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Note:

This story takes place in an Alternate Universe set immediately after the end of 'The Return' miniseries published by Wildstorm comics.

Embracing Dark Desires.

By

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Chapter 5

Black clouds covered the night sky, sinking the deadly desert in a complete darkness, with only fierce and unnatural lightning providing occasional bursts of light. But the young man who ran across this desert didn't need light of any kind; his sharp night vision and the fact he had memorized the route to his destination allowed him safe passage through these barren lands.

Though tired almost to exhaustion, he had arrived faster than he had expected and he gazed at the massive, black triangular structure with fondness and admiration. Taking a moment to recover his breath WilyKat finally made his way to the walls of the Onyx Pyramid. It didn't surprise him to find nothing where the door should have been; he knew his master hid the doors with a magic spell, granting entrance into his sanctuary only to those he chose. What did surprise him, however, was the fact the doors didn't open for him as soon as he approached.

"Why?" he muttered, sliding a hand over the cold stone wall, "Why can't I get in?"

Despite the question, Kat knew very well why his master wouldn't let him in. He had asked for his freedom, and Mumm-Ra granted him that wish. He was free, and that meant he was no longer needed here. WilyKat couldn't deny that for years he had wanted this to happen, but that was before seeing what his world would turn into without Mumm-Ra ruling over it: a place where the slaves didn't respect their betters, a place where those liars who betrayed him could pretend to rule when they didn't have the intelligence to do so! Kat hated this new world; he wanted things back the way they were before Lion-O returned.

"Why are you here?" Mumm-Ra demanded, his voice rumbling suddenly from inside the pyramid, startling Kat a little, "Didn't you want me to let you and your sister go free?"

"Yes, I know that is what I asked," Kat admitted. "And I appreciate that you granted my request, master. But now things have changed and something has to be done about it!"

No sound came from inside the pyramid after that, all which could be heard amidst the darkness, was the howling of the wind, seemingly mocking the young Thunderian as he stood waiting for his answer.

Finally, Mumm-Ra's voice filled the night again, "Something has to be done?" He asked, feigned ignorance in his voice, "About what?"

"About the Thunderian slaves and their lack of respect! But most of all something has to be done about my sister! I don't want her to be with the Thundercats anymore!" Kat shouted angrily, "But I… I can't do it alone! I don't have… enough power to even try."

Mumm-Ra's voice remained silent for what seemed an eternity, but suddenly it was heard again, "Come inside."

Slowly, the doors of the Onyx Pyramid opened and, without hesitation, the young man entered the black fortress. He moved quickly through the dimly lit corridors and halls; and when he entered the cauldron room, WilyKat was filled with a strong sensation of belonging unlike anything he had ever felt, not even when he had lived in Cat's Lair before entering Mumm-Ra's service.

"Welcome back, my son," Mumm-Ra greeted him. The ever-living mage stood by his cauldron and looked at Kat with a pleased smile, "Welcome home."

The young man smiled as well when he heard those words. He had to accept their truth; this pyramid where he had spent so many years was his home, his true home. And he could not deny that he had missed being called "son".

"Thank you... my lord. It's… it's good to be back," WilyKat admitted and dropped to one knee, waiting for his master's response.

"What made you change your mind?" The mage inquired, "Only a few days ago all you cared about was leaving the pyramid and abandoning your role as my apprentice."

Kat hissed, memories of the humiliation he had endured lately filling his mind, "You want to know what?" he asked, raising his voice, "They're indoctrinating my sister into that stupid code of theirs again, and look at my shoulder! One of those slaves actually dared to shoot me!"

"Yes, I know," Mumm-Ra replied calmly, "I've been watching over you all this time, my son. That is the only reason why the Eye of Thundera has not spotted you yet."

"You… you have?"

"Did you think you could avoid detection from the sword by yourself?" The mummy asked. "I placed a spell on you… to protect you until you saw for yourself how much this world needs us… even if I didn't know whether you would come back to me or not, after what you did on that farm… but I don't blame you, son. I told you once those slaves did not deserve mercy didn't I? Don't worry about that, you did the right thing there."

WilyKat took a deep breath and closed his eyes for a moment. Mumm-Ra had been looking after him… even thought he had left, the wizard had been trying to protect him from those traitorous

Thundercats; but the most important thing was that Mumm-Ra didn't blame him for killing the farmer, didn't call him a killer. Mumm-Ra actually told him that he did right. And that made him feel good.

