Mateo woke up to the sound of haunted whistling.

 At first, the young buck thought it was the howling winds, but after wearily lifting his head up, that theory dashed out the window. No cool wind could be felt against his facial fur, nor could he mistake the carefully whistled tune as something other than natural. He lied face-down in the middle of some densely wooded forest, his surroundings dark except for the rays of moonlight peeking out from thick clouds. It wasn’t until the buck sat up and peered back into the darkness that he saw him.

A pale wolf in a dark hooded cloak, with ruby eyes glowing like fire.

 “*Buenos noches*, Mateo Arcoíris.”

Survival instincts suddenly spiked through the deer’s veins as he yelped in fright, scrambling up to his footpaws, only to trip and fall back down to the leaf-covered ground, which he then kicked at until his back struck hard bark. Mateo breathed hard, which seemed to amuse the wolf. This did not amuse the cervine either.

 “Calm yourself, *cervatillo*,” the wolf said, which did little to calm Mateo as he cowered against the tree. Each step forward by the cloaked canine only drove him to keep frantically looking for an escape route. “If I may be perfectly honest, I do not often kill mortals before their time is up. The one exception was this little arrogant cat who wouldn’t stop wasting his nine lives, but the ones who killed you? I am tempted to end them for what they did.”

 “Who did what?” Mateo finally found his voice again. “Who are you? What am I doing here? I don’t remember going through these woods. Did you kidnap me? M-M-My family can pay whatever ransom will…be…satis…factory?”

 Mateo had expected his wolf captor to interrupt him during his ramblings. He half-expected an angry outburst, an annoyed glare (which he did get at first, only for it to change), but he didn’t. Instead, the pale-furred wolf offered a look of…solemn dissatisfaction.

 “You were so young too,” the stranger told him. “You’re always too young.”

 “Were?” Mateo suddenly grew more worried, and less fearful. He slowly stood up and looked at the cloaked canine with deep confusion. “What do you mean…‘you were so young’?”

 The wolf’s ears dipped further down while he smile completely disappeared.

 “Did you ever wonder why you don’t feel tired, cervatillo? Why you’re not shivering on this cold night, or even feel the wind against your clothes or antlers?” He simply asked. “Look behind that tree you’re leaning against, and the answer will be there.”

 “It will?”

 “*Si*,” he nodded, “*Sin embargo no te gustará.*”

 Mateo’s eyes slowly widened. The pieces of a puzzle were already fitting into a macabre picture. The tree branches were moving back and forth due to a gust of wind, yet he didn’t feel it. The soil didn’t move whenever he stepped against it. The familiar sensation of hunger reminded him of forgotten memories. Mateo hesitated at first. The instincts of a prey were screaming at him not to turn his back to the red-eyed predator glaring down at him. However, the wolf didn’t appear in any rush, and morbid curiosity won the buck over as he hurriedly glanced around the thick trunk of the living tree, only to see something dead hung from one of its branches: himself.

 Mateo lost all sense of balance as he fell to the forest floor. He watched in raw horror at the way his lifeless body swayed with the howling wind, how moonlight reflected off his dead, tear-streaked eyes staring upwards, how his limp body’s facial features held one of pain.

 Memories made of hatred flung back into the buck’s conscious; he remembered befriending some men at a bar, their insistence on watching a meteor shower outside, then being beaten to a bloody pulp while punches, kicks, venomous words and homophobic slurs pelted him. At some point, one of the larger brutes decided to pluck his antlers off and ‘keep them as hunting trophies’, and the agony caused by it caused Mateo to black out.

 At twenty years of age, they murdered him. They hung him from a tree.

 The screaming finally bellowed from the buck’s sore throat. Mateo held his head as nonexistent tears welled in his eyelids and streamed forth. Cries of agony echoed across the dark forest, unheard by anyone over the howling winds on the corporal plane. Mateo sobbed into his palms for what felt like hours, unaware that the wolf from earlier had walked up to stand beside him. He gently placed a paw on his trembling shoulder. The consoling gesture—though cold to the touch—felt kinder than expected. Those fingers rubbed circular motions along the back of Mateo’s right shoulder blade.

He remained silent for some time. He simply let Mateo grieve.

 The very next time the buck opened his eyes, the scenery had changed. No doubt thanks to the otherworldly canine doing his best to comfort him. The tall tree (and the rope hung around his corpse’s neck) vanished without a trace, instead replaced by a moonlit meadow containing the softest grass Mateo had ever felt, as well as several surrounding bushes of red carnations, each blooming crimson and green beneath a veil of stars and a Harvest Moon.

