

NC-17

"Good to see you again, Lion-O," greeted Tygra as he carried a large travel bag while he walked down the corridors of Cat's Lair alongside the Lord of the ThunderCats. "In person, of course."

"Yes," chuckled Lion-O, "of course. It's been too long."

"It has. The ride here uneventful, thankfully. I wonder if my brother's was any more exciting."

"No, from what Bengali told me, his flight to Third Earth was quiet, too."

"Ah, excellent. Still, just doesn't seem the same not having to fight some foe every other day."

Lion-O laughed. "Sometimes even multiple foes in the same day."

Tygra shook his head, while the smile still remained upon his face. "No matter how many times they fought us, they never once learned did they?"

"No, Tygra, not even once."

As the two continued to walk, Tygra's smile faded somewhat as he looked around. "Where is everyone? Rather quiet today."

"Ah, yes, well," Lion-O began as he rubbed the back of his head and grinned coyly, "you see, I commanded everyone to take the day off."

Tygra stopped and turned to Lion-O. An amused look overcame the tiger. "Commanded?"

Lion-O had to laugh and shrug. "Well, not really. I jokingly commanded them. However, no one complained about it."

Tygra snorted and shook his head again. "I'd think not, with a command like that."

"Anyway, Panthro's out testing modifications to the ThunderTank. WilyKit and WilyKat are out riding their hover boards, and probably up to some mischief. Snarf is out with Snarfer visiting friends. Cheetara's taking the time to explore. Pumyra is out with Lynx-O collecting herbs for medicines."

"It's like things had never changed."

"I agree. Almost like old times."

Tygra nodded. "Almost." Tygra then grew silent and pensive as he began his walk with Lion-O once more.

"Tygra, is something the matter?"

Tygra didn't respond.

"Tygra?"

"I heard your question, Lion-O," the tiger finally stated. "Could you lead me to my chamber first?"

"Of course, Tygra."

"And could you meet me there in, say, half an hour? There's something I wish to discuss with you, but I need some time to... collect my thoughts first."

Lion-O nodded, but there were hints of growing worry and curiosity upon his face. He decided to ask what was bothering Tygra later in his room. "Follow me."

Lion-O had arrived just as he had promised. One half hour later, on the dot. Tygra rose from the corner of his bed, where he had spent the time in near-meditation, and opened the door. This was going to take all of his resolve to pull off. He motioned for Lion-O to enter and forced himself a grin.

"Thank you for coming, Lion-O. Not that I was worried you'd be late."

"Anything for a friend."

"Please, Lion-O, take a seat at the foot of the bed."

Lion-O resisted the urge to give his fellow ThunderCat an odd look, but he did as instructed.

Tygra sat beside him, half a body's width between the two. The tiger had a sad air about him. "Lion-O, there's something I feel I must tell you."

**"What is it, Tygra? Is there something wrong? Anything I can do to help?"
Lion-O, concerned, set a hand upon the tiger's shoulder.**

Tygra didn't shy away from the comfort of Lion-O's hand upon him. He welcomed it, especially now. "Not exactly." The striped one couldn't help but to let a brief yet awkward moment pass. "Well, it's not quite all that... easy for me to explain." Tygra turned his head away. He didn't want Lion-O to see the look on his face. Not right now.

"Tygra, if there's anything I can do, anything at all, all you need to do is ask."

"It's something that... something I've wanted to say for quite some while now."

Lion-O's brow furrowed with growing concern. "Please, go on."

"Ever since the day we landed upon Third Earth." Tygra allowed yet another awkward hesitation to occur. "Ever since the day I first saw you... as an adult."

**Lion-O's furrowed brow altered slightly as his concern yielded to curiosity.
?What about that day?"**

"You remember when I said what a fine figure of a ThunderCat you were?"

"Yes, of course, Tygra. After all these years, I remember that quite well. How could I forget?" Lion-O chuckled briefly, but he couldn't hide the hint of discomfort he was beginning to feel. He withdrew his hand from Tygra.

Tygra lowered his head, as if ashamed. "I think... I love you."

**Lion-O gently leaned away from Tygra a bit, surprised as he was at Tygra's declaration.
"You what?"**

Tygra looked directly into Lion-O's eyes. "I'm in love with you. I've been in love with you ever since that day, and I'm in love with you now. It's... a secret I've kept within myself all this time and... now that we're together, I finally decided that it was time to tell you."

"Tygra, I... I honestly don't know what to say. It's... shocking, to say the least."

"Would you say it's absurd?" Tygra asked as he averted his eyes from Lion-O's general direction. He hung his head low again.

"No," Lion-O protested politely, "I wouldn't call it absurd, Tygra. Not at all. It just strikes me as... I don't know." Lion-O shrugged, and the look of confusion grew upon his face as he struggled to come to grips of what his long-time friend had just revealed to him. "Maybe I'm just surprised you didn't reveal this to me sooner. You're usually not one to keep secrets like this." That, and surprised at the fact that his friend had just admitted his love to him. Admire was one thing. But love?

