

The Curse of the Third Eye by Lionora

Chapter 5: Royal Defiance

After the big fiasco at dinner, Prince Lotor was furious. So immediately after the last meal course was served he briefly excused himself and went directly to his chambers. He did it so fast that not even Cossack noticed when he was gone. As he hurriedly entered his room and noticed that no one was around he made fists with his hands and grumbled furiously: "The nerve of him!! How he dares...?"

What bothered him most from his father was the fact that he would take decisions from him and took them into action before even telling him about it. He knew that his duties as a royal involved making decisions that would not necessarily be in accordance with his feelings. But at least, he would like to know where he was headed in situations like going into war. He had no idea of what did his father want with that planet Arus or Voltron for that matter. During his years servicing the empire, he became oblivious of his father's affairs and conquests. He knew that that was wrong on his part, because as crown prince of Doom he should have kept in contact. But his obvious hatred for his father made him keep the distance from his world and maybe his responsibilities.

He did hear about Voltron because the empire's news would mention it but he wasn't much interested in that theme so he usually changed the channel or got involved in more pressing matters that needed his immediate attention. After all, he was an excellent war tactician and he got involved in the most complicated war affairs the empire had at the moment. Fortunately, all the battles that he had been involved in had been victorious, that's why he had gained the emperor's complete confidence and trust. But why couldn't he work like that with his father? Well, obviously his father was a dictator who couldn't listen to anybody but himself or that wretched witch.

He would have to talk to his father about this. He didn't say anything at dinner because he thought wise to better wait and speak privately to his father. Besides if he knew better, he shouldn't go against his father's wishes in front of his officers and nobles. It could've lead to a confrontation that would've been worst than Yurak's sudden execution.

With that thought in mind, Prince Lotor headed out the door of his room to look for his father. He asked two guards who notified him that his father was in his office so with a steady pace he headed there. He saw two guards who bowed to him when they saw him, he notified that he wanted to talk to his father and one of them opened the door. His father had a frown on his face that disappeared as soon as he saw his son. The prince bowed to his father and the king commented: "Oh, I thought that you were asleep already..."

The prince straightened and he answered: "No, I couldn't sleep until I could talk to you..."

"Aah, you must be wanting to thank me for the appointment I gave you...You could've waited until tomorrow when you start immediately with your plans for Arus's next attack", the king looked very amused when he said this.

The prince looked at him with incredulous eyes when he heard that his father was assuming that he would start working with battle plans for Arus the very next day...So he said: "Father, actually I would have appreciated you telling me about your plans in private before boasting it to everybody else..."

The king arched his left brow at him: "Oh, so you don't like my style...maybe the emperor's style suited

you best..."

"And what is that suppose to mean?" the prince said moving his arms to his sides.

"You know what I mean...did the emperor use to tell you a lot of things in private? By the way, is it true that you were one of his favorites?" the king asked dead serious.

"WHAT..!?! " screamed the prince obviously scandalized. "That is not true!"

"Oh, that was not what I was told...why did you think I wanted you back as soon as possible? Just to take Yurak's place?" added the king with heavy sarcasm.

"Well, yeah...I..." the prince started to say.

The king interrupted: "Oh please, do not flatter yourself, you are good in what you do, but you are also prone to be the object of gossip headlines...and that does not look good for the Doom Empire. Just tell me...when did the emperor started hitting on you?"

"That is so absurd. I will admit that the emperor in fact had some twisted fixation on me, but it was just a platonic thing that I never corresponded to...who could have told you such a thing?" the prince finally asked.

"Oh, I have my sources..."

"Well, then you should check them again because you have been terribly misguided...", spat the prince obviously upset.

"Maybe...but still, I did not see you for fifteen years and when the rumors started about the emperor's new hobby with half-breeds and your nearness to him...it just sounded too fitting...But I guess that does not matter anymore, you are back now. And you have a lot of work to do."

"Actually that was why I came to talk to you...", said the prince changing the theme but still upset.

"What do you need?" asked the king with a serious frown.

"I need you to tell me...why Arus? I have no details of that mission."

"Oh do not worry about that...Haggar will..."

"Haggar!?...No! I am not working with that creature!" shouted the prince.

"Of course you will work with her...how else do you wish to defeat Voltron?", asked the king.

"Just tell me father... was she the one who was helping Yurak?" added the prince with a sarcastic tone.

"Of course she was...But Yurak was an idiot, he could never use well the resources Haggar provided him."

"Well, I do not care for her resources, I have never needed the use of witchcraft in my tactics and I will never use them...all I need is information about my enemy and an army capable of following orders" added the prince in a defiant tone.

