ThunderCats

Bio-Booster Armor Guyver

One Last War to Fight

Episode Thirteen: King’s Fall

By Knight Writer

"We seem to be missing a few," Tygra said as he and Panthro enjoyed their post-breakfast coffee. At that moment, Sho entered the dining area of the Tower of Omens and made a bee-line to the plate that Snarf had left for him.

"Well, there's one," Panthro chuckled as he took a sip. "Pretty much on time, too. Not bad for a human. Looks like he's getting used to it." They turned away as the young man devoured his small breakfast in record time and attacked the cup of coffee.

"I'll be outside," Sho said after he finished. "Thank you for breakfast."

"Don't worry about it," Snarf said as he collected Sho's dish. "I just wish Lion-O would get out of bed, already. His food's getting cold, Shnarrf."

"And I wonder why *he's* sleeping so late," Tygra said knowingly as he finished his coffee.

"You noticed, too?"

"Who didn't" Tygra replied with a wink. "Took long enough, didn't it?"

"Yeah," Panthro replied. "And I'm glad for it. He's grown up a lot these past weeks."

"True, but I wish it were under different circumstances."

"Same here." Panthro said as he drained his cup. "But, who knows how long this would have taken otherwise?"

"Cheetara sure seemed eager," Tygra began, "and Lion-O looked ready to learn. I'd be surprised it they woke up by noon."

Bengali and Pumyra entered then, hands joined and identical smiles on their faces. Bengali whispered something into her ear which caused Pumyra to blush a deep scarlet.

"Where is everyone?" she asked, knowing her question was rhetorical.

"Those two... Ah, here they are!" Tygra replied as Lion-O entered, his hand firmly in Cheetara's and both looking serene.

"Finished repairs on the ThunderTank last night," Panthro said as he ambled over to the newly christened couple.

"That fast?" Cheetara said, eyes wide in surprise.

"Bah, most of the damage was to the armor plating," he said with a wave of his hand. "Only had to replace one cannon and a paw, far as major damage goes. She's ready to meet the Berbils. Wanna come with me, Lion-O?"

"Huh? Oh! Sure, Panthro. Just let me know when."

"Right." Panthro clapped a friendly hand on Lion-O's shoulder before leaving. The conversation he planned to have with the Lord of the ThunderCats would be a good one, that was for sure.

Primor stood under the breaking dawn, raging at the statues which so completely contained his forces. Even tunnelling had proven futile, each shaft having collapsed when they met the edges of the invisible barrier.

Mumm-Ra must fear me, he mused, to keep me caged here. How right he is to fear me! Once I am free, I'll settle his ass *first*! Just then, as though in response to his thoughts, a brilliant flash of crimson heralded Mumm-Ra's arrival. The demon priest stood flanked by a portly, bald human and...

A Thunderian?! The sight of the massive cat with a single saber tooth puzzled Primor at first, until loathing settled in.

"Primor," the mummy said as the other Mutants cleared out to leave their leader to face the unholy triumverate alone. Cowards. "I trust you've been comfortable?"

"What is the meaning of this, damn you!?" He doesn't look so tough, Primor thought. One good swing from a mace would tear him in half!

"I couldn't have you wreaking havoc all across *my* world without my direction."

"Your world, eh?" Primor snorted.

"Yes," Mumm-Ra snarled "And if you wish to survive here, you will bow to my will."

"You're far from the first to try getting me under a thumb," Primor said derisively. "You and your two friends, though, are by far the sorriest of that lot."

"Is that right?" Mumm-Ra asked, his voice low and dangerous. "Dyme."

"At once, Master," the bald human said, stepping away from the mummy and the Thunderian.

"Oh, sending the fat one?" Primor hooted, noting that none of his underlings were joining him. "What's he gonna do, eat all my supper?"

"No," the human called Dyme replied. "I wouldn't touch whatever shit you'd shove in your mouth." With that, his body became as runny soup and dissolved into the soil.

"Okay, that was unimpressive... WHAAAAAT!" Primor's heart skipped several beats as the earth beneath him began to undulate wildly. The once-solid ground became loose, then liquid as a massive fist of dirt and stone closed tightly around him and rose into the air.

"You disappoint me, Primor," Mumm-Ra cackled as the earthen fist tightened. "It seems that Slythe was smarter than you after all. Not by much, mind you, but enough to know how to obey his superior."

"I... I will..."

