

Episode 11

-Cloud Tower-

Valtor sat at his desk, annoyance radiating off of him as he watched the scene before him, the Trix standing in front of him also observing the events with interest.

Darcy: "That went about as well as expected."

Stormy: "Eh, I think she went pretty easy on him. I would've cut his dick off."

Darcy: "You would do that anyways Stormy."

Stormy scoffs.

Stormy: "Not that there's much to cut off."

Stormy and Darcy howl with laughter, their voices echoing off the room's walls.

Icy: "This is all very entertaining, but remind me again why we're watching prince dickless display his abysmal dating skills?"

Valtor's gaze is fixed on Bloom's tear-streaked face within the crystal, his expression intense and calculating.

Icy perches herself on his desk, positioning herself directly between Valtor and the image of Bloom. She raises a perfect eyebrow in question.

With his sight of Bloom obscured by Icy, Valtor eventually raises his gaze to meet hers, his expression unreadable.

Valtor: "You are witnessing the beginning of the downfall of our little princess."

The Trix glance at him, a look of confusion on their faces.

Icy: "What does Bloom's miserable love life have to do with her downfall?"

With a manipulative grin etched across his features, Valtor explained,

Valtor: "I've meticulously orchestrated the groundwork for an event precisely like this. I already sowed a seed of doubt in her mind concerning her charming boyfriend back in Eraklyon."

"Although, even I didn't anticipate the extent to which the boy would stoop. But in the end, it does not matter, Bloom is on her way here as we speak, just as I expected her to."

Darcy: "Right, for your masterful plan to 'train' her. I still don't see how this will benefit you in the long run."

Valtor grins at her.

Valtor: "I am going to prepare her for the one battle I could never win myself."

"She will become my tool to use in striking down my *loving* mothers."

The Trix all look up in shock.

Icy: "What?! Our ancestors were killed by the Company of Light a long time ago!"

Valtor: "No, they weren't. The Company of Light merely managed to banish them to Obsidian. Though they're confined there for now, I can still feel their wretched hands clawing at me every day, trying to gain control. It's only a matter of time before they find a way out and deem me no longer worth keeping around."

Darcy: "But, I still don't understand why you would need Bloom for that. Aren't you the most powerful sorcerer there is? Surely you can handle this without her."

Valtor: "Even I have my weaknesses. The witches could undo me as fast as they created me. Which is why I need someone else to do it for me. And who could be better than the princess of a kingdom that was tragically destroyed by their hands?"

A look of understanding came over the witches' faces.

Stormy: "So you'll manipulate her into fighting them for you!"

Valtor: "Yes. And once Bloom has served her purpose, I'll dispose of her. By the end, she will have depleted her magic entirely, and I'll be there to end her life, eliminating the final threat to my existence once and for all."

"The prince of Eraklyon has already done most of the work for me. Now, I simply need to plant the idea in her head. That shouldn't prove too challenging, considering her impulsive nature."

Icy: "...I'm sure you know what you're doing."

Valtor looks at her sharply.

Valtor: "It's best you three take your leave now. I don't want Bloom to see you. You might upset her and make her change her mind."

Stormy and Darcy shrugged and exited Griffin's old office. Icy lingered for a moment, casting one final glance at Valtor, who stood by the window, his gaze fixed on Bloom who was nearing Cloud Tower.

Under her breath, Icy muttered almost inaudibly,

Icy: "Wouldn't want to upset his precious little fairy."

Bloom approached Cloud Tower, her vision blurred by tears. As she drew closer, she spotted Griffin's office and gently rapped on the windowpane. With a soft creak, the window swung open, allowing Bloom to slip inside. She wiped away the remnants of her tears, preparing herself for what lay ahead.

Valtor: "To what do I owe the pleasure of your presence this evening?"

Bloom looked up at Valtor, who stood just a couple of steps away from her.

Bloom: "I'm not in the mood for your games Valtor. You know exactly why I'm here."

Valtor gave a low chuckle.

Valtor: "Of course, my apologies."

He noticed Bloom rubbing her wrist and gently grabbed her gloved arm, surprising her.

Bloom: "Hey!! What are you..."

Valtor: "Why do you let him get away with that?"

Bloom looks at him in shock

Valtor: "You are one of the most powerful fairies of this age. You could have incinerated a weakling like him on the spot from the moment he grabbed you."

Bloom looks down, the events of the evening playing through her mind.

Bloom: "Sky isn't a bad person, he's just..."

Realization suddenly dawned on Bloom, and she whips her head up.

Bloom: "WAIT, WERE YOU SPYING ON ME?"

Valtor flinched.

Valtor: "Keep the screeching to a minimum please. I already have enough of that with the three banshees I live with."

"And I like to call it 'keeping an eye on my investments'.

Bloom grits her teeth

Bloom: "Don't do that ever again or this arrangement is over!"

Valtor's lips curved into a cocky grin as he looked at her.

Valtor: "Whatever the princess wants."

Bloom glares at him.

Bloom: "You are insufferable you know that?"

Valtor: "And yet, here you are. Must be something irresistible about my charm."

Bloom looked ready to explode, stumbling and spluttering as she struggles to find the words.

Valtor: "Come, I'll show you where we'll meet from now on."

Bloom, still seething with anger, makes an effort to compose herself.

Bloom: "Hold on. I have some conditions."

Valtor raised an eyebrow at her.

Bloom: "I'll only agree to this if you release the witches from Cloud Tower. I don't feel comfortable coming here knowing they're still lying there..."

And I want you to free Layla's planet. You don't need it anymore so turn the mermaids back to normal."

Valtor rolled his eyes

Valtor: "Very well," Valtor concedes with a sigh. "Both the witches and Andros have served their purpose I suppose. Now, if you don't mind cooperating for 5 seconds, I don't have all night."

Bloom glared at him but begrudgingly followed him nonetheless.

Bloom: "I thought we were going to use Griffin's old office?"

Valtor: "Even back when we were allies, I always had a profound distaste for her gaudy decor. And unless you want the Trix barging in every other minute, I believe my personal quarters to be more suitable."

Bloom cringes at the thought of seeing the Trix more than necessary.

Bloom: "Fair enough."

Valtor halted before two imposing mahogany doors, a stark contrast to the building's normal architecture. With a subtle flourish, he swung the doors open, revealing an extraordinary sight that left Bloom in awe—a magnificent library. Stretching before her was a vast expanse of shelves filled with books, illuminated by the soft glow of moonlight filtering through an enormous window overlooking the night sky.

Surveying the opulent surroundings with a deadpan expression, Bloom couldn't help but remark,

Bloom: "Griffin's not the only one with a taste for gaudy decor."

Valtor shoots her a glare, but Bloom simply returns it with an innocent smile.

He bends down to meet her eyes.

Valtor: "Your training starts tomorrow night. I suggest you get some sleep; I'm not known for being gentle."

A smirk playing on his lips as his breath brushed against hers.

Bloom met his gaze with a challenging smirk of her own.

Bloom: "Luckily, I don't need you to be"

END