

' A PROPER WEREWOLF WELCOME' - Geronimo Stilton-esque adult erotica book featuring How Cyrus met Ripley and Stills. NO MORE THAN [usually] 18 LINES PER PAGE. Highlighted words are given special typography.

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[IMAGE]

Atticus never quite made it **clear** how exactly Long Ripley has just been camping alone all by himself. From the looks his campsite, with all the **lights**, a **solar powered** generator, totems, tapestries and a few obvious wildlife **conservation** violations I would have to say he's been out for quite longer than **authorities** might be comfortable with. I've always liked the idea of absolute solitude

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[IMAGE]

just yourself, **nature** and the **breeze** between your knees. Though, i might have grown too attached with the **civility** of modern life. Perhaps, meeting with Ripley enough will wear down my **civilized stature**. Not that it's already buckling in on itself (maybe).

[IMAGE]

As I waltz into Ripley's **sunshine daydream**. I hear scurrying through tall grass, shuffling of tin cans and excited **grunts**. Then, out **pops** Ripley! He walks happily around me, on all fours, **big** eyed, tail **wagging** and finally surprises me with a **tackle** from behind! I nearly **eat shit**, but I thankfully **break** the fall. I'm positioned with my Arms and face on the

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ground, while my ass hangs up in the **air**. His big paws pull down my shorts and a wet nose is then pressed **firmly** right on my buttohole. **"SNIIIIIIFFFFFFFFFF!"**

[IMAGE]

Ripley let out an **ecstatic** howl! He then picked Me up by my hips, lifting me off the ground, but **swing- ing** my face right into his **musky** crotch. I then felt his

nose pressing up against my nasty jockstrap. **SNIII-
IIIIFFFFF!"**

This is Ripley's normal greeting. What areas he'll decide to **sniff** first are at random, but rest be sured He will **smell** about every inch of you. He will remove each article of clothing one by one as he **sniffs** around. Making sure he's **prodded** his nose in all your most private of areas. Then **demanding** you do the exact same-

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thing to him. Minus the clothing removal, as he never wears them.

As i'm still stuck matted against Ripley's crotch (with his beastly cock already standing proud) I figured I should start my part of the ritual and give his balls a Nice deep huff! **"SNIIIIIIIIIIIIFFFFF!"** Now, Ripley is The type of wolf one can smell a couple feet away. Though, when he's in your face and uncomfortably close, The finer notes of the stench start to show themselves. Ripley prides himself on his musk, he's a real big wolf And no doubt smells like one!

[IMAGE]

I pull myself away to try and get myself closer to His big drippy dick, but Ripley then suddenly lets go of me. **"OOOF!"** I shout, as I drop on my back. Ripple let out a giggle And then sat his stinky wolf butt right onto my face! He uses A paw of his to really mush me right on his hole!

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I hear Ripley bark excitedly and grumble something i Can't understand. He has a particular queer manner of Speech and I never can make it out what he means between All his ruffs, barks, and howls.I sometimes think they're maybe Nonsensical, but Atticus always seemed to understand him Just Fine.

My maw is soaked in wolf grease. I can't smell anything But musky wolf butthole. I'm pressed deeper into his ass, it's Then the slight smell of cum can be picked out. Whoa, does this Mean Someone fucked Ripley? I think to myself. Intrigued, I go full feral and use my arms to spread his cheeks a bit more, sniffing Curiously trying to pick out the notes better. Was it Atticus? Is he

trying to tell me Atticus visited him earlier? No, that couldn't be it, I'd surely be able to sniff out his cock around his hole. Now that I think of it, I do smell dick, but it's not Atticus' or Ripley's. Maybe it's one of the other wolves Atticus warned Me about.

Ripley lets go of my head. I get a good view of his

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Tailhole and he gestures of of his paws, pointing deeper into the forest. He had to be trying to tell me about another Wolf he knows, for sure. I sit up a little and fix my whiskers.

"So some other wolf out here fucked you silly?" I ask.

Ripley nods, bouncing and wags his tail fast. He turns around, Gives my face a big lick and howls up to the sky. I guess I was Right! "Nice! Who was it?" I ask, but as usual he grumbles and Growls his response and I cannot make out what he's saying.

My ass is lifted off the ground by one of Ripley's paws. He then uses another to point at my hole, then back out into The forest. I know exactly what he's trying to tell me here, "Oh! And that same wolf wants to fuck me?" Ripley howls in approval, Plopping my butt back down and licking my face again.