King's Legacy

Chapter 4: Temporal Paradoxes and How to Avoid Them

By ashrhinos and ladyleatc

The mirror never lies, but by the gods it can play cruel games! He looked at his reflection, who also had the decency to look back at him. The trembling fingers ran lightly over his face. Gone were the lines, the scars, the rough skin that had plagued his so much towards the end. He took shallow nervous breaths, he stayed silent in case he woke up from this dream. Next the hands went to the neck and throat. The skin was smooth and supple. His finger brushed against the adams apple, and the pain…..such terrible, blinding pain. He cried out and fell to the floor, and there he remained for ten minutes whilst the waves of pain became less and less. Nervous, trembling he stood again and looked once more into the now deceitful mirror. His countenance was covered in sweat, his brow furrowed. His neck, oh his silken, scar-free neck taunted him. Perfect in physical form, but wrecked by the phantoms of……the present. He gently tied his scarf over it once more. The growl of his right wrist yet again reminded him that universe can be a manifestly unfair place. Even when you win….you lose.

His idea had been brilliant, no, genius! At the Ferric Escarpment he had no idea he could project images into the lioness-bitch brain. At first it was a freak show, then a lifeline, but as he rotted in his wooden box of a room it occurred to him it was a solution. It mattered not that a doctor had given him weeks to live, because he was going to cheat death, and in doing so gain a bonus eighteen or so years.

He has soon figured out that a peril, and as it turned out, bonus, of time-travel was he was back in the universe with his previous self. His younger, healthier and more anonymous self. There was an immediate problem, how did he turn junior into senior? Also, best not get junior killed as that would be a paradox and when push came to shove the universe erred on the side of caution. He wouldn't have died, he would never have existed. Good news for the Thundercats. Gaston Schwenk had turned bad news for the Thundercats into an art-form. He was buggered if he'd give them the pleasure.

All his plans were for nought when the bitch had broken in again. Her, of all people came seeking an execution. The savage, beast-like had slain him like he was a rabbit in a field. It was agony and took an eternity for him to slip away. The stupid, stupid bitch had done him a favour that her peanut sized brain

could not begin to comprehend. She could've used the sword to slice him, stab him, behead him. She could've snapped his neck in an instant. She could even have torn his throat out….or ripped his still beating heart from his body. But no, she took her time and he had used this time to 'get away'.

It had been the ultimate 'switcheroo' and the dumb bitch never even knew! He smiled at this thought. Senior has thrust his magnificent mind into that of junior. Sure there had been pushing and shoving, but finally junior had been simply pushed into unconsciousness and senior had moved in. Paradox solved, no dead antecedent, no annihilation. Now he had a new, youthful body with a face that was nearly unrecognisable from his last days…..even if they were looking for him. And they weren't. Gaston Schwenk was dead, he'd died of asphyxiation, or blood loss, or shock, but probably asphyxiation. But.

His wounds still existed in his mind. His throat raged, more so now than ever before, his phantom stump ached, in the reverse of what should happen. His headaches were agonising, paralysing and nauseating. Almost the perfect getaway……but not quite.

Then there were the flashbacks. He knew he'd get them, but, rather disconcertingly they were not his flashbacks, they belonged to the bitch. Which seemed even more unfair. When he had them he got to see his last moment through wonderful lioness-vision. Her eyesight had great clarity and caught his every last, struggling moment. He saw the images, he felt the hatred from the lioness towards him, even as he died. Yes, the flashbacks were…..bizarre, unfathomable, weird.

He gazed once again into the mirror, this time he grinned broadly at his new face and body. He giggled, he chuckled, he laughed…….he threw his head back and roared with laughter like a madman. For he was indeed a madman.

Gaston Schwenk dead. Gaston Schwenk reborn.

Younger, better and anonymous. Lord Lion-O had problems without knowing them. Claudus was doomed whilst he slept serenely in his cot. And The Bitch? He had very special designs on her.