

The Curse of the Third Eye by Lionora
Chapter 19: Secret Agendas

Keith took Allura's hands in his and told her: "Princess, never doubt our belief in you. You can tell us anything you need".

Once he said that, she looked at his honest dark eyes which gave her a reassurance that Coran and Keith would listen to anything she would say. She felt the warmth of his hands squeezing lightly hers and she couldn't help but remember the soft hands that Prince Lotor had in her dreams. She felt so sad remembering the pain reflected in the prince's eyes. She wished she could do something more to help him to be free. But all she could do now was to completely trust in those who could protect her, like Keith. She felt so safe when he was around and his friendship meant the world to her. He was handsome and polite. She knew she could count on him if she needed anything. If Arus' laws weren't so strict she would've considered formalizing a relationship with him. But he was a commoner and he could only serve as a recreational pastime, until she would marry a royal like herself. It was sad, but she didn't make the laws, she just had to comply with them.

Keith looked at Allura with real concern. For quite sometime he had been considering his status in Arus. He knew that his assignment on Arus was not a permanent one. So he fought with all his might to keep his relationship with Allura a strictly official one. Even if he had grown fond of her, he would maintain a cordial friendship with respect and loyalty; besides, Nanny and Coran had hinted so many times that the princess should marry another royal not a commoner like him or any of the other guys from the team. Arus' laws were very strict about this. So he shut himself from a possibility of establishing a romantic relationship with Allura. It required a lot of his martial arts training and meditations; the girl was very

beautiful and sweet. And he could've sworn that sometimes she even demonstrated being attracted to him. But he shook his head to take these senseless ideas from his head. He was a very disciplined soldier. Nevertheless, all those forbidden possibilities wouldn't keep him from protecting her; it was his duty and he would comply with it, no matter what.

Then Allura told Keith: "Thank you Keith, I know I can count on you. I have been having some unusual dreams where things have been revealed to me".

Coran got closer while Keith asked her: "What kind of dreams?"

She answered cautiously: "I can't exactly describe them but what I can tell you is that, I dreamt about the Pollux raid being informed to me before Pidge read it in his comp yesterday".

Coran narrowed his eyes to her and said: "Princess, are you sure it was a dream?"

Princess Allura said: "Yes Coran, I'm positive, I thought it was a silly dream that I couldn't believe, until Pidge read his comp."

Keith said looking at her and releasing her hands slowly: "Couldn't it be something fortuitous or that maybe you must have heard something...?"

She shook her head: "No Keith, it's nothing like that. Just like you, I first believed it was nothing important but last night my father appeared in my dreams and told me that I should believe in them".

Coran said: "Well, it's not the first time that King Alfor has appeared and given you valuable information."

"Yeah, but that's not all", Allura said shaking her head and crossing her hands in front of her. "Last night, I was informed that in three days Arus will be attacked by Doom."

Keith narrowed his eyes and asked her: "Are you sure?"

"Yes" she said trying to avoid naming her informant. "I was told that it's going to be a surprise attack and that witch Haggar will use the prince of Pollux who was transformed by her into a robeast."

"What else did your father tell you?" Keith said assuming that the informant was King Alfor. Allura noticed this, but decided not to amend Keith's misinterpretation. She answered:

"That the prince of Pollux is a great fighter but I know his weakness..."

Coran then told her that she should give them all the information that she knew. Even if it turned out to be just a false alarm, to know anything about a future attack could make the difference between life and death. Allura told them everything Lotor had informed her about the impending attack, the strategy and how to defeat Doom. She was very careful not to mention Prince Lotor's name; she hoped to explain about his intervention later when the time was right. She just wanted them to believe her and help her protect Arus without any unnecessary controversies. Besides, she still secretly shivered when she remembered the plans King Zarkon and Masserath had for her. She didn't want to end up being a sex slave to that fiendish king and his diabolical pretend-to-be-son.

Coran and Keith agreed to take note of Allura's information and later they would make a plan to defend themselves in case the attack was true. If the information she gave them was accurate, they would have three days for the adequate preparations to insure victory over Doom.

Cossack was still looking squeamishly at witch Zondra. She had treated him insolently and now she presumed that he would get some creepy mirror from witch Haggar. So he asked her with annoyance:

"Isn't there any other way of neutralizing that fiend?"

She shook a bony finger at him and said: "Sorry commander, as you already said...we are not gods...we can just follow their path. Witch Haggar still has the mirror in her possession. So, if you want to help the prince, you will retrieve it from her and bring it to me."

Somehow those words made Cossack uneasy. He didn't like the idea of taking such a dangerous tool from a witch, just to hand it in to another one. Witches were so treacherous and always had their secret agendas. But he had no other choice, for now.

