

Death In Boots

Death TF Story

Contains: Male to Male, Twinning, Identity Death, Mind Change. Don't like, don't read.

He was the best hero in the world. The most famous, his name was known throughout whole continents, and the mere whisper of it was enough to bring fear into the hearts of all evildoers. A fearless hero.

His name... was Puss. Puss in boots. And he lived a long, fulfilling life. From living as an orphan, to meeting Humpty, to losing him, to meeting him again, along with Kitty, to ditching her in the altar...

Well, that was all in the past. Because he dared not to look back at the past. Puss' most recent adventure involved Del Mar, throwing a *fiesta* in the city, awakening the giant and then defeating it.

That doctor told him he was in his last life, but Puss simply shrugged it off.

"I am Puss in Boots! I laugh at the face of death!" Puss said to himself, leaving the hospital with a smile on his face and a glint in his teeth. There was simply *no* way he could retire.

"No, no. My true calling is as a bounty hunter! The adventures always come to me."

He was at a bar now. And seemingly, he was the only one there, save for the bartender, who didn't even look at him, or talk to him. The bartender handed him a large glass of milk, which Puss started drinking. Once he was halfway through, Puss stopped.

"No voy a morir." Puss looked at the glass, sighing. "Nobody lives forever. But if I could..."

Something faint caught his attention. A strange whistle, and the bartender opened his eyes. The human looked straight at Puss, and the *gato* felt as if his very soul was being pierced.

"Cuidado con lo que deseas, gatito."

"What the—"

Puss... froze. Everything around him was standing still, and he felt a shiver running down his spine, then moving throughout his entire body. His fur fizzled, puffing up, while his breath grew raspy.

"Wow! This place's pretty empty. If I didn't know any better, I'd say it's a shitty bar."

"H-Huh...?" Puss snapped back to reality just in time to see someone sitting next to him.

And oh boy was it *someone*. A large wolf, at *least* 180 centimeters tall, wearing a large black cloak that obscured most of his body, but as Puss' eyes moved up and down, he managed to see the wolf wore pants and braces wrapped around his feet.

"It's not a shitty bar, *amigo*. It just happens to be a little late, no te preocupes."

"Ah, you speak Spanish. Very nice, very nice." The wolf grinned, looking at the bartender. "I'll want what he's having."

He immediately turned to Puss again, eyeing the cat with a smirk. "Oh! Could this be? Is it the one and only Puss in Boots?"

That certainly felt like his ego was being struck. Puss puffed up his chest. "Indeed! The fearless hero himself!"

In response, the wolf chuckled. "Hahah. I don't say this very often, but I'm a huge fan of your work. In fact, I've seen it a bunch of times. Very impressive."

"Why, thank you!" As flattering as that mutt was trying to be, Puss was a bit taken aback by the last comment. He hoped this wasn't a crazy fan. He drank the last of his milk. "¿Cómo te llamas?"

"Lobo," he replied, grabbing his own drink and sipping it as much as he could. "Ah... I can see why you like this bar. The leche here is great."

"Yes, I'd love to drink more of it, but... I might have a bit of a tab." Puss smiled sheepishly. "By the way, if you're a fan, would you mind telling me what my best moment is? All heroes have one."

Lobo's ears twitched, and he looked at the cat. Puss found himself staring at those crimson red eyes for what felt like forever. He cleared his throat.

"Ah! I may have overdone it."

"I'll tell you..." Lobo smiled. "If you let me pay you a drink, gatito. As a token of my appreciation."

"Is that so? Mucho bien, mucho bien!" Puss grinned back at the wolf. So he got more to drink for free? Nice.

Lobo looked at the bartender, his gaze fixated on the human. "Leche. La más adecuada para mí."

They stood side by side in silence for a few seconds, before Lobo chuckled at the cat. "That time you got crushed by a bell..."

Puss felt that shiver running through him again. How did Lobo know that? "Hm?"

