

**The Curse of the Third Eye** by Lionora  
Chapter 18: Rivalry

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King Zarkon and Haggar were lying on his bed experiencing the afterglow. Haggar was smirking while she recalled how Zarkon had submitted to her will; the aphrodisiac perfume made him fall helplessly under her spell.

She had made him promise that he would bed her permanently if she would bring Arus to his feet. It was only a matter of time when he would make her his queen. She just had to be sure that the Arus raid would be a complete success.

Then she heard him snore and she smirked. She could grow accustomed to his presence, even to his loud noises. She had done so much in her life just to be with King Zarkon. She left her home world and her people when he promised that he would make her his queen. It had been so long ago. Then her mind started recalling the day she met the love of her life...

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After breakfast, Allura went to castle control to talk to Coran. She felt more reassured after her father appeared during her sleep and told her to trust her dreams. She had to tell the guys about the warning she had received in her dream, even if they wouldn't believe her. On the other hand, she wasn't sure to mention anything about Prince Lotor being her informant. She may have to change the version a little bit, just to avoid any misunderstandings; specially with Keith. She was sure that he wouldn't like to know that she was having some kind of contact with the "enemy". So she walked decidedly to look for Coran

and the others.

In castle control, Coran was talking to Keith. As she approached them, both smiled to her. But Keith noticed that she seemed worried. So he asked her with real concern:

"Princess are you ok?"

She slightly smiled at him and answered: "I do have to speak to both of you, but I have to ask from you a big favor first."

Coran's eyes looked intrigued while Keith got closer to her and said:

"Anything, princess." Hearing Keith's reply gave her a little more confidence to make her request.

"I need both of you to listen to me, with a very open mind. What I'm about to tell you may sound a little...unusual". She said this with a serious grimace.

Then Keith looked at Coran who was still gazing at the princess now with worried eyes. Then Coran said to her:

"Princess, whatever you have to say, I will listen to it carefully, but by the way you are talking I am starting to feel a little bit worried."

She answered to Coran lifting her brows slightly: "Well, you should be worried..."

Keith told her with refrained anxiety: "Please tell us what happened Princess".

She sighed and took some moments to decide where to start her story.

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Commander Cossack got dressed very early and left his chambers two hours before dawn. By his own inquiries and through some of the officers, he had discovered that Haggar was not the only witch living on Doom. Actually, there were other witches that had their own aspirations and wished to challenge Haggar as the personal advisor to King Zarkon. Cossack had heard that the witch most eager to challenge Haggar was called Zondra.

Zondra had lived in Doom for many years and was very powerful. Her most effective magic was using plants as weapons. But also, she made great potions and was very knowledgeable about magic and curses. Zondra never went to Castle Doom because she hated Haggar. It seemed they have had an altercation many years ago that was still unresolved and while Haggar had kept living under the protection of King Zarkon; Zondra chose to live far away in a hidden hut in some small spot of the city.

Cossack had been aware of where did Zondra live for quite some time. He had discreetly researched for the information since the first time he had talked to Prince Lotor about finding out how to solve the visions problem. He just hadn't visited Zondra, because after Prince Lotor changed his treatment towards him, he thought that visiting another witch would be completely unnecessary.

Cossack was dressed in a dark cloak so that no one could recognize that he had a high military position in King Zarkon's army. The hut where Zondra lived was very secluded in one of the overpopulated sectors of the city. Cossack noticed that the place needed some serious infrastructure repairs. So with slightly trembling hands he knocked the door and waited for an answer. He wasn't too fond of visiting witches lairs.

After his third intent, he heard the door lock open. A middle framed old drule woman with long ash white hair and green skin opened the door. Her eyes were slight yellow and looked at him from top to bottom with a distrusted grimace. Then she asked:

"Yes? Who are you looking for?"

Cossack said as low as possible: "Good morning ma'm, I am looking for Zondra. Does she live here?"

She frowned and asked: "Who are you?"

He wasn't sure to identify himself yet so he answered: "I am looking for Zondra, it's urgent that I speak to her".

She gazed curiously at him for a minute; then her grimace softened and she told him: "Come inside".

He followed her slowly looking at all sides, not completely trusting. Besides, under his cloak he had his sword just in case he needed it. When he entered she peeked outside for any witnesses that might be spying on her, then she hurriedly closed the door.

He kept gazing at her as she closed the entrance to the hut. Then she silently walked and stood in front of him looking at his eyes and said:

"You can uncover yourself, commander".

He gasped startled at the mention of his title and he asked: "How you...?"

"I wasn't completely sure, until you said it was urgent" she interrupted.

"So I can guess that you are Zondra", he said shyly uncovering his head from the cloak.

"Of course...I am still not sure why you are here though, but I can guess you need help from Haggar..."  
she said turning from him unto the main room of the hut.

Cossack observed the simple one room cottage. He saw her cauldron and her different bottles and strange ingredients presumably for her potions. He also saw different kinds of plants but the most impressive one of all was a strange single red rose plant. He'd never seen such a huge rose before. She interrupted his thoughts.

"Am I right?"

"About?" he said startled.

"Haggar! She has done something to you, right?" she looked serious at him.

"Well, not to me...but to someone I know." He said with precaution.

Zondra gazed at him for a moment and went to a single table where a round crystal was set. She signaled him to sit on the chair on front of her. Slowly he complied to her and sat staring at her while she touched the crystal ball. He was very uncomfortable by visiting a witch. He never recurred to magic people; he always thought that he had the will and ability to resolve his own problems.

