

I. Overall Description

A. These four unfing. I want it to be the most hardcore, dirtiest, and spooggiest thing you've ever made.

II. Pose

A. One of the ladies has to be cradling her tits and sucking on one of them.

III. Characters

A. See pictures. Make it messy. Put in some close-up action boxes.

IV. Background

A. Imagine Star Wolf's hideout. Some room somewhere. Maybe Wolf or Panther's bedroom. Have them fucking on the kitchen table. Whatever. Surprise me. See below b/w pictures for previous Star Wolf backgrounds artists have come up with for me. Consistency is appreciated. :3

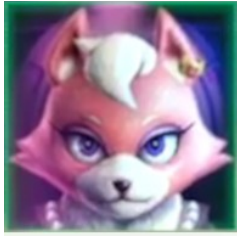


make em this fat and preggo

Fara Phoenix (Nintendo Power Comic)

fennec vixen, 5'5", emerald green eyes, pink nipples heavy C cup chest, headfur. Clawed human hands (4 fingers + thumb) Ignore comlink unless otherwise noted. No pawpads.





Katt Monroe

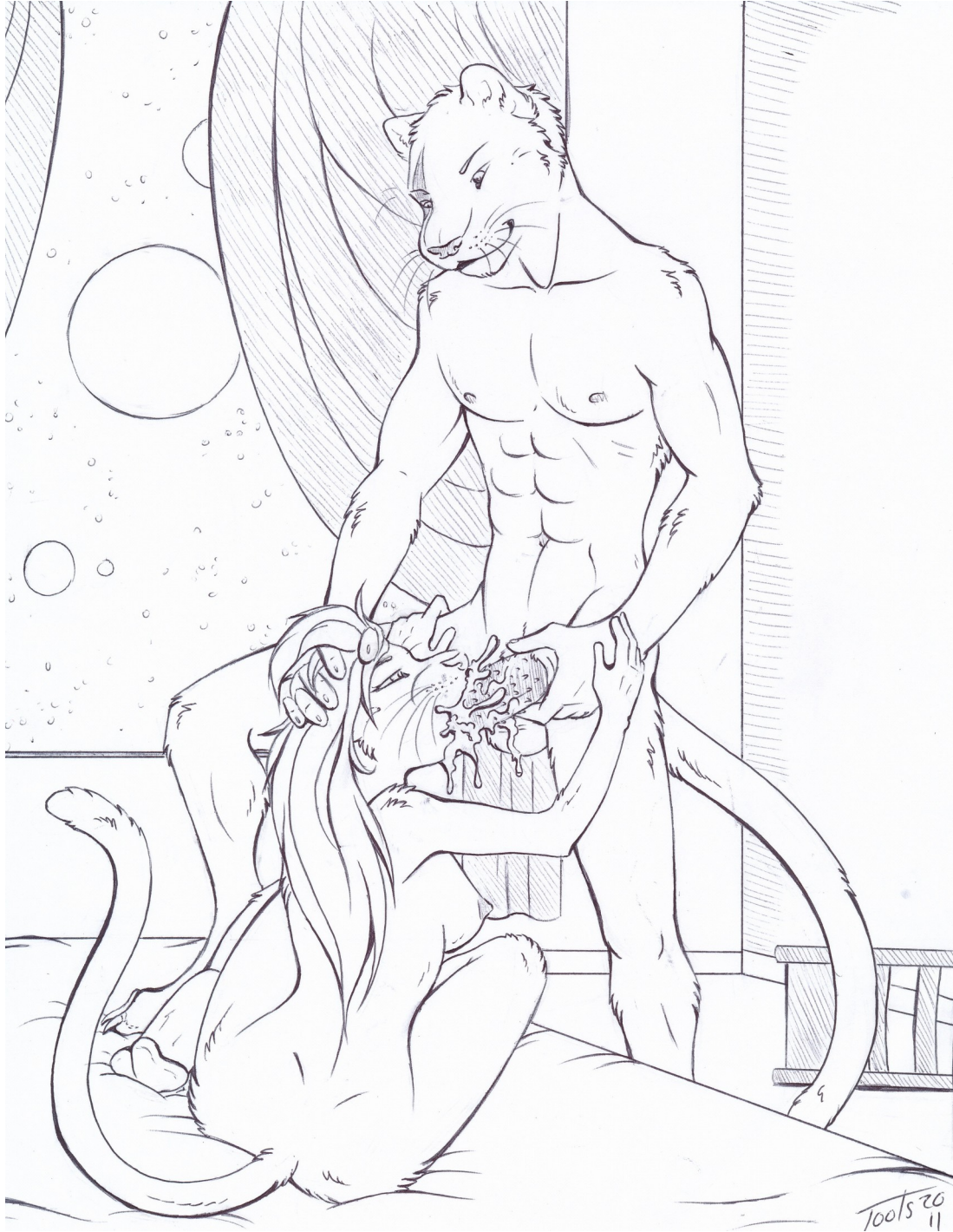
Feline, blue eyes, 5'9", D cup, white hair. No pawpads,
claw-tipped human hands (4 fingers + thumb)







