that but he'll be perfectly safe with us. The little dear has been coming here for years, and I wouldn't let anything nasty happen to him. The girls will take very good care of him."

Freija mulled it over for a moment and nodded grimly.

Without missing a beat, the artisan clapped her hands and said, "Alright everyone, places!" And soon every facet of Luca's slender form was being measured and recorded. As usual for his public appearances, probing hands took an opportunity or two to feel up his soft body while they did their work. Freija squeezed through the entrance, pushing past the quivering models, and slunk to the first corner she fit. She wrestled with her halberd for a moment before squatting awkwardly under the low ceiling of the shop.

Most young otters were quite slim and sleek. A certain shape helped them glide easily in the water. Motherhood then often granted even the smallest otters nice, broad hips, but little Luca managed to put them all to shame.

The trim ladies approached Freija tentatively, holding out their measurement tape. Luca was a familiar customer, but nobody of Freija's stature had ever visited before. Even though the prince had specifically told them he was bringing a guest, none had expected the titanic wolf to show up for a fitting.

Carefully and quietly, the otters took her measurements, reading them out to the scribe with barely disguised incredulity. Her chest was bigger around than some otters were tall! Their

pawing was far less frisky than with Luca, but their gentle touch managed to arouse her all the same. Before long her large, dark nipples came to stand at attention. One young girl with a messy haircut eyed them hungrily and licked her lips when she thought the amazon wasn't paying attention. She nudged another, curiously identical, otter and the two shared a knowing glance before returning to work. Their little gestures did not escape the seasoned warrior's keen eye.

"Are you two cuties sisters or twins or something?" Freija asked. They just nodded and giggled, and continued their work.

When they were done, a scribe scribbled some figures on her tablet and gestured over to a row of mannequins showcasing the shop's current styles. Freija considered them carefully before settling on a risque, strappy model with a cutout of an otter's head centered right over the chest. The scribe looked at her for a moment, taking in her generous curves, before committing it to the tablet and leading her out back. As they passed through the rear entrance, the scribe waved another girl to follow, and ducked back inside. Freija stretched in the sunlight, glad to be out of that damned squat.

Within moments, more otters swarmed outside, this time carrying large rolls of fabric and all manner of shears and needles, as well as a giant spool of heavy cord. While they began to set things up around them, the elder seamstress stepped out, hands stuffed in the pockets of her apron. Without so much as a word, the artisan looked her over, read something off of the tablet, and snapped impatiently at the girls rolling out the fabric. Helpers began untying Freija's armor and clothing, and before long had peeled it all off entirely, folding it neatly in the corner.

Soon the rear of the shop was bustling with activity of a different sort. Ladders were set up, and girls swarmed all over Freija with cords and bolts of cloth. Deft strokes with a grease pencil marked all over the fabric as the girls held it up for examination. Two girls suddenly hefted Freija's pendulous breasts, eyeing them with barely concealed wonder. The wolf's massive nipples peaked at the sudden exposure. The sensation sent a shiver down Freija's spine.

The girls held them up at various heights, asking her if she was comfortable, until she agreed that she was. For a few moments, all eyes were on her, and she began to feel a little aroused. Heat built up between her loins and she squirmed briefly before the craftswomen returned to their work.

Small hands darted around her chest, brushing against her rock-hard nipples, dragging the sensuous fabric across them with maddening strokes. Freija could not help but bite her lip as she resisted leaning into the wonderful sensation. The brushing moved to her crotch, and the tickle of the pencil graced her swelling mons. As nimble fingers dragged the silky material over her nethers she blushed profusely and stifled a moan. The fabric came away wet. One of the twins sniffed it surreptitiously and licked her lips hungrily before setting it aside.

A rough hand pulled up her tail, gripping it at the base, as the pencil traced a curve through the arch of her massive buttocks. The sensation shot another shiver up her spine and she trembled, setting the firm mounds jiggling in some lucky girl's paws. Her fluffy tail thrashed as the teasing continued, batting the tiny girl behind her around like a toy.

As the otters pulled the fabric aside and began cutting and threading, Freija stood shakily and took a shuddering breath. She could smell her own sex now, wafting up from both

her sodden slit and a bolt of fabric that one of the twins was busy cutting into a surprisingly skimpy thong. Freija did not want to get too aroused in the small space, and decided to look out over the horizon to distract herself.