"When those bulls ran you over..."

Flashes of that event coursed through him, and Puss' fur fluffed up again. His heart was starting to pound.

"When you got that allergic reaction... there was another time where you were drunk and fell to your death." Lobo said, tapping the table with his claws. It made a strange whistling noise.

Puss heard his heart pounding faster, faster, faster. It drowned out every other noise except for Lobo's voice. In fact, the voice was *loud*. Both it and the pounding were loud.

"A barbell crushed you. You were exploded by a cannon. Dogs attacked you. A sumo wrestler crushed you to death. And then you were burnt to a crisp..."

He stopped to sniff the air. "Aaaah. There's that smell again. I always love to feel it. El delicioso olor del... miedo."

"W-Who are you—"

The bartender put down another glass of milk right on the table, causing Puss to hiss before he snapped back, panting and trying to get his heart to calm down. Lobo, on the other hand, looked at the milk, and for a moment, it glowed red, just like his eyes.

"W-What..." Puss looked at the glass of milk. Suddenly, he wasn't so sure about drinking it or not. "What... w-who are you?"

"You're not laughing in my face anymore, are you?" Lobo chuckled.

Someone he laughed at... someone that was there whenever Puss spent one of his lives... someone with such an *imponente* posture... there was one word, stuck in the tip of his tongue, the word that told him who he really was.

"You're... the Grim Reaper?"

Lobo smirked in response. His fluffy tail wagged a bit, and he showed off a row of sharp teeth. "In many days, I am. I am... Death."

"I-In many days?!" Puss got ready to fight, drawing his sword.

Or at least he tried to. But he soon realized his blade was missing. Instead, Lobo held it, still smirking.

"On most days, I am Death. But today... I may be making an exception."

Maybe not. Death was there to do something to Puss, but giving him the illusion of free will made things so much more interesting.

"And... and who are you today?" Puss saw Lobo throw his sword, and caught it, sheathing it.

"Just someone here to fulfill your wish." He smirked, clawing at the table. "Drink that, and they'll come true. You won't ever be afraid of dying anymore."

Tempting. *Dios mio, it's so tempting...*

Why was an offer coming from *Death* so damn tempting?!

"You're so scared, gatito. What's the matter? Lives flashing before your eyes? Do you want to live, or do you want to be this gatito asustado forever?"

Lobo looked at him, eyes glowing like the sun. "Don't you want to be fearless? Don't you want to strike the hearts of those that deserve it? Because I can give you that power."

Puss gulped. He could just... drink it. And his wish would come true. He took a deep breath, ignoring every screaming part of him that told Puss to back off. It was his choice. He chose to live, whatever that entailed.

He drank the milk, all of it in a single gulp. "H-Hah... I did it."

"Si, you did." Lobo—no, his name was... Death. He smirked at Puss, before bobbing his head slightly to the left, urging him to look at the bartender.

"Hmm—" once Puss locked eyes with the bartender, he nearly fell from his chair.

It was another Lobo. Another Death, down to the most minuscule of details. The only difference between them was that the new one wore the bartender's clothes.

"¿Que está pasando aqui?" Puss blinked. Once, because he was confused. And the second time, he stopped because his hands were itchy.

"I'm not the only Death around, gatito." Death, the original one, grinned. "And now that you've drunk my special leche, we'll have a new one running around."

Puss was admittedly confused on what that meant, but it turned into fear once he took a look at his paws. He was a cat, of course, and as such his paws looked like a feline's. However...

They started to change. It was subtle, some pops and cracks. His fingers enlarged, growing taller while his fur got scruffier. Puss couldn't keep his eyes off of his paws.

"A-Are they... getting whiter?"

Lobo shrugged, whistling a bit. "Hmmm. Of course. My paws aren't white, you know."

"Your paws?! What are you—"

Puss groaned, falling on the ground and gasping for air. It seemed his paws went from itching to *actually* hurting him. He groaned, feeling the pops continue, along with a new feeling: muscle growing.