Tygra raised his head, but he still dared not look at Lion-O just yet. "I know, it was silly of me, wasn't it? Keeping this simple fact from you for all these years. At first, I didn't want to believe it myself, really, but when I couldn't stop thinking about you after that day, I realised what had to be the simple truth." It was now Tygra's turn to let off an uncomfortable chuckle. "By the Eye, how I wrestled with the idea in the meantime."

Lion-O was still taken aback by the news, but the continued discussion helped ease the tension slightly. "I don't find it silly one bit, Tygra, and your affections for me won't affect how I view you as a person, for that matter. We've been through too much together for me to let something like that get in the way of our friendship, and even if we hadn't, it still wouldn't have any effect on it."

Tygra smiled and unleashed a sigh of relief. "I know. I always knew. Still, I felt... apprehension... in admitting to this before. I suppose I never said anything because I was afraid it would have interfered with some aspect of our... of your lives."

Lion-O silently raised a brow at Tygra's last words.

Tygra opened his mouth as if to speak, but he hesitated at first. "Yours and Cheetara's," he finally said.

"Oh, I see. Well, I can assure you that your revelation won't interfere with one single thing, Tygra, so don't worry about it anymore," Lion-O said as he set his hand upon Tygra's shoulder once more. "You're a ThunderCat, and therefore a person of integrity and reliability. I know you'd never do anything to jeopardise us or what we hold dear."

"Thank you, Lion-O."

Tygra's silence after that made Lion-O a bit uneasy, so he decided to speak. "Well, if there's nothing else, I should get around to scanning the area. Not that I really expect anything these days." Lion-O rose from the bed and stood.

"Wait, please," Tygra nearly pleaded. "I... there...." Tygra knew that asking what he was about to ask was going to be the most difficult and quite possibly the most painful part.

Lion-O sat back down at the bed. "I apologise. I didn't know there was more you wish to talk about. Go ahead. Take your time if you must. I don't have to scan right this minute." Lion-O tried his best to smile, but it was a feeble one at best.

After a moment's lapse, Tygra quietly asked, "Have you ever been... interested in..." Tygra didn't finish his question. He gazed at the burly lion by his side and set a hand softly upon his upper leg. "Would you consider an intimate experience with...."

Lion-O's visage was overcome momentarily with shock. The admittance of a love for him was one thing, but a desire to unite? Was that what Tygra was suggesting? Was this something that Tygra had longed for for all these years? Lion-O's mind nearly whirled at the thought, and he could feel the blood rushing to his face. He couldn't help but to stare at the hand upon his leg, and his mouth hung slightly slack. When he finally reclaimed his wits, he looked boldly yet not angrily at Tygra. "I appreciate your affections for me, but... I'm afraid I can't return the affection like that. I hope you understand."

Tygra removed his hand and nodded. A heavy sigh escaped from him. "I apologise, Lion-O. I didn't mean to...." Tygra fell silent once again, but he quickly, oddly, rebounded from his saddened state. "Well, what's been said is said, and it's been resolved. No need to dwell upon it, right?"

Lion-O nodded in agreement, thankful that this uncomfortable scene had finally passed. "Yes, I fully agree."

"Before we leave, let us have a toast, then, too friendship. I brought along some Berbil wine, something I'm sure you'll like."

"Berbil wine?" Lion-O asked, doing his best to forget what had transpired moments ago.

"Yes," Tygra said with a modicum of enthusiasm. "It's a very sweet wine, made from candy fruit, of course. It's truly amazing what those Berbils can do with

that candy fruit."

"Berbils are amazing creatures themselves," Lion-O added with a slowly returning smile, letting himself become comfortable with the more familiar atmosphere.

"I couldn't agree more," Tygra said as he entered his private bathroom, where a bottle of the Berbil wine was sitting in a bucket full of ice and two glasses were sitting atop the sink. He opened the bottle, and the ensuing pop echoed sharply within Tygra's chamber. Tygra then eyed the twin glasses. There was something that set one apart from the other, though. One's interior had a crystalline residue, while the other didn't. This didn't stop Tygra from pouring the wine into the glasses. Once he had finished pouring, he brought out the two glasses and offered one to Lion-O, who graciously accepted it. Tygra slowly spun the stem of his glass between his fingers, back and forth, back and forth, until he could no longer see the faint residue in his glass. "To friends, may they be forever," Tygra toasted as he raised his glass.

"To friends, who are forever," Lion-O said as he took a swig of the wine. "You were right, Tygra. This is quite good. You should present this to Snarf. I'm sure he'd love to stock up on this."

"I'm sure he would, Lion-O," Tygra grinned. Tygra looked fondly at Lion-O, who suddenly appeared to be in some measure of discomfort.

"Something's... wrong, Tygra." Lion-O began to tremble and gag. "What's... hap... hap...."

Tygra watched as Lion-O shook himself into a reclining position upon his bed. A devious smile crept across the tiger's mouth. "The poison I put in the wine is tasteless and odourless, but the crystalline antidote I had in my glass is extremely bitter," Tygra said as he spilled the contents of his glass onto the floor. "I'm afraid I can't finish mine."

