

Poison

By: Myra

Chapter 6

Lion-O landed the ship just outside the lair. It was weird being back on third earth. He missed it thought it was his home for a long time. The other Thundercats had decided to stay at Thundera, as it seems the worry is over, but at what cost. Poor Myra. I will see how she is doing. Cheetara jumped out of the ship with Lion-O and entered the lair, and met Bengali.

"Ho, Lion-O, Cheetara" Bengali called.

"Ho Bengali. How is the everything at this time?" Lion-O questioned.

"As well as can be expected. Myra is sleeping now. I hope she sleeps better than the rest of us. Come in"

Lion-O nodded and followed him. Leon and Dion were in the control room at the time.

"We have a new guest expected anytime soon too"

"Oh?" Cheetara asked.

"Hmm, his name's Shula...he a Bengalian and quite the expert on Schwenk apparently, you'll have to excuse his condescending manner though...he's quite a jerk!!"

"I will keep that in mind" Lion-O replied, entering the control room. His eyes fell on the twins. "Good to meet you again" Lion-O nodded. The pair nodded in response.

"Good day " said Lion. "Lord Lion-O and Lady Cheetara" finished Dion. "We have adjusted to life well here. Bengali and Pumyra have done a fantastic job keeping us safe from Nyrii," continued Leon. "Good" Lion-O smiled.

Shula's sleek ship landed in front of the cat's lair. He got out and made his way to the front entrance.

"Seems like our other guest has arrived!" Bengali told Lion-O. "Dion, can you please show our guest in please?" Dion then left.

"I still think he's wasting his time...Schwenk is dead" added Bengali.

"We have to double check." Cheetara pointed out.

“And I don’t another thunderain attacked like Myra was” Lion-O continued, thoughtfully.

Dion walked to the entrance, and bowed to Shula as he approached the lair entrance.

"Greetings Shula of Bengalia. Please follow me" she said and started back to the control room.

Shula followed the girl into the control room where he was greeted by three thunderians.

"Greetings. I am Shula. Possibly your savior in waiting" he gave a wry grin.

"Ho Shula. I am Lord lion-O, this is Cheetara, and I believe you know Bengali. This is Leon and Dion, elemental mages from the Osario system"

"Where's the girl?"

Dion stepped forward. "She is resting in her chambers"

"Well, can't she be brought to see me?"

"She still very weak, she had a turn before you arrived. If you wish for validation, you can visit her in her chamber"

Shula thought on this a moment.

"No.no, maybe it is better she rests...she has a big day tomorrow"

"Can you explain to me your plan for her" Lion-O questioned.

"Of course...she's going to show me where the attack took place and describe exactly what happened"

"Fine. I hope you don’t mind but we will be present" Lion-O replied.

"You can suit yourself...just don't interfere with my search"

Lion-O raised an eyebrow. "We will not," he said sternly.

Dion broke the uneasy silence. "I have prepared sleeping quarters and food for you all.”

“Good." Shula said flatly, not even noticing Lion-O's annoyance. "Anything you'd like to know about your escaped prisoner?"

"Tell me as much as you can about him." Lion-O replied.

"Well, he's victish terran. He spent a lengthy time in the military, reached the rank of captain and he thought nothing of butchering hundreds of innocent thunderians and bengalians. I've been

following him for nearly five years now and I won't stop till there's his blood on my hands and his flesh in my stomach! Anything else?"

Cheetara sighed and folded her arms. "How does he fight, any weaknesses, anything se should do in we indeed run in to this murderer?"

"He fights like the scorpion in the cave, the serpent in the grass. He won't come out and confront you or attack you. He prefers to kill like a coward. He would physically be no match for any feline. In essence lion-O we have to hunt like felines to find him."

