

The Curse of the Third Eye by Lionora
Chapter 11: Enter Masserath

Author's Chapter Notes:

This chapter contains scenes of Non Consensual Sex/Rape

Prince Lotor looked around him to seek for a way to escape the witch's lab. He didn't want her to do with him whatever gruesome experiment she was planning to do. He felt so stupid by doubting that she would ever find out about his condition. Now he had to put an end to her plans, but she really tied him up very tight. Besides, he was still very weak and sore after being mistreated and left hungry for days. This couldn't get worse for him.

Haggar looked at him and told him: "Oh, do not worry my prince, this will soon be over".

The prince tried to stall her by talking: "What will be over? My life?"

The witch responded: "Oh no...I am not going to kill you...my prince. You will have a better life."

The prince was slightly uneasy: "What do you mean a better life? That sounds like death to me".

The witch cackled and then whispered: "It's not death. You will serve my lord Masserath by being the vessel of his presence..." Then the witch suddenly looked upon the wall and she said: "Sssshh, the time has almost come...I must hurry..."

"What?" the prince noticed the temperature of the room dropping almost instantly.

It reminded him of the dream he had the first night he spent on Doom before he saw the big dark shadow that appeared in his room. He observed the witch uncover what seemed like a mirror that was hanging at the wall and was located towards his feet. Because of the lack of shirt he started to feel the cold invade his upper body and chills began to crawl up his spine, like the first time he saw the gypsy pirate's ghostly vision. He started shaking his head in desperation, while he continued struggling with all his strength to get free from the stone bed.

"Let me go, I order you witch, stop this nonsense...NOW!" the prince was starting to feel panicked as he started to hear voices and then he moved his head as he started to see shadows approaching through the walls. His breathing, which he could now see going out of his nostrils and mouth as vapor, was short and fast as he felt the panic rise up on him. The shadows were black and getting too close for his comfort. The witch seemed oblivious of what he was seeing.

"Stop it witch, they are coming...let me go" the prince couldn't stop shaking his head as the black shadows started encircling him.

Haggar was bringing towards the prince a bottle filled with contents of the cauldron in one claw while she held a dagger on her other claw. She seemed like in a trance mumbling undecipherable words. She lifted the claw grasping the dagger towards the upper half of his body. His eyes opened in terror as the dagger came down slowly to gash a symbol on his chest. He gritted his teeth with pain, and started screaming in pain as his flesh was opening slightly letting a thin line of blood run free down through his waist. After she finished cutting his chest she let the contents of the bottle pour on top of the symbol mixing with his blood. His chest felt on fire with pain. He thought he was going to die.

The prince started shaking his head in terror while he saw the dark shadows trying to reach him. He noticed that the image in the mirror was moving like a dark haze going in circles like forming a tunnel of black smoke that literally started to come out of the mirror upon the ceiling on top of him. Then the witch took the crystal on her claws and placed it above his forehead. The crystal began glowing with a dark light and floating in the air. She let the crystal go while she kneeled with her claws high and eyes closed keeping her concentration in her spell.

Suddenly, the prince felt as invisible cold claws started to grab his head and his body: arms, legs, head, torso, waist and hips. He tried to shake them off but he couldn't. Then he saw the dark tunnel on the ceiling get inside the crystal and from the crystal unto his forehead. He closed his eyes but he still saw himself surrounded by dark clouds and felt his inner self being dragged into the darkness. He screamed in terror but nobody could hear him anymore. The crystal on top of his body disappeared as it molded within the dark haze unto his forehead.

Prince Lotor's body laid still with his eyes closed; then suddenly he opened them. His yellow cat eyes were substituted by deep black that covered every inch of his eyeballs. His breathing was still short and fast while invisible claws loosened his tied hands and legs. After a while, the witch was still kneeled with her eyes closed but the sudden silence made her incorporate slowly lowering her claws and opening her eyes toward the stone bed. She gasped when she saw Prince Lotor sitting at the stone bed's side towards her and staring at her with those black eyes.

She kept kneeled and suddenly had the voice to mutter: "Who are you, sire?"

He kept silent for a while and she watched as his skin was moving and his wounds were being healed, her eyes opened in amazement while a smirk crossed her lips. He slowly moved his head upwards and closed his eyes while his hands started exploring his chest from the waist up until he touched his face. He opened his eyes to show bright golden cat-like eyes and started smiling with satisfaction. Then he said softly:

"I can feel and breathe...I like this body...." His left hand kept caressing his hair while the other hand moved down until he reached his crotch. He started using his right hand to hardly stroke the flesh between his legs so he closed again his eyes and smiled while surrendering to the erotic sensations that hand's continuing caress was giving him. Then he heard a movement and he got distracted. He opened his eyes to see Haggar delighting her eyes in the spectacle she was witnessing.

So he looked at her and gave her an evil smirk. She was startled by his gaze and lowered her eyes and told him: "Lord Masserath, is that you?"

"Of course it's me..." he answered softly and moved his head to the side looking at her curiously.

Witch Haggar sighed relieved and told him: "Lord, you know I live to serve you and I believe that you will enjoy your new body..."

