ThunderCats Legacy

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The ThunderCats are back in an all new adventure. Read as they save the Galaxy from the most evil beings in existence, using elements from both the OS and NS.

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Chapter 1:

Exodus

Thundera, a once great and bountiful empire; now, a burning rock left to die. The planet was thriving with life but a kind of life that babbled many and that life was feline life. The Thunderians were a race of feline humanoids that lived in an aage of peace and prosperity. To many, they appeared more humanoid than feline. Their ears were pointy like a cat but they were on the sides of the head like a human, their feet and hands were like a human but they had claws like a cat, and the markings on their face resembled that of a feline but the bone structure had some resemblance of a human. The Thunderians were once advanced and were a powerful force across their star system but not anymore. What's interesting about the cats wasn't their technology but something else. On Thundera was a group of nobles who defended and protected the weak and the helpless. They were called 'ThunderCats' and they were led by the Lord of the ThunderCats.

Leaving the planet was a small ship-a flagship-leading a hundred colony ships carrying the majority of Thundera's population. In the front of the flagship was an insignia, the Eye of Thundera, they called it, which had the appearance of a black cat in a red circle, and piloting the ship were the ThunderCats, themselves. Two cats were sitting in the control room, Panthro and Tygra.

Panthro was the oldest member and the biggest, standing to about seven feet. He had huge muscles with broad shoulders. He appeared to have a bald-like head, excluding the blue fur, and grey sideburns that are connected to the remaining hair on the back of his head, forming a warrior's tail. Dressed in a red waistcoat, a general in his day, he had a few stitches on his chest, showing years of fighting on the battlefield. He wore metal gauntlets that were like boxing gloves and black pants held up by a belt with the ThunderCats insignia as a belt buckle.

Though having knowledge of fighting, Tygra was not much of a warrior. He was a cat of science and architecture, building many structures for the people of Thundera. He was a young man, about 29-years-old, with his head covered in a green hood, leaving his face exposed. He had a handsome face with red-orange fur with black stripes and white areas. He wore a steel breastplate with the ThunderCats insignia in the center of where his heart is. Sleeveless, Tygra wore a pair of green wrist guards on both hands. Around his neck was a black oxygen mask with two black tubes on each side, connected to a circular disk with air filters on four sides on his back.

The two were the only ones in the control room.

"Pressure's stable. Anything on your end, Tygra?" asked Panthro. Panthro had a deep voice, making him sound tough like a warrior.

02

"Oxygen levels are okay," Tygra replied. He stared at the monitor, watching as Thundera burned. "Look at it. Thundera, our home world, is no more. Do you think Jaga is right about there being a planet suitable for us?"

"Tygra, you know I never doubt Jaga," Panthro stated. "I believe there is a planet out there for our people and you should put more faith in that."

Tygra looked at the elderly general, trying to not stare at the scar on his right eye, and declared: "You know I'm not a cat of faith, Panthro; I only the logical side of things. If there was any empirical evidence on the matter, I would change my point of view but I'll hold my tongue and see what happens. After all, Jaga's been right on many occasions."

The panther nodded his head and continued monitoring the systems. Tygra did the same, also.

The floor in the corridor was cold but that's what you get when you don't wear shoes; only spat-like coverings. Cheetara walked down the corridor towards prince Lion-O's room. She was very beautiful, having long blonde hair with spots that stopped to her waist, luscious lips, and a pale pink upsweep around her eyes. She was dressed in her usual cleric uniform, composed of a black, bra-like breastplate with the Thundercats insignia in the center, a blue leotard with a large hole on her abdomen and on her chest, exposing her cleavage and leather bracelets with gold coverings on her wrists and a tan skirt around her waist held up by a leather belt with two pouches on her right side.

She stood in front of the princes' bedroom door, pressing a button on her right to open it. Walking in side, she saw the young prince, Lion-O, sleeping so soundly in his bed. She smiled at the young cub's sleeping face but that smile faded when depressing thoughts started flowing through her head: "How am I going to tell Lion-O aboutâ ¦"

Interrupted, she heard a faint voice calling her name. "C-Cheetara," it was coming from the boy, Lion-O, calling his guardian in a voice of fatigue.

"Well, good morning Lion-O. Did you have a nice nap?" asked Cheetara in her usual, sultry voice. Even the prince's tired face made her smile.

The prince examined his room, realizing that he was in a different environment. He was not in his usual room nor was he in the palace, asking: "Cheetara. This isn't my room. Where am I?"

That's when the smile faded away, explained: "You're in a flagship, Lion-O. We brought you here while you were still asleep."

"Cheetara, why am I on a flagship?"

03

"I'llâ ¦I'll explain later," she still couldn't tell him, not yet, that is. "But, right now, I have to take you to another part of the ship. Jaga ordered me to wake you up and bring you toâ ¦"

"Snarf!" the sudden roar of Lion-O's pet, Snarf, interrupted the young cleric, causing her to turn her attention away from Lion-O and towards the little creature that slept by the foot of his bed.

Snarf was a very odd creature. He was neither cat nor lizard but more of a mixture of both. A furry face with only its pink nose and adoring green eyes standing out of the light coat, ridiculous long ears with yellow tufts of hair that trailed down his spine and at the end of his tail, the rest of Snarf's body was round and red with his underside looking almost reptilian-like.

"Hey, Snarf, how was your sleep?" said Lion-O, holding the little creature close to him. "Cheetara, can Snarf come with me to meet Jaga?"

The young cleric smiled and replied, "Sure."

20-minutes-later, Cheetara and Lion-O walked to another part of the ship to the council chamber with Snarf behind them. When Cheetara opened the door, she and Lion-O saw Jaga, staring out at the glass opening, feeling distressed from what he was seeing.

The Head Cleric was standing still, dressed in a blue cassock and holding a wooden staff with a green orb on the top, contemplating while rubbing his long beard.

"Hello, Cheetara," greeted Jaga. He knew it was her without turning his head. "I see you brought the young prince with you like I asked."

"Indeed, Jaga," Cheetara bowed her head, respectively, to her teacher. Lion-O ran to Jaga, giving him an affectionate hug. That was the only time Jaga turned around. The old jaguar smiled and patted the young prince's head. "Jaga, it's good to see you!"

The Head cleric smiled, letting out a light chuckle as he padded the young prince on the back. "Haha, it's good to see you too, Lion-O!"

"You wanted to see me about something!?" asked Lion-O, tilting his head to the left. Like Cheetara, the smile on Jaga's faced diminished into a frown, sad at what Lion-O's reaction would be.

"Come, Lion-O, let me show you something," Jaga requested, bringing the young prince to the window. "What do you see, Lion-O?"

"I don't know. All I see is a burning star."

This wasn't easy to tell him. So Jaga found the strength and told Lion-O, "That is not just a star, Lion-O. That is what's left of our home. That...is Thundera."

04

Losing all expression on his face, Lion-O didn't believe what he was hearing. "That's Thundera!? That's my home!? Our home!? No! No! No!" he thought. Lion-O soon noticed the colony ships flying behind the flagship, which brought relief that his people survived. "Jaga, I want to know who survived; Tygra, Panthro, Wilykit and Kat, did they survive?"

"Indeed, Lion-O. Tygra and Panthro are piloting the flagship as we speak and Wilykit and her brother Wilykat are in their rooms."

"...And my father?"

The old jaguar sighed, answering the young Princes' question, "I'm afraid that your father-King Claudus-did not make it." Jaga continued, explaining: "As the King of Thundera, it was his duty to lead the remaining soldiers against the League of Plun-Darr while we escaped with the rest of the colonists."

Lion-O felt tears flowing from his eyes down his cheeks. He didn't want to believe this was happening. As Lion-O ran out of the council chamber, Cheetara tried to stop him but Jaga placed a hand on the cheetah and said in a wise tone of voice, "Let's leave the young prince alone for a while, Cheetara. He'll need time to process all of this."

Lion-O ran down the corridor and wasn't looking where he was going. 13-years-old; he was too young to suffer this much trauma. Without looking where he was going, Lion-O bumps into someone in front of him,

falling backwards and landing onto the floor.

Rubbing his forehead, Lion-O felt the pain surging through like being hit with a brick. Lion-O didn't see whom he ran into.

"Hey what's the big idea...Lion-O?" said the silhouette that Lion-O ran into. The young prince looked and saw who it was, exclaimed, "Wilykat!"

Standing up, Lion-O was surprised to see another familiar face. WilyKat was about the same age as Lion-O, dressed in a tanned tunic and black pants held up by a brown belt with pouches around it, unlike Lion-O who wore a sky blue, armor-like tank top with dark blue pants held up by a blue belt with the ThunderCats insignia as a belt buckle around his waist.

"By the gods, Lion-O; I haven't seen you in a while. How's it been?" Cheerfully, asked Wilykat.

"Fine" was all Lion-O said. Wilykat noticed the sad expression on the prince's face, saying, "You know, don't you, that Thundera is no more?"

Lion-O didn't say anything to Wilykat. He just simply nodded his head, avoiding eye contact.

Wilykat walked Lion-O to his room, saying, "Come on; let me show you my room. My sister would be happy to see you."

05

20-minutes-later, Wilykat stood in front of his bedroom door with Lion-O, opening the door and stepping in. Lion-O saw Wilykat's sister, Wilykit, lying down on her bed and staring at the ceiling, up into space.

"Hey, Kit, look who I brought!?" called Wilykat, getting his twin sister's attention.

"Kat, can't you see I'm trying to..." With just one look, Wilykit became speechless from seeing Lion-O.

"L-Lion-O, Is that you!?" Wilykit exclaimed with her cheeks all red.

For being twins, Wilykit looked nothing like her brother. Her hair was red with a black line in the middle of her scalp, tied in a pony tail, which her brother had red hair with two lines on his scalp and white sideburns. She was dressed in a blue top with one strap with an asymmetrical skirt with six different, hanging pieces: three pink and three blue. The only thing the two were similar was that they had tails.

"Hey Kit. Good to see you."

Wilykit got out of bed and ran towards Lion-O, hastily; excited to see the young prince, again, but her smile died down from seeing the sadness that Lion-O was expressing. "So, you know that Thundera's gone, don't you?"

Now, Lion-O did hear a word Wilykit said. In fact, he wasn't even standing where the twins were. He was too busy looking at his surroundings by examining the shelf that was a few feet away from the ThunderKittens and close to their beds. While Lion-O was distracted, Kat looked at his sister with a sly smile and said, grinningly, "You have a crush on Lion-O, don't you?"

Wilykit's face flushed from that comment. "N-no I don't!" Kit whispered to her brother. Wilykat responded to that by pinching his sister's left cheek.

"Yes you do! I can see it on your face! You like Lion-O!"

To even anger his sister, Wilykat walked up to Lion-O, shouting, "Hey, Lion-O! My sister has a c..." but before he could finish his sentence, Wilykat was interrupted by his sister covering his mouth with her right hand.

"What?" asked Lion-O, tilting his head while looking at the cubs.

"N-nothing! You know my brother; always saying things to get attention!" that comment pissed Wilykat. Wilykit could feel Wilykat shouting from the vibrations under the palm of her hand. Lion-O turned back to scanning the shelf. Removing her palm, Kit stared at her brother, giving him the evil eye, which made him feel squeamish.

He had always been afraid of his sister's stare. To him, it was like being stared at by a thousand owls. Walking up to Lion-O, Wilykit tried processing words to comfort the prince.

06

"Um, Lion-O, I know this is hard on you but don't worry; we're here and we'll help you get through this," She said, placing a hand on Lion-O's right shoulder. "We're your friends and we're here for you."

Lion-O felt Wilykits' touch as soft and he felt relieved to have such good friends but the moment of comfort was interrupted by Jaga who stood in front of the opened door.

"There you are, young prince. Cheetara and I have been looking everywhere for you."

"Hey Jaga; so why were you looking for me?"

"Come, I must show you something in the armory."

13-minutes-later, Jaga brought Lion-O to the armory where he showed something awesome. A sword made from the rarest metal in the galaxy, it was about the same size as a dagger but that was because it was sleeping; reserving its power when needed to be summoned. In the hilt of the sword was a red stone with a black line in the shape of a cat's eye in the center. Below the Sword was a golden Gauntlet that was able to contain the Sword.

"What is it, Jaga?" asked Lion-O.

"That, my boy is the fabled Sword of Omens," the Head Cleric explained while bringing Lion-O closer to it. "You see, Lion-O, this sword is a cultural artifact of Thundera; wielded by the previous kings of Thundera and Lords of the ThunderCats, including your father, Claudus." Jaga grabs the sword and hands it to Lion-O. "Now, the sword has been passed down to you, Lion-O. You are the new King of Thundera and the new Lord of the ThunderCats."

"But, Jaga, how can I be king without a kingdom?"

"Do not worry, Lion-O. Your people have survived Thundera's demise and, for that, Thundera will live on. In both us and the Code of Thundera..."

Before Jaga could continue, a large explosion occurred. The flagship was under attack. Lion-O placed the sword back on its hanger and ran to the control room with Jaga in front of him and the Thunderkittens behind him. A-minute-later, Cheetara arrives, standing behind the young prince.

"Report, what's happening!?" Jaga puts on his helm and watches the monitor. "Where's the attack coming from?"

Tygra was the first pilot to respond, "We don't know but we've just lost colony ships 5&16."

"I'm picking up an image of one of their ships on the monitor," Panthro didn't like what he saw on the screen. It was a fleet of stellar fighters. Green, menacing, and destructive, they attacked many of the colony ships. "It's the Legion! Somehow, I knew they would attack us, sooner or later!"

"Are you sure!?" Cheetara spoke up.

07

"Positive, I ran the image in the computer and it's a perfect match. That fleet is of Plun-Darren design," None of them liked the sound of that, thinking that they had gotten away from the Plun-Darr Star System. Tygra was sending messages to all colony ships, telling them to arm themselves.

Leading the fleet was a ship, larger than the other stellar fleets. This was the Plun-Darren mothership. Its design was too grotesque, too demented, too frightening to describe.

Walking down the corridor and into the control, a large lizard man with the appearance of a komodo dragon stands before his comrades. Wearing x-shaped chest bands and a brown kilt was considered the height of lizard generals with the exception of the bovine head-like medallion around his neck. His eyes were yellow with red edges, his scales were blue-green and hard, and his teeth were so sharp that they could pierce through a rhinos' skin.

"Report, what is the status of the Thunderian colonies!?" demanded the lizardman, taking his seat in the captains' chair.

"One of our fleets has just taken out two of their colony ships, Slithe," reported the ape man on the right. "I am ordering the rest to spare the flagship."

"Excellent, Addicus," said Slithe, giving a slight "hiss" like a snake. "Once the cats are exterminated and the Sword of Omens ours, the Plun-Darren Empire will dominate the galaxy."

"Can't we just save a few cats? I'm getting very, very hungry," said the jackal man, letting out a deranged laugh while licking his lips.

Addicus retorted, "Everything you do disgusts me, Kaynar!"

"Besides, we cannot spare a single cat. If one or more cats are spared, then they will do whatever they can to defeat us," Slithe added.

Kaynar didn't say anything. He just crossed his arms and pouted. Kaynar's mental status has always been put to question. Even Addicus had been twisting his head left and right, thought: "What the hell is wrong with you?"

The defense system of the colony ships were activated as ion cannons were preparing to fire. Many of the colony ships fired, taking out a quarter of the Plun-Darren Legions' fleet. As the battle continued, many Thunderian ships were destroyed while some had scattered to the unknown parts of the galaxy.

All that remains was the flagship; the one ship the Plun-Darrens had spared. The mothership sailed closer to the flagship, close enough to board it, sending a metal tube with edges so sharp that they pierced through the ship. The ThunderCats prepared for battle. The Plun-Darren assaulted and destroyed anything in their way, looking for something that's important.

"Where is it!? Where is the Sword!?" exclaimed Slithe, tossing boxes and miscellaneous items. "It's got to be around here...somewhere."

08

Just then Slithe noticed the door to the armory with the ThunderCats insignia on it. "You, men, open that door! The sword must be in there!"

Marching down the corridor, a unit, consisting of apes and dogs, scanned the area. Then out of nowhere, a flash of yellow light appeared and took them out, one by one, leaving only one dog left. The yellow blur slowed down, revealing the entity to be none other than the cleric, Cheetara. She stopped and stood in front of the dog and took out a small bar. With one press of a button, the bar became a long, bo staff. Swinging it around, the dog soldier became intimidated and ran. It just goes to show you that no one may underestimate Cheetara. She realized that the armory is unprotected and so she ran to the armory. The Sword of Omens must be protected at all cost.

Another unit storms into the control room where they ran into Panthro and Tygra. Pulling out his bolo whip, Tygra presses a button on the side of the handle where his thumb is. From the whip was an electrical current, covering Tygra and making him invisible. Panthro, on the other hand, pulls out a pair of nunchaku and charges at the unit, striking them with every blow. The few that remained were mysteriously struck down by an unknown force and when they all fell, a surge of electricity appeared and, out of nowhere, Tygra appears but it didn't end there for another unit appeared in the control room and began firing. Tygra charges with his bolo whip, wailing the three, red orbs at one of them right in the face. Dodging their fire, Tygra, suddenly, started to hyperventilate, effecting his vision in the process. Tygra almost passed out but that was before he placed the mask around his neck onto his face, which helped him stabilize his breathing. Back in action, Tygra lashed his whip and took out the entire unit.

"Tygra, let's move! We have to get to the armory before they do," Panthro ordered, sheathing his nunchucks back into his belt. With quick speed, but not the same speed as Cheetara, Tygra and Panthro ran to the armory.

A lizard carrying a blowtorch walks up to the armory door and started burning a hole through it but little did they realize that the Thunderkittens were behind that door. Wilykit and Wilykat had the only one shot. They each took a capsule from their belt and threw it at the Plun-Darrens, exploding yellow and purple smoke, which blinded them in the process but they kept on marching. When Slithe and his two generals, Addicus and Kaynar, stormed into the armory, Jaga stood in front of the Wilys and hammered the end of his staff to the ground, shouting, "You will not obtain the Sword!" and from that, a flash of bright light appeared before them. It frightened Addicus and Kaynar, but not Slithe, and while Jaga was distracted, Slithe ran passed him without making a sound.

09

The lizard commander ran into the section of the armory where the Sword of Omens was located. The Sword of Omens would be in his grasp if the young prince didn't stand in his way.

"Give me the sword, cub," Slithe demanded, threatening Lion-O by holding up his mace. "Hand it over or this will get ugly!"

Trying to hold up the Sword of Omens, Lion-O was prepared to defend himself against the reptile. "Don't...don't make me use the Sword of Omens on you!"

Slithe just laughed at Lion-O's threat. Slithe lifted his mace, preparing to strike the young prince when, all of a sudden, the Eye of Thundera glowed and growled, giving Lion-O the strength to lift it off the ground.

Shocked, Slithe became frightened by the Sword's immense glow, causing him to retreat back to the ship.

