

Wumpa Fuel: Beach Ready

By: Firingwall

Featuring characters belong to Vinkuro of DeviantArt

“Alright, buddy!” Vinny handed JD a plastic bag, the biggest grin plastered across his face as he did so. “Drink up!”

JD took the bag and reached in, his gaze suspicious and staying firm on his friend. His hand hit against something cold, grabbing it. He pulled out an energy drink can, one that had Crash Bandicoot and Wumpa Fruit plastered over it.

He glanced at it and then up at his friend, an eyebrow cocking. “You know, you could be a bit more subtle about these things.”

“Pfft, please! Why would I ever be subtle?” Vinny lifted another bag he was holding, jostling it a little. JD could hear within the sound of liquid sloshing inside of another can. “Just think about all the fun we’ll have!”

“Yeah, fun!” Rachel declared, stepping up and taking that bag. Sure enough, she pulled out another Crash can. “What do you have against fun, sweetie?”

I was hoping for a normal trip to the beach with my buddy and partner. That's pretty fun to me! JD didn't say that aloud though. He just looked between the two with a frown.

The beach trip was all Vinny's idea, the trio having not gotten together in a while. JD thought it would be just a normal get-together, chat on the beach, play a little volleyball, have lunch. Some usual, casual things friends would do.

Though, JD should've known: hanging out with two big-time transformation enthusiasts anywhere would never be so simple and normal.

Accepting that he should've known better, JD sighed. It was pointless to fight or argue. “So, it's two against one then, is it?”

Vinny and Rachel nodded eagerly, the two even snickering amusedly together. “Okay!” JD sighed, rolling his eyes. “Fine.” He pointed at Vinny. “You're covering lunch and snacks today, by the way.”

“No problem, dude!” Vinny beamed, looking incredibly happy, “Kind of figured I would be.” He held the last bag he was holding, shaking that one now. “Now, don't worry about what you'll be wearing. I got that covered.”

He sighed blissfully adjusting his sharp, orange shades, “This is going to be awesome! I know you guys are gonna love it!” He pumped a fist into the air. “We're gonna take this beach by storm!”

Rachel cheered, doing the same. JD, however, just thought, *I can only imagine...*

Vinny pointed off to the side, near the edge of the beach. There was a trio of changing booths sitting there, doors open on them. “Let's head in, drink up, and get changed!”

“Hell yeah!” Rachel grinned. “I can't wait to show off!”

“Same, Rach, same!” Vinny and Rachel high-fived, JD rolling his eyes.

Rachel glanced at her partner, smiling warmly. She walked over and cooed into his ear, “Don't be so upset. You know you'll like this and that you'll be all over moi later.” He said nothing, just blushing. She giggled, obviously feeling like she won.

The trio headed over to the booths, taking each one. JD gave Rachel one last look, his blue-haired girlfriend blowing him a kiss before disappearing inside. He did the same as well, locking up.

Alone, JD let out a long sigh, tossing the bag onto a wooden bench in the sandy room. *What have I got myself into now?* He looked at the can. “G-Fuel: Wumpa Fuel... seems a little redundant of a name...”

He read further, noticing it said, “Wumpa Fruit Flavored”.. Beneath that, in even smaller font and near the bottom rim, was the phrase, “Artificial Apple Mango Flavored.”

Uugh. That was a combo that never sat well with him or his tongue. *Reeeeeeally don't want to drink this now.*

He heard a muffled, happy noise to the right. He stared at the empty wall. Presumably, Vinny was on the other side of it, already starting on his drink. Rachel was probably doing the same. The two were already commencing their journey into bandicoot-ness.

JD looked back at the can, grimacing. *Well... I said I would.* He cracked it open. *Okay, do this quick and get-* “COUGHCOUGH!”

He took a swig and immediately regretted it. His entire body cringed, face twisting as he coughed out most of the liquid, barely any going down his throat. That flavor may have been someone else's favorite, but it certainly wasn't his.

