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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 6

Deep in the bowels of the Black Pyramid existed a room, a large, circular arena, where Mumm-Ra had often held sick and twisted games for his own amusement; games like offering a few slaves their freedom if they survived a fight with ferocious, demonic beasts he had previously summoned from the underworld. Obviously the feline pests had no chance of winning, but the mummy found it entetaining to watch as the Thunderian garbage was maimed and then eaten by his pets.

But at this time no slave was being gored to death. Instead, a lone young Thunderian stood in the centre of the hall, panting as dark energy coursed through his body. This young man was none other than WilyKat, former Thundercat and now Mumm-Ra's apprentice by choice. Around him the burnt corpses of eight of his evil master's demonic creatures could be seen, and Kat was taking great pleasure in knowing that he was responsible of blasting all those creatures into a charred mess.

"Well done, my boy! You are learning quickly," the mage praised, looking at the boy with a strange, pleased grin. "Do you like this power?"

WilyKat took a deep breath as he savoured the taste of power he had felt only once before, when he almost killed that miserable Slithe all those years ago. He was pleased to see that under his master's guidance he was now able to call upon that power whenever he wished. "Yes… but…"

"What is it?"

"It's not enough!" Kat protested. "I still don't have the strength to save my sister! I need more power, master. You have to teach me more, I beg you!"

"And I will, my son," the wizard promised. "But first, come with me, there is something you must see before your training continues."

"But master, this is…!"

"I said come with me!" Mumm-Ra ordered. "If it is power you want then you will come with me!"

Frightened by the force present in his master's voice, WilyKat bowed and in complete silence, followed the mummy all the way back to the cauldron room. Once there Mumm-Ra stood before the bubbling waters and eventually called Kat to his side.

"Try to command the waters," he ordered. "Think of what you want to see most and then try to make it appear."

"I want to see what my sister has been doing," Kat whispered.

"Then raise your hand to the waters and make them show you what you desire," the wizard instructed. "You can do it; it is only a matter of will."

WilyKat nodded and closed his eyes, preparing to do as he was told. He hesitantly raised his hand and tried to establish a link with the magic flowing out of the cauldron. It took him a few tries, but he soon made the connection. After that it was easy to force his will into the waters and make them show him what he wanted.

WilyKat, however, did not find joy in what the waters revealed. Because what he saw was his sister; how she had been humiliated, attacked by the sickening slaves, arrested by Lion-O and Tygra… and how Lion-O himself ordered for her twin to be locked and sedated in her room.

"What do you think of what your sister did?" Mumm-Ra asked. He already knew about WilyKit's killing spree, but he wanted to know what WilyKat's feelings on the matter were. "Do you believe it's fair that the Thundercats are treating her like that?"

"My sister did nothing wrong!" WilyKat said with an angry whisper, his eyes lighting up as red as his master's. "It was those maggots' fault! Didn't you see the way that cursed rebel touched her and insulted her? They all deserved punishment! It was her **right** to punish them!"

"Yes… she did the right thing, didn't she?"

"Of course she did!" WilyKat shouted. "And damn Lion-O! How dare he have my sister sedated and locked in her room as if she were an animal! Who does he think he is?"

"They will surely blast her into space soon," Mumm-Ra warned. "Just like the Thundercats of the past did with Grune."

"Never! I will not allow it!"

"I assume all you want to do is go and save her right now, don't you?"

WilyKat nodded and gritted his teeth in anger, "Yes… I will take my sister back! …Even if I have to kill every Thundercat in Cat's Lair first!"

The mummy laughed. "Kill them? My dear boy, do you really think you have a chance to defeat the whole team by yourself?"

The young Thunderian growled, "Of course I don't! But you can help me change that, master! You said you would make me strong enough to save her!"

Mumm-Ra laughed again, his cold, dead laugh filling the pyramid. "Yes, I told you that. And I'm willing to give you the means to use your full potential right away."

"Then do it!" Kat demanded. "Do it now!"

"Patience, my son, the power you need is practically in your grasp," the ancient wizard said as he placed a hand on his pupil's shoulder. "All you have to do is kill a certain entity that is in possession of something very valuable…"

"Who are you talking about?"

