

Puss takes out his rapier and Kitty brandishes her knife the second the door creaked open . Amidst the night, they can barely see, yet the outline of the intruder is so distinct that it only takes a moment for them to recognize who he is.

“What are you doing here?” Puss hisses. “Come for me again? Because I’ve come out of every fight with you victorious.”

The two felines slowly walk back to the wall, battle stance ready. Each large step that the dark figure takes is one that they mirror by stepping further away.

“What is he doing here?” Kitty asked. “I thought that—”

“I thought that he’d leave me alone after I destroyed the wishing star as well.” The paws that aren’t holding a weapon brush together as they find themselves cornered, but they know they can fight. “But if you want another fight, we’re more than happy to oblige.” He said straight at Death.

The wolf chuckled under his breath, his heavy breathing echoing through the room. “Is that so, *gato*?” Death whispers. His blood-red eyes pierce through the darkness all while he twirls his sickles like they’re toys.

“Indeed...” Slamming his left foot forward, Puss thrusts his rapier in front of him as a threat. “And we won’t run! Fear me, if you dare...”

Death growls deeply, saliva trickling down from the corners of his mouth. He momentarily freezes, arching his head up to sniff the air and causing his tongue to drop.

“W-what is... what?” Kitty looks at Puss in confusion. “Did he do that when you two fought atop the star?”

“Yeah... he’s trying to catch—”

“The scent of fear.” Death flatly said. “Eugh, it’s barely there. You used to reek of it! I thought that appearing a second time would get you all riled up and—ARGH!” He threw one of his sickles to the ground, the clank of the metal against the ground deafening. “*Cuando voy a aprender, carajo?!*”

Puss almost immediately burst into laughter at Death’s rant. “Come to get revenge, lobo?! Well, you might need to wait, because I’m certainly no closer to death than any other mercenary!”

“Ugh, that was just the side dish...” Fetching the lamp oil attached to his belt, Death lit it up to let the three of them speak in peace. “I came here because someone’s annoying me, and I want them gone.”

“Woah, woah,” Kitty interjected, putting herself between them. “Not saying that we’re saints, but we’re not assassins either.”

"Ay dios mio, you cats are so annoying!" Death complained as he seated himself in a chair far too small for his tall, imposing frame. "Fine, don't kill them. Just... I don't know, hospitalize them or something. Just want them off my trail."

"And what could be after *Death* of all things?" Puss asked, pushing his rapier into his belt and sitting next to the wolf. "Can you even be killed?"

"Oh no, I've survived everything the world has thrown at me. I'm not in danger, just..." He let out another deep, primal growl. His palms turned slightly red from how hard he gripped the sickle. "...Annoyed. Two of my targets escaped after their time was due because those crazy maniacs from the church keep chasing me."

"The church?" Puss asked. "Are you getting hassled by altar boys?"

"They're not altar boys. They're insane crusaders that think I'm the 'devil' or something like that." Death crossed his arms. "I'm the Grim Reaper. It's *different*."

"Well, if you want some help, you need to give something back." Kitty tapped the wooden table with her claws. "5 pounds of gold and we'll make sure those Crusaders don't bother you again."

"*Cinco libras?! Estas loca mujer?!*" Death roared before silencing himself for a moment to gather his thoughts. "Agh, a ver a ver aver..." He paced back and forth, pressing his fangs against each other in an attempt to quell his ire. "...I have a few things you can sell. Would *that* satisfy you?"

Skeptical yet interested, Puss crossed his arms and legs. "Share away, friend."

Death slammed an overstuffed cloth bag on the table. "One of my last targets was a witch. I pretty much ransacked all of her belongings after I collected her."

"Oooh!" Puss reveled at the bag of goodies like a moth drawn to a flame. "Potions, crystals... and a weird blank doll made out of straw? Who did you kill, lobo?"

"Client confidentiality. Can't say who my targets are or people will start to interfere with the natural order."

"I see..." The cogs inside of Puss started to turn. He wasn't one for magic after the incident with the wishing star, and yet, there was an idea that had been itching at the back of his mind for a long time. "Am I allowed to use them as I see fit?"

"I don't see why not." Death seemed confused at the question but kept his concerns to himself. "So, do we have a deal?"

Puss stretched out his paw. "Indeed we do, *señor lobo!*"

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The roaring winds of Del Mar brushed past Death's fur. Nighttime was his favorite time to hunt; cover of darkness—isolated targets—enhanced element of surprise. The chapel was on the outskirts of town, which meant that no one would come to help the priests once he began his attack. He couldn't kill them as long as the markings on his sickle didn't glow with the reaper's insignia—a limitation placed on him for the natural order and all that junk—but he could settle with putting the fear of death in them.