Tygra and Panthro ran down the corridor and towards the armory but before they could get there, the two were stopped by Addicus and Kaynar who were blocking their way.

"Look, Addicus! Appetizers!" said Kaynar, dementedly. Addicus was still uncomfortable being around Kaynar, stating: "Is there a time when you don't act crazy!?"

Kaynar shrugged and replied, "Not really." It was Kaynar VS. Tygra-cat vs. dog-a rivalry that has occurred since the beginning of time. Kaynar charged, slashing his battle ax like a maniac (Which he was) while Tygra, simply, dodged his attacks. The only thing Tygra was getting was a cool breeze and with his oxygen mask on, he could fight that psycho for a long time. To Kaynar, it was like fighting air and the fighting went on for, at least, thirty minutes.

"Come on, is that the best you got!?" Tygra taunted Kaynar, noticing how out of breath and with just one poke on the chest, Kaynar fell like a tree to the ground.

Panthro and Addicus were circling around, face-to-face. "Well, Well. I guess I get to fight the legendary general, Panthro," Addicus commented. "It will be an honor fighting you."

Addicus held his baton and leaped in an attacking motion with Panthro blocking his attack with his nunchucks. With one sliding of his right foot, Panthro trips Addicus and watches him fall.

"Retreat," Slithe ran from the armory and back to the mothership, ordering all Plun-Darrens to do the same, including Addicus and Kaynar. Kaynar and Addicus got up off the floor and ran back to their ship with Kaynar looking back at Tygra, saying, "Another time, ThunderCat, and I will have your head. Ahahahaha!"

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The Plun-Darrens were gone with the mothership flying away. TheunderCats regrouped in the armory, checking to see if Lion-O was okay. Tygra, panthro Cheetara, the Wilys, and Jaga ran into the section of where the Sword of Omens was and saw Lion-O, holding the Sword up in the air like it was a feather. Just how did he require the strength to do so? Placing the Sword back on its holder, Lion-O was being stared at by the other ThunderCats who were giving him worried looks.

"Lion-O, are you alright?" asked Tygra. "Have you been hurt in any-"

Before Tygra could continue, Wilykit ran up and wrapped her arms around Lion-O's neck, screaming: "Lion-O! I was so scared that you might have gotten hurt!" but she unwrapped her arms and backed away;

embarrassed of what she had done. She could even hear her brother snickering.

"Guys, I'm fine," Lion-O confirmed to everyone. "Really, there's nothing broken or bruised."

30-minutes-later, after Panthro patches up the hole in the ship, the ThunderCats were in the control room, seeing what a mess it was.

"By the gods, this is terrible," said Panthro, examining the damaged that had been done to the control panel. "The navigation system is fried, the autopilot's damaged, and the cup holder is broken. I guess we'll never that planet you envisioned, Jaga."

"On the contrary, Tygra, I still know the location of where it is but it will take years to reach it. That is why I must pilot the ship while you' all must stay in the suspension capsules," Jaga stated. Hearing that, everyone started begging Jaga not to pilot the ship.

"Please, Jaga, let me pilot the ship," Tygra begged. "We need you and your wisdom to lead us." But Jaga denied the offer, saying, "Only I can guide the ship to the new world." he, also, added, "You must all learn live without me but even if I am gone, I will always be with all of you in spirit."

They' all nodded their heads and walked into the suspension chamber. Jaga watched at all of the ThunderCats each stepped into their own suspension capsule, all except for Lion-O who ran and gave Jaga a hug goodbye. Crying, he says to Jaga, "Goodbye; Jaga. We'll miss you."

Jaga hugs Lion-O and lets him go so that he may enter his suspension capsule. 12-minutes-later, Jaga returns to the control room, sitting in the pilot seat and taking the wheel. He piloted the flagship straight to star system of where the new planet was. Seconds turned to minutes, minutes turned to hours, hours turned to days, days turned to months, and months turned to years. Ten years had passed and the ship had finally reached the new world; sadly, Jaga started to age and to wither.

11

Jaga remembered the autopilot was damaged, thinking, "I have finally reached our destination but, sadly, I will not be around to see it. Since the ship's autopilot is damaged; I hope that the ship can survive the impact."

Jaga removed his hands from the control panel, growing weaker from the trip. As the ship flew closer to the planet, Jaga withered into cosmic dust, leaving only his clothes behind. After the ship came close to the planet, the ship began to burn from coming in contact with its atmosphere, causing multiple explosions to occur around the ship with many of the suspension capsules flying out of the ship like meteors to the ground.

Chapter 2: ThunderCats are Loose

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Chapter 2:

ThunderCats are loose

Searing out of the sky like comets, the suspension capsules took separate paths; the sheer force of their passage struck the surface of Third-Earth, sending a shocking power across the continent. One pod opens, awakening the small creature, Snarf, from years of hibernation. The little creature sees another pod, a mile away from his.

Snarf scampered to the other pod to see who is inside it. With one look from the glass frame, he saw who it was and it was Lion-O. Scratching it with his paws and trying to open it, exclaiming "Snarf!" When the pod opened, a flash of blinding light appeared and standing up out of the pod was a silhouette of an older cat, about in his 20s, with an average build and long, spiky red hair that reached down to his waist. Snarf was excited, recognizing that it was his master. Running to him, Snarf was picked up by Lion-O and petted on the head.

"Snarf, it's good to see you!" said Lion-O, excited to see his pet. "Wait; did this capsule shrink, or something, because it seems to have gotten smaller?"

Putting Snarf down onto the ground, Lion-O notices his hands have gotten bigger and, also, noticing how his arms have gotten stronger. He sees a puddle of water and walks up to it. Lion-O kneels down, seeing his reflection in the water.

"By the gods, I've grown!" Lion-O acknowledged, seeing how matured he looked. He noticed how the clothes he was wearing were full of rips and tears.

While Lion-O continued looking at his reflection, Snarf spots a metallic object sticking out of the ground. The little whatever he was runs to the object and tries to pry it out of the ground with his teeth. Once the object was out, he took a good look at what it was. It was the fabled Sword of Omens. Snarf brought the Sword to Lion-O, carrying it in his teeth.

"What'cha got there, Sarf?" Lion-O asked, turning his eyes away from his reflection. He grabs the Sword out of Snarf's mouth and examines it. "Wait, this sword looks familiar but I...I can't remember where I've seen it before."

As soon Lion-O picks up the Sword of Omens, a surge of power travels through his body and straight to his mind. Eyes blinking, he places the sword's guard up to his eyes. "Sword of Omens," the guard already wrapped around his eyes as his teal orbs glowed, "Give me sight beyond sight."

He wanted to know where the other ThunderCats were. So the Sword showed him where their capsules were located. Removing the sword's guard away from his eyes, Lion-O placed the Sword in his belt and ran to the location of where his friends were.

13

3-hours-later, with Snarf following behind him, Lion-O ran as fast as he could but he stopped and hid behind a bunch of rocks. He spotted a ship-Plun-Darren ship-landing on the surface to where the capsules were. As the hatch opens, a battalion of Plun-Darren soldiers marched out and waited as their superiors walked out as well. Lion-O couldn't believe his eyes. It was the same, three Plun-Darren generals from before: Slithe, Addicus, and Kaynar. They saw the capsules and ordered the soldiers to round them up.

"Finally, after ten years, we've finally found them," Smiling, Slithe kneels down and looks at the capsules his men rounded up. "After we open these capsules, we'll 'interrogate' the ThunderCats into telling us where the Sword of Omens is located and after that...well, it will be a shame to see a great species go extinct."

"And when we're done, let me have their carcasses to feast on," Kaynar added, cracking a demented grin on his face.

Slithe ignores Kaynars' deranged request and turned his attention to the suspension capsule Cheetara was occupying, "Well, we don't have to kill all of them. We could keep on of them to 'entertain' us for a while." He stared at Cheetara, lecherously, licking his lips and coming up with perverted thoughts.

Lion-O wouldn't allow that to happen. He stood up from behind the rocks and roared, "Leave them alone, PlunDarrens, or face my wrath!"

"Who the hell are you!?" Slithed shouted, not being about to recognize the now grown-up Lion-O.

Lion-O didn't respond. Instead, he held up the Sword of Omens, waving it at them. "He's got the Sword of Omens!" Addicus shouted, causing Slithe to order, "Get him!"

Before the Plun-Darren soldiers came close to where Lion-O was standing, they weren't prepared for what was about to happen. "Thunder..." The blade grew as Lion-O slashed the air in front of him. "Thunder..." A second slash. "Thunder..." the lion slashed a third time before he pointed the sword upward. "ThunderCats-HO!!!!"

From that last slash, The Eye of Thundera morphs from being an eye to the ThunderCat's insignia, firing a beam of red light into the sky and forming into the insignia. After the symbol appeared in the sky, all the ThunderCats eyes opened and glowed yellow. Next thing you know, the doors on their capsule exploded and flew in the air, letting the ThunderCats out. From the looks of it, they haven't aged at all, unlike Lion-O.

"Oh no, this can't be happening," said Kaynar.

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"The ThunderCats...they're loose!" Addicus added. The Plun-Darren soldiers turned their attention away from Lion-O and were now scared at the awakening of the other ThunderCats. So scared, they retreated to the ship without Slithe's order.

"Where the hell do you think you're going, cowards!? Stand your ground and attack!" Slithe was very irritated by his mens' cowardice. "Or do you want me to sick Kaynar on you' all?"

That was the magic response that made the Plun-Darren soldiers stop and charged at the ThunderCats. Ready for battle, the ThunderCats unsheathed their weapons and charged at the Plun-Darren soldiers.

Cheetara back away from a couple of soldiers while holding her bo staff in both hands until her back leaned towards Tygra's. They, literally, had each other's back, "Tygra, who is that lion over there?" Cheetara noticed

the now adult Lion-O but couldn't recognize him. She continued while knocking out the lights of a few Pun-Darren soldiers, "I can't put my finger on it but he looks...familiar. It's like I've seen him somewhere."

"Well, whoever he is; he really needs to work on his battle skills," Tygra commented, noticing how Lion-O's fighting skills were crude, yet effective.

Using the Sword of Omens, Lion-O was able to defeat, at least, twenty soldiers. Some blood was shed but not a lot. Only grazing and injuring his enemies, Lion-O showed mercy to the soldiers, knowing that they were doing what they were told.

Panthro, with his nunchuckus, struck 30 to 40 soldiers. His martial art skills were unique among the other ThunderCats, judo kicking and striking at the enemy; giving them a disadvantage. The Wilys pulled out red and yellow rope from their pouches and uses it to hogtie, at least, 5 or 6 soldiers, tying them up and removing their weapons. Slithe, becoming irritated, called in a retreat, causing every Plun-Darren to return to return to the ship. Even the ones that were tied up had to hop back onto the ship.

30-minutes-later, after the Plun-Darrens fled, Tygra removed his hood and scratched the back of his head in confusion. "Okay...that was a bit too easy."

"Well, if it wasn't for our mysterious friend here, we wouldn't have been able to win," Cheetara added, turning her attention to the person standing in front of her. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Cheetara, don't you recognize me? It's me, Lion-O," Lion-O reintroduced himself. Everyone was shocked by what the cub said. 'How could this lion be the prince?' were the thoughts that was being processed in their heads but they took a good and realized it was him. Even Panthro was having a hard time processing this.

"Okay, how long were we in those capsules?"

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"Oh; not too long. I just woke up a couple of minutes ago and found you guys in those pods," Lion-O retorted, humorously. He continued while holding the Sword of Omens up high for everyone to see: "Then, somehow, I used the Sword of Omens to awaken you' all before Slithe and his goons take you back to the Plun-Darr Star System."

The Wily's were unhappy about this because Lion-O had aged while they remained the same. Panthro patted the young prince on the back and said in an optimistic tone of voice, "Well, at least you grew up to be a strong lad."

"And handsome too," Cheetara added, which made Lion-O's face flush bright red.

"Yeah, but that's going to be a problem," Tygra retorted. Everyone was curious at what Tygra was talking about until he started to explain: "You see, Lion-O had, physically, matured but not mentally. In fact, he's still a 13-year-old on the inside so, now, it's up to us to help him mature and become a proper king and Lord of the ThunderCats."

Nodding their heads in agreement, the ThunderCats will do whatever they can to help Lion-O become a true lead; however, the Wilys left and went on a hunt for wherever the flagship crashed, which causes Lion-O to ask, saying, "Wait, where did the Wilys go?"

Somewhere, 4-miles-away from where the adults were, the twins were looking around the area of the new planet they're now walking on. Wilykit crouched down, taking notice of a purple flower. She plucks it and stares at it, smiling and fiddling with the flower as nice thoughts swarm through her head. Standing up, her train of thought was disturbed as her brother tapped her on the shoulder. A smile that can only be made by a snake, Kit was surpised when she saw Kat's expression by the time she turned to face him.

"Oh no, Kat, please don't say it."

"What, does my sister still has a crush on Lion-O!?" The way Kat talked made his sister's cheeks flush in embarrassment. "You know, since he's older, Lion-O will start going after women his own age, like Cheetara."

The realization scared Wilykit, making her think of negative thoughts on the cleric. Even though the cheetah has been her friend since the day they met, Wilykit wouldn't accept the thought of her prince being in the arms of another woman.

Wilykat notices her sister's angry expression and responses, mockingly, "Oooh, is my sister showing signs of jealousy!? Don't worry, I bet you'll still have a shot with Lion-O...when you reach his height!"

"Kat, shut up!" Wilykit snapped, causing her brother's smile to fade.

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Placing the flower in her hair, Wilykit started walking and leaving her brother behind, that is, until he starts catching up. Wilykit walked farther away from the adults, feeling her spat-covered feet touching the ground, but she stopped when she saw something...relieving.

"Kat, come over here and take a look what I found!" Kit called over her brother who was exhausted from following his sister. He replied, tiredly, "Just...just let me catch my breath!" Wilykat could, barely, feel the oxygen going in and out of his lungs but with one deep breath, Kat got back on his feet and continued walking.

When Kat finally caught up with his sister, his jaw dropped when he saw what was in front of him. It was the flag ship, or what's left of it, lying in a crater, covered in rust and burns from years in space.

"By all the gods, it's the ship!" Wilykat exclaimed. "We've got to tell the others what we've found."

Before Wilykat could leave, his sister grabs him by the collar of his shirt, yanking it and causing him to fall onto the ground. "Wait, Kat! We can't just tell them the ship's here without making sure nothing's out of place."

"What do you mean 'out of place'? Everything from the ship fell out when we crashed landed on this planet."

"What I mean is, Kat, haven't you ever wondered where the Clawshield went? Lion-O wasn't wearing it while fighting with the Sword of Omens," Wilykit pointed out. Kat started to realize it now. Lion-O wasn't in possession of the Clawshield and that is the most important relic when in need of defense. Kit continued, "That's why I think it's still in the ships armory. If we find it, then we can give it to Lion-O and he'll reward us with praise."

That was when Kat's realized expression changed to a mere grin, saying, "You just want to find it so Lion-O would like you, right?"

"Sh-shut up!" Wilykit snapped while her face flushed red.

"Well, it's true!"

"No it's not!"

"Yes it is!"

"No it's not!"

The taunting continued as the twins entered the ship. They walked down the corridor, noticing the damages that have befallen onto the ship. Still, Kat continued tormenting his sister.

"Admit it, Kit, you like Lion-O. You just want to do whatever you can to win his heart."

"Kat, you're sick!" she exclaimed. "Okay, maybe I did have a slight crush on Lion-O but, look at him, now! By the time I'm twenty, he'll be an old man!"

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Yet, Kat continued teasing his sister but the teasing stopped when they made it to the armory, or what was left of it. The Wilys stepped into the armory, examining the interior, hoping to find what they were looking for. Right where the mantle stood; the Clawshield was lying on the floor; untouched and unused for a decade.

"Finally, we found it!" Wilykit asserted. The young Thunderkitten picks it up. "Once we get this thing back to Lion-O, he'll have a proper container for the Sword." 'And get Lion-O's attention,' she thought, smiling to herself, but as Wilykit picked up the Clawshield, she heard a loud growl coming from the shadows.

The growl became louder and louder; sounded like it was coming closer and it sounded very, very hungry. It was creature of tremendous size, covered in scales and spikes, with claws sharp enough to cut through flesh and steel. Eyes glowing red, it walked out of the shadows, revealing itself to the young ThunderKittens, licking its lips from thinking how delicious the kittens would taste. With its red eyes focused on the cubs, it raised its right claw and swooshed striking at the twins with brute strength but it missed. The Kits ran for their lives, watching how the creature's power ripped a hole through the armory's walls.

Wilykit held the Clawshield close to her chest as tight as she could when she and her brother ran out of the flagship with that monster behind their tail.

Meanwhile, Cheetara 2-miles-away from where the other adult ThunderCats were, searching for where the Thunderkittens had wondered off to.

While she ran, Cheetara stopped, feeling the vibration of the communicator on her belt going off. She removes the communicator from her belt and answers it, "Cheetara here. What's up, Tygra?"

"Cheetara, have you found the Kits, yet?" Tygra sounded very concerned.

"No, not yet, but they're around here...somewhere."

Just then, Cheetara started hearing the screams of the Wilys, 2-miles-away from where she was standing. Cheetara ran to their location, which took her 20-seconds to arrive, but when she arrived, she saw the Wilys being chased by the ferocious beast from the ship. Standing on a hill, Cheetara called Tygra on her

communicator: "Tygra, we have a problem."

"What is it, Cheetara," Tygra asked. "Did you find the Kits?"

"Oh, yes I did, and I found something else," Cheetara replied, sounding surprised.

As Cheetara scouted for the Wilys, the rest of the ThunderCats were setting up camp at where the suspension pods were located. Tygra was talking to Cheetara on his communicator when he exclaimed, "They're what!"

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The others turned their heads at Tygra, stopping what they were doing, which was setting up tents they made; well, actually, Panthro made, out of leaves and broken branches that were lying around. Tygra stepped down and walked to the others. Panthro watched Tygra walked. "Let me guess; Cheetara found the Kits." He took a heavy sigh. "And, from the sound of it, they're in trouble."

Now, the next thing you know it, Lion-O, Tygra, and Panthro grabbed their weapons and headed to the location of the crash site. Good thing Cheetara gave Tygra the coordinates.

Without any form of transportation, the three ThunderCats had to run. Oh, how they envied Cheetara's paranormal speed. After arriving, they saw Cheetara having her hands full; fighting the creature while the Kits ran for cover. The creature launched the first blow but his claws were no match for Cheetara's speed as she dodged every blow. Cheetara leaped on top of the monster's tail and ran to the top of its head. Standing on top of the creature's head, Cheetara unsheathes her bo staff and strikes it into the monster's right eye, piercing through its iris as blood began to flow. The creature tried to grab Cheetara but she jumped off its head and, safely, landed onto the ground. The rest of the ThunderCats started to cheer, causing Cheetara to turn to the others and smile, that is, until the creature regain focus, snatching Cheetara with its left claw.

