

FWA 2025 Sketch Trade Compilation
By holodrom

FWA 2025 Aster
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Wendell was out of shields and nearly out of health, and only managed to flee the firefight when a third team came in on the one that had wiped the rest of his squad. In the chaos, he sprinted over a hillside and slid down the opposite slope to get out of sight. He dove into a bush at the bottom of the slope to hide and check if he had any healing items left.

A Purple Holo-Twister AR, a Blue Outlaw Shotgun, a stack of Thermite, and one of this season's Mystery Items. Alas, nothing to recover his broken shields or low health. With little to lose, the lanky grey wolf decided to take a chance on the Mystery Item, and he hucked the sparkling item at his feet to deploy it.

A pillar of light enveloped him accompanied by an angelic chorus, and a new NPC was now standing before him. The orange fox straightened the tuft of white hair on their head and looked right at Wendell with a single star twinkling in their eye. "Ah, I see, you're in quite bad straits aren't you? Well don't worry, I'm your Chug Angel for the match, Cassiel!" Their eye gleamed as a faint aura radiated off of them.

"Chug... Angel? And what does that do?" Wendell asked as he tipped his head to the side, letting his tongue flop out from the movement.

"This, of course." Cassiel pointed a finger at Wendell, summoning an entire Chug Jug at the wolf's muzzle. They tipped their finger up, lifting the jug with the mere gesture, and the liquids poured into Wendell's mouth.

Wendell didn't hesitate to drink. He needed the recovery, and every gulp filled his health and belly equally. His gut rounded out under his tight black vest, making the zipper strain as the shiny material stretched. As his health topped off, his grey stomach peeked out from under his top. It rode up over the swelling, spherical curve, bunching around his slim chest.

Glug, glug... Cassiel tipped the jug higher, making sure it was drained. A little smirk played on the fox's muzzle as his twinkling eye locked onto the swelling orb of Wendell's stomach. The wolf's shield bar filled up to the top, but Cassiel kept the jug glued to Wendell's muzzle, making the luminous blue soda pour out.

Wendell kept drinking because he had no other choice. His shield bar bulged as the numbers climbed over the cap of one hundred. The zipper on his vest pinged apart, flinging tiny metal teeth into the grass while his stomach bounced free with an audible slosh. It wobbled heavy over his waist, jutting out while a faint blue-green glow showed through the skin under the fur, turning Wendell's swelling gut into a luminous orb.

The wolf's eyes flicked between the jug, his gut, and Cassiel. A nervous sweat beaded his forehead as his stomach began to creak, letting out the rubbery groans of a stressed balloon. It swelled out from his lanky frame until it was visible from behind him, stretching to his sides and hanging over his thighs.

"You wanna win, right? Keep going~" Cassiel cooed as they approached their target and ran a hand over the stretching surface. Wendell's stomach was taut and cool, stretching gently under their fingers and with every bouncy gulp. That gut reached for the floor, stretching past Wendell's knees and glowing brighter, casting a blue hue over Cassiel's more pale features.

Only once Wendell was several hundred points over-shielded and dozens of gallons round was the jug was only allowed to run dry. His stomach sloshed with every movement the

wolf made. His lanky legs trembled from trying to support all the weight, and he stumbled from side to side to keep his balance against the tide of liquids sloshing about inside of him.

"There we go, plenty of over-shield. You should have a great advantage with this!" Cassiel said as they drummed on the tight surface of Wendell's stomach, making the wolf burp. "And don't worry, if you end up without shields again I'll pop up again and get you aaalll topped off~" They gave Wendell one last wobble before vanishing.

Wendell fell back onto his rump, unable to stay standing with the sheer volume of Slurp inside of him. His gut pinned his legs under him, leaving him heavily shielded but barely mobile. He resigned himself to hiding in the bush for as long as he could now that he was healed. After all, now he'd have low speed and stamina, and he wasn't interested in seeing what would happen if taking damage summoned Cassiel again.

FWA 2025 Bod
By holodrom

Bod winched open the rooftop vent with a tiny motorized screwdriver that they slipped back into the inky storage surface of their latex sneak suit. They set the vent aside on the gravel that covered the top of the GlaceTech Robotics building and then fastened a thin steel wire connected to a winch to their ankle. Their black latex suit swallowed the city lights, making them appear like a shadow under the moon aside from the floating tongue of flame that made up their exposed head. The sneak suit hugged every curve of their body, showing off their slim, sleek chest and supple, wide hips as they prepared to dive in.