As much as he wished he could stop, he knew what little he got down wouldn't be enough. He took another swig, choking it down as best as he could. His body cringed again, but it also trembled, goosebumps rising across his flesh.

He barely noticed that pleasant trembling as he swallowed. He struck his chest several times with his fist, clearing his throat as it finally went down. With each hit, his voice seemed to soften, almost sweeten in a way.

At the end of it, he let out a long, airy sigh. "*That sucked so... oh.*" He sighed again, shaking his head. "*Yeeep. Shoulda expected this.*"

His nose wobbled, sinuses twitching. The tip of his nose began to blacken, nostrils pulling inward. The tip bloated and stretched & thinned outward, almost looking bean-shaped.

His snout continued to shift and wobble, JD feeling a tremble in him. It wormed its way up fierce, his body unable to control it. He let out a heavy sneeze, jerking forward.

His face extended out with the sneeze. The nose bean stretched even further and bigger, sitting on the tip of his extending mug. Light, sandy orange fur spread around his mouth and onto his cheeks, jaws stretching and rounding out.

JD blinked, placing the can down and feeling his face. He felt his new, roundish muzzle, sliding his hands through the fuzz. "*And we're off...*"

The noises outside the booth, the sound of the sea and other beachgoers, faded suddenly. His ears wobbled, growing wider, rounder, and flatter on the insides. They slid to the top of his head, insides gaining pinkish fur while the outside was covered in orange. They widened more into an ovalish shape, the ends gaining a pointed tip.

The sound returned to him as soon as those new ears came in. He instinctively reached for his head, feeling nothing where his ears should've been, and then reached higher. He gently tugged on his ears, taking in their shape.

But only for a little bit. His dirty blonde hair began to grow and grow fast. It hit shoulders and went farther, thickening into a serious mop. It fell all the way to his waist before stopping. His hair puffed up on top, growing curvy and styled along the sides and over his forehead.

JD pulled on some of the hair, bringing it around front for a better look. He got a full view of it brightening to a sunflower yellow. It even gained a pink tinge at its ends.

“*Kewt!*” He blushed. The word just popped out of his mouth so easily. It felt just right to blurt it out. It did look very “kewt” on him, after all.

He trembled, but not because of the lingering, awful taste in his mouth. It came from across his body, delightful tingles that made him warm in a pleasant, invigorating way. It was time for the main course.

Slowly, his body trimmed. Pound after pound, excess weight dropping off of him from key points until he was almost fifty pounds lighter. He was daintier, even dropping a few inches in height, but also fitter and in shape for once. His shorts and t-shirt were absolutely baggy on him, the former having to be held up so they wouldn't hit the ground.

With his free hand, he ran it over his arm and then over his torso. *Well, it is nice to lose some weight, even if only temporarily.* His hand ran over his stomach and around his waist, noting how thin the latter was. He lifted his shirt, seeing its incredible hourglass-shape.

Kewt... He trembled, the heat within him blazing now. This time, it was below in the waist, down in his crotch. *Fuuck, here we go.*

His eyes clenched shut as that powerful heat burst into pleasure. He did his best to stifle a moan, though his enjoyment was painfully clear in his crotch. The spot bulged and bulged, pushing out, fully erect and eager.

With that heat, his lower half eagerly boosted. His hips throbbed and pulsed, pushing outward little by little. Their shape grew very round and curvy, making him almost pear-shaped in a way with them. His shorts definitely needed no help staying up any longer.

JD blushed, jokingly whistling at the sight. He placed his hands on those birthing hips, tracing their shape. *So womanly~.*

He cringed then. His shorts suddenly felt rather tight in the back. His hands slipped around, finding the culprit easily. His butt was growing, plumping up something soft and surprisingly firm. It protruded out, inflating so much that his butt cheeks stuck out above the waistband to make room.

Gulping, he squeezed his heart-shaped bottom. *00000!* He let out a pleasuring moan, unable to stop himself. It was too good not to. His rear was so soft and delightful to touch.