The mummy walked to the cauldron and waved his hand above its waters, revealing an image of an old, ruined temple in a wasteland of Third Earth. WilyKat didn't recognize the place at first, but he soon remembered it.

"You remember whose tomb that is, don't you?" Mumm-Ra asked.

"Yes, I remember."

"Do you think you can kill the creature that lies inside and bring his weapon to me as proof of your success?"

"I don't know," Kat honestly admitted; he really wasn't sure if he could do it… the beast which lurked in that chapel was indeed a formidable enemy.

"But I do know, son. I know that beast is not stronger than you," Mumm-Ra said suddenly, the tone in his voice sounding strangely reassuring and comforting. "You can do this! I trust you can."

The young man felt a sudden surge in confidence as he heard his master's words and, after a moment, he nodded, "I'll… I'll do it."

"Good," Mumm-Ra smiled. "Now listen: Do not feed him, do not hesitate. Use what you feel for the Thundercats to fuel your strength."

Taking in a deep breath, Kat closed his eyes and nodded again. "I will."

"Then go!" the ancient mage commanded as he raised his hands, creating a vortex, a portal of light. "Go and prove your worth."

And with a silent nod, WilyKat jumped into the portal.

Once he stepped out of the vortex, Kat walked to the ancient ruins of what once was both a temple and a tomb, designed to contain an evil force of great power. The moment he reached the entrance to the main hall, a cold, fierce wind howled past him, almost as if it was a warning of the danger inside. WilyKat simply ignored it; he had entered this place when he was a child and now that he was an adult, accustomed to life in the Onyx Pyramid, this place was not threatening for him at all.

It didn't take long until he stood before the altar. A large, thick rock slate covered the underground prison holding back the beast he was here to destroy. The Thundercats had sealed it years ago, melting the rock to make sure nobody could remove it.

A disgusted expression crawled over WilyKat's face. Thinking about the Thundercats only reminded him of their treason, both to him and his sister. Not wanting to waste more time, the young man slowly raised his hands. Kat focused and summoned a glowing blue sphere made of pure, raw magic power fuelled by his rage; with a growl, he shot it at the stone slate. The energy ball exploded and, when the dust settled, the rock blocking the tomb was gone, vaporized by the impact.

Almost immediately a thick, black fog emerged from the unholy tomb. A set of evil yellow eyes began to shine as the demonic gas expanded and turned solid. The fog took shape, growing legs which ended in hooves and muscular arms. On top of a broad torso, a goat head, crowned by two long, twisted horns, formed.

In his right hand the malevolent being held a scythe.

"Once again… Mongor is free!" the demon shouted, his shiny eyes fixed on WilyKat. "I recognize you, kitten. You are older, but I know you are one of the three miserable cats who imprisoned me a second time! And now you will be my first victim!"

"Things have changed, Mongor. Things have changed very much," WilyKat answered calmly. The young man had expected to be afraid at the mere sight of the demon, but it was exactly the opposite; seeing Mongor reminded him of how he and her sister had helped Lion-O defeat this beast. And WilyKat hated that memory; he hated everything about his past, when he had been innocent and nave, so innocent that he in fact believed all the lies the Thundercats told him.

"You don't have the power to defeat Mongor, the master of fear!" the creature sneered, and created a wall of flame around him, lifting his scythe threateningly. Normally the demon would already be all over his victim, feasting on his fear, using it to increase his power. But not this time, because Mongor could not feel any significant amount of fear inside the young man in front of him. In fact the dominant emotions he could feel were an almost infinite rage and a deep hate.

"Is something wrong?" Kat mocked, "You might think you are a master of fear, Mongor, but I don't fear you. To me you are nothing!"

"That's impossible!" the demon yelled, backing up a step and shrinking significantly. "Mongor is terror, you must fear me!"

"You can't compare with my master, beast," WilyKat said, moving closer to the creature. "And if I don't fear my master, I certainly don't fear you!"

"Master…? Who is your master? Why are you here?" The demon demanded nervously as he moved carefully to his left, always keeping the blade of his scythe between himself and the hate-filled boy.

"I'm here to kill you, Mongor," Kat answered in a very serious tone. "And you don't need to know who my master is!"

"Kill m-m-me?" The creature sounded panicked and shrank in size. "Wait! I can be your loyal servant; you don't have to kill me!"

