

The Princess Awakens by hafedor
Chapter 6: The Death of Innocence, and the Sins of Passion

Allura waited for Lotor in her bedroom. She couldn't believe that her first time was going to be with him. She despised him, he was conceded and cruel. What if he breaks his word? What if he destroys her world, and everyone she loves after she marries him?

He may discover the secret of Voltron, and use him to invade the rest of the universe. No, she would see Voltron destroyed first. Her father created Voltron, but he would want her to do it. It would sadden him to know that Voltron might be used for evil.

She looked and saw the meal on the table. It was her favorite, eating it sometimes made her feel better. However she knew, that after tonight, she would probably no longer be able to stomach it.

Suddenly her bedroom door opened. There stood Lotor, he was holding a bouquet of roses. He also had a bottle of wine, and a wicked smile on his face. She felt uncomfortable with the look he had in his eyes.

"Allura.", he began, "You are even more beautiful then I could ever possibly imagine. These roses pale in comparison to you." He was in total awe of her. He had never seen her look this beautiful. She was stunning in that red dress.

"The only way she could look any better would be if she didn't have any dress on at all.", he thought

She didn't say anything. How was she going to get through this evening? A better question; how was she going to get through the rest of her life?

"I know this may be difficult for you, at first, Allura.", he said trying to reassure her, "I will be very gentle, and more then patient. I want this evening to be about us, not just about me. However, I am holding you to your promise. Keep our bargain, and your friends will not be harmed."

"When can I see them?", she asked

"At our wedding.", he told her, "They will all be there. Now let's eat, your chef worked hard on this. I'm sure you wouldn't want to disappoint him.

They sat down to eat. It was delicious, but she had trouble eating it. However, she was afraid he would punish the castle chef if she didn't. She looked up, and saw him staring at her. She could see the lust in his eyes.

“How did you like the gifts, my dear?”, he asked her.

“There beautiful.”, she told him, “Especially the tiara. You said it was your Mother’s?”

“Yes,” he said, “She was beautiful, just like you. You remind me of her, I have to admit you look a lot like her. I want you to know that my feeling for you are more then that. If they weren’t, I would have tried to settle for Romelle.

She almost brought up Romelle, she wanted to know what he had done to her. But she knew that she had to play nice to spare her world. Perhaps she could reach a kinder side of him, through his mother. Maybe she could change him when she married him. It was a long shot, but she had to try.

“What ever happened to your mother?”, she asked. He was stunned, no one else cared enough to ask him. No wonder he loved her.

“My father strangled her.”, he began, “It was right before my very eyes. I was merely a child. Please, this is supposed to be a celebration. I don’t wish to talk about. it Now you know why I hated him. It was more then just wanting his thrown. He took form me the only person I ever loved. That is.., until I met you.”

He had never shared that with anyone before, now. He looked into her eyes. What was this, tears? Did she actually have compassion for him. She hadn’t even had any wine yet. The fire in her eyes, which he had always loved about her, was burning brighter then ever. Her beauty was shining ten fold.

“Lotor, I...”, she began.

“Please princess.”, he told her, “I don’t want to spoil this evening. Here let’s have some wine. It is the best vintage in my father’s..., I mean my personal cellar.” He then poured a glass for her and himself.

“A toast!” he said, “To our future.”

She lifted her glass, as he did, and then took a drink. She had to admit, it was very good. In fact, it might have been the best she ever tasted.

Lotor noticed a music box, on her night stand, next to her bed. He walked over and got it. He cranked the handle, and opened the lid. It played a slow soothing melody.

“This is a lovely music box.”, he told her, “Where did you get it?”

“My father gave it to me on my sixteenth birthday.”, she told him, “Right before...” she stopped herself, she couldn’t say it. She knew she would start crying. She needed to appear strong. He would take advantage of any vulnerability.

“You mean right before my father killed him.”, Lotor said finishing her thought, “There is no need to fear me Allura, I am not my father. My only desire is to protect you. If you are a good girl, I will protect your world as well. This music is intoxicating. Shall we dance?”

He extended his hand to her, and she took it. He pulled her close to him, wrapped his arms tightly around her waist, and they began to move to the music.

Something was coming over her, a strange feeling. The wine, Haggard must of put something in the wine. She was drawn to him. For the first time since they met, she wasn't repulsed by him.

She wrapped her arms around his waist, and rested her head on his shoulder. He gently placed his hand on her golden mane, and began stroking her hair. As he held her close, he felt as if he was under a spell from the scent of her perfume.

“You smell wonderful.”, he whispered in her ear. She could feel his hot breath on her neck, and began to melt in his arms. It was as if they were becoming one. She found it very erotic. As they began caressing each other, powerful sexual desires came over her. She had never felt this way before, not even when she thought about Keith.

She and Lotor were both so into the moment, they kept dancing. That hadn't even notice the music had stopped. Neither one of them wanted this moment to end.

As he held her, all she could think about was how good this satin gown felt against her bare flesh. She then began to wonder how good his bare flesh would feel against her naked body.

“What am I thinking?”, she thought, “Have I completely lost it? I hate this man, he is an evil tyrant. And yet, at this moment, I've never felt such passion for anyone more in my life. Maybe if I think about Keith. Yes, think about Keith. No! It's not working. Damn, it has to be the wine. God, I'm a fool for drinking it. There must be some kind of love potion in it. I must try and fight it, and yet, I don't want to. I want to give in. I ache for him. If he doesn't take me, my body feels like it will explode.”