"Shut up, Misanthrope," Mumm-Ra spat. "You've already proven to be unworthy of my purposes. Fortunately," he said as he indicated the leering Thunderian, "I have your replacement ready."

"My... men won't..."

"Follow me?" the cat laughed. "They will when they see this."

All the air was forced from Primor's lungs as the fist squeezed even tighter, then tighter still. The Simian could not even scream as his ribs cracked, broke, then were crushed entirely as the pressure pulped his vital organs. The view slanted at an insane angle, then blurred until he felt a light impact. His eyes cleared momentarily as he saw his crew staring at him in horror. Strange, why couldn't he feel anything? Primor tried to turn his head, yet nothing responded...

The view faded into eternal blackness...

Mumm-Ra cackled gleefully as the assembled Mutants stared in horror at the head of their once-feared leader lying on the living soil. The rest of Primor remained in Dyme's grip until the massive arm flung the shattered corpse against the barrier with enough force to utterly destroy it.

"You had best start hailing your new master," Grune said in a thratening tone. The assembled Mutants took no time at all to begin hailing him.

"To the south," Mumm-Ra said as Dyme left the soil and regained his human form, "you shall find some ruins. Use your slaves to begin building a new Castle Plun-Darr." Had Mumm-Ra cared, he would have seen the humor in doing so on the former site of the city of Boston. "Use them to your heart's content, for I shall provide more." With that, Mumm-Ra vanished along with Grune and Dyme. There was still more to be done.

"The ribs are healing nicely." Despite what you got into last night, Pumyra added silently and unable to suppress a grin.

"Good," Cheetara said, dreamily. Pumyra couldn't see her face due to the Cheetah's upraised arm, but had seen the look Cheetara had been sporting as she had come in for her checkup.

"You know," she began in full healer-mode as she rose. "Sex isn't a good idea with ribs as tender as yours are right now."

"Is it that obvious?" Cheetara asked in reply as she pulled the upper half of her leotard back into place. Pumyra shook her head and smiled broadly.

"Even if I hadn't noticed the sparks between you and Lion-O," she said, "the look on your face couldn't have come from flying solo."

"I've been long tired of that," Cheetara answered, smiling.

"It does get old after a while," Pumyra giggled. "So, is it love?"

"Oh, yes." Cheetara blushed, something she did only rarely, at Lion-O's admission of his feelings. "I take it things are going well between you and Bengali?"

"Well... can you keep a secret?"

"Oohh, this has gotta be good," Cheetara said conspiratorily as she leaned closer.

"We're planning to tell everyone at council tonight, but... Bengali asked me to wed him!" Cheetara gasped sharply, joy in her eyes.

"You said yes?"

"You *know* it!"

"Oh, Pumyra," Cheetara said warmly as she embraced the other woman. "Congratulations! This is such great news!"

"I'm so thrilled!"

"Have you set a date?" Cheetara asked as they separated.

"Not yet. We hope to do it soon."

"Lion-O's never been told about wedding ceremonies between ThunderCats," Cheetara said, "But I'm sure he'll be more than happy to officiate."

"Well, we don't want anything opulent. Just a simple wedding."

"A quick speech and a blessing with the Eye. Those are usually the best." At that, a knock came at the door to the infirmary. "That would be Sho."

"He could just come in," Pumyra replied.

"Well, the first time, he walked in on me in the buff."

"I'll bet *that* made a lasting impression," Pumyra laughed.

"If anything, it embarrassed the hell out of him. I still get a laugh out of it." To the door: "Come in, Sho. No one's nude in here."

"Oh, you can be so mean," Pumrya said with a mock glare.

Panthro revelled in the throaty growl of the ThunderTank's re-tuned engine as the desert which surrounded the Tower of Omens began to give way to sporadic patches of green. The first vehicle he had built on Third Earth had been based on schematics which had been experimental on Thundera, and had been constructed with parts salvaged from a wrecked spacecraft. More than any other machine he had built here, the ThunderTank filled him with pride. He glanced over at Lion-O, who was staring dream-like at the passing scenery, and grinned.

"Something on your mind, Lion-O?" he asked, nonchalant. "You look a little spaced-out."

"Just thinking. About the Mutant Army, Mumm-Ra, Guyver..."
"And about how Cheetara made a man out of you last night." Panthro roared with laughter at Lion-O's sputtered response.

"How... What... Did we... I mean..."

"Now, now, don't be embarrassed," Panthro said with a smile. "What happened between you two is perfectly natural. And overdue."

