Finally Found You

By Rangerkitty

Chapter 6

Melonia's eyes grew fearful as Monkian's skycutter approached castle Plundar. It was a horrifically scary looking place, surrounded by a foul-smelling moat and dead vegetation everywhere. He flew the vehicle in through the front gates where he landed the sky-cutter and pulled her off with him, just as Jackalman and Slythe came into view. They were more hideous than she remembered, especially as they were laughing with smug looks on their faces.

She tensed up as her feet were allowed to touch the floor and Monkian held both her wrists behind her. Jackalman had a frightening laugh, as though he were laughing at her pain and the pain he might inflict.

He inched closer to her and she became nauseated at the stink of his breath. He touched his axe to her arm, and the cold steel blade's touch made her shudder. "Oh, it's a pretty one… it's the same girl we tried to take before."

Monkian howled. "Yes! And I am the one who got her! Don't forget that!"

Slithe looked at her and hissed, green drool dripping from his mouth.

The sight of his sharp, dirty yellow teeth and his green scaly skin made her skin crawl. "Throw her in the dungeon for the night! Let her get used to her new home before we put her to work, Yesss?"

"Hoo!" Monkian shouted. "She is MY captive! Why should I have to wait for morning to use her as my slave?"

"Because I said so, simian!" Slythe spat at him. "We need to be sure no one knows she is here who may want to come rescue her… like those infernal Thundercats! Our dungeon is solidly built, even if they came, they'd never find her in there….Yesss?"

"Grrr… alright, Slythe…. for tonight." Monkian grumbled as he forced Melonia to walk towards the dungeon level.

"Please let me go!" she cried, "Please…"

"Shut-up, girl! You're going nowhere soon. After a night in the dungeon, you will be my servant, and you'll do whatever I want and command." He laughed wickedly.

They arrived at the prison cells and Monkian looked around. He did not want to put her in a cell with anyone else, lest they hurt her, try to eat her, or otherwise. He wanted those pleasures for

himself. He saw a cell at the end of the room. It was rather large for just one captive, but it was just for the night, so it would suit his needs just fine.

He found the key and dragged her in to the small dank cage, ignoring her feeble cries and pleas to be let go. He shackled her left wrist to a chain that came a few feet from the wall. The second shackle appeared broken, and it would not lock under the key. He hooted in annoyance, but shrugged. The cell door itself was enough to keep her confined. He started to turn and leave her there when she cried out to him once more.

“Please, please let me go! I won’t tell anyone, I’ll do anything…”

He laughed in evil pleasure and he pushed her up against the cold stone wall and breathed heavily in her face. She suppressed a gag as his breath was even worse than the Jackal’s. He licked her check sloppily as his hulking body pushed against her much smaller frame.

“Yes, I know you will.” He grunted.

Melonia’s heart raced in terror as she felt his heaving chest pressing against hers as he breathed. He growled deeply, satisfied with the prey he had captured for himself.

Willing herself not to move a muscle, she clenched her eyes shut and turned her face away. She felt him sniffing her hair, licking her neck and shoulders, as he strongly held her wrists tightly over her head. A small cry escaped her lips and he chuckled at the sound.

Still holding her free arm tightly, he let the shackled arm go and grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him. Melonia did so, and trembled as he growled his next words. “I’m going to have fun with YOU, girl…”

“Monkian!” Slythe shouted from just outside the entrance to the dungeon. “Get out here! We have plans to work on before daybreak!”

Monkian stopped and hooted in annoyance. He released Melonia suddenly and exited the cage. She collapsed to the floor as Monkian slammed the cage door shut and locked it with the key. She shuddered on the cold floor as she heard his footsteps fading, as he continued to chortle his deep, sadistic laugh.