As they held each other close, he could tell that the potion was working. She would soon be his. Now, not even Voltron could stop it. He took the back of his hand, and gently rubbed her cheek. He could tell she was pleased by the way she smiled at him. This was the moment he had finally been waiting for. He cupped his hand under her chin, and kissed her.

To his delight, she was returning his affections. They wrapped their arms tightly around each other. He slowly caressed her, moving his hands gently up and down her back. He found the zipper, and slowly began unzipping the back of her dress. It fell to the ground, revealing her naked body.

He stepped back, to get a good look at her. She was perfect, he knew she would be. He had been throughout the universe, and seen many natural phenomena, but he never seen anything more beautiful than what he was looking at that very moment. She was everything he had ever hoped for.

He then picked her up, and carried her to the bed. As he gently placed her on the bed, they stared into each other's eyes. It was if they had mesmerized one another. He began slowly kissing her neck. Her skin was soft, and warm. The feeling was so intense, that she let out a pleasing moan.

He then placed his hands on her breast, and gently began caressing them. They were round and firm, and he enjoyed touching her soft, pink flesh.

The more he touched her, the more excited she became. As he lightly ran his fingers around her nipples, he could tell they were getting harder. She had never been touched like this before, not even by herself. It felt so good.

"Oh, Lotor!", she cooed, "That feels incredible!" She became even more aroused when he softly began kissing them, and moving his lips and his tongue around her areolas. It was such an incredible feeling for her. Her breast felt so good in his mouth.

"Your breasts are sweet, like ambrosia.", he whispered, "They are also quite beautiful." His words made her even more aroused. He looked at her naked body, she could have been a goddess.

"Good.", he thought, "I'm glad to see that she is a natural blond." Now for the part of her he had fanaticized about for so long. He gently spread her legs apart. As he looked between them, he saw that she was still pink and innocent. It had been a while since he had been with a willing virgin. He was going to be the her first.

He began moving his hands up her inner thighs, until he reached the most sacred part of her body. She started writhing in total ecstasy. He was extremely gentle as he touched her in the one place no one else had have been. She felt a since of pleasure unlike anything she had ever known. He began fondling her, and was pleased to feel just how aroused she actually was.

It was an incredibly intense sexual experience, as she began to moan more, and even louder. She enjoyed it so much she began fondling her breasts. He couldn't help but enjoy watching her do so. This was better then he anything he had ever dreamed. She was now his to do with as he pleased.

"As my queen?", he began to ask, "Will you open your legs for me anytime I ask?"

"Only if you kiss me right now, my beloved king.", she cooed. He smiled, and bent down to kiss her on her mouth.

"That's not where I meant.", she told him flashing him a wicked smile. So she did have it in her to become a little minx. He was more then happy to oblige her, and began to taste her sweet nectar. She began moaning and breathing heavy. He became elated, by her response. This was the first time he ever cared about pleasing a woman. Usually all he cared about were own his own desires.

Suddenly she stopped him. She sat up, and began to undress him. She was able to tell that he was aroused as well. She then did something he wasn't expecting. He didn't believe she would ever go their willingly. Her mouth felt incredible around his penis. Her lips felt warm, as they moved along his shaft. It was difficult, but after a while, he had to stop her. There was only one way he could truly take her virginity.

He laid her back down on the bed, and got on top of her. Their naked bodies wrapped around each other, as they passionately fondled one another. The situation was so intense, she couldn't control herself. Out of sheer passion she dug her nails, in his back, and ripped into his blue flesh. This time he enjoyed it. Unlike what he had received from Romelle this was out of sheer, raw, sexual energy.

She was so into this, he began to wonder if she truly was a virgin. Had that Commander Keith had her? There was only one way to find out. He spread her legs open again, and penetrated her. She let out a noise denoting pain. Yes, she was one, he would be her first.

Her cries of pain soon turned to cries of absolute pleasure. She never knew anyone could ever make her feel this good.

Being inside of her was incredible, he couldn't believe how good it felt. They both reached a feeling of pure ecstasy at the same time. This time it was more than just sex. For the first time he actually made love to a woman, and it was amazing. He looked at her, as she smile at him. He smiled back as well.

"I love you , Allura.", he told her.

"I love you too, Lotor.", she responded. He had never heard anything more pleasing to him. Except for his mother, no one had ever loved him. It felt wonderful.

He got up, turned off the lights, and crawled back into bed with her. He probably could have tried a few more times with her, but he wanted to savor this moment. They wrapped their arms around each other. He didn't want it to end. He could have spent eternity in her arms. As he held her, she drifted off to sleep.

"Lotor.", she whispered, as she began to dream.

"Damn.", he thought, "She will hate me in the morning. It seemed so real, why isn't it? He slowly got out of bed, he wanted to let her rest. He didn't want to wake her. He was going to have to find another place to sleep. He didn't want wake up next to her, and see her expression of love turn to one of hate.

It didn't matter eventually she would love him. He knew this was true.

"Until our wedding, my love.", he whispered. He then kissed her goodnight on the cheek. She let out a pleasant sigh in her sleep.

“You will love me.” he whispered while looking at her. He then turned, and walked out her bedroom door. Tomorrow, she would truly be his.