"You've seen how things are decomposing under Lion-O's rule," Mumm-Ra said as he placed his dry, cold hand on Kat's shoulder and healed his burned flesh. This startled the young Thunderian, who wasn't expecting it. "And you know what he and the others are doing to your sister, don't you? You said it yourself. She is being indoctrinated."

"I know!" Kat answered with an angry whisper.

"You want to save her, don't you? You want to make things the way they were before the Thundercats rebelled against me."

"Yes."

The mummy smiled, "Are you ready to do whatever it takes to achieve that?"

"I am," Kat vowed as he took a deep breath, "As long as I can free my sister... I am ready to do anything… no matter what it is."

"Good!" Mumm-Ra answered, his eyes glowing more brightly for a second as he stared with a pleased smile at the young man before him. "You are finally ready to begin your real training, son. And very soon you will be strong enough to recover your sister."

"What do I have to do, master?"

The mage pointed a finger to one of the dark corridors, "Go to your room. Tonight, you sleep," he ordered, "Tomorrow, when you are rested, I shall tell you."

"Why can't we start now?"

"A weakened boy can't do what is needed!" The mummy scolded. "We could begin right now, but you would certainly die in the process. Is that what you want, to die before you can help your sister?"

"No… I…"

"There's something else you must think about, my son," Mumm-Ra announced, interrupting the confused WilyKat, "Your sister joined the Thundercats on her own. What will you do if she chooses to stay with them?"

"She won't!" Kat shouted, anger filling him at the mere thought of her sister preferring Lion-O and the others above him. "She would never betray ME, never!"

"Perhaps," the mummy allowed. "But the Thundercats will not give her up without a fight, that I can assure you."

"I know… and that is why you must help me!" The young Thunderian begged, "I need power and you can give it to me! Train me to be a wizard! I know I can be one!"

"You are in no condition to learn," the mage said as he floated to his sarcophagus, "If you want power, you will wait until tomorrow. Now go and rest."

"But master!"

"I said tomorrow!" The ancient wizard growled as he entered his sarcophagus.

WilyKat stood there for several minutes, staring at Mumm-Ra's sarcophagus with a defeated expression on his face. Eventually, the exhaustion he'd felt when he arrived to the Onyx Pyramid started to bite at his body: his eyes were closing and his arms and legs felt like lead. Still frustrated at his master's refusal to start teaching him right away, Kat slowly made his way to his chambers.

The next day, in Cat's Lair…

WilyKit sat alone at the edge of the forest behind the Lair. It was still very early, and ever since she woke up that morning she had been avoiding every other Thundercat, hoping none of them would try to talk to her or ask her if something was wrong.

And that was why she was here. Even if she knew WilyKat no longer lived there, knowing that her twin had been so close to her for a while was reassuring for her. And trying to figure out where his brother was now helped her clear her mind of other things; mainly the feeling of need that still lingered all over her body. Kit shivered a little. She never imagined that being deprived of that which made all her full moon nights so… interesting would make her feel so miserable.

"…Amon-Ra…" she murmured. Feeling her skin yearning for his touch, the young female closed her eyes and took in a deep breath. She had to stop thinking about her lover… Kit sighed; there she was again, allowing her mind to separate Mumm-Ra and Amon-Ra into two different entities. She started doing that the morning after he took her maidenhood; it helped her deal better with what had happened, and she kept doing it if only because it masked the fact that the person she desired the most was also the one she wanted to escape from. At least it had been that way until Lion-O returned. Now, she was filled with doubt about her actions. Did she do the right thing, joining the Thundercats and abandoning her master?

The young woman picked up a pebble and tossed it at a bird for no real reason other than she found its singing loathsome, and it interrupted her thoughts. She almost hit it, almost. The fact she wished she had didn't bother her at all.

"That was cruel!" A female voice said, "What did the bird do?"

WilyKit sighed and turned to face Cheetara, who was still a few steps away, "I was only trying to scare it away," she objected, "Its singing was obnoxious."

"You used to love to listen to the birds sing," the older female recalled as she sat right down in the sunlight. WilyKit seemed to be evading her by sitting in the shadows. She found that she didn't like that, it made the younger Thunderian look somber and most of all, very, very sad.

"I don't like it anymore."

"Oh." Cheetara stared silently at Kit for a second, "Why don't you come here, don't you get cold, sitting in the shadows?"

"I'm fine here. Thank you."

"Are you sure? The sun feels great, you know?"