She softly told him: "You did not tell me your name commander".

"Can't you just guess the same way you figured out my title?" he asked. She cackled.

"I could, but it will take me longer to figure it out if you do not tell me."

"Very well... my name is Cossack," he said not too convinced.

"Cossack, huh?" she then closed her eyes and said something that he couldn't understand while she kept her claws on the crystal.

He frowned when he started to see a haze move inside the crystal ball. Then she opened her eyes and stared at the crystal; after a couple of minutes she said:

"You seek help for...the crown prince?" she looked briefly at him to confirm his answer. He opened wide

his eyes and nodded.

She looked again at the crystal and said: "The prince has been cursed by a galliny'aan. Ooooh, that is not good." She was shaking her head in denial.

Cossack shook his head and said: "What do you mean? You can not help him?"

She started shaking a bony finger and said: "I did not say that, I just said that this is not good. Now please be quiet." He sighed.

She continued her ramblings: "A third eye curse... a door... a bridge to the spiritual realm, a...mirror oh, wow...this is big." She frowned and started shaking her head again.

Cossack was starting to get desperate watching her movements and hearing her comments. He couldn't hold himself and said: "What? What is big?"

She didn't answer... she just stared at the crystal until the haze disappeared from it. Then she ignored him moving her eyes in annoyance. Then she stood up hurriedly from the table and started looking for something while she mumbled to herself.

Cossack stood up from the table just gazing at her, expecting her to tell him something... anything. But after a while, in which she continued ignoring him, he asked in annoyance:

"Well? Can you help him or not?" his hands were at his sides. She suddenly stopped and turned to look

straight at him.

"This is not going to be easy, commander." She said seriously.

"Why?" he asked impatiently.

"You see commander, Haggar has taken advantage of the prince's curse to use him as a vessel."

Cossack kept shaking his head in confusion. She noticed his doubts and added:

"Oh very well, I will explain it to you as if you were a little boy." She said annoyed while he gasped and shook his head. Cossack felt exasperated by the insolence of this witch.

She started telling him: "The moment Prince Lotor was cursed he became a door to the spiritual realm. All of us have what is called a Third Eye. This third eye is located in the center of our foreheads. This is the eye that can perceive the spiritual realm. Some people are born with this eye more developed than others. So it is easier for them to control what they see. But those who are imposed to develop the third eye as a curse... like the prince, cannot control what they see, so eventually they lose their minds and are fated to die miserably. Haggar must have figured out his cursed state so she used the Mirror of Taressam to use the prince's body as a vessel."

"The mirror of what?" Cossack asked with a frown.

"The Mirror of Taressam...and this is the part that really worries me. (She sighed) The Mirror of

Taressam is a very ancient mirror that was said to behold the most evil of demons from the spiritual world. The name of this demon was Masserath; he was very powerful. In the ancient days, it was said that he commanded legions of demons to conquer the physical world. As he became the greatest conqueror in the spiritual and physical realms, he proclaimed himself a god. And demanded to be worshipped like one. But the gods, insulted by his rebellion, condemned him to live in the darkness trapping him in a mirror that reflected nothing but dark haze. Until now the common belief was that this story was just an old legend; the mirror was said to never exist. But it was just an assumption so that magic beings wouldn't venture on taking possession of something so powerful and dangerous. I really ignore how Haggar did it. But somehow, Haggar must have got a hold on that mirror and used Prince Lotor as a door to let Masserath out by possessing the prince's body."

Cossack then asked: "But what happened to the prince...is he...?"

"No, he is not dead. He is just trapped between the physical and the spiritual world, inside his own mind. The worst part is that he is aware of everything that is happening to his body but he is not able to control his destiny anymore. Masserath is in control now."

Cossack was confused so he asked her: "But there must be a way that he can use his body..."

She shook her head with certainty: "No, that is not possible. Masserath will not let him".

"But then how did he send me a message?" asked Cossack.

"A message? He sent you a message?" she narrowed her eyes intrigued.

"Yes, I'm almost sure that it was him and he used the intergalactic net..." he said with certainty.

"That's impossible...unless," she kept silent and then slightly cackled.

"Unless what?" he asked anxious.

"Unless he found a way to the outside world," she responded with a slight smirk.

"How?" he asked.

"Well, there is only one way...the spiritual realm communicates to the physical world through dreams. While we dream, our mind keeps working so it is possible for spiritual beings to get in contact with the physical ones. Of course, there has to be a strong connection between the spiritual messenger and the recipient of the dream," she said.

"What kind of connection is that?" he asked intrigued.

"The connection has to be a familiar bond like being related...or a loved one. Love is a powerful thing, you know. It's as strong as death." She kept silent for some moments and then she started cackling.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked obviously annoyed. He wasn't too happy with all the information that he had just learned.

"I just had a thought...I have not told you the worst part of it all..." she cackled again.

"You mean there's something more?" he asked alarmed.

"Of course...tell me something, how do you think you are going to defeat Masserath?" she narrowed her eyes at him. "He is undefeatable, you know".

"So you say there is no hope for the prince?" he said feeling incredulous.

"I did not say that" she shook a bony finger. "I just said that Masserath is undefeatable because he is immortal, but he can be neutralized...just like the gods did it..."

Cossack narrowed his eyes...and added: "We are not gods...how are we going to neutralize him?".

She shook her head annoyed at him and said: "The mirror...silly. We need the mirror of Taressam".

Cossack looked at her with extreme loath. Now that would be easier said than done...