She could see quite far over the tops of the arcade. The morning sun glinted off of the calm waters of the lagoon. As horny as she was, the sight was quite nice, and calmed her considerably. Looking down, Freija's eyes met those of the otter working on her bottom. The tiny twin winked seductively and licked the damp fabric, rolling back her eyes in exaggerated pleasure before returning to her work.

The girls busy cutting her top were having an intense discussion with the artisan about support. At several points, they tugged on the cords alone and in bundles. One mutely cupped her hands away from her chest, making a hefting motion and miming rubbing her shoulders. The artisan nodded and turned to Freija.

"Look honey, you're a big girl, alright? I'm gonna need you to stand up and turn around so I can make sure your top'll hold up your huge pups."

On her request, Freija turned around to show off her back, flexing her chiseled muscles in various ways to show off her form. Someone behind her whistled saucily, and she looked over to see one of the twins rubbing herself over her bottoms. They locked eyes and Freija licked her lips as she flexed again, and she chuckled huskily as a damp spot formed under the little otter's groping fingers.

"I think we've got what we need honey. Go ahead and sit down for me while we get these finished up." The wolf slowly sank into a cross-legged position while girls measured out straps and began braiding cord. The twin finishing her bottom now had a full view of Freija's dripping sex, and licked her lips again with hooded eyes.

Luca's voice rang out happily from inside the shop. An attendant peeked her head through the canvas flap and tugged on the artisan's arm. The helper whispered something in her ear, and the seamstress quickly excused herself. She clapped her hands, and called most of the girls with her as she ducked inside. Freija was left alone with the two who had been making eyes at her since she walked in.

The identical otters glanced furtively at the door, then nodded to each other. One twin dropped the bottom she was working on and dove into Freija's lap, gaze fixed hungrily on her flower.

Freija shuddered as the slut's cold nose made contact with her clit, and as her rough tongue dragged its way indulgently through her folds. Looking down between her exposed tits, she could see a look of pure bliss settle onto the girl's face as she went to work. The tiny thing gripped Freija's muscular thighs tightly as she dove in again and again, and that wonderful sensation was suddenly joined by the feeling of a small mouth latching onto her nipple.

The second girl was busy teasing and tweaking her massive mounds, utterly enraptured by their weight and firmness. Breasts of these proportions were rare in Lagoon City among even the milkiest matriarchs, and Freija's peerless pair were the envy of the entire town. Hot breath and desperate sucking fell on her hardened nipple with lewd sucking noises. The girl between her legs had begun to moan wetly as she worked Freija's dripping folds with even more passion.

The sensation was beginning to be too much. The lusty wolf clamped her thighs around the girl's head with a whimper, and a hand squished the other into her bosom. Her breath was catching regularly now, and she pawed at her free breast impatiently.

"Alright, I think we're done here!"

The seamstress's voice called from inside, and suddenly the suckling otters perked in terror, and squeaked back to their posts, wrenching themselves from Freija's mighty grasp. The breeze rolled across her exposed pussy and damp nipples. She quivered with anticipation and reached out to one of the sluts beside her, but they backed away nervously. The horny wolf was left desperately wanting.

The artisan strolled back through the opening and said, "I told you we'd treat him well, didn't I? Go ahead and see for yourself." Pulling back the flap, the artisan beckoned into the shop.

Freija looked up to where the seamstress now gestured to see Luca standing there, blushing deeply. He was wearing a tiny white bikini, barely keeping his generous package covered. The cups of the top were stretched tight across his small chest, making his little pecs look almost like small breasts. His belly was completely exposed, his slender stomach visibly heaving in and out as he took deep breaths. The bottom left his bulge clearly defined, and the straps hugged his hips in a rakish manner. His sarong was still there, but it hid nothing. A spot of pre-cum darkened the fabric on his crotch. He tugged at the bottom nervously and looked around, and one of the girls batted her eyes lasciviously when their gazes met. Another wiped a glob of sticky fluid from her cheek and licked it slowly off of her finger. Whatever they had done had left Luca quite out of breath.