The open vent shaft gusted warm air that exhausted from GlaceTech's AC system. The system ran at low power at night, but the heat was still enough to make Bod wince back from the edge as the warm air cut through the chill night.

But there was no backing out of this job. With the wire fastened, Bod backed away from the vent entrance, took a leap forward and into the air, and dove down into the shaft.

The spring-wound winch let the wire out quickly at first, letting Bod freefall down the wide vent for two stories, three, four, five... As the wire's length was used up, the spring tightened and the winch slowed, reducing the velocity of Bod's descent as the vent narrowed.

They were moving at a crawl by the time the wire ran out ten floors down from the roof. The thin metal walls of the vent system closed them in almost completely. Their scales resisted the heat of the metal, allowing them to stretch their arms down to hold an assisted handstand. Bod used their free leg to kick the release on the wire cuff, freeing themselves and letting the wire wind itself back up.

Bod slowly bent their arms, lowering their body towards the curve in the vent ahead that leveled out. Their suit slid over the metal effortlessly, the almost frictionless outfit gliding over the metal like butter in a hot pan. The heat made sweat bead on their red forehead. Their shoulders slipped in through the entrance with ease, giving them a couple of inches of clearance on either side; plenty to use to wiggle their way forward.

The only thing impeding them were their hips. Wide as they were, they wedged in the metal joint where the vent turned from vertical to horizontal. The metal brace holding the segments together was a half inch smaller than the rest of the vent, and it grabbed them, squishing their flesh and squeezing the muscle. Bod grunted and stretched their tail while reaching forward as far as they could to thin and flatten their body. Their toes and fingers crawled along, inching them through, pushing their hips past the brace while keeping their body as sleek as possible.

Their hips popped through, and they sighed with relief. With that obstacle surmounted, they gathered themselves up and crawled forward. Fifty meters to the destination. Each section of the vent was one meter long. Bod counted them as they went along, feeling the divots in the dark as they went. The vents idly creaked and adjusted under their weight, the sheet metal not meant to hold that much strain, but it held up, and Bod's movements didn't make a single lasting dent.

At last, they felt their destination beneath them—the more solid metal of an access panel for vent maintenance. A thin handle was installed on this side, and a quick flick of their finger

popped it open. The door swung down, and Bod peered into the dim room below before sliding down headfirst, flipping midair, and landing on their feet.

Only emergency lighting illuminated the office tonight. The janitors had all gone home and no one was to be in for work until just after dawn. That gave Bod two hours to work. The maintenance corridor they were currently wasn't the goal, so they moved out and into the main hallway. GlaceTech's usual black, white, and cold blue walls were stained red and orange with the scant light of exit signs and emergency lights. The only sounds were Bod's soft footsteps across the tile and the hum of the air conditioner.

They headed for the Robotics Prototype Development sector. They slipped a hand into the depths of their suit and retrieved a flash drive with the trojan virus they was meant to upload to the servers to get a live feed on all of GlaceTech's machine development. The doors were unguarded, and the keycard lock was easily spoofed by a key they had prepared ahead of time.

The walls inside Prototype Development were lined with mechanical chassis, standing tall on pedestals and looking down on the working area. Bod couldn't help but feel like their eyes were on them as they found a PC that had been carelessly left turned on. They plugged in the USB which forced its way through the login info, and the trojan began to upload itself to the servers.

Kathoom...

Bod leaped out of their chair and vaulted to the top of the desk as the entire room shook. One of the machines had taken a step down from its pedestal. A boot process displayed across a screen on its stomach, and dark eyes flashed with illumination as the entire thing came online.

Bod cursed under his breath. Upload 23% done... They just needed to buy time.

"...Hazardous Objects, Liquids, and Other. HOLO Unit 03 online. Security Breach. Basic protocol override. Eliminate intruders." A head in the shape of a dragon, with a mane of black hair and pointed horns jerked to look at Bod. It took another stiff step forward, now standing between Bod and the exit.

"N-now now big guy, I'm sure we can just pretend I wasn't here at all!" Bod tried, even as they stayed light on their toes.

