

I. Overall Description

A. Panther and Wolf spitroasting Krystal.

II. Characters

A. See pictures.

III. Background

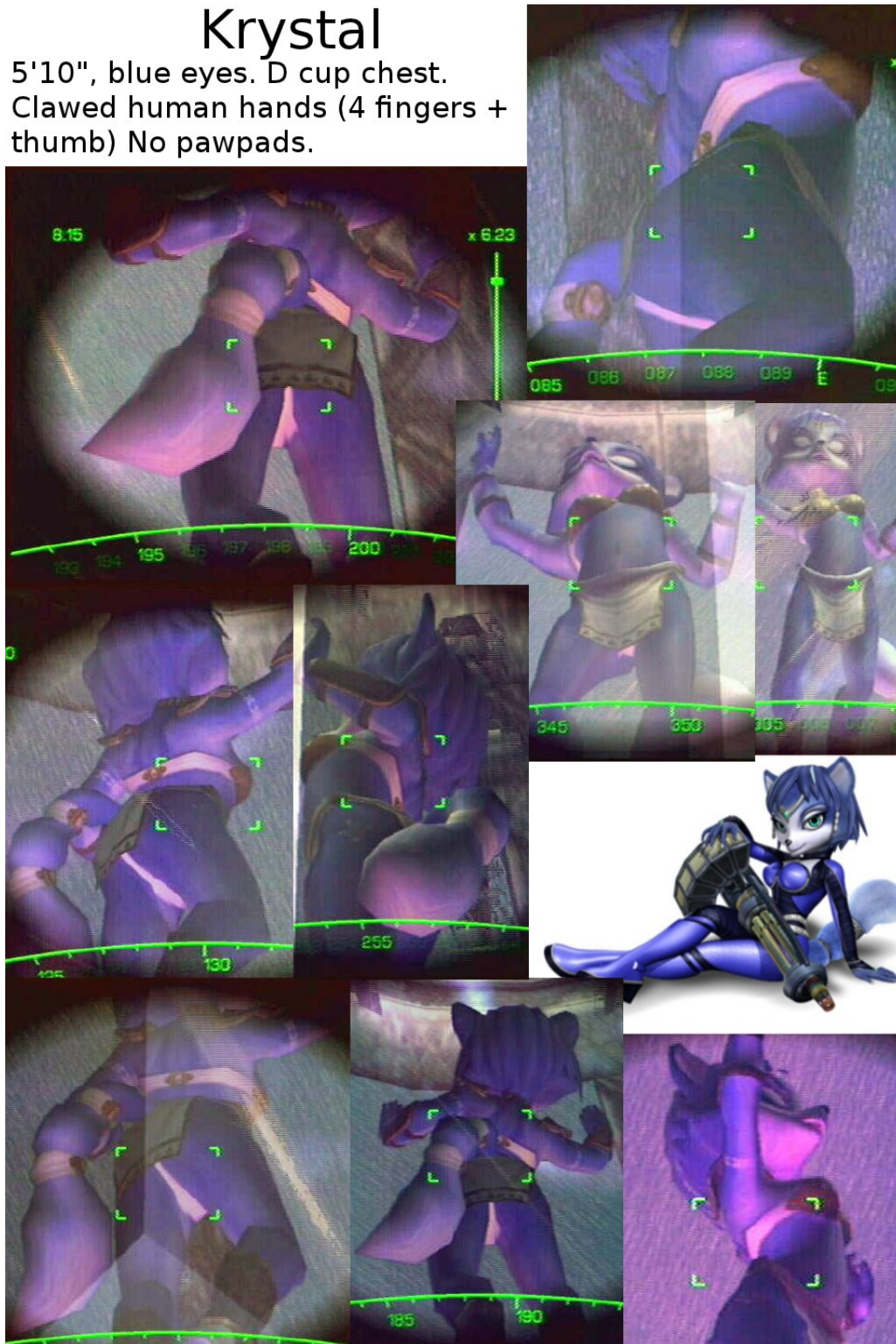
A. Imagine Star Wolf's hideout. Some room somewhere. Maybe Wolf or Panther's bedroom. Have them fucking on the kitchen table. Whatever. Surprise me. See below b/w pictures for previous Star Wolf backgrounds artists have come up with for me. Consistency is appreciated. :3



If a character is specified to be preggo, make em this fat!