"I am satisfied for now...even if it was a little mistreated...nothing that I can not fix", he slowly said.

"So, will I impose if I respectfully ask for my wish?" she timidly said.

"Go to the mirror..." he said while he closed his eyes and started to touch himself again.

She went to the dark mirror, which now reflected everything on the room. When she saw herself reflected, the wrinkles and ugliness of her body started to melt away in the reflection. She transformed into a beautiful red headed woman with delicate features. Her skin was soft and her body was voluptuous. The hunch was gone and her eyes were a beautiful green that paled the deepest sea. She hadn't seen herself like this for many years now. Slowly she uncovered her head from the cloak to touch her silky and bouncy hair. She started to laugh while touching the skin of her face. Now she would be able to conquer King Zarkon's heart and he would make her his queen. Then she saw in the reflection that Prince Lotor/Masserath was standing up and gazing seriously at her.

So she turned to where he was and kneeled in front of him saying: "Thank you my lord, you know that if you need anything I will be here to serve you."

He looked down upon her and said: "I know that you will, my now beautiful witch."

Then he smirked standing still while she felt invisible claws grab her arms and lift her body up like she was a leaf. She felt her body being tossed violently to the stone bed and her back was hurt with the hard surface. "Sire..uugh" was the only word she could utter. Suddenly she felt more invisible claws holding her hands while other claws grabbed her legs spreading them to the sides. Her cloak was lifted up while her undergarments were ripped and torn away. She tried to move but she was held in place while Lotor/Masserath stood still enjoying the sight of her now beautiful body being exposed to him. She had perfect round breasts, with soft silk-like skin, a thin waist line and round hips showing her most intimate female assets while her legs were widely spread.

"You seemed to be delighting yourself during my exploratory show previously." He purred maliciously. "Now it's my turn to see the show and I am really enjoying it..."

Haggar couldn't talk or move. He slowly moved towards the stone bed and goy up to where she was laying and he kneeled in the free space between her legs, just enjoying the sight of her struggles to get free from the invisible claws. He felt his cock immediately reacting and

twitching at the sight of her exposed womanhood. His breathing increased while lust overtook his body. He licked his lower lip while his hands caressed his covered groin reaching to complete excitement. Then he unzipped and lowered his pants to let out his full erection and laid down on top of her to penetrate her body with a hard thrust. She screamed in pain as her body was not prepared for him. But his thrusts were hard and unmerciful and were not intended to give her pleasure. He started to laugh and moan maniacally while he repeatedly entered her increasing his speed as his pleasure started to build up. She kept moaning in pain as she felt her body be savagely raped. But for Lotor/Masserath, this was the feeling he had been waiting for in a long time. He cried out in pleasure when he reached his longing climax that seemed to make his body explode in a myriad of long expected sensations while shooting his seed inside of her. He took his time recuperating and then he stood up to put back up his pants. After his breathing started to slow down, he frowned and told her with sarcasm:

"Now you can enjoy your wish..."

The now beautiful witch Haggar felt as the invisible claws let her go. She felt sore and hurt. But she would not demonstrate it to him, because she was his servant and he granted the wish from her heart, even if it came with a humiliating and painful price.

"I am going to wash and nurture this body now. Good that I have the Prince of Doom's memories. If I need you I will summon you but for now I will enjoy living every pleasurable moment this body can offer me," he said starting to laugh. Then he left her lab while she kept silent just looking at him go.

Prince Lotor/Masserath walked with a determined pace to his chambers. The guards that saw him were astonished at the sight of their prince completely recuperated and walking about the corridors of the castle without his shirt. He entered his rooms and took off his stained pants. He stood naked in front of a mirror to admire his new acquired vessel. This body was young, very well toned, with good assets, healthy and his face was a pleasure to sore eyes. Yes, this door had a lot of potential. And he intended to exploit it to maximum capacity. He smirked with complete satisfaction at his image in the mirror and then walked to his bathroom.

Then he went to the shower to wash his hair and cleanse his body. How much he enjoyed the sense of the warm water running all over his skin. The exquisite scents of the shampoo and soap made his mind twirl in a myriad of sensations that he was immensely enjoying. But while he was experiencing these sensations he suddenly felt pain in his stomach. He remembered that the vessel had been without nutrition for many days now and urgently need to fuel so it's strength wouldn't fail.

After he bathed and got dressed with clean clothes he went out to call a guard that he needed food. The guard went to look for a slave so that the prince would be immediately served. He waited in his room while exploring all he could, he smelled, touched, heard and tasted so every sensation would remain in his memory.

It was the same when slaves entered his room to bring him his food. His nose delighted on the food's appetizing scent and when the meats touched his lips and tongue he moaned in complete

ecstasy. How much he was enjoying being alive.

But this was just the beginning. Soon he would take over King Zarkon's kingdom and would start his own chain of conquests. Of course King Zarkon would maybe offer a little bit of resistance at first, but he would know how to deal with him. Besides, he possessed something that King Zarkon could only dream for...an open door to the spiritual realm. Nobody could ever stop him now...