ThunderCats: How the Other Half Lives

Part Four: Man, I Feel Like a Woman

By Knight Writer

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"I hate this..." Lion-O muttered as she stood in the chamber which housed the Sword of Omens. The cool air moved about her form, clad in a pale blue unitard and thick-soled boots, and against her better judgment she looked down. Observed dispassionately, her body was rather attractive she had to admit. If she had been in her real body and had seen the one viewed in the mirror since yesterday, she might have given it a brief look of appraisal. The Sword dangled in her right hand, lengthened blade nearly scraping the floor and hardly stirred when the door slid open behind her.

"You were right," Lion-O said, her voice dejected. "It didn't work."

"I told you it couldn't be that easy," Cheetara said as she came up to Lion-O's right and placed a hand on the smaller woman's shoulder.

"It's pulled my ass out of more fires than I care to admit," Lion-O began, despair beginning to give way to anger, "it's thawed out frozen Wollo orchards, split giant rocks, sent Mumm-Ra packing... it even FLEW me out of a damn VOLCANO!" She brought the sacred blade to eye level. Her teeth began to grind and her face grew hot from rising anger.

"But the Eye has no power over the physical shape of matter," the ghostly voice of Jaga said as his spectre appeared before her. "As the Annointment Trials should have shown you, you do not need to rely upon the Sword for every situation. It is not all-powerful."

"Yeah," Lion-O said, her anger deflated as though with a pin. "It couldn't show me anything about Grune when I used sight beyond sight."

"You are still the Lord of the ThunderCats, Lion-O. I know you are angry, and you have every right to be, but do not let that anger cloud your judgment." Jaga faded from view, yet Lion-O's anger still simmered beneath the despair. The blade shrank to its normal length before she placed it in the claw shield and adhered it to her hip.

"At least I can still use it," she said, "but this still bites what used to be my balls."

"Those would be your ovaries, now," Cheetara said with a slight chuckle in her voice.

"I needed to know that... why?"

"Did Tygra teach you anything about female anatomy?"
"The subject of women never really came up."
"I'm not surprised," Cheetara said as they left the Sword Chamber and turned left toward the ThunderTank's maintenance hangar. "Tygra can be rather... shy when it comes to subjects involving women."
"He likes men?" Lion-O, at the moment, found that notion comforting especially as thoughts of that dream returned.
"No," Cheetara replied, "it's just that his list of lovers is rather short."
"Can't be shorter than mine," she replied as hewn stone gave way to more modern-looking corridors.
"Unless you and Willa have anything going on I don't know about, then you're both batting zero."
"Seriously?! He's still..."
"Oh, yes." Lion-O found herself stunned silent for the rest of the trip to the hangar after one final utterance.
"That might actually explain some things."

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"Have I ever told you," Alluro said as he entered Mumm-Ra's tomb chamber, "that you really need to hire a decorator for this place?" The demonic mage said nothing as the Lunattak drew closer. "Since I'm still among the living, I'll take it that you didn't summon me here to kill me."
"If I had wished to, I would have done so by now," Mumm-Ra said. "I only sealed your lot in stone on the off chance you might be of use to me."
"Nice to know where I and mine stand," he said sourly before doing a double-take at the images of the now-female Lion-O's dream playing out. "I didn't know you were into Thunder-porn."
"This," the sorcerer began, "is the dream I inflicted on him - her - last night."
"You certainly made Lion-O into a looker..." Alluro trailed off before looking around.
"Beauty can be its own curse... What the hell are you looking for?"
"A box of tissues and a bottle of lotion. If I find those, I am outta here."
"DO NOT MOCK ME!" Mumm-Ra thundered. "I have no need for such frivilous activities."

