### Memoirs

**Summary**

A sort of "what if" situation regarding Morgo/Mr. Voice and Remor.

**Notes**

You can actually go to the third chapter for fucking :V
Remor was the Prince of Darkness, son of Mother Makuba, "The End of the Light". Many wars were between The Great Valokas and Mother Makuba. One of these wars were called "The Ultra-War". Mother Makuba generated soldiers, with Remor being in command. When that war came to an end, she disposed of them to another reality, and were simply forgotten. As centuries passed, the disposed beings created their own reality called "The Beyond". The Beyond isn't well understood at this point in time, but pose a threat to the Five Realities of Essential Existence (F.R.E.E). They're ravenous, independent beings that seek the flesh of mankind to satisfy their hunger. One of these entities is named Morgo.

Remor, who resides in the Fifth Reality, has heard of The Beyond, as well as this parasite Morgo. With Mother Makuba still in stasis, he goes out to seek for him and use him to find new victims to feast on their agony and suffering. However, because Morgo inhabits the Third Reality, he can't stay there for too long. Every time he visits this reality, he couldn't find him, which grew increasingly infuriating for the Prince.

One starless night, Remor entered once again through the Third Reality, this time it was in a forest under bright moonlight. He could hear the sound of crunching leaves and twigs nearby. And there he was, it had to be! A tall figure in what seems like a cape, with a human skull with large antlers, leaning down. Loud chewing could be heard from his direction. His appearance was similar to Remor, the only difference is the shape of the skull. A small group of crows surrounded Remor and cry at him, catching the attention of Morgo. Red glowing beady eyes made contact met with Remor's piercing white gaze.

The figure rises with his cape draping over his large body, his mouth covered in red and small chunks of meat between his teeth. "I see you there, who are you?!" He growls. "This prey, it's mine!"

Remor wasn't afraid of this barbarian. He walks towards him with full stride and introduces himself: "I am Remor, Prince of Darkness. You must be Morgo, I presume? I've heard rumors about you." He bows graciously, as it's only polite, especially when meeting someone worth your time.

"I am." He replies in his cold, velvety voice. His eyes suspiciously search him. He's quite an unusual fellow. Remor… it's a familiar name, but he wasn't the kind of demon to learn names that didn't benefit him. "I've never seen you before. You're not from here, and you are no prince to me or in this place. State your purpose, I hunger." He snarled.

Remor quietly chuckles. "Ah, do excuse me. Yes, I'm not from here. I'm from the Fifth Reality Apollo. You must know about the Five Realities, do you not?"

Morgo was in disbelief. "What are you talking about? 'Five Realities'? Such nonsense! I've never heard anything that absurd." He bellows, showing some impatience to eat his recently caught meal. Remor is astounded, he found it funny how kamalas like him didn't know what F.R.E.E was. "Well, my dear Morgo, I assure you I tell the truth. I've come here for that reason." He puts points to Morgo with his metallic claw. "Your unique structure and stability to this place allows you to take residence here when most cannot. I ask you for a humble request." He puts his claw down.

Morgo is intrigued, but still weary of the blood-soaked demon. On the other hand, his irrational
talk made him entertained. He quietly laughs to himself and crosses his arms. "Alright, then. What do you want?"
"I want you to be my eyes in this dimension. Kamalas cannot stay or else we grow weak and die."
"Humph, 'we'? Only this place isn't safe for you obviously."
"Precisely why I ask you to find me victims to torture. Kamalas feed on the pain and agony of humanity."
"You're asking me to find you food?" He snapped, he felt more offended if anything. "What makes you think I'll ever do that?"
"If you let me finish." He retorted. "Such an impatient fellow." He rolled his eyes. "You bring me the poor fool, and once their life has been drained, I will give you the body. Humans are so fragile, it won't take long for your next meal-" Remor falls to the ground and covered his head, gasping for air. He chuckles. "You see? I've stayed here long enough." His voice was rasping. "I'll consider it." His tone of voice was concerned at the very least.
Remor opens a portal and heads inside, but before stepping in, he turns to Morgo. "Perhaps I will meet you here, the sooner the better." Morgo nods as Remor and the portal fade away.
"Well, that didn't take long." He thought out loud. "Five Realities? I'll ask him more about that." He goes back to continue eating his meal.
In Openfields, there's a small island that's covered in trees. It's visible at the docks, but there's a reason why it's abandoned. There's an urban myth about a monster that lives there, and anyone who dares to go in will be trapped and eaten alive. Lately, the children and young adults have been missing. The last time they've been seen was on the docks, setting sail to that island.