He lifted the priest's head to force him to gaze at his scarlet eyes. Now *this* was the scent of fear. It was an aroma most pleasant—a rush of euphoria passing down his spine. He had to resist the urge to lick the sweat trailing down the man's face to *taste* the fear. Giving them more reasons to call him The Devil wasn't a smart move, so he had to hold back his simmering urges.

"Now, are you going to leave the wolf boy alone?" Kitty ground her boot against the priest's face. The paralysis dart lodged onto the man's arm made sure that he wouldn't be able to fight back—reduced to a mumbling, panicked mess. "Because if you don't... well,"—she plunged her dagger into the dirt, mere inches away from the priest's face—"We'll make you scream loud enough that your god would hear you all the way up there."

"Yes, yes! We'll leave the man alone... please forgive us for mistaking him for The Devil's thrall..." He pleaded—broken voice and tears building inside his eyes. "J-just spare me, please!"

"Will do." Kitty smiled as she ground her boot just a tad further to make sure the message was driven into the man's mind.

"So are we done here? I'm behind schedule, and I need to reap the soul of a rich, pompous buffoon... Why a *blue* beard of all things..."

"Feel free to go. I'm sure that everyone learned their lessons. Am I right, *Padre Pedrito*?" Kitty chuckled as the man vigorously nodded with a forced smile. "And next time, try to visit us like a normal person. That creeping reaper shtick isn't as charming as you think it is."

"Will keep that in mind." Death shook his neck to get the stray bits of dirt that matted his fur through the fight. "So long, *gato*."

Looking over the mountain of the town of Del Mar, Death spotted the plaza where he finally decided that he'd approach Puss as an individual and not a force of nature. People were dancing—illuminated by candles and lanterns placed near the homes around the perimeter—with candor and joy dripping from their cheers.

That gato... He tried shoving back the bitter taste left in his mouth all of a sudden. "I need a drink..."

It took him half an hour to get down to the tavern where he and Puss first met. He remembered the taste of the alcohol fondly... and the wonderful scent of fresh, newfound terror from the cat.

Mmmhm... I wish I could smell that again. Just once...

Fingers on the door, a sudden burst of adrenaline exploded inside of him. His longing, nostalgic thoughts morphed into nonsensical static—his body heating up as if fire ran through his veins. His clawed digits trembled as that sudden bout of pressure traveled downwards, a feeling that he seldom experienced. Blood rushed *rapidly*, and he immediately tugged on his cloak to hide the sudden tent.

“*Pero que mierda?!*” He hissed under his breath, checking to see if anyone heard him. “How the hell...” Out of the blue, his cock pushed forward as a barrage of stimulation began to afflict it. Death tried gently adjusting his pants to see if it was just a coincidence, but that only made things worse; it was like thousands of little hands pumping his shaft—an unstoppable rush of lust forced down his body. His legs slowly buckled under the intense sense of mind-numbing bliss. “Fuck... What... is this?!”

Scurrying to the back of the bar, he pulled his pants forward to check if what he was feeling was real. With each second that passed, that resolve-melting pleasure continued washing over him. In his shock, he traced his hand across his pulsating dick—tracing the veins and shuddering as he glided his fingers against his cock.

“Mmgh...” Retreating his hands from his groin, Death froze under the mounting pressure. He stomped the ground furiously—fangs pressed as he tried pushing down the cravings blooming in his mind. Why was this happening? He wasn’t a prepubescent runt—random bouts of pleasure were below his caliber. “Fuckfuckfuck—*PUTA!*” He exhaled harshly, fingers twitching. It would be so easy—to just touch his shaft and give in.

A reason—there had to be one. Feelings so intense had to be something beyond a simple random bout of hardwood. Witchcraft—drugs—potions—alchemy; it had to be something like that. He just had to figure out the moment when he fell under that trap. *Piensa carajo, PIENSA! Quien pudo...*

The entire world turned silent. The realization hit him like a hammer to the face. When he left the sack of magical artifacts on Puss’ desk, amidst the crystals and potions... “*El puto muñeco!* Did he really have the fucking gall to—”

Death heaved forward, legs finally giving out and leaving him on his knees. Just one second—it was all that it would take. He couldn’t even begin to imagine how *wonderful* it would feel. Pent-up needs just on the brink of imploding all at once, the *explosion* of utter euphoria that would await him. He had to push his hands against the ground, clawing at the dirt underneath just to prevent himself from acting up unconsciously.

