

I. Overall Description

A. Wolf O'Donnell, a nine month preggo Katt, and Panther screwing. Pose up to you.

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!

Katt Monroe

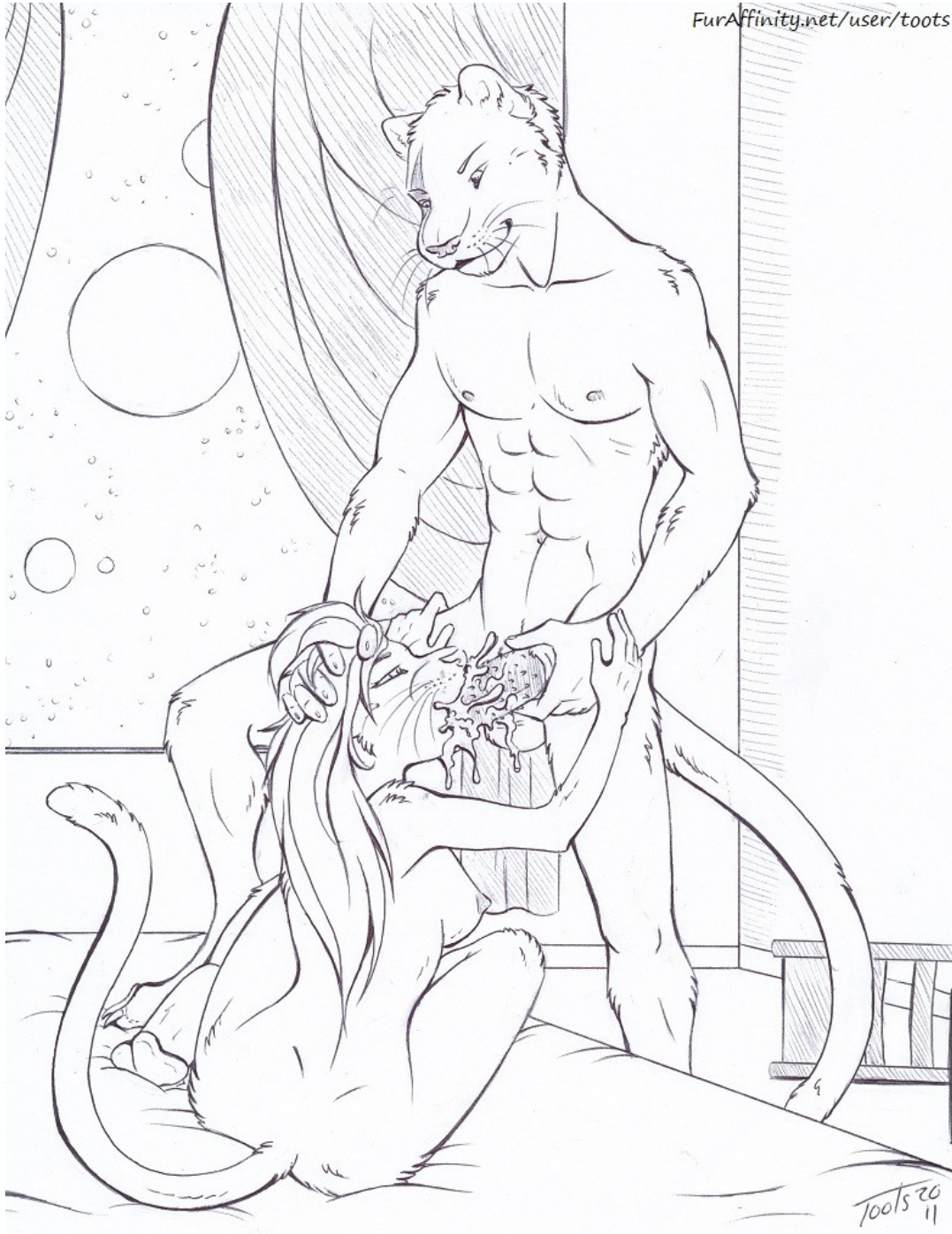
Feline, blue eyes, 5'9", D cup, white hair. No pawpads, claw-tipped human hands (4 fingers + thumb)





