

**I. Overall Description**

A. Wolf knotting to a very preggo Krystal. Krystal can barely take the thick knot. She is struggling and he is cramming it in there.

**II. Characters**

A. See pictures.

**III. Pose**

A. Use pic on page 2.

**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



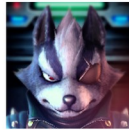
*Make her this fat*



Name: Krystal  
Species: Vulpine  
Height: ~5'7"  
Weight: ???  
Hands: Four fingers + thumb with clawtips. No pawpads.  
Feet: Plantigrade with clawed toes. No pawpads.  
Eye color: Blue  
Nipple color: Pink  
Anatomy type: Human  
Chest size: C cup  
Pussy flesh color: Pink



Name:	Wolf O'Donnell
Species:	Wolf
Height:	6'3"
Weight:	???
Hands:	See ref. No pawpads.
Feet:	Plantigrade with clawed toes. No pawpads.
Eye color:	Red
Nipple color:	Pink
Anatomy type:	Animal, sheathed
Cock size	11" x 3"
Cock flesh color:	Realistic

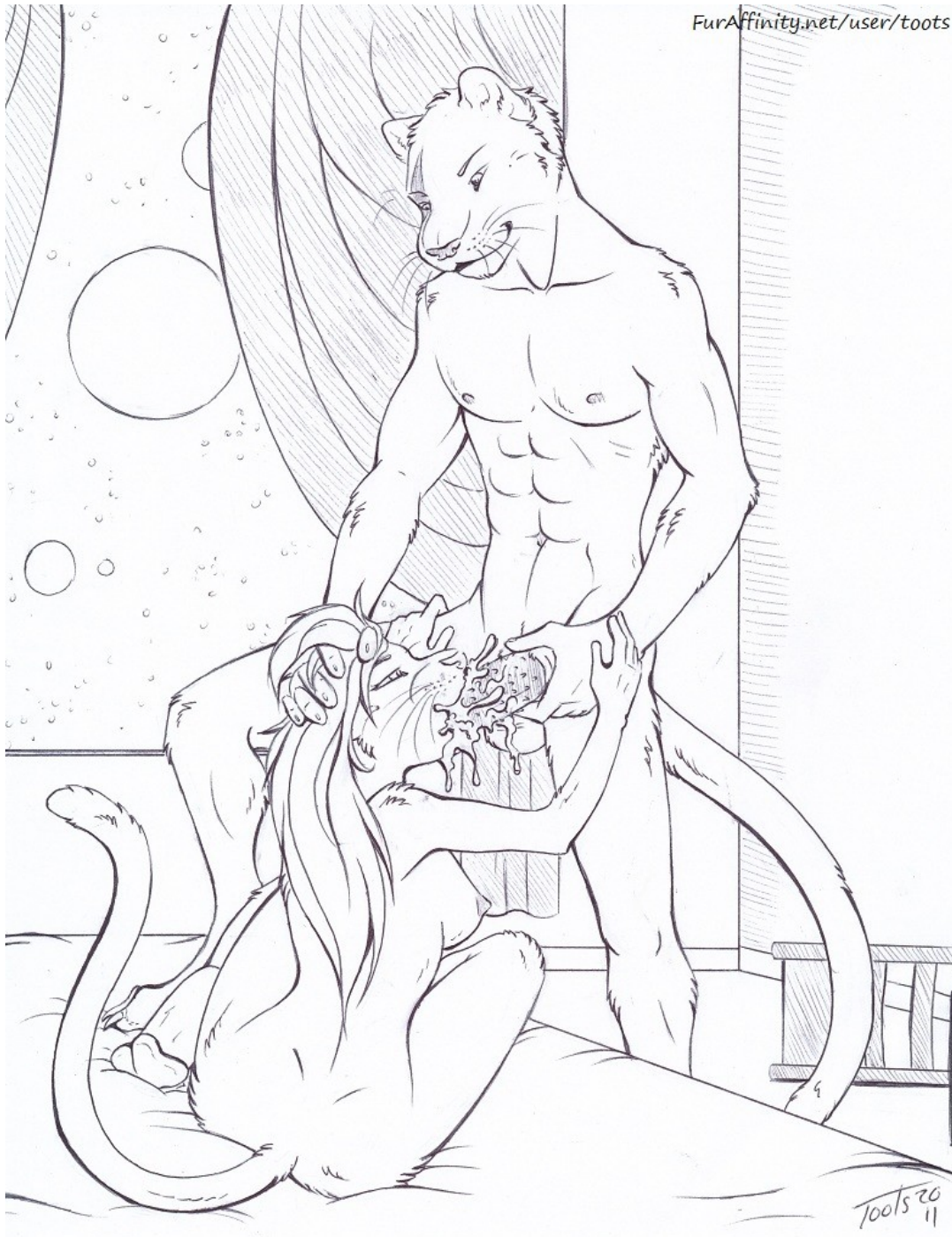


Example of a knotted cock. The knot forms at the base when climax is in progress.