"Intruder identified. Eliminating." It moved towards Bod. Every step was smoother than the last as Holo's systems warmed into full swing. Still, it was too big, and too clumsy. It made a swipe to grab at Bod, but they flipped over the wide swing of an arm and alighted on its shoulders, grabbing its horns. "Got you!" They yanked on those horns, making Holo rear back and flail his arms as Bod jerked his head around.

34% done.

Holo recovered from the shock of being jumped on and grabbed Bod's leg with one hand. Effortlessly, he lifted the other dragon off his shoulders and threw them against a wall like a baseball. Bod yelped, but managed to catch himself against the wall, their legs acting like springs to absorb the impact without even scuffing the paint. They turned that momentum back and sprung forward, horned head pointed at the machine. They landed a headbutt right in Holo's stomach, knocking the beast over with a loud crash. "Stay down there."

47% done.

Bod checked the screen. Halfway there! Holo was a tough machine, but those units weren't meant for combat or security. Bod knew this. They weren't equipped with any anti

personnel weapons other than a hand taser, and their rubbery suit was more than enough to negate that.

Holo rumbled to his feet, grunting and looking at the intruder. "Additional ordinance clearance granted." His metal hand flexed, and electricity arced through it.

"Yeah~? Try it." Bod smirked. They just needed to buy some time, but they figured they could burn out Holo's battery too. They didn't move as Holo grasped for them. That big hand clamped around their face, and the electricity discharged... Uselessly. Bod's suit rejected the electrical charge. "Pfftt. Dumb machine." Bod pushed Holo's hand aside. "Still wanna play? We can!"

Holo furrowed his brow and frowned. "Yes." He answered simply, without feeling, and grabbed Bod's face again.

Bod rolled their eyes. They had nearly forgotten that these models also weren't capable of learning-

FWSSSHHHH!

A blast of air erupted from Holo's palm. His mouth was wide open, gulping in gallons of air and compressing them through his body before venting them out of his hand and into Bod. Bod felt the air punch the back of their throat. Their cheeks swelled, their neck ballooned, their chest creaked. Bod's stomach took on the air and bloated out beneath the latex, darkening the room as the void-like surface of the suit swallowed up all the light that touched it.

Bod thrashed his arms and clawed against the metal arm pumping air down his throat, but they lacked the strength to fight off the metal vice grip. Their stomach was stretching by inches at a time as they gulped down the steady stream of air. The suit expanded with them, clinging tight to the near perfect sphere of their stomach. Bod tried to kick Holo in the stomach, but that just prompted Holo to lift them up so that their feet could no longer touch the ground. Bod kicked and kicked until their stomach got between them and Holo, reducing them to kicking against the bottom swell of their own stomach.

68% done.

Said stomach filled the space between the two red and yellow dragons. It blimped up to a size that was dangerously close to matching Bod's own height. Their nimble movements slowed as they started to fight their own body for motion. Bod's entire form—not just his stomach—was turning into one huge sphere of black latex—an expanding black hole that took up an increasing amount of space in the robotics lab.

Their rounding form pressed against desks and desktops, and the pressure activated the "storage" function of their suit. Instead of being poked and pricked by sharp metal corners and wooden splinters, the desks and chairs sank into the surface of Bod's suit like a tar pit, disappearing under the surface and expanding the dragon even further. Bod strained to exert any sort of resistance. Their entire body was now a great orb, with their limbs being swallowed by the expanding bubble of black latex. Their cheeks were puffed out and squished into a tight divot that would have swallowed their face were Holo's grip not holding Bod's body at bay.

82% done.

The suit strained. Bod's scales creaked. It was impossible to tell which was under more stress. They were so blown up that the most movement they could manage was wiggling their fingers, and even then, their hands were being pulled so deep into their tight body they were losing even that faculty. Air continued to blast in, swelling the blimp dragon and crashing their

body against office furniture which sank in and added even more agonizing circumference to Bod's size.

93% done.

Bod's expansion slowed, not by any show of mercy, but the from the reality of reaching one's limits. Their body ran out of elasticity, and it was only the pressure of the suit squeezing them that was keeping their skin and scales from blasting apart... for the moment. Their internal pressure spiked now that their form had no stretch left to offer. Their body groaned like metal under duress. Bod flexed their claws and squeezed their eyes shut, gritting their teeth against the pressure that made their body firm as a boulder.