"I'm not interested," the young Thunderian replied. "Die now!"

Before Mongor could react, WilyKat blasted him in the head with powerful blue lightning, sending the creature crashing into the nearest wall.

"I can't die! As long as… fear exists, Mongor shall live!" The fallen, goat-like demon cried, the words coming weakly out of the unrecognizable mess of melting flesh that was now his face.

"You are wrong, Mongor, you can die," Kat asserted coldly. He was already in front of the creature and wasted no time snatching the scythe out of the weakened demon's hands. "And I'm going to prove it!"

"You… won't do that… Thundercats are…good," the creature whimpered as it pitifully attempted to crawl back into the hole it had come from.

"Thundercat, you called me?" A furious WilyKat spat, raising the scythe above his head. "I am not a Thundercat, you stupid beast!" Angrily shouting those words, Kat brought down the scythe with all his strength.

The scythe's blade cut through flesh and bone with ease and sank into the rocky floor below its victim with a loud clack. A second later Mongor's corpse hit the floor, sliced open from his right shoulder to his left hip, his dark blood spilling all over the stone tiles.

WilyKat abandoned Mongor's sanctuary without looking back. The anger which had powered him was gone now and Kat suddenly felt very tired, both in body and soul. Deciding that all that mattered was finishing the quest in order to gain the power he needed to save his sister he entered the portal that would take him back to his master's sanctuary.

But he did not return to the Onyx Pyramid.

Instead WilyKat found himself in the outskirts of the capital city, just where the massive statue of his master used to stand. Confused, he looked at the setting sun and wondered how long had he been in Mongor's tomb before coming back. His biggest question, however, was why he was here.

"It is a shame to see what Lion-O and his allies are doing to my city, don't you agree?" Mumm-Ra, in his ever-living warrior form, asked suddenly as he walked out of the shadows.

Kat turned, startled at the abrupt appearance of his master. "My Lord, I wasn't expecting to see you. Why are we here? I thought you were going to make me stronger."

"The key to the power you seek is in your very hands, boy," the wizard announced. "With it you can unleash your potential and do what you desire."

"Are you sure, master?" WilyKat asked doubtfully.

"I am. Mongor's scythe is able to amplify the power of its user."

The young Thunderian stared at the weapon he held and then looked at his master. "I don't feel anything from it."

"That's because its last master is dead. You have to activate the scythe again for it to work for you," Mumm-Ra explained.

"How do I do that? What spell do I use?"

"All you have to do is to feed it a few souls," the ancient mage said with a grim smile. "And not many, you only need five."

"It needs a sacrifice?"

"If you want to call it that," Mumm-Ra conceded. "I have even arranged it so you can get those souls right now."

Saying this the wizard led WilyKat to the back of the rubble that once was his statue; there, five Thunderians, four males and one female, all wounded and bleeding, were chained to a large rock. Kat was about to ask why the captives weren't screaming, but he noticed their lips had been stitched together. For an instant, WilyKat thought that this brutality was unfair, but he crushed that thought almost immediately. These were slaves, and they didn't deserve any better.

"Take a good look at this garbage. Don't you recognize them?" the ancient mage asked.

WilyKat took a step closer to the terrified, mumbling slaves in front of him and looked at them attentively. It didn't take him long to realize who these people were. Three of the men were the ones who assaulted his twin with rotten fruit; the other was the kid who escaped her and the woman was the one who shouted trash against WilyKit.

"I know who they are. How…?"

"I have my ways, son," the mummy said with a sinister grin. "You told me your sister was right to punish the slaves who offended her. But we both know she could not do it. Would you like to do it for her? This way you will not only be finishing what she started, but you will also feed the scythe the souls it needs."

"And that will activate its power?"

"Yes, I assure you it will," Mumm-Ra promised. The wizard was, of course, certain it would work; after all, he had created that scythe eons ago when Mongor came to him asking for more power. At the time Mumm-Ra realized that the only way to increase the fear demon's pitiful fright absorption abilities would be to give him something that could channel the terror Mongor assimilated into attack magic and thus, the mummy created a weapon to fulfil that purpose, though he never imagined it would end up in the hands of his only apprentice. Of course the wizard didn't tell WilyKat that. He also didn't tell him about the scythe's ability to shift its shape into something more adequate for its owner. There was no need for that information yet.