Lion-O nodded. That's where the sword of omens comes in. If he is alive, the sword will tell me where he is. So what is this Schwenk's story, why did he start killing? If we knew a bit more about his persona it may give us and advantage"

"Why he started is a mystery, perhaps there are those that allow power to dictate their actions. Schwenk is just plain evil, no reason needed for that. So Lion-O, you have Schwenk cornered, no place to run and unarmed. He is begging for your mercy...what do you do?" Shula raised an eyebrow.

Cheetara's eyes narrowed. How blunt can you get?

"I am lord of the Thundercats, I have to uphold the code of Thundera and I trust you would of known that. All I can do is hand him over to the authorities. And if he is a war criminal, so it would of the Bengalian authorities as per space regulations. You know that. So more then likely it would be yourself."

"And you would hand him over, knowing his fate...hold does that hold with the code of Thundera? You capture him and he'll escape, he always does. That's the problem with you thunderians, too worried about the criminal. He has butchered hundreds of your loyal subjects; he has nearly raped the girl. I guess you'd have him doing some community service" he sneered.

Lion-O frowned.

Cheetara stepped forward. "The needs of the many out way the needs of the one. That holds with the code of Thundera – Justice, Loyalty, honor and truth. We wouldn't just let him run around free, it seems that this Schwenk made his own fate years ago. The code is not blind. If it would saves thousands of innocent thunderian lives so it will be, that holds with the code"

"So what's the difference then, you may as well be his executioner as you are handing him over. One slice of your sword would save so much time and the chance of escape!"

Lion-O had to laugh. "You know the sword will not take the life of another evil or good. Now I wonder, how I get around that then? Oh I know! Follow the code. He is evil. Evil has to be stopped. What else would you have me in my position?"

"Pah! What is the good of an impotent sword!"

Lion-O stepped forward as if to challenge him. He was physically bigger, and he had to refrain himself. "I am not here to for you sneer at the Sword of Omens, because you seem to have your own issues. Why you persistently insult us with your personal bitterness! You know what the sword is for; so don't try to challenge it. It saddens me that you are starting to remind me of a reptilian." Lion-O pondered. "Now if you have what ever out of your system, I would like to work something out? Or is that hard as well capturing Schwenk?" He retorted.

Dion nervously coughed, not liking the atmosphere.

"You're right Lion-O, I do have issues, and little wonder...you live in your little sugary, syrupy, self-righteous world and look where it gets you...look at that girl who is asleep now...where did it get her? You underestimate Schwenk...he feeds off of people like you. Tell me Bengali, would you hold back given another chance?"

Lion-O gave Shula a hard cold stare.

"You amuse me Shula. For someone who has not met me, or known about the Thundercats, or Thundera and all the trails we have had to go through, well done Shula, You seem to have it all figured out" he snorted. "And you think I am self righteous? You have no Idea. Do not dictate to me how to be lord of the Thundercats. I am only one person. I cannot be everywhere to save everything at the same time. That's why we have the code. We stick together and help each other. Granted what has happened shouldn't of happened. But if you manage to catch him in the past then who knows." Lion-O shrugged sarcastically. "I don't think anyone in particular is the blame for it."

Bengali looked Lion-O then at Shula.

"I will not deny my wish to redeem myself for earlier, and for what Schwenk has done in the past. But I am a Thundercat; I have to uphold the code. I cannot kill with intention. Only in self-defense as a last resort " He gritted.

"Hmmm, how very noble. OK, let's hear your ideas then.... this should be good!"

Choosing to ignore that last remark, Bengali stepped forward. "Lion-O will locate Schwenk with the Sword of Omens. If he is still alive, we will hunt him down capture him. If you hunt him down, I am sure you have own rules to uphold which we respect. I just hope we can work together on this one. I am sure this has been the best chance to get him. We need to get it right. " Bengali stated.

"I look forward to seeing the Eye in action" changing his tone somewhat

Lion-O raised an eyebrow. He folded his arms and said nothing. "Do we start at first light?"

"Why wait...or does the Eye need a full eight hours beauty sleep?"