The island is infested with black crows, a sign of death to most. But they serve for the eyes of the inhibitor, Morgo.

Morgo has recently made a pact with Remor by luring children by tricking them into finding the "Eternal Happiness", then they're given to Remor to torment until they killed themselves or died of circumstances. If he didn't find them delicate or weren't vulnerable to his will, he gave them to Morgo to eat. This went on for a few years and their relationship grew as a result. Morgo learned about F.R.E.E and their inhabitants, and Remor learned about Openfields and the Beyond. As much as Remor wanted to keep Morgo converse and keep him company, he couldn't stay for long. And he dared not to bring Morgo to his plane, least mother will know sooner or later.

Remor has never felt such merriment with someone who wasn't their own kin per say, but "fun" isn't the right word to describe how he felt. He felt safe around Morgo. He wanted to stay with him. But keeping princely visage, he concealed his feelings and kept professional to their work efforts, occasionally dropping hints but Morgo never seemed to catch on. He liked how naïve he was, it was awfully charming.

When Remor went to his world, he needed to "relieve" himself in his dorms. He would fantasize about Morgo's bulging muscles, his strong hands groping his thighs, his cock ravaging his is glory hole (though he's never seen it). He lusted for Morgo's touch, his heat, his "savage" nature; everything. When Remor ejaculated, his cum is a milky red. Another of Remor's fantasy was that Morgo cleaned the cum off with his slobberly tongue while his strong hands held his thin frail torso. (He loved the idea that Morgo is a gentle giant). There was a sense of embarrassment of having orgasmed on such a silly fantasy. He was a prince for god's sake, he shouldn't be out hugging strangers in the middle of nowhere. He was going to be a king one day and if he did anything that would tarnish his reputation, it would be remembered by everyone! He'd never hear the end of it. He cleaned himself and waited another day to see his dastardly beloved Morgo. Another day of hiding of feelings. Another day of developing a void he can't possibly fill.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

They bonin on this one. IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS!

It was another full moon night. Morgo and Remor slowly walked around the island where they did their nefarious deeds. They've been quiet, with only the sound of the ground and dead leaves being crunched. Morgo broke the lingering silence: "I know time is irrelevant in your realm, but it's like I've known you for a long time." Said Morgo in a calm tone. A voice that Remor had secretly loved hearing. "Er, even though it's been 5 years." He scratched the back of his neck.

"Oh? It sounds like a short amount of time." He snorted. "Not many allies?"

"No, too many enemies at this point." He sighed. "It's quite nice to have someone to talk to who isn't a child." He groaned. "Children. They're so easy to manipulate but so irritating to lead."

Remor gives out a hearty laugh. "Is it? For me it's been like a game of cat and mouse."

"Oh, I find that even worse!" He joked. He looked at him a little more seriously now. "How is your health out here?"

He hummed. "I'm alright."

They fell silent again for a few moments. Remor stopped walking, Morgo took notice after a few steps away. Remor felt a bit woozy; his body felt hot, his breathing was noticeably shallow.

"Remor?" His voice filled with apprehension.

He cleared his voice and tried to suppress his weakness. "Morgo," he answered. "We are associates, are we not?"

"I wouldn't say that, maybe 'friends' or 'partners'. Why?"

Remor's heart skipped a beat when he mentioned partners. Oh, he loved the sound of that, but he'd love it even more if there is a stronger word for that. His heat was slowly taking over. He can feel something wet between his thighs. He tries to get a hold of himself and says to Morgo: "I'd like to tell you something that is... unrelated to our pact."

