

Bradley was humming as he folded his clothes, his long ears flicking as they caught bits of conversation. His shirt and the undershirt were already neatly placed in the basket. His pants were in his hands. A towel over his shoulders and his boxer briefs on his hips were the only things between him and being naked.

The rabbit-born was built like someone who loved running. His core, legs, and arms each well defined under tanned skin. Outside of those things, the zodiac plague's influence on his body had been sleight, honestly. He had ended up a bit short, a little tuft of white fur on his toned chest, and the long velvety ears, which seemed to have a mind of their own, were the only hallmarks of his birth year—at least that he shared publicly.

Others from the office were around him, bustling about in the same way as they also prepared for a bath. Living in Japan for work the last six months had familiarized him with public baths but, something about deliberately bathing with people he would see at the office the next day was weird to his American sensibilities. That those around him were considered top tier leadership only heightened the feeling of being flustered.

Thinking about it, he was legitimately surprised he was on the company leadership retreat at all. Sure the project he had overseen last quarter launched under budget and ahead of schedule, but he felt such success was more due to the mentorship of the Ox-born Hajime-san than anything he had provided.

His white-furred ears twitched as he removed his earrings. He could hear his pulse flicking through them, betraying his nervousness. He was stalling for time, he knew that, but he did not want the office to know the extents he went through to keep one of the other gifts of his zodiac a secret.

The wooden door to the onsen clacked behind him as the last of his coworkers left the changing room and he pulled his underwear down. Shifting a bit, his massive, fur-covered balls swung forward only to smack heavily into his thighs on the return. Compared to his massive gonads, his reasonably sized dick was tiny when it was unsheathed. Right now, it just looked like he had a pair of massive

snowballs hanging from his crotch. Tucking the towel around his waist, he sighed at the obvious mound in the fabric.

Resigned to being ridiculed for the next week, he picked up his bucket with shampoo and soap. The rabbit-born was about to step through the door when he heard his name.

“Williams-kun, have you already bathed?”

Standing in the lobby was Hajime Osumi. Bradley felt the pang of envy he always felt when first seeing his friend. Only a couple years older, and born in the year of the Ox, the plague had turned him into a mountain of a man. Nearly every inch of his broad, six foot height was covered in thick muscle. A mass of dark blue hair, which grew down his neck like a mane, fell over one shoulder in a braid. Silver caps tipped his short horns. Here and there, splashes of dark blue spotted his skin. Despite his overall gruff appearance, he had the placid personality of a wandering stream. He had a quiet confident air about him, but was genuinely patient and understanding with his coworkers and clients.

“Not yet,” he said shifting his bucket of bath supplies to hide his balls. “I was just about to go.”

“Might I join you? I have something I want to discuss.” He stood head and shoulders taller than Bradley as he approached to change for the bath. His sport coat came off with a shrug and went into a basket. Even in clothes custom tailored for him, it looked like his shirt had been painted onto the bulging muscles of his torso.

Flashbacks of late nights at the office and working alone together washed over Bradley. His heartbeat got louder in his ears. “S-s-sure, by all means.”

“Good.” As the Ox-born began to undo the buttons, Bradley felt his face start to burn. Hajime-san untucked his shirt tails and undershirt, giving a flash of blue splatters on his abs and hips and the tantalizing curves of his hip bones against the wide waistband of his underwear. Slipping out of the button-down, he stood in a tanktop so strained the white cotton looked like gauze.

The ox-born swung his arms back and forth, as if to work out his shoulders. With each cycle his delts, biceps, triceps and more all rippled and writhed against each other. The blue fur, which grew from

his elbows to his wrists, fluttered in the breeze. It was mind boggling to Bradley how anyone's body could have been so sculpted. He realized he had started drooling as he spaced out watching. He hurriedly wiped his mouth and hoped Hajime-san had not noticed.

It seemed that was the case as the big man continued to get undressed, his back now turned. His undershirt and slacks came off in one smooth motion revealing a pair of tight undies that reminded Bradley of the trunks Daniel Craig wore in that one Bond movie. The spandex-like fabric cupped the ox-man's ass tight, leaving little to the imagination.