"Umm, a little help here, guys!" Cheetara pleaded. The creature opened its mouth, preparing to devour Cheetara.

Lion-O unsheathed the Sword of Omens from his belt, watching as it grew from dagger to sword. He ordered the other ThunderCats, "Distract that beast. I'll get Cheetara!" he raised the Sword up. "ThunderCats-HO!!!!" The other two ThunderCats unsheathed their weapons and followed Lion-O's plan, charging at the monstrous beast in their way. Tygra cracked his bolo whip onto the ground, in front of the creature, causing sparks to appear, making the monster take a step back. Using his nunchucks, Panthro strikes at the monsters' tail but even that didn't cause it to let Cheetara go. Lion-O, on the other hand, leaped into the air and struck the creature's right hand, severing it and watching as it fell but before it fell, it released Cheetara with Lion-O catching her before hitting the ground and carrying her to safer ground, 10-feet-away from the beast.

"Thanks, Lion-O," said Cheetara, smiling in Lion-O's arms princess style.

Putting her down, gently, Lion-O rubbed the back his head and blushed a little. "W-well, it was nothing."

The moment broke when the creature roared as blood poured from its stump of a hand. Lion-O and Cheetara saw Panthro and Tygra fighting the creature.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot about him," Lion-O emphasized, smacking his forehead in an irritating gesture.

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"Yeah and if you're not busy, we could really use the help at any time!" Tygra retorted, dodging every step the creature made with its feet. "And by 'anytime,' I mean now!"

Panthro jumped onto the beast's head. His nunchucks' chains became longer, wrapping it around the monster's neck. "The bigger they are, the harder they fall." but the creature wasn't easy to be stable. It kept shaking its head, causing Panthro to lose his balance and fall to the ground but he landed, safely, on his feet.

Lion-O holds the Sword of Omens, saying to Cheetara, "Well, let's finish this", and they both jumped into battle. Lion-O and Cheetara strike the beast with such strife. Lion-O slices the beast through its chest while Cheetara hits it belows the legs, sending it tumbling to the ground. Lion-O then stood on top of the creature and sending the Sword deep into the creature's throat, putting it out of its misery.

Lion-O took a minute to think, wondering what the hell that creature was. He jumps down and stood in front of the beast, saying, "What the hell is this thing."

"Who knows? Maybe, one of the fauna of this planet," replied Tygra who was standing on Lion-O's right. Panthro standing on Lion-O's left added, "2 hours on this planet and I'm starting to like it."

Just then, they noticed Wilykit and Kat hiding behind a couple of rocks from the others. "Kit, Kat, get over here," called Tygra.

The twins came out from behind the rocks and walked up to Tygra but they avoided eye contact. Tygra didn't look happy as his arms were crossed and his hood was pulled back to reveal his angry expression.

"Just what were you thinking running off like that!?" Tygra started scolding the twins, seeing how ashamed they were feeling. "You two could've gotten yourselves killed! We don't know anything about this planet and because of that, it's important to stay together with the rest of us!"

The Wilys started looking at the others, noticing the same look they were giving them as Tygra was, except for Lion-O who was just rubbing the back of his head and avoiding eye contact with the twins.

The tension broke when Lion-O started defending the Kits, saying, "Oh, come on, Tygra, they're just kids! You know how curious kids can be and I should know, I was kid before I became...this!" Lion-O, also, adds: "Besides, we didn't let them explain why they left the group!"

Nodding their heads, the twins opened their mouths and explained everything and after their explanation, Wilykit walks up to Lion-O, presenting him with the Clawshield. She bows to him and hands the relic, "This belongs to you, my king."

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Lion-O grabbed the gauntlet and took a good look at it, exclaiming, "I knew I was forgeting something," sheathing the Sword of Omens inside. clipping the Clawshield on the right side of his belt, Lion-O gives the order to "Return to camp." While walking, the Kits walked beside their leader, asking him, "are we still in trouble?" with which he replied, "Oh big time but we'll postpone your punishment after we get back."

Things are going to be weird on this new world. T'll next time.

Chapter 3: Mumm-Ra

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Chapter 3:

Mumm-Ra

Cruising through the sky, the Plun-Darrien mother ship scanned the area for any sign of civilization but there wasn't any in sight. In the cockpit, bickering was now among the generals.

"This is your fault, Kaynar!" scolded Slithe. "If you had followed my orders instead of doing whatever you wanted, we could've done away with those ThunderCats and the Sword of Omens could have been ours!" As Slithe continued scolding, he punches Kaynar, giving him an uppercut to the waist.

Getting up, Kaynar charged at Slithe with a deranged grin on his face and sucker punching the lizard in the face, saying, "Well, if it wasn't for your constant straightforwardness and demanding that every soldier below your rank follows every detail you say, then we would have gotten the Sword and have a few pelts!"

Then the two turned their heads to Addicus who was just leaning against the wall. Slithe then shouts at the primate general, "Don't you have anything to say, too!?"

Addicus just shook him head, saying "no" nonchalantly. After that, the two other generals continued their senseless argument. The pilots flew in the a desert, over what appeared to be the ruins of a fallen civilization. There were tall skyscrapers that, slowly, sank into the sand over time, showing only the roofs. The city appeared advanced; however, the odd structure at the end of the city. It was a giant black pyramid with four obelisks around it, shooting purple lighting from the tips and into the sky.

As they prepare to fly over the Black Pyramid, the lighting from one of the obelisks fired and struck the ship, sending it crashing to the ground. The three generals walked out of their crashed ship, dragging the survivors before the ship exploded. Slithe stood in front of the Pyramid and cursed at the monument.

"What kind of creatures would build a monstrosity like this!?" inquired Slithes as he shouted and shook his fist at the Pyramid.

"I don't know, maybe some sort of advanced, yet primitive, society," Shrugged Addicus. The ape general stood beside Slithe on the right, observing the architecture of the Pyramid. He continued, "Well, whoever built this must've been advanced enough to build a weapon powerful enough to take down a mutant warship. Actually that's just my opinion."

Kaynar started to act strange, and not in his usual strangeness. He kept hearing voices-strange voices-in his head, telling him "Come, Kaynar. Enter the Pyramid and release me from my imprisonment!"

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"N-no! Get out of my head!"

"You cannot resist my influence, Kaynar! Enter the Pyramid and free me from my prison!"

"Y-yes, I obey!" Kaynar ran and entered the Pyramid through the stony entrance with Slithe and Addicus running after him. Addicus shouted at Kaynar why he and Slithe chased after him, "Kaynar, where the hell are you going!?" which Kaynar responded, deranged, "Hey calls me! I must obey and when I do, he will leave my head!"

Inside the Pyramid, Kaynar ran into a large chamber with stone walls that had gathered dust over the years. In the center was a pool filled with blue liquid and surrounding the pool were four monuments. The monuments were demented in appearance, each staring at the pool with evil eyes, each having heads resembling the heads of a monkey, jackal, lizard, and vulture.

Addicus examined the monuments and remarked with "Okay, this is strange" before he turned his attention to Kaynar, seeing the deranged jackal standing in front of a tomb and watched as he tried to push it open.

"Kaynar, you idiot! We don't know what's in there!" roared Slithe, grabbing the jackals' shoulders and trying to stop him but Kaynar just elbows the lizard right in the stomach, causing him to fall onto the floor.

Opening the tomb, a bright, purple light appeared, blinding the jackal general and mesmerizing the others but it wasn't the light that mesmerized them; it was what came out of the tomb that surprised them.

It was hideous beyond explanation, wrapped in bandages and wearing a red cloak, with its face, menacing red eyes, and grin being the only things seen. It hands and feet were boney and claw-like and its' teeth were both crooked and fang-like.

Smiling, Kaynar knelled before the creature, praising it like some sort of god. "Master, I have freed you from your imprisonment. Now, free me from my insanity!" The creature spoke in a voice that sounded hollow and scratchy, "Yes, Kaynar, thank you for freeing me from my tomb. Here is your reward." but it wasn't any reward Kaynar wanted.

Instead, from its hands, a blast of purple lighting struck the jackal, sending him flying into the pool. The creature laughed, maniacally. Seeing the tremendous power from the creature, Slithe and Addicus were somewhat terrified by it.

"What...what are you?" Slithe muttered.

He did not respond. He just smiled. With one swift of its hand, strange hieroglyphics began to appear on the walls on the right. Then they translated into a language the Plun-Darriens could understand.

"Mumm-Ra!?" Slithe read the hieroglyphics.

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"That is right! I am Mumm-Ra, the Ever-living source of evil on this pathetic rock," Mumm-Ra, finally, responded as he, slowly, walked down from his tomb to the generals. Standing in front of Slithe, he continues, "For centuries, I have be trapped in my Sarcophagus, unable to escape and force to sleep for an eternity, but, now that I am free, I can finally wreak havoc on Third-Earth, once more, back when it was once 'First-Earth.'"

Another wave of the hand, Mumm-Ra raises Kaynar out of the pool and places him on the ground next to Addicus, who stood behind the lizard general. His fur was dripping wet from head to toe. Kaynar shook himself dry; however, Addicus moved a few feet away to prevent smelling like wet dog.

"Now, what to do with the three of you?" Mumm-Ra pondered, rubbing his chin with his right hand. "There are two options: 1. I could destroy you and feed your remains to the scarabs or 2. We could work together and benefit from what the other wants."

Raising an eyebrow, Slithe responds to option two, "You mean an alliance? Then what's in it for us, besides our lives, of course?"

"Why power, of course, and the total destruction of the ones you call the ThunderCats. My sleep was disturbed by their presence, feeling the aura of righteousness festering from their souls."

"What about the Sword of Omens, Mumm-Ra? If we destroy the ThunderCats, then we must have it. With its power, the League of Plun-Darr will become a super-power across the stars."

The mummy grinned as thoughts of deceit formed in his head, 'Yes, the Sword of Omens will be yours but the Eye of Thundera will be mine. With its power, I will have dominion over Third-Earth and the universe, itself. These creatures will be beneficial for my conquest.'

The alliance was formed with a quick handshake by Slithe and Mumm-Ra and the Plun-Darriens were off on their spaceship, searching the area for a place to set up their base of operations, Castle Plun-Darr.

Chapter 4: Berbils

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Chapter 4:

The Berbils

Night had fallen over Third-Earth, covering the sky in darkness. The ThunderCats had set up camp on the very spot where their suspension capsules landed. The young Lord of the ThunderCats lied on his sleeping bag, staring at the night sky, watching the star glisten and the two moons shining. A new wardrobe and a new hairstyle, Lion-O kept thinking of the new life he will have, now that he's an adult. He was now dressed in a sky blue suit, similar to his old one but with sky blue pants, with brown pouches on his sides and steel shin guards. His hair was still as spiky as ever but due to it being long enough to reach to his waist, he had to tie it in a warrior's tail.

"My king, are you alright? Do you require some company?" asked a familiar voice. Crouching down at the lion king's side was Cheetara, seeing what her lord was doing. Like Lion-O, Cheetara's wardrobe and hairstyle had, also, changed.
She was now dressed in a short, orange tank top, having the ThunderCats insignia in the front of her bosom, with the lower part exposing her abdomen. She wore a pair of orange shorts, exposing her legs and wearing a pair of orange boots with the claws of her feet showing. Lastly, she wore one leather wrist guard on her right arm, carrying her unsheathed bo-staff on the side. The make-up on her face changed, from pink batches on her eyes to that resembling that of a butterfly with the patches on her eyes resembling wings.

"N-no, I'm fine but you can stay and hang if you like?" Lion-O replied as his face turned red. The cleric then sat beside the young lord and joined him in star gazing. "I just want to know, any reason you're dress like that?"

Cheetara looked at herself and back at her king, "I'm sorry, is what I'm wearing making you uncomfortable?" she started rubbing her lower left arm, and looking away in embarrassment. "If you like, I could go and change..."

"No, no, it's okay! I was just curious, that's all," Lion-O interrupted, placing a hand in his mane. "I didn't know you had clothes like that." he looked a bit embarrassed to be next to a beautiful girl like Cheetara. "So could you tell me why you changed your clothes?"

"Well, because of how humid this planet's environment is, I thought it would be nice to try on something moreâ ¦comfortable," she explained, whispering into the lion king's ear with a sultry voice. Lion-O soon backed away from the cleric; however, he was aware she was just teasing him.

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Cheetara saw the sad expression on Lion-O's face, which she hadn't seen in awhile. "Look, lion-O, I know you're still getting use to this new life; we all are, and even though Thundera is lost to us, we will still survive and we'll all rebuild our fallen empire." She placed her right hand on Lion-O's. "You are our king, Lion-O, and with our help, you we save our people from extinction and spread the Code of Thundera to those who walk the path of peace, unity, and equality." Removing her hand from his, Cheetara and Lion-O continued stargazing, admiring the beauty the heavens contained while Snarf slept at the foot of the bag. Hearing What the cleric said brought a smile to Lion-O's face and as they gazed at the heavens, the two started reciting the

Code of Thundera. Lion-O started first, "Justice: To strive to help others and fairness in all acts that are committed that is good..."

"...Truth: To speak the truth at all times..."

"...Honor: To honor and respect superiors..."

"...And Loyalty: To be loyal to family and friends..."

Meanwhile, in another tent, Tygra and Panthro were working on blueprints for the ThunderCats new home, Cats Lair. It was Tygra's job, as scientist and architect, to build the ThunderCats their new home while Panthro's job, as military commander and engineer, was to install defenses and appliances to protect it.

"I say we should add missile launchers at the roof of the mouth!" roared Panthro.

"And I say we don't need it!" countered Tygra.

"As military commander of Thundera, it is my job to protect our new home from the Plun-Darriens still lingering on this planet," Panthro's notions were reasonable, yet militaristic. "That's why we need to install missile launchers here; both in the mouth and in the claws."

"First of all, the most important thing about architecture is aestheticism," Tygra retorted as he poked the panther's chest with his index finger. "Plus, if we weaponize the Cats Lair, the inhabitants of this planet will think we're hostile."

Their argument continued, bickering and bickering to the point where it would last all night. In the tent next to theirs, the Thunderkittens were having trouble going to sleep. Wilykit got out of her sleeping bag and walked out of her tent. Rubbing her eyes, the young Thunderkitten saw something shocking to her; Lion-O and Cheetara sitting together. Kit couldn't believe it, she almost cried. It should be her sitting next to Lion-O, not Cheetara.

She wanted to walk over there, interrupt their moment, and stop their romance, but she couldn't because that would be wrong. So she went back into her tent and laid back into her sleeping back, trying to hold back tears while trying to sleep.

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Finally, silence was among the cats. They all fell asleep, waiting for the sun to arise, including Tygra who slept with the Cats Lair blueprints like a stuffed toy, but something was lurking in their camps, looking through their stuff and subjugating their belongings for more examination.

The next morning, a loud scream appeared, shaking the camp and awaking the others. Lion-O slept on his side and when he woke up, he realized that he was sleeping next to Cheetara. The cleric felt the same way when she awoke. Getting up, the two backed away from each other in embarrassment.

"G-good morning!" exclaimed Cheetara in embarrassment.

"Yeah; you too," Lion-O exclaimed, as well.

The two got up and ran to see where the screaming was coming from. It was coming from the Thunderkittens, rummaging through their bags and trying to find something important.

"Our smoke and grease pellets! They're gone!" Wilykat cried, hysterically.

"I know we had them in here; where did they go!?" Wilykit was acting the same way as her brother.

Lion-O crouched down and said to the twins, "Maybe you just misplaced them? If you retrace your steps, you might find them..."

"...But, Lion-O, we did retrace our steps!" Wilykit asserted. Then they heard Tygra shout in anger, "Where the hell is my whip!?" the four turned to see him walk out of his tent and walk up to them, muttering, "Great, my bolo whip is gone and so are the blue prints; now, how am I suppose to build Cats lair!?"

"You lose something too, Tygra?" Lion-O inquired, crossing his arms and raising an eyebrow.

Tygra looked at the young lord right in the eye. You could see the fire burning in his eyes, "No, I didn't lose anything! I never lose anything! How could a genius like I lose anything!?" the tiger walks up to Lion-O. "Something was taken from me and that something was my bolo whip and the blueprints to our new headquarters!"

"Easy there, Tygra. I didn't mean to offend you," Lion-O assured, waving his hands in front of him in non-hostility. "I just wanted to help."

That didn't help. Tygra retorts, "I know that but I'm telling you I didn't lose it, Lion-O." Tygra leaned towards Lion-O's face. "And you better hope they didn't take anything else of importance...hint, hint."

Eyes wide open; Lion-O understood what Tygra was talking about. He soon ran back to his sleeping bag and took out a large blanket. He was stunned. "The Sword and Clawshield's gone!" he yells as he ran back to the others, holding the blanket as proof. Lion-O thought keeping the Sword of Omens and the Clawshield wrapped in a blanket would keep it safe, but he was wrong.

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"And you thought keeping it wrapped in a blanket would be the perfect hiding spot? Clever, Lion-O, real clever," Lion-O could feel the sting of Tygra's sarcasm pierce through his soul.

Lion-O responds in anger, "And what does that suppose to mean?"

The tiger's face leaned closer to the lion's in anger, "It means you need to take better care of your stuff!"

They both roared in rage, looking like they were about to maim each other, that is, until Cheetara intervened. She pushed the two males away with hers hands on their chests, saying, "Now, come down, you two! This is no time to brawl over frivolous notions! Let's all take a deep breath and..."

"Um, Cheetara," Lion-O interrupted after seeing that something was missing on the cleric's wristguard. She replies, "Yes, Lion-O, what is it?" Then she looked at her wristguard on her right hand and saw something most disturbing to her. "My...my bo staff!" Just like that, she froze like ice.

Lion-O leaned closer to Cheetara, waving his hand in front of her face to see any response. There was no response. She was as stiff as a statue and kept on mumbling: "My staff, my...my staff, gone."

With a calm demeanor, Panthro appeared out from his tent asking, "What's with all this hubbub?" Good thing too, the other ThunderCats needed an older ThunderCat to talk about the situation.

Tygra was the first to talk, "Panthro, all of our weapons are gone. Someone must have taken them in our sleep."

"Oh, that explains why my nunchucks are missing," Panthro responded, still maintaining a calm demeanor. Then he noticed Cheetara mumbling and staring at her wrist. "Is Cheetara okay, Tygra?"

Tygra shook his head with a sad expression. Then answered, "No, she's not. That bo staff was once a gift to her from Jaga, himself."

Panthro took a deep breath and sighed as both his arms were crossed, "Sad, really sad. On another note, our food supply and clothes are gone. The only thing left behind was the tracks the thieves made."

Panthro led them to the tracks. Cheetara, finally, snapped out of her self-induced trance and followed them. They were very small and claw-like, yet they weren't deep, indicating the thieves were not as big as the ThunderCats.