"¿Qué está pasando ahora?" Puss winced, looking at his arms and watching them bulk up. His muscles sculpted themselves, while the fur he possessed grew increasingly white.

At the same time, Puss felt his claws getting much sharper, almost unnaturally so. Because... of course, he was La Muerte. The one that always came in the end.

"N-No! What's going on?! Lobo, ¿qué me hiciste?"

Death chuckled, getting on his knees to take a better look at the changing cat. He even whistled in excitement. "Me? You're the one that said you accepted my offer. Becoming me means you won't ever be afraid of dying anymore, gatito. After all, you *are* death."

No. No no no! Puss shook his head; maybe this was a dream, maybe he had too much milk, maybe—

"GRAH!" He screamed out in pain, feeling a surge of energy rushing through his arms. They bulked up further than before, giving him proper

biceps. His fur also changed more, finally getting that white as snow tone, just like him. Just like... Death.

"I must admit, you're looking very guapo, gatito, if I do say so myself." Death walked closer, touching Puss' transformed arms. "But we can improve this, no?"

The wolf rubbed his paws over Puss' arms, going from the top all the way down to his paws. As he did, the transformation seemed to pick up speed, and Puss saw both his arms and paws grow larger than before. They almost tripled their length and width.

It was a little funny to see a cat with arms longer than the rest of his body. Death put a paw on his chin, muttering something.

"I-I take it back! I don't want this anymore, ¡vuelveme a la normalidad!"

"I'm afraid you can't take it back now, gatito. Though... you won't be one for much longer."

The wolf looked right at Puss' stomach, already seeing a hint of white in that area. He smirked, walking away. "Nobody's here but us. Even the other me left. You know, we have a bunch of work-related things to do. Al menos es divertido jugar con nuestra comida."

"D-Don't say that!" Puss groaned. He felt a rush of energy again, this time near his legs. All of a sudden, his belt was feeling much tighter. What could he do to stop it?

Then again... Puss also felt stronger. Maybe he should stop resisting the transformation and let it happen naturally. Yes, that made sense... except he didn't want it! He was Puss in Boots, the world's most famous and most fearless hero! He had to... to...

"N-Need to... to reap souls... I always come in the end... because I'm..." the words were right there in his mouth, but saying them took a whole bunch of effort that he didn't have.

"Of course, gatito. Or should I say..." he leaned closer to Puss' ears, whispering in a deep drawl. "*Death?*"

Hearing that made Puss freeze. He slowly stood up, panting, and then looked down to see the source of his crazy itch. As it turned out, his belt was struggling, and his crotch was bulking.

"W-What... are you doing to me..."

The muscles in his hips were increasing, putting more pressure on his belt until... it snapped away, falling into the ground. And yet, Puss didn't think much of it, he only watched as his hips grew thicker, particularly on his rear, even going as far as rubbing his paws over the area, seeing the fur turn white like his arms.

"T-This... it won't stop."

"¿Por qué debería parar? It feels good, doesn't it?"

Puss groaned in response, feeling his asscheeks expand to the sides, and at the same time, get more defined. His tail swished, before it started to elongate, fur getting fluffier and more white by the second.

It finally reached his legs. Death looked at them, whistling. This was turning out a lot more fun than he thought at the start. With someone as feisty as Puss, it was incredible.

"H-Hah..." Puss winced, his legs *exploding* with muscle definition, not to mention their new height. He was getting taller, almost as tall as Death.

For most of the process, Puss was in pain. Feeling his legs expand was weird and awful, he could hardly hear anything else other than the constant snap of his sinews as they expanded.

At the same time... it filled him with power. Someone like him should be strong, in order to reap every soul necessary. Which was... every soul, once their time arrived. Puss had to do that, because death was a part of life, and someone having nine of them was just... unnecessary.