The wizard kept staring at his apprentice and grinned. It was an alien emotion for the mage, but he actually felt pride and, strangely enough, some affection for the boy and his sister. But this did not last long, and Mumm-Ra quickly focused on the matter at hand again: Unlocking some of WilyKat's true power. Because the fact was that WilyKat had an incredible magic potential unlike anything the mummy had ever seen; he could become an even more powerful wizard than him in a relatively short time and considering the current situation having a strong heir was one of Mumm-Ra's top priorities.

"Son, you must not forget the real reason why you're doing this. You are doing it for your sister. You are doing it for her!" Mumm-Ra emphasized after noticing a small hint of hesitation from WilyKat. "You know this is the only way you can have the power to save her; you know this has to be done."

WilyKat stood motionless as he listened to his master. The small part of him that still disagreed with the wizard was asking him to run away and leave everything behind. The young apprentice frowned at that impulse. He couldn't run away and leave his sister in the hands of Lion-O and the others. He just couldn't! Not when the chance at gaining the strength to save her was within his reach! Besides, Mumm-Ra was right; these people had insulted her sister and they had to be punished!

"Yes, it has to be done; they deserve it," the young man announced and prepared his weapon. He then stared at the slaves, at their terror-filled eyes, he watched them squirm, trying futilely to get away from him. He listened to their whimpers and murmured pleas for mercy. WilyKat couldn't help but find those displays of weakness pathetic.

"They really are miserable *things*, aren't they?" he said to his master, his voice growing cold and grim as he steeled himself for what he was about to do.

"Yes, they are miserable and expendable things, my son."

"I thought so," the apprentice agreed. The blade of his scythe flew down in a deadly, descending arc…

Earlier that day, at Cat's Lair…

Cheetara looked through the small porthole in the iron door Panthro was currently installing in WilyKit's room. She knew she should wait until her mate finished the work, but she couldn't stop herself from looking at the young girl inside the room. The woman still had trouble believing what Tygra and Lion-O said when they entered the Lair along with a tied-up Kit and a mysterious stranger.

In the room WilyKit slept peacefully in her bed. Tygra had been forced to sedate her in order to keep her calm and to stop any attempt she might make at escaping. For Cheetara the sleeping Kit was an image of calmness and tranquillity, not of violence and anger.

"I still can't believe she did… that," the Cheetah exclaimed. "… I just can't."

"I feel the same way you do, Cheetara, but I saw her," Lion-O answered, his voice sounded sad and tired. The expression on his face had remained forlorn since they returned from the city, "I saw her when she did it. The Eye of Thundera showed me when she… when she started… killing them…"

"Well I think she is being controlled by Mumm-Ra!" Snarf interrupted with an angry squeal. "She wouldn't have done that herself, Snarf! She must be under some kind of spell!"

"Have you forgotten what her twin did?" Panthro queried as he finished plugging a set of wires to a control panel next to the new iron door. "He practically handed us all over to that mummy in a sliver platter!"

"What are you saying? That suddenly the twins turned evil?" Snarf asked, a little bit offended at the notion; after all, he was a Snarf, a creature incapable of evil and as such he usually considered his allies to be like him.

"I don't mean anything other than what I say," the panther answered with a tired sigh and then turned to face Lion-O. "I'm done here. This new scanner will guarantee that only we are able to open the door."

"Thank you, Panthro," the young lord nodded and looked at the other Thundercats around him. "We should go to the council room now; Tygra wants us all to be there so we can… discuss what to do about WilyKit."

Not too long afterward the Thundercats were sitting in their places in the council room. The mood in the room, however, was far from festive, since every Thundercat present was still trying

to assimilate the betrayal of the second twin. Finally, after almost a minute, Tygra, still the leader of the council got up and allowed O-Celot to enter the room.

"Cheetara, Panthro and Snarf, this man is named O-Celot. He helped us in the city and he claims to have information about Pummyra that we should know."

O-Celot nodded respectfully at the rest of the Thundercats and followed Tygra to the table. When the tiger sat, the armored Thunderian just stood very still, waiting for any questions the nobles had for him.

"He said something about a rebel group led by Pummyra," Lion-O began, and addressed the other Thundercats. "Did you know about it?"