Seeing Freija's generous form left open to the world, and with the smell of her need filling the small space, Luca's cock twitched and he crossed his legs in a desperate attempt to stop an impending erection.

"Do you like it?" he asked meekly, "I think they cut it a little tight, but the girls all said it looked cute so..."

Freija simply nodded and grinned, whistling suggestively for effect.

"A-alright then, if you say it looks good I'll take it. Let's get going. We have other chores to do!" He spun around quickly, waving to the shop owner. The sheer sarong floated gently around him as he twirled, flashing the white fabric stretched tight across his ass right in Freija's face. It hugged his form perfectly. The straps cut softly into the mass of his cheeks, causing them to bulge enticingly. The bottom fastened over his tail with an expertly tied little bow that bounced when he walked. His thick tail twitched nervously at the sudden draft, but the Prince did not acknowledge it.

As he sashayed away in his regular manner, Freija's eyes never left the sight of the tender little present before her.

The artisan snapped her fingers, drawing the hungry wolf's attention.

"Don't go anywhere, big girl, we've almost got yours ready."

She turned around to see the group of otters finishing up some carefully folded cloth. Upon further inspection, she could make out the cups of the top, and the curve of the bottom, but could not identify what many of the straps were for.

The older otter gestured to a girl for something, and said, "Stand up for me, dear. We've got to see if this fits. It should, if my intuition served me right, support your rather generous assets without a problem."

Freija stood up as ladders were erected around her, soon swarming with otters and fabric. Soft paws wrestled her arms through a mess of straps, hefting her tits into place as the luxurious material caressed her breasts. At someone's gentle prompting, she lifted one leg into the bottom, then the other, while more hands caressed the fur of her thighs into place. The bottom came up very snugly against her mound, sitting comfortably in the crease in her thighs, and several straps came around at different angles to meet just under her tail. More straps wrapped around her barrel and over her shoulders, causing her breasts to jiggle softly before settling nicely in their new home.

The amazon flexed experimentally, feeling the material stretch and move with her tremendous musculature, and even bounced a little in place to watch her ample bosom wobble in place. All in all, it seemed like a pretty nice piece of gear.

She thanked the artisan, and struck a saucy pose for the Prince, who stood watching with his mouth ajar and his hands desperately gripping his crotch. She sauntered over to him, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder to guide him towards the entrance, being sure to grab her beloved weapon on the way out.

"I assume the bill for these suits will be sent to the palace, as usual?" asked the seamstress. The prince nodded with a bashful grin, and turned to leave. For now, Luca's task was still to finish his chores, even though his roaming eyes suggested he wanted to finish in Freija's ample cleavage.

It didn't take long for the entire market to smell of her sex, and as a berserker, Freija was particularly sensitive to it. Her charge was quickly becoming her prey. His plush cheeks bobbed and bounced in their little wrapping as the Prince strolled happily through the crowd. She found herself noticing the smallest details: the gentle crease where buttock meets thigh, the way his back muscles moved when he waved to someone on the street, the way the shadows dappled his bulge when he turned to face her. She could imagine the scent of his cum already, even going so far as to swallow experimentally as she imagined taking his precious load. Her ears slowly rotated forwards, no longer listening to the crowd, only inhaling the smell of testosterone and slowly losing her mind.

She found herself thinking back to when she first found the Prince, deep in the jungles of the inner continent. She had been wandering through the thickets for hours, hoping to find enough food she recognized for dinner when she heard a woman scream. It took a moment of contemplation to decide to come to her rescue, but only a moment. A warrior must uphold the honor code, even a disgraced warrior. Upon arrival, she didn't quite find the damsel she was expecting, but they were no doubt in some type of distress. Somehow this otter from the coasts had ended up deep in the forest, captured by a great plant known locally as a venus trap. It lured unsuspecting travellers during the spring to implant them with seeds to spread through the moist and dense forest. Freija did try to fight it off, but it was not long before she came under the control of its pheromones. Under the effect of the plant, Freija mated with her smaller companion, pressing him deep between her heaving mounds, asphyxiating him until he

released numerous hormone-enhanced loads into his hosts. When the plant had eaten its fill, they were released and Freija formally met the sweet Prince of Lagoon City.