"I told you I'm fine here! Is there something you wanted to talk to me about?" Kit asked, cutting the older Thundercat off.

"Not really," Cheetara said, deciding not to push Kit any further. "But there is something I have to tell you."

"What?"

"Lion-O said he wants you to go with him to the city today."

"He said that I can go?"

"Yes. He and Tygra have business there with the people doing the rebuilding. They think it's about time you get to see the changes we're making."

"I guess it is," The young woman said and stood up, "That is good news. I'll go and get ready. Thank you."

Cheetara just watched WilyKit go, wistfully wishing for her to be the cheerful and confident girl she remembered fondly. For the Cheetah, seeing the girl like this; so changed, so different, but most of all so unstable… it was unfathomable.

"What did Mumm-Ra do to her?" She whispered once she was alone; and, not daring to think about the answer to that question, Cheetara just stared silently at the forest.

A few hours later…

Tygra parked the truck near downtown, the commercial area of the city. WilyKit, on her part, hadn't dared to look out of the vehicle during the ride there. She wasn't sure if she would like the changes that Lion-O had been so enthusiastically describing to her.

She somehow had the feeling that as soon as she looked out, she would feel like a stranger in an unknown land, a stranger with no power over the people living here. She didn't like that feeling, especially because not even a month ago, she could get everything she wanted with only a few words. Less than a month ago she had possessed the power, the authority to do anything she wanted as long as she stayed by the master's side. Less than a month ago, no one but Mumm-Ra could deny her. But now… the mere thought of going out there, powerless, just to be judged by everybody… it was… intimidating.

"Are you alright?" Lion-O asked suddenly, "I thought you wanted to come with us."

"I'm fine. I was just thinking."

"Let me show you some of the changes we're making," Tygra offered, "I'm sure you'll love them."

The girl glanced at the older Thundercat and hesitantly got off the truck.

What WilyKit saw once she was on the street and looked around shook her to the core. The fronts of most of the buildings was different, with lines and curves that were very much Thunderian in style. Most of the familiar, Egyptian architecture Mumm-Ra had favored, and that she had grown so accustomed to, was gone. And his gigantic statue at the outskirts of the city was nowhere to be seen; in fact, she couldn't see any of the mummy's busts which had once adorned the streets. The only edifice her master had built which still stood was the royal temple she used to play Queen for him at. Her eyes fixated on that distant building, feeling it was the only thing that made sense in this city anymore.

"I hope you like the restoration work; that horrid, giant statue was the first thing we demolished," Lion-O explained. "We also got rid of the rest of his imagery. Such abomination had no place in my world."

WilyKit didn't say anything. She just kept staring at the temple, ignoring the people who stared at them. She definitively didn't like this new city; but at least her temple was still standing. It was her temple; she considered it her property since the first night she and Amon-Ra…

"There are still things to do, like bringing down that large building over there," Tygra pointed out. "But I've already started working on that. If all goes well, the explosive charges will be set tomorrow afternoon."

"You want to demolish the temple?" WilyKit asked, "Why?"

"Mumm-Ra built it." Lion-O answered, "That's reason enough; we don't know for what evil purposes did he have such a large temple here."

"Is that the only reason you have to bring it down?" The young woman said with a low hoarse voice, "Have you even been inside the temple? A building that big could certainly be useful to us."

"I haven't entered that place." Lion-O admitted, "Actually, no Thundercat has."

"It's just not in good condition," the tiger said, "The people ravaged it once they were freed from the mines. I can't blame them, though; it represents the tyrannical government that oppressed us all for years; that reason alone is enough to destroy that building, it is like an open wound that we must close."

WilyKit looked more carefully at the temple, finally noticing that indeed, it was damaged; the only apparent harm was in the parapets on the many balconies, which were smashed completely. Kit frowned as she imagined what those barbaric slaves did to the majestic halls and ballrooms of the temple.

"We should be going," Lion-O ordered. "We have a meeting with the Steward of the city to discuss a few aspects of the reconstruction."

"Indeed," Tygra agreed, "Let's make haste."

"I'm sorry, but I'm not interested in that," WilyKit answered, still looking at the great temple, "I'm sure you can handle that without me… if you don't mind, I would like to walk around by myself for a while."

"Will you be alright?" Lion-O asked.

"Yes, I will," She assured him. "I just want to look around, is that so wrong?"

Lion-O sighed. He had planned to spend the whole day with Kit in order to gain her trust again, hoping that would help her feel better. But perhaps… letting her go on her own could help her see that things were actually improving and that she didn't have to feel like an outcast anymore.