“Mgh... Just need to... Hold out until that *gato* gets bored...” Death’s chest rose up and down. He had to calm down—that was the key. He just needed to hold out. He was *Death*—he could endure this with no qualms. No matter how much he wanted to push his hand into his pants and pump his cock, relieving himself, finally letting himself climax from being so pent up—*Control yourself*, he screamed in his head.

Then, his vision was overtaken by a familiar red glow. No, *not now*. Self-afflicted edging was bad enough of a punishment, but to carry out his job while his cock just begged for release? It was a sick joke—a cruel happenstance that made it feel like the universe was toying with him, but the glowing reaper’s sigil on his sickles didn’t lie. He had another target, and he had to act *now*—throbbing erection or not.

“Now where is that man...” He closed his eyes, and the vision... showed him the bar—cornered against the wall while drinking himself to the point of nearing delirium. “Are you fucking—” But he was interrupted by the sensation of Puss’ tongue around his cock. It came fast and without warning, sending him to the ground in defeat. Saliva built from the end of his mouth, dribbling down his mouth as his tongue hung out of it from exhaustion.

Death shuddered, biting his lip and letting out a high-pitched whine. “Ffffuck...” Slowly standing up—paw against the wall for support—he limped towards the entrance to the bar. The sigil on his sickles glowed brighter the closer he got, building up the rare sense of anxiety in his chest. It mixed with the potent arousal like a chemical explosion; a burning, toxic feeling spreading through his body and corroding his brain, making it *betray* his senses, further driving the idea into his brain.

Como carajos... is he this good... Lumbering to the bar’s entrance, Death kicked the door hard enough that he almost broke it off its hinges. By now he was moving solely through the inertia of his duty. The owner wasn’t there—the perfect time to do the deed. He glared at the drunkard—the man not meeting his gaze back in his drunken stupor. *Finish this... go home...*

The sound of smaller, almost inaudible steps stopped him in his tracks. He quickly pulled his cloak over his pants again as he scanned the room. He couldn’t use his scent with the small amount of pre leaking from his cock made it impossible to pick any other scent with its potent odor. His shaking eyes darted across the place, frantically moving until they landed on an irregular patch of black fur trying to blend in with the shadows.

What is she doing here?! Death’s dulled senses revealed his murderous intent almost immediately. The guttural snarl he let out on impulse alerted Kitty to his presence, and while the feline remained in place, she definitely noticed that he wasn’t his usual self. He looked down at his cock with a mix of shame and growing lust—the undeniable truth of his cloak making for a poor method of hiding his tent settling in.

“Whatever...” Death then cocked his head to his target. “*You,*”—through jagged breaths, he slowly walked to the drunkard—“I’m *hungry*. So very hungry.” That feline tongue slithering across his cock pushed farther into the base of his shaft, and Death thought he could power through that sensation. He had a job to do. “And I feel... Like I want you...” But as soon as he let out his threat, another rush of pleasure—one far more violent in its intensity—jolted through his veins. Puss’ small, soft paws were gently playing with his balls, moving them around and massaging them.

“Oi!” The drunk yelled, spit flying through the air. “Were you talking to me?!”

“Oh, you... I was *definitely* talking to you.” Death licked his lips, tail shooting up like a rod as he got on all fours. He had to keep mentally screaming at himself to not touch—a damp spot

of pre now clear as day on his pants. “You’re a disgusting vermin, aren’t you? Drinking yourself to death... Drinking yourself to **me**... wasting away that body of yours like it was *nothing*.” A muscular frame stuffed into a dirty, ragged shirt with holes tattered all across. “A waste of a *delicious* man...”

Kitty crouched further, staring at Death and his victim in utter confusion. “What the hell...?” She gently slid from table to table, using Death’s guttural growling as a cover for her steps.

“You... hittin’ on me?” The man asked, slurring his words as he tried standing up only to fall down to his seat almost immediately. The satchel he carried fell to the ground underneath the table. “I don’t swing that way, fucko! Get out of here!” He didn’t notice his possessions laying on the ground amidst his drunken rant.

Death licked his lips. The man had a sickly tint to his skin, but the rest was *succulent*. His bulky, muscular frame reminded him of aaaaaaall the strong warriors he had reaped. How years of training were useless in the end. He would tear their opulent battle armor to shred with his sickles, their mannish bodies not fully displayed for him to see. There was nothing more he adored than to let foolish, cocky men laid bare in their most vulnerable moments.