The vivid memory conjured a great heat in her loins. As she came out of her reverie, Luca was busy leaning over a jeweler's stall, perusing a selection of long, swooping necklaces. He chatted happily with the owner, his slender fingers tracing the curves of the many pieces he already wore. His little sarong fluttered gently in the wind, offering tantalizing glimpses of his cheeks and his ample thighs as he shifted his weight from one leg to the other. He laughed softly at some joke, his small shoulders bouncing with the airy sound. A hand came around, groping a cheek, as a finger traced its way under the bikini, adjusting it and pulling it tight against the visible bulge between his legs. Out of the corner of her eye she could see other otters staring hungrily at him as well. A curvy matron across the pier licked her lips and fluffed her tits under her top, eyes fixed unwaveringly on Luca's delicately wrapped package. Freija felt a surge of protective jealousy rush through her. She knew how the common folk felt about their delicate Prince, and how any of them would gladly take him at a moment's notice. Today, she would not stand for it. The prince was *hers* to pleasure and use.

The battle she was fighting against her raging lust was finally lost. She strode forwards, licking her lips, and pushed him forwards against the table. Beads and necklaces scattered everywhere. The owner began to protest, as valuable merchandise rolled off the pier and into the ocean; a blank, ferocious look from the she-wolf's lusty eyes dissuaded her. She wasted no time taking Luca in her hands and placing her lips against his neck. The amazon's tremendous bust and burly thighs pinned him in place. He had no room to move and could only moan into the soft folds of the throw on the display table. Under the ceaseless assault, his cock grew quickly, and the tip gently peeked out from the top of his bikini. As the assault continued, pre began to leak from the tip and it swelled further, spilling out entirely and thumping softly against the underside of the table. Onlookers gasped, but the little otter's lewd moans kept them from doing anything about it.

"Wh-what are you doing? This is most inappropriate, you... You're supposed to be guarding me, not --" Freija was not in the mood for words. With a small growl, she flipped him and threw him onto the table. The shopkeep moved to the side, transfixed, only half hoping to not get caught in the mess. Freija's blatant need was contagious. The prince laid there, blushing profusely and panting, arm held over his face in embarrassment. Despite his earlier protests, his cock was hardening. Pre-cum slicked his tip as the behemoth inched its way up his leg. Luca's dick laid softly across his thigh, not yet hard enough to support its own girth, but the half-hard rod was all the wolf had eyes for. A mouth that looked dangerous to anyone else deftly attached itself to his nationally renowned member. Her tongue rolled around her mouth, strategically applying pressure to his most sensitive spots. Spectators began to fidget with barely disguised lust as the towering dom stripped her skimpy swimwear off and continued to slurp greedily at Luca's cock.

The long legged assailant stroked the Prince's balls with tender care, begging him for his milk as her tongue tugged on his cock and filled her throat. The wolf stared him down with savage eyes. Nothing but lust lay behind them. Her mouth burned with the heat of pure temptation. Rising for air, she raised her breast to his now completely erect cock, pressing it close to her sternum. It slipped around quite easily, stiffening briefly in the cool morning breeze,

and with a loud slurp, easily popped the head back into her mouth. Every stroke and suck stole the tiny otter's breath away. He twitched and tried to buck his hips as he moaned pitifully, but the wolf was too big and too strong; he could not hope to get his own way in this encounter. A tight, warm feeling spread through his legs and stomach as he clutched at her for something to hold on to. Before long, his embarrassment was forgotten. The crowd no longer registered in his mind.

At the same time, the crowd had not forgotten them. Unable to stay his hands any longer, a brave fisherman stepped forward and spread Freija's plump pussy lips apart. They were sticky with her nectar, and the smell was just as intoxicating. As he fondled her lips, a tremendous reddish-pink dong fell out, slapping wetly against her thigh. None in Lagoon City could have told her, but it was the cause of her madness. It was not her cock. The venus's parasite fed on cum, and used Freija's own body to produce powerful pheromones that could intoxicate anyone in arm's reach. The random fisherman couldn't take it much longer, and slipped out of his wetsuit, plunging himself deep into her. Her burning cunt sucked him in immediately, and despite his desperate wriggling there was no escape. Muscles Freija didn't even know she had tugged and caressed his member mindlessly as she worked on the Prince.