"Only whispered rumours between Vulture Man and Jackal Man," Cheetara admitted. "Being a prisoner in the mutant's castle, I never heard anything of the outside world."

"Bengali once told me about his plan to make a copy of the Sword of Omens and use it to give a symbol to the rebel group Pummyra would gather once they escaped the mines," Panthro offered. "They both escaped along with a small group of Thunderians, but almost two years later, Bengali was brought to the mines again, encased in some kind of crystal. They left him in there until he was nothing but bones."

"Yes, that is what we heard happened," O-Celot confirmed. "The loss of Bengali was a huge blow for the rebellion and for Pummyra in particular."

"How did the rebellion end?" Tygra asked. "Is it related to why you claimed WilyKit to be so dangerous?"

O-Celot frowned, apparently assaulted by a bad memory, before he answered the question. "No, not really. But she was there during the event which ended our rebellion."

"What happened?" Cheetara asked.

"Pummyra thought that Mumm-Ra's power fluctuated according the form he took, so when we learned that he was sending away a dignitary of a planet from the Galaxy of Limbo using the form of Amon-Ra, we thought ambushing him while in that form would give us a great advantage."

"Amon-Ra?" Lion-O queried.

"It's the form Mumm-Ra took while hosting representatives from certain planets. He turned into a young human and pretended to be the king of the planet." O-Celot made a short pause and looked at the young lord right in the eye. "You should know that WilyKit always played the role of wife and queen to Mumm-Ra when he was in the form of Amon-Ra."

Lion-O took in a deep breath, he was obviously upset about this, but he needed to know everything and motioned O-Celot to continue.

"At first we thought the ambush would be a success. Our archers got all the mutants guarding Mumm-Ra and before the wizard could do anything, six arrows hit him in the chest and in the back." The tall Thunderian sighed. "I won't lie, watching as Mumm-Ra fell, wounded and hurting to the ground was our greatest moment of triumph."

"But we were careless," O-Celot said. "All of us, the twenty rebels in Pummyra's squadron, rushed out of our hiding spots."

"What was WilyKit doing?" Panthro asked.

"She just stood there, silently looking at the wizard and apparently ignoring us completely."

"But… why didn't she try to escape?" Cheetara wondered.

O-Celot closed his eyes and resumed his tale. "I don't know. All I know is that we told her to move away from the wizard. But the girl didn't move at all; she just glanced at Pummyra and told her that she was not going to try to stop us, but that she wouldn't help us either.

"Pummyra then pulled out a sword. She intended to decapitate Mumm-Ra; we thought it was the only effective way to kill him for good. She walked past WilyKit, who watched everything with what I assume was great interest, and prepared herself to end the wizard's life. Confident with our apparent victory, we all thought we would finally be free of Mumm-Ra when she raised her blade and prepared to chop his head off.

"But that never happened. Before any of us could react… Mumm-Ra grabbed Pummyra by the hand and I don't know how he did it but… By Claudis…! I can still hear Pummyra shriek in pain!"

"What happened?" Tygra urged. "Tell us!"

"Mumm-Ra broke Pummyra's arm under the elbow, it happened so fast that all she could do was to scream," O-Celot answered. "The mummy then brutally tossed her away and mocked our efforts as pathetic.

"Of course, we were not going to run away after getting so close to killing that bastard. I admit that after seeing Pummyra in the ground I grew blind with rage, I couldn't stop myself and I rushed at that cursed wizard without thinking. I had not noticed he had taken Pummyra's sword and now was holding it. I paid with my eye for my mistake."

"Mumm-Ra was the one who scarred you?" Snarf said, his hands trembling with fear.

"You better believe it," the large Thunderian confirmed. "After he cut me, he told us we were about to die. We tried to escape, but it was too late; Mumm-Ra turned into that warrior form of

his, and the arrows we hit him with just slid out of his body and started to float around him. After that, he lifted his hand and the arrows, they flew back straight at the faces of the archers who had shot them.

"Then that cursed wizard summoned a powerful gust of wind and threw all my friends off a nearby cliff. I assure you, they all died."

"What about you?" Lion-O inquired. "How did you survive?"