"O-overdue?" Lion-O asked, his face flush with embarrassment.

"Cheetara's been carrying a torch for you for some time, now," Panthro said as the sparse vegetation gradually became lush jungle foliage. "And your feelings for her have been pretty obvious."

"They have?"

"Here's an example," Panthro began as the memory came to the front of his brain. "remember the last overhaul I gave this baby?" he asked as he patted the top of the control console.

"Two months ago, right?"

"That's it. Cheetara bent over the side to see what I was doing. I thought your eyes would light fire to her backside." Panthro chuckled, some small part of him enjoying making Lion-O squirm a little.

"You... noticed?"

"Oh, yeah, and that wasn't the only time. And, don't think Cheetara hasn't spent any time checking *you* out."

"So," Lion-O began, "if Cheetara's felt this way for so long, why didn't she let me know sooner?"

"She was waiting for you."

"Waiting... oh. She didn't want an immature mancub sharing a bed with her. I get it."

"Nope," Panthro replied. "Not entirely."

"I knew I would miss something," Lion-O said with a shake of his head.

"Hey, don't beat yourself up," Panthro said. "Feminine mystique is something men just aren't meant to know. Even Jaga couldn't fully understand the female mind."

"Panthro, I never thought I'd hear you say such a thing."

"Strange, but true. I'll explain as best I can, but keep one thing in mind."

"I'm ready."

"Even though your suspension capsule had a weird malfunction," Panthro began, "Cheetara is still at least twice your age. She's had a lot more experience than you. When she realized she was attracted to you, she knew she had to wait."

"For me to finish growing up," Lion-O said.

"Pretty much. You had the body of a man, but the mind of a kitten. Cheetara waited until you were mature enough mentally to understand just how serious an intimate relationship is, and emotionally mature enough to be able to handle it."

"I think I understand," Lion-O said at length. "The Annointment Trials were a test of that, too?"

"For Cheetara, you bet," Panthro said. "And believe me, you passed with flying colors. Truth be told, you've matured by leaps and bounds since this madness all started."

"What choice did I have?" Lion-O asked with a smirk. "But, even so, I still wish none of this had ever happened."

"Lion-O..."

"I know, I know. If wishes were fishes, we could walk to the next continent and not get our feet wet." Panthro laughed heartily at that.

"Did Snarf teach you that one?"

"Nope. It's a Wollo saying. Salvador told it to me last year." Lion-O paused for a moment, a pensive look on his face. "Have I really changed so much?"

"Like night and day. You're making really good decisions, and doing it with real confidence." Not with cockiness, Panthro had the tact not to say. "Following in your father's footsteps isn't easy, and Jaga's got some huge boots to fill as well, but you're well on your way. I'm proud of you."

"Thanks, Panthro." The ride continued in silence for several minutes before Lion-O spoke again, hesitantly. "Tygra told me about sex, and how the first time is usually painful for a woman."

Uh-oh, Panthro thought. I didn't see *this* coming.

"Yeah...."

"Unless I missed something, Cheetara wasn't feeling any kind of pain our first time that night."

First time that night? Panthro thought, amazed. Moons of Thundera!

"Remember," Panthro said, "Suspension capsules aside, she *is* older than you." The elder ThunderCat struggled to find an explanation Lion-O would understand that didn't involve using the words "Put" and "Out" in sequence. "Cheetara had her fair share of suitors back on Thundera. I never pried into her intimate life." It was a small lie, but Code or no Code he had to be careful on this. "And you shouldn't, either. You're the one she loves. I take it you feel the same?" Lion-O leaned back in his seat with a wistful smile.

"Those three words were probably the last coherent thing I said last night."

"Good. As far as any lover she may have had on Thundera goes, you shouldn't worry about it." Panthro knew of Cheetara's first - and until now only - lover, and how he had died at the hands of Ratar-O. How that rat bastard had made Cheetara watch as he tortured her love when she had violently turned aside the Mutant's attempt to force himself on her.

Lion-O, for his part, relaxed into the comfortable passenger seat. She loved him. That one thought made the day seem brighter, somehow, the air a little sweeter. The thoughts which he'd told Panthro he was having at first, which hadn't been anywhere near his mind at the time, were even farther away. He found himself missing her presence already, could still taste her on his lips from the quick kiss they had shared in private before he had left with Panthro.

Private? he mused. Probably not.

Tygra had told him during that long talk that now seemed a lifetime ago that mutual physical pleasure - his words exactly - was important in a relationship, but should never define it. Lion-O swore to himself that he would love each and every aspect of Cheetara for...