"That's good!" Lion-O exclaimed. He crouches down and stares at them. "We can follow the tracks and it will lead us straight to the thieves." Standing up he turns his attention to the others. "So, who's with me?"

Panthro shrugs and replies with a grin, "I'm in. I got nothing else to do."

Tygra nods his head, "If it's to get back my blueprints, then I'm game for anything."

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Cheetara smiles at the young lord, "I will do as my king commands."

Wilykit and Kat looked at each other, happy and energetic. "This is going to be fun, Kit!" said Wilykat. "Yeah, I hope we see some monsters to fight!" his sister agrees.

"Sorry, kits, but you have to stay here," Tygra ordered. "It's too dangerous. It's safer if you two stay and watch over the camp."

"Ah! But safe is boring!" exclaimed Wilykit. Her brother agreed with her. "Lion-O, can't we come!?"

Lion-O responded with a smile, "Sorry, Kit, Kat, but Tygra's right. It will be safe if you'd stay here."

The twins sighed in sadness. They never get to do whatever they want. Lion-O then crouches down in front of his pet, Snarf, telling him to "Look after the Kits for us" Which the creature nods in reply.

5-hours-later, the ThunderCats journeyed across strange landscapes, following the small footprints to who knows where but the tracks went cold. The four stopped and settled in a strange forest filled with strange trees. Cheetara admired them but that didn't calm her anger but its hard to tell because of her stoicism. The cleric felt a touch on her shoulder. She turned her attention to the hand placed on her shoulder and saw it belonged to Lion-O.

"Yes, Lion-O, what do you need?" Cheetara inquired.

"Nothing, I just wanted to see how you were doing," Lion-O responded, removing his hand from Cheetara's shoulder. "I didn't know Jaga gave you that bo staff." he placed a hand through his mane while refusing to make eye-contact. "It must have really meant a lot to you?"

A small grin appeared on Cheetara's face as she stared at her king's red face, explaining, "Jaga gave it to me as a gift on my sixteenth birthday. I never knew my family because I was all alone. When I was five, Jagga took me into the Clergy, training me to become the Cleric I am now. I had always considered him like a father to me."

The others overheard them and felt sorry for Cheetara, especially Tygra. The two have been friends for as long as they could remember.

Lion-O sighed and said to the young cleric, "We're going to get it back, I promise." Saying that brought a smile onto the cheetah's face. Lion-O blushed and continued, "If you'll excuse me, I'll be somewhere alone."

"Would you like me to keep you company, Lion-O?"

"No, no, I'm good, Cheetara!"

30-minutes-later, Lion-O sat alone in front of a river, splashing cold water from his face, hoping to wash the red from his cheeks. He stopped and stared at the waterfall as it poured into the stream river.

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"W-what's happening to me?" Lion-O asked himself, staring directly into his reflection.

"What, indeed, Lion-O," suddenly, I voice appeared out of nowhere. Lion-O looked around, but he saw nothing. Then appearing from behind, Lion-O turned around and saw a ghost, but it wasn't an ordinary ghost. It was the ghost of Jaga the Wise.

"Jaga! You're Alive!" Lion-O said, excitedly.

"No, not alive but I am not gone for good for I will always be with you, Lion-O," Jaga corrected the young lord. "I will be guiding you on how to be a true Lord of the ThunderCats and to become a proper king."

"Jaga, can I ask you something?"

"What is it, my son?"

Lion-O took a deep breath and came out with it, "Every time I'm around Cheetara, my heart races and I feel funny. Is that normal?"

Jaga stroked his beard and smiled at the young lord. He answered Lion-O's question, "Of course, Lion-O. It's normal for a boy to be in love."

"In Love!? I'm not in love with Cheetara!" Lion-O denied what Jaga said. How could he be in love with Cheetara? He never felt this way before when he was around her. "There's gotta be something else that's wrong with me, Jaga."

"It's perfectly normal for you to fall in love, Lion-O. You are not a child, anymore. You are a man, now, and those feelings you have are perfectly normal. Cheetara is a perfect candidate to become your wife but only in due time."

Can I ask you another question, Jaga..." Before Lion-O could ask, Jaga interrupted the young lord, knowing what he's about to say.

"...Is it about who took the Sword of Omens and your equipment and supplies? Trust your instincts and you will find the perpetrator but I must warn you, instead of acting only on instinct, you must, also, act on reason for the perpetrator may not be your enemy but an ally, as well," As Jaga wraps himself in his cape, he disappears, vanishing into thin air in front of Lion-O's eyes.

Back in the group, Lion-O saw Cheetara sitting on a log while Tygra leaned his back against a tree and Panthro drew pictures on the ground that looked like schematics for something "big".

"Lion-O, your face is wet!" Cheetara exclaimed, standing up and walking up to the young king.

Lion-O responded with a smile then explained to the cleric, "Y-yeah, I was feeling stressed so I splashed some water on my face."

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After Lion-O finished explaining to Cheetara, he stood where the tracks had stopped, took a deep breath, and lifted his hands in front of the direction, feeling the aura it was emanating. As he did so, he heard Jaga's voice telling him to "Concentrate on your environment, feel the aura around you and the aura you are searching for".Tygra looked at Lion-O, raising his right eyebrow and examining what he was doing.

Lion-O picked up something, the origin where the aura was emitting was close but not close enough. "That way" Lion-O pointed at that direction. "That's where our stuff and the people who took it are."

"How do you know that?" Tygra questioned, cynically, crossing his arms as an example.

"I was just following my instincts," Lion-O answered. He couldn't tell them he learned how to use his instincts from Jaga because they would think he was crazy. "And it's telling me to go this way."

Cheetara and Panthro followed the young king. Rolling his eyes, Tygra shrugged and did the same thing. They walked for thirty minutes, following where their young king was going. Back there, Lion-O sensed a familiar aura coming from the trees, "Kit, Kat, you can come out now! I know you're there!"

Next thing you know it, the twins came falling down from the trees and landing in front of Lion-O on their feet. "Ah, how did you know we were following you!?" they asked in unison.

"Lucky guess," Lion-O replied.

"We told you to wait at the camp. What are you doing, following us?" Panthro retorted, standing beside the young lord.

"We got bored and we wanted to see what you guys were doing," Wilykit explained. "Don't worry, Snarf is watching the camp."

Tygra sighed, face palming himself and said in a monotone voice, "Fine, you guys can come."

The twins cheered and were happy to be part of the group. They continued walking with the twins accompanying them. 12-minutes-later, passing through the bushes, they stumbled across an area stranger than the forest, itself. It had orange grass and red trees growing strange, round fruit, each having a different color and covered in stripes, but there was, also, trees growing other strange fruit. In this area was what appeared to be a village with houses made out of giant mushrooms. It was like something out of a children's story book.

From the corner of Lion-O's eye, he saw something move, something hiding behind a wagon. Lion-O interpreted his plans in the form of hand gestures. Only the Thunderkittens knew what it means since they used it to communicate with each other.

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The kittens crawled behind the wagon and pounced, tackling the person who was behind it. The others ran to the kittens but were surprised at what they had caught. Lion-O grabs it from the kits hands and lifts it by the legs. "Put me down, put me down," it pleaded as it speaks in a speech synthesizing voice.

Its appearance was like a teddy-bear's but more cybernetic than bear with glowing red eyes and a mechanical bear-like face. Its forearms and legs were covered in brown fur while the rest of its body exposed its cybernetic parts.

After Lion-O placed the creature back on the ground, it examined all of them, scanning their bio signatures and etc. to see what species they were, but no knowledge was in its databank.

"What are you?" Lion-O asked.

"I am Berbil," It answered. Due to the sound of its voice, the ThunderCats couldn't interpret what it just said with Cheetara saying, "Did it just say gerbil?"

"Berbil."

"Derbil?" Panthro added.

"Berbil."

"Erbil derbilly Berbil erbil," Lion-O mumbled.

Wilykit ran up and hugged the Berbil, shouting, "Ah, it's so cute! Can we keep it, Cheetara!?"

"No, Kit, we're not keeping it. It's not a pet, it's a sentient being. It, or he, can I call you 'he'?" the Berbil nodded. "It has its own life and its own home." Cheetara crouched down in front of the Berbil. "Now, can I you a question mister..."

"...Ro-Bear Bill," It responded. "Call me Ro-Bear Bill."

"Ro-Bear Bill, we are looking for the stuff that, we believed, you may have taken from us," Cheetara asserted as polite as she could be. "We were wondering if we could have them back."

Ro-Bear Bill did not respond. He walked away from the cheetah and stood at the center of his village, which was about 5 feet from where the ThunderCats were. Then, as he stood, Ro-Bear Bill let out a vibrating sound. It was so loud and irritating that even the ThunderCats couldn't stand it. So they covered their ears, preventing themselves from hearing it. Ro-Bear Bill stopped and out of the mushroom houses came more Berbils, all of different shapes and sizes and all having different fur color, running and gathering together to meet their guests.

The ThunderCats were surprised to see so many Berbils. Then, behind Ro-Bear Bill was a group of Berbils carrying the ThunderCats' weapons, clothes, and food supplies. Handing the weapons back to them, Ro-Bear Bill started to explain: "We did not mean to take your stuff. We were just curious of who you are and wanted

to know more about you."

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"Well then, if you want to know more about us, maybe, we should start with an introduction, Ro-Bear Bill," Lion-O stated. He introduced the others one by one: "We are called ThunderCats. This is Cheetara, Tygra, Panthro, Wilykit and her brother, Wilykat." Then he introduced himself, "And I am Lion-O, Lord of the ThunderCats."

After introducing themselves, the Berbils began to repeat the word "ThunderCats" to one another, even one Berbil roared like a cat. Ro-Bear Bill then asked the ThunderCats to stay and have a feast, which Lion-O agreed to with the consent of his companions. They followed Ro-Bear Bill and his friends to the feast and were both concerned and excited to meet their new friends.

Chapter 5: A Warm Welcome

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Chapter 5:

A Warm Welcome

The ThunderCats sat at a long table, stretching to about 12 feet. The food looked delicious and it came in all sorts; meat, vegetable, and bread.

"This looks delicious, Ro-Bear Bill," Lion-O complimented, taking a bite and savoring the flavor. "Gods of Thundera, this is better than those food rations we have!"

Tygra, observing the food, became curious as to how the Berbils have such a variety of food. "I've been meaning to ask, Ro-Bear Bill, but how can you have food like this?" Tygra inquired to Ro-Bear Bill. "Because, when I look around, all I see are trees; no live stocks, no fields, and no bakeries...just trees."

Ro-Bear Bill started to explain: "Well, you see, Tygra, we, Berbils, grow our food from those trees. The food you see before you are from our previous harvest. Meat fruit, veggie fruit, bread fruit, and candy fruit."

"Candy fruit!" hearing that word, the twins jumped up with excitement. Ro-Bear Bill continued.

"Yes, Candy Fruit. We do not eat the food we grow. Instead, we trade our harvest with the other inhabitants of Third-Earth and, in return, they give us the resources we need to survive or to form bonds of friendship. This planet is so chaotic and hard to strive on. We need all the help we can if we want to survive."

Standing up, Lion-O took out his right hand in front of Ro-Bear Bill and said with a childish grin, "Well, don't worry about it, Bill. As long as the ThunderCats are around, you won't have to be afraid of surviving on a planet like this."

They both shook hands and continued the feast. After the feast, the ThunderCats returned to their campsite but not to stay. They returned and packed their stuff and headed back to the Berbil Village. Snarf, sitting on Lion-O's right shoulder, yawned from boredom.

"Don't worry, Snarf, we're almost there," Lion-O reassured the little Snarf while carrying his sleeping bag under his right arm. Like the others' weapons. With the Sword of Omens and the Clawshield back in his possession, Lion-O could, properly, lead the ThunderCats.

When the ThunderCats returned to the Berbil Village, they soon saw it was being under attack by husky, bulldog-like humanoids carrying blunt instruments. They started setting the trees on fire and destroyed the wagons and buildings with their clubs. The Berbils ran for their lives but some of them were captured by these 'monsters' and thrown into wagon cages.

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Cheetara looked at Lion-O and saw the anger in the lion kings' eyes. She said with a concerned expression on her face, "We have to help them, Lion-O! If you lead, then we will follow!"

Lion-O nodded to Cheetara's comment, raising his right fist in the air, exclaiming "ThunderCats-HO!"

They dropped what they had on the ground and ran to aid their new friends. The monsters turned and saw the ThunderCats, running towards them with their weapons unsheathed and preparing to attack. Snarf, however, jumped off of Lion-O's shoulder and ran for cover. The monsters retaliated, releasing the Berbils and charged with their clubs in the air, preparing to strike at the ThunderCats. Lion-O pointed the Sword of Omens at the savages, firing a bolt of electricity from the blade as he exclaimed "HO!" and shocking five of them, watching as they fell to the ground.

Tygra, with his bolo whip, turned invisible and, stealthily, attack three at once and when he became visible, one of them grabbed him by the throat, that is, until Cheetara, with her quick speed, ran and saved Tygra after she whacked the brute that was strangling him with her bo staff.

"Thanks, Cheetara," Tygra responded while Cheetara carried him, princess style. "Um, c-could you put me down, please." This was an uncomfortable situation he was in. "I-it's kind of embarrassing to be carried like this."

Cheetara placed Tygra down on the ground, saying, "Oh, sorry about that" and ran back to the battleground.

With all his might, the great Panthro swung his nunchucks and knocked out seven of those beasts, even jump kicking one in the face. "You think you can just come in and start harassing these little creatures! You think you can just bully them and make them your slaves!" Panthro stands his ground and waited as more of them charged at him, which they did, and from the tip of the handles, Panthro releases a type of gas that was so fowl, it sent them all running.

As always the kits used their tricks to fool the savage beasts. There last trick was a flame pellet Wilykit threw onto the ground, creating sparks of fire, scaring the savages to a hasty retreat.

Regrouping, the savages started to charge all at once, but not to just the ThunderCats. No, they started to charge at the Lord of the ThunderCats. They may have underestimated the lion king. As Lion-O raises the Sword of Omens in the air, he, slowly, started swinging it left and right. While doing so, it began to generate a powerful force field. With one thrust of the Sword, Lion-O launches the force field at the beasts, knocking them five feet away from where he was standing and launching them to the ground.

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Lion-O walks up to the beasts and responds with a stern look in his eyes while pointing the Sword of Omens, "Leave this place and never return" with a growl to finish it off. Nodding their heads, the beasts dragged their fallen brethren and retreated to where they came.

The other ThunderCats observed their Lord with concerned looks. With his back turned, Lion-O sighed and turned around. The stern expression he had faded, becoming the kind, childish expression he had before. "What are you' all standing around for? We gotta help the Berbils out of those cages," Lion-O ordered, running to the cage wagon and stood, seeing Ro-Bear Bill and ten others pleading for help. Lion-O responds to them "Hang on; we'll get you out of there." Lion-O pointed the Sword of Omens and with one "Ho!" he strikes the lock with a bolt of lightning, breaking it and releasing the Berbils from their shackles. The other ThunderCats freed the other Berbils from those aweful cages and, in return, the Berbils ran and thanked the ThunderCats by cheering in glee.

"Are you alright, Ro-Bear Bill?" asked Cheetara who was standing beside Lion-O as the other ThunderCats got together.

"Yes, Cheetara, we're all alright," Ro-Bear Bill assured. Looking around, he examines the damage done to the Berbil Village. "But it will take us days to rebuild our village."

A hand was then placed on Ro-Bear Bill's shoulder. Lion-O smiled and proclaimed, "Don't worry; we'll help rebuild your village."

Ro-Bear Bill nodded and replied with, "Thank you, Lion-O." Then he turned his attention to the others, "Thank you, ThunderCats."

They' all went to work; lifting wooden blocks and mixing in concrete. The Wilys were in charge of helping paint the Berbil huts.

Wilykit, with her artistic vision, started painting one mushroom hut pink with green polka dots; however, Wilykat started painting the same hut red with yellow stripes. "Kat, what are you doing!?" Wilykit was not pleased with what her brother was doing. "Don't you know I'm doing this hut!?"

Wilykat smiled and retorted with his arms crossed, "No, I did not! I was too busy making this hut cooler than what you were doing to it!" He began waving his right hand, nonchalantly. "Besides, I'm better at painting than you are, sis."

"Are not!"

"Are too!"

"Are not!"

"Are too!"

Their bickering went on for ten minutes right before Wilykit did the unimaginable. "If I'm not a great painter, then how could not do this," Wilykit lifted her brush and painted a pink mustache on her brother's face.

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"What did you do that for!?" Wilykat exclaimed, grabbing his paintbrush and painted a circle on his sister's top. "There! Now, your clothes look better than before."

Both angry, the kits lifted their brushes and started striking each other with paint. Their bickering came to a halt when Lion-O walked over, saying, "Okay, what's going on, you two?"

"Lion-O, Wilykit painted a mustache on my face!" Wilykat complained and pointed.

"That's nothing; Wilykat ruined my top by painting a brown circle!" Wilykit, also, complained.

A frown appeared on the young lord's face and said to both twins, "Well that's no good." he then dipped his finger in one of the paint buckets. "There's one thing you forgot to add." He presses his paint covered finger in the center of the brown circle on Kit's top. "You forgot to add a dot."

Kit was surprised by Lion-O's action, blushing and covering her top with her arms: "Lion-O, why did you do that for!?"

Wilykit could see her brother laughing so hard with his hands on his abdomen but that was until he felt paint pouring on his head, pink paint. Wilykat looked up and saw Lion-O holding a can of paint over his head while a grin was formed on his face.

"There, now your mane matches your mustache," Lion-O commented right before the Thunderkittens tackled him and attacked him with paintbrushes, drawing mustaches, dots, and circles on his face and other parts of his body.

After the face painting, the three laughed, knowing how much fun they're having. Cheetara was watching her lord and the kits from a distance, smiling from seeing Lion-O playing with his childhood friends.

Lion-O and the Wilys sat on the ground, covered in paint and laughing so much air out of their lungs.

3-days-later, with the help of the ThunderCats, the village was restored to its old self.

After the Berbil Village was rebuilt, the Berbils thanked the ThunderCats but not before Lion-O asks: "What were those things?"

"They are called Trollogs and are from the mountains in the east," Ro-Bear Bill explained. "They come and take Berbils; sell us as slaves and when the ones they captured are broken, they go out and take more of us to replace the others. We try to fight them but we are not capable of doing so." Lion-O could see the sadness in Ro-Bear Bill's eyes. "We need your help, ThunderCats. We know the Trollogs will return with the help of their masters."

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"And who are their masters?" Lion-O inquired.

"The Giantors live on the same mountain as the Trollogs. Like my people, the Trollogs are, also, slaves to the Giantors, forcing them to steal my people. In return, the Giantors would reward the Trollogs with leaves from the Krawberry bushes, the only food source they are able to digest."