“Don’t you *dare* give me orders.” Death’s fur frazzled up before he rushed the man. He barreled towards his target, sending the table flying as he leaped for him. They landed on the ground with an ear-piercing slam, the sound of the beer jug *smashing* into pieces following immediately. That trail of sweat ran down the man’s face—*that* was what he liked. It smelled so good. It compounded onto the building pressure of his cock, as if he was breathing in a potent aphrodisiac. “I missed playing with my food...”

“G-get the fuck off me, man!”

“YES! Scream for me...” Death shuddered—face contorting into a manic smile that flashed those deadly fangs of his. He rubbed his body against the man, panting as the friction of their bodies gently massaged his dick. “You’re just a worthless man... A man that’s on my list, but I I...” The sickles attached to his waist glowed even brighter. The hour of reckoning had come a *long* time ago, but he wasn’t about to let his plaything go—not yet. His breathing grew wilder, the hot air brushing against the paralyzed man underneath.

“W-who are you?!” He desperately tried to kick Death off, but the wolf’s weight was immovable. “And what do you want from me?!”

“Me?” He buckled his hips, arching his back upwards. His pants rode down from the sudden change of angle, his tail wagging nonstop. “I’m *Death*.” His tail slammed against his hips like an appendage with a life of its own. He couldn’t stop himself from humping against his victim’s leg, clamoring that edge that Puss had been dangling in front of his face for so long. “A-And I don’t mean it metaphorically...” He thrust against the man, frothing their crotches together. He could tell that he was close—moans parting his drunken lips, the stench of bad quality liquor present in his breath; how *pathetically* low stamina he had, Death couldn’t resist giggling amidst his speech. “...Or rhetorically or poetically...” The trickle of semen had moved from his crotch to slowly trail down the side of his legs, matting the cloth and the fur underneath “...or theoretically or... mgh... any other fancy way...”

Death momentarily looked away from the man. His eyes met with Kitty. Her hand was just mere inches away from the satchel—those grubby paws of her trying to snatch the bag away from the man. *Fitting for her to try and steal from the dead...*

Eyes locked with her, gazing deep into her being—*This prey's mine*, he fiercely thought—as he placed his hand around the man's neck to keep him down while pulling down his pants. His cock bounced as it was left free, now on the verge of shooting out one final load. His body was now *boiling*—that fire flowing through him now burning as intensely as his passion. "I'm *Death*."

Kitty gasped as she saw Death's cock and balls moving on their own, budging against an invincible force. The wolf—twisted grin on his face—retrieved his glowing sickles, holding them with arms skyward. "Straight."

It was now or never. She grabbed the satchel before it was sprayed with blood.

"Up." Death plunged the sickles into the man's neck. As the man's gurgled scream ruptured through the bar, he felt Puss' paws gently slide inside him through his ass. The feeling of the cat's hands rummaging inside him—defiling him with no quarter—in combination of the overwhelming terror emanating from the man below was just *too much*. He tried holding back, but it was impossible to overpower the carnal urges going through his body. With a massive roar, he let himself fall into a pool of liquid pleasure. Cum shot out of his cock—the sudden burst of seed just *barely* missing Kitty as she leaped back—as he finished tearing his victim's neck open. "Aaah..."

Death turned into putty, collapsing on top of the man's body. He couldn't be mad at Puss—at least for the moment—with him continuing to pleasure his body even after he was done. He had never felt so thoroughly *used* before. It was a potent yet pleasant feeling, like dipping into cold water in the middle of a scorching day. He put up no resistance, happy to let any voyeuristic eyes—like Kitty's—stare at the debaucherous show he and the cat were putting on.

"*Puto, que bueno eres, Gato...*" He moaned out, feeling Puss' arm slowly thrust in and out of him. His eyes lazily followed Kitty, who sidestepped the puddle of jizz and blood that surrounded the body. "You enjoyed the show, Gata?"

"If I knew you would kill and then jizz all over my target, I definitely wouldn't have taken the task of stealing from him." Kitty hissed in disgust. She couldn't help but stare at Death's ass, seeing his hole expand and contract in rhythm with the invisible force fisting him. "But for the record, I don't think I enjoyed it quite as much as you. Are you gonna kill Puss for it?"

"You knew it was—"

"Of course it was him. No one's stupid and brave enough to play with Death like that." No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't hide the smiling curve of her lips as she explained her husband's behavior.

"Mhm..." Death sighed, still unmoving—his entire body *spent*. "Perhaps... I'll think about it."