The king was starting to hold his annoyance: "If you do not add Haggar in this mission, I will not release any information to you..."

"Then, I will not fight Arus or Voltron", answered the prince .

The king gazed at him with very angry eyes and thinned his lips while he made fists with his hands. Then after a while he said: "Very well, make a fool of yourself...I will release the information, but when you come back defeated, I will be no less merciful to you than I was with Yurak. Mark my words, boy. You better deliver Arus to me."

"I will not fail," said the prince.

"For your sake...you better not...now go and tomorrow I will give you what you need," added the king visibly upset.

The prince bowed and turned towards the exit. As he got out he encountered the witch standing in front of the entrance.

She smirked at him and said: "Everything well my prince?"

He frowned and thinned his lips, then he almost whispered to her: "Just make sure you stay away from me". Then he turned and left back to his quarters.

As he was leaving, she watched him with dark amazement in her eyes. Then she went to her laboratory.

Witch Haggar watched as her cat Coba was lurking around the room, but her mind was lost in thought. She was not that easy to fool. She could smell a curse even if it was a million light years away. Was she a magical creature or not? Oh, but why the prince? What had he been doing? But most of all, how could she benefit from it? She smirked and cackled to herself.

Time to get into her dark cauldron to seek for some answers. First, she had to seek the culprit. She mixed the perfect ingredients necessary to seek into the past. There she saw everything she needed to know. The Battle of Bornahy'ar and Adbar, the visions...a Third Eye Curse...the very wide open door to the spiritual realm...she was wide-eyed when she realized the importance of this discovery...This is what she had been waiting for for a very long time now.

She walked to an old closet that had been purposely hidden from the common eye. With a spell the door to the secret chamber opened. She took out an old strange mirror. And she proceeded to place it before a stone bed. The strangest thing of the mirror was that it made no reflection of anything. All it could reflect was black static haze and darkness. She started mumbling a spell in undecipherable words while she had her eyes closed and her claws lifted up high to her sides. Suddenly the black haze in the

mirror started moving.

Then a very low pitch voice started talking: "Why have you summoned me?"

Haggar opened her eyes in awe and immediately she lowered her claws and bowed before the mirror.

"My lord Masserath, I have summoned you because I have found a door."

"Really? How far is it from here?" the dark mirror answered.

"That's the best news I have for you...the door is right here in the castle" she answered.

"Very well, so I can assume you will start with the preparations?" Masserath answered.

"Yes my lord. I do not mean to impose, but you remember my petition..."

"Or course I do. But bring the door in the appointed time or else there is nothing that I can do for you".

"Thank you my lord." She bowed to the floor and the mirror stood frozen again. She stood up and proceeded to cover the mirror. At last she would have everything her heart desired. So she started to work immediately. She watched in her cauldron as the prince lay in his bed. "Now the fun begins...sweet dreams my little prince", she cackled.

During the night, Prince Lotor had been tossing and turning in his sleep. Disturbing dreams would not let him rest at ease. He saw himself lost in a battlefield trying to find a way out of there, dead corpses were lying everywhere. The rotten stench was invading his nose so in his dream he would run and could go nowhere. Then the gypsy-pirate was reaching to him trying to take him to a dark hole and he found himself with no weapon to defend himself. Then he felt other black arms dragging his legs and arms unto the black hole. In his dream he fell flat on his stomach while the arms were pulling harder to take him away into the darkness.

As he grew conscious that he was sleeping he tried to wake up but he couldn't. Then he felt his body completely immobilized and two dark arms tried to choke him to death. He tried to open his eyes but he could not. Then he thought about his mother and suddenly his body got limb. He woke up all soaked in sweat and breathing hard and fast. The room was completely dark but still he could see a little bit. He turned on the light beside the bed and put his arms on his head and he covered his face between his hands.

He stood up and went to the bathroom. He washed his face with water and dried himself. This first night sleeping in Doom had been worst than he had expected. And then he sat at the bedside touching his face when he suddenly felt cold. The temperature of the room dropped so rapidly that he could see the white vapor coming out of his nose and mouth. Then that's when he felt the sheets of the bed moving. He searched slowly with his eyes toward the movement of the sheets. Invisible hands were pulling them toward the front of the bed where a dark shadow was starting to rise from the floor.

His yellow eyes watched in terror as the shadow started to take the form of a huge black body, he stood

up and ran to the door and tried to open it but it would not budge. Then he felt someone behind him and heard a low pitch voice say to his ear: "Masserath.."

And then he really woke up...