Finally Found You

By Rangerkitty

The story is getting a little more adult, so some veiwer discretion advised (13 and older please)

Chapter 7

Lion-O had summoned all the Thundercats and they had found the cave's rear entrance where Melonia and the little girl had escaped. After questioning the child, they learned that Monkian had grabbed her and shouted how he was taking her captive to serve him at Castle Plundar. The child did not understand what had happened, but pointed them in the correct direction of the evil mutant castle.

Tygra was fuming as Panthro drove full speed towards the mutant's lair. He worried about what they might be doing to her, and if the Thundercats could reach her in time. He thought back to the way they had man-handled her and the other young woman when they had first tried to abduct them.

Cheetara put one hand on Tygra's shoulder and tried to re-assure him. "We'll save her, Tygra. Those mutants are no match for us."

Lion-O consulted the sword again that showed Melonia being locked in the dungeon, and the way Monkian had behaved with her. It angered him, but he did not share that vision with the others, knowing it would only infuriate Tygra, causing him to lose focus. He shared that he could see Melonia's whereabouts and the group started to formulate a plan to rescue her.

Melonia sat on the dirty floor of the cell and trembled. She was terrified, but was afraid to cry and make any noise. There were strange creatures down here, also locked in cells, moaning and pleading for release. She felt despair, as no one had any idea she was gone, or where she had been brought to.

No one in Maldesia had ever heard of Castle Plundar, nor had they ventured this far from their home.

She thought of Tygra, Panthro and the Thundercats. They had found and rescued her once before, but had only responded because they'd seen the village raid on their video monitoring devices. No one had seen her disappear this time, except for the little girl, Mona.

I wish I'd told Tygra how I felt about him. What if I never see him again? These mutants are not going to let me go. The only way I'll get out of here is to escape, die, or be so broken that they will toss me to the trash. They're all so big and strong. How could I fight them? They would only beat me or hurt me worse.

She startled as she heard someone enter the dungeon and start yelling at the other prisoners to quiet down.

She recognized the voice of the Jackalman and shivered, hoping the other captives would obey him and he would leave the prison level quickly.

He banged his axe on the bars of their cells, threatening to cut their throats is they did not silence themselves. As he moved closer to her cell, she started to pull desperately at the shackle that held her, fearful he might enter her cage. The shackle was fastened tight and would not budge. She winced as she felt the sharp metal scraping her wrist, and momentarily stopped pulling.

The dirty large jackal stopped at the door to her cell and salivated as he looked in at the confined girl. His clawed hands wrapped around the bars as he looked her up and down. Her eyes widened in fear as he tried the door a few times, then growled and rushed off to find the key.

Desperate, she tried the shackle again, and then looked up and noticed a small window just above her. She jumped up to try and look out, but was unable to get a grip on the slime-covered bars.

She jumped again as the jackal returned. Getting her best grip on the ledge of the tiny air vent, she shouted in desperation. “Help! Anyone, please help me! Please!” She lost her grip again and fell back down.

Jackalman snickered as one of the keys finally unlocked the iron door, and he entered her cell, closing and relocking the gate behind him. He approached Melonia with a grin on his dog-like face that appeared both menacing and hungry. She struggled to her feet.

“What do you want of me?” she demanded in the bravest voice she could muster.

“Not sure yet...” he breathed again in the same putrid breath she remembered from before.

He, like Monkian had done just a short while earlier, moved right up in front of her. She tried to move as far away as she could, but the shackle held her fast, and she found herself trapped in a corner of the cell.

“Monkian may have caught you this time,” he snarled, “But I was the one who selected you before…” she stared at him with wide eyes as he looked her up and down. His hands roughly moved up and down over her waist as he spoke. “ I had plans for what I would do with you once I had you in my possession.”

“Do you want me to cook meals? To clean for you? To work in the castle?” she offered, trying to change his mind-set. “I can do all of that! I can start right now! If you unchain me I will! Please, please don’t hurt me.”

He salivated at the sound of her fear. Her body trembled at his touch and he pulled her by the waist so she was pressed up against him. He was not only larger than the monkian, but was a foot

and a half taller, and he silently reveled in the fact that he could look down at this girl, intimidating her even more.

She continued her effort to be released. “I’ll make you whatever you want to eat, it will be delicious, I can make it taste wonderful….” She promised.

“Actually, I want to find out what you taste like.” He breathed hoarsely. His face completely in hers now, his mouth turned up in a malicious grin and she could see his sharp, frightening teeth bared as he did..