Hajime-san turned to the door, casually managing to keep his back to Bradley through the pivot. He opened it a crack and glanced through to the bath before shuddering.

“It's so full,” he said over his shoulder. “Let me go ask if the outside bath is open.”

When he turned around, it felt like time stopped for Bradley. Packed into those tiny trunks was the biggest package he had ever seen. If it was not for the jiggle, Bradley would have sworn he had a banana stuffed in there with a pair of plums instead of actual genitals.

“Sure...”

Wait, did that mean they were going to bathe together? In a private bath? The tension working late at the office had been bad enough, but this was a whole new level. In a flustered panic, his mind crafted progressively more inane scenarios. He went quickly from falling into the ox-man's naked lap, to giving him a blow job, to getting pounded in the wonderfully soft bed he had been sleeping in for the retreat.

Bradley was so distracted he did not notice when Hajime-san returned until a large hand settled on his shoulder.

“My aunt says the back terrace is prepared. The view is wonderful, it looks out over the valley and, on a night like this, the stars are so pretty.”

“Y-y-y-eah, that sounds amazing, Hajime-san.” And they were off, buckets of toiletries under their arms.

“Please, we've worked together for half a year now. Call me, Osuu.”

“Sure, Osuu-sa-”

“Kun, if you would,” he said raising his free hand. “Mister being attached to my nickname feels weird.”

“Ah, that makes sense.” They were silent for a moment as Osuu led the way through a maze of hallways. “You know, you never called me Bradley either. It's always been Williams-san.”

“You did not offer, Brad-kun.” He winked and Bradley felt his knees turning to jello.

The back terrace was indeed beautiful. Walls of bamboo enclosed an area about the size of a bus with banzai trees and other manicured plants in a well kept garden. A shower head hung from the building-side wall. An irregular tub that was sunk into the ground occupied a majority of the space. Straw mats lay over polished granite tiles, giving the plaza a luxurious feel.

“Wow, you weren't kidding.”

Osuu beamed. It was the first sign of considerable emotion Bradley had ever seen. “Thanks! I helped with this bath's design, so it means a lot that you like it.”

“Helped? I don't follow.”

“Yeah, my mother and her sister own this spa. It's been in the family for three generations now. When we remodeled this wing a couple years back, I designed the space as part of my MBA.”

“I didn't know you had a masters. Besides, that's so cool! Though, if that's the case, why are you doing software design and not working here?”

He laughed. “I mean, who wouldn't want to get away from their destiny, if only for a little while?” He looked up to the stars and Bradley followed his gaze. The stars really were beautiful.

“Is that all? I mean, that is...”

“No no, I understand. I went to business school because I wanted to have something else I knew how to do besides manage this specific onsen, but going to college was expensive. So I do what I do now to make up for it. Besides,” he clapped Bradley on the shoulder, “I met you after all.”

“I feel the same.” Bradley blushed as he said it, but Osuu just smiled wider.

“Anyway, let's get this bath done and then I have some proposals for the next quarter's enhancements to the project.” With that he pulled down his underwear and revealed just how huge he actually was.

Bradley could only gape as Osuu shook out his package. The ox-born's balls were not as relatively big as the rabbit-born's, but they looked much more impressive. Unobscured by fur, their network of veins pulsed faintly under mottled skin. Paired with them however, was the main attraction. While not bigger than the largest cocks he had seen in porn, Bradley was in awe of the half-chubbed, girthy length of his senpai. Still wrapped within its foreskin, with only the very tip peeking out, the appendage was even larger than he had expected. A banana might have been an understatement in comparisons. A ripe cucumber might have been more apt.

“Like what you see?”

“I-uh...what?” His gaze flicked between Osuu's impressive display of masculinity and his handsome face. Upon which was an expression somewhere between wry smile and seductive grin.

“Don't be coy, Brad-kun, people have noticed how often your eyes are pointed in my direction” He laughed at that. “I will say I don't mind looking at you either.”

“Wait-what?”

“I'm saying I like you. Don't you like me?”

“I mean...yeah. I do.”

“Good. I had been looking for an opportunity to tell you and when Kiriba told me there was a pool going into the weekend on whether we'd hook up or not, it seemed like the perfect excuse.”