"Very well, did you see in that crystal ball where does Haggar have the mirror?" he said arching a brow.

"She has it in her laboratory, of course. It is hanging on a wall, carefully covered. She is so trusted that

nobody knows what she is doing, that she hasn't hidden it well," Zondra said with a smirk.

"Good, so I will have to forge a plan to retrieve it". He said narrowing his eyes in thought.

Zondra got close to him and told him: "We still have not talked about payment, commander".

He looked at her annoyed. "I brought you money, I know witches do not work for free..."

He took out a pouch full of coins from under his cloak and handed it to her. Her eyes grew big with greed while a smirk crossed her face.

"Well, I was not talking about this, but I will not refuse it", she said hiding the pouch in one of her pockets.

"What do you mean?" said Cossack narrowing his eyes at her.

"I want you to help me be the new royal personal advisor..." she said decidedly.

"I do not have the power to appoint that", warned Cossack.

"Oh, but you have the crown prince's trust, you can give him a good word for me" she said with suspiciousness.

Cossack shook his head, "I can not promise you anything."

She narrowed her eyes, "Commander, you will have to do better than that...if you want the prince to be free."

Cossack sighed and slowly shook his head. He couldn't believe it. This witch did have her secret agenda after all.

"The only way I can help you, witch Zondra is by delivering the prince. So you will have to help me free the prince first and then we will talk about appointments, is that clear?" he said with refrained anger.

She smirked and said: "Very well commander. We will do it your way. When you have the mirror, come immediately to me. I will deal with the rest."

"Good," he said distrustfully.

Then Cossack covered his head with his cloak and immediately headed to the door. He couldn't wait to get out of that den. He hated dealing with witches; he just knew that this would not be easy. But there was no other way to help Prince Lotor to be free again. Now he had to go back to the castle and explain his brief absence; then he would have to start planning on how to get inside Witch Haggard's laboratory and relieve her from the damned mirror.

Prince Lotor/Masserath was supervising stages for the impending attack to Arus. He was also making a secret inventory of all of Zarkon's personnel, ammunitions, weaponry and all information he deemed necessary to scholar and fulfill his sinister purposes. He wasn't interested just in Arus, he was interested in all the Denubian Galaxy and the Drule Empire too. He may even want to consider the Galaxy Alliance as an addition to his conquests. Even if the humans were pitiful beings, they could be useful slaves and worshippers. But the Drule Empire would be a great acquisition for his conquest. That empire was so rich and technologically advanced. He would be invincible.

Fortunately, he knew about the emperor's fixation with Prince Lotor's body and he would use that advantage to lure the emperor to his clutches. Then the Doom Kingdom and the Drule Empire would be one under his command. It would be just like old times, but this time nobody would stop him. He would still have to forge a plan to eliminate the only person who knew of his existence: Witch Haggar. But that would come later. He had to gain their trust a little bit more so then he could strike when least they expect it. He would eventually have to eliminate King Zarkon to gain his throne so he could start his line of conquests as king. And at last, he would be worshipped like the god he was. Now that the spiritual realm was opened with this vessel and his presence, he could access both realms and let loose all of his power.

But everything had to start with Arus and that robot Voltron. They would be easy to dispose of. Weren't they just pitiful and weak humans? Even if they manage to do a little bit of harm, he would eliminate them soon enough. No gods will stop him now. He cackled while he worked.

Prince Lotor was listening to Masserath's mental ramblings and plots and he couldn't believe all the terrible plans he had. He wasn't too sorry about his father; for he would get what he deserved, but he

was worried about his princess. He knew he just couldn't help her physically but at least spiritually he would help her all he could. But the only way he could warn the princess about Masserath's plan would be when his body was resting and he could access the princess's dreams. So he would have to wait until then.

King Zarkon and Haggar gave a surprise visit to Lotor/Masserath. Masserath was startled at their approach and told his father with refrained annoyance:

"Is everything alright father?"

Zarkon looked at him with a satisfied smirk and answered: "Oh just making sure that the last stages of the preparations are going according to plan. Tell me, my son...is there any situation that I should know about?"

Lotor/Masserath told him: "Oh none at all, father." He gave him the most flashing hypocrite smile. Masserath would have the privilege of killing Zarkon himself, but until that was a possibility he would have to play the best role of his life.

"That's good to know, so I can expect you to join me at the arena a little bit later" said Zarkon arching a brow.

Lotor/Masserath smirked with glee: "I wouldn't miss it, father". Now that was something that Masserath really enjoyed. He loved going to the arena and delight himself with the executions of slaves or he would join the fights against robeasts and participate in all kind of gory activities involved in there. He planned

to make those arena spectacles even bigger than what they actually were. Oh, he could hardly wait to make his plans come true...