He looked off to the other side of the booth, realizing there was a dusty, sandy mirror hanging from the wooden wall. He stood at the side, seeing how much his butt stood out on him. *Gawd, I'm getting all sexy...*

His eyes turned to his face, looking at his fuzzy muzzle and dazzling hair. *Sexy... just like a bandicoot girl...* Vinny had a type and, JD had to admit, it was a very beautiful type to become.

The changes kept flowing down. His thighs plumped, pushing and rubbing tenderly against one another. His legs stretched, adding back some of the inches he lost and even gaining a few extra. Calves tightened and firmed, making his lower limbs feel stronger.

Curious, he sidestepped and bounced on his feet. Everything felt so limber and flexible. *I feel like I could run a marathon.*

Or, I could strut my stuff on my beach better~. He frowned. His mind was pushing and pushing himself more in a certain, airy, happy direction. In fact, thinking and even talking like that felt natural, instinctive, like it was his true nature.

Frustratingly, he could sense it wasn't the energy drink's doing. It was his own self wanting to indulge, let loose, and have some fun. He hadn't done something like this in a while and, perhaps, it would be nice to just play it up.

Whatever the case, the thoughts were instantly clouded by something more important. His loins burned hungrily, hotter and feistier than before. It even extended into his chest, nipples erect and tingly. It brought out a sharp, womanly moan, hands and toes clenching tight.

His eyes also clenched shut, twitching every so often. Light pink eyeshadow coated them gently, eyelashes thickening and growing out.

The heat burned hotter and hotter, his trunks dampening a little at the very tip of the bulge. Then, it all shrank back. The bump retracted more and more until it was back to its original size. After that, it was just gone, leaving a flat, seemingly empty area.

Fuuuuuuuck, that's good! His shoulders clenched, pushing his chest out. His baggy shirt began to tent itself, pushing out and clinging to his skin. Mounds began to form, big, rounder, and firm without a trace of sagging to him.

He... she had grown her own set of C-cup size breasts.

The heat seemed to cool, but not by much. The intensity left her loins and chest, traveling across all of her once more. This time though, it wasn't pleasure but more just, plain old heat.

Body hair was growing out and any place that didn't have any started sprouting it. It all came up almost at once, thick and tightly together. It formed a coat of orange fur that extended from her neck down to every toe and finger.

She stood still for what felt like an eternity, only weakly opening them again after no more changes seemed to follow. They shimmered a bright green instead of the dull, bland shade of before. They were fit for a beauty like herself.

JD looked at the gorgeous, bandicoot girl in the mirror. She wasn't too far off from how Tawna looked in the first game, just with a different style to her hair and no red lips. Plus, she still had her old glasses on, which gave her a sultry, intelligent vibe.

Her cheeks burned red the longer she stared at her reflection. She was an absolute stunner, no denying it. She liked it, from how she looked to how she felt.

She pouted, puffing her cheeks and looking even cuter. *"Vinny and Rachel were right. Darn it."* She couldn't be annoyed with them now after pressuring her into this. They got her good.

She stared more at her reflection, rubbing her cheek. *Hmmm...* She looked down at herself, staring at her mounds. She turned to the side again, looking at her soft rear in the mirror. *Feels weird. Like, Vinny totally loves bandicoot gals and loves his lady TFs in general, but... shouldn't there be a lot more va-va-voom than-*

JD's pupils dilated, her arms wrapping around her waist. Her entire body quaked, knees twisting in. Her mouth opened, a long, horny moan leaving it.

Ooooooh! There... Her shirt tented, nipples stabbing into her top and making themselves very known. *There it is... here comes the juggies...*

Her breasts jiggled and inflated once more. They pressed harder into the top, lifting her shirt enough to reveal her midriff. The fabric squeezed, pressing tighter into her mounds. They stopped at a hefty D-cup size, resting on her arms.