"Don't worry, Ro-Bear Bill, the ThunderCats are here to help," Tygra assured, pounding his own breastplate with his right arm.

"Yeah, and besides, if these 'Trollogs' and 'Giantors' think they could just make our new friends, or anyone, into slaves, then they're going to have to deal with us, first," said Panthro. The Berbils rejoiced, knowing their new protectors will end the Giantors reign.

Five miles away from the Berbil Village, there was a group of mountains filled with caves. This was the home of the Giantors, living in some of the caves. The other caves were being used by their Berbil slaves to mine one thing the Giantors want. One type of metal all Third-Earthers find valuable. Gold.

Up in the mountains, in a cave, the Giantors were not happy with the progress their servants, the Trollogs, made.

Ugly and tall, the Giantors were the rulers of their region on the continent. They stood about 15-foot-tall and had the warty face of a troll, which is the result of cross-breeding. They wielded clubs and were dressed in raggedy tunics.

The Trollogs stood in front of five Giantors who were sitting around a bonfire, sharing conversations with one another.

The Trollogs begged the Giantors to give them the leaves as a reward for trying but one of the Giantors, in its ruthless nature, grabbed a bowl of Krawberry bush leaves and through them into the fire. The leaves burned red; the same color as the fire. The Giantors then prepared for battle, gathering their brethren and marching towards the village.

Chapter 6: Pride

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Chapter 6:

Pride

Taking them six hours, the Giantors marched to the Berbil Village. Full of anger, they waved their primitive bludgeons, singing their war cry, which sounded like loud grunts and tribal chants.

The ThunderCats were prepared; however, the Thunderkittens were ordered to stay in the Berbil Village, which they didn't want to. Unsheathing their weapons, they waited for their enemies to come at them. The Giantors did the same.

"Who leads your group!?" shouted the first Giantor.

Lion-O spoke first, adressing himself in a formal manner: "I am Lion-O, Lord of the ThunderCats and I forbid you from harming these gentle creatures!"

The Giantors started to laugh, not because of what the young lion just said but because of the fact that he was a young lad. The laughter from the Giantors made him furious.

Lion-O was about to order the other ThunderCats to attack but not without being interrupted by Cheetara. "Lion-O, we mustn't act without thinking. If we do, it would lead to an easy defeat for us." Lion-O nodded and consulted with his comrades on how the battle would play out: "Okay, I'm all ears on this."

As general of the Imperial Thunderian Army, Panthro would be the one to speak first, "I say we divide and conquer. Let Tygra use his invisibility to sneak up and ambush them. After he takes out a few of them, we'll take advantage of the confusion and take the rest of those brutes down."

Cheetara had a different plan in mind. For being a cleric, "Stealth is the perfect maneuver in battle. So, if it is your wish, my lord, send me in and I will use my ability to strike at their leader."

Those were all good plans. The only person who didn't contributed was Tygra since he was skilled in military strategies. The leader of the Giantors roared with anger, "Are you Talshaks going to fight us or not?"

"Talshak?" Lion-O repeated to Tygra with a raised eyebrow. The tiger shrugged with no comment. Then he said, "The universal translators in our insignias must not be able to understand their language, perfectly."

"I don't know what 'Talshak' means but it's clearly an insult!" Lion-O yelled, raising the Sword of Omens and was prepared for battle. "If it's a fight you want, then it's a fight you'll get!"

Lion-O lifts up the Sword, shouting"HO!" as the Sword extended, rushing into battle while Cheetara tried to stop him, yelling "Sire, wait!"

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Instead of doing Panthro's or Cheetara's plan, they decided to do both and try to save their king from getting killed. Using her speed, Cheetara ran up to the Giantor leader and struck him right in the head with her bo

staff. Tygra, using his invisibility, started knocking out four or five Giantors, leaving the remaining ones in a state of confusion.

Many Giantors ran and swung their clubs at Lion-O but their attacks were proven to be frivolous and futile as the Lord of the ThunderCat's reflexes were far more evasive, swinging and grazing them with the Sword of Omens, watching as some blood was spilled onto the soil.

Injured and weak, the Giantors regrouped and retreated back to their home, shouting out names like "demons" and "witches" directly to the ThunderCats as they grabbed their fallen brethren and ran.

The ThunderCats stared at Lion-O, examining the way he was breathing, heavily. Cheetara, being his guardian, walked up to him and placed a hand on his right shoulder, saying, "Lion-O, are you okay?"

"I'm fine!" He replies, abrasively. "Never felt any better."

"That's a lie and we've observed it with our own eyes," Tygra stepped in and started to talk to their king.

Panthro continued, "Lion-O, you fought without thinking, you could have gotten yourself killed. Also, you used anger instead of patience. Being a warrior means you must be able to control your anger or else, it would lead to uncertain consequences." Wise words from an older generation.

Lion-O took a deep breath, turning around to face his friends, saying, "You're all right, I acted hastily, letting my pride and anger get the best of me. I could have done something so inhumanly that I wouldn't even forgive myself, even you guys wouldn't forgive me."

He looked down, regretting the action he had committed, with all expression lost on his face, besides sadness until he felt a hand on his right shoulder. Looking up, Lion-O sees the face of the beautiful Cheetara, smiling and saying, "No matter how you think of it, we would forgive you." Tygra and Panthro walked towards their young lord, giving him a pat on the back with Tygra saying, "We are your friends and we will help you in any way" and Panthro saying, "Yeah, kid, you're still a young lad with much to learn. Over time, you will gain more wisdom and you will become a good king like your father."

That, actually, made Lion-O a little bit happier.

12-minutes-later, as the ThunderCats returned to the Berbil Village, many Berbils ran and cheered, congratulating them on their victory, but it's a small victory for they are not done with their objective.

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Deep in the Black Pyramid, in the Desert of Sinking Sands, Mumm-Ra stood and looked into his pool and observed the changes brought upon Third-Earth in the past millenniums he had slept through. Seeing the many new landscapes and territories, rarely any sign of human life. Just as the Ancient Spirits of Evil had told him, First Earth is no more and Third-Earth has been born. This new world was going to be his new dominion.

With one wave of his hand, the images in the reflection of the pool changed, showing the progress of Castle Plun-Darr. "Hmm, it seems that my new, Plun-Darrien friends have acquired themselves some slaves."

Bovine in appearance, the Brute-Men were strong enough for heavy lifting but not bright enough to be organize. These semi-intelligent creatures were powerless against the awesome might of the Plun-Darrien Legion or their advanced weaponry and, in just one day, the Brute-Man were became their slaves.

On the bridge, where the entrance of Castle Plun-Darr was located, one Brute-Man fell onto his knees in agony, dropping what he was carrying and placed both his hands onto his abdomen.

"Get up, slave!" said the lizard taskmaster, pulling out his whip and striking the Brute-Man's back. "Get back to work, or else!"

Walking up to the taskmaster, Kaynar looked at the Brute-Man, saying, "Ah, what's wrong? Stomach pain? Don't worry; uncle Kaynar knows how to fix that." With a crooked grin forming on his face, Kaynar kicks the Brute-Man over the bridge and down to the unfinished moat.

Though it wasn't completed, one look from Castle Plun-Darr would bring chills down a person's spine. It was the monument of fear, with the entrance being that of a dragon while the rest of it appeared like a mountain. At each section of the Castle, a sentry was posted, using plasma cannons from the mother ship. Mainly, half the materials used to construct the abomination were salvaged from their mother ship.

Up on the balcony, at the top of the fortress, Addicus observed the Brute-Men and their hard labor, feeling a sense of sympathy for those simple creatures but, as a general of the Plun-Darrien Legion, emotions like sympathy were of little use in battle and should be kept to oneself.

"General Addicus! General Slithe requests your presence, immediately!" Entering the strategic chambers was Karnak, a lieutenant doberman.

Unfolding his arms, Addicus turns and face the lieutenant, "Tell him I'll be with him, shortly."

The lieutenant saluted and left the room, leaving the primate general to his thoughts, again.

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Six hours had passed and the ThunderCats had traveled from the Berbil Village to Giantor Country, hiding and observing the surroundings through the unpicked Krawberry bushes. They saw one Trollog, carrying a broken Berbil, throwing it out of the gold mine and going back inside.

"Lion-O, why do people do bad things?" Wilykit asked, tugging on Lion-O's pants and looking at him with sad eyes.

"I don't know, Kit. It's one of those 'mysteries of the universe' like 'what is the meaning of life? What was King Leo's true intentions when he forged the Sword of Omens? Why does Tygra wear a loin cloth when he's wearing pants?"

Tygra looked at Lion-O with an annoyed look and whispered in a politically correct tone of voice, "Lion-O, I'll have you know that what I'm wearing is the traditional warrior attire of the Tiger Clan!"

Raising his arms in non-hostility, Lion-O, calmly, replied to Tygra, "Okay, okay; sorry, Tygra, I didn't mean to offend you!"

"So, what's the plan Lion-O?" Cheetara crawled beside Lion-O with her arm touching Lion-O's. Wilykit was not happy at how close Cheetara was to Lion-O, giving her an angry look but Cheetara didn't really notice it.

"Well, this is what I got, so far," Lion-O explained his plan as possible, turning around and looking at the others: "Panthro and Cheetara, you'll go and take help free the Berbil slaves while me and Tygra go and deal with the guard at the entrance. Wilykat and Kit, you know what to do."

After Lion-O explained his plan, they' all whispered, "ThunderCats-HO!" and split up.

Many of the Trollogs patrolling the mountains soon gathered together, standing in awe as something caught their eye. In the center was the Wilys, dancing while throwing pellets into the air, exploding into colorful lights. It was like a live circus performance. With one pellet dropping in a puddle of water, a giant ball appeared and Wilykat, suddenly, hops on and dances with Wilykit pulling out one of her lariats and uses it like a gymnastics streamer.

While the patrolling Trollogs were distracted, it was now Lion-O and Tygra's turn to deal with the ones guarding the gold mine. Using his bolo whip, Tygra wraps the tail around the first Trollog guard's leg, tripping him down and dragging him into the bushes while the other Trollog, startled by the disappearance of his companion, was then grabbed from behind by Lion-O and knocked out. Tied up and gagged with leaves (not Krawberry), the Trollogs were left unconscious while Panthro and Cheetara ran inside the cave to free the Berbil slaves. They witnessed the horrible conditions these Berbils were living in, mining gold with little time to rest, showing signs of corrosion and rust with most of their fur withering away.

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Walking up to one slave, Cheetara startles her, saying, "Don't be afraid. We're here to help."

"W-who are you?" said the Berbil slave.

"We're ThunderCats and we're here to take you home," Cheetara responded with a warm smile on her face. The same expression was on Panthro's face, except it wasn't really warm.

The taskmaster was sleeping on the job, sitting on a chair with both his arms crossed. The key to the Berbils shackles was hanging on a hanger behind the Trollog; one key to set them all free. Using her speed, Cheetara, quickly, grabbed the key but the wind that was produced woke the taskmaster, becoming mad from the sight of the cheetah. This was Panthro's cue. From behind, the panther general grabs the taskmaster by the sleeper hold, limiting its circulation to the point of unconsciousness.

"Well, that should do it," Panthro remarks, releasing the taskmaster and wiping the drool off his arm and on his pants. "Now, let's get these guys out of here. I don't think the kits little 'circus performance' will keep those brutes distracted for much longer."

Cheetara nods her head in agreement and, one-by-one, the Berbils' shackles dropped to the floor. Leaving the cave, Cheetara gave Lion-O and Tygra the signal, which they gave the same signal to the Wilys.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen for being a wonderful audience!" Wilykat stated as he and his sister bowed. "But it's about time for us to go!"

Escaping, He and kit both threw and smoke pellet onto the ground, running to the ThunderCats while the Trollogs were stunned by the smoke.

With another six hours and night descending, yet again, on Third-Earth, the ThunderCats returned to the Berbil Village with hundreds of Berbils behind them. Ro-Bear Bill and the villagers ran, greeting their lost brethren. Even Snarf ran to his master, Lion-O. Smiles and joy fell upon the Berbils, throwing a celebration for both the slave's return and for the ThunderCats bringing happiness to their village.

Things were going to be different. Now, the Berbils will not have to fear for their new friends will find a way to protect them.

Chapter 7: Aftermath

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Chapter 7:

Aftermath

It was a beautiful day on Third-Earth. The Berbils' enslavement to the Giantors and to the Trollogs was over now that they have friends like the ThunderCats.

"All right, Lion-O! Today, I'm going to teach you some hand-to-hand combat! You think that sword is going to protect you your whole entire life! Well, what would you do if it was knocked out of your hands, Nothing; because you didn't know how to fight with your fists!" Panthro stood in a battle pose with his hands lifted up and flat while Lion-O's hands were balled up into fists.

Cheetara was sitting on a mushroom-like seat with the kits observing Lion-O's training. The young king threw in the first jab while Panthro blocked each attack. Then, when it was Panthro's turn, he started chopping while Lion-O tried to dodge but his reflexes weren't effective enough and so he was knocked down, easily. Crossing his arms, Panthro shook his head in disappointment. "Kid, you have to be more efficient in combat." he walked up and helped Lion-O back on his feet. "You have to sense when the enemy is going to strike. Then you'll be able to take 'em down."

"I'll keep that in mind, Panthro," Lion-O replied while he turned and walked away, rubbing the sore on his back and got back into position. 10-minutes-later, Lion-O fell, again, on the ground but this time it was face first.

"Lion-O, you can't just rush into an attack," Panthro retorted. "Again, you have to know when your opponent is going to strike!"

Lion-O then took a deep breath and concentrated. As Panthro struck the first blow, Lion-O could now see Panthro's fist coming towards him before it happens. With one dodge and with just one uppercut, Lion-O was able to take Panthro down.

What a punch! Everyone who saw it were impressed, including Panthro who looked like he was about to vomit his lunch. Lion-O could hear his friends, both the Wilys and Cheetara, clapping and cheering for him.

Standing back up, Panthro placed his right hand on his abdomen while he congratulated the young lord, "G-good job, kid. If you need me, I'll be taking a break."

Walking away, Panthro was overhearing the cheers and praises Lion-O got from the Wilys and Cheetara while he tried to find a place to sit. Sitting, he crossed his arms and began to contemplate.

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He was remembering the schematics of his secret weapon but his train of thought was interrupted when he felt the fabric of his vest being tugged. He looked down on his side and noticed it was Ro-Bear Bill with the company of his adviser, Ro-Bear Bob, and the freed Berbil slave/co-leader of the Berbil Village, Ro-Bear Belle.

"What do you fur balls want?" inquired Panthro in a stern tone of voice.

As leader of his village, Ro-Bear Bill was the first to speak, "We have brought the tools you requested." He hands Panthro the toolbox. "May I ask why you require these?"

"That's a surprise," Panthro stood up and walked away with the toolbox in his right hand. "Now, if the others ask where I am, tell them I'm in the bathroom."

Panthro was walking out of the village and into the forest. Five hours of walking, he, finally, walked into the old spot where the ThunderCats campsite was set up but that wasn't where he wanted to go. In fact, he passed the old campsite and ran another two hours 'til he reached the crashed flagship. What was Panthro up to?

Back at the Berbil Village, Tygra was working on the new defense system around the village; hidden sentries able to stun their targets with orbs of paint. Since Panthro wasn't around, it was up to him to set it up but since he wasn't an engineer, he would have a hard time doing so.

"Hey, Tygra, need any help?" the tiger turns his attention and sees the young king, being accompanied by Cheetara and the Wilys, "Because we've got nothing else to do."

"No thank you, Lion-O. I am capable of handling this myself," Tygra replied, waving his hand, nonchalantly.

"Are you sure? You seem to be having a hard time reading the schematics and setting up the sentry," Cheetara remarked with both of her arms crossed. "You know, we would be happy to give you a hand."

"No, no, I got it! I've been watching Panthro how to do this kind of thing, before," Tygra spoke too soon, accidentally, crossing the wires and causing the sentry to go crazy, firing paint balls at everyone, and everything, it sees.

"HIT THE DECK!!!!" Lion-O exclaimed. The sentry fired many rounds of paintballs in every direction, hitting everything in sight. Not just everything but everyone, as well.

Even Wilykat was hit: "OW!" right in the backside. Rubbing the sore on his backside while hiding behind a bunch of barrels, He asks the others, "So, how are we going to stop that thing!?"

"Don't worry, I'll bet it'll run out of paintballs in no time," Lion-O assured until Tygra retorted, "Yeah, that's going to take a while, Lion-O."

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"Why's that?"

"Well, because put in enough paintballs to last more than five hours."

They all looked at Tygra with critical eyes. Then Wilykit says "Lion-o, use the Sword of Omens!' but Lion-O replies with wide eyes "I can't! I need concentration to use the Sword's powers but since that thing is firing like crazy, it's going to be hard to do so."

It was now up to Cheetara as she ran with lightning speed, leaving only a flash of yellow light behind. Next thing you know it, the sentry ceased firing. Lion-O, Tygra and the Thunderkittens looked up, seeing that the sentry was not moving and noticing the battery compartment was open and empty.

"You can stop worrying, now. I've already took care of it," They all turned in surprise with Cheetara standing beside them. Even Tygra looked like he was about to have a heart attack. Sneaking up on people without them being alarmed was sort of a habit Cheetara had.

Reaching out her hand, Cheetara places a small, cylander, metallic object in Tygra's right hand, "I think this was very important for your sentry."

"It was," Tygra stated: "This was the sentry's Thundrillium battery Panthro made from the ship's Thundrillium reactor before we relocated to the Berbil village."

"When did that happen?" Lion-O inquired.

"Oh, right when we were packing up our stuff," Tygra asserted, smiling, closing his eyes, and waving his hands, nonchalant.

When he opened his eyes, his arrogant expression turned blank. He saw the angry expressions on his comrades' expression, even Ro-Bear Bill and the other Berbils crossed their arms and stared at Tygra.

"Look, I'm sorry," Tygra apologizes. Standing up, he dusted off the dirt on his pants and looked at everyone with an honest face. "I didn't know what I was doing. You offered to help but my stubborn arrogance got in the way. I should've just let you help me, then we could have avoided this whole incident."

Tygra heard nothing but silence. The silence was broken by Lion-O, commenting, "Tygra, your not the only person who makes mistakes. Hell, we all make mistakes and that just shows how nobody's perfect and if everyone was perfect, then it would be boring and creepy."

What Lion-O said, actually, made the somber tiger chuckle, a little. He stood up and saluted the young lord, saying, "ThunderCats-HO."

"ThunderCats-HO," the others saluted and replied in unison. The thing Tygra did, he began apologizing to the Berbils and asked if he could clean up the mess he caused.

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4-hours-later, the Berbils asked the ThunderCats to follow them. They didn't know why but they didn't argue. So, the ThunderCats just did what the Berbils asked and followed them. There was something missing and the ThunderCats were aware of it. Panthro was missing! They knew he would return by sundown and they didn't worry if he was captured because "no one can capture the Great Panthro," which was what they were' all thinking.