Morgo comes closer to hear him better. "And what would that be?"

Remor slowly reached his hand out, but quickly retracted back. "I..."

Morgo grew impatient. "What is it? Is it something important?" Silence fell on them again for a while. Out of instinct, Remor jumped on him and they both fall to the ground. His claws carefully wrapping around his thick neck, making sure not to scratch him. Morgo felt something hot and moist against his fur. "Gah! Get off! Remor!" He grabs hold of his wrists and tries to shake him off, but before he could do anything rash, Remor leaned closer and inserted his tongue inside Morgo's mouth, almost like a french kiss. In that moment Remor snapped out of it and gets off him completely; strings of saliva and milky puss break away. He covers his face in shame and embarrassment, shaking away from him. Morgo was infuriated. "What is wrong with you?!"

Remor cries out to him. "Morgo, forgive me! I don't know! I just want you so badly! To claim you as my own and no one else!"

"What are you talking about?!" He gets up and dusts himself off. He feels the moist spot on his abbs and something slimy comes out. He doesn't question it and looks back at Remor. He can tell that he was growing unstable; his princely visage was gone and what was left was a desperate animal in heat.

"I tire of playing as a prince, Morgo. I can act as freely as I want when I'm with you! All I ever thought about was you when we first met, Morgo. Your voice, your body, your cheating nature arouses me deeply." Remor's voice gets raspy and chokes on some of his words, like he's running
out of breath. "I'm sorry, I love you dearly. I do." He looks down again, covering his head, shivering from humiliation, shame, excitement, and desire.

Morgo walk up to him and looks at the pathetic prince. He can definitely tell that he was turned on by something. "What is making you so excited about?"

He looks up to him with eyes filled eroticism. "Oh, dear Morgo, why are you so naïve? It's so engrossing." He cooed. He slides his hands off his face and gently takes Morgo's hand; he slowly takes him to his groin is and unravels his hot throbbing wolfish cock. Then he tugs his cape to pull his head closer to give him a "kiss". Morgo didn't know what to make of this, but he soon caught on. He hasn't seen anything like this before, but he was swept away by Remor's aphrodisia. Morgo started stroking his throbbing cock and Remor groaned as they broke the kiss. He buries his head on Morgo's shoulder, holding back his moans.

"M-Morgo..." he whimpered. He leaned against a tree and lifted his hips to help Morgo stroke him a little faster.

Morgo leans in on Remor and whispers in a growly, raspy voice to him: "You're awful at explaining things, that's new." He teased. "You could've have said you wanted to fuck." Remor's heartbeat accelerated when he heard his voice. He loved his voice, but who knew that it could sound so... tantalizing? Remor shivers and moans his name. "Hmm? Does that turn you on, Remor? You're so kinky." He chuckles. "I never thought that a Prince could be so easy to satisfy."

"S-silence, peasant...!" Remor growled. He looked away in embarrassment.

"Dear Remor, I know this feels wonderful, don't deny it." He snarled. He strokes his cock faster, making Remor grab hold of the tree, scratching it deeply; he was so close to climaxing. He did his best to keep quiet, but he cried out to Morgo's name. "Oh, are you about to cum, dear Remor?"

He stops jacking off to him and leaned upward.

"W-why did you stop...!" He groaned. His eyes widened as he saw Morgo's fully erect horse cock. This is what it looked like?! He thought. Morgo could see him drooling with astonishment and yearning. Remor couldn't take his eyes off his massive dick. (If he could show it somehow, he would be definitely smiling...)

"Remor, love, it's rude to stare." He taunted. His gentleman-like voice then fades into something more demoic, more lustful. "Turn around." He commanded.

Remor did as he asked and Morgo hoisted his ass upward. "Be more careful, you lout!" He used the tree to support his upper body. He shuddered as he felt Morgo's spit soaked tongue against his tight hole making his way in.

"Relax." He told him. "I have to make you lose in order to have any real fun."

