

The Princess Awakens by hafedor
Chapter 1: Defeat and Humiliation at the Hands of a Child

Story Notes:

This story uses Voltron names and characters. However I did change some plotlines to match The Go-lion series. I used the plotline where Romelle and Bandor's father didn't go insane, but Lotor killed him. Also I included the plotline where Allura is the spitting image of Lotor's mother. There isn't any lesbian sex scene, but there is a scene where Queen Merla is flirting with Romelle.

“Insolent little whelp!”, he screamed, “That little bastard will pay dearly!” Lotor, Hagar, and a few Doom soldiers were returning home. Once again they were defeated. The mood aboard the powerful ship was a somber one.

The Doom soldiers dare not speak a word, they knew it might be there last. All Lotor could think about was how he had her. She was in his grasp, and yet again, he had let go of her. It was that damn Pidge. Yes, that brat would suffer.

“Lotor.”, Haggar began.

“I don’t want to hear it old witch!, Lotor exclaimed, “This is all your fault! Of course the

Voltron force figured out what was really happening, your damn cat gave it away. For your failure, I should have him stuffed, and his entrails made into violin strings!”

“How was I to know that the boy would have an explosive?”, she asked ignoring his threat.

“Explosive! It wasn’t an explosive, it was a fake!”, the dark prince screamed, “You had me give up Allura!. And for what, a tiny noise maker?!”

What about the Princess Korel?”, Haggar asked sharply, “Your father will expect you to marry her.”

“Never!”, he cried, “If my father thinks she’s so damn terrific, let him marry her!” Just the thought of her strange language made his skin crawl.

“No, Allura is the only woman with whom I shall share my crown!”, he shouted

What strange hold did she have over him? Her identical cousin, Romelle, was his prisoner.

Why didn't he just marry her? They both reminded him of his mother. It was that which first attracted him to Allura. Why wasn't Romelle good enough? It was those eyes, yes, those damn blue eyes. There was a fire behind them, an inner light. It was something neither Romelle, nor even his beloved mother ever had.

It was as if Allura was the rarest most precious jewel in the universe, and Romelle was nothing more than just a cheap piece of glass. However, it would be Romelle who would satisfy him tonight. The evil prince let out a sigh, how he longed to share his bed with the real Allura.

"Lotor, my dear idiot son! Report to me at once!" Screamed King Zarkon. It was the following morning. What a horrible way to wake up from a restless night's sleep, his shrill father screaming at him through the comm system. It was times like this, that he wished there wasn't one in his bed chamber. Why did he feel pain all over his body?

"That damn wench!", he thought. She had left scratches all over him. She would pay later.

He walked down the cold dark corridors of Castle Doom. He dreaded every step towards his father's throne room. He hated him, even as much as his love for Allura. But he would have to kneel before him, and beg for forgiveness.

Lotor stood in front of his father's throne, and knelt before him. He kept his head down, he did not want to look into his father's eyes.

"So Lotor.", Zarkon began in a condescending tone, "Once again you have been defeated. Haggar has informed me of your recent failure. Not only were you not defeated by Voltron, you were defeated by a mere child with a fire cracker." Lotor became infuriated, the witch betrayed him to save her own skin. She would not inform the king of her own mistakes.

"Father!", Lotor began

"Silence fool!", the evil king screamed. "This time I was hoping you would fail. After you lost your precious Allura again, you were supposed to marry Princess Korel! We had an agreement! And yet I was just informed that you refused to marry her, and sent her away!"

What was wrong with his son, he had picked out a beautiful human bride for him. Her father was a powerful man, the union would have joined two great empires.

As far as Zarkon was concerned, Korel was the perfect woman. She was not only beautiful, but you couldn't understand a damn word she said. To Zarkon the perfect queen was there to please her king, produce sons, and not engage in stimulating conversations.

"Lotor, you are a fool.", he said with nothing but disgust for his only acknowledged heir. "You could have married Korel, used her father's military to defeat Voltron, and if Allura had lived you could have made her your prized concubine." Lotor became incensed.

“Allura is no concubine!”, he shouted. And with that he took out a dagger, that he had hidden in his right boot, and flung it towards his father. It had happened so fast, not even Haggar was able to stop it.

The point of the dagger cut threw Zarkon’s chest, and pierced his black heart. With a stunned look on his face he fell from his thrown. Lotor walked over to his father who was still gasping for air. He looked up at his son with an evil grin on his face.

“I never knew you had in you, my son”, said the dying king. And with one last gasp, Zarkon was no more. Lotor was amazed. Not only had he finally rid himself of his father, but for the first time in his life his father actually seemed proud of him. He had to kill him to gain his respect?

“Noooo!”, screamed Haggar. She ran over to Zarkon, and fell on his lifeless body. Was she crying? Did that evil witch actually have a heart?

“My one true love!”, she wailed. The royal guards ran over to the assassin, ready to apprehend him for the sacrilege against the thrown. Lotor turned around and looked towards them, they simultaneously stopped. They soon realized that they were looking at their new king.

“Hail King Lotor!”, one exclaimed. With that, they all joined in unison shouting the praises of the new King. Lotor bent down, picked up the crown, and placed it on his head. He then sat on the thrown. Everything was perfect, almost. He had his crown, now all he needed was his jewel.

Lotor then turned his attention to Haggar. She was still crying while laying on top of Zarkon’s lifeless body.

“So, old witch, where do your loyalties lie?”, he asked . He thought about ordering her execution, but he knew he needed her to advance his empire.

“With you my king.”, she said in total disgust as she looked up at him. She would help him, for now. However she would eventually get her revenge, but not until he would build his empire. She would steal it from him, somehow.

“Good.”, replied the new king, “I would hate to have to use you as an example.”

“I suppose you want me to help you come up with a plan to steal the princess.”, she said.

“In due time, Haggar, in due time.”, stated Lotor, “But first, I will destroy the that little pest, Pidge.”