

The Curse of the Third Eye by Lionora
Chapter 21: Desperation

Cossack found himself heading out from the castle into the darkness of the outside towards the city of Doom. It hadn't been easy for him. He had to hide too many times whenever guards were in the watch out inside the castle's halls. Sometimes he hesitated during his escape considering hiding back into his quarters, but he wasn't sure if he could trust in Haggar's magic and besides the mirror felt uneasy to carry. There was something about it that he didn't like at all. He had been feeling chills running up and down his spine. Also, he didn't know exactly just how fast Haggar would find out about the missing mirror. He had to act fast and leave the mirror with Zondra. And if the coast was clear, he would come back and act like nothing had happened.

Princess Allura looked at the frightened prince and just felt a sudden fear for her life. His words were a terrible warning that immediately made her aware of the impending danger to her safety and maybe her life. So she asked him:

"Are you sure of what you saw?"

"Yes, princess. I can assure you that Masserath is more powerful than we all think. I saw shadows helping him commit murder. I fear for you because his intentions towards you are terrible," he lowered his head with deep sorrow.

"I will do exactly as you say Prince Lotor, I'll keep myself safe within the blue lion, we have established a well defensive plan against Doom, they won't surprise us" she said trying to sound comforting but deep inside of her, she still had doubts.

Then he looked at her, just admiring her sky colored eyes, and touched her cheek with the back of his fingers while he said: "I could never forgive myself if something ever happened to you..."

She lowered her eyes, slightly shaking her head and then felt a blush come upon her face. "Please your highness..."

"It is true, princess Allura. I care for you more than you will ever know..." he said while he got closer to her.

The princess put her fingers on his lips, so he wouldn't continue talking about his feelings but he took her hand and kissed it. She felt that same softness emanating from his lips unto her hand. But words would be kept unspoken, for the time of separating was reaching them again.

Before she woke up, she could see him holding on to her and another single tear running down one of his cheeks while he told her: "Please be careful my princess, don't forget...to keep safe".

Then she saw him being dragged again into the darkness while her dream disappeared from her waking eyes and his last words kept ringing inside her memory: "Keep safe".

Zondra hurriedly opened the door of her hut when she heard an urgent knocking at the early hours of dawn. She had sensed a powerful force behind the door just before opening it so she wasn't surprise when she saw the commander holding something covered on his hands.

"That has to be it..." she said with wide and anxious eyes.

"Yes, let me in Zondra..." he said hurriedly with a concerned gaze.

"Oh, of course..." she said while she moved aside to let him into her lair.

Cossact entered the hut almost running, he felt so uncomfortable carrying that mirror, he could almost feel the negative energy emanating from it. The damned chills were driving him crazy.

Zondra asked him: "Commander did someone see you take it?"

He answered: "No, I just had a little run out with Haggar's cat."

"Did the cat see you?" she asked with narrow eyes.

"It did, but my face was covered." He answered with loath and then added hurriedly, "Please tell where to put this mirror, it just gives me the creeps"

"Please be careful commander, don't let it fall...it is very valuable" she said withholding her excitement

at being so close to the powerful and mythical Mirror of Taressam. She could almost touch the vibration of it's power surrounding her. She showed him where to position the mirror so that she could work with it. She uncovered it and kept gazing at it once he situated it at the wall she had appointed. There mirror had a perfect reflection of the hut's interior. She found it odd, because she could be sure that it was suppose to just show dark haze. But she would find about that later. Cossack kept looking at her with a questioning grimace. When she noticed his gaze, she gasped and told him:

"If the cat didn't see your face, then you are not in immediate danger. Haggar can see through her cat, it's a witch-cat bonding thing," she said shaking slightly her head. He stood silently frowning at her so she added, "well commander, your work is done for now..."

"What do you mean for now?" he said narrowing his eyes.

"Oh, I will summon you when I'm ready..." she said calmly.

"You can't free the prince now...tonight?" he said concerned.

"Of course not, these things take time...I have to prepare the spell and the right time to conjure the spiritual realm...I am about to do something that only gods have done before me...and you will help me when the moment arrives." She said with complete assurance.

He sighed and shook his head while he gritted between his teeth: "I can't believe this..."

"Hurry commander, you should leave now before the disappearance of the mirror is noticed; you are

safe and I will keep in touch with you."

"How will I know when it is you contacting me?" he asked with annoyance.

"I will send you a book with a rose" she said looking straight at him.

"Very well, see you then..." he said walking towards the exit of the hut.

While Cossack was out heading towards the castle of Doom, he felt a little disappointed as his hopes for delivering the prince this very same night were dissipated. He would have to wait until Zondra finished whatever preparations she had to do to free the prince. Unfortunately, he knew he was just hours away from being shipped into the next Arus mission. That meant that the fiend Masserath would be in charge of the Arus raid, no matter how much he had hurried getting the mirror. And that also meant that if Zondra needed him immediately; he could not go to her because he would be a million light years away from Doom. But his responsibilities as a high commander were a priority specially during such an important mission like the Arus raid. At least he felt a little safe from Haggar, but he still didn't trust what could happen if that witch-cat bond thing lead her straight to him. He would have to keep in guard and be ready for anything that might come that could compromise his most secret priority mission: bringing back the real Prince Lotor.

That morning at Doom, there was a lot of buzz from the castle unto the ship's hangars. Officers, commanders, soldiers and robots were boarding the ships for the long trip to Arus. King Zarkon and

Haggar had awoken early to prepare the last stages of the ship boardings. Prince Lotor/Masserath had joined them so that he could be a part of all that was going on. They were all on a good mood, their hopes were high and their energy was contagious.

Cossack had been working like nothing had happened but his eyes and ears were alert of signs that would lead to distress coming from the witch and the prince because of the mirror's disappearance. But it seemed that they hadn't noticed anything yet. Witch Haggar had not visited her lab during the morning because Prince Avok was not there. He was already packed and shipped inside a coffin in some kind of hibernation for the long voyage to Arus.

She spent the night at the king's quarters where they had shared their lusting passions encouraged by the aphrodisiac perfume she had been wearing just for her king. King Zarkon had been all but compliant to his new mistress and he seemed to enjoy every minute of it. Little did he know that he was actually under a spell and Haggar knew that if Zarkon found out about it; he would make her pay dearly by permanently dismissing her from his life. She couldn't and wouldn't allow that. Haggar kept concentrated on her almost sure victory that would make King Zarkon proud of her and also bring her the status of new Queen of Doom.

Soon the warships of the Doom fleet were all airborne heading unto open space, with just one address in their navigational controls: Planet Arus.

The Voltron Force had been making the last drills while patrolling the arusian atmosphere. Keith had

been coordinating with Coran every defense system so that everything worked according to plan. He knew they were still a day away from the appointed time warning that Allura had gave them. But what if her dream was wrong? What if there was no attack or what if there was an attack that very same day? The team would be ready no matter what...

To be continued