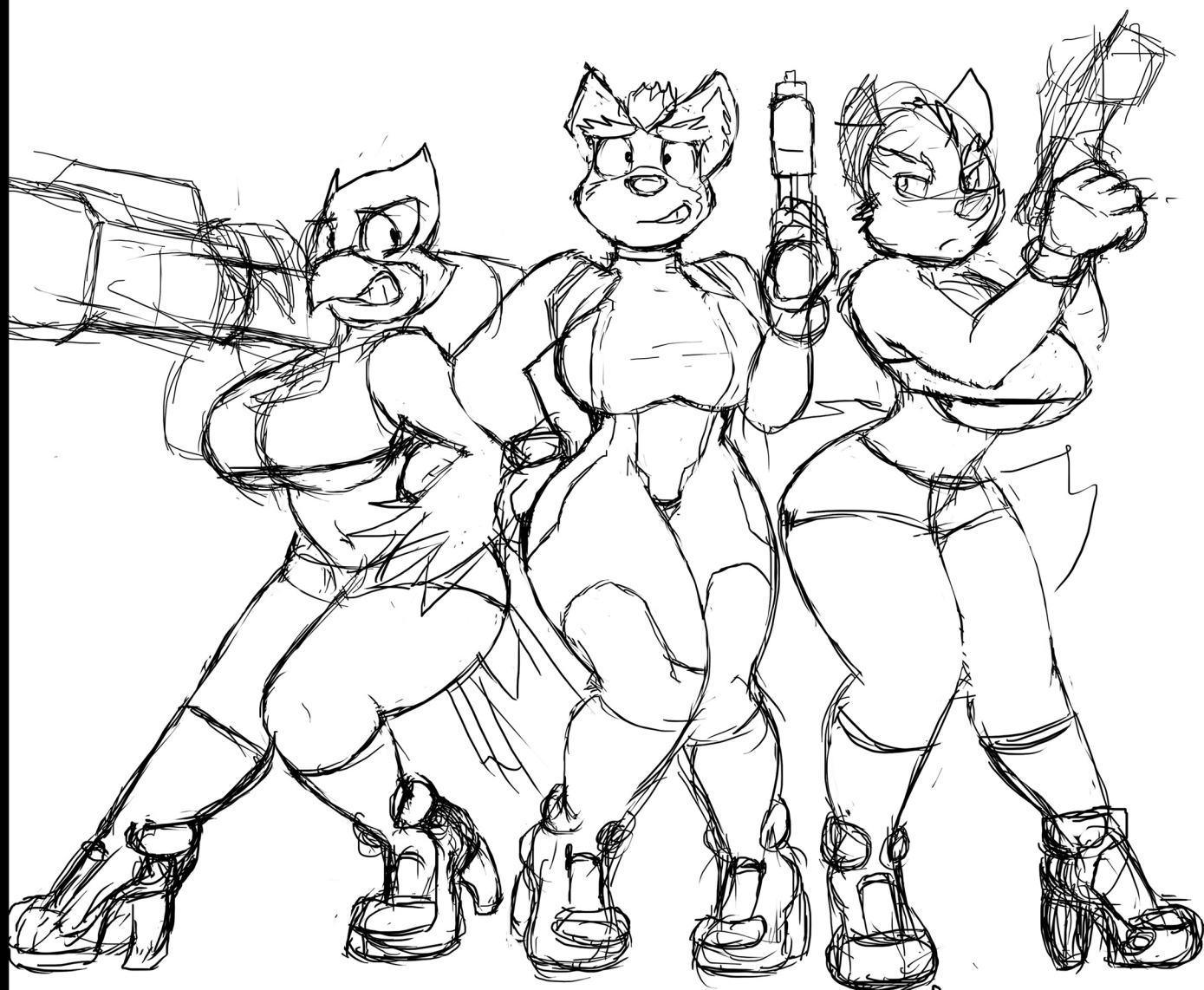


# DRAWING IS A PAIN

DrayJay Draws Some Space Sluts

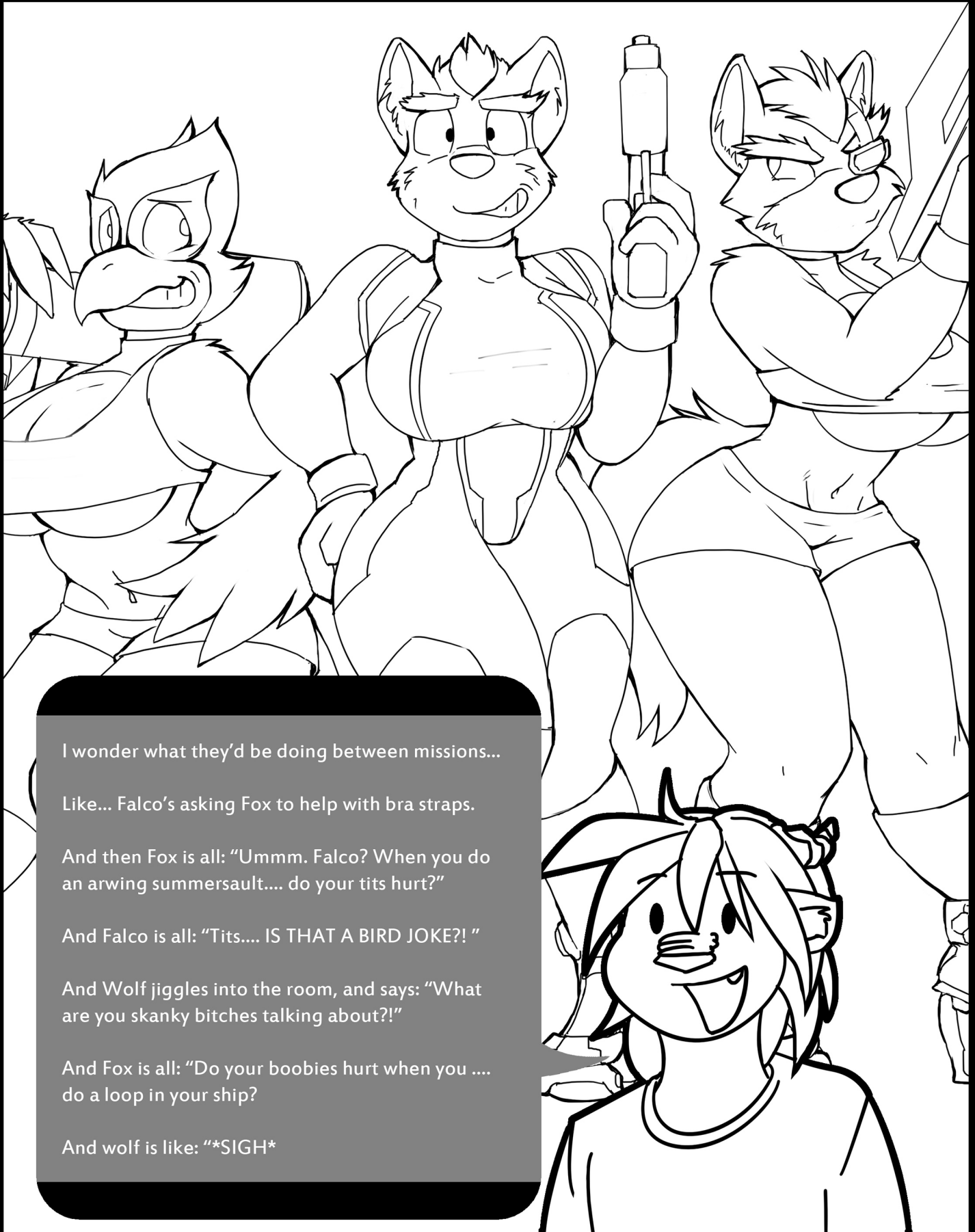


FOR MATURE AUDIENCES



Someday I'm going to die. But first, i must draw Starfox characters with voluptuous womanlike anatomy, wearing tight zero suits while posing like they're in some sort of Charlie's Angels sequel.





I wonder what they'd be doing between missions...

Like... Falco's asking Fox to help with bra straps.

