

WUMPA FUEL

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Story done for Vinkuro of Discord

“No way!” Vinny's heart lifted. “There it is!”

For the first time that day, Vinny felt fully awake. After a long day of work, one that dragged from the early morning hours to after night had fallen, the man was exhausted. He had trudged slowly to his car, his body aching and mind blurry. It probably wouldn't happen, but he couldn't shake the thought of falling asleep behind the wheel.

He summoned as much willpower as he could to drive over to the nearby gas station. He needed an energy drink and stat.

However, he never realized he would almost be rejuvenated by the sight of a particular can alone. Scanning the coolers for a drink, he had come to an abrupt halt in front of one. A familiar, orange figure plastered on the side of a can had caught his eye.

Crash Bandicoot. The goofy video game mascot was looking back at him seemingly, throwing him two thumbs up. Vinny couldn't help but grin, quickly tearing open the cooler door and grabbing his prize. They were right!

You wouldn't believe what I saw at the gas station, Vinny. It was an energy drink with Crash on it called G Fuel. It was right next to a Spyro the Dragon one. Finally, the characters are getting the respect they deserve!

Oh sure, just on a bunch of gamer fuel cans. I mean, I'd be more impressed if they were in some new, actual games, Rachel. It's all...

The memory faded from his mind as Vinny looked over the can excitedly. He loved Crash, the franchise, and all of the fun characters. It was one of his favorite video game series despite its difficulty and absurd completion criteria at times. It was just so darn charming and could always put a smile on his face.

Talk about luck! Vinny hummed to himself. *I can't believe I found one of those G Fuel-*

Wumpa Fuel.

That was what the label on the can said it was. Vinny turned it over a few times but saw nothing else besides that, Crash himself, and the basic ingredient/warning list.

That's weird... I thought they said... maybe I just heard it wrong? Vinny scratched his chin. *No, pretty sure it was-*

A long, exhausting yawn came out. All the excitement and joy from finding the can were wearing off. He could feel his sore muscles again, his eyes starting to droop. *Heh, an energy drink is still an energy drink. Less thinkin' about names and more drinkin'!*

He chuckled to himself as he shut the cooler door and headed for the front. Maybe he just heard them wrong.

Vinny got in line in the only open lane. While he waited, he pulled out his phone and made a group text with the friends that told him about the drink. Hey! Found the Crash drink!

A few seconds later, a response followed. Really? Sweet!

Vinny made it through the line and put his can down for the lady clerk when another text followed. What's the taste?

After handing her some money, Vinny cracked the can open. A strong, fruity scent poured out of it, like a very strong fruit punch. He took a sip of it. It had definitely tasted like it smelled, along with a lot of sugar on top of it.

So, this is what Wumpa Fruit tastes like, huh? He smiled. It was very pleasant, but try as he might, he couldn't figure it out. It wasn't fruit punch exactly, and he couldn't figure out what fruit it was either other than it being multiple.

Well, not bad, I- Vinny shivered. Body trembles broke out, skin pulsing and digits twitching. The sensation only lasted a few seconds, but he had to let out a small pant. *Whoa, that was one hell of a kick!*

He blinked his eyes a few times. He didn't feel tired anymore at least. That was good.

"Excuse me, sir." The attendant caught his attention, holding out her hand. "Your change is \$1.03 tonight, sir."

Vinny blushed. How long was he awkwardly standing there? *Better get going before I look any dumber.* He took the change and spoke breezily, "Thank you, hun."

The lady did a double take, giving him a strange look.

Vinny noticed her confusion just as he was about to leave. *What's her problem?* He cleared his throat and asked, a bit nicer than what was in his head, "Is something wrong?"

As those words came out, there was a twitch in his nose. It was darkening fast, turning brownish black. It stretched forward, nostrils pulling with it like they were being vacuumed. Its shape turned bean-like, forming a more cartoony animal nose.

Then his face twitched and swelled. Slightly though, his jaws puffing out on the sides and mouth, the latter of which pushed forward. Tannish fur sprouted across his cheeks and maw as it formed a pointed muzzle, his nose stretching further out. It was almost similar to Crash's own mug but rounder and cuter.

The lady's expression continued to grow stranger. "Ummm... are you okay?"

"Of course I am!" Vinny pouted, a splash of deep, ruby red lipstick appearing on his muzzle. *Now she's just being weird.* He rolled his eyes and shook his head, a streak of golden blond going through his hair. *Maybe she's been working long, too. I know that feeling.*

Regardless, Vinny had no interest in dealing with this anymore. He wanted to go home.