"We are at our designated area," Ro-Bear Bob stated.

No response was made, only the sound of 'awe' was heard, along with their jaw dropping. They were standing on the site of a city in ruins with crumbling skyscrapers and vines everywhere. They walked on the road leading to the city, passing a sign, saying, "Welcome to Raleigh" and continued walking for another hour.

Lion-O walks up behind Ro-Bear Bill and asks him, "What is this place?"

"We do not know. This city was like this when we came to this planet," Ro-Bear Bill states, turning around and facing the young king. "There are theories of an advanced race that lived before the creatures of Third-Earth appeared but we do not have much evidence to prove it."

"Why are you giving this to us," Cheetara inquired.

"There are some raw materials you can use," Ro-Bear Belle explained. "We can use it to build your new home."

"By 'we' you mean 'you'll help us.' I don't that will be necessary, we don't want you to be harmed in the construction of our new home," Tygra stated, lifting and waving his right hand in non-hostility.

"It would be no trouble for you are our friends and we'd be happy in doing so," Ro-Bear Bill assured the tiger.

Shrugging his shoulders, Tygra gave up and said with a smile, "Guess I can't argue with that."

And from that, the ThunderCats and their new found allies started construction of Cats Lair but, unbeknownst to them, a figure was observing them in the trees; a silhouette with cat-like reflexes, hoping from one tree to another, leaving the forest and ran across the desert. From the light, the silhouette revealed itself to be a woman; a beautiful, tribal woman dressed in animal skin with bronze skin, green eyes, and brown hair, stretching down passed the back of her neck, even having a slim curvy body, yet having the posture of a scout. She kept running for seven miles and would only stop to drink from the water of the nearby oasis. Out of the desert, she ran into a jungle area where she entered into a village. In the village were people like the tribal woman but there no men, only women inhabited it. The scout climbed up a rope and onto the wooden floorboards of a large tree house.

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Entering the tree house, the scout soon kneel before a more beautiful tribal woman with long, black hair stretching down to her waist and brown eyes, wearing a tanned, one piece dress made out of animal skin, sitting in a very decorative chair, giving her the position of queen.

"Nire erregina, albisteak i inbaditzaile duten ausartzen zure lur trespass," the scout addressed, speaking in an exotic tongue.

"Jarraitu," the queen replied with a wave of her hand. With that the scout told the queen everything.

Now, just what kind of predicament will the ThunderCats have to face, next?

Chapter 8: Cats Lair

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Chapter 8:

Cats Lair

A beautiful morning had risen with the sun's light shining on the ruins of the Raleigh. The light soon shined on a large fortress, barely finished and standing, proudly; having the appearance of a lion, sitting proud and brave.

It wasn't fully complete as there were still wooden construction cranes holding up giant cinder blocks, recycled from some of the debris of the fallen city but, so far, the exterior still looks nice. At the front was a marble stair case with two platforms and 6 steps on each, making twelve steps. The second platform was soon built with a beautiful fountain but wasn't effective since the water system wasn't installed, yet. On the shoulders was one laser cannon on each. The left one was operational while the other one was still being installed. The Cats Lair was connected by a stone bridge made out of granite, stretching over a moat that was 11 feet deep. Truly, this was an example of Tiger Clan architecture.

Tygra stood in front of Cats Lair, looking over his designs while telling the other ThunderCats and the Berbils what to do, "Okay, Ro-Bear Bob, you and Ro-Bear Robert put that marble column inside." He pointed at the entrance and then turned his attention to Lion-O and Cheetara. "You two, take that rail guard to the bridge. We don't want anyone falling off it, now, do we?"

Lion-O was behind Cheetara, staring at her backside and observing her beautiful long hair. Turning her head, Cheetara noticed her king staring at her, obliviously, asking, "Is something the matter, my lord?"

Lion-O soon looked the other way, avoiding eye contact and hoping the young cheetah didn't notice his blushing, red cheeks. He replied, shyly, "N-no, nothing's the matter." his face returned to normal and he returned his attention to Cheetara. "Let's get this thing to the bridge before Tygra starts scolding...agree?"

"Agreed."

Unbeknownst to them, something in the darkness was watching them, observing every detail from afar. Standing in front of the Pool of Souls, Mumm-Ra observed the ThunderCats, sneering at the construction of their new fortress. He was afraid. Afraid that if the Cats Lair was completed, then it would be difficult for him to have the Eye of Thundera.

When he stepped into the Pool of Souls, he started chanting spells: "Ancient Spirits of Evil; transport this mummified form to Castle Plun-Darr!"

He was then teleported to the Plun-Darrien stronghold; inside the strategic chamber where General Slithe was strategizing with the other generals.

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"Mumm-Ra!" Slithe exclaimed, looking at the decayed demon-priest as he stood on the strategy table.

"Hear me, Slithe. The ThunderCats have begun construction on their Cats Lair," Mumm-Ra responded with his hand extended and showing the image in a ball of fire. "This is the perfect opportunity for you' all to strike while they are still weak."

Slithe and his comrades looked, closely, at the alleged "Cats Lair" and observed the contents of its design. He remarks with one raised 'eyebrow', "Why, it almost looks like the Royal Thunderian Palace."

Addicus soon commented, "Don't see anything to be surprised about. Since both the palace and their fortress were made by the Tiger Clan, there are bound to be similarities but who am I to criticize."

"Who cares! Let's do it! Let's strike them while they're defenseless," Kaynar replied, psychotically, finishing his sentence with a demented laugh.

Raising his right hand as a sign for silence, Slithe turned to his generals and orders them to "Round up the troops. We will strike in one hour."

The generals nodded their head and left the room to do what their leader had ordered them to do. All Plun-Darrien soldiers started grabbing their axes, their laser pistols and rifles, their shields, and their swords; mounting on their skycutters and nosedivers and launched a full-scale assault on Cats Lair.

Standing in front of the large window in the strategic chamber and watching the Plun-Darrien Legionaries fly off, Mumm-R grinned, sinisterly, contemplating o himself, "Ah, it's good to have allies who will aide you and once those two destroy each other, I will search through the rubble of the ThunderCats' Lair and pry the Sword of Omens from Lion-O's carcass and, finally, use the Eye of Thundera's power to dominate this planet, then the universe." He finished his sentence with a maniacal laugh and soon disappears, returning to his Black Pyramid.

Back at Cats Lair, Tygra seemed impressed of how the construction of Cats Lair was turning out. Looking at the blueprints he was holding, the architect started telling the Wilys to install the eye lens on the left eye.

Wilykat then noticed that his sister had stopped working and was playing with the cybernetic binoculars they got from the Berbils. He even noticed how aggravated Wilykit looked.

"What'cha looking at, Kit," Wilykit inquired, snatching the binoculars out of his sister's hand and looked through them. He even blocked his sister from taking them back while she kept exclaiming "Give them back, Kat!"

Through the binoculars, he could see Lion-O and Cheetara putting up the rail guard, laughing at the mistakes they were making.

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Suddenly, a small, malicious grin started to form on Wilykat's face. Turning around, he looked at his sister and started to tease her, "Looking at Lion-O, were you? I bet you really want to make him your mate, don't you?"

"N-no I don't, Kat! Why would I!?" Wilykit was getting annoyed by her brother's teasing. She started to get even more annoyed when he started doing impressions of her: "Oh, Lion-O! Please, make me your queen! I want to give you all of my love!" Even doing kissing sounds to really make her mad.

"Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" Kit exclaimed but her brother just kept laughing at her embarrassing facial expression.

Down at the front entrance, Tygra started calculating when the fortress was about to be finish when he started hearing a humming sound coming from behind. He inquired with his right eyebrow raised, "What in all the nine hells is that sound!?"

They turned around and spotted the swarm of skycutters and nosedivers heading into their direction. Jaws dropping at the site, Lion-O, Cheetara, and Tygra dropped what they were doing and headed into the almost-operational Cats Lair, preparing for the battle they were about to face. Even the Berbils ran inside for protection. Grabbing their weapons from the finished armory, the adult ThunderCats were ready to fight.

Unsheathing their weapons, they stood outside, ready to receive orders from their king. "So, what are your orders, my king?" Cheetara inquired.

"Depends, how are the cannons, Tygra?" Lion-O asks.

"The left one is operational but the right one still needs to be installed," Tygra replied, pulling down his hood to give Lion-O an honest face. "It's not going to be enough to hold them off."

Lion-O soon sighed and looked at his fellow ThunderCats, saying, "Well, then we better make the best of it."

Up in the control room where the Thunderkittens were, Tygra started giving them instructions on how to operate the cannons. The left cannon aiming and ready to fire, the kits started pressing the fire button, shooting lasers at most of the skycutters flying towards Cats Lair.

Putting on the Clawshield on his right hand, Lion-O unsheathes the Sword of Omens and looks at his comrades who were' all unsheathng their weapons and getting ready to attack.

"You guys ready?" Lion-O asks.

"As always," Cheetara replied, smiling.

"You know, there's a 30/70 chance we're going to survive, right?" Tygra informed Lion-O, hoping the young king would realize the situation. "And, you know, this isn't going to be pretty?"

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Lion-O just smiled and replied with a slight chuckle, "Who said fighting was a pretty thing to do?"

Soon, the nosedivers began firing their laser cannons while the platform vehicles landed on the ground, releasing the infantry in a blitzkrieg of terror.

Cheetara, with her bo staff, strikes at the ground, summoning a wave of bo staffs from out of the soil and, directly, at some of the nosedivers and infantry men.

One laser blast strikes the left side of Cats Lairs' neck. The sight of it infuriated Tygra, shouting at the Plun-Darriens, "Oh, come on! It took a week to build that!" doing something so out of character: charging into battle and pulling his whip and cracking it at the Plun-Darrien Legionaries. He even tied his whip to the right wing of a nosediver and, forcefully, redirecting it to the moat but not just before the driver jumped out and landed on the soft grass.

There were too many to fight; slowly, falling back to Cats Lair. One skycutter fired a beam at a crane, damaging the arm to the point where the cinder block was about to fall. Unbeknownst, Cheetara was standing under the cinder block. Lion-O, turning his attention to the young cheetah, saw the cinder block about to fall on her. "Cheetara, look out!" Lion-O exclaimed. The young cleric looks up, seeing the cinder block falling. She could not move. Shocked and scared. 'I can't move! My life is over!' Thoughts of fear traveled through Cheetara's mind. 'Is this the end of me!? Is this the end of my existence!? I've have yet to experience things I haven't experience! I've never experienced love or made love!" As the block was about to crush her, Cheetara closed her eyes and faced the music but something didn't seem right to her. She opened her eyes and noticed she was pushed on the ground and was about two feet away from the position she was before with the cinder block in pieces. She started to feel something heavy on top of her. Looking down, she sees Lion-O, lying on her abdomen.

'He...he saved my life! Lion-O, you saved my life! Thank you,' she acknowledged while her cheeks were flushed red. She started noticing an odd feeling, as well. Cheetara looks at her right chest and starts screaming "Lion-O! Where are you touching me!?" Lion-O opened his eyes and saw his left hand touching Cheetara's right bosom. He reacted from that; quickly, removing his hand and leaping off the beautiful cleric.

"S-sorry! I didn't mean to..." Lion-O apologized with his hands raised in a nonthreatening way. He stopped and looked around, noticing the army surrounding them with laser rifles pointing at them. He even noticed Tygra kneeling down with a laser pistol pointing at the back of his head.

"Get up or I'll blow your tiger friends' brains out!" Slithe threatened.

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Lion-O and Cheetara stood up and raised their hands up in defeat. Tygra screamed out with all the air in his lungs: "Guys, don't worry about me! If we surrender, then all will be lost!" but when he scream, he soon started to hyperventilate. Then he started coughing and blood appeared from his mouth.

"Tygra! Let him go! He needs to breathe in his mask or else, he'll die!" Lion-O retorted in concern. Slithe replied with a cold, merciless expression, "And I care why?"

Lion-O and Cheetara watched as Tygra suffered. His breathing became worse and worse to the point where he broke out in sweat.

"Please, let him breathe!" Cheetara exclaimed. She couldn't bare to watch her childhood friend suffer.

"Oh, I know how to fix him," Kaynar walks up to the sick tiger with a large in both hands. Lifting the ax in the air, he prepared to strike. "Let me put him out of his misery!"

Lion-O and Cheetara couldn't watch. After stopping the cannons, the kits were observing Tygra's public execution. Even they couldn't bare to watch, as well.

As the ax fell, Lion-O and Cheetara shouted "No!" in unison but Kaynar stopped before he could strike the tiger. With his canine sense of hearing, he could tell something was coming their way but whent hey turn their attention to the other side of where the ruined city was, they saw oncoming missiles coming towards them. One-by-one, the missiles hit the Plun-Darriens, destroying most of their skycutters, nosedivers, and platform ships, wiping out or terrifying many in the process. Then, out of nowhere, a large ground vehicle was moving towards them.

On the back of both sides were rails with spikes and on the front were large metal claws. The front of the vehicle resembled a grinning, fierce-looking cat with a sharp pointed beard-looking forward end. And on its back was the ThunderCats insignia.

A hatch was open in the middle, revealing large holes, continuing to sheet several missiles into the air. As it halted, the vehicle ceased firing missiles. They thought it stopped but it had yet to begun fighting. Unbeknownst to the Plun-Darriens, who had left their guard down, the mouth of the vehicle soon opened, releasing a large fusion cannon blast, vaporizing anything in its path.

This was the perfect opportunity the ThunderCats needed, pullingout the Sword, Lion-O soon sliced one of the soldiers and Cheetara followed from then on, whacking and striking at the soldiers around them. Those two made one hell of a team.

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"Retreat!" Kaynar shouted, running for his life like the coward he was. While running, Slithe began to scold the jackal general from behind, "Idiot! Who gave you authorization to order a retreat!?" Hearing an explosion from behind, Slithe continued, "But, in this case, it can be an exception. We've got to report this back to Mumm-Ra!"

Running back to their skycutters and nosedivers and platform vehicles, the Plun-Darriens soon retreated and regrouped back to Castle Plun-Darr. Cheetara ran to Tygra, placing the oxygen mask around his neck onto his face, breathing in and out.

The vehicle halted and ceased firing, and as the ThunderCats stood in front of the vehicle, a large silhouette appeared from the roof of the head.

"Panthro!" Lion-O was surprised and relieved to see a familiar person. It's good to have friends in high places.

"In the flesh," the general replied with a smile and with his arms crossed.

The ThunderCats, even the Thunderkittens, got close to the strange vehicle and were amazed at what it did. Tygra responded while rubbing his chin, "Wow, Panthro, what is this thing? Wait, isn't this a ThunderTank?"

"Sure is, my ancestors did build them, you know," Panthro retorted.

When it was safe, the Berbils soon exited out of Cats Lair, feeling relief that they weren't injured but were sad that all their hard work was almost destroyed, along with their new found friends. Ro-Bear Bill walks up to the ThunderCats and said in a sad tone of voice, "ThunderCats, I'm sorry we couldn't help protect your home."

Lion-O smiled and said in reassurance, "Don't worry about it, they didn't cause much damage."

"Yeah, and, besides, I think we can finish up from here," Tygra added. The Berbils were glad and soon started return home, knowing that their friends do not need their help, anymore.

5-hours-later, Cats Lair was finished and fully operational. Lion-O was amazed by what the inside looked like, looking both high-tech and old-fashioned. Panthro, Tygra, and Cheetara were at the monitor, observing their surroundings while the kits were eating so much candy fruit that they became hyper and started running around like squirrels. Its ashame the monitor couldn't scan all of Third-Earth, then they wouldn't have to go out and start mapping the areas of the continent.

"Gods, this is amazing!" Lion-O yelled out in excitement, lettng out the little kid inside him. "So, do we really have to leave this place?" Lion-O was standing next to Cheetara, unbeknownst to him, who was looking away, avoiding eye-contact with her king. "Because, we could just ask the Berbils for maps."

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"Mmmhmm, already asked them. They, too, do not know much about the continent," Panthro explained while shaking his head. "They've only know only about a few territories around them and that includes here and the Giantors' territory."

Tygra seemed to not be paying attention to what the others were talking about, pondering on what the Plun-Darriens said before they retreated. Cheetara then asks Tygra, "Are you okay?"

Tygra replied to Cheetara's concern without even looking at her, "There was something strange about the Plun-Darriens. When hey left, they mentioned someone called...Mumm-Ra. Do any of you guys heard anyone like that?" He looked at the others who were as stumped as he was.

"Don't know but the Plun-Darriens are known for creating strange alliances to strengthen their forces when they're desperate," Panthro replied. "We don't know much about this world and if there is someone on this planet aiding the League of Plun-Darr, then this will be one war we've yet to finish."

"So, it's settled. Tomorrow, we'll leave and start mapping the area. If we run into this 'Mumm-Ra' guy, then we'll take care of him with the Sword of Omens," Lion-O assured, unsheathing the Sword and showing it to the others.

"We can't get cocky, Lion-O. We don't anything about him and we're as sure as hell don't want to mess with anyone crazy enough to side with the Plun-Darrien Legion," Panthro stated with his arms crossed.

Placing a hand on his shoulder, Cheetara looked at Lion-O and said with a smile, "The Sword of Omens is powerful but there are some things that needs teamwork to defeat."

Lion-O's cheeks flushed in embarrassment, feeling Cheetara's soft hand on his shoulder and hearing the wise words that came from her voice. "Yeah, that's trues. Thanks guys" Lion-O was grateful to have such good teachers and good friends. Nighttime had fallen, once again, on Third-Earth, with the second moon hovering over. As Lion-O was walking down the corridor to his room, he was stopped by Cheetara who was standing behind her king.

Lion-O turned around and looked at the expression on Cheetara's face: happy and thankful. "Cheetara, what's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing Lion-O. I just want to save...thanks for saving my life," Cheetara responded while she was twirling a strand of her right bang with her finger. "I was scared and couldn't move. I thought that stone block was about to crush me but then you saved me by pushing me out of the way."

As a sign of thanks, Cheetara kisses the young lion on the cheek and walks the other way to her room. Lion-O starts rubbing the cheek the cleric had kissed him on, thinking "I will never wash this cheek, again."

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Meanwhile, in the Black Pyramid, Mumm-Ra was furious. The dark obelisks fired beams of lightning into the clouds as a sign of his anger.

"So close! I was so close to destroying those ThunderCats!" Mumm-Ra shouted, furiously. "I guess I should have known to never underestimate my enemies." He soon skimped towards and entered his sarcophagus and as it started to close he muttered these words: "One day, I will find their vulnerability and rid myself of the ThunderCats existence for wherever evil exists, Mumm-Ra lives!" The cover closes and Mumm-Ra sleeps but when he awakens, he will have his day of destruction.