"What the...?" he said as the Eye growled. The ThunderTank lurched to a sudden halt as Lion-O yanked the Sword free and brought the crossbars to his face. "Sword of Omens, give me sight beyond sight!"

"What is it?" Panthro asked, tense and alert.

"The Sword's showing me the road ahead," Lion-O said, "and nothing else. I don't get it."

"Well, the Eye wouldn't growl just to be included in conversation," Panthro growled, checking the surrounding area with the ThunderTank's sensors and his own two eyes. "Something's up."

"I don't see anything. What about the sensors?"

"Not a thing wrong," Panthro said uneasily. "But, we can't ignore the Eye's warning."

"Can't go around," Lion-O said, "the trees are too thick. Our only was is through, and Jaga only knows what's in our way."

"How do you want to call this one?"

"When are we supposed to meet the Western Berbils?"

"Not for another two hours," Panthro replied. "I wanted to have enough time to recconoiter the area before they arrived."

"Still plenty of time for us to take another route," Lion-O said softly. "It may be best to do that."

"Okay. Let's... WHAT THE HELL?!" Lion-O held on as best he could as the soil beneath the ThunderTank became as thick liquid. Several spikes shot up from the soupy earth, snatching it up off the turf and nearly sending the two ThunderCats out.

"What *is* this?!"

"I don't know, but I think we can jump past it!" Panthro shouted. "Let's go!" The two ThunderCats leapt for all they were worth, only to see the whirling pool of watery dirt spread out farther then the range of their legs.

"WHAT?!" Lion-O shouted as they landed. Panthro's choked shout was the only warning either recieved before the tree branches rapidly encircled the panther's limbs and yanked him upward. Lion-O drew the Sword of Omens and aimed it at the coiling and writhing wood when a strangely familiar voice stopped him short.

"Don't bother, Cub," that snide, condescending voice said. "This is between you and me." Lion-O spun about, his mouth dropping open at the sight of Grune.

"You... how is this *possible*?!" he demanded as he levelled the Sword at Grune's chest. "And how are you doing this? Release Panthro! NOW!"

"To answer your first question," Grune replied, striding easily over the undulating earth, "Mumm-Ra needed a new commander of the Mutant Army."

"I... knew that bastard was behind this," Panthro snarled as he struggled against his bonds. With a mighty heave, he snapped the tree limbs apart, only to sink waist-deep in the living earth with an enraged roar.

"And as far as this goes," Grune continued, waving his arm in a lazy semicircle, "this is the handiwork of my new associate, Dyme." At that, an vaguely humanoid form rose from the dirt beside Grune. Where eyes should have been there were only black, empty sockets. Rocks and loose soil cascaded down the muddy form in tiny rivulets, its mouth misshapen as it spoke.

"Get this over with, Grune," Dyme said in a bored voice. "I didn't follow you all the way out here just to keep a ThunderCat busy for you."

"Oh, I'm definitely about to get busy!" Panthro shouted as he reached for his nunchaku. With an exasperated groan from the earthen creature, several large and jagged rocks burst from its chest like cannon balls which forced Panthro to abandon arming himself in order to protect his head.

"I said release him!" Lion-O's charging run toward Dyme was cut short at the sight of a spiked club in his path and the feel of his strength draining.

"I told you, Lion-O," Grune snarled. "This is between you and me. Dyme will handle the panther. I will kill *you*." Lion-O hopped back just in time to avoid Grune's first swing and brought the Sword up in time to block a second.

"Is that it, boy?" Grune snickered as Lion-O parried another attack. "Just dodge, block, and evade? Don't you have the balls to attack me with that sword?"

"GRRRRRAAAGH!" Lion-O pressed the attack, ignoring the steady drain of his strength by Grune's club. The Sword of Omens grew increasingly heavy in his hands, his strikes losing power and accuracy as Grune laughed derisively. He lanced out with the Sword, aiming at Grune's chest, and realized too late he had over-extended his arms as the spiked weapon slammed home against his right forearm. Pain exploded from the broken limb, bringing a howl of agony from the bottom of his heaving lungs that played counter to Grune's mad cackle of triumph. A massive boot landed squarely in Lion-O's chest and sent him sprawling against the lazily moving soil.

Need... help... he thought, pushing past the pain.

"I couldn't best Jaga," Grune said as he strutted closer. "I couldn't get to Claudis. But, Moons of Thundera, I *AM* going to kill their favorite cub!"