 “This place…” he momentarily forgot about his raw emotions, if only for a while. “It’s so quiet and…beautiful.”

 “I like visiting this place whenever I have the chance,” the wolf casually explained without stopping his comforting caresses. “Most souls I speak to are more focused on regaining their own mortality, begging me as if I’m generous, and it annoys me. But you, *cervatillo*, you looked like you needed a change of scenery.

 “Souls?” Mateo realized without looking up at the pale-furred wolf. “If…If I’m dead, then that would make you…that would make you Death, right?”

 “Straight up,” the canine confirmed in a solemn hum.

 “Not rhetorically or…or theoretically?”

 “Hehe, neither of those,” he chuckled lightly. “I am simply Death, and as you have probably figured out by now, I have come for you.”

 “What’s…what’s going to happen to me?”

 “The answer is simple, really: you’re coming with me to the afterlife,” Death proclaimed, only to then paused for a moment and smirk warmly down at Mateo. “I don’t do this often either, but I feel bad for the way you died. It isn’t your fault the world is full of people who hate someone for being…different. So, I’ve decided to do something a little unprecedented for my role as the Grim Reaper: I’m not going to reap you just yet.”

Mateo’s ears perked all the way high, to the point he stood up and faced the wolf again. He wiped the tears from his eyes and cleared his throat. “You…You’re not?” He asked incredulously.

“Not yet,” Death clarified, “Instead, I’ll help you fulfill one thing from your bucket list.”

“Bucket list?” Mateo cocked his head.

“Yes, bucket list,” the wolf pulled out one of his scythes to examine the blade, or perhaps its reflection. “It’s that mental list all you mortals carry with you to the grave and is full of what you want to do at some point later in life. Sometimes, it’s to see another city or country. Other times, a mortal wishes to fulfill some achievement. I often see these bucket lists after I collect a dead person’s soul, and yours is no exception.”

Mateo thought over what the items of his bucket list contained. “Well…” he spoke them out aloud, “I’ve never left my hometown, and always wanted to see the Kingdom of Far, Far Away one day. Let’s see…” The buck held his chin with a thumb and index finger as Death patiently waited, “Sail across the Seven Seas, possibly visit a wizarding school, go find the legendary Library of Babel, so much to do…”

Death suddenly then asked, “But that's not all, is it, *cervatillo*? Deep down in your heart, you know there was something that you wanted to do far more than those, right?”

Mateo tried his best to not blush. He glanced away from Death, doing his best not to imagine what the wolf looked like beneath that black cloak shrouding his tall form. He dared not to think about the handsome canine’s jawline, or how deeply red those ruby eyes reminded him of the carnations at their feet. He failed though. The fact that Death smiled warmly at him caused his knees to buckle like a bashful schoolboy.

“Then…Then you know what I want, don’t you?” Mateo asked the specter.

“Hehehe, I sure do, *cervatillo virgen*,” the wolf replied, long tongue licking his chops.

“I-I don’t mean to offend you, Señor Muerte,” Mateo quavered. “See, I-I’ve never had the chance. I live in a conservative town, everyone knows everyone, all I could do when I was alive was imagine what it’d be like for a strong, handsome man like you to sleep with me, but—Oh no, I’m sorry. I’m sorry if I’m offending you right now by implying that you’re gay like me—”

Death placed a gentle finger on his lips, silencing the young buck.

“Shhhh. Do not worry yourself,” he simply said. “My biggest problem with mortals is how they don’t take the time to enjoy what they have. Do us a favor and don’t let your fears prevent you from enjoying our carnal desires, Mateo.”

“Y-You mean…?” Mateo started to ask as Death nodded with a simple smirk. “Y-You’re right. You’re right, *lobo*. Before I die, I want to know what it’s like to be loved. I want to know what it’s like to…to be someone’s mate.”

“So then,” he chuckled, “what are you waiting for?”

Like that, Mateo didn’t know the answer. Instead, the deer acted. Within seconds, their lips connected in an ethereal kiss as Death held him in his arms. During his life on Earth, Mateo expected his first kiss with another man to be many things: sensual, romantic, electrifying, and earth-shattering, but the deer certainly didn’t expect the wolf to be dominant.

