

Mitch wasn't like the other raccoons in his family, but he was the only one to think so. He was sure that his fur was just a bit browner, and his ears were just a bit rounder, and his tail was a bit foofier, and his muzzle was just a smidge more canine than the read of his beady eyed brethren. Now, Mitch wasn't so naïve as to believe that he had some great destiny ahead of him or that he was descended from some long line of ancient and mystical nobility, but he did have some pretty outlandish ideas about his heritage.

Somewhere along the lines Mitch had gotten it into his head that he was in fact a tanuki, a type of mystical, legendary, completely fictitious race of raccoon dogs native to the dense forests of rural Japan, and he wasn't completely without proof. He knew that his parents were not his birth parents. They had been very upfront about that when he was young and had even gone so far as to show him the basket that was left on their doorstep with him inside and the note that was left alongside it. Mitch's birthname was Actually Miikku, but when he was but a little cub, he had taken to calling himself Mitch instead. It seemed even when he was little he was a bit proud and strong-headed, and so having a name that sounded so similar to "meek" was just simply out of the question.

What this meant was that he ostensibly had some Japanese heritage in his past and that his birth parents were not necessarily fully raccoons. Somewhere in his youth he had discovered the term "tanuki", most likely during a rousing marathon of rescuing princesses from pixelated dragonmen. Since then he could not get the thought out of his mind. He just knew it deep down in his heart of hearts that that was his true heritage.

It was that single thought that drove him to take up anthropology and tribal sociology. Those degrees were merely a cover for his true passion, discovering the truth behind the mysterious tanuki that he was convinced still resided somewhere in the wilds of Japan. Not even the revelation of the tanuki's trademark balls could put a damper on his quest. You see... Mitch was pretty average for a raccoon downstairs.

His big chance finally came during the second semester of his third year of college. He actually managed to score one of the coveted slots on a research trip to survey some artifacts recently unearthed not too far from Aomori. He had been positively giddy for the entire month leading up to the trip, and he could scarcely sit still on the plane ride. Even when they got settled into their temporary lodgings in a small, rural city in Japan, Mitch was practically bouncing off the walls.

He could not sleep at all the first night he was there. He tried his hardest, but even the jetlag could not get him to calm down enough to pass out. After about three a.m. local time, he finally decided to just say fukitol and survey the dig site personally. It was dark out and the small lanterns that were hung around the site really didn't help much, but Mitch's raccoon eyesight was well suited to late night scavenging.

He ducked under the caution tape and began tip-toeing around the site checking out the various holes and tables and artifacts that dotted the area. He ignored all the things that most archeologists studying; he didn't care about pottery, or jewelry, or tools, or... whatever the hell that thing was. He was looking for something that would stand out to him and him alone. He was confident that he would feel the ancestral blood in his veins and it would guide him to his target.

Whether it was really his ancestral blood, or maybe just his sharpened raccoon scavenging instinct, or just raw, dumb luck, Mitch did find something. It was a leaf half buried in the mud. It just struck him as odd. There were no trees in the area that would have such a large, rounded leaf, and there were no swallows, European or otherwise, that could have carried it here.

Ignoring all rules and protocols regarding excavation, Mitch leaned in and plucked it straight up from the muck. He held it in his hands and stared at it in mute fascination for a moment. The leaf was so huge that it more than filled both of his palms and then some, but just as he was about to flip it over and check the other side, the thing straight up disappeared. It literally vanished into a puff of smoke, even going so far to make a comical *p'foit* sound as it did so. The cloud of smoke blocked his vision and filled his lungs, but it didn't hurt. If anything it was kind of soothing, kind of like he had his own personal reed diffuser filled with the mellowest spices imaginable.

When the mist finally cleared, he was left standing in the middle of the excavation site just as before, but he could feel a pleasant stirring in his shorts. Being a sexually active college male... at least when it came to solo activities, Mitch was no stranger to boners and could tell one when he felt it, but there was something new going on too. The front of his pants felt extremely tight as well. He looked down out of instinct and gasped as he saw the enormous bulge in the front of his shorts. It looked like someone had shoved a couple of play yard balls down there.