97%... 98%... 99%...

Bod's computer virus never finished uploading. The dragon exploded with such tremendous force that the air pressure alone blasted the remaining computers in the room to bits, along with the USB drive. Anything that hadn't been absorbed into the suit was reduced to scrap and blasted against the walls. Several of the standing prototype bodies were knocked from their pedestals and fell to the floor, their metal hulls denting and crashing into the floor. Shreds of red and yellow scales rained from the ceiling like tongues of descending fire that settled amid the piles of destroyed office furniture and rips of overtaxed black latex.

Holo kept pumping air for several seconds after Bod exploded, his systems shaken by the blast. He blinked and rebooted before finally lowering his arm. The front of his body was plastered with a sheet of blasted latex that clung to his belly scales. He methodically peeled it off with his claws and tossed it to the floor with the rest of the trash.

"Intruder repelled. Resuming normal operations."

Holo took up the responsibility of cleaning the mess he had made, and poor Bod would have to worry about trying to infiltrate GlaceTech another day. After all, it's not like being blown to bits had ever stopped them before!

FWA 2025 Dee

By holodrom

Dee's biceps strained as he tried to hold back the belly boulder that had swollen to fill the hotel room that was previously host to a large room party. Nearly every single occupant was now little more than a wiggling bulge under a prison of yellow scales that fought to take up the last of the space in the room. Deafening groans and roaring churns rattled the windows and echoed out into the hallway despite the closed door. Dee was sweating to prevent himself from being squashed into a corner of the room, but that mass of dragon gut pushed out around his arms, sloshed against his legs, and crept over the top of his head.

On the other side of that churning mass, Holo was swallowing down the last of the partygoers (other than Dee). Their legs kicked and thrashed in futile defiance of their fate as a forked black tongue snaked around their torso and dragged them into the abyssal depths. His stomach inched out with every gulp, putting more weight against Dee. The raccoon braced his legs against the wall behind him and his back pressed against the drywall, cracking it from the sheer weight he was barely keeping at bay. Every loud, ravenous swallow caused more of that gut to push around Dee, until it was practically pointless for him to try and keep that gut from smothering him.

Those struggling legs went limp as the paws vanished into the darkness of a cavernous maw and were sealed behind gleaming white teeth. A bulge slid down Holo's throat, and there was a brief pause before a room-shaking belch exploded from his jaws, shaking Dee to the bone. The extra weight and seismic belch was more than Dee could handle, and his arms faltered for just a moment. That was enough. Dragon gut slammed into him full force, squashing his sturdy body against the cracked wall, pinning him despite his spectacular strength.

He wiggled, trying to find a way to get free, to maybe wiggle his way to the top of that gut even as a dizzying digestive roar rattled his brain and the churning of dozens of people rumbled through him. His will faltered and his struggles slowed, turning into a sort of eager clinging as he grabbed handfuls of dragon belly and squeezed himself into it.

Holo picked his teeth with a claw, tossing out some scraps of fur and cloth that had been caught between them in his binge. A shred of black cloth, a tuft of yellow fur, none of them serving as reminders as to the identities of the food he'd scarfed down without a second thought. "Bhuurrrpp... Hey, you're not off the hook." A skilled swish of Holo's thick dragon tail scraped Dee off the front of his belly and popped the raccoon up on top of his gut, leaving them eye-to-eye. They locked gazes for a moment, and Holo opened wide and pointed to the back of his throat.

Dee swallowed hard as his face heated up. His heart rate picked up and his tail started to swish with nervous excitement in spite of himself. He crawled over the top of a churning cauldron, inching towards the belching entrance...

...And fell in. Head first, Dee rammed himself into the back of the dragon's throat. Eager flesh squeezed around his shoulders, embracing him and dragging him under. He didn't need to do anything else. There was nothing else to do. Throat muscles pinned his exhausted arms to his sides as every voracious gulp pumped him deeper and deeper. The stomach sounds below him grew louder, welcoming him, inviting him into those depths like a roaring applause just

before a rockstar goes on stage. And there was even an audience waiting for him, thoroughly warmed up by gastric churning.

