

The Curse of the Third Eye by Lionora
Chapter 1: The Battle of Bornahy'ar

Story Notes:

Your reviews are very much appreciated. My first language is not english so it may be possible that there can be grammatical errors and writing style. My apologies. But, your valuable feedback will help me improve as a writer and your constructive insights will encourage me to keep writing. Thank you in advance.

Author's Chapter Notes:

This story explores elements of the horror/supernatural genre. This includes the mention of themes of the occult and all related to.

It was morning at the Drule Empire. The Crown Prince of Doom was sitting in a table watching his heated breakfast beverage in front of him, just staring at it with his mind lost in disturbing memories and thoughts. His frown was evident because of his concern about returning to his home planet Doom. Soon his ten years of imperial military service in the Drule Empire were coming at an end. He had extended his service from five years to ten feeding his continual reluctance to face and serve his father King Zarkon.

How could he go back to a place where there was so many bad memories of his childhood, and his mother?...Oh, how much he missed her! It had been so many years since she was gone, but still the memories were strong...he could close his eyes and still feel her, he could still see that kind smile and hear her sweet voice...

Those darn dreams had started again...But they were different now. He could see himself standing in a forest and there she was, standing in front of him. Beautiful blond hair and deep blue eyes just like a goddess. There was a look of concern in her eyes, even as she would not speak to him, she would just raise her right hand in a stop motion like warning him of something. Then, he would just suddenly wake up with a deep pain in his chest... What did she want to say...?

His dear friend and commander Cossack walked upon him and observed the worried prince. "Sire, is everything all right?" he asked.

Without blinking at his morning breakfast the prince just replied: "She appeared to me last night again. Something is going to happen".

Cossack, who had been the prince's commander for seven years now, was not a stranger to his prince's past. They had a strong friendship bond that had endured the many hardships of battle. The prince had saved his life many times and so the commander would give his life for his royal ruler. Even though Cossack hadn't lived for a while in Doom, he was very much aware of the

royal family history.

"Your highness, are you sure you want to go back to Doom? The emperor is very pleased with your services for the empire, you could still extend your time a little bit more..."

Now the prince looked directly at him and said: "I do not know Cossack, my father's last message was demanding...he wants me back...as soon as possible. I would gladly stay for five more years of service, or even less...but I am afraid I have delayed my return for too long".

Suddenly the prince's communicator made an incoming sound. Lotor looked at it, and said: "Lotor here..."

The voice in the communicator responded: "Sire, your presence before the emperor is required..."

"I will be right there... Time to go Cossack"

"Yes, sire..."

At the military meeting there were the most competent of the imperial officers reunited with the Emperor, Lotor arrived with his commander. He was most pleased to be included in the privileged list of the empire's very best "elite" command forces. His military development had been extraordinary for being a half-breed and his military history was impressive. He was a dexterous swordsman, with extensive training in human and drule martial arts and his piloting record was nothing less than outstanding. He had rendered an excellent service to the empire.

As the prince made his entrance, the Emperor watched at him with his most appreciative and admirable gaze. It was well known that the Emperor had always lusted for both sexes. He had two harems, each one with his favorite carnal delights to satisfy his undying lust for beautiful drules and humans but he was still fascinated with those half-breeds. In his moments of happy intoxications, he had persistently commented about the prince's handsome looks.

Lotor had been wise enough to just keep his own comments and opinions to himself, and just politely smile and keep a respectful distance from his royal highness. If the emperor had those tastes, well, he would respect those choices, but those were forbidden waters for Lotor. Not even curiosity would make him stray from the desirable company of females.

The emperor started talking: "There have been several pirate attacks to the planet Bornahy'ar. You all know that it is very important that the cargo ships and military equipment produced there cannot fall into their hands. We need all the sources we can get. Undoubtedly, those wretched outlaws are planning to sell our goods to the Alliance. We cannot allow the advance of the Galaxy Alliance in our territory...You have all been chosen to comply to this mission to neutralize the pirates and protect our interests. You will receive all the concern information at your pads".

The mission was simple in theory, neutralize the pirates and protect or recover the stolen goods. At the arrival of the empire's battleships to the planet Bornahy'ar the battle had already extended to the surface of the planet. While in the heat of the battle, the pirates were in fierce sword combat one on one with the drule empire soldiers. It was the drules' favorite method of fighting. Guns were hardly used and the imperial ships could not engage their sophisticated weapons because of the sensitive and explosive materials handled in the planet's surface.

Now these pirates were a very complicated group of people. They would come from a planet called Galliny'aan. This planet did not belong to either the empire or the alliance. There were not ordinary people because they were not human or drules, humans considered them as some kind of gypsies. They traveled through the galaxies as pirates to enrich their dominion with whatever riches they could get but their dangerousness was not their attacks even as they were still fearsome warriors. Their hazardousness was their beliefs....they were very powerful in the spiritual realm. They were just as powerful as the witches, warlocks and sorcerers in the magical world who practiced white and black magic. The gallinyans had the power of the most endangering curses; these curses were almost and frequently impossible to break.

As Prince Lotor and his commander Cossack were involved in the heat of the battle, fighting sword to sword to defend the precious property of the empire, many losses were being accounted in both sides. A big powerful gypsy pirate called Adbar got involved in a fearsome battle with Cossack, who in one fearful moment fell as another gypsy tripped him from behind. Just before the wide-eyed commander expected an almost secure blow to end his life, his prince with an incredible speed and tenacity, disposed of the traitorous gypsy who tripped Cossack and started fighting with Adbar. As Adbar got mortally wounded by the prince's lizon sword, he did not die immediately. The prince saw that Adbar could not survive the wound he gave him so he got involved in helping his commander and fighting another pirate. But as Adbar noticed that his end was rapidly approaching, he got to his knees and with his hands clutched to the earth started to mumble words in an undecipherable language. With that, he fixed an evil gaze upon the prince and lifted his right hand touching the center of his forehead and screamed: "Mavda oxis tuaa....!!!"

When the prince heard that scream he looked back to where Adbar was still gazing at him. But when he approached to finish Adbar, he noticed that Adbar had already passed but inexplicably his dead eyes were still "looking" at him. The prince felt an uncommon chill crawl upon his spine and he could've sworn hearing Adbar's evil laugh resounding from beyond the grave...