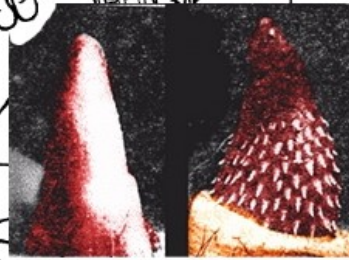
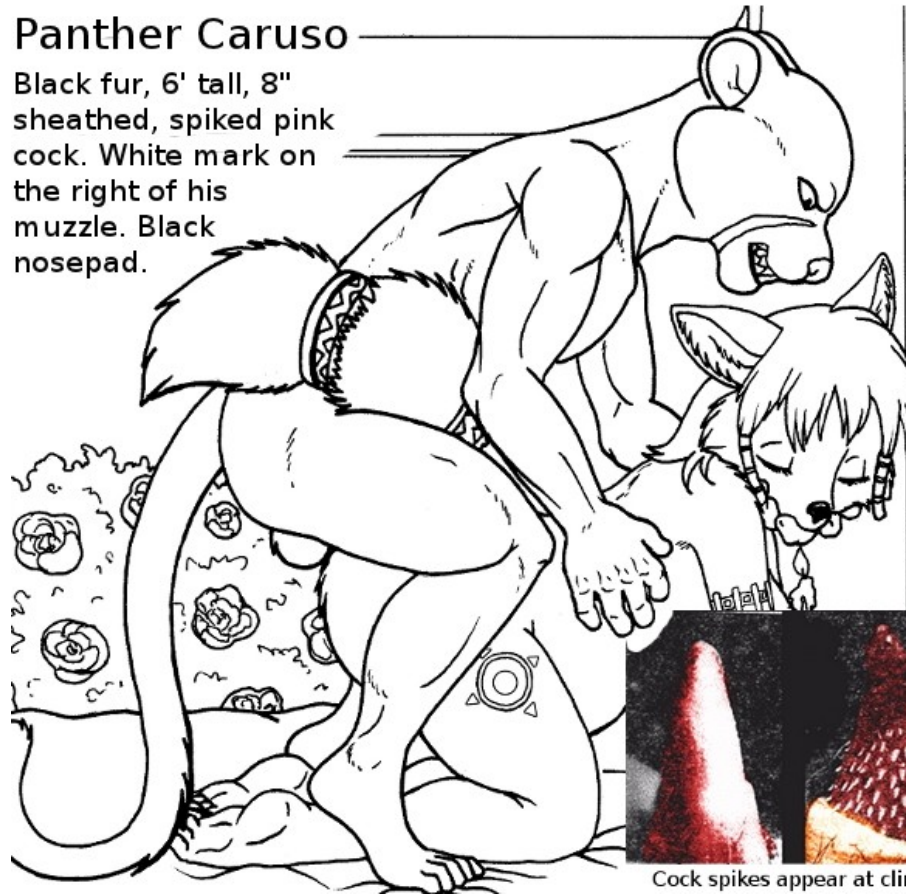
Krystal

5'10", blue eyes. D cup chest.
Clawed human hands (4 fingers +
thumb) No pawpads.

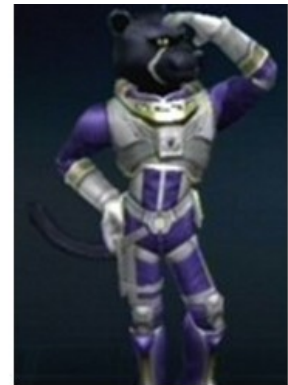


Panther Caruso

Black fur, 6' tall, 8" sheathed, spiked pink cock. White mark on the right of his muzzle. Black nosepad.



