

Lioncry by Myra the Sark

Story Notes:

This story is also on FanFiction.

Author's Chapter Notes:

This chapter doesn't actually have any of the characters, but it mentions them.

“Long ago, an evil being came into existence due to the power of the demon lord Malestri. The being was called Orochighidora, the eight-tailed space-dragon, and it was feared for destroying planets within five hours of coming to one. No matter what its inhabitants could do, even their sharpest of weapons left nary a scratch on the beast’s hide. It destroyed planet after planet...until it was finally felled by the grace of our beloved Snow Angel Guardians of Amertoa, Imari, Cyril, Saurian, Moeōkami, and Snow-Angel. But shortly before, however, Orochighidora had gone to the planet Arus of the Diamond galaxy. The protectors of the planet, the Voltron Force, rose to face the beast...but though they fought valiantly, even Voltron’s Blazing Sword could not slay the demon. Almost in contempt, it blasted the robot with electricity...which, to the bystanders’ utmost horror, blasted the robot apart, back into the five Robot Lions. As far as it is known, only one of the pilots lived, along with the three cadets. No one knows where they are now. I, but a lone Sark, fear I will not be able to assist them in anyway, though I wish I could. May Amaries watch over them. May she watch over us all, in these dark times...”

Sighing, the Sark withdrew her muzzle from her memory jug. One day. Just one day had passed since Voltron Force had been defeated. Nearly the entire galaxy was in a state of shock, and even Lotor wasn’t doing anything. It was as if everything, good and evil, were frightened by forces that were higher than them◆”some for the first time ever.

The she-wolf looked outside her den to the stars. They twinkled brightly. Amaries... She pleaded to her patron with her thoughts, begging for any kind of sign. “Tell me, please◆”what has become of the four survivors?”

As if in response, a shooting star blazed across the indigo Amertoan sky. To most, it would be a simple shooting star; but to the Sark, it was much more.

In its light, she saw four figures on a mountaintop, on a planet where it was clearly late autumn: three teenagers, with their eyes glinting with unspoken, raw grief◆”especially in one’s. Standing apart from them was the one pilot who had lived. The veteran was gazing at the sky, tears trailing down their face, seeming to silently ask, “Why me?”

Almost as quickly as it had started, the vision ended. The Amertoan she-wolf shook her head, and smiled faintly to herself, before going to one of her empty memory jugs.

“The children have a light in the dark. The surviving pilot will guide them through this challenge. And Voltron shall return, stronger than before.” So said the Sark of the Smoke River, Myra.