Almost there... Lion-O's eyes narrowed as Grune came into range. Ignore the pain... ignore the pain... NOW! Lion-O rose up on his good arm and twisted his legs in a bone-crunching arc that caught Grune's

lower legs and spilled him onto his back. His already flagging reserves of strength rapidly failing, the Lord of the ThunderCats rose while grabbing the Sword of Omens.

"Cheetara? Something wrong?"

She ignored Sho's question as she stared to the west. The dread she had felt since Lion-O and Panthro's departure had suddenly grown into a massive, unnamed horror. Cheetara could feel the vision racing nearer, her sixth sense buzzing with desperate intensity.

"Are you okay?" Trance-like, she turned to the young human and froze. In place of his black hair was a mane of unruly brown with black stripes. His blue eyes became golden cat's eyes, the face shifting to one she had not seen alive in years, and in her nightmares long since his brutal demise.

"Cougrix!" Cheetara yelped, her face a mask of abject terror. She backed away from Sho as the vision replaced all she knew to be real. She saw Lion-O... on the ground... the blood... oh, the BLOOD!

"Who? What's going on?" Sho/Cougrix exclaimed, their voices melded into a dischordant melody of madness. Cheetara forced the vision away with great effort, knowing only that she had to get to Lion-O, and fearing that she was already too late.

Sho stood rooted in place as Cheetara screamed, a sound of horror and utter negation of whatever her glowing eyes were seeing, before she spun about and was gone before he could blink.

"What the hell was that about?" Sho asked the empty air, indescion and worry warring for dominance inside. Whatever it was, it had her completely freaked out. Sho raised his left wrist and cursed when he realized that Panthro had yet to repair the communicator after his encounter with Mumm-Rana. He glanced back at the Tower of Omens, knowing that he had time to either run in and tell the others, or change and follow Cheetara as best he was able.

"GUYVER!" The ground beneath him shattered as the destructive barrier appeared and the armor covered and enhanced his body. The transformation complete, Sho tore across the parched landscape before commanding the gravity controller to take him airborne and was rewarded with the sight of a massive dust cloud which had to be the work of the Cheetah's insane speed.

Hope I can pull this off, Sho thought as he raced across the sky.

"Thunder! Thunder! THUNDER..." the rest of the words jammed in Lion-O's throat as the white-hot agony detonated from just under his sternum. His eyes went from Grune, on his back with an evil leer radiating pure hate, to the handle which stuck out perpendicular to his body. He didn't register Panthro's horrified expression and howl of denial and rage as he sank to his knees.

"Slow learner, aren't you my lord," Grune said as he rose, spitting the last word as if it left a foul taste in his mouth.

Have to... call them... Lion-O thought as the weight of the Sword of Omens slowly dragged his left arm down. He reached deep within himself for the strength to heft the ancient blade skyward once more.

"THUNDERCATS! HO!" Blood burst from his lips as the signal roared into the clear blue sky.

Panthro struggled to pull himself out of the sucking hole in which the monster that called itself Dyme had entrapped him. No words passed his lips, merely growls and snarls of incoherent fury and horror at the sight of the Lord of the ThunderCats as he lay dying. Grune stalked over to Lion-O, twirling that damned Thundrainium mace, and laughing until the man-like shape slid between them.

"That's it," the thing said, "we're done."

"Get out of my way, zoanoid freak!" Grune thundered, swinging his mace. The shape evaporated in a shower of dirt only to flow back upward and restore itself.

"I told you, if the cub uses that signal, we bail out."

"You think I fear the ThunderCats?!"

"You moron! You *know* who else is gonna gome running to that signal!" Grune's eyes narrowed, but his club lowered. "He might not be as ruthless as Guyver Three, but Guyver One is no less powerful! You think he'll hesitate to wipe us both out?"

"Hmmm... today's your lucky day, Panthro," Grune said, hooking his club back on his belt. "Looks like I'll have to wait until later to send you to join Lion-O."

"Damn you, Grune, get back here!" Panthro roared as the ThunderCat Betrayer loped into the jungle foliage. "Come back and fight, damn you!" The earth became solid once more, leaving him lying on his stomach.

Calm down, Panthro, he told himself. Call the Tower! He charged to the ThunderTank, nearly destroying the comm unit for stabbing the button so hard.

"Tower of Omens! Damnit, Tygra, answer me!"