“Osuu!”

He shrugged. “What can I say? I enjoy how much you seem to enjoy being around me, and enjoy being around you as well. Why not make it a thing?”

“I, well, it's hard to argue with that logic.”

“Agreed! Now I showed you mine...”

Bradley gulped but let his towel drop.

“Wow! You're huge!”

“You think I'm huge? You're the one with a summer sausage hanging off them!”

“Yes but, I am very big overall.” He knelt and gestured towards Bradley's furry balls. “May I?”

Bradley nodded. One of Osuu's hands was enough to cup his balls, the ox-born's skin warm even though his fur.

“Wow, these are truly spectacular!”

“Mmhmm.” Bradley could feel his sheathed cock twitch. The tip started to poke out from the opening.

“Well,” Osuu said as he rose to his feet once more. “Time enough for more of that later.” With that, he got in the tub.

Bradley worked up the strength to move his quaking knees, but finally managed to join his senpai in the hot water. The heat was immensely soothing and he even forgot for a moment that he was naked with the hottest guy he had ever laid eyes on. The more he relaxed, the more his pulse sounded in his ears. As he lost himself in that steady drum beat, it felt like the water was pulsing in time. That the throbbing of Osuu's massive shaft could be the cause crossed his mind. He could feel his own erection rising, the soft skin of his cock slipping past his fur.

His hand wandered. His breathing picked up. He was just about to grip his shaft when Osuu's voice broke the silence.

“Do you want me to wash your back, Bradley-kun?”

In his state of bliss, he agreed and turned his back to the ox-born without a second thought. A liquid soap ran down his back. The smell of mint filled the air. His skin tingled from the chill gel. Large hands gripped his shoulders. Thick fingers dug into his sore muscles with circular motions. A groan escaped his throat.

Enjoying himself, He shifted to get a better position and found himself grabbing hold of that massive cock. No longer half-erect, the pole was even more impressive. His hand wrapped around it, but only just barely. The heat coming off it was even warmer than the water. A dense network of veins pulsed under his hand.

He turned to Osuu and closed his eyes as he pressed his lips to the ox-born's cheek. A thick finger cupped his chin and plush lips met his. The kiss stretched on, months of tension flowing into the contact as each pressed ever eagerly into the other. Bradley swung his leg around so he was straddling Osuu, his balls resting to either side.

“I'm surprised you're making the first move, Bradley-kun.”

“Me too, I'm just so...at peace. It feels like all that exists is this moment. Don't want to waste it, you know?” He began to slide back and forth, rubbing his fur against turgid flesh. Osuu's hands went to his hips, his own hands went to his cock which was so hard it was almost painful.

“Is this your...” he left the question hanging.

“My first time?” Bradley blushed. “I suppose it is. I really don't know what-”

“To expect? It'll be okay. I won't make you do anything that makes you feel uncomfortable. Now, what say we do something about that little dick of yours?”

“Wha-wha-what would that-!”

Osuu answered his question by lifting him bodily out of the water. Taking his the rabbit-born's cock in his mouth, the older man used his surprisingly wide, soft tongue to devastating effect and Bradley soon felt his balls tightening.

“I'm, ah, that feels...so good!” The flow of spunk from his balls up through his dick felt like being hit with a breaking wave. Swept up, he found himself bucking his hips against Osuu's grip. Finally, he thrust and held. Twitch after twitch emanated from his crotch, the sound of swallowing was just audible over the sound of shifting water. Sated, Bradley sighed and relaxed, only, he was still hard and-

“Are you bigger?” Osuu had pulled back, his gaze fixed on Bradley's twitching manhood. It was

not immediately noticeable, but he was indeed an inch or so longer than before.

“I knew rabbits were insatiable, thus the saying, but I had no idea..”

“Me either! It's never grown like this when I, well, jerked off.”

The ox-born put him back down in the tub. “Perhaps it is an arousal triggered response? Or maybe...”

