

The Curse of the Third Eye by Lionora
Chapter 14: Twisted Desires

Author's Chapter Notes:

This chapter contains scenes of Non Consensual Sex/Rape

Princess Romelle was in King Zarkon's chambers. She had been bathed and dressed in a frail skimpy suit by the king's slaves. She felt miserable because in a matter of hours she had lost her father, her planet, her siblings and all she had ever known and loved in her life. Now she was about to lose her honor to an alien king who was not only terrifyingly ugly but also the most evil creature she had ever seen and known. She was sure that he wouldn't be gentle with her, his rough handling while she was on his lap in the throne room would be most likely what he would do to her. That had to be the most embarrassing experience that she had gone through in her short life. Now it was about to get worse.

That prince who was Zarkon's son didn't seem to be better than his father. At first, she had thought that it was he, who would abuse her, but for some sick reason he decided to give her to his much older and uglier father. She started to tremble in fear imagining the image of Zarkon touching her. While tears were appearing in her eyes, she heard loud steps getting closer to the door. She went to look for a place to hide but all she could do was sit on a corner holding her knees while her silent sobs started to take a hold on her. Within minutes, the door of King Zarkon's room was opened...

Prince Lotor/Masserath headed straight to King Zarkon's harem with a determined pace. The guards at front of the harem's entrance were startled to see him but still bowed respectfully and opened the doors before him. So he entered and was greeted by the harem's keeper who bowed to him and said:

"Your highness, what a pleasant surprise...I have never seen you here before."

The prince looked at him with an arched brow: "Did you know I was coming here?"

The keeper answered: "I was not sure, your father the king just sent a messenger with bottles of wine only minutes ago. I expected that if you were to honor us with your presence, it would be a little bit later, but I suppose there is no better time than the present. May I offer you some of our sweet delights for your pleasure?"

Prince Lotor/Masserath looked around and was pleased by what he saw. The slaves were all very attractive. No doubt King Zarkon would only accept the best slaves the conquered planets would offer. The slaves looked at the prince with curious gazes and he could've sworn that many of them were pleased to see him. He started choosing mentally the ones that would make his night an enjoyable one while an evil smirk started to draw upon his lips. He saw three light haired

slaves that looked shyly upon him. They had delicate features and were very beautiful; these would serve his purpose of torturing the nuisance prince that lurked inside of his mind. While he signaled to the keeper the ones he had chosen, he said: "Bring those three to my quarters along with the wine."

"Excellent choice, your highness. I will be sending them there shortly". He then bowed to the prince.

Lotor/Masserath left the harem satisfied with his choice while inside of his mind, Lotor looked disapprovingly through the crystal and recriminated to him the use of his body for such frivolous pastimes. Masserath would just laugh at him telling him of how much he had wasted his time denying his body of the pleasures of the flesh.

Lotor would tell him that sex was not worth it if there was no feeling involved in it. He had not deprived his body of it, he just chose carefully his partners. But Masserath kept mocking him of how foolish he had been by thinking that sex without love couldn't be completely enjoyed. He even dared to tell Lotor that he had selected light-colored hair girls so that he could imagine how his pretty arisian princess would look at the hand of a sex-crazed pervert like himself. Lotor then started insulting Masserath while Masserath laughed and gave no importance to Lotor's mental outburst.

Lotor told him in exasperation: "Stop fooling around with my body, you're completely neglecting all the discipline I put towards making it strong."

Masserath told him: "Oh don't you worry about that, tonight your body will have plenty of exercise...and it will get stronger than ever" And then he started laughing in a maniacal way while Lotor looked away from the crystal into the darkness...

King Zarkon stood in the entrance of his quarters with a bottle of wine on his right claw. He started to look around but he saw no one. He frowned but he closed the door to look into the room. Then he heard some weak sobs sounding from one corner of the room. He then smiled and said:

"So, you are hiding from me?" He saw the terror reflected in her eyes and it made him feel excited. He loved the sensation of intimidating a female. It made him feel strong, virile and hell, yeah...even younger. He went closer to her, and while he tried to grab her, she moved very fast running from his grasp and passed by him until she reached another side of the room. He was caught unguarded this time, but he wouldn't let her do that again.