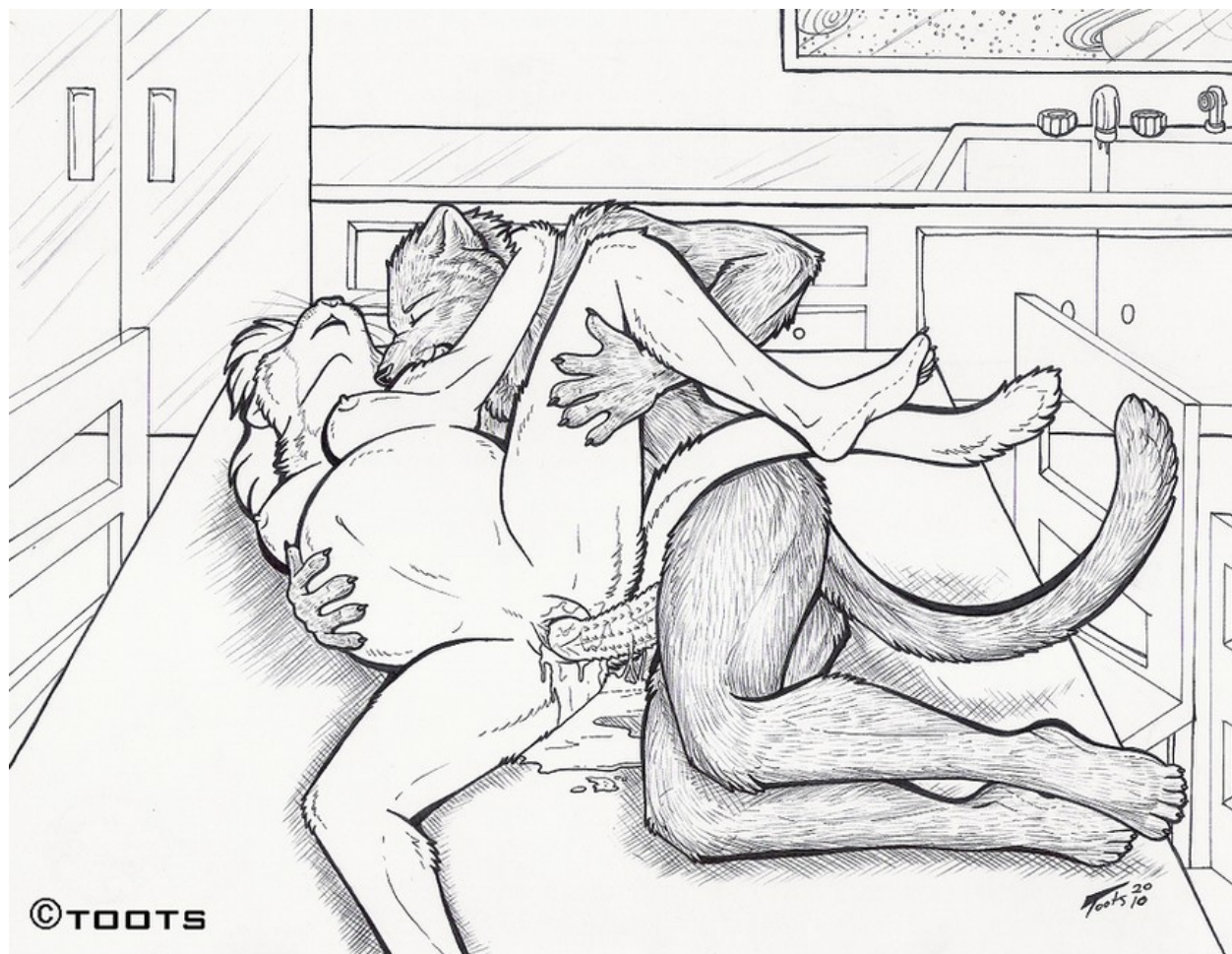
## BACKGROUND EXAMPLES. SCREENCAPS AT BOTTOM.

















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)





**PAPETCOON SPACEPORT**

STOWAWAYS?

STOP GROWLING.

PEPPER 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 CENTER HAD YOU EXCOMMUNICATED FOR LACK OF PAYMENTS?

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 SOPHISTICATED STAR FIGHTER IN THE GALAXY—THE *RAY*—AND WE'VE EQUIPPED IT WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART WEAPONS.

ONLY A SQUADRON OF ARWING FIGHTERS CAN COMBAT THE GROWING MENACE OF THE EMPIRE'S TROOPERS.

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.

HEY! WHERE'S SLIPPY?

HIDING OUT IN THE CRYO-NAP BATHS.

AMPHIBOIDS HAVE IT MADE.

THIS IS IT! HOODLOO 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 MCCLOUD SR. WAS THE FINEST PILOT ON CORNERIA! AFTER FOX JR. WAS BORN, HIS MOTHER TRAGICALLY 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 BEACH ON COMMAND. FOX SR. WAS JUSTLY PROUD.

THE FLEA HAD ACHIEVED A RATING OF 115%.

OPEN A CHANNEL TO FOX.

AYE, SIR.

VERY WELL, GENERAL.