"Of course not!" the young king said. "Go and have a good time. We'll meet here again in a couple of hours, okay?"

WilyKit nodded and saying nothing else, started to walk in the direction of the temple.

"Are you sure that's wise?" Tygra asked once the young female was out of earshot.

"She has to see that we're doing the right thing," the lord answered, "I trust she will feel better once she sees how happy the people are now."

"I hope you're right, Lion-O." the tiger whispered in a concerned voice, "I really hope so."

A few minutes later…

WilyKit walked silently in the middle of a very crowded street, ignoring as best as she could the accusing looks the people were giving her, as well as the insulting whispers they were probably sharing. It angered her that she couldn't do anything about it, but as long as nobody stood in her

way, she should be able to handle it. Focused as she was on ignoring everything, Kit didn't notice the three young men who started following her.

"Pathetic!" She muttered, giving a fleeting look at the miserable vendors and their customers. They still dressed like slaves and they certainly still had the manners fitting their low category, gossiping behind her back and staring at her like if she was a demon. Yes, they were pathetic.

Finally, she arrived to the temple. A gasp escaped her lips once she saw what they had done to it. The magnificent white doors lay wrecked on the large steps, the walls were burned and dirty, every window was broken, looking at the streets like black, void eyes. Wondering how much damage was caused to the inside, WilyKit entered the temple.

The young woman moved slowly through the halls of the temple's first floor. Staring angrily at the damage done to the once pristine and luxurious furniture and carpets… everything was destroyed. And then she arrived to the inner garden where she intended to climb the stairs to the next level. The garden was, of course, ruined. The black lotus flowers Mumm-Ra planted there were burned, and the stairs had collapsed for a reason unknown to her, but that wasn't the worst. What angered her most was what she saw when she searched for her statue and that of her brother, the ones Mumm-Ra had made for them as a gift, the ones he had placed on each side of the inner stairs. She found both statues ruined, crushed into an unrecognizable puzzle of rubble. But worse were the words scribbled under the pedestal their statues had been at: 'Traitors to the Thundercats'

"Those cursed slaves…!" Kit said with a low, low hiss, "So this is what they think about me and my brother? That we're traitors? They don't know anything! They…"

Infuriated, WilyKit stood there, in front of the garden, futilely trying to understand how everyone could be so wrong… how those slaves could be thinking they were better than her and her twin… and failing miserably.

The young woman was about to give in to her rage, as she so dearly wanted to. Only a tremendous effort was keeping her from screaming her heart out, demanding that the slaves outside rebuild her temple. But she knew no one would obey, because she had no power over them anymore. And she hated it.

It took WilyKit several minutes to feel calm enough to leave the temple. Even then she was still burning with anger. All she wanted was to go and sit in the truck until Lion-O decided to go back to the lair.

But she didn't get that wish.

Just as she stepped out of the temple, something hit the side of her head; something soft that spread a sticky juice over her neck and left shoulder, a sticky juice that had the raunchy smell of putrefaction. She touched her neck, only to find her hand wet with what she guessed were the remains of a rotten fruit. Slowly, the furious woman turned to see who had dared to offend her

like that. It was then that other fruit hit her, this time in her nose, filling her world with stench. Before she could move, three more putrid vegetables hit her, two in the chest and one in the arm.

Wiping the disgusting mess off her face, WilyKit immediately found the ones who had attacked her: three young Thunderian males; they were laughing at her, and each one of them held a fruit ready to throw in his hand. A crowd was quickly gathering behind them, some of them were smirking, and a few were actually laughing.

"You should thank us, traitor!" one of the three men who attacked her shouted. "Now you're as rotten on the outside as you are on the inside!"

"That smell should be familiar, no?" another said. "The rotten stench of your master's pyramid!"

"And why is a traitor like her wearing that symbol?" asked a third Thunderian. "We should make her take it off!"

WilyKit spat to clean her mouth of the horrid taste the fruit left her with and glared at the three offenders. Her patience was about to run out, and she knew that if she abandoned herself to the rage that was boiling inside her she could easily kill the three slaves insulting her. And, much to her surprise, she discovered that she really wanted to; nobody should insult her like this! Mumm-Ra always told her how superior she was compared to these… these miserable beings in front of her.

But she couldn't do anything. She was a Thundercat again and… she knew this was going to happen sooner or later: the judgment of the other Thunderians. But the fact she knew it would happen didn't mean she thought she deserved it, or that she liked it.

