

The New King

By NoWhere_Man

Chapter 3

A score of moments after the death of the petalar Emrick

"Dauntless"

The heat from the fires raging behind was unbearable. On rolling blackened clouds of smoke blotted out the stars of the midnight skies. A league of enemies was swarming in all sides, with no chance of escape in sight. These are the last moments of Cheetara's life and she's smiling. Scratch that. She's jubilant.

To her rear Tygra stood. Back rigid. Arms tight, the small sighted crosshairs of his pulse blaster raised, trained on the numerous enemies surrounding them. Prince Tygra, the tiger who abhorred anything that remotely had to do with technology, was now holding a piece of it like it was a part of him just like his own whip. The notion was so paradoxical that she might have laughed had the mood permitted.

Instead Cheetara's ruby eyes fall to her left, falling onto her king. Lord Lion-O's crimson flame of hair that now almost seemed like a crown. Poised sharp and ready, the Sword of Omens' red eye awakened as if it wanting to witness this battle itself. He is neither the Cat draped in his Father's looming shadow, nor the cub that so anxiously wanted to grow up. Instead a new man stands in their place.

He uses the example of a life-long friend that they had only known scarcely for twenty-four hours. That friend's life, his example, not only renewed the hope in her lord's heart, but it also unlocked that lost cub inside of him that still was able to dream. He stands now dauntless, without any fears, and no convictions.

His renewed strength and vigor seems to radiate off him like a Sun. Wrapping over Cheetara's body and through it. It rejuvenates her and electrifies every cell inside of her, more so than the scarlet Cat signal still blazing in the sky. It gives her the joy she now feels, enabling her to embrace this moment to its fullest.

The Lizard's demands for the sword fall upon deaf ears. He might as well ask for one of Third Earth's moons, he'll sooner pull that out of orbit, than pry the Sword of Omens from Lord Lion-O's grasp.

Lord Lion-O's eyes only narrow, no doubt figuring on the next fighting routine that's going to lay that lizard to ruin. She saw only moments ago her King's deathly swath through the lizard horde. He moved like the wind in a thunderstorm and the Sword of Omens was his lightning rod. Every

opponent that dared to stand before them wasn't merely defeated; they were smitten off of this plane. But still there was no rage in his heart, only faith.

For a moment Lion-O's fierce stare lessens, as he glances over to them uttering what might be his final words. Touched, even now among this chaos, Cheetara finds she has no regrets from her duty and her life. Every triumph and defeat set her on a pathway that lead up to this very moment. If this was to be the last night she drew breath, she would do it standing beside her King. Even Prince Tygra responds with the greatest compliment she ever heard him utter to his brother. It seemed for the moment even their rivalry had been put to an end.

They all stare back at the mob. Six cats all ready to lay down their lives for something larger than themselves. If this was going to be their last stand, what a wondrous stand it will be.

Suddenly an explosion cracks the field like a lightning bolt. This is only moments before the thunderous roar of a thundrillium-powered engine sunders the sky. Unbeknownst, to Lion-O and the rest of the Thundercats, their dauntless hearts would soon be rewarded.