"That's a bit flawed considering you haven't spoken to the girl which won't be until tomorrow. Where would you start? It's a big planet out there you know. You go straight ahead while the impotent sword gets its essential sleep" Lion-O retorted now getting angry. He was the alpha male and was starting to see this as a personal challenge to him.

"Won't the Eye work now then? Let's not waste more time" Shula saw Lion-O getting steamed and he himself was getting tired of the delay with the high and mighty Sword of Omens.

"I take it that 'please' is not in your dialect then" Lion-O muttered, taking his sword, and held it in front of his face. "Sword of Omens. Give me sight beyond sight!" He beckoned.

Lion-O stammered. "The sword can not find Schwenk..." Lion-O said. "It's all blurred, like it is trying to show me something but it is blurred like it is blind..." he thought. He looked away from the sword. "The sword cannot locate Schwenk. Either he is dead or left the planet"

Shula chuckled quietly. "How many times has the Eye been 'blind' before...does this happen often?"

"This is the first time." Cheetara defended. "If it could find Schwenk on third earth it would show him...I think he may have left the planet, the sword couldn't show Lion-O an image of him."

"No, he hasn't left. It's not like him...and don't I seem to recall somebody saying 'he's dead'?"

"Yes...Myra thought she had killed him...but what your right and he survived and escaped off the planet?" Bengali pointed out.

"If he isn't dead, then he must be mortally injured.... that's what you told me" he pointed his finger at Bengali "So, does that sound like somebody who's going to swan off at their leisure.... all these excuses. Admit it. You don't know where he is do you.... you've mislaid a war criminal, falsely report his death, then 'oh, no, actually he might be off world somewhere' you're a joke!"

Bengali snarled. Lion-O held him back.

"Shula you are the joke. You have been here less than an hour, instead of working with us to catch this criminal, you are insistent on challenging the code of Thundera, the Sword of Omens, taking it upon yourself to personally insult others? Is that the real reason you haven't caught him yet? Too busy blaming and insulting others for your own problems!!!" He roared at him.

"Ok everyone that's enough!" Cheetara exclaimed. "Please!" She said walking between the men.

Shula laughed long and loud "You are good Lion-O. This is the poison that is Schwenk, he drives you mad doesn't he...I don't mean to insult you or your code, or especially your sword." Shula offered his large hand in friendship.

Lion-O looked at his hand and raised an eyebrow. He reluctantly took his hand and shook it in return. Cheetara sighed with relief. "Now do start the search now or wait for Myra when she wakes?" she asked.

"Lion-O, what do you suggest?"

"Schwenk would stay on the planet, yes?"

"Yes...probably somewhere close to here, to keep an eye"

"Well as the sword of omens cannot locate him, we then need to wait for Myra to awake and then ask to be taken to where it happened. Then we start our search there"

Leon stepped forward. "Lion-O, I can search for terran life forms from here in the control room." Lion-O nodded. Thank you. I suggest we use this chance to sleep, while we wait for Myra. How does that sound Shula?"

"I am tired...and a little hungry too, may I have some food...please?"

"Come with me Shula" Dion bowed. "I have already prepared a room, with some food" se said, walking out of the control room.

Lion-O watched Shula follow Dion out of the control room.

"I am going to need some sleep now after that "Political" debate" He said scratching his head.

"I sense more is going on then what we are being told" Cheetara replied.

"What do you mean"?

"With Shula and Schwenk"

"Ah. I agree Cheetara. He and Schwenk must go way back. This is personal gratification, revenge not justice. It's not right. It could put more lives in danger"

"Well that's why we live by the code Lion-O, so we don't travel down that route. It's a shame not everyone does. That's why we are here. To make sure that doesn't happen to more innocent people."