The lust seized him completely, just as it had taken Luca and the matron across the pier. The curvy otter could not pull her eyes from the dog dick that twitched before her eyes. With every thrust from the fisher, Freija's own cock slapped loudly against her belly, splattering it's thick pre everywhere. The matron bit her lip, now openly massaging her own pussy at the display. Even in the grasp of the parasitic slime beast, the maned wolf did not seem to be distressed. On the contrary, the sudden ménage à trois seemed to have completely overwhelmed her. Her long tongue lolled out of her mouth ecstatically when it was not busy encircling Luca's dick.

Luca shuddered as he began to throb powerfully in her mouth, and Freija suddenly became very aware of her surroundings. Her ears swiveled forward and she pressed completely into him, crushing him under her mass and hilted him deep into her throat. She worked her throat muscles as the soft fur of his groin tickled her nose, swallowing experimentally. Luca groaned loudly and tried to buck harder.

She bit him softly to prevent him from cumming as he so badly wanted. She continued to edge him as she popped the fisher out with a foot to his face, pressing him into the ground. In one fluid movement, she unhilted the prince and set his cock free from it's torturous prison, flinging strands of spit and pre-cum all over the little otter and the stall. Dexterously, she spun herself around to sit on Luca, using her strapping legs to support herself as she slowly penetrated her own ass with his tool.

The fisher wasn't discouraged in the least, and immediately jumped at the opportunity of her open pussy once again. Freija suddenly had a moment of clarity. She noticed the orgy that had broken out in the market. It hadn't taken long for the pheromones to affect everyone on the pier.

The curvy matron had inched closer, and was staring at her slime dong longingly. The desperate whore began to climb the voluptuous giant to perch herself on top of her giant cock. The matron would not and could not stand it any longer. Standing on the table to climb over

Luca, she climbed up Freija's arm and slid between her proud breasts. She moaned excitedly, shivering with anticipation, and spread her pussy lips to prepare for the imminent penetration.

Already quite soaked from her self-motivation, the plump otter pushed the squishy prick into herself quite easily and fell into the thrusting motion of Freija's hips as she moved herself desperately on the cocks that penetrated her. The shopkeep was slumped in the corner, furiously fisting herself with an empty stare. Her hips moved in time with Freija's as the orgy unfolded before her. Another otter climbed up onto the wolf's lap and slammed his cock into the older otter's waiting asshole. The matron cried out in pleasure, tightening around Freija's enormous rod as it stretched her wide.

Luca was the first to go. Under his keeper's expert ministrations and the day's endless teasing, his swollen testicles were fit to burst, and Freija's expert ass was quickly proving to be far too much stimulation. He let out a high, feminine moan as he exploded inside her. Rope after rope of precious seed filled her colon, each burst accompanied by a fitful twitch in Luca's slim body and a ragged cry from his flushed lips.

Freija's parasite grew rapidly in her other fucktoy in response to its feeding. Freija orgasmed powerfully, her cock pocket gripping the fisherman so tight he cried out, and found himself unfortunately unable to cum. He groaned and groped at her fur, begging pathetically for release. She rode the high of her orgasm for several minutes, all the while depositing load after load of her potent spunk in her fucktoy. The matron's belly swelled as she spasmed with her own climax at the sudden filling. As the amazon finally relaxed, the fisherman released his own with a dramatic cry, encouraged by Freija's aftershocks as they massaged his prick. At nearly the same time, otters all around found their own climax. The effect radiated outwards like a wave of pure satisfaction, centered perfectly on the berserker and the panting, moaning prince beneath her.

Exhausted, but no longer muddled by the clouds of lust, Freija pried herself away from the otters she'd come to know extensively, placing each of them down gently before turning her attention to Luca. The slime, fully satiated retracted herself into her womb with a wet slurp, disappearing once more for a nice nap. Luca on the other hand laid barely conscious, panting in an attempt to cool himself. Gingerly, the giant among the diminutive crowd gathered their clothing and cradled the young prince in her free arm. There was a lovely spa and baths nearby that Freija had noticed on the way to the markets for their shopping trip, and it was the perfect occasion to try it out.

Luca whispered, "I guess you really did like my swimsuit, huh...", before he promptly passed out, curled up over Freija's protective arm.