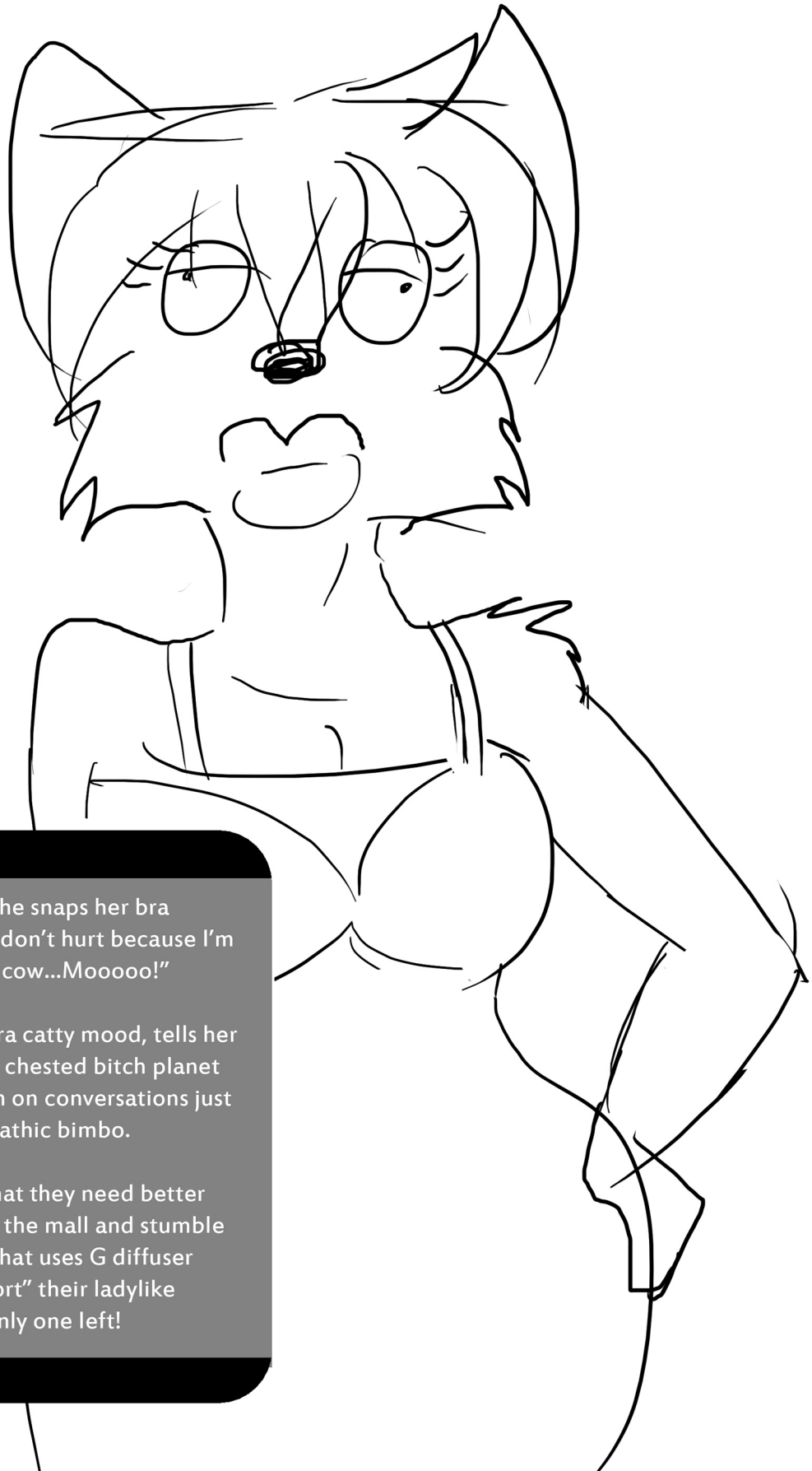
And then Fox is all: "Ummm. Falco? When you do an arwing summersault.... do your tits hurt?"

And Falco is all: "Tits.... IS THAT A BIRD JOKE?!"

And Wolf jiggles into the room, and says: "What are you skanky bitches talking about?!"

And Fox is all: "Do your boobies hurt when you ... do a loop in your ship?"

And wolf is like: "\*SIGH\*"



Krystal walks in and she snaps her bra smugly saying "Mine don't hurt because I'm not built like a space cow...Mooooo!"

Falco being in an extra catty mood, tells her to go back to her flat chested bitch planet and to stop butting in on conversations just because she's a telepathic bimbo.

But they do realize that they need better bras. So they head to the mall and stumble on an advanced bra that uses G diffuser technology to "support" their ladylike figure... but there's only one left!