It was the dead of night, and Schwenk found himself on the floor, having fallen off the chair in his sleep. Schwenk rose from the floor and looked for some water to drink. He hadn't had alcohol in some time and this hangover was a peach! He found a tumbler full of water and he sat in the captain's chair. It was lovely and soft and beautifully crafted in leather. Schwenk sniffed the air, it smelt of Myra. He swigged his water and decided to crawl on fours and explore the inner workings of the ship. He glanced at all the circuitry and the gentle blue glow of the plasma

conduits. He lifted his head at the sound of the door opening and promptly smacked the back of his head on the metal casing.

"Holy Crap!!!!" he yelled as the ringing kept shooting through his already tender head. He rubbed it furiously, convinced his hand would be covered with blood, but his hand remained clean.

Myra was already standing in the door watching him rub his head. Trying not to laugh, she walked up to him.

"Hey. Are you ok?" she asked smiling.

"What time is it?"

"Its the middle of the night, about 3am. Shula and Lion-O is here. Everyone is asleep at the moment. We could take our chances and slip away while they sleep" she said, uneasy about being in the same Liar as Shula and Lion-O.

"Well...I don't think that is going to be possible" he said, looking serious.

"What do you mean, not possible?"

"I've just been looking over your ship...there's not enough power. You've been running cloaking on this baby and a dampening field to stop them detecting me...there's not enough juice to get away, I checked it out before I tried skull surgery"

Myra muttered some Thunderain curse words under her breath. She looked up at Schwenk. "The power should last for a few more days. When everyone has gone, I will ask to take leave to visit my family, "In light" of what's happened. I will borrow some power cells. That's all I have if you got anything better"

He placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "It's not your fault...I can hide out until they go. At least I hope they go...no body and who knows what they'll do...mind you...there are two more ships here now. We could always borrow one"

Myra sighed. "I would prefer if we left in this ship if allowed. It will look genuine, they wouldn't think to follow us" Myra shrugged. "We will cross that bridge when we come to it" she weakly smiled.

"I don't think they'll have left their motors running anyway...we'll hold out here. Your idea is a good idea!"

Myra offered a weak smile.

Schwenk grasped his head in pain, as his self-inflicted headache got worse.

"Aaah, my head, I think it's going to drop off! You gave me too much booze you cow!"

Myra laughed. "So much for handling your drink!" she smirked. "Best thing for this sort of hangover is drinking plenty of water. You would feel better," she said.

"I tried that, but it doesn't taste nice" he whined.

Myra pouted. "Here me thinking you like a bit of a drink"

"Oh I do! Especially with you, but I can't.... you...smell!" he waved his hand in front of his nose

Myra sniggered. "Looks you're the one that needs a bath. A mud pile is cleaner then you!"

"At least my feet don't smell of cheese...and....that's not the smelliest area too" he nodded his head decisively

Myra rolled her eyes and groaned. "Are you sure you wasn't a woman in your last life?" she retorted at his bitchiness.

"If I was, then I was obviously being punished!" he smirked and pushed Myra again.

Myra raised an eyebrow, and pushed him back.

"Are you going to introduce me to your parents?"

"No. My father will recognize you straight away. And when they find out I was "attacked" they wont be very welcoming"

"That will be very hard on you Myra.... I feel terrible, like I'm punishing you...I don't want to split your family and friends up" Schwenk was getting emotional.

"Don't feel bad for me. Its ok." Myra sighed. "They would come around one day."

"Not to me though.... I'm ruining your life bit by bit.... I'm so selfish" he started to sob.

Myra looked at him curious. Is he still drunk? I bet Shula wouldn't know what to do if he witness this side of him. "I made this choice. Just support me like I support you. Then we can get through is. "

"But it's so unfair on you! What happens if you want a normal life? They could kill or capture you, you'll be forever shunned by your people.... what can I offer in return??"

"Well this is what I want" she paused, guessing he would not like it. "We just go, No more fighting, no more pain. No more revenge, no more killing. So what if that's who you are, I am not saying that you are not. But if you want the same things I do, why does it have to continue?"