Chapter 9: Hattanzo the Swordsman and the Warrior Maidens

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Chapter 9:

Hattanzo the Swordsman and the Warrior Maidens

The debris from the fallen city flew into the wind. Today was the fifth day of Cats Lairs' existence. The Wily's were having breakfast in the dining hall while Panthro was busy practicing his martial art skills on a practice dummy in the training hall.

The dining hall appeared more romantic than any other food center, which wouldn't be a surprise since the Cats' Lair was modeled after the Thunderian Palace; having a table that stretched to about fifteen feet and with a chandelier hanging above it. There were, also, portraits of many ThunderCats that proceeded the others, including the late King Claudus, Lion-O's father. The kits were sad and bored, barely touching their breakfast porridge.

"What's the matter with you two?" walking into dining hall was Panthro, wearing nothing but his pants and a towel around his neck. "Ever since Lion-O, Cheetara, and Tygra left three-days-ago, you two have been moping around like a couple of Thunderian desert worms."

Wilykat was the first to speak, "Of course, we're moping because we're bored! We miss the others; well, not as much as how Wilykit misses Lion-O!" Again, Wilykat never ceases to tease his sister.

"Knock it off, Kat!" Wilykit exclaimed, shoving his brother off his chair and onto the floor.

"Hey, that hurt!" Wilykat stated, rubbing his back as he stood up.

"Well, you deserved it," Wilykit commented with her arms crossed. A second later, the two siblings started to be at each others' throats, shouting and pulling at each others' hair and cheeks.

Panthro, with is temper, slams his hand on the table, exclaiming "enough!" in a serious tone of voice. That caught the kits attention. Panthro then starts to lecture the two, saying, "Look, I know things aren't as lively as they are since the three when off on their map making journey but we have to make the best of it." He then made a proposal. "Why don't you two come and help me to a routine check-up on the ThunderTank and, if you two are lucky, I'll teach you how to drive it."

"You really mean it!?" Wilykit and Wilykat both replied in unison.

"Yeah, but if you damage my baby in any way, I'll cut off your tails and make belts out of them," Panthro's threat scared the two kits but their fear turned to relief when the general let out a huge laugh, knowing he was just messing with them.

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In a grassy area, about twelve miles away from Cats Lair, we find the three ThunderCats walking across a dirt road. They have that the road leads to the nearest town, which was wonderful because they were now low on

supplies.

"Finally! We made it!" Lion-O exclaimed, seeing the town in front of him while Snarf was lying in his shoulders; sitting down on a rock with the others while they sat on logs that were beside the road. "Gods, my feet are killing me!"

Cheetara giggled at what Lion-O just said and replied with a warm smile, "Well, we have been walking for a long time. So, I guess, it's only natural to rest."

"Indeed, but we can't rest for too long," Tygra added with the same somber expression on his face. "We need to get supplies or else, we won't last another day." Crossing his arms, Tygra looked at the others while rummaging through his own rucksack. "That's why one of you will have to enter and get the supplies we need because I need to draw the map of this area and I need someone to help me." In the tiger's left hand was a piece of paper and in his right hand was a fountain pen-like writing utensil.

Standing up, Lion-O stretched his limps and responded as he heard a crick, "I volunteer to get the supplies. I'll go into town and get what we need."

"Absolutely not!" Cheetara shouted, standing up and in front of the young lion. "As your guardian, it is my duty to ensure your safety; therefore, I will not allow you to endanger your life, even if you are our king!"

"Oh, come on, Cheetara, I'm old enough to take care of myself," Lion-O remarked, forming a crooked grin on his face with his hands on his hips. "Besides, this will help us learn more about this planet's inhabitants and cultures!"

"Lion-O has a point, Cheetara. He's not a little cub, anymore. You know, you can't baby him forever," Tygra commented, not taking his eyes off the map he was working on.

Cheetara couldn't form a sentence since what Tygra said was true, "Yes but...um...but...but...I..."

Tygra stood in front of Lion-O, handing him a small pouch of money. He then said with a crooked grin on his face, "Here, this is the money the Berbils gave us before they left. They said this money is used in bartering towns throughout this region."

Lion-O grabbed the pouch but not before saying "thank you" and giving the Thunderian salute. Tygra saluted back. The young king then walked on the road and headed straight into town. A-mile-away from the others, Lion-O stood at the entrance of the town, noticing the surrounding wall made out of sword blades. The crow sitting on the arch, the only thing not made out of sword blades but tree bark.

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Hearing the crow caw, Snarf became scared and hid his head behind Lion-O's. He responded with concern, "I know, Snarf, but don't worry; the sooner we get the supplies, the better we get the hell out of here."

Before Lion-O could waltz right in, he a voice calling his attention saying, "Excuse me, young lad. Could you help me down?" Looking up, the young lion saw a man whose collar had gotten snagged on one of the blades. "Or not, I don't care."

Setting Snarf down onto the ground, Lion-O leaps onto the wall of blades, grabbing, hand and foot, onto the rope that keeps it together, and tossing the man off the wall, watching him drift and land on the bench in front of the arch.

He was one, strange man with a calm, apathetic attitude, dressed in ragged clothes and a red scarf. He looked like a rabbit with tan fur long, floppy ears, and black hair on his head with bits of twigs sticking out of it. In his mouth was a willow.

"Who are you?" Lion-O inquires.

"Oh, don't mind me. I'm just a drifter who's just drifting these parts," said the stranger, lazily, lying on the bench.

Lion-O didn't have time to talk to the Drifter but he had one thing to ask him, "Does this place have any good supplies?"

The Drifter replied, "Yes but it's best if you turn back to where you came from. This is a swordsman's town, boy. You won't want to get involved in such a place."

"Don't worry, I can take care of myself," Unsheathing the Sword of Omens, Lion-O shows it to the Drifter. "You see, this is the fabled Sword of Omens, able to defeat any foe."

"Hmm, cocky and self-confident; you remind me of me when I was young," the Drifter commented. "Heed my warning, young lion...or not, I don't care."

Lion-O walked away, ignoring the Drifters' advice. Lion-O stood in front of the vendor as he packed the supplies and placed them on the counter. Lion-O took out his money pouch and poured the coinage in the vender's hand, but something wasn't right.

"Hey, what kind of coins are these!?" Angrily, vender asked. Lion-O took one coin and examined it, closely.

He was surprised at what it was and said with an honest face, "It's a Thunderian Shilling. These coins were worth a lot on many planets."

"Haha! Thunderian Shillings! Now, that's a name I haven't heard in years!" One swordsman with gray skin and a conical hat walks up to the vendor, taking one shilling and looks at the details.

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"Ah, these things were once the most prominent currency throughout half of the Galaxy but after Thundera fell, these things became nothing more than antiques; relics of a fallen empire."

Tossing it back into the venders' hand, he walks away but not before Lion-O asks him, "How do you know that?"

Turning around, the swordsman replies with a sly grin, "Everyone knows about Thundera's destruction; well, everyone who was ever associated with the Thunderians." He then starts to explain. "You see, this planet is remote to most people in the Galaxy. Hell, even the Galactic Alliance, barely, knows this place exists. Once, every five years, this planet goes through an electromagnetic storm so powerful, it can pull any ship that passes on by, dragging it down into the planet. If anyone survives, then they're stuck forever; if they don't survive, then their ship is salvaged by scavengers, attempting to build a ship to get off this hellhole of a planet. I was once a member of the most notorious raiders in most territories in the Galaxy, so terrifying that the Galactic Alliance had put large bounties on our heads but before my crew could escape the bounty hunters that had been pursuing us, we were caught in the planet's electric storm and were sucked into the planet's atmosphere. I was the only survivor."

"So, everyone on this planet was shipwrecked?" Lion-O inquired with a shock expression on his face.

"Sort of, most of the people here crash landed on the planet while some are the descendents of ship wreckers who had given up hope; some, on the other hand, choose to establish settlements here or are native to Third-Earth," the swordsman replied. After finish talking, he walked away and went on with his business.

This was getting weird for Lion-O. Turning his attention to the vendor he asked where he could get money to buy the supplies. The vender answered in a gruff tone of voice, "The only way for you to earn money in this town is competing in the annual sword competition over there."

Lion-O noticed a crowd of swordsmen gathering together, competing in the annual sword competition. Walking over, he saw what the competition was: Swordsmen, one-by-one, testing their blades on a large stone. Walking into the crowd, Lion-O saw one competitor, whose appearance resembles that of a mongoose, introducing his sword's origin, "Forged in the lava of Fire Rock Mountain, this sword is by far the strongest in all the land!" With one slice, the judge measured the length and depth of the cut.

"Four inches!" the judge shouted.

"That's nothing!" said another competitor, whose appearance resembles a tanned pig with a horn on his head. "My sword is so powerful that even the gods, themselves, tremble at its awesomeness!"

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When the competitor struck the stone, it didn't slice through it but, instead, it shattered the blade. The sight of the humiliation caused the crowd to laugh at the pathetic pig-man. They even made comments of his buffoonery.

"What a fool!"

"Well, what do you expect!? Tabbots are always greedy and arrogant, using cheap material to forge their weapons and always flaunting it around, saying it can take on the heavens!"

Then another competitor, a blind swordsman, approached the stone, holding his sword up to his face, "The trees, the wind, the dew droplets from the freshly wet grass; all fall in awe by the power of my blade." With one slash, the third competitor made a cut that appeared much deeper than the first competitor.

"Eight inches!" shouted the judge. "Anyone else wishes to take on the challenge!?"

Walking out of the crowd, Lion-O shouted "I'll take on that challenge!" and stood in front of the judge. Unsheathing the Sword of Omens, he gave a quick introduction "All of you prepare to be amaze by the power of the legendary Sword of Omens!" With one slash, he sheathed the Sword, turned, and listened as everyone laughed at him but their laughter ended when they started hearing loud, cracking sounds coming from the stone and next thing you know it, the stone split in half and crumbled to rubble.

"The winner!" the judge announced, lifting Lion-O's left arm and handing him the prize money.

Back at the vender's stand, Lion-O gives the vender the right amount of money for the supplies and would be on his way with the supplies in his hands. Then, from out of nowhere, a blue-skinned swordsman appeared beside Lion-O, responding with a crooked grin, "That's a nice sword you carry. Many people would die for such a blade."

"Yeah, well, what is it to you misterâ ¦?" Lion-O inquired.

"They call me the Duelist," he addressed himself. "You see, my dear boy, you have something I desire."

"Sorry, but Snarf's not for sale," Snarf, sitting on the ground, ran behind Lion-O's right leg.

"I was talking about your sword," the Duelist stated, correcting the young lord. "I have heard many tales of the Sword of Omens by others but regarded them as legends. Now that I see it is no mere legend, it would be a wonderful addition to my collection." Lion-O noticed the number of swords the Duelist had, requiring a special container on his back to carry them all.

"The Sword is not for sale, nor will I ever sell it," Lion-O retorted, giving the Duelist a scornful look.

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"Hmm, pity, but I guess it's not going to be easy to obtain such a blade," rubbing his chin, a smirk was formed on the Duelist's face, replacing the crooked grin he had earlier. "I feel sorry for the Sword's previous owner. I bet it didn't do him much good."

Now, that was the last straw that broke the camels' back. Lion-O started to become angry. "That's it! You want to fight; I'll give you a fight! Just tell me where and when!?" he roared, forming a battle stance.

The Duelist answered the young king's question, "Town center; high noon. Be there, if you can." After the Duelist finished talking, he walked away.

"Oh, no; this is bad," The vender was scared, now. He knew this was bad news for Lion-O. "You shouldn't have challenged the Duelist, young lad."

Puzzled by the vender's comment, Lion-O turned around and said with a cocky smile, "What's the big deal? He can't be that good of a swordsman."

The vender started explaining to the naÃ¯ve Lion-O, "The Duelist among many swordsmen around these parts; challenging fighters with the best swords throughout the lands. He has no sense of remorse or incompetence and has not once lost a duel, hence the name 'the Duelist.'"

Hearing all that, the smile on Lion-O's face faded, becoming an expression of shock. "Whiskers..." Lion-O said, slowly, losing a bit of his confidence.

Knowing he could not beat the Duelist, Lion-O began practicing his swings in another part of town, a place where the public forge was located. Unbeknownst to the Lord of the ThunderCats, someone was calling him for help: "Excuse me, son. I seem to be snagged, again. Could you give me a hand...or don't, I don't care."

The Drifter was, yet again, caught on one of the blades on the town's wall. Lion-O, doing the right thing, picked up a long stick, picked him off the wall, and set him on the ground, gently.

"Now, if you don't mind, I'll be getting back to what I was doing," Lion-O replied, returning to his sword swings.

"And what, pray tell, is that?" The Drifter replied, nonchalantly, "Not that I care, or anything."

Lion-O turns around and tells the Drifter, "I'm training to fight against the Duelist. I know I can beat him with the Sword of Omens by my side!"

"Not that you'll listen but here's some advice that might help," the Drifter took out the willow in his mouth and said to Lion-O. "Willows are weak but they bind to trees."

"I don't know what that means but I don't think a weed will help me," Lion-O commented.

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Putting the willow back into his mouth, the Drifter demanded the craziest thing, "Here, try to slice this willow in three strikes."

"You're crazy!" Lion-O exclaimed.

"Just try it," Lion-O swung his sword, once, and the Drifter dodged. "That's one" then, he swung again and the Drifter dodged again, as well. "That's two." furious, Lion-O started swinging three or four more times, which causes the Drifter to float in the air, "Now, that was more than three, not that I care." The Drifter remarked with an apathetic while his feet settled onto the ground. "Now, do you get what I mean, not that you were listening?"

"Nope, but I don't have time for this," catching his breath, he started to walk away but not just before the Drifter started telling Lion-O a story: "Long ago, there was once a great blacksmith whose weapons were legendary across the lands but the one weapon he made was the best compared to the ones he made beforeâ ¦the Sword of Hattanzo. One day, as he traveled the continent, fighting any opponent to show his sword's power, he stumbled upon a man who called himself the 'Duelist.' It was an epic battle but with all his hubris, the swordsman, Hattanzo, was easily defeated and his sword taken away from him."

Lion-O responded out of curiosity, "What happened to Hattanzo?"

"No one knows," the Drifter replied. "From the humiliation he suffered, they say he became a shell of a man, drifting into the winds."

"You!" the young king exclaimed in suspense. "The swordsman was you. I'm fighting against the sword you made." The expression on lion-O's face didn't change, asking the Drifter, or Hattanzo, one question: "How can I defeat the Duelist if he has your sword?!"

"You can't," Hattanzo responded with a sigh.

Meanwhile, Tygra and Cheetara waited for Lion-O to return. Cheetara, still upset, searched through her backpack, then Lion-O's, and then Tygra's, to pass the time. She wouldn't wha tTygra just did, sending Lion-O out in an alien town without the presence of his guardian. Just then, she found something that surprised her.

"Uh, Tygra," she called the architects' name. "You did give Lion-O the right money pouch, did you?"

Putting down his writing utensil and map paper, Tygra looked at Cheetara with his right eyebrow raised and replied with his arms crossed, "I assure you, Cheetara. I am 100% positive that I gave Lion-O the right money pouch."

"Then what is this," Cheetara opens the pouch and starts pouring the coinage in her own hand, showing the confident tiger his mistake.

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Seeing the error, Tygra's face flushed red and started rubbing the back of his neck, giving a small chuckle and saying "oops!" he placed his hand down and added, "Well, nobody's perfect."

Cheetara, furiously, grabbed her bo staff and money pouch and said to Tygra, "If you need me, Tygra, I'll be fixing the 'mistake' you gave our king." With lightning speed, Cheetara ran to the swordsman's town.

Tygra got up and followed her, shouting, "Wait up! Not everyone can run as fast as you can, Cheetara!"

17-minutes-later, by Cheetara's standards, the young cleric appeared in town where she was receiving strange, perverted calls from the male populace.

"Hey, baby! Going my way!?"

"What's your name, hot stuff!?"

Cheetara ignored the pigs that were around her and noticed a large crowd of people about a two feet away from where she was. She even spotted a familiar red mane in the center.

"Lion-O!" Cheetara ran into the crowd so that she may hand Lion-O the right money pouch. "My liege, I have brought you the right money pouch!"

The young king was too busy sparing against the Duelist to hear Cheetara. She asks the person beside her what was going on and when he informed her that it was a swords duel, she was stunned by the sight of it but was, also, relieved by the fact that her king will win.

Then came the most horrible thing to be witnessed. As sparks flared from their blades, the Duelist, with one strike, knocks the Sword of Omens out of Lion-O's hand and takes it while the young king was down. The sight of it terrified Cheetara. "No, how could this be possible!? How can our king lose!?"she contemplated in her head.

Looking back at the fallen king, he comments with a crooked grin while waving the Sword in his hand, "Well, that was a fun duel. If you want to get your sword back, you know where to find me. Hahahaha!"

40-minutes-later as the sun began to set, Lion-O sat at the front entrance of the town, feeling depressed and hollowed. Rubbing his back, Cheetara sat beside him and feeling the same melancholic expression Lion-O was feeling. Tygra, finally, showed up, carrying all their bags and wearing his oxygen mask so he wouldn't be stricken by the disease he suffers from.

"Finally, I found you guys! I had to run to here from our spot while carrying these bags!" He threw the bag onto the ground, angrily, removing his mask and went back to scolding but he stopped after noticing how sad his friends were. "What happened to you, guys?"

"I lost the Sword?" Lion-O stated.

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"What!?" Tygra was shocked at what he was hearing. His left eye twitching, Tygra lost all expression on his face, leaving nothing but a blank.

Cheetara saw the blank face Tygra had, saying, "Yes, Tygra, I saw it all. I saw the man who took it, calling himself the Duelist."

"Okay, so let's find this Duelist and force him to hand the Sword of Omens back to us," Tygra remarked. Lion-O shook his head and added, negatively, "It's not that simple. The Duelist is known throughout this region as the best swordsman throughout the lands. He has a collection of swords from the swordsmen he bested. The only way to get the Sword of Omens back is to either best him in a duel or wait until he dies of an illness or old age."

"Is there anyway to get another sword," Cheetara inquired. "You know, to duel him, again."

Lion-O turned his attention to Cheetara and responded with a surprising look, "Well, there aren't any stores that sell swords in this town. I've been here for about an hour and can tell the only way to get a sword is to forge one from the nearby smithy."

The young king stood up and walked away from the others, saying, "If you need me; I'll be forging a new sword and use it on my death bed."

Cheetara and Tygra looked at each other in concern for the their lord, turning their attention to the lion as he walked away. An-hour-later, Lion-O was in the smithy, making his own sword, amateurishly, not knowing that you must hold the blade while hitting it with a forge hammer but he just kept hitting hit, watching the blade move out of place.

"What are you doing?" Lion-O stopped and turned around, seeing the Drifter standing in front of the door with his arms crossed and leaning against the ridges.