The pleasure only increased, her shoulders tensing and butt clenching. Her hips stretched comically wide, almost past her shoulders. Her rear jiggled after the width increase, beginning its expansion again. It swelled greatly, protruding out into a huge bubble butt.

A small bandicoot tail popped out above her rear, looking quite adorable. It also looked quite hidden, its smaller size almost lost with her new fat ass.

JD shook her head, trying to focus her mind. She looked weakly at her reflection, her eyes seeing her breasts first, but darting to her backside a second after. Her lower half was positively toon-ified with its expansive hips & rear and narrow waist. She was on par with Elasti-Girl's own proportions.

Is... it i ov- She moaned again, panting heavily. She pushed her chest out, her body shifting its stance so it would always, naturally do so.

Her breasts ballooned, growing more and more. From D to E to F and to even a little beyond, her mounds kept going and going. Her poor shirt found itself stretched to its limits, eventually tearing open in the center. Dark orange nipples poked right through, eager to be seen.

Her breasts finally stopped their growth, now almost as big as her head. They seemed heavy, yet they were surprisingly light and perfectly supported by some invisible force.

JD huffed and huffed, brushing her forehead. Thankfully, after all that, she felt the fire dying down within. Her changes were, at last, over, leaving only thrills and excitement lingering in her most enhanced, sensitive places.

She looked down, seeing just about nothing past her massive melons. If not for her fur, her head might've been bright red. *That's a lotta booba!*

Gulping, she reached up and pressed her small hands against her globes. She quivered, moaning softly. *So soft...* She placed her arms beneath her bosom again and pushed up with them. *Mmm, heavy, but not too heavy. Lotta cartoon physics at play here.*

JD wasn't going to complain. She liked this even more than before, despite the lack of seeing her legs. There remained a sliver of initial frustration admittedly, knowing Vinny, and especially Rachel, were going to rub it in. She would deal with it when it came.

For now, there was a different issue to address. Looking at her melons, her nipples were fully erect and sticking out of the tear in her shirt. She could hear her shirt tearing and ripping in other places as well, not long for the world much longer.

This ain't gonna cut it. Need something that I can wear up here. She cringed, looking over her shoulder at her backside. *Shorts are pretty tight too...*

Her eyes fell back to the plastic bag she tossed to the side long ago. She could hear Vinny's voice again, “...*don't worry about what you'll be wearing. I got that covered.*”

What did you pack, buddy? She walked over to the bag. *Hopefully it's something that'll fit these girls... though, probably knowing you, it won't and that'll be on purpose.*

She chuckled and bent down to pick up the bag. Even with how light her breasts were, she nearly fell forward with her new weights. She was going to have to quickly adjust to them.

The bandicoot stood up and looked into the bag. Her eyes widened. *Oh... oh man... yep. Of course he would...*

“EEEEEE!” **GLOMP! SQUISH!**~ A fellow, curvaceous bandicoot gal came running up, throwing her arms around JD and colliding her massive bosom into hers. “*You're sooo hawt, Jessica!*”

JD/ “Jessica” shivered gently from the sultry collision. She didn't pull or push away, just carefully hugging her friend back.

It was Vinny, no doubt about it in her mind. She looked quite like Tawna Bandicoot as well. Though, her hair was just a feminized cut of its original style, its blonde looking dyed. She still wore her trademark, sharp orange sunglasses too.

The only other thing she wore was a very skimpy, Wumpa Fruit-colored bikini. Looking at it, Jessica felt a lot better about her own bikini. It wasn't nearly as skimpy in comparison.

Though, her pink thong rode up her butt so much that it looked like she was bottomless. It wasn't uncomfortable, thankfully, but still...

“*Thanks... Val.*” If she was going to call her by her feminine name, it was only fair to call Vinny by her lovely lady name as well.