For the future?" Schwenk was silent; it was the one thing he hoped he would never have to tell Myra.

"I can't stop!"

"Why?"

"There will always be death near me, no place in the universe in completely empty.... if it is, it's with good reason"

"That's not good enough. It doesn't justify it. Give me one good reason why you should continue killing"

"I can't give you any reason"

"I'm a hunted man Myra...as soon as I stop I'll be killed. Each new day of my life has been bought with the blood of others."

"Your avoiding the answer with excuses.

"It's not that easy" he implored "When we spoke in the cave, you promised that you wouldn't try to change me, you promised not to interfere...so why try? Maybe I enjoy what I do!"

"No I tell you how it is. You changed yourself. You fell in love with me, or so you say. You profess that you want to do this and that with me, but when push comes to shove you get cold feet! Ok then here is one for you. You ran into my father. Would you kill and enjoy it, knowing I love him!"

"Don't even ask such a thing!" he replied

"I should! You enjoy killing, or sorry it's just business isn't it! So what would it be?"

"I will not answer," he roared

"Answer me!" she shouted. "I have given most of my life for you, and you all can do just refuse to answer a question!"

"No!" he tried to push past her

Myra grabbed Schwenk, by his arm, refusing to let go.

"Would you kill me if I was to try?"

"Why would you try in the first place?"

Schwenk was getting increasingly frustrated by Myra's questioning "he would recognize me in the first place, I wouldn't recognize him...would he try to kill me, or hand me over?"

"Don't answer the question with more questions. I am not the one with the issue here," she said.

"I shall not answer! It is pointless questioning that will get you nowhere...now just drop it!"

"No I will not drop it! You haven't given me anything to hold on to! I have given you my life!" she paused. "This is what I think. You haven't gotten over your family's death. Not by a long shot. You figured that killing for revenge would make it better. Then you found it didn't and the pain of the loss came back. That's why you haven't stopped, why it seems you can't. I could be your chance to stop and move on. Looks like you want to stay with your pain and not anyone else," she said, letting him go, and walking over to the opposite side of the room with her back to him.

"Stop it!!" Schwenk roared, "Please stop it, I can't take the pain anymore!" he broke down crying on to the floor.

Myra didn't turn around to comfort him, she couldn't. It angered her.

"If you don't want to take the pain anymore.... stop." she said quietly. "Then I would be here"

"How can I? How can I do the impossible? You promised me...you took me in and promised me you wouldn't interfere. Why do you torture me so? Is this some part of a bigger plan? What happens next? Hand me over to Shula a broken man? You couldn't hurt me more if you tried!" again he broke down.

"Looks like your not ready" Myra sighed. She turned around.

"You are not ready to move on. You're not ready for the next phase of your life with me, who could relive the pain, and release you from your darkness. I never expected for this go this far, but I haven't buckled. What about you? Is this just an encounter or something worth fighting for?"

"I can't promise you I'll stop...what if I did kill again! Then I've broken a promise to you! I love you Myra...oh god I love you, but please stop hurting me! I am who I am...if I could change for anyone I would change for you...but look at the peril we are in right now! This is no time to lay down the sword"

"I am not talking about now, about our future. I am not hurting you. You are hurting yourself. You're hurting me. Make a decision."

"Without you may as well bring Lion-O in here now"

"Well decide Gaston. With me you don't have to kill anymore, you would not have to run. Or you can stay as you are."

"I will always have to run! Can't you see that?"

"No you don't! Why can't you see that!"

"Or do you actually want to?"

"So what? You forgive me, which will make all the bad stuff go away? Hey Lion-O, hey Shula...guess what? Myra has forgiven me...wahayy, you can all go now, my life is all good, thanks for coming!" he said sarcastically.