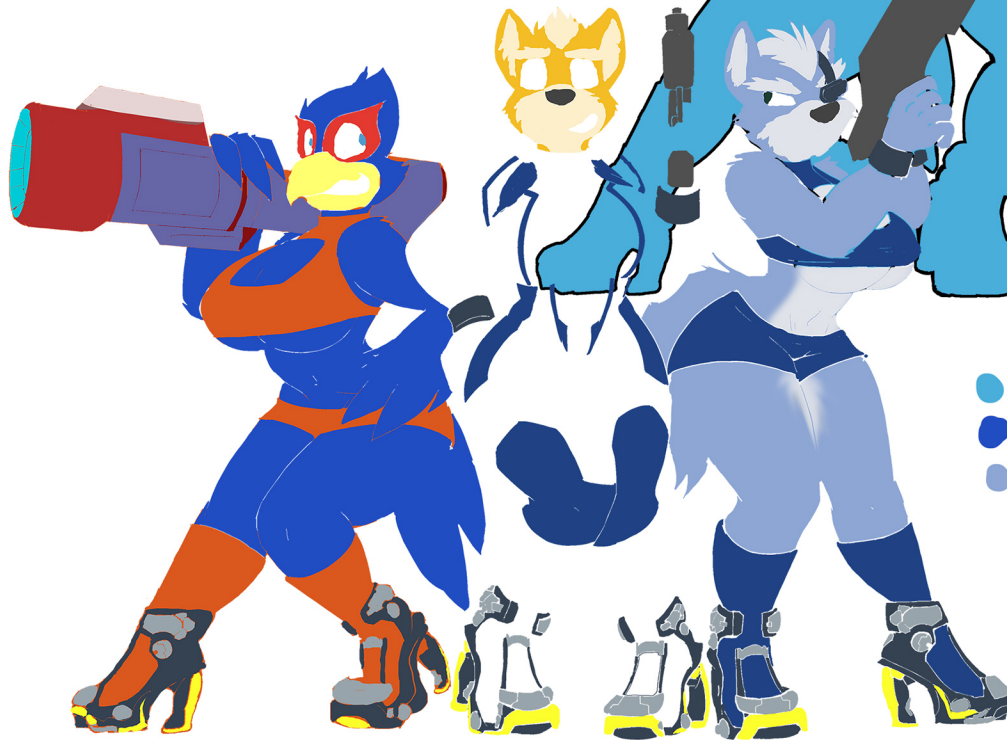


So they argue about who gets to keep it, and they have a full blown cat fight.

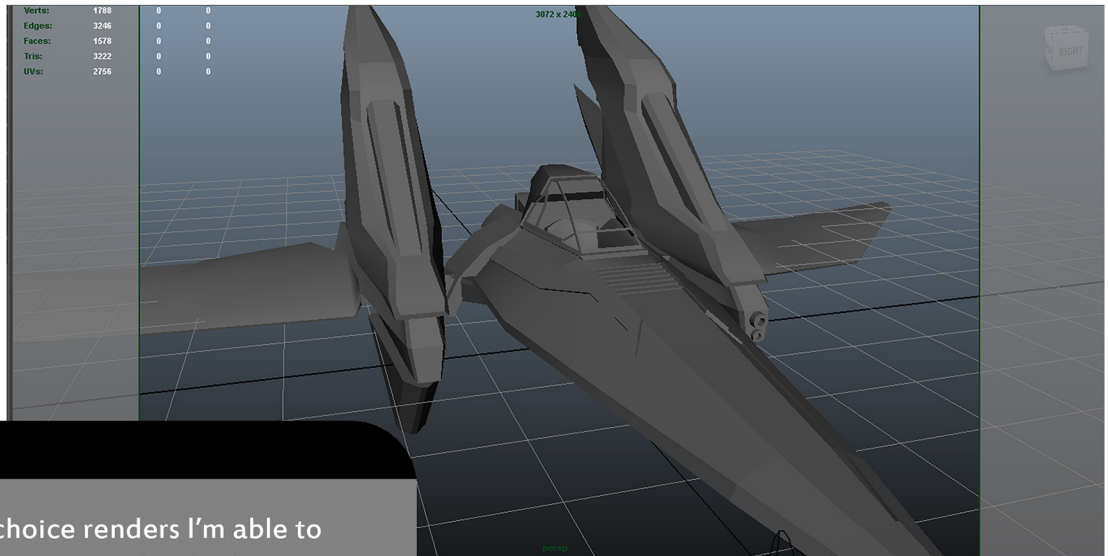
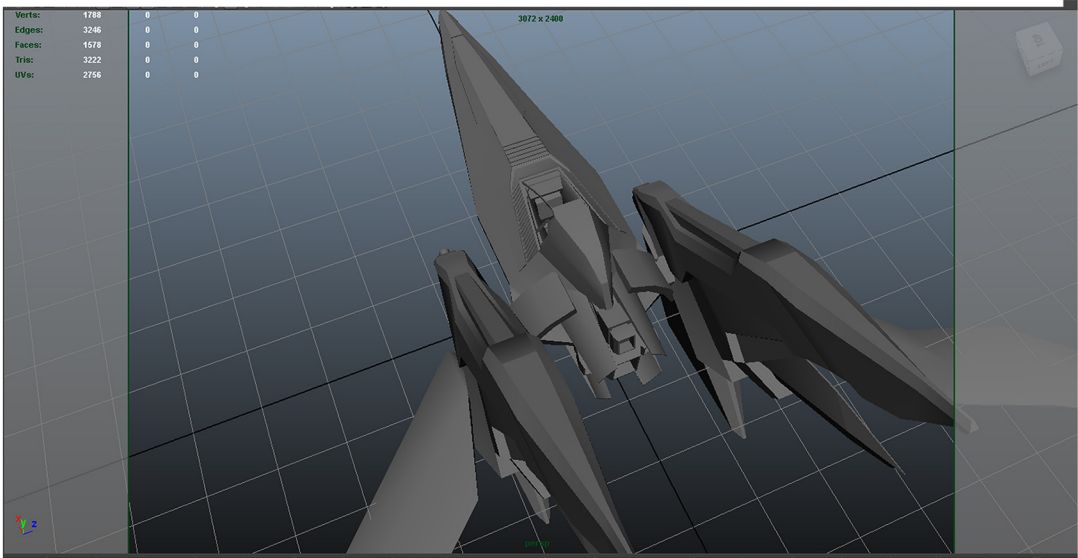
Wolf manages to get away with the bra, and hops into his ... her ship, while Fox and Falco follow closely behind in their Arwings. But Wolf's maneuverability is superior now that those breasts are no longer being all distracting and irritating... Falco and Fox are struggling to catch up with Wolf, boobs bouncing everywhere.