Lion-O had, by this time, fully extended out upon Tygra's bed, quivering and wheezing and wide-eyed. His muscles refused to obey his will. Each strand of muscle felt like it was being pulled taut to the point of tearing. He could feel his throat being constricted by the poison, and his body felt as though thousands upon thousands of tiny, burning needles were repeatedly piercing his flesh, his innards, his mind. His whole body was aflame, and he was powerless to even cry out from the pain. The best that he could manage was a strangulated gurgle-like sound.

"It'll be over soon, Lion-O. The toxin acts like tetanus, only it acts more quickly. Every muscle in your body will stiffen until it's rigid and unyielding. it also causes the throat to constrict. You'll eventually suffocate and die. I just wish it didn't have to come to this. You do realise that this is entirely

your fault. You really shouldn't have spurned me like you did...." Tygra leaned over Lion-O and spread his legs wide. "I swore to myself that I would have you, after all these years. I will not be denied now."

With a mighty roar, Tygra tore away the briefs from Lion-O's body. Tygra then unleashed a foul and horrible laugh as he watched Lion-O's member erect itself little by little, due to a peculiar side-effect of the poison as well as due to Lion-O's slow, cruel suffocation. Tygra leaned close to Lion-O's groin and gently caressed the phallus with his tongue. Tygra giggled uncontrollably for a moment before whispering, "Yes, stiffen, my love, so that you're love for me will be as firm as mine is for you." Tygra then proceeded to lean his head deep into Lion-O's groin, letting Lion-O's hardened, fully erect penis gently slide down into his mouth and down his throat. There was no gag reflex on Tygra's part. This was something he had wanted for years, ever since that day. Ever since that day.

Tygra then began to remove Lion-O's member from his mouth, but all the while he had set his teeth upon it, so that it would slither tenderly between them. Once fully removed, Tygra peered upon his helpless guest, who was now beginning to turn blue from oxygen deprivation. "Not much longer, Lion-O," Tygra repeated with a smile. The tiger repeated the act of fellatio another time, only in this instance, he didn't remove it all the way. He kept it in his mouth, and he tickled the tip with his tongue. Tygra then began to rub his hands up and down and all around Lion-O's weakly trembling legs, in rhythm to the bobbing of his head. Tygra still let his teeth caress Lion-O's member with each bob until he felt-- and he could somehow sense this-- that Lion-O was about to ejaculate.

Tygra moaned in joyous expectation, and he angled and lowered his head so that one pair of his fangs clamped half-way down the shaft of Lion-O's penis, locking it in place in his mouth. Then, the explosion, the sweet taste, the ecstasy that Tygra had longed for since first saw the mature lion-man flowed and swirled around in his mouth, and in that ecstasy, Tygra bit hard and tore his fangs through the flesh, allowing Lion-O's blood to mingle with the semen. Tygra swished the concoction within his mouth as one would a fine wine before swallowing. Oh, how it felt as the mixture slid down his throat. Tygra closed his eyes and moaned again as the throbbing of Lion-O's body slowly faded into nothingness, just as the erection melted away and the blood stopped flowing into his mouth. Only once Lion-O had ceased to move all together did Tygra remove himself from Lion-O's body. The once noble lion was now dead, and Tygra felt not one single bit of remorse for his passing. Tygra slid off his bed and collapsed

upon the floor, a satisfied smile upon his face. He licked his lips with a deliberate slowness, and he remained upon the floor, unmoving. Yes, he decided that this was well worth it. If he couldn't have Lion-O for the rest of his days, then he'd have Lion-O for one. That was enough for him. Satisfied as he was, he still didn't feel complete. Not quite yet. No, there was still one more thing he had to do....

Tygra had been sitting quietly and peacefully at his place within the council chamber when the slender and graceful cheetah finally entered. "Ah, Cheetara, I was getting worried I'd be here by myself all day. It's good to see you again." Tygra arose and positioned himself before her, his arms open wide to embrace her.

Cheetara fell into the tiger's arms and embraced him as well, and she smiled as they released one another. "It's good to see you, too, Tygra." Cheetara paused for a second before she asked, "Is Lion-O here?"

"No, he went mountain-climbing. I can imagine what Snarf would think of that, after last time."

Cheetara laughed momentarily. "Yes, but at least this time there aren't any Mutants to worry about."

"True," Tygra nodded with a chuckle. Then, Tygra's happy demeanour gave way to an expression more sombre. "Cheetara, I have a confession to make."

Cheetara gave Tygra a worried look. "Yes, Tygra?"

Tygra turned his head away. He didn't want Cheetara to see the expression upon his face. Once fully turned away, Tygra's mouth pulled into a hideous, demented smile, with all of his teeth bared, and his eyes were glazed over with utter corruption and insanity.

"Tygra? Is there something you wanted to say?" There was a compassionate gentleness in Cheetara's voice, but it only served to widen the mad tiger's evil smile.

Tygra ceased his demented smile and turned to the concerned cheetah before him. There was a look of sorrow in his eyes, but far beyond his eyes, hidden deep within the recesses of his mind, there was a yearning still waiting to be fulfilled.

"Cheetara, there's something I feel I must tell you, something I've wanted to say for quite some while now."