“Oh, please, oh no…. don’t...” she begged as he held both wrists above her and pushed her against the wall, forcefully. She cried out as he did it again and again, causing her back to ache with pain and her lungs to be robbed of air at each blow. He bit each of her shoulders, and licked at the blood that started to trickle down her arms and chest. She felt weak and dizzy, and unable to move or fight him at this point. He inhaled deeply, smelling her sweat, and tasted the cool skin on her neck shoulders, wanting more.

He slipped a key into the last shackle that held her to the wall, and let her slump to the ground.

He heard someone cry, There’s no time! Do it now!

“Good idea…” he thought to himself silently and he started to rip at her shirt to remove it out of his way. He knelt and put his unwelcome hands on her and he lowered himself on top of her, cackling with smug laughter as she whimpered. Melonia blacked out and Jackalman shrieked in surprise as there was a sudden loud explosion over their heads, causing the stone wall to shatter into pieces.

Moments before , the Thundertank had pulled up outside the dungeon was that held Melonia. The Thundercats had leapt from the vehicle just as they heard desperate cries for help, and saw two hands slip away from the bars on a small window at the ground level.
“That’s her, Lion-O!” Tygra shouted, running to the bars where they had just heard the call for help. Tygra fell to his knees and peered in the window. It was dark inside, lit only by torch-light, and as his eyes adjusted, he heard Jackalman’s hot-blooded snarl, “Actually, I want to find out what you taste like.”

Horrified at what he saw happening inside the cell, he jumped to his feet and whipped around in a panic. “There’s no time! Do it now!” he exclaimed, gesturing to Lion-O.

Liono jumped from the tank, aimed the fully extended sword of omens, and exclaimed “HO!!!!”

A mighty blue blast of energy shot out and blew a large opening where the cell window had been.

Lion-O, and Tygra jumped in to find a stunned Jackalman lying on top of Melonia.

Jackalman jumped up in alarm as Tygra furiously extended his bolo whip and used it to beat him

repeatedly until the Jackal fell to the stone floor. Tygra roared and thrashed at him again and again, leaving deep welts on the mutants back and arms. Lion-O stood back a moment, allowing his comrade his due.

Jackalman screamed and managed to clamber though the broken cage door that had been destroyed by the sword's blast. Tygra retracted his bolo whip and shot a series of fireballs at the cowardly creature. Its fur caught fire, and Jackalman shrieked in agony, continuing to run, now in search of water in which to douse the flames that burned his body.

Tygra went to pursue the brute, but Lion-O stopped him and indicated to Melonia. She was lying battered and unconscious, her clothing ripped but intact. Tygra felt his heart rip in two as he knelt at her side and rapidly evaluated her injuries. She had an injured wrist, a bite to each shoulder, multiple scrapes and bruises, and a head injury that he prayed was, at worst, a concussion.

He slipped a hand behind her head and with Lion-O's assistance; they gently raised her to the window where Wilykat and Panthro were able to lift her out of the prison. Panthro then took her in his arms and carried her to the Thundertank.

None of the other mutants came to the dungeon or out of the castle to continue the attack. This infuriated Tygra and Panthro who wanted to get back at Monkian and Jackalman, but at Lion-O's persistence, they instead left Plundar and headed back to the safety of the Cat's Lair. Wilykit and Wilykat flanked the Thundertank on their hoverboards as Panthro chose the most direct route home.

On the way, Tygra began examining Melonia for additional injuries and cursed the mutants for their evil ways. Lion-O and Cheetara shared a quick glance at each other and silently agreed, they had never seen Tygra so furious. Panthro called to the back of the tank, interrupting everyone's thoughts.

"The Wollo's bridge is out. It's going to take a little time to knock down a few trees to substitute till we can get the Thundertank back to the lair!" he reported.

Tygra stood. "Panthro, I need to get her back there to make sure she's ok. She's still unconscious!" he stressed to his friend.

"Wilykit!" Panthro called

"Take Melonia back on your hoverboard, and be careful! Bring her straight to the infirmary and get started on getting her cleaned up." Panthro ordered.

He turned to Tygra and hesitated. "Is that okay?" he asked.

Tygra thought a moment and nodded. Panthro opened to roof of the tank and they carefully loaded Melonia onto Wilykit's board. Tygra wrapped his whip around her to serve as a seatbelt, and Wilykit stood with one foot on either side of the maiden, to give extra stabilization.

Wilykit took off for the lair and Wilykat sighed as he watched her disappear over the river. His did not have to ask why he hadn't been assigned the task. His sister was a much better rider than he was.