

Dawnbridge's favor... (Warrior Cats Fanfiction)

from JayfeatherBB

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Introduction

I have made an exciting story about a cat named Dawnbridge, from ThunderClan. Blue writing is Dawnbridge, Navy Blue is Sheen/Sheentail!

Chapter 1

PROLOUGE

A blue cat sprinted towards ThunderClan camp. The fox's breath was hot on her tail, which was curled onto her back. A thought suddenly jolted into her mind.

What if it follows me into camp?

She dug her claws into the ground and braced herself. When she felt nothing, she opened her eyes.

Her jaw dropped, and she looked around. Stars were circling around her, but even farther than that, her ancestors. ThunderClan territory, sparkling with stars. The blue cat breathed.

Starclan!

Chapter 2

CHAPTER ONE

Dawnbridge sniffled. Bluetail was gone. Her only mother. She growled unexpectedly. "I should have helped her!" She snarled, and struck a blow at a wad of moss. "I should have helped her." She whispered.

Crevicefoot stood at the entrance to the hollow tree trunk that was the medicine den.

"What do you want?" Dawnbridge hissed sadly.

Crevicefoot dipped his head. "The vigil for your mother is starting," he mewed.

A thought struck Dawnbridge. "I hope she made it to StarClan." She blurted and pelted out of the den.

Crevicefoot stood with his head dipped, and his eyes looked around. "Okay..." he meowed. He sighed and turned out of the den.

Dawnbridge sniffed Bluetail's body. The scent of death was unmistakable, and she hissed sadly.

ThunderClan leader padded out of his den and onto Highledge. "ThunderClan!" Riverstar yowled.

"We need to bring Bluetail to StarClan!"

He gave a reassuring look to Dawnbridge. "Dawnbridge," he mewed softly, as if talking to a frail elder. "Would you lead it, please?"

Dawnbridge's eyes rounded. "Sure." She meowed, a little nervous. "Bluetail, you were a noble mother, mate, and deputy. We all hope you make it to StarClan. Courtesy of... ThunderClan."

The clan hissed soberly in return, like a chorus of sad birds.

Dawnbridge looked up, to see if a new star had appeared in the sky. It was impossible to tell.

Riverstar leaped over to her. "I'm sorry," he mewed. "You have less, but life goes on. Do the rest of your duties."

"Okay," Dawnbridge mumbled.

"Come on," he urged. "Crevicefoot needs you!"

Dawnbridge looked at him. "No." She meowed. "I'm running away."

Chapter 3

CHAPTER 2

Dawnbridge scented the air. She could tell that she was far from ThunderClan territory.

Her sister had once left ThunderClan because she felt that no one appreciated her. She hadn't told anyone where she went. Not even Bluetail or Dawnbridge.

Dawnbridge leaped over a fallen tree. She landed on smooth Twoleg substance. Thunderpath.

Dawnbridge carefully looked around. She didn't want to rouse any monsters. Once she knew it was safe, she was haring over the sticky tar.

Dawnbridge, once across the Thunderpath, found a rabbit scent. She crouched. Her mouth watered as she crept up on it. The rabbit suddenly lifted its head, alerted. It hopped away.

"Fox dung!" She cursed. She chased it and soon she had clawed its tail towards her.

Dawnbridge licked her lips and bit into its neck.

Sheentail would have loved this meal. Dawnbridge tucked in and washed after she had finished.

The stars had popped out; it was night. Dawnbridge curled up and willed no harm to herself.

???

"Who are you?" A low growl breathed on her face. "Reed, check her out."

A cat sniffed her. "Yeah. She smells like you when you joined." Dawnbridge opened her eyes, a the tom was wrinkling his nose.

Dawnbridge quickly got up from her position on the grass. "You smell familiar..." she locked eyes with the tan she-cat.

"You-" her voice cracked with emotion. "Are you Dawnpaw?"

Dawnbridge's eyes rounded. "I'm Dawnbridge now."

"What do you want with me?" Sheentail whispered hastily.

Dawnbridge's eyes brimmed with tears. "I miss you, Sheentail."

Sheentail smiled. "I'm just Sheen now." Her tail found its place resting on Dawnbridge's shoulder.

"Hopefully you haven't come to convince me to come back."

Dawnbridge shook her head. "I