Their lips parted. Shivers ran all over Mateo’s body as he suddenly felt his clothes disappear into nothing, leaving his slender, vulnerable body exposed to the wolf, whose eyes trailed down him like a predator yearning to devour its meal. Much to his delight, Death’s cloak and trousers dissipated like smoke at the same time, revealing how muscular of a rugged build the wolf possessed. Underneath a soft layer of ashen fur, Death was jacked. His biceps were as thick as watermelons, his abs so compact it looked chiseled from ancient marble, but it was the heavy sheath and balls dangling between two powerful legs that caused Mateo’s knees to shake.

“It’s so…so…”

“I know,” Death chuckled.

“Can I taste it?”

“Hehehe, go right ahead,” he stroked his member once. “This is gonna be fun…”

Mateo imagined his first time giving oral on plenty of lonely nights. Nothing could have prepared him for the real experience, however. As Death’s magenta cock began emerging from its confining sheath, a dollop of hot pre leaked down the pulsing tip. Each potent throb hypnotized the buck like a watch swinging up and down, and he continued to stare until finally, he found the courage to lean forward with his tongue stretched out.

The moment he contacted that beautiful shaft could be best described as a second sexual awakening. It went beyond anything his lecherous imagination could ever accomplish, from the potent mask enveloping his nose to the length itself easily sliding past his corrupted lips, Mateo got his first taste of a real man’s cock. Well, in this case, wolfcock. Male wolfcock to be precise.

The scent reminded him of earthly soil from a tranquil graveyard, mixed with light rosemary and indescribable incense smelling like something burned at a funeral wake. What became icing on the cake though was when Death, murring in absolute delight, guided his virgin mouth further down his cock, and Mateo had to grasp the grim reaper’s fit glutes for support, followed by his pert ass. This caused the wolf’s tail to lustfully way faster.

“*Muy bien, cervatillo…*” Death patted his forehead. “*Sí, muy bien*…You don’t even need to hold your breath.”

He was right. Since his soul left his body behind, Mateo no longer needed to breathe.

So, he didn’t think much of gasping for air or taking in oxygen through his nostrils. The mortal tongue wrapped at the underside hungrily. He reveled in tasting the Grim Reaper’s own manhood, giggling softly as he thought of the saying about sticking someone’s dick in death, and how literal of a situation he kind of found himself in. Mateo didn’t even notice a pair of calloused paws grab the base of his antlers. When he did, his tongue came to a standstill and the buck glanced up to see the wolf smirking down at him. He licked his chops.

“You wouldn’t mind if I go a little rough, would you?”

He shook his head without so much as pulling away from the addicting cock.

“Perfect,” Death flashed his fangs down at the deer. “No teeth, please.”

It happened within a matter of seconds. Those same two paws held tighter onto the base of his phantom antlers, the canine’s cock throbbed another dollop of salty pre onto his tongue, and it started: Mateo’s head roughly bobbed up and down that hot canine shaft. Death did not give him little reprieve as he proceeded to lavishly facefuck his lips in thrusting ecstasy. He was in bliss. So was Mateo. As much as he had initially wanted a slow and passion session of lovemaking, The buck couldn’t deny how much it thrilled him to be used like this. Death operated him like a sex toy yet didn’t abuse him or push too roughly. He was just the right amount of wild restraint.

Eventually though, Death pulled his cock out of Mateo’s sore maw, still connected to the red rocket by a long strand of pre and saliva. The buck even required several seconds to reconnect to the astral plane from wherever he'd been teleported to.

 “Now then,” the wolf whistled shortly, “be a good *cervatillo* and get on your paws and knees on the grass. Ass up, hehe.”

Mateo gladly did as requested, but he did ask, “Sh-Shouldn’t we have l-lube though?”

Death only laughed before cupping the deer’s chin. “Oh, sweet *cervatillo*, you’re a spirit like me,” he cooed. “The only pain you can feel is emotional. But the pleasure? Ohohoho, you will be howling to the Moon.”

Howling to the Moon, the buck did. Not even giving him time to prepare, Death knelt behind Mateo and spread his mahogany-furred ass cheeks open until that quivering hole beneath his teardrop tail winked at him. Next, Mateo bleated when the pale-furred canine’s black nose lightly kissed the ring, then the curve of his ass as a long, drooling canine tongue lapped up the untouched territory. Mateo found himself writhing in the meadow’s grass as that slithering appendage lapped and explored his insides as if it were nothing. It spread him wider until he suddenly yipped at the sensation of his prostate being brushed.

