

I. Overall Description

A. Katt getting a mouthful from Panther Caruso.

II. Characters

A. See pictures. Make it messy.

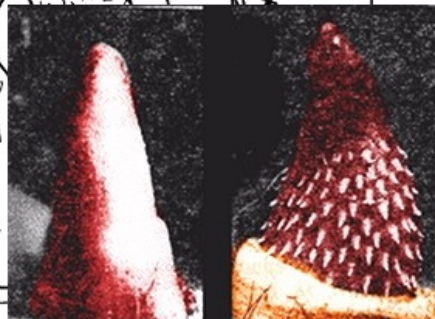
III. Background

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.

Panther Caruso

Black fur, 6' tall, 8" sheathed, spiked pink cock.

White mark on the right of his muzzle. Black nosepad.



Katt Monroe

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



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 GROWLING.

PEPPER SHOULD HAVE SENT STALLNER 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 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.

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

ONLY A SQUADRON OF ARWING FIGHTERS CAN COMBAT THE GROWING MENACE OF THE IMPERIAL LIZARD TROOPERS.

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

HEY!

30, FOX!

GENERAL, TWO OF THE ARWINGS HAVE ENTERED IMPERIAL SPACE!

OH NO!

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-AUD BATHS.

AMPHIBOIDS HAVE IT MADE.

THIS IS IT! HOOLD ON!

GENERAL, TWO OF THE ARWINGS 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!

AND IF MY SPECIES FROM ANOTHER WORLD WANTED TO LIVE IN OURS, WE'D LET THEM. WE'D LET THEM LIVE.

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 FOOT STEPS.

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 BELOW ON COMRADE. FOX SR. WAS JUSTLY PROUD.

THE LEGEND RATED ACHIEVED A RATING OF 115%.

OPEN A CHANNEL TO FOX.

AYE, SIR.

HOW'S THE TRAINING GOING, LIEUTENANT?

VERY WELL, GENERAL.