"I fell behind a rock, and I was protected from the wind," O-Celot explained. "That's how I got to see what Mumm-Ra did to Pummyra: he encased her in a sphere of crystal that simply vanished. I heard that bastard telling WilyKit where the sphere would be, but because of the wind I could not make out the name of the place!

"I thought Mumm-Ra had forgotten about me. I was wrong; that's when the mummy decided that it was time to finish with me," O-Celot related. "He blasted me to the cliff as well; I'm only here because I was lucky. I fell on a ledge several meters down the precipice. Even with my armor, I still broke an arm and several ribs. It was a nightmare to get back up, and by the time I did that cursed wizard and the traitor were gone.

"I spent the next few years trying to find Pummyra, but I had no success. When I heard King Lion-O was back I thought you could help me find her, so I returned to the city. There, I met WilyKit instead. The rest you already know."

"What about Lynx-O?" Lion-O questioned. "No one has mentioned him yet, wasn't he a member of the rebellion?"

"He died a year after Mumm-Ra rose to power. Thundrainium poisoning got him," Panthro explained. "He was too old for the mines, but the mutants refused to let him work on the farms."

The young lord nodded and sighed sadly. "I see… I will miss him."

"We will do all we can to find Pummyra, O-Celot. We promise," Cheetara said, trying to ease Lion-O's mind of his regret.

"I know you will," O-Celot answered, "I only hope you can convince that girl to cooperate!"

"Calm down, O-Celot," Tygra advised. "We're going to interrogate WilyKit once the sedative wears off. Finding the whereabouts of Pummyra will be our highest priority."

"Thank you. Now, if you will excuse me, I would like to go to the room you offered. Can I go now, my King?" the armored Thunderian asked, bowing slightly to Lion-O.

The young lord nodded. "Yes, go and rest. Thank you for the information."

Bowing again, O-Celot left the council room, leaving behind a group of very frustrated and worried Thundercats.

"I wonder if Jaga felt as bad as I do when Grune betrayed him?" Lion-O whispered while running his fingers through his hair. "I wish I could still talk to him… I wish I had never entered the Book of Omens!"

"Lion-O, this is not your fault," Cheetara reassured him "You did what you thought was best, there is no way you could have known what…"

"But I should have been here!" the young lord exclaimed. "Because of my absence, two Thundercats turned evil, my kingdom was enslaved and my people massacred!"

"Stop blaming yourself, Lion-O!" Panthro shouted, angrily slamming his hands on the table. "The only one responsible for what happened is me! You left me in charge and I blew it! My choices while leading the Thundercats caused all this!"

"Panthro…" Cheetara called, softly taking her mate's hands in hers. "It isn't your fault either; none of us could have predicted all this."

"I thought we all agreed that this is all in the past?" Tygra reminded his friends. "What matters now is to find Pummyra and work in building a better future."

"Yes… you are right Tygra. We have work to do," Lion-O agreed, taking a deep breath, trying his best to keep his depression at bay. "We have to find Pummyra first, but we'll have to convince WilyKit to tell us where she is."

"Which I believe will not be easy," Tygra sighed.

"I'll talk to her," Cheetara offered. "She seemed to still like me; perhaps I can convince her."

"The tranquilizer I gave her should wear off in a few minutes. She won't be able to move much, but she will be awake and able to talk," Tygra said. "If you want to try, that will be a good time."

"Fine, I will." The woman then looked at her friends and sighed. "But please don't go near WilyKit's room once I'm in; I believe she could scream at me and I don't want you to interrupt our conversation. It won't help me gain her trust."

A few minutes later…

WilyKit woke up to find that she couldn't move her body. She tried to get up, but could not gather the strength to do so. Straining herself she managed to sit up on her bed, having to lean on the wall to avoid falling on her back, but nothing more. What had happened after the Thundercats brought her back to Cat's Lair? She had trouble remembering and… the young woman shook her head… Tygra, he had sedated her! How dare he do that? Furious at the

Thundercats for doing this to her, the young woman cursed them all under her breath. How was she supposed to escape the Lair now?

"WilyKit, can you talk?"

The young woman looked up and saw Cheetara entering the room. Once she was in front of her the older woman placed a stool she carried and sat, staring firmly at her. What in every hell did she want?

"I'm here to ask you a few things, if you're not too tired, of course."