"She once told me we are not the same as her and that she was no longer a Thundercat!" A young woman yelled, "She said she was a Lady, and that I was just a stupid slave!"

"See? She is a traitor!" an old Thunderian of the tiger clan screamed, "She has no right to wield the emblem, none at all! King Lion-O should have her exiled!"

The crow started to yell 'Traitor!' rhythmically, getting closer to her every time. That didn't bother Kit; all she had to do was to get away before something really angered her...

And then, that something happened.

A very solid object hit her in the head. The impact stunned her and she staggered back until she hit the temple walls, not believing that someone would actually dare to hurt her. This was unbearable! It could not be! How could these miserable worms have the courage to do this to her? Was it because Lion-O was back?

As she asked herself that question, Kit saw images of Lion-O: interrupting her when she wanted to search for her brother, accusing her twin of treachery and murder, threatening him to her face, stopping her from getting all she wanted… It was clear now. All this was Lion-O's fault; his

return was the only reason why the slaves dared to treat her like this, his return was the reason why she had lost everything: her twin brother, her power… because of him, she had nothing!

Then, while still fighting off the dizziness, blood trailing down her pretty face, she felt a hand grab her violently by the shoulder and push her hard against the stone wall. She ignored the person who grabbed her, and instead reached to her forehead with a trembling hand, only to see her fingers stained red.

"Yes, you are bleeding, traitor," the man who had grabbed her confirmed. "And it is nothing compared to what you deserve."

WilyKit, still shocked by the fact that the slaves actually dared to wound her, looked at the man holding her. She saw a middle aged male with a scarred face who stared at her with disgusted eyes. The young woman noticed the claw mark on the man's robe and recognized him immediately.

"A rebel…" she whispered. "You're one of… Pummyra's band of rebels…"

"It seems the stone I threw at you didn't affect your memory," he mocked as the crowd behind him watched in silence. "You seem to be doing well… you are with the Thundercats again, they even gave you an emblem, though you don't deserve it."

"The rock… you threw it?" Kit hissed, "You hurt me?"

"It's not half what you deserve!" he shouted, "You and your cursed twin helped those mutants to hunt us all down!"

The man slammed Kit into the wall again, "And for what, for Mumm-Ra? You little piece of garbage, you betrayed your own kin for that bastard!"

WilyKit tried to move away, but the rebel was having none of it, "You all know what this traitor did, don't you?" he shouted at the crowd, "You know how she allied herself to Mumm-Ra, how she watched as we were treated like garbage and did nothing about it, how she actually fought against us rebels to defend the one who almost killed our entire race? And now she's a Thundercat? I don't think that's fair! Do you think that's fair?"

The crowd shouted their agreement, and the rebel leaned in close to WilyKit, so he could whisper at her ear, "What did you do to be accepted back into the Thundercats?

I bet it was the same thing you did with Mumm-Ra, wasn't it, you disgusting whore?"

"I will take her emblem and then we will take her to lord Lion-O to tell him what this traitor is really like!" the rebel exclaimed as he slid his hand down WilyKit's body, going for the Thundercat insignia she had attached to her belt.

The thought of the rebel's hand touching her any further made WilyKit's body shake fiercely with loathing. This slave had not only hurt her, he was also touching her in a way that only one person, Amon-Ra, had the right to. The young woman growled and hissed furiously, "Unhand me. Now! Let me go or you will regret it."

"Or else what, is your twin going to come after me?" The rebel mocked, "Don't make me laugh, that worthless piece of mutant spit is not coming out of the desert they say he's hiding in."

"Take back what you said about my brother!" WilyKit demanded, "And let me go you worm, let me go NOW!"

"Shut up, bitch!" The man said, "I'll…"

It happened all too quickly for the rebel to react. With a swift move of her arm, WilyKit punched the man full force on the chin, throwing him several steps away. The Thunderian's jaw and neck broke with the punch. He was already dead by the time his body hit the ground.

"You're all garbage!" She spat angrily; her face now a mask of hate with red glowing eyes, "You think you're better than me?" She shouted at the multitude, "Well, you're wrong, I am better than all of you!"

WilyKit didn't stop there. Blind with rage, she grabbed a terrified woman who tried to run away and smashed her face on the floor, her skull breaking with a loud crack. A second Thunderian, little more than a kid, jumped at her hoping he could slow her down enough for his parents to escape. WilyKit stopped him with a quick kick to the chest and, before he fell over, she grabbed him by the neck and started to apply pressure on his windpipe.