So he turned to where she was and looked upon her saying: "So, you wish to play hard to get? There's no need for that my dear. You have no place to go. And no one will help you, no matter how loud you scream..." He showed her his fangs in a horrifyingly evil smile. She yelled at him: "Don't come near me you ugly fiend."

"Aaww, are you scared my dear? Don't worry, I may not be gentle...but I will make it easier on you..." Then he lifted the arm with the bottle of wine on it and added: "you see? I brought you something to make you feel better. But if you don't want it, maybe it will be better that way. You will know exactly what I do to you, how will I do it to you and when will I do it to you. Do you want it like that?"

She yelled: "No! I won't let you touch me." So she grabbed a vase she saw on a shelf and threw it at him. He successfully eluded it and ran to her while she kept throwing all kinds of ornaments and stuff she could find. She also would keep running past him until he successfully grabbed her by the arm almost breaking it by the force of his grasp. She screamed in pain shaking her head and kneeling while he told her softly at her ear:

"I'm growing tired of this little game of yours; and if you don't behave now, I will force myself upon you, even if your weak little arm is broken. So right now, you will behave, hop into bed with me and drink this wine before things get more hurtful for you..." With this said, he carried her on his shoulder while she kept screaming and crying so he tossed her violently to the bed. Then he opened the bottle of wine and told her to drink. She insistently refused so he grabbed her by the neck and led her into a seating position while he put the opening of the bottle into her mouth making her almost choke with the liquid that invaded her throat. So she was forced to swallow a good quantity of the alcoholic beverage that felt like fire going straight down to her belly.

After he was satisfied with the quantity she drank, he also indulged himself drinking some of it. Immediately he tossed the bottle aside and started fondling her body with lust while she still cried in disgust trying to stop his claws from the unwanted exploration. Soon after he started ripping the frail clothes from her body, she started to feel light headed probably from the alcohol she had just ingested with an empty stomach. She soon felt how King Zarkon started kissing her passionately while he kept touching parts of her body that no man had ever touched before. She felt most of his whole weight on the lower part of her body so she could no longer move freely to even try to escape from his hold. He bit and sucked her flesh while she felt the strength of fighting leaving her arms and legs. It seemed that the effects of the drink were making her more tolerable as to what was happening to her.

She didn't even remember when Zarkon took off his clothes. Everything around her had become blurry and hazy. But she did recall the moment he positioned his manhood between her legs and made her scream in pain as he entered her. She couldn't stop crying as he kept thrusting into her body increasing his speed until he loudly moaned when he reached his climax. Then she felt like she wanted to shut off her mind at what just happened to her so she just closed her teary eyes and waited until it was all over.

Prince Lotor looked through the crystal at all the spectacle that Masserath had starred in. Masserath had used his body to fulfill all kinds of depraved sexual acts towards those slave girls. He had humiliated them in his selfish desires of achieving his twisted pleasures. There was no consideration for them. Masserath even forced them to do things between themselves just for the

pleasure of seeing them behave like sex-crazed animals. Sometimes Lotor could not even dare look through the crystal upon all the atrocities Masserath committed toward the slaves. Masserath took advantage of the strength that Lotor's body had to force himself upon them even if they were not willing or too tired to continue this sexual frenzy. It all ended when the effects of the wine plus the exhaustion took over Masserath and he fell into a dreamless sleep. Then and only then, Lotor felt a little relief even if he felt ashamed of what Masserath had done. How could he ever undo all the harm that Masserath was creating all around his life? Who would ever believe that he was not responsible of Masserath's evil deeds even if he ever got control of his body again? He felt a deep despair come over all his senses. And just when darkness had enraptured all of his surroundings he suddenly saw the crystal starting to shine again...

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