"Tygra here," his voice responded instantly. "We saw..."

"Get Pumyra, prep the infirmary! Lion-O's been injured!"

"How bad?"

"I don't know if we can get him back in time... hey, damnit, I haven't fixed that wrist comm yet! Get Sho, tell him..."

"I saw him tear off after Cheetara a few moments ago," Tygra answered, his voice tight. "I think they're..."

"Oh, Jaga! No! NO! NOO!"

"She's here, and so's he! Panthro out!"

Cheetara collapsed at the shallowly-breathing Lion-O's side, numb horror settling over every nerve as she carressed his hair... red, so red... like the blood, oh, so much of it...

"Cheetara." She didn't notice Panthro's strong hands grasping her shoulders, pulling her away. White-hot tears left trails of burning anguish down her face, seeing blood oozing from the mouth she had kissed not two hours before, oh Jaga not him NOT HIM! NOT HIM TOO, DAMNIT, NOT HIM TOO!

"Oh, God..." Sho's voice fell on her deaf ears as he landed.

"SHO!" He turned toward Panthro, unable to comprehend the horror and rage in his eyes. "You better figure out how to do that teleporting thing, and right the fuck NOW!"

"On it," Sho replied as he knelt next to Lion-O and placed his hands on the Lion's chest and tried not to look at the handle which stood out of it.

Tower of Omens, he thought, focusing on the infirmary. Tower of Omens... he could see Tygra and Pumyra bustling about in a mad rush...

Then he saw them for real.

"What kind of injury is it?!" Pumyra demanded as she finished preparing the last herbal treatments she had left.

"Panthro wouldn't tell me," he said while donning a pair of sterile gloves. A thin mask covered the lower half of his face. "He just demanded I get Sho and send him out there. I can't imagine..." A thought struck Tygra then, a horrid notion of exactly why the human was needed to be present with a wounded Lion-O. "He needed Sho to teleport Lion-O back."

"Oh, no." She immediately went to the refridgeration unit Panthro had built for the Tower's infirmary and extracted serveral clear packets of whole blood. Each ThunderCat, including the kittens, had donated whenever feasible in case of the worst.

A brilliant white glare flashed in the center of the infirmary and faded to reveal Sho kneeling over Lion-O. Tygra's eyes locked on the hilt of the dagger that protruded from just below Lion-O's ribcage before noticing the blood seeping from the wound and his mouth.

"Oh, shit!" Pumyra screamed as Sho gently lifted him and carried the Lord of the ThunderCats to the waiting operating table. Her healer's eye noted the paleness of his skin, and her brain went into overdrive cataloguing what organs had been punctured, what procedures to follow.

"He's lost a lot of blood," she said, attaching the line from the hanging bag of Lion-O's donated blood to the inside of his elbow. "Tygra, get the anasthesia!"

"Here!" The Tyger applied the clear mask to Lion-O's face and adjusted the flow of relaxing gas.

"Blood pressure's way too low," Pumyra said, removing the sensor she had placed against his wrist. The fact that this equipment worked so well was proof positive of Panthro's genius as an engineer and technology expert.

"He's under!" Tygra exclaimed. "Sho, there's nothing else you can do here!"

Sho stepped into the corridor, thinking to dis-engage the Guyver before slamming his fist into the smooth stone of the gently curving wall.

"Now you know," WilyKit said with a smirk as she and her brother approached. "That wall is just as hard as it looks."

"Yeah, good thing you sent that armor away first," WilyKat quipped. "Tygra would have let you have it for busting a hole in the wall. Say, why were you wearing it, anyway?"

"You didn't see the signal, did you?" Sho replied as he turned to face the ThunderKittens. Their twin sets of eyes widened at the distraught expression.

"No... what's wrong?"

Sho sighed in relief at the sound of Panthro's gruff voice and several feet pounding along the hall. The other ThunderCats came into view barely a moment later, the panther's glare slamming into his own.

"He's inside," Sho said and saw some of the tention ease from the Thunderian's powerful muscles.

"Hey, what's going on?" WilyKat asked at the worried looks on the adult's faces.

"Everyone in the control chamber," Panthro said. "This won't be good news.

In the next episode:

Tygra and Pumyra battle to save Lion-O as the ThunderCats and Sho face their own worries and anxiety. Will Pumyra's skills as a healer and Tygra's rudimentary knowledge of medicine be enough? Or has the Lord of the ThunderCats fallen? All this and more in the next episode of One Last War to Fight.