Cock spikes appear at climax

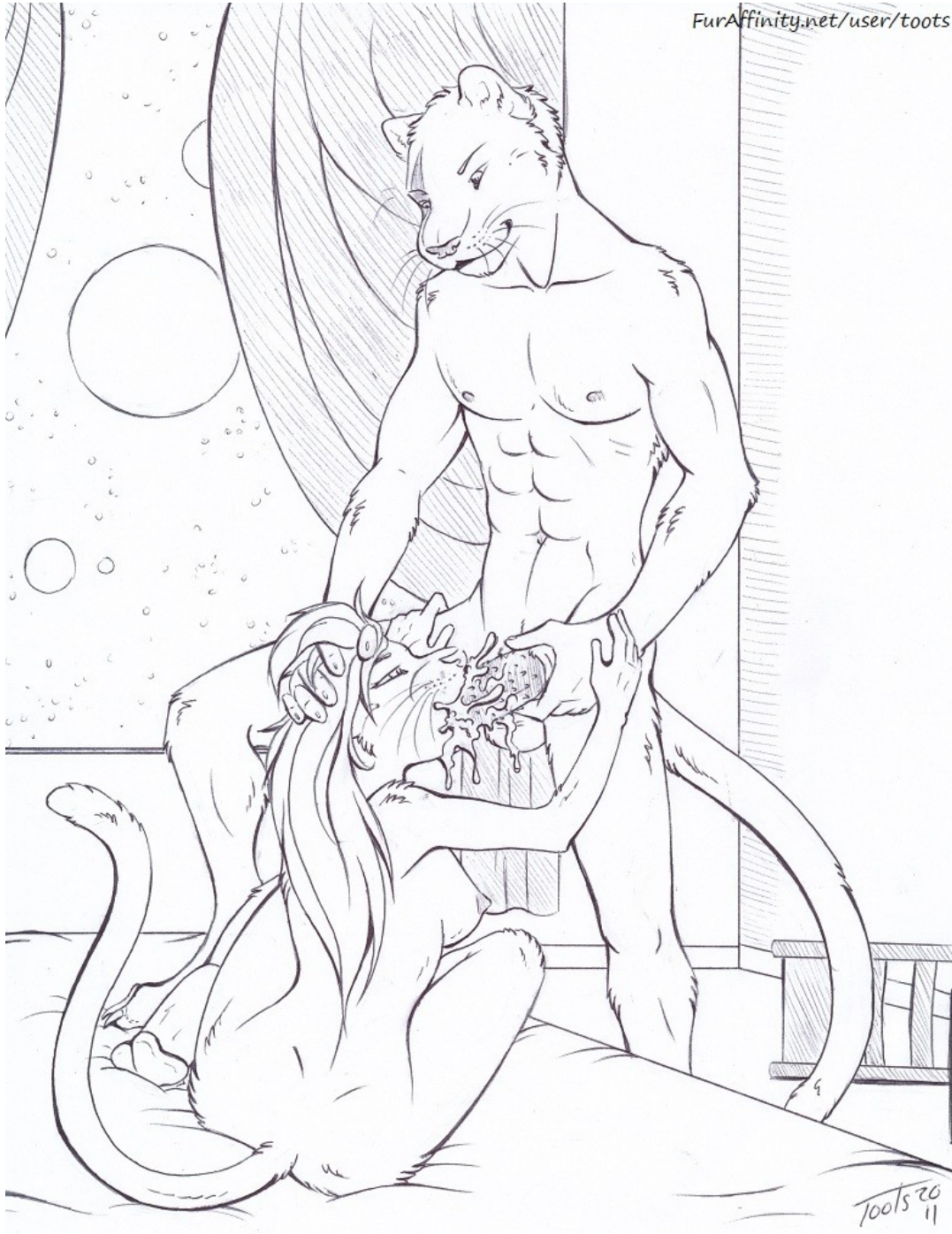


Wolf O'Donnell

6'3", brown eye, eye piece on the LEFT eye. cock size: 11" with a thick knot.