Bradley did not hear his fellow's musings. The rabbit-born's pulse was a storm in his ears and there was a burning need in his body he had never felt before. Gripping Osuu with both hands, he lifted his partner's massive penis out of the water. Fully erect, it had to be nearly a foot long. The exposed head was deep red and a bead of pre the size of his thumb emerged before Bradley's eyes. He wrestled with the idea of fellatio for a moment and then began to attack it with licking and kissing.

Osuu thinking out loud was replaced by deep, brassy moans. Bradley slowly worked himself up to swallowing the entire glans, the salty taste of Osuu's pre dancing on his tongue as the intense smell of mint from the soap filled his nostrils.

“Don't, uh...don't strain yourself to fit around me-ah!”

With a soft pop, Bradley fit the head of the massive cock in his mouth. He caressed it with his tongue, lingering on the pulsing ridges of blood vessels. He tilted his head to and fro to rub the roof of his mouth over the soft, spongy tip. All the while, more and more pre-cum pored into his mouth.

The ox-born sighed as the unfamiliar sensation gripped him. It had been years since anyone smaller than him could manage and, terrible as it was, he did not trust putting his dick between a Tiger or Dragon's teeth. As his smaller lover bobbed his head, the sensations from the blow job had Osuu panting.

Somehow, after a few minutes of experience, Bradley was swallowing more and more length. His lips were squeezing mid-shaft now with each circuit. Osuu was starting to have trouble keeping himself from thrusting. The rabbit-born's hands had vanished, but as his body shuddered and a loud moan vibrated down the ox-born's cock, he knew their location.

Falling back on a bench seat across to pool, Bradley was shocked to see his own cock rise out of the water. The smooth surface was deep red, and pulsing veins wrapped around its girth like ivy.

“I’ve...I’ve never looked like this before...”

Osuu splashed to his knees. His hands coming to rest on Bradley's knees. Licking his lips, he swallowed Bradley's cock to the sheathe in one motion. Already overwhelmed from the rapid growth, Bradley came at once. With each twitching burst of release, he swelled another small amount—and Osuu did not stop his blowjob. If anything, he got faster. His head rose and fell in an ever increasing rhythm, his wide tongue caressing every inch.

As orgasm after orgasm crashed over him, Bradley lost all sense of what was happening beyond the warmth infusing his body. He came to his senses on his back, staring up at the ceiling of his room. The soft linens were warm around him, echoing the heat of the bath and of Osuu's mouth. He rolled over and an impressive weight shifted with him. Exploratory hands found that he was soft, but still unsheathed. As he stroked the curved surface, he realized just how massive he had become. Sitting up, he threw the blanket to the side. Resting over the curve of his balls was a nine inch shaft that was suitably thick.

“Oh good, you're awake.” Standing in the doorway, clad in only an apron, was Osuu. A spatula was clenched in the hand resting on his hip. The other was holding a plate with a short stack of pancakes. “Were you going to join me?”

“Sure!”

As they ate breakfast, Bradley was aware of his cock returning to a more normal size. They talked about the project like they were at work. If anything, their rapport was better than ever now that the air of tension between them had been relieved. By time they were washing dishes, he had completely shrunk back down.

“Ah, good. I was hoping that would be the case.”

“You were?”

Osuu nodded. "Yeah, I wanted to feel you grow again!"

In a flash Bradley was on his back, Ossu's arms on either side of his head. Soft lips pressed into his, urging him to rise. With each quickening beat of his heart, he swelled larger. His ox-born lover settled to the bed, his free hand caressing Bradley's growing dick.

Inch after inch piled on until Osuu finally let go and straddled Bradley. Gripping both erections so they pressed into each other, his thick fingers worked their flesh with shared strokes. Not soon after, each began to leak pre, which only served to lubricate the larger man's grip and make his attentions both faster and longer.

Even in Osuu's grip, Bradley could feel his cock growing. Their veins pushed against each other, their pulses becoming one. Bradley came first, his seed spilling all over his torso as his balls emptied. Not long after, for the first time, Osuu came. The flow was like a fountain spreading over them as droplets of sticky fluid landed all over their pair and the bed.

Letting go, the ox-born dropped to the bed. Slowly, Osuu wrapped his arms around Bradley. The duo, each equally exhausted, were asleep in short order.