Wolf is laughing on the intercom.

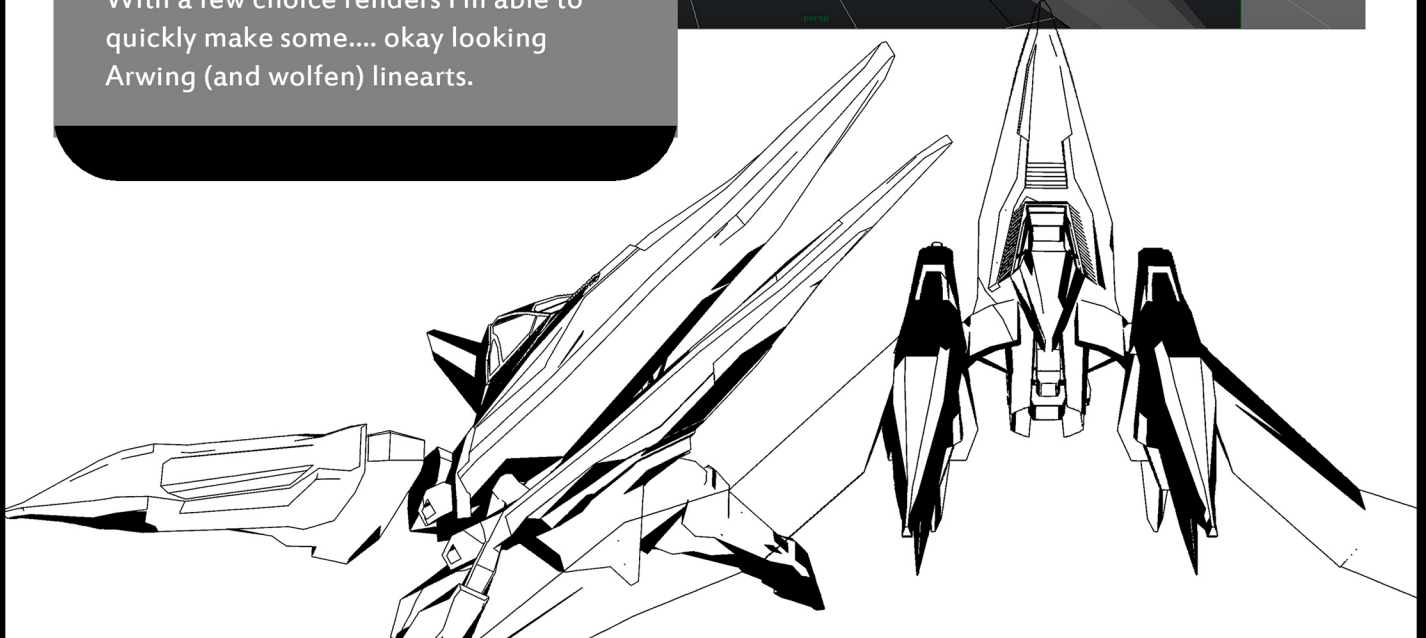


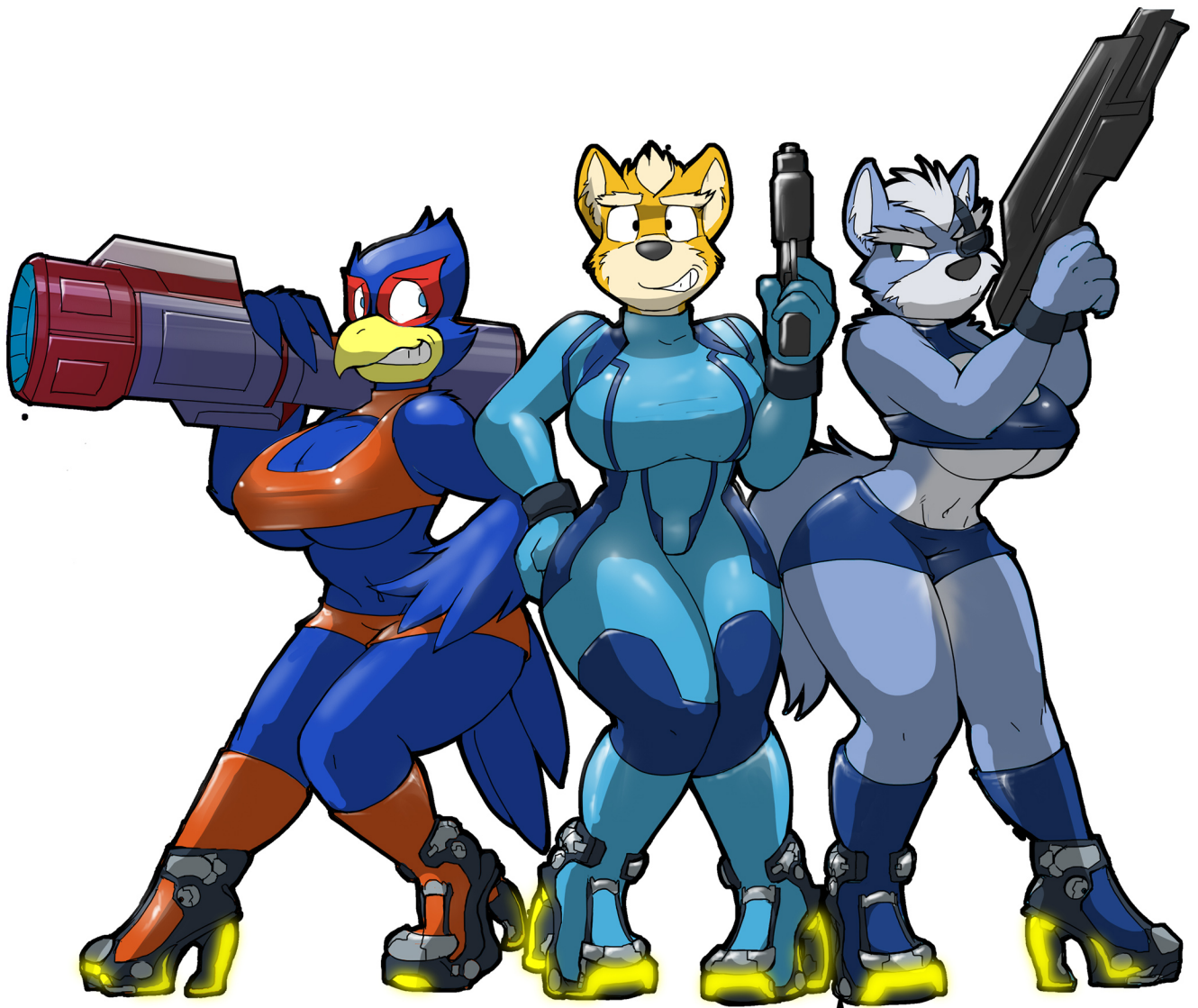


Y'know how it goes.



With a few choice renders I'm able to quickly make some.... okay looking Arwing (and wolfen) linearts.





I'm going to hell.







POOF. There you have it.