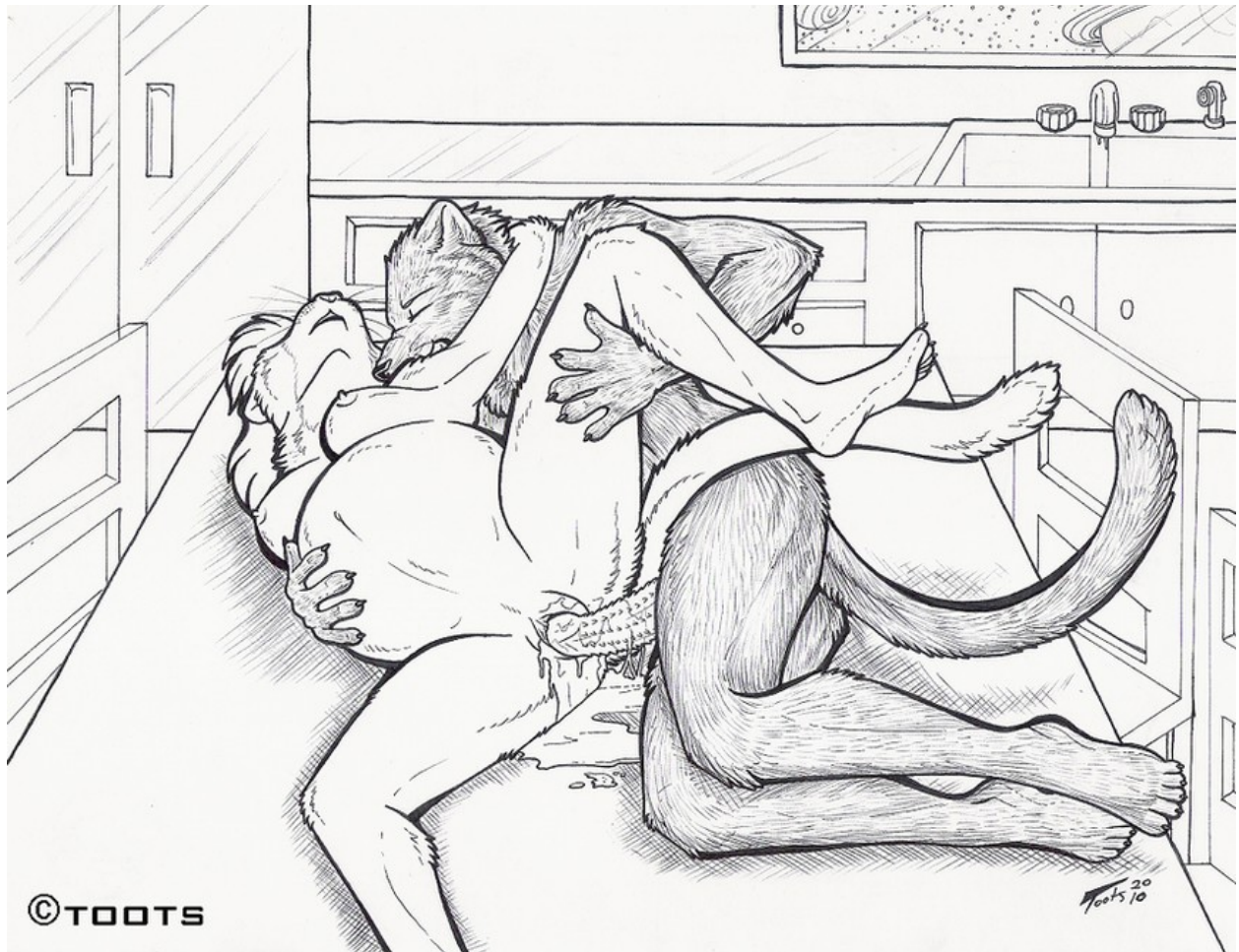


BACKGROUND EXAMPLES. SCREENCAPS AT BOTTOM.











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

GENERAL, TWO OF THE ARWINGS HAVE ENTERED IMPERIAL SPACE!

OH NO!

STOWAWAYS?

STOP GROUSING.

TEPPER 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 RESCU, DID YOU KNOW THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER HAD YOU EXCOMMUNICATED FOR LACK OF PAYMENT?

YEAH, SO? 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.

YOUR ENGINEERS HAVE DEVELOPED THE MOST ADVANCED 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.

HEY!

GET SET FOR ACCELERATION SHOCK.

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

HEY! WHERE'S SLIPPY?

HIDING OUT IN THE CRYO-AUD BATHS.

AMPHIBIANS HAVE IT MADE.

THIS IS IT! HOOOLD ON!

THE TEAM HAS ACHIEVED A RATING OF 115%.

OPEN A CHANNEL TO FOX.

AYE, SIR.

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE STORY BEFORE? SURPRISING!

THE LEGACY

FOX MCCLLOUD SR. WAS THE FINEST PILOT CORNERIA! SEVEN FOX JR. WAS BORN HIS MOTHER TRASCAL 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 FLEA ENDING 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.

OH NO!

HEY!

GENERAL, TWO OF THE ARWINGS HAVE ENTERED IMPERIAL SPACE!

OH NO!

HEY!

GENERAL, TWO OF THE ARWINGS HAVE ENTERED IMPERIAL SPACE!