As his legs continued to change, Puss focused on feeling the fur growing thicker and fluffier. He saw it changing tones to match Death's own coat, white with a few hints of black when it got close to his boots.

"¡Dios mío, mis botas!" Puss fell on his butt, groaning. The strain on them was starting to form, with a visible bulge of his new feet. Somehow his boots hadn't snapped yet.

"Poor, poor gatito. Don't worry, you won't be needing *those* where you're going. You'll make a fine muerte."

And just as he said it, Puss felt it. His boots exploded, tearing apart and showing his changed feet. They were hardly feline anymore, covered in white fur and with fingers popping into place, not to mention the sharp claws on them...

"Y-You... I... I'm not... Death. I'm..."

Death put his paw on Puss' stomach, snarling at him. "Now, now, this isn't the proper way to greet yourself, is it? And besides, the process is fun..."

Before Puss realized it, the shredded remains of his clothes were enveloped in a supernatural glow, before attaching themselves into his legs, reforming into the brown pants that Death wore, complete with the black braces near his feet.

"I-I'm... I'm not..."

It was getting hard. Hard to think, hard to deny the reality that Puss... was slowly being stripped away from that body, from himself. It was so, so easy to think of himself as Death, to enjoy what remained... he didn't even realize that his famous sword had morphed into a pair of sickles.

"Por favor, déjame en paz..." Puss said it, but his voice sounded weak and frail. There was practically no resistance to him, even less so when Death started rubbing his paws all over his chest.

In response, Puss' transformation continued. Much like every other part of him, his chest was getting bulky. Now, he was already quite fit, but this was taking it to a whole new level.

Abs. Puss grew abs. He felt them come into view as they made contact with Death's paws, popping into place, but still hidden by the massive fluff that was growing on him as well.

"O-Oh..." he winced, panting as well. What little traces of resistance he had were thrown away as Puss *finally* accepted it, and the power that came with his transformation. "¡No pares! Esto se siente maravilloso..."

"Hmm, I knew you'd come around." Death moved his paws forward, right in the middle of Puss' chest.

That caused a big change. The cat—what little cat remained—felt his pectoral muscles develop, inflating so badly they almost covered his field of vision. At the same time his spine popped, getting done with his height increase, and now, Puss stood at the same height as his counterpart.

They were almost indistinguishable, save for Puss still having his cape, hat, and normal face. He smiled, feeling his muscles getting a burst of bulk again, but this time all over him.

His cape was wrapped in the same ethereal energy as his rags, and got larger, large enough to cover most of him. Just like Death.

"H-Hah. Almost... almost there. I'm becoming..." Puss had the words in his mouth, but before he could say them, his face started to change.

Surprisingly, he found it to be painful, but in a good way. Púss groaned, hearing a bunch of pops. His mouth extended, growing forward and forming his snout, while his fur slowly changed color to white, and near his eyes, a mask of black fur appeared.

"Grrrr..." he licked his teeth, feeling them sharpen, and he even got a few more, matching the ones Death had.

"My, my, you look wonderful. Muy guapo."

"I'm... I'm..." Puss locked eyes with his counterpart, staring into those ruby eyes directly. He didn't notice it, but his green ones slowly faded away, getting darker and redder, until they were identical to Death's. "I'm... you..."

Everything was making sense now. This was his true calling. To be Death. "And I don't mean it metaphorically or rhetorically..."

“Or poetically or theoretically...” The original Death continued the sentence for himself.

Puss—no, Lobo smirked, the smirk of a predator. He knew exactly how to finish that sentence. “Or any other fancy way... I'm Death. Straight. Up.”

It was over. Puss in Boots was no more, and in his place... el Lobo de la Muerte had been born.

Death's tail wagged. “Finally, you were taking so long... I was almost worried.”

The new one only smirked in response. “Well, I do love the dramatic. I think we'll get along well, mi amigo.”

Both knew what it entailed. The end of an era... and the start of a new one. Because Death... came for all. Even fearless heroes.