

Not Gone, But Forgotten by hafedor
Chapter 1

Story Notes:

Okay I know I'm nowhere near finishing another story, that I barely began, but this one popped into my head the other day. It will be very short, and quicker to write.

“Oh my head.”, she thought, “It hurts! What happened?” She then began to look around the room.

“What is this place?”, she thought, “Where am I? A better question, who am I?” The room was small, but well decorated. As she laid on the burgundy sofa, she could tell that the fabric was of the highest quality. As her head began to clear, she could feel that the room had a slight vibration. It was at that moment she realized she was aboard a ship. She then looked down at what she was wearing.

“I’m in a pilot’s uniform, maybe the military?”, she thought, “Maybe I’m the captain of this vessel?” She studied the room some more. It was more masculine than the feminine, and the symbols were different than what was on her uniform. She looked at her uniform, and studied it a little more.

“Pink?”, she wondered, “What kind of military has pink uniforms? Oh why can’t I remember anything? I don’t know who I am, where I am, or how I got here.”

She noticed a mirror on the wall, maybe if she got a good look at herself. As she looked in the mirror, she saw a blond haired blue eyed stranger staring back at her.

“Who are you?”, she cried. At that moment, the electronic door slid open.

“My dearest Allura.”, began the man who just entered the room, “I hope you’re alright, I don’t know what I’d do if anything happened to you.” He did look somewhat familiar, but she had no idea who he was.

She found him handsome, although his features were quite different from hers. Unlike her light pink flesh, his was light blue. His eyes were also yellow, and cat like. And even though he looked like a young man, his hair was white. He took a step towards her, and out of fear of the unknown, she backed away from him.

“Oh come know my dear.”, he said with a kind voice, “Surely you must know by now that I would never harm you. He smiled at her, which helped put her a little bit more at ease.

“Please sir.”, she began, “Who, who are you?” This puzzled him.

“You mean, you really don’t know?”, he asked.

“I don’t even know who I am.”, she replied, and with that she began to cry. He looked upon her beautiful tear stained face, and smiled lovingly at her. He then cupped his hand, and gently lifted her chin. He was mesmerized by both her outer, as well as her inner beauty.

“Why you’re Princess Allura of Planet Arus.”, he replied, “And I am Prince Lotor of Planet Doom, your fiancé.”