"Baking tarts; what does it look like, I'm making a sword!" Lion-O, sarcastically, replied. "You may have given up on life but I haven't! I'll beat the Duelist with the sword I've made, even if I have to make a hundred swords to get the Sword of Omens back!"

Hattanzo shook his head in disapproval, stating, "Not that I care but you're doing it all wrong." He pushes Lion-O away and grabs the forging tools beside him. "Here, let me do it. Go stand outside." grabbing the blade with the forging tongs, Hattanzo, properly, began hammering and dunking the blade in water, and again.

Lion-O waited outside but he from time and again, he would ask the Drifter, "Is it done, yet?" and the Drifter would reply "No, not yet." five minutes later, he asked again, "How about now?" and Hattanzo would reply with "No."

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Lion-O then opens the door and exclaims "Now!?" with the Drifter exclaiming, irritatingly, "No!!!!" and slamming the door in the young lions' face.

2-hours-later, the rabbit blacksmith came out of the smithy, presenting Lion-O with his temporary sword. Holding it in his left hand, the young king was in awe by the craftsmanship, thinking that this was the work of a true master of the sword.

At the front entrance, Cheetara and Tygra waited for their king's return. Cheetara waited, patiently, meditating with her legs crossed and holding her staff on her lap while Tygra kept pacing, back and forth, contemplating on the matter. Lion-O returned, showing them his new sword.

"It looks amazing!" Cheetara woke up from her meditative state and was mesmerized by the sword.

Tygra examined the details of the sword, noticing the fine craftsmanship and the avant garde, "Indeed. Almost Sword of Omens amazing."

That's all Lion-O needs to defeat the duelist but before he could head out and face him, Hattanzo the Drifter appeared. "Wait, Lion-O!" he cried, running to the ThunderCats' spot. Catching his breath, the Drifter continued with what he was saying, "Remember what I told you."

"Yeah, yeah, the whole 'Willows are weak' speech, I got it," Lion-O replied, nonchalant, and walked away to find the Duelist while his friends followed.

The Duelist was sitting at a table, having tea with some other swordsmen, discussing plans of treachery and deceit to the town. Slicing a lemon, he flings the pieces into his colleagues cups of tea but before the last lemon hit the last tea cup, Lion-O caught it in his hand and unsheathed his new sword.

"Recognize the craftsmanship?" Lion-O showed it to the Duelist.

"Impossible, he hasn't made a sword in years," the Duelist stated, examining the sword's texture.

"I came out of retirement," Walking through the saloon doors, Hattanzo crossed his arms and smiled at the Duelist. "So that I can see Lion-O wipe that cocky green off your face."

The Duelist turned his attention to the young lion, saying, "Same place as before; 6:00PM; don't be late."

Lion-O smirked and replied, "I won't."

It was now 6:00PM, Lion-O and the Duelist stood, face-to-face, ready to settle this once and for all. Tygra, Cheetara, and Hattanzo stood inside the drowd and watched Lion-O unsheathed his new sword while the Duelist unsheathes the Sword of Hattanzo.

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It was a large broadsword with three sharp edges on both sides and a red tassel at the bottom.

Lion-O was the first to charge, striking left and right but the Duelist kept dodging his attacks. Using the Sword of Hattanzo, the Duelist makes one swift slash. Lion-O was able to block his attack but as he continued blocking, he started hearing cracking sounds from the blade and, in a matter of seconds, the blade shatters, leaving only the hilt left. The Duelist lifted the Sword of Hattanzo up in the air, preparing to strike the lion down. Tygra and Cheetara couldn't watch, that is, until the Drifter shouted at Lion-O, "Willows are weak, Lion-O!"

That got Lion-O's attention and when the Duelist slashed his blade, Lion-O, quickly, dodged his attack, saying, "I get it, now." getting up, he kept dodging as the Duelist kept slashing. "Power alone is rigid, but if you can bend with the wind, you'll never break."

Stepping back, the Duelist sheathed the Sword of Hattanzo and unsheathed two short swords. The Duelist charged, thrusting his two swords at the young lion, but, to everyone's surprise, Lion-O moved like the wind, dodging every strike the Duelist could throw. Lion-O, using the hilt of his broken sword, slashed at the Duelist, sending him flying to the ground with his sword container falling off his back and land on the soil.

The duel was over and everyone cheered as the young king became the victor. He was the first person to have ever defeated the Duelist and that title will stick to him in this town 'til the end of time. Tygra and Cheetara ran to Lion-O, congratulating him and patting him on the back. Unbeknownst to the ThunderCats, the Duelist stood up with a knife in his hand and prepared to stab the lion but before he could, Hattanzo the Drifter blocked his attack with his own willow and knocks the knife out of the Duelists' hand, sending him running.

After the duel, Lion-O and the Drifter stood outside of the front entrance with Cheetara and Tygra watching them.

Shaking his hand, the Drifter responded in gratitude, "Thank you, Lion-O. Thanks to you, I have found a new purpose in my life; retunring these swords to their rightful owners."

"Anytime, Hattanzo. Safe travels," Lion-O replied. The Sword of Omens was returned to him and everything was back to normal.

As they watch their new friend leave the town, the ThunderCats did the same, as well. They grabbed the supplies and rucksacks and headed out through the back entrance. Walking far away, the three looked back and kept on moving.

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4-miles-away, the ThunderCats found a nice, quiet area in a jungle to set up camp. Night was coming as the sun began to set and the first moon was beginning to rise. Lying in his tent, Lion-O stared at the ceiling, pondering thoughts about this strange planet.

Crawling inside the tent was Cheetara, asking, "Lion-O, are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," Lion-O replied while he continued staring at the ceiling. "I've been thinking. Who do you think the first inhabitants were before others started occupying it?"

Cheetara lied beside Lion-O on her left side and answered with her cheeks turning a little red, "I-I don't know. Where did you get an idea like that?"

"Well, when we saw that ruined city, Tygra and I thought that maybe there was some sort of advanced, yet ancient, race that built it but when I saw the patrons at the town, I realized that none of them could've built it. One of them even told me that all of them are either aliens who got stranded on the planet or natives who descended from the end of a past era on Third-Earth."

"Third-Earth?"

"Yeah, that's what they call this planet. Anyways, what do you think happened to the previous inhabitants of this planet? Do you think they died out or, maybe, they left the planet?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe, if we keep exploring the continent, we'll find out, eventually."

Cheetara moved a loose bang away from her face. She walked out but not before saying, "Goodnight, my king."

"Goodnight, Cheetara," Lion-O replied with a yawn.

Deep in the night, dark silhouettes appeared in the campsite. The ThunderCats took turns to watch out for any sign of the enemies. It was Tygra's turn to watch but he started to fall asleep. Then someone tackled the tiger, tied him up, and gagged him with a cloth. Lion-O and Cheetara heard the commotion outside and ran with their weapons in hand. As soon as they ran outside, they were soon struck by an unknown sting to the neck, causing them to fall to the ground, asleep.

Lion-O woke up and found himself inside a mobile cave. He noticed Cheetara and Tygra inside the cage, as well. The cage had wheels and was made out of metal. Being pulled by a quadrepedal, cat-like beast trained to follow its master. Lion-O saw his captivators walking both in front and behind the cage, surprised that they were women. Were there any men? He soon asked one of them, "Hey, where are you taking us?"

No reply. Lion-o was aggravated, shouting, 'Hey, I'm talking to you!"

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"Save your breath, Lion-O. They don't answer to outsiders, especially men," Tygra interrupted. "Cheetara, on the other hand, got some information from them."

"Really?" Lion-O looked a Cheetara with a surprised expression.

Cheetara looked back with a smile on her face, "Well, they wouldn't talk to you guys since you're men but they would only give me a little info since I'm a woman."

"So what they want with us?" Lion-O asks Cheetara. She sighed and replied with a frown, "They're taking us to their village to me with their queen. That's all I got."

Lion-O sighed, as well. His expression on his face became serious, knowing this will be a while before they'll get out. An hour later, the cage stopped moving, indicating that they've arrived. The cage door opened; the tribal women forced the ThunderCats out, poking spears in their backs to get them to move. The ThunderCats examined the inhabitants in the village; all women and no men! They walked into an elevator-like contraption, lifting them as women on top of the tree house pulled them up. Walking into one, large tree house, the three were pushed to the floor, kneeling in front of the beautiful queen.

"Hmm, I guess my spies were right. You are cat people," said the queen, bluntly. She sat in her throne with her elbow on her left armrest and her fist against her face, giving the ThunderCats a cold stare. "I am Willa Queen of the Tree Top Kingdom and Supreme-Commander of the Warrior Maidens. Tell me, who are you and why are you here?"

Tygra was the first to speak up: "We are the ThunderCats from the now destroyed planet, Thundera. I am Tygra, chief architect and scientist of the ThunderCats. We do not pose any threats to your people. We are mainly here because we are looking for a new home to settle."

Willa's raised her right eye in skepticism. She then turns her attention to Cheetara and says to her, "And what about you, cheetah. Tell me why you are on this planet?"

"I am Cheetara, Cleric and guardian to our King. What Tygra says is the truth; we came here because our home world is dead and we just want to find a new home," Cheetara introduces and states herself. Even though she was a woman, Queen Willa was still skeptical.

"Huh, I still don't believe you," Willa comments.

"We speak the truth!" Lion-O roared but was silent when one of the guard stuck him in the back of the neck with the back of a spear.

"Lion-O!" Cheetara exclaimed.

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"You! Tell me your name who dares shout at me!" Willa demanded, pointing at the young king with a stare that stung like daggers.

Lion-O responded as he stood up off the floorboards, "I am Lion-O, King of Thundera and Lord of the ThunderCats!"

Willa's eyes were wide-opened from shock. 'How could someone this young be king of anything?' Willa thought. Willa couldn't be more than a year older than the young lion. Standing up, Willa walked to the young lord and examined the young king. He didn't look strong or even experienced. So how can he lead, but before Willa could examine Lion-O even more, a young Warrior Maiden walks in and shouts, "Queen Willa you must come quickly!"

Willa turned her attention to the Maiden with concern, "What is it, Nayda!?"

"It's the Kurtaks; they're attacking the southern sector, again!" Willa ran and followed the woman called Nayda but not before she ordered the guard to "Lock them up and don't do anything to them without my further instructions." The guards nodded and dragged the prisoners out of the hut.

In the Southern Sector of the Tree Top Kingdom, many buildings began to burn as female warriors fought against an unknown enemy and children and farmers ran for cover. Out of one burning building, a creature hopped onto a tree branch, carrying one Warrior Maiden over its right shoulder. This must be the creature they call "Kurtak." It didn't walk upright, slouching as it moved. It had long, sharp teeth and razor sharp claws; even having short spike protruding from its back and bone blades on its upper arms. Its eyes were white, indicating that it was blind but its nose was that of a bloodhound, seeing only through its nose; not its eyes. It didn't wear any clothes, just a loin cloth but it did wear a wooden board on its chest. This was a strange creature but what was even more strange was that the girl it was carrying didn't struggle. She was knock unconscious, probably from some kind of neurotoxin. It hopped, again, and landed onto the ground. Looking at the female warriors that surrounded him, the kurtak roared like a beast that shouldn't even exist. He wasn't the only one; three others soon joined the party and attacked the Warrior Maidens. One kurtak was able to make a small cut on one Warrior Maidens' arm with its bone blade. It didn't cause serious damage but it did cause some effect. The female warrior's vision became blurry and she started breathing,heavily, but all she could see was darkness the kurtak struck her in the head with its bone-bladed arm.

Back at the capital, the guards escorted the ThunderCats to their cell, that is, until Cheetara was able to free herself. The guards were shocked, holding up their spears and shouting "halt!" With quick speed, Cheetara disarmed the guards and tied them together with the rope that bounded her.

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After that, she was able to free Lion-O and Tygra. The ThunderCats soon ran out and tried to escape but once they left the dungeon, they heard a loud scream coming from the south.

"What was that!" Lion-O inquired.

"I don't know but I don't want to find out," Tygra replied.

Cheetara stopped them, saying, "Wait, guys, we have to help them."

"Are you crazy, Cheetara!? They almost locked us up in a dungeon to do, gods know, what!" Arguing, Tygra didn't understand Cheetara's change of heart. "Besides, I think they can take care of themselves."

"Doesn't sound like they can handle it," Cheetara stated, facing south of where the screams were coming from. "I know it's a crazy suggestion but it's our sworn duty as ThunderCats to help the weak. It's not honorable to ignore someone in need of help, no matter how badly they treated us."

"Cheetara's right, Tygra. If we don't help them, then we don't deserve to be ThunderCats," Lion-O announced as he turned his attention to Tygra.

Tygra gave up, knowing that it would be a weight on his conscience if he ran like a coward, "Okay, let's go."

The fire grew as the battle between the Warrior Maidens and the Kurtak continued. Willa arrived a few minutes ago with reinforcements but that didn't stop the Kurtak for they had more skills than their female opponents. There were only six Kurtak and they were able to take out forty Warrior Maidens.

One Kurtak was able to injure Willa, striking her down to the ground and was about to finish her off when, suddenly, a blast of lightning hits the creature; followed by a loud "HO!!!!"

Willa turned and Saw Lion-O, Tygra, and Cheetara standing on the roof of a cottage with their weapons retrieved and unsheathed, preparing for battle. Leaping off the roof, the ThunderCats were more formidable than the Warrior Maidens, especially Lion-O who dodged the neurotoxic attacks of one Kurtak and when the young king had the advantage, he uses the Sword of Omens to slice it, vertically, in half. Willa watched, then blushed at Lion-O's performance, knowing what a skilled fighter he was. The ThunderCats were able to drive the Kurtak away but now there was an even bigger problem at hand.

"Cheetara, help put out this fire; Tygra, see if you can help the Warrior Maidens with the refugees," Lion-O commanded. The two nodded and did what their king ordered. Willa saw that Lion-O was not just a skilled fighter but a good leader, as well. Not a great leader, but good enough.

Tygra helped Nayda carry the paralyzed warriors to a safe haven and finding refugees while Lion-O and Cheetara carried buckets of water to put out the fire. Willa got up and assisted the young king and his cleric.

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"This is going to take forever," Lion-O retorted, watching as the animosity of the fire grew with flames of ember. "Willa, do you have any other way of putting this big of a fire?"

"We do not Lion-O but I pray to the Earth Mother for a miracle," Willa pleaded, hoping a miracle would happen. The strange thing about that was that a miracle did happen. Suddenly, the clouds joined together and became dark, raining down on the fiery forest, extinguishing the flames and bringing a cool relief to all. The rain stopped, and the sky was normal, again.

An hour later, the Warrior Maidens were doing a headcount on who was here and who was not here. One female warrior walks up to Queen Willa and gave her the news.

"My queen, we seem to be four people short," said the warrior. Sighing, Willa looks down at the ground, knowing this abduction was even more serious than before. To the Warrior Maidens thought the Kurtak were just unorganized animals but, somehow, they've gotten smarter and more organized. "Queen Willa, what should we do?"

Willa looks up at her warrior and gave her a serious expression, replacing the frown she had before. She responded as if they were a war, "Double up security; we need to post watches at every entrance and every sector."

Lion-O felt sympathy for the queen and wanted to see what he could do to help. Walking up, he asks with a sincere expression, "Willa, is there anyway we can help at all?"

She didn't respond; she just smiled and just looked at the young king. She soon replied by placing an arm on Lion-O's right shoulder, "That's okay, there's nothing you can do, right now, but there is one thing you can do for me."

"What would that be?" Lion-O inquires, raising his right eyebrow. He listened to what she was proposing and what she said, he liked.

"You and your friends and join me in our festival tonight," She requested. Now, this would be fun for the ThunderCats; dancing, eating, and having fun.

It was now evening, a large bonfire was set in the center with tiki torches lit and a very large table was set. Lion-O was given the honor of sitting next to Willa but was surprised to see Nayda sitting in front of him, as well.

He even greets himself to Nayda by standing up and shaking her hand, "Hi, I'm Lion-O. I we will get along."

"Now, is that anyway to greet Willa's sister in such an improper manner," Nayda commented, arrogantly. Lion-O's jaw dropped and was surprised, but a little embarrassed. She looked a little bit like Willa, except she was younger and had brown hair tied in a tail. "Now, properly, greet me by kissing my hand."

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Lion-O did as Nayda said, grabbing her hand and kissing the back, hoping to not offend anyone but he ceased doing so when Willa started laughing. "Enough, Nayda; you've tortured him long enough."

Nayda smiled and said to Willa, "I know, but it's fun messing with the outsiders." Lion-O felt like an idiot but that didn't stop him from laughing, himself. Sitting back down, Lion-O looked at the feast that was presented: roasted boar, fried fish, chicken, and assorted fruits and vegetables.

He turns his attention to Willa and asks her, "So, tell me about your people, Willa. I'm curious of where you came from."

"My people have been here for centuries, even before the outsiders came to our planet. This was back when there were more of us and back when we lived in grand cities; however, we do not remember what caused our civilization to fall but it didn't matter to us because we're still alive and that's all that matters," Willa explained.

Tygra asks the queen, "Yes, but how do you...you know...procreate without any men in your society?"

"Oh, we use to have men years ago but, for some reason, they died out when we started giving birth to only daughters, and not sons," Nayda explained in Willa place. "I think it's the Earth Mother's plan to create a utopia of only women." Nayda continues: "Once a year, we send our sisters out into the world to breed and return with child. In some parts of the continent, there are still human tribes with men that we go to but we don't stay too long and with our beautiful looks, it's easy to attract a man."

Then, Lion-O asks another question, unrelated to the Warrior Maidens, "Who are the Kurtak?" From saying that, silence fell throughout the table.

The queen's expression of happiness became an expression of melancholy. She explained to Lion-O all she knew, "The Kurtak were not always monsters; they were once like us...human. Our ancestors and theirs lived as neighbors ina state of peace and harmony but, over time, they changed, becoming monstrous and carnivorous. When they, constantly, attack us, raping and cannibalizing my people. In the past, it was easy to chase them away but they've adapted, becoming more organized. If this continues, my people will face extinction in matter of days."

Lion-o couldn't take it anymore. He hits his fists against the table and makes a promise to Willa, saying, "Willa, as Lord of the ThunderCats, I promise you, we will help at any cost; even if it kills us."

Willa was happy with what Lion-O said, blushing and grabbing his left hand with both of hers. She smiled and added in such a feminine voice, "Yes, and once this is over; we will wed under the moon."

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Lion-o was shocked and that included the other ThunderCats, "Wait, what!? What do you mean by wed!?"

"Of course! I know you are the one for me to wed, my beloved," Willa announced, saying it loud enough for everyone to hear.

Hearing it, something flowed inside Cheetara. This feeling was powerful enough to cause her to break her wooden fork in half. It was good that no saw it, which was perfect because she, hesitantly, threw her broken fork under the table.

"Whiskers..." Lion-O exclaimed. This journey had just gotten even more interesting, don't you agree?

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