

The Curse of the Third Eye by Lionora
Chapter 12: Living in Darkness

Prince Lotor looked around but could see nothing. Everywhere he saw there was dark haze. He could hear a low pitch laugh that was surrounding him. So he started yelling to that voice.

"Who are you? Where am I?" Suddenly the voice answered back.

"I am Masserath" The prince continued to look around and kept on asking:

"Where are you?"

Masserath answered: "I am here." The prince kept looking around hearing the voice coming from everywhere.

"What do you mean that you are here? I cannot see you," the prince was completely disoriented.

"We are together in the same body."

Then prince Lotor saw a delicate glow in the distance. He ran to it as fast as he could. When he reached it, he noticed that it was the crystal that the witch had used as a bridge from the spiritual realm. He got closer and he could see his chambers, he saw his reflection in a mirror and then he saw the shower. He saw how his hands were doing things and how the guards and slaves were serving him food. The crystal was like an eye that kept him in contact with everything that his body was doing. But unfortunately, he

could only observe how his body was being used without his control. He was just a spectator incapable of changing his life as he pleased.

The prince asked to Masserath: "Are you controlling my body?"

"Yes and I'm really enjoying it."

"This body does not belong to you, give it back to me".

Masserath started to laugh. "I will not give it back, now you belong to me. You are my prisoner now, inside your own mind; you will see how I will change your life but you will be incapable of controlling it anymore."

"No; I will fight you. I will regain control of my destiny and you will have to leave".

The prince tried to sound secure but he knew that he had no idea of how to regain control of his body again.

Masserath kept laughing.

"Just look at what I will do to your body, and there's nothing you can do to stop me".

"I will fight you..." the prince said softly but decided. Masserath kept laughing.

"There is nothing you can do."

The prince kept on looking through the crystal; it was his only window to the outside world while he was trapped in the darkness.

Witch Haggar felt her legs weak and she still could not walk very well. Even as Lotor/Masserath had raped her she did not have hard feelings against him. She knew that it was a price she had to pay to serve her lord; she just hoped that he would not require her to be a sex slave. She only wanted her king. Even though she was still sore between her legs; she managed to bathe and change her garments. She had acquired some new clothes as soon as she had initially talked with Masserath. She had to begin her plans to conquer the king. She wanted to be queen so bad...

King Zarkon was in his office resting for a while when he heard a knock on the door. He told the person to come in. Suddenly he saw a beautiful red headed woman enter his office and he was startled. She was absolutely stunning. He stared at the way she seductively walked towards him. There was something so familiar about her. But it couldn't be because the last person he saw with that resemblance, at the present time did not look like that at all.

"Have I seen you before?" he asked with curiosity.

She kneeled before him. "Sire, I thought you would recognize me faster."

"Haggar?! Wow, that potion you must be using surely works." King Zarkon said amused.

"Sorry to disappoint you, majesty. But this is no potion, I am back to my own self." She said standing up to him.

King Zarkon gave her a sarcastic look and said: "Yeah, as if I would believe that..."

"It is true," she said with confident satisfaction. "As certain that your son will never defy you again".

The king frowned at the mention of his son and said: "Was he broken by the torture he had?"

"Let's just say that he got convinced of mending his old ways. He wants to start a new life as a seeker of power and conquest just like his father," she said softly.

"Well, that does not sound so bad..." said a pensive Zarkon. "As long as he proves to be useful for my kingdom, I might be willing to hear him beg for my forgiveness."

"Then, can I send him to you?" said the witch hopeful.

"Very well. You can send him in right away," said the king with slight interest.

"Thank you sire." The witch bowed in a way that she let the king see part of her upper chest. His golden eyes were wide open in astonishment. Then she looked at him seductively and turned to go.

The king looked at her from top to bottom while she was going away then he sat back and grabbed his chin while he smirked. He would find out later, why she had changed her appearance and for how long.

Prince Lotor/Masserath was watching the holos in his room. He wanted to see what was happening in the universe. There was so much evil to do and he intended to waste no time in doing it. Suddenly he stood up and opened the door; he knew she was there. Witch Haggard stood at the entrance and bowed to him. He smirked and told her:

"Well?"

"May I come in, your highness?"

Lotor/Masserath moved aside to let her pass into his chambers. She timidly entered. She started speaking.

"Sire, I have spoken with King Zarkon and he has accepted to give you an audience. Only..."

"Only...what?"

"Only if you beg for his forgiveness" she said softly.

Lotor/Masserath laughed. The witch was startled. He answered amused:

"Very well, I will play his little game...for now. When does he want to see me?"

"He will grant you an audience in his office right now".

"Good. So let the show begin..." he smirked.

Prince Lotor/Masserath went to King Zarkon's office and was let in. As he saw the king, he approached and he bowed very low until his head touched the floor in complete submission. He said with feigned repentance:

"Father, I bet for your forgiveness. I have behaved like an insolent fool and I have insulted the crown with my disobedience. I will promise that I will obey and serve you as I am meant to be. But most of all, I will never defy you again". He kept his eyes looking at the floor.

King Zarkon arched a brow and looked at him silently. Then, after some minutes he said: "Well, I will give you a chance to redeem yourself before me".

"I will do anything you say father."

"We will see about that...We have been helping a planet called Pollux in many affairs but witch Haggar has discovered that the polluxian king plans to rebel and attack us. So I commend you to frustrate their plans; conquer and enslave that damned planet. Kill the royal family if necessary but take them out of commission. Do you think you can handle that?"

"I can and I will." Said Lotor/Masserath reassured.

"Then and only then, will I ever consider forgiving you," said the king. "Tomorrow Haggar will give you all the information you need. Now, you may rise and do my bidding."

"As you wish father," Prince Lotor/Masserath stood up from the floor with his head lowered and left the office. He smirked. He couldn't wait to start having fun.