"Oh, yes," Alluro said wryly, "women must beat down your door. How DO you keep them off?"
"Alluro?"
"Hm?"
"Exactly how long were you planning on living after you got here?" The silence grew thick in the still air of the tomb chamber, neither speaking for several moments. "That's what I thought."
"So, um... If you were able to conjure this from Lion-O's mind, why do you need my help?" Alluro asked, clearly not wishing to follow the previous line of discussion any further.
"I could only draw upon what was already in her mind."
"I had no idea that Lion-O was gay..."
"The pleasure I forced her to feel was a reaction from her new body. Lion-O has no idea how powerful a woman's drives can be."
"And with no experience, she's all but defenseless against them. Mumm-Ra, I must say, you are one right BASTARD! This still doesn't explain my part in all this."
"Your ability to create psionic links," he began, shuffling closer to the long-limbed Lunattak, "will allow me to create nightmares from what is not in her mind."
"I see," he said at length. "With my power, you can plant whatever nightmares you want in her pretty little head. I like the sound of this more and more, Mumm-Ra!"
"So glad you do. Especially since I closed my pyramid off from the outside world." Within the cauldron, the images of whirling cylcones and sand obscured all vision with crackling arcs of lighting shooting at random amid the chaos.
"Oh. That's just great," Alluro snapped. "Now I'm stuck here. And since the primary occupant of this edifice is... well... a FUCKING ZOMBIE SORCERER, what am I supposed to do about food?!" The grinding of stone on stone drew Alluro's gaze to a table which rose from the floor. Fruits of all descritiptions, asparagus, roasted potatoes running over with melted butter and cheese, and steaks of varied meats sat steaming upon its surface on trays of gleaming silver and amid pitchers of nectars, wines, milk, and water. "You... certainly know how to make person feel at home in a crypt," Alluro said weakly.
"I know the weaknesses of being wrapped in mortal flesh," Mumm-Ra said. "Eat up. There is still time before we need tend to the newest woman in the ThunderCat cabal."

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Lion-O gazed about at the passing trees as Cheetara steered the ThunderTank toward the grotto of the Warrior Maidens. She uncrossed and recrossed her legs for the umpteenth time, unwilling to think about the changed presence in her crotch and the feminine clothes she was wearing.
"You okay over there?" Cheetara asked over the purr of the mighty engine.
"Great," she groused, "just great. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and I still have breasts. Today would be just pefect if, y'know, I didn't have a vagina and... um..."
"And what?"
"Nothing." She thought of the dream from the night before and shuddered. Lion-O looked at her from the corner of her eye, tracing the curves she had longed to touch, and felt her heart threaten to break.
"Stop acting as though being a woman is a death sentence," Cheetara said. "There are a lot of positive things that go with being female."
"Like this constant tingling between my legs? Y'know, in the place where I used to have a..."
"That's just bad timing," Cheetara replied. "Pumyra told us you were at the height of the reproductive cycle. It's a lot different for females."
"Really?"
"Really. So, how does this relate to Tygra?" Lion-O froze in place, memories of that nightmare resurging.
"Um... keep in mind he didn't do anything..."
"Tygra couldn't handle his own dick with a crane."
"WHAT?" Cheetara cast her a sidelong conspiritorial look.
"I mean to help you deal with your new gender, and that means talking woman-to-woman. I know you never thought you'd hear me say anything like that."
"No kidding..."
"But there's a lot you have no idea about. I can help you through it, and I am going to do just that. No matter what."
"I..." Lion-O shook her head, crimson tresses whirling about. "Just don't expect this to last too long. Thank you." She looked at the Cheetah woman, eyes tracing the curves of her breasts and could nearly feel them beneath her hands.
"It was a pretty bad dream, I take it," Cheetara said out of the blue. Lion-O nearly leapt out of her

seat.

"What?"

"It's hard to lie to someone with a sixth sense and some experience," Cheetara said calmly. "You dreamed about Tygra."

"I thought you had visions, not telepathy."

"You all of a sudden avoid Tygra like the plague, what am I supposed to think? You had a nighmare about him and I doubt it was from past experience."

"That is... a little scary."

"I saw you jerk away from him. It wasn't tough to figure out. You know that he would never take advantage of you."

"I know that, but..."

"You had an intense dream. Given what's happened, I understand." They drove on in silence for several moments. "It was one of THOSE dreams."

"What?"

"One that left your sheets soaked."

"How did you..."

"I know a thing or two about being female," Cheetara said with a light laugh. "Whatever happened is nothing for you to be ashamed of."

"I hated it," Lion-O said before she could stop herself.

"Tell me about it?"

"I..." Lion-O froze, unsure of what to say. While she was no expert in interpersonal diplomacy, she was fairly certain that no conversation with the woman she hoped to have a relationship with one day should start with details of kissing every inch of her body before - not to put too fine a point on it - placing her on a bed strewn with rose petals and doing a rather apt impression of a piledriver. "For some reason, I was naked," she began, sneaking a cautious glance at Cheetara and relieved to find her paying attention forward. "I heard him at first, he kept saying how I was already turning into a... well..."

"Well?"

"I don't think you'll like that word."

"Slut?"