A small part of her shouted her, begged her to stop, but WilyKit paid it no attention; giving in to her rage was making her feel too good to even care about the consequences of her actions. All she wanted was to make these slaves pay for hurting and insulting her and her twin, nothing else.

But then someone stopped her. Two very powerful arms closed around her like a steel vice, and she felt herself being lifted off the ground before she could do something about it. She saw the kid she was punishing escape, and she despised the person holding her for interrupting her punishment of that slave. WilyKit tried to get free, but the owner of those arms applied even more force when he noticed her efforts.

"You're not getting away!" a raspy voice warned. "Tell me where Captain Pummyra is or I'll crack your ribs!"

Kit didn't recognize the voice, but she did know what the stranger was talking about. She had no reason to share that information with this slave, though. Growling the furious woman thrashed desperately, finally slamming the back of her head into the face of her attacker. Freeing herself thanks to that move, WilKyt turned to see her new enemy and was very surprised to find a large Thundercat, even bigger than Panthro, kneeling on the floor, trying to stop the blood from his

nose. He wore full body armor, only lacking the helmet, and carried a massive hammer, as well as many other tools, strapped to his back and belt.

That was all she needed to recognize him.

"O-Celot. You still live," She said with an intrigued, slightly annoyed voice, "I thought you died with the rest of the rebels who fell on that cliff."

The man looked at Kit, revealing a large scar which ran from his lower neck to his forehead, crossing over his empty left eye, "I can't die until I save Pummyra… Now tell me where she is!"

"You really think I'm going to tell you?" she asked with a cruel smirk, "I admire your dedication to her; but I'm afraid your quest to find her ends here."

"Don't move, Kit!"

WilyKit turned and saw Lion-O and Tygra, both staring at her in disbelief. The young King had drawn the Sword of Omens, and despite his shocked expression, seemed ready to use it if necessary. Behind him, the people had gathered again, and were happily cheering on their savior. Kit hated him even more for it.

"I…I can't believe you did this." he said, horrified at the dead Thunderians on the scene, "What… what the hell happened to you?"

"You happened!" WilyKit shouted in a disgusted voice. The young woman was finally fed up with of pretending to like him and being docile in front of him, "Ever since your return, the inferior slaves think they're better than me! Because of you, I lost all I had! I lost my brother, the respect and my power over the people… I lost everything!"

Lion-O, still not believing what he saw and heard, sighed in tired disappointment, "Take her to the truck Tygra. The Thundercat council will have to decide the proper punishment for her."

Tygra swallowed, he still couldn't assimilate the shock of seeing the damage and pain Kit had just caused, it was almost impossible to believe that the young girl he fondly remembered had turned into… into a cold-blooded killer. Forcing himself to cast those thoughts aside, Tygra used his Bolo whip to restrain the young woman, making sure that she wouldn't be able to get free unless he wanted her to.

WilyKit simply decided to keep her mouth shut; she didn't have anything else to say to Lion-O or Tygra. She already knew what was going to happen, so she preferred to wait until they were back on Cat's Lair to let them hear what she thought of them.

"You will require help watching her. I know how dangerous she can be." O-Celot said then, walking up to the young king, "Let me assist you in guarding her, my lord; I still have something to discuss with that woman, anyway."

"It doesn't concern you," Lion-O said, "I appreciate your offer, but this is Thundercat business and the Thundercat council will deal with this matter."

"She knows where Pummyra is!" The tall Thunderian said, "I've been looking for her for two years now and WilyKit…" O-Celot hissed the name, "…Is the only one who knows exactly where Mumm-Ra hid her."

"Who are you?" Lion-O asked after stopping briefly to look carefully at the tall stranger, "How do you know Pummyra?"

"I'm O-Celot the Forge-master, my King. I was a member of the rebel group led by Captain Pummyra."

"Just let him come with us, Lion-O." Tygra advised, "He appears to have information that could be useful."

The young lord glanced one last time at the scarred Thunderian and, after a moment of hesitation, he nodded, "Fine. You can come with us."

And so, amidst the angry shouts of the crowd, which demanded WilyKit be exiled into space, and feeling utterly defeated, Lion-O returned to Cat's Lair. All the way wondering and trying to understand how everything went so wrong in a matter of hours.

To be continued…

Notes:

As usual, special thanks to Adam for beta-reading this chapter.