With a sharp turn, he cocked his hips unconsciously to the side. That swing stretched his right hip, widening and curving it. He took a step and swung his hips to the left, expanding them to match the other.

Vinny headed for the exit with a sharp, womanly strut. He took another drink of his can, shivering and letting the taste wash over him.

Each step morphed his form into something luscious and beautiful. His legs grew longer and fitter, his jeans showing off some of his orange, furry calves. His thighs thickened, gently pressing and rubbing together. His strut only became more dazzling.

Hmm? As he grew close to the exit, his eyes wandered around. Everyone in the store was watching him. No, not just watching, but staring intently. Their gazes never wavered, their expressions a mix of curiosity, surprise, or shock.

Gees, everyone's being weird today. Vinny bit his plump bottom lip. *Why is everyone staring?* His cheeks were growing warm. *It's... it's a bit awkward.* His eyes looked to his feet as he walked. Warmth was flooding him all over.

Though... it is a bit flattering.

He gulped slowly, body trembling. The noise of the room faded, silence momentarily the only thing there. His ears suddenly popped, shooting to the top of his head and poking out of his hair. They were pointed, fuzzy, and orange.

Just as the sound came back, the bells above the door jingled right in front of him. Vinny snapped to attention, looking up just in time to see someone entering. They both quickly stopped before they could collide with each other.

“Sorry about that, sir!” Vinny breathlessly spoke.

“Oh, it's o-” The guy suddenly gave Vinny the same awkward stare as everyone else had. Although, his eyes were on his hair rather than just his face and legs. The blond streaks were spreading to the rest of his mop, rinsing out the chestnut brown. His cowlick dropped, vanishing amongst his locks as it all straightened and then turned wavy.

“What?”

“N-nothing.” The guy stepped out of the way.

Everyone is being so odd tonight! Vinny sighed, walking past with a huff. *I must be missing something that nobody's telling.* He took another drink and tensed up. *Mmmm, at least I'm waking up now.*

Stepping out in the cool, night air, he took a deep breath and sighed. Goosebumps ran up his back as his form shifted further. It slimmed down to a fitter, more delicate figure, especially in his waist. In contrast, his chest rose, pushing against his work shirt. It swelled more, softer and rounder until it was clear he had a pair of small breasts.

He headed over to his car, taking out his keys from his pocket. He started to hit the unlock button on his key fob when his fingernails grew. They turned into a perfect manicure, a layer of blue nail polish appearing over them. With their new length, they clicked the button first before his finger could.

Vinny took another sip of his drink and sighed, the light orange fur of his muzzle erupting over his arms now. *Phew! This stuff is great.* His eyelashes grew longer, giving each blink a seductive flutter to them. He bit his bottom lip again, eyes closing as a layer of purple eyeshadow appeared on his eyelids. *That kick though... a bit much.*

Still, no more yawning! His eyes opened, his smile growing. *I'm gonna have to buy more next time!* He bent forward and opened the car door. He leaned a bit further into than he intended, the weight in his chest pulling him down now. It only grew worse as his breasts jumped up another full cup size or two.

Vinny got hold of his balance again, carefully setting his can in the cup holder. *What was that about?* He slipped inside, closing the door. His legs bent up more, far too long to properly fit in the driver's seat without adjustment. *And what's with my leg-*

“OOOF!” Vinny suddenly bonked his head against the car ceiling before slipping back down.

A big wave of inflation had struck. His thighs and hips had grown once again, stretching the top button on his jeans more as his shape became curvier. However, his rear had a huge burst of swelling like an airbag, reaching bubble butt status and far beyond briefly before settling back to a firmer, fitter bum shape.

“What is going on?” Vinny huffed, rubbing his head. “Why... why...” His hand went through his hair, and it became clear that it was no longer the scruffy, messy mop that he remembered.

It was softer, smoother, and wavier.

He pulled a strand in front of his face. He could see the bright, golden blonde that was his new hair color. That's when he saw the creamy orange fur of his hand, surprising him further.

N-no way! He let go and carefully rotated his hand, examining its delicate shape and elegant nails. *I'm transforming... here? What is-*

There was a sudden tightness and then release, the sound of something hard bouncing off the windshield from the inside. That he noticed, looking down to see his breasts had grown so much that the top button had popped off. The extra expansion had even untucked his shirt, lovingly displaying his toned, fuzzy tummy.

Though he hadn't even noticed he had breasts until that point. “Oh my!” Vinny cried. He paused. “Oh my? ...my voice! Oh my voice... it's so...” His cheeks reddened beneath his fur.