WilyKit frowned and pursed her lips.

"Please, Kit. I'm not going to do anything bad to you."

WilyKit gave Cheetara an annoyed glare. "I don't want to talk to you."

"Then perhaps you want to listen to what I have to say."

"Nothing you say will make a difference," Kit answered. "Leave."

"I'm not here to talk about what you did in the city," Cheetara said, trying to sound reassuring and comforting. "I'm here to ask you about something else, something completely different."

"I said leave!" Kit yelled, her eyes flashing red with anger. "I don't want to see you!"

Cheetara couldn't help but feel a tug of fear in her shoulders. She wasn't expecting to see so much hate in those eyes. For almost a minute she didn't know what to say.

"Are you going to leave or what?" Kit demanded. "I have nothing to answer for!"

"No, I'm not leaving," Cheetara said firmly, steeling herself for whatever insult WilyKit retorted with. She couldn't leave, not without the information she needed. And she couldn't allow herself to be afraid of this girl, she just couldn't.

WilyKit laughed quietly. "At least you still have some courage," she mocked. "Very well, I'll listen to you. What do you want?"

"I want to know where Pummyra is."

This time WilyKit laughed openly. "Is that what you want to know? You are wasting your time, Cheetara! I have no reason to tell you!"

"If you help us your sentence will be less severe," the cheetah offered.

"Even that won't make me change my mind," WilyKit said firmly. "It's much more fun to watch how you all squirm, thinking about the fate of Pummyra!"

"You can't be serious!"

"I am serious. Besides, Pummyra got less than what she deserved! Lord Mumm-Ra should have killed her!"

"You…" Cheetara stopped and sighed. "What did Mumm-Ra do to you?"

WilyKit didn't answer immediately. She took her precious time to answer that question, just to enjoy the uncertainness in Cheetara's face, "He showed me the truth," she finally said. "He taught me the way things should be."

"You can't seriously believe that!" the cheetah declared.

"You only talk that way because you don't know anything," Kit retorted with an arrogant smile. "Lord Mumm-Ra is wise and strong. Stronger than anyone and wiser than anyone; that is why he should be ruling this planet. But then again, you spent years trapped in Plundarr's castle. I can't expect an ignorant slut like you to understand something as complex as this."

"What did you call me?" a shocked Cheetara asked; she wasn't expecting WilyKit would dare to insult her with that word. "A slut?"

"That's what the mutants made of you," Kit said, again with that arrogant smile. "I know it. I saw what Monkian did to you almost *every day*."

WilyKit's words hit Cheetara hard. She never imagined that listening to something like that from the lips of this girl she had known for so long would hurt so much. She felt even more pain as she noticed how much WilyKit appeared to be enjoying torturing her with those words.

"You know when you cracked Monkian's skull open I thought that maybe you could understand, but I was wrong," WilyKit admitted. "You are nothing but a weak whore! I saw how you cried yourself to sleep in Tygra's arms, calling for Panthro every night. You are weak, Cheetara, and you do deserve all that has happened to you!"

Those words finally caused Cheetara to snap. "I deserved to be raped by that disgusting creature anytime it wanted?" she shouted. "Do you really think I deserved that?"

"You could have killed him earlier," Kit claimed with a cruel smirk.

"I… I bet Mumm-Ra did the same to you, and that is even worse!" the cheetah angrily shouted.

"You think he raped me?" WilyKit asked in an amused tone. "You really don't know anything, do you? Mumm-Ra *loved* me!"

All the anger Cheetara felt was smothered when she heard those last three words. The conviction in WilyKit's voice when she spoke them… she really believed Mumm-Ra loved her. That was what finally convinced Cheetara that the girl was too far gone. Understanding that she was not going to get any help from her and feeling completely disillusioned, the woman rose to her feet and walked to the door.

"I always loved you like a daughter," Cheetara said suddenly, admitting something she always wanted, but never could, tell to WilyKit.

"You should have told me that years ago," Kit chided in a cold voice. "You should have told me that when I actually cared about it!"

"I'm sorry this happened to you," Cheetara said and dried a tear that slid slowly down her cheek. "I really do love you, even now."

WilyKit lowered her face and sighed. "Go to the North Pole. Pummyra is somewhere in the highest peak of the Artic Mountains."

