Finally Found You

By Rangerkitty

Chapter Three:

The next morning Melonia looked over the ridge at the rising sun. Beyond the glorious sunrise, she noticed figures emerging from the forest's cover, and who were walking towards the village. They did not appear threatening, but she could not make out their faces, which were shadowed by the bright morning sunbeams directly behind them. She hurried down a flight of newly chiseled stairs that had been carved out of the side of one of the outer slopes of the mountain. She did not raise the alarm, having more of a curiosity brewing inside her as opposed to fear, which had so recently been overwhelming her thoughts and dreams. She raised her hand to shield her eyes from the morning light and squinted as the people came closer, and suddenly she recognized the outline of the man who had rescued her the very day before. It was Tygra, her village's savior and her new friend!

He was smiling as he approached; his gaze set on her… it did not waver, even when many of the villagers began applauding his celebrated return. She smiled, seeing the handsome tiger again, and blushed as he approached her. Stopping before her, he looked down at her and took in her beauty. Her eyes sparkled green, and her hair was cleaned and brushed, and shined like golden threads in the morning sun's light.

"Good morning." He greeted. His voice was gentle, strong and deep. Melonia felt tingles run down her arms and her back at the sound and sight of him. How good it was to see Tygra again, especially after the dreams she had been having about him.

"Good Morning, Tygra. The people are very happy to see you again." She smiled, looking up into his crimson cat-like eyes. It haunted and exited her to gaze into them. *I'm happy to see you again*, she thought. She looked behind him and saw Snarf, Panthro, and the Thunderkittens, Wilykit and Wilykat, a tall beautiful cheetah woman, and an extremely muscular, extremely handsome tall lion with a flaming red mane and an air of authority about him.

Snarf ran forward an introduced himself, Good morning! Snarf, snarf! We brought you and your people breakfast too!"

Tygra was holding something under his left arm…. She looked at the large rolled up parchment curiously. “What’s that you’ve got there?” she inquired. He smiled warmly and gripped the paper a little tighter. “Something I will reveal to you after we enjoy Snarf’s breakfast, if you will permit me.”

“Of course, thank you very much!” she beamed, and touched his arm gently had she led him and the Thundercats to the picnic area that the villagers had set up. He smiled at her and she found herself blushing slightly, and withdrew her hand from his arm. The Thundercats and the villagers sat together and enjoyed a delicious breakfast of freshly baked bread, fresh burbil fruit, and poached eggs that had been collected for them by their friends the Wollos. Everyone had the opportunity to ask the Thundercats questions, share stories, and help members of both sides learn about the lives of the other.

As Melonia listened to the Thundercats talking, she was very impressed by their leader, Lion-O, as he spoke about the code of Thundera. *Truth, Justice, Honor, Loyalty*. She mused over his words, realizing that they were not just words, but his people’s way of life, and she marveled at the integrity of the cats that shared this meal with her and her people. She looked to her left where Tygra was seated. He was quieter than the others, appearing lost in his own thoughts at times. However when someone asked him a question, he answered intelligently and politely.

She soon found that the mysterious parchments were blueprints to the new plans he had drawn to rebuild their village to make it even more sturdy and resistant to enemy attacks. He designed their new village to be built into the side of a mountain ravine that had limited access to mutant ships such as sky-cutters and nose-divers. The new homes had the advantage of the high ground and plenty of well-disguised means of escape.

Inside her living room,, Tygra also showed her his ideas for a more discreet method he had devised which would better protect their crops and livestock. She looked over his plans to transplant tall trees into the forest, which would disguise a farm from the view above. Plants that didn’t need sun, like carrots and potatoes would be planted and cared for, and once harvested could be traded with the Wollos and Burbils for fresh fruit and other needed supplies.

Melonia was awed and overwhelmed at the amount of work Tygra had put into these plans. She found herself starting at this man, looking him over as he spoke, as he indicated to different areas

on the blueprints and sketches with his right hand. His orange fur was covered in fierce black stripes, his strong jaw line was rimmed with white fur that she desperately wanted to reach out and touch. His facial features were strong, yet his expression was gentle and kind.

As he was describing the plots of land where mushrooms and onions would be planted, his voice trailed off as he met her gaze, and felt suddenly lost in her eyes.

She continued to gaze at him as he turned towards her. Nervously, he swallowed and asked "Melonia, do you like what you see?"

She did not break her gaze, although she felt slightly dizzy and suddenly lighter on her feet. "I really like what I see…" she breathed taking a tiny step towards him.

Tygra felt his heart start to race as she neared closer to him. What was it about this young woman that affected him so? Ever since he first laid eyes on her, he had found himself taken with her. Normally so in control of his emotions, he found it difficult to contain what he wanted to say, and do… to her.

"Melonia… do you want me…" he started to say when he noticed her start to nod her head. He swallowed again hard, "I… w-when would you like me…" he then lost his voice.

She had started to move in closer to him, slowly closing her eyes and parting her lips, just ever so slightly. He stared at her moist pink lips and wondered what it would feel like to kiss them. Oh, by Thundera, did he want to kiss her. Quickly he cleared his throat and tried to snap out of it.

"Ahem… to get started on building the foundation?" he finished. Her eyes opened as she realized where she was. The dreamlike trance she had been in suddenly grounded her back into reality, and she felt her feet solidly standing on the hard earth. What had she been thinking? Her cheeks flushed and she stepped back.

“Um, whenever you can.” She blurted out. “The villagers here have always been very good at building and following directions. I know everyone is anxious to get started. We will be happier once we have homes to call home again.” She finished, finally getting control over the thoughts that had been racing through her mind in the past moments.

Tygra turned back to the table and rolled up the architectural plans, grateful for an excuse to turn away. “We’ll show the designs to your village elders for their approval, and Panthro and I can return tomorrow with the Thundertank to start clearing the rubble and blast some passageways through the mountainside.”

“That would be wonderful.” She smiled. “Let’s go see the elders.” Melonia led the way out of the shelter and towards the village center where the other Thundercats were helping salvage what personal items they could find from the destroyed homes.

The elders seemed pleased as they reviewed the plans and agreed to get started the next day. Tygra and Panthro held a short demonstration and explained what the plan for the next day would be. Both the men and women of the time were skilled workers and were excited about the rebuilding. Once the presentation was finished, Panthro approached Tygra. “So, it looks like we have our work cut out for us. This is going to be a lot of work.”

“Yes, but once we blast out the sub-basement and help build the foundations, they can do most of the building themselves. If we check in on them, our presence won’t be necessary all that often.” Tygra replied.

“That’s a shame.” Panthro smiled coyly.

Tygra’s eyebrows rose. “Oh?”

Panthro motioned slightly to a woman standing in the back of the room with a young boy standing near her, about 10 years old. “Her name is Kianna and her son is Kino.”

Tygra grinned at his long-time friend. “She’s pretty.”

“She’s also smart. We got to talking earlier, and, well… I hope to get the chance to know her better”

“Well,” Tygra smiled, “We’re coming back tomorrow, and that’s a start.” Panthro grinned and went over to where Kianna and her son were lingering in the room nearby. “We’ll be back in the morning, Kianna.”

“Yes, of course…” she relied to the panther. “I know my people look forward to starting work on the plans you have helped create, but tomorrow, I look forward to you.”

Panthro smiled and turned away. Because of his dark skin, he did not appear to blush, but Panthro could feel the warmth in his face.