It only took half a minute for the entire raccoon to be sealed behind those devilish teeth, locking him inside and sending him down into that full tank with the rest of the food. He wiggled for space against the stretched stomach walls and shoved some of his audience down deeper so he could find some slightly comfortable position in there. All in all, it wasn't too bad. Dark, rumbling, warm, and inescapable... Not a bad place to close one's eyes and relax and let what happens, happen.

Holo licked over his jaws once Dee was packed away, and he rubbed her the extra bulge that the raccoon made in his midsection. "Now THAT was a room party. Thanks for the invite, Dee." The dragon tipped over like a toppling wall, crashing into a bed and flattening it under his weight. The floor groaned under the impact, and the entire hotel shook. His stomach contents shifted, sloshing to one side as he collapsed. "Don't take too long to regenerate now! It's only Thursday night, and you've got a lot more convention to help me pack away~" He punctuated with a final belch that clenched his stomach muscles and brought the struggles of his prey to an end. The party was over after all. Time to digest.

FWA 2025 SpicyWhatte
By Holodrom

Furry Weekend Atlanta was proving to be a true test of the hammerspace attire that Spicy had purchased just the week before. Day after day friends invited him out to eat. Breakfast at the Hub, brunch at a diner, an offer to drive out to eat at The Vortex for lunch. The teal blue "red" panda could feel the effects even though he could barely see them. His footsteps were heavier after each binge, his movements were slower as though he were swimming through jello just to walk through the lobby. The elevators would groan about being over-weight if he squeezed in with even a single other person.

The hammerspace clothes did little to conceal the fact that he was immense. Even with them on, he still looked to be a mighty eight hundred pounds; they were just meant to keep him looking that size so he could still get around for the weekend. But of course, no reasonable amount of weight-hiding technology could withstand his appetite. By Sunday the button on his shorts was straining, the legs of them were filled to bursting like sausages trying to escape containment. His shirt was on the verge of pulling up and showing off his overhang, and he needed two chairs to take a seat at the Hub for dinner.

His ever-generous companions had loaded him up this evening. He had an entree provided by every. Single. Eatery in the food court. Tables pushed together to accommodate the piles laid out before him. He eyed his offering and licked his muzzle as his stomach growled, and without any fanfare, he began to eat.

Fat paws grabbed at indiscriminate combinations of food and piled them into his mouth, smearing sauces over his face and splattering it over his fat cheeks as he tried to close his jaws around every mouthful he pushed in. The savory and rich flavors made him drool, and in his eagerness to fill his stomach he barely bothered to chew before sending straining bulges of food down his throat.

Spicy's clothes creaked, inching out with each minute that passed. He could feel all of that food piling on top of what he'd already consumed and adding more circumference to his stomach, more weight to his already huge body. Seams popped along the seat of his shorts, revealing tufts of blue fur beneath the fabric. The arms of his shirt thinned and tore, letting his arm fat hang freely and wobble as his arms shoveled food down.

His shirt rode up, higher and higher, using up the last centimeters of space it had left before it revealed his stomach. The food court rumbled as the inevitable reveal approached, and Spicy's ears perked in excitement, tail swaying above the twin globes of his rump cheeks.

He crammed a sub sandwich into his gob and that was the last bite that his outfit could accommodate. The moment his teal stomach peeked free, the hammerspace mechanism ceased to function. His stomach exploded out in front of him, bowling over an entire seating section and slamming into the front register of several food vendors, pressing the patrons waiting in line between the Hub's white walls and a wall of soft panda gut.

His food was launched up off the table and landed on his chest, mercifully in reach but splattering themselves all over his fat chest and cascading neck rolls. His shirt barely contained his fat chest, and his arms exploded the sleeves, reducing it to a tank top. His ass surged out in the other direction, shredding his shorts entirely and blocking any form of passage through the Hub that didn't involve scaling his body like a doughy wall.

He wobbled aggressively for a few minutes before his body settled from the sudden surge of size. He rubbed over what he could reach of himself, admiring the immense gains he'd made and pleased with the surprise of just how big he'd grown in a couple short days.

He didn't spend too long admiring himself though. He soon resumed eating, making sure to polish off everything he had in reach. After all, there was still more of the convention to go, and so much bigger to grow.