His eyes looked up towards the sun visor, an idea coming to him. He opened it up and lifted the flap on the mirror, the lights beneath it turning on and flashing him. He squinted, letting his eyes adjust and see himself for the first time.

What was looking back wasn't him. What looked back was a cute, beautiful, bandicoot woman's face.

Isabella! He recognized her face from anywhere. She was one of the lovely trophy girls from CTR, upgraded to racer status in the remake. Now, he looked just like her. "This is surprising." His voice wasn't far off from hers as well if he recalled.

He reached up and felt "his" face, running his hand against the soft fur and across the top of her cute muzzle to the tip of the snoot. He felt his/her hair again, watching its style fully change to match that of the character's.

His eyes went over to the energy drink can in the cup holder. It all clicked. "It was G Fuel, not Wumpa Fuel." Vinny would've felt foolish or embarrassed by the mistake. Most would.

"Hmmm..." However, Vinny wouldn't. He began to smile again as he took a big swig from the can. His pupils dilated, hand tensing and crunching the can slightly. "Ooooooh, soooo good!"

He wiggled in his seat, pants growing tighter by the second. Their hand unconsciously went down to the jeans and undid the top button on them. Relief struck, the feeling increasing as his jeans unzipped by themselves. Even more came as the bulge stretching the area faded away, leaving the space flatter.

His rear had swelled again. Thankfully, it wasn't as explosive of a growth as before but it was much bigger and more bouncy. The top of his butt cheeks, a darker shade of orange fur for them and his back, poked out. It was back to bubble butt status.

"Oooooh, so big!" They cooed, stroking their firm rear. Their hand traced the top of their cheeks until they hit a bump above them. The bump grew more until it grew out into a small, fluffy bandicoot tail that wiggled eagerly.

Keeewt. "Vinny" trembled, biting their bottom lip again, noting how plump it was. Their breasts were ballooning again, rubbing deeper into their work shirt's fabric. The sensation made them feel so warm and delighted, fingers and toes all clenching as they couldn't take the feeling.

Another button flew off, smacking the dashboard screen. Another fired off, bouncing off the steering wheel and landing in an empty cup holder. Their shirt was struggling to hold back their soft mounds as they surged in size. It tightly hugged their breasts, showing off their size and vast cleavage from the newly opened space.

Vinny... Valbella cooed. Her hands went beneath her breasts and pushed them up, giving her a better look at her cleavage valley. "So very, very big and soft. So wonderful!"

Valbella couldn't properly convey herself. She had taken on such a beautiful look. She always loved the bandicoot characters and now, she was one of them. She was even one of the most gorgeous ones at that.

The sugar and caffeine of the drink still made her tingle, hands jittery, but it was all worth it. She looked back into the mirror visor. She never bothered using it before, but she couldn't help it now. She twirled some of her hair, puffing it, and even made cute faces. When she looked this good, how could she not?

When Valbella tried moving her legs or leaning more in, she cringed. Her clothing was so tight. Sure, it showed off how incredible her figure was, but it made moving a touch difficult and annoying. Isabella was certainly a curvy character, but not that curvy, even in the original game.

The bandicoot girl leaned back and put up the visor, frowning. *Okay, enough playing around. Going home and changing. stat!*

She pulled out her wallet and phone, which had been digging into her in her jeans. She tossed the first to the side but stopped to look at the latter.

...selfie first! Valbella giggled and snapped one, a few, many pics of herself. Some smiles, some with kissy faces, some a bit more suggestive than others.

And gotta share it, of course! She found her group text from earlier. There was a new text she hadn't seen. *how does it taste?*

She grinned and sent two of her best pictures. It was difficult when all of the pictures were her best, but she managed. Then she added, *Its not th taste but the look thats great!*

The response was quick. JD piped in first with a simple, :o

Rachel followed after. *G Fuel don't do that!*

"Well," Valbella giggled, texting her response, "You're not wrong!" She snapped a picture of the Wumpa Fuel can she got. *Best energy drink ever! <3 <3*

I bet it is 4 u, bandicoot! JD answered.

Care to share? Rachel typed multiple texts in a row. Where u find? Interested!
Plez! <3 <3 X3

I'll call! Valbella smiled. Texting would take too long to explain. She'd call Rachel and, no doubt, JD would huddle up next to her to listen. Maybe they'll even tell their roommate about this.

The bandicoot gal's smile only grew as a thought occurred. If Rachel wanted to know where Wumpa Fuel was, she wanted in on the fun. Then she'll have JD join in and then their roomie would get roped into it too.

Mmmm, it'd be nice to have all the trophy girls to hang out with. Valbella sighed. Maybe we can have our own CTR fun together.

THE END?