The ravenous jaws of Death eagerly ate out his prey. He squeezed around the slender deer’s buttocks, spreading them wider and rolled his tongue over and over into that perfect virgin crack. He licked it like a dehydrated animal coming across an oasis in the scorching desert. Combined with his savage licks and a damp nose tickling the deer’s taint on occasion, Death showed his own expertise. He personally made Mateo vocalize his bleating gasps and undulating moans like an opera singer. The stimulation alone drove them both lost into mutual lust.

Death pulled away and licked his nose. “Mmmm, now be loud, *cervatillo*,” he compelled the quivering deer, “I’m going to fuck you so hard…you’ll feel like you died twice.”

Mateo found himself whimpering excitedly as he felt the tapered tip enter his tailhole, then erupted into a pleasuring howl no mortal wolf could rival. He felt as lightning bolts spread up his spine as his sphincter resisted, then accepted the invading wolfcock.

Mateo never felt so satisfied in his life. Literally and spiritually, he felt as if a vacancy in his noncorporeal being had been filled completely up.

A pair of sharp fangs bore down on his neck, causing Mateo to squeal.

Obviously, the buck felt some form of discomfort, yeah any he noticed could be best described as a dull itch, ones that were completely overshadowed by the itches scratched by the wolfcock pistoling inside him. Not to mention the massive knot trying to vie past the resistant ring. Death could not believe how tight the virgin buck felt around his dick, how much it felt like warm velvet, driving him mad. Moments like these definitely made him appreciate how much mortals could feel soothing rapture like this.

Mateo noted how Death, grim reaper or not, could easily have broken him in two from his size and physique, but as rough as their fucking became, the wolf showed some affection. His nipples were expertly twisted like knobs as their bodies rocked together. He felt the wolf’s tongue lick his shoulder between mighty thrusts. He even finally noticed how his wolfish tail wrapped around him protectively, as if to protect him from the cold wind breezing through their empty meadow.

Death’s breathing never grew labored. Neither did Mateo’s, for they both were noncorporeal. Yet they could feel their climaxes coming. Fortunately for the ghostly wolf and buck, they didn’t need to wait too long as waves of building pleasure crashed into them and over them. Mateo felt so lost in his own blissful world that he didn’t even register the fact his wolfish mate had knotted him, until he perked down his underside to see a tiny bulge in his phantom stomach.

“Heh, consider yourself lucky you’re not physical.”

Mateo spoke incoherently, much to the grim reaper’s amusement.

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 The two lay there in that meadow connected for what felt like hours. The afterglow shared between them made Mateo feel warm and tingly inside, even long after the wolf’s knot deflated and emptied from him, and he couldn’t help himself from cuddling close to Death.

 “That was amazing, *Señor Muerte*,” he murmured happily. “Thank you.”

 “No problem,” the pale-furred reaper chuckled as he lay in the meadow. “I have not had this much fun with a mortal lover in ages. You certainly know how to make an old wolf feel young again.” He fell silent once more, deep in thought with himself.

“What’s wrong?” Mateo noticed this. “Is something the matter?”

Death stood back up and helped the buck up to his footpaws again. “Y’know…I also don’t do this often,” he told the mortal deer, “but I’ve come to the conclusion that I cannot accept your unjust end in life. It was unwarranted, cruel, unfitting for a soul like you.”

“What are you getting at, *Señor Muerte*—”

He cut him off with another kiss. Only this time, it held more than raw passion. It possessed a sense of bittersweet love only touched by a being who’d never had the chance to experience life itself. For Death was only the collector of souls, not the connoisseur of living. By the time that Death parted his lips from the dazed, lovestruck buck’s, a look of sadness crossed the canine’s ruby eyes.

 “Live your life well, Mateo Arcoíris,” he proclaimed. “We will meet again someday.”

 “W-Wait! What do you mean? When am I gonna—”

 *SLASH!*

The mortal body of Mateo Arcoíris fell from the cut rope.

As it struck the leaf-covered ground and previous life suddenly breathed back into the shaken deer, he yanked the noose from his neck. It felt so sore alongside his limbs, but he…he was alive. Mateo was alive! He felt pain in his bruises, blood seeping from the stumps of where his antlers used to be and could smell the cold air washing over his face. Tears flowed forth down his trembling cheeks in buckets as the buck sobbed in utter relief.

*We will meet again someday, cervatillo. I promise you that. Until then, do me a favor and live your life like each second counts. Never stop fighting for this life.*

Mateo slowly regained his strength and stood up. “I promise.”