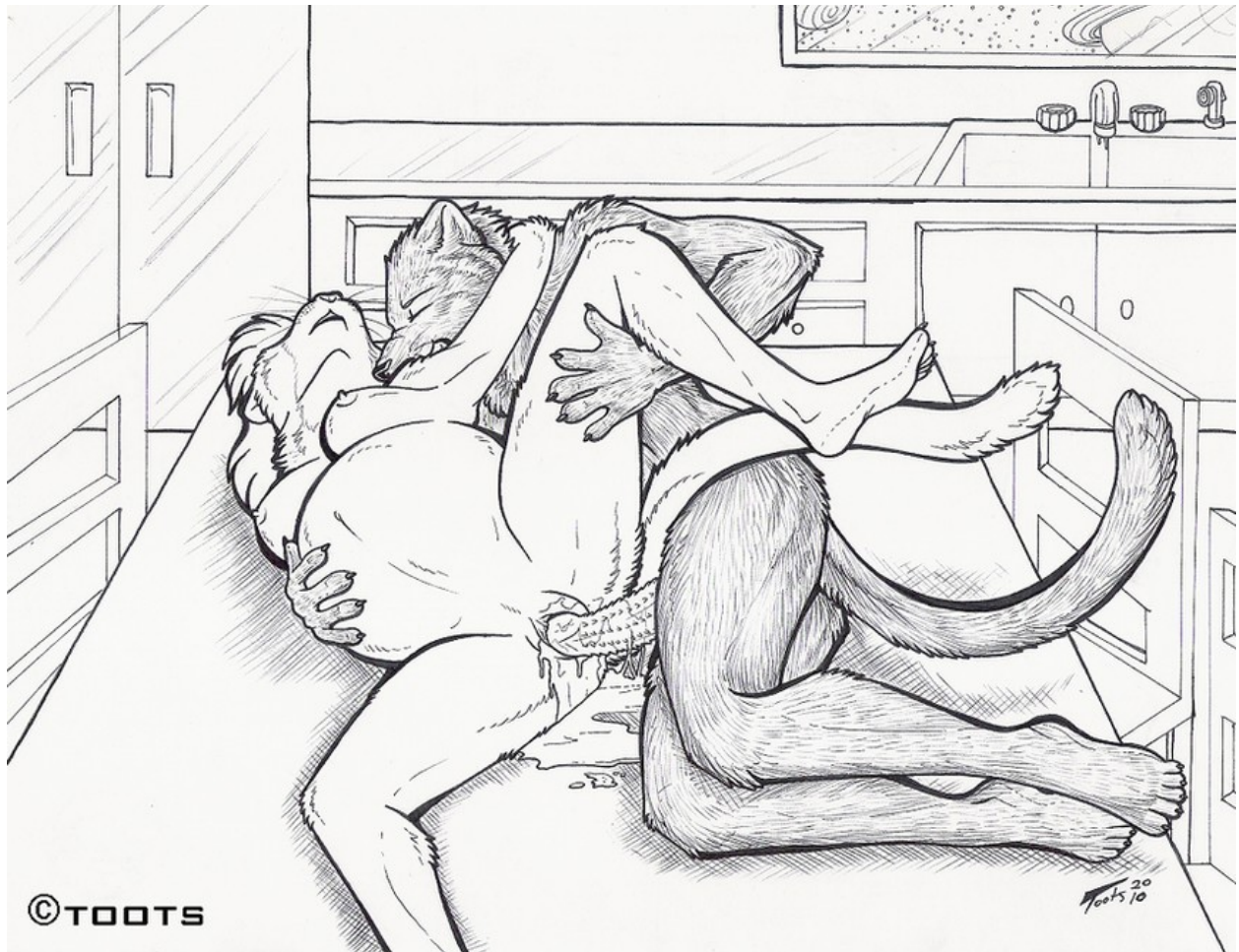


BACKGROUND EXAMPLES. SCREENCAPS AT BOTTOM.









©TOOTS



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.

FEFFER SHOULD HAVE RENT 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 CARTEL 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 DEVELOPED 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 CONTEST 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-MUD BATHS.

AMPHIBIOUS 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!

"LAND OF MY BRIDES WOULD WITHOUT END EVOLUTION WE DON'T ASK LET FREEDOM BARK"

THE LEGACY

FOX MCCLLOUD SR. WAS THE FINEST PILOT IN CORNERIA! AFTER FOX JR. WAS BORN, HIS MOTHER FRANKIE 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, ENDURE DAYS OF GRAVITY TRAINING, RECITE THE CORNERIAN CONSTITUTION BACKWARDS AND BELCH ON COMMAND. FOX SR. WAS JUSTLY PROUD.

THE TEENAGE FOX ACHIEVED A RATING OF 115%.

OPEN A CHANNEL TO FOX.

AYE, SIR.

VERY WELL, GENERAL.

GENERAL, TWO OF THE ARWINGS HAVE ENTERED IMPERIAL SPACE!

OH NO!