"That, yeah," Lion-O replied. "It was so... weird! I hated seeing him naked, hated the way he was

talking to me, but my body - in the dream - kept getting revved up for it! Like I had no control!"
"Hmmm... And you've never had a dream like that about Tygra? Or any man?"
"Butter side up, my bread is." She'd heard Panthro use a similar phrase once.
"Then Mumm-Ra had to have manipulated your dream," Cheetara said, her voice and face hard. "Probably enhanced your body's reaction to the stimuli, too."
"So this is what's it's like to be reassured and uneasy all at once," Lion-O groused. "Fascinating."
"Tower to ThunderTank," Lynx-O's voice called over the comm.
"ThunderTank here," Lion-O replied.
"An unusual pattern of severe weather has suddenly appeared within the immediate area of the Black Pyramid," the aged Lynx said. "The Braille Board is showing me numerous cyclones as well as severe electrical interference. I am afraid I cannot pierce it at this time."
"Wonderful."
"Also, I detected Alluro emerging from Darkside on an ice runner. His course track suggested the Black Pyramid to be his destination."
"Oh. Crap." Lion-O's heart sank to her stomach at that.
"Thank you, Lynx-O, Cheetara said. "ThunderTank out."
"DAMNIT!" Lion-O shrieked, pounding the console before her with a closed fist.
"Don't do this to yourself," Cheetara said softly. "Deciding not to raid Mumm-Ra's lair was the responsible decision."
"But, it doesn't look like it was the right one."
"You were concerned for our safety. As was right and proper. You made the right call."
"I hope so."

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"Y'know something, Tygra? I fucking HATE magic." Pumyra leaned back, rubbing her eyes with her right hand after having spent the better part of an hour going over Lion-O's biometric data.
Tygra looked up in surprise at her outburst. He'd never heard her say anything stronger than "poop" before. "It's an affront to rational science!"
"Tell Mumm-Ra that," Tygra answered. "I'm still trying to figure out which window Conservation of Mass decided to get thrown out of." Tygra called up his data on Lion-O as a

man and compared to to the new data of his female body. "Fully fifty-seven percent of his body mass is just... gone!"
"Not exactly current on physics here."
"Matter and energy can't be created or destroyed. One becomes the other."
"Sounds pretty elegant."
"So, where did over half of Lion-O's body go?" Tygra rose from his seat and stretched, hands at the small of his back and popping noises coming from his spine.
"Some of it could have made up his new organs," Pumyra offered weakly.
"I find myself agreeing with your first statement," Tygra said. "I have NO explanation for this." Nor for why she looked at me as if I were a potential rapist this morning, he thought. "How about his... HER... readings?"
"Perfectly normal for a woman," Pumyra said. "But, I hate to think about how she'll react when the endometrium lining gets forced out of her uterus." The lining to which a woman's fertilized egg stuck in order to grow in the uterus.
"Is it in place?"
"Yes," Pumyra said, "and it appears to be rather thick."
"Damn." Severe cramping coupled with a heavy flow during menstruation. "Pumyra, you might want to have some clothes brought over. We're really going to need you in another week."
"I'll clear my calendar," she said with a small grin. "I see you're thinking what I'm thinking."
"I really wish I wasn't." Lion-O on a period, he thought, Jaga help us all.

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"What have we here?" Alluro said after cleaning the meat off a drumstick. "Mutants. Disgusting little fuckers."
"On that we agree," Mum-Ra said, "but they are sometimes useful."
"By sometimes, you mean almost never?"
"I'll give you that one," Mumm-Ra replied. "They are on the fringes of Warrior Maiden territory."
"Hardly trying to gather intelligence. How can they gather what they don't have the first clue about? I bet they just hope to ogle pretty women. Pigs."

"Useful pigs, in this case. It seems I need your talents sooner than I thought."

"Do tell. And, where did you get this wine? It's exquisite."

"Do try to lay off on it for a moment. How much influence can your Psych Club's orb have from here?"

"It's fairly limited, I must say," Alluro said before picking a stray bit of meat from between his teeth. "It works best when I'm actually near someone."

"I don't need a compulsion. Just a very strong suggestion."

"Suggest that the Lady of the ThunderCats takes a walk toward a certain place?"

"Exactly."

"Seems doable, but what if she can still kick their asses?"

"It can't hurt to try, now can it?"

"No, Mumm-Ra," Alluro said with a sadistic leer. "No, it cannot hurt to try."