Val the Bandicoot stepped back, her eyes sparkling. She had the happiest-looking smile on her face, hands on her cheeks. “*Awww! You soooo like it, dontcha?*”

Jessica puffed her cheeks, folding her arms beneath her chest. “*S-ssuuuurrrre.*”

“I knew it!” Val applauded, giggling away. *“I knew you’d love it! Wumpa Fuel is just too cool for you not to love it! Like, it usually makes you into a bandicoot girl from the Crash series, but I was able to special order custom ones that would turn us into our inner bandicoots!”*

“Our inner bandicoots?” Jessica’s eyebrow arched, looking back down into her valley of cleavage. *“Our inner bandicoots are this breasting boobily?”*

“Maaaaaybe,” Vinny said innocently. She leaned against her friend, staring into her eyes and grinning. *“Come on, you love ‘em like you love all of this!”*

She hip bumped her friend, Jessica squeaking and jiggling from impact. *“Okay, I do!”* She nodded furiously. *“This is very sweet, and I love my big bandititties! You’re right once again when it comes to turning me into a cute furry girl!”*

“Yay!” Val cheered, happily bouncing into the air and making her big breasts bounce too. *“All we need now is Rachel, and the three of us will make some heads turn!”*

Jessica looked around and then at the lone, closed booth. *“Oh... Rachel isn’t done? I wonder what’s taking-”*

Its door opened, almost as if on cue. It let out a sharp, spine-chilling creak when it opened, but that wasn't what made them gasp. Jessica could feel her heart beating so fast, fur standing up on the back of her neck as a figure leaned out..

It was a large, buff, Crush-sized bandicoot man. He had dark red fur with scruffy, brown hair fur with blue highlights in them. His pecs were huge, his arms dense and powerful. He glanced around before looking at the two ladies.

He stared for a moment before smiling. Jessica's heart skipped a beat, a twinge of excitement running down her spine. **“Heeeey,”** he spoke, his voice so bassy and manly, **“What’s a couple of babes like yourselves doing all alone?”**

The voice made her loins feel so wet. The only thing stopping her and, presumably, Val from acting irrationally was a sudden realization. *“R-R-Rachel?!”*

“Heh, yeah!” The male bandicoot stepped out of the doorway, presenting himself to them in his very ill-fitting bikini bottom. It did absolutely nothing to hide his massive equipment, large furry balls hanging out and an even big, thick rod sticking partially out, bunched up within it.

He didn't seem to notice it much. **“Though, call me Rafe. Feels like that's a better fit for me.”** He looked at Val. **“Judging by your look and this swimsuit, I think you were expecting somebody a bit curvier to walk out, right?”**

Val slowly nodded, unable to speak. Rafe chuckled, **“Well, I ain't complaining! You know I do love some big buffness and rugged looks!”**

He flexed an arm for them, showing off how greatly his bicep bulged now. It sent more shivers down Jessica's spine, her loins even warmer than before. *Rach... Rafe is so hot... She gulped. I... I want h-him. Fuck, I need him!*

She glanced over at Val, the dyed blonde staring at him with the same, eager look. She wanted him just as bad, no doubt. The two really wanted that Australian beef.

“As fun as this is, do you have anything that'll fit this?” Rafe pointed at his crotch, shaking it. **“Can't just go wandering around, showing off the goods like this, can I?”**

“My shorts will probably fit!” Jessica blurted out, *“They'll... totally fit... that...”* Unconsciously, her hand reached around, groping her ass and rubbing it gently. *It'll totally fit that... right? I could totally handle that...*

“Good to hear!” Rafe smiled, stepping back into the booth. He leaned out. **“Bring them in so I can change.”** He waved them over with an inviting finger. **“Maybe you two can help me squeeze into 'em. A big guy like me could always use a little help from babes.”**

The two bandicoot women looked at each other and nodded. No words needed to be said. They knew what they were thinking and what they desired so much. The Wumpa Fuel may have not altered their minds, but it certainly allowed them to embrace a different side of themselves powered intensely by their new bodies.

Jessica, clutching the plastic bag that held her clothing, walked eagerly into the booth. Val was right behind her, closing and locking the door quickly.

It would be some time before the trio emerged again.

The End