At first he wasn't comfortable, but after a while he grew used to it. Morgo stopped and inserted his fingers carefully, stretching his hole a little more, making sure he didn't scratch him. Remor started to moan softly, but loud enough for Morgo to notice. He stops and leans above him. "Love, are you ready?" He cooed. Remor simply nodded. Morgo steps back and delicately inserts himself into his tight hole. Remor twitches and whines at the pain of his massive girth, but this is what he wanted; what he fantasized about. Morgo slowly bucks his hips slowly. He knew he was a virgin, and so was he, but he's seen adults fuck each other like this so he just copied them. He wasn't aware of how tight a virgins hole was, but it felt amazing.

As time went on, Remor got used to his size and begged him to go faster. Morgo did as he pleased and bucked his hips faster. His balls slapped against Remor's ass cheeks, making him moan. It hurt, that's for sure, but he was more turned on by the pain of being fucked. He loved it. He loved being fucked, how it hurt, how it made his knees weak, and how cloudy his thoughts were becoming.

"Morgo it hurts, but I love it...! Give me more pain, I want to feel it!" Remor droned. He could hear Morgo's panting and huffing with each thrust and he loved how delicious his noises were.

Remor signed him to stop. As Morgo pulled out, bits of red cream spilled out. Remor lied down on the ground and raised his ass cheeks, inviting Morgo's succulent throbbing cock. They resume their rhythm. Fucking on the ground proved a little easier for both. Morgo grabs his hips and pushed himself in a little more, making Remor moan loudly.
"M-Morgo more! Give me more of your divine cock!" He begged.
"Remor, you unsavory cunt…! You damned pervert…!" He growled. "You loved being fucked, don't you?"
"Yes!"
"Tell me you love being fucked!" He commanded in his demonic voice.
"I love being fucked! Fuck me more and more, Morgo! I demand it!" He screamed.
Morgo fucked him mercilessly, he kept getting faster and faster until he was about to climax.
"Remor, I'm gonna cum in you." He growled near his head. "Your hole is so tight, it feels great fucking a virgin."
"Cum in me, please, just do it." He urged.
With a few thrusts, his whole body shuddered and came into Remor's asshole, stuffing him so much that chunks of his cum dropped on the ground. They both huffed from their sex. Morgo pulls out and more of his cum flows out from Remor's asshole. They both fall on the ground out of pure exhaustion, but still fully erect. Remor clearly wasn't finished and got up to sit on his chest with his cock in front of Morgo's face. "You still haven't made me cum. How crude of you!" Remor pestered. "You will finish what you started, boor." And without hesitation, Morgo latched his tongue on his canine cock and fondled with his girth. He was so talented with his tongue, he leaned in more for coverage, basically putting his cock in his mouth. He didn't sit on his face completely, Morgo needed enough room to make action. Remor focused on needing to orgasm. As soon as the feeling crawled up to him, he began jerking his hips. Morgo squeezed his soft ass cheeks as a way of helping him.
"Morgo, I'm close…! I'm cumming…!" He whined as he released, nearly choking Morgo, who immediately pulls him away from his face. Remor jerks off the rest of the cum needed to come out and came face and chest. He giggles. "Dear Morgo, I'm sorry." He smiles.
Morgo coughs a bit as he gets up. "Well then, clean your cum up."
"Of course, dear." He spoke amorously. He sits on his legs and begins to clean his chest first. As he finishes, he begins to caress his pecs and his shoulder blades. "My dear, such a big one." He murmurs lovingly as he licks off the cum around his teeth, then proceeds to lick neck muscles, as a way to give kisses.
Morgo leans in to his beloved. "It's not bad for our first." He joked.
"Mmm, yes." He looks up to him. "My dearly beloved, I've overstayed my welcome and feel dreadfully weak. I must return home, now."
Morgo had completely forgotten and grew disappointed and pensive. "I see. Will I see you again?"
"Of course, but now I feel tired." He gets up with the help of Morgo and summons a portal the the Fifth Reality. He kisses him again and looks at him slyly. "Hopefully we'll do this again?"
Morgo laughs. "You can count on that." He sends him on his way.
Alone, he rests on the ground. He takes the time to taste his love's cum. It tastes bittersweet.

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