"What did you just say?"

The young woman ignored the question and closed her eyes. She continued ignoring Cheetara until the Thundercat gave up and finally closed the door.

Out of the room, at the end of the corridor, Cheetara was met by Lion-O, Panthro and Tygra. The men had a hopeless expression in their faces.

"We heard you shout. Are you alright?" Panthro asked, truly worried. "We almost rushed into that room."

"Was it really necessary to ask us to stay away?" Tygra inquired.

"Yes, it was necessary. And no, I'm not alright," the woman answered, crumbling in Panthro's arms, finally letting the tears flow freely. "She's changed completely Panthro… she's… I think she's… truly evil now."

"Did WilyKit…" Lion-O stopped for a moment. "Did she say something about Pummyra?"

Cheetara nodded, "I don't know why, but she did tell me where to find her."

Hours later…

WilyKit looked through the bars in her window. She had tried to bend them, but she had only gotten a low electric discharge in return. Apparently Panthro was not too happy with the idea of her escaping. Well, it didn't matter. She knew at least half of the Thundercats would leave the next day to the artic region to verify if what she told Cheetara was true.

It didn't matter to her if they found Pummyra or not, all she wanted was to get at least half of them out of Cat's Lair so she could have a decent chance of escaping. That, and messing with Cheetara's head for fun, had been the only reasons why she had shared the information.

Sighing the young woman glanced, disgusted, at the remains of her leotard, which she ripped off her body as soon as she regained enough strength. She looked appreciatively at herself; she now wore her expensive concubine outfit and jewellery. This dress represented everything that her life used to be and everything she now cared about. And she wanted it all back.

Just then a surge of energy in the corner of her room forced WilyKit to take several steps back. But she was not afraid of the energy vortex because she recognized it as a portal like the ones her master used to travel vast distances. Her beautiful lips form a smile at the thought of being rescued, and that smile grew even more once she saw who had stepped out of the portal.

In front of WilyKit, a tall, young man wrapped in a regal white cape stood. He firmly held an elegantly crafted, yet dangerous looking, silver scythe in his right hand. The man was none other than WilyKat, her twin brother.

"…Kat?"

WilyKat smiled. "Hello, sister. It's been a long time."

The young woman couldn't stop a tear as she rushed at her brother and embraced him with all her might. "I missed you so much!"

WilyKat hugged her back and softly whispered, "I missed you too. What do you say, want to get out of here?"

"You don't even have to ask," she answered. "If I stay here for another minute I'll go insane!"

As WilyKat reopened the vortex to enable him and his sister to escape, the iron door opened, revealing a very surprised Snarf, who dropped a platter full of his homemade pancakes at what he saw.

"WilyKat…?" The surprised Snarf mumbled. The diminutive Thundercat was there because he still believed that the actions of the twins had been influenced by Mumm-Ra. After all, that had happened in the past; and it was for that very reason that he was sure a friendly talk while eating pancakes could do wonders for WilyKit. But finding an armed WilyKat in the room was never a part of the plan, and he didn't know what to make of it.

"That blasted rat's seen us!" WilyKit cursed. "He's going to call the others!"

"No, he won't," WilyKat said and pointed his scythe at Snarf, blasting him with blue lighting before he could do anything. The blast hit the furry Thundercat in the stomach, and it went through him with ease. In less than a second, Snarf, with a gaping hole in his midsection, laid in an ever expanding pool of his own blood.

"But…you were dead…" Snarf murmured, still too shocked to understand what had happened to him. "I saw you die…"

"And now I've seen you die," WilyKat rejoined. "Let's go, sister, we have work to do."

"Are we going back to the Onyx Pyramid?"

Kat smiled. "Yes, the master has a plan to make things right again, but he needs our help."

WilyKit returned the smile and, taking her brother's hand, she entered the vortex, which quickly vanished along with the twins.

All WilyKit and WilyKat left behind in Cat's Lair was an agonized Snarf…

To be continued…

Notes: I'm sure most of you remember Mongor; but in case you're cloudy about it, he is the goat-like fear demon from season one that was defeated by Lion-O and the Thunderkittens.

About the relationship between Panthro and Cheetara, it was hinted at in "The Return". I guess it developed during the time Panthro was in charge of leading the Thundercats.

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