

I. Overall Description

A. These four unfing.

II. Characters

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

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.



Illustration 1: make em this fat and preggo

Fara Phoenix

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.



Katt Monroe

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



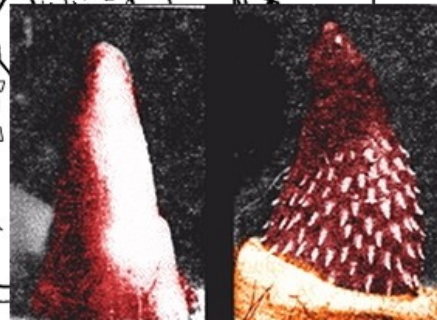
Wolf O'Donnell

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



Panther Caruso

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



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)



PAPERBOON SPACEPORT

STOWAWAYS? STOP GROUBING. 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 RECALL. DID YOU KNOW THE COMMUNICATIONS CARTEL HAD YOU EXCOMMUNICATED FOR LACK OF PAYMENT? YEAH, SO? PICTURE. 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 SOPHISTICATED STAR FIGHTER IN THE GALAXY—THE FOX RACING—AND EQUIPPED IT WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART WEAPONS. ONLY A SQUADRON OF AIRWING 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.

GET SET FOR ACCELERATION SHOCK. WHAT I WOULD GIVE FOR A PAIR OF ANTI-GRAVITY UNDERWEAR. HEY! WHERE'S SLIPPER? HIDING OUT IN THE CRYO-HOT BATHS. AMPHIBOIDS HAVE IT MADE. THIS IS IT! HOOOLD ON!

GENERAL, TWO OF THE AIRWINGS HAVE ENTERED IMPERIAL SPACE! OH NO!

THE TEAM HAS ACHIEVED A RATING OF 115%. OPEN A CHANNEL TO FOX. AYE, SIR.

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE STORY BEFORE? SURPRISING! END OF AN ERA: THIS WORLD WITHOUT FOX OF COURSE! WE DON'T HAVE LET FREEDOM BURN.

THE LEGACY

FOX MCCLLOUD, SIR, WAS THE FINEST PILOT ON CORNERIA! AFTER FOX JR. WAS BORN, HIS MOTHER TRAGICALLY DIED. FOX SR. HOPEFULLY THAT HIS SON WOULD FOLLOW IN HIS PAW PRINTS. JUNIOR WAS AT THE TOP OF HIS CLASS. HE COULD FLY CIRCLES AROUND A PLEA ENCORE DANCE OF GRAVITY TRAINING. RECITE THE CORNERIAN CONSTITUTION BACKWARDS AND BELCH ON COMMAND. FOX SR. WAS JUSTLY PROUD. THE LEAD PILOT ACHIEVED A RATING OF 115%.

OPEN A CHANNEL TO FOX. AYE, SIR.

HOW'S THE TRAINING GOING, LIEUTENANT? VERY WELL, GENERAL.

HEY! SO, FOX!