BACKGROUND EXAMPLES. SCREENCAPS AT BOTTOM.













Some shots of various Star Fox interiors for inspiration.
Not a lot to work with bedroom-wise, but it's something. (1 of 2)



Some shots of various Star Fox interiors for inspiration.
Not a lot to work with bedroom-wise, but it's something. (2 of 2)



PAPETOON SPACEPORT

STOWAWAYS?

STOP GROUSING.

PEPPER SHOULD HAVE SENT STARLINER TICKETS, FIRST CLASS.

WE MAY BE LEAVING WITHOUT A CENT, BUT ONE DAY WE'LL BE BACK AND STINKING RICH.

YOU'RE ONE DIFFICULT GUY TO REACH, DID YOU KNOW THE COMMUNICATIONS CAREFUL HAD YOU EXCOMMUNICATED FOR LACK OF PAYMENT?

YEAH, GO FIGURE.

HERE'S THE DEAL, FOX. I NEED THE BEST PILOTS IN THE STAR SYSTEM, AND THAT MEANS YOU AND YOUR TEAM OF RUTHLESS MERCENARIES.

"OUR ENGINEERS HAVE UNLOCKED THE MOST SOPHISTICATED STAR FIGHTER IN THE GALAXY—THE FOX ARWING—AND EQUIPPED IT WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART WEAPONS."

"ONLY A SQUADRON OF ARWING FIGHTERS CAN COMBAT THE GROWING MENACE OF THE EMPEROR'S TROOPS."

YOU'LL BE WELL REWARDED IF YOU ACCEPT MY OFFER AND COME TO CORNERIA.

GENERAL, TWO OF THE ARWINGS HAVE ENTERED IMPERIAL SPACE!

OH NO!

HEY!

GET SET FOR ACCELERATION SHOCK.

WHAT I WOULD GIVE FOR A PAIR OF ANTI-GRAVITY UNDERWEAR.

HIDING OUT IN THE CRYO-MUD BATHS.

HEY! WHERE'S SLIPPY?

AMPHIBOIDS HAVE IT MADE.

THIS IS IT! HOODLO ON!

THE TEAM HAS ACHIEVED A RATING OF 115%.

OPEN A CHANNEL TO FOX.

AYE, SIR.

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE STORY BEFORE? SURPRISING!

"LAND OF MY SPECIES FROM WORLD WITHOUT ENEMY, EVOLUTION WE DON'T NEED LET PRISON BURN"

THE LEGACY

FOX MCLOUD SR. WAS THE FINEST PILOT ON CORNERIA! AFTER FOX JR. WAS BORN, HIS MOTHER FRAGILICALLY DIED. FOX SR. HOPED THAT HIS SON WOULD FOLLOW IN HIS PAW PRINTS.

JUNIOR WAS AT THE TOP OF HIS CLASS, HE COULD FLY CIRCLES AROUND A PLEA. ENDURE DAYS OF GRAVITY TRAINING, RECITE THE CORNERIAN CONSTITUTION BACKWARDS AND BELCH ON COMMAND. FOX SR. WAS JUSTLY PROUD.

THE TEAM HAS ACHIEVED A RATING OF 115%.

OPEN A CHANNEL TO FOX.

AYE, SIR.

VERY WELL, GENERAL.