His nuts were beginning to feel uncomfortably cramped in his shorts. He knew he needed to get out of them in a hurry, but he wasn't sure if he dared let it all hang out right here in the open like this. As fate would have it, he didn't have much of a choice in the matter. As if to mock him, the top button of his fly burst loose and took off like a bottle rocket. After that, the zipper didn't hold out much longer. As the teeth of his fly snapped, crackled, and popped, his cotton-wrapped junk flopped free of his shorts.

Mitch's boxers were much stretchier than his khaki shorts, but even they were reaching their limit. Already he could see large swaths of the brown fur from his fuzzy ballsack shoving through the gaps in his fly, and with every passing second his nuts continued to swell and swell even farther. The cotton fabric of his boxers tore loudly, and his nuts finally flopped free. Both turgid orbs were already the size of beach balls and hung almost down to his knees. Even better, the twin orbs were showing no signs of slowing down. Mitch was ecstatic. No one would ever be able to doubt his claims after this.

He continued standing there and staring at his swelling package with a look of manic glee in his eyes as he continued to silently goad it on to bigger and better sizes. Already his nuts were hanging down to his shins and still swelling. Even his dick was growing, although nowhere near as fast as his balls. His previously meager five inches had already more than doubled and he was nearly on his way to having a full-blown foot-long.

It wasn't until his humongous balls made landfall that Mitch began to worry that maybe things were going too far, but the wonderful sloshing and churning sensation that roiled and rippled throughout them quickly silenced any objections that might have been forming. Not only were his nuts growing, but they were without a doubt more potent and virile than ever. Even his dick exuded raw, masculine power.

Mitch was far beyond the point of modesty now. He reached down and wrapped both hands around his thick shaft. The mighty tool was now thicker than his forearm, but then again, Mitch was far

from being the most athletic student at college. The most exercise he got on a regular basis were the frequent jerk off sessions he enjoyed every morning, noon, and night. If his recent enhancements were any indication, he was probably going to have to step up his game in that regards.

He was so intoxicated by his newfound size and virility that he began pumping his huge dick with both hands. He could feel the cum in his beanbag chair sized nut roiling and sloshing even harder than before as they stepped up their production in preparation for what was sure to be one of the largest, messiest cumshots in recorded history. The pleasure coursed through his cock and shot up his spine with every pump and stroke of his thick dick. He was practically drooling as he huffed heavily from the erotic high of edging a cock that was nearly three times longer and almost five times thicker as the one he was used to, and that was saying nothing of the orgasmic pleasure that seemed to ripple through his turgid nuts.

He tilted his head back and let out an almost canine howl of pure, sexual bliss as his huge, thick bursts of jizz began erupting from his cock. Each shot was like a gush from Old Faithful. The spurts of jizz lasted a solid ten seconds before tapering off, but the shot never stopped completely. His cock would begin spewing all over again right before the stream of spooge could completely halt.

Mitch's mind was too overloaded with sexual bliss to know or care about how loud he was being or how long he was at it. He couldn't even care about the sounds of clattering and muttering as other researchers flipped on their lights and began to get dressed to seek out the source of the strange noises and smells coming from outside. A few of Mitch's more powerful spurts even crashed noisily against the windows of the nearest cabin which was at least one hundred feet away from the dig site. The young intern who was staying there shrieked in shock as her cabin window was hit full on by a wave of thick, white jizz. The window pane rattled and cracked, but fortunately it did not break completely. It was still enough to convince the young co-ed that her cabin was under attack by a ghost or some other supernatural being.

Mitch continued to howl and cum and cum and howl, but showed no signs of stopping. It wasn't until almost twenty minutes into his non-stop salvo of spunk that he finally began to feel like his nuts were emptying. About five minutes after that the constant stream of spooge finally began to slowly but surely taper off. After almost a full half hour from the time he had started rubbing one out, Mitch finally stopped cumming. He was so exhausted and so overcome with the euphoria that came with the afterglow of having just cum more than the combined volume of all the other cumshots in his entire life.

Mitch flopped backwards into the muck and lay there huffing and gasping as the other researchers slowly made their way towards him. The entire dig site was completely buried in a blanket of spunk. Mitch was sure he was going to get in trouble for this. No doubt he would be sent home on the next available flight and stripped of his intern credits, but he didn't care about this silly dig site any more. He had discovered what he had set out to find. Tanukis were real. He was living proof.