"Oh geez, for Thundera's sake!" she shouted, slamming her hands on the control panel. "When I did I say we would not forget. I know you cant. I most certainly can't. I never said I forgave you for anything...but how about STOPPING! Am I asking for too much!"

Schwenk slumped in the corner and held his head. "No, you're not asking too much!" he said softly.

"So what's the problem? Why cant you do this, why are you fighting Me." she asked.

"I'm not fighting you...I. I'm fighting myself and I'm fighting my past"

"You are. Let me help you win so we can move on after all these dark years. Aren't you tired of this?"

"Maybe I'm tired of life...maybe I don't deserve anything good happening"

"If you think like that, then nothing good can come of It.," she said.

"Help me!"

Myra knelt down in front of him. "Well let me. Can we go, and you stop?"

"I'll try"

"That's not enough. You would do more then try. I have. What about you?"

"I want to!"

"Then do so, why is it so hard to say yes?"

"Yes" he barely whispered, not looking at Myra.

"What? Look at me" she said grasping his face gently.

"Yes...I will" he whispered through tear filled eyes.

Myra smiled. "Was it that hard to say?"

"Yes!"

Myra slumped down. She looked up at him.

"Yes...a nice little farm somewhere.... a billion miles from anywhere...just you and me"

"Sounds good" She smiled.

"And you can walk around naked the whole time"

Myra rolled her eyes and laughed at him trying to lighten the mood. For the first time she saw the human in him, which caught her off guard, she found herself staring in to his blue - grey eyes for a long while.

What's that for?"

"You" she smiled. "Always making me laugh"

"That's because I'm a natural comedian!"

Myra shook her head laughing. "I am trying to be serious here" she smiled.

"You do 'serious' very well, might I say!"

"So do you, when you are not fighting it!"

"My life is too serious anyway...my mouth gets me into trouble...did you know that?"

"Yes"

"I want to be a new person...leave the old one behind!"

"Then I will be there with you all the way"

"Thank you!"

"Your welcome!"

"What's in store for tomorrow?"

"Well I guess they are starting the search. I have summoned the guardian of Thundera who has blinded the eye of Thundera, so we have just got to wait them out"

"It's going to be a tough few days for you. Shula will be grilling you about everything"

"I don't care"

"Even so, please be realistic, my love will be scant armor when you're with him...I don't think I can actually be there in person to hold your hand...he might spot me" he winked

Myra smiled. "I can handle him. I should be fine" she assured.

"I hope so.... am I still allowed to kill him?"

"Only if we really need to. No more for revenge, that part doesn't need to consume you anymore"

"But.... it's Shula.... you know what he'd do to me!!"

"If we get caught...which we won't. And he won't know where we are. I think that would be more torture for him than anything else" she winked.

"I admire your, slightly misplaced optimism" he smiled "he won't just give up, you know"

"Nor will I"

"Blimey.... you two might be well suited...don't you dump me for him!"

"Don't worry, by the sound of him I would have killed him myself in that situation!" she laughed.

"Well, I would imagine he has got a very large dick!" he smiled again

"I don't do size. I do quality"

"Hmmm....you've could have sex with me then!"

Myra laughed out loud in shock in his boldness.

"You think highly yourself in that department?" she winked

"True quality shows through.... you've got a great taste in men.... and I don't mean you drinking my blood either"

Myra rolled her eyes, and stood up. "I think we needed to have this talk before we can go any further. I am glad it turned out well"

"Me too, it would have been hell of a fight for you to drag me to the lair!"

"You know I wouldn't do such a thing"

"Really? Not even if I had gone ape shit?"

"No." she said quietly.

"Hmmm" he pursed his lips

"Hmmm?"

"You would NEVER hand me over...not even if I had done something really bad. What if I told you I was going to kill your father and enjoy it???"

"You would never do such a thing"

"I know...but, what if???"

Then why consider it? Why test me again!"

"You did to me.... fairs fair"

"No. I opened your eyes and made you see. I didn't test you"

"I know. I'm sorry, I was just curious about the 'what if....' please indulge me"

Myra sighed. "I would most probably kill you myself." she flatly, not liking his indulgence, getting too close hers.

"OK, OK. I'm not out to upset you. Plus the fact, you answered in a way that I figured anyway."

Myra looked at him and raised and eyebrow.

"What?"

Myra smiled. And shook her head. "Nothing. Did you want something to drink?"

"Erm...something soft...like your butt!"

"And what about your headache?" She said sarcastically.

"OK, just a soft drink please" he replied sheepishly

She left for the docking bay. Myra came back a few minutes later. She handed him the drink.

"That's so damned nice...who's a clever little pussy cat?"

"Gee thanks" she replied, taking a swig of her own drink.

Myra glanced around the bridge taking her mind of the situation, and then she saw it.

“Oh I thought I took that to my room in the lair” She said in thought.

“What?”

Myra walked over the other side of the room She picked up a picture frame with writing on it.

“It’s a poem,” She said sitting back down in her chair.

“Want to read?”

"I'll have a look"

Myra handed it over, sat aside, and let Schwenk read it:

When moonlight crawls along the street

Chasing away the summer heat

Footsteps outside somewhere below

The world revolves I let it go

We build our church above this street

We practice love between these sheets

The candy sweetness scent of you

It bathes my skin I'm stained by you

And all I have to do is hold you

There's a racing in my heart

I am barely touching you

The moonlight plays upon your skin

A kiss that lingers takes me in

I fall asleep inside of you

There are no words

There's only truth

Breathe in Breathe out

There is no sound

We move together up and down

We levitate our bodies' soar

Our feet don't even touch the floor

And nobody knows you like I do

The world doesn't understand

But I grow stronger in your hands

Turn the lights down low

Take it off

Let me show

My love for you

Insatiable

Turn me on

Never stop

Wanna taste every drop

My love for you

Insatiable,

"It's beautiful," Schwenk gasped.

Myra smiled. "I love it." she said. "Jaxx gave to me as a present"

"...I understand"

Myra smiled, and sat back in her chair.

"Who wrote it?"

Myra scratched her head. "Jaxx wrote it. He knew how much I loved poetry and gave to me a pre-wedding present," She said quietly.

"You like the arts?"

"I was going to be teacher in creative writing if Thundera was not destroyed."

"That's a real pity...you would be great with children.... a real enthusiasm"

"Well I hope to have that chance one day. With my own children...if I had any of course" she said.

"I'm sure you will get the chance to achieve all of your dreams one day"

She smiled.

"I have no plans to go anywhere.... well, the chance to be Shula's meal I'm going to have to cancel I think"

Myra laughed. "So you have a busy schedule huh?"

"Yeah most of it involves me making sure I am not the next meal" he smiled

"You should get back, they might check up on you"

Myra nodded thoughtfully. "Your right." she said standing up.

"I'll go to bed too, but I will fall asleep with you in my mind...hopefully to dream of you too"

Myra smiled. "I will come back once this is all blown over," she said.

"I'll listen in over the wire too"

Myra nodded. Myra walked over to the doorway, ready to leave.

"I'm sorry about earlier!"

Myra turned around. "Its ok. I am sorry if I hurt you" she smiled.

"I'll see you tomorrow I hope!"

"Me too" she smiled.

She left the ship and wondered back to the lair. She felt happy that she was breaking him down like a virus, which consumes you from the inside out. It would be easier to kill him. She then couldn't help but feel guiltily. But why should she feel like this? He made her way she is, but on the flip side she found who he is under his skin, why he is the way he is, his human side. On some levels she wasn't any better. Bitter, vengeful, waiting a quick acting painkiller. Would she end up killing scores of Humans like he has with Thunderians?

Myra rubbed her eyes as she entered the cat's lair. She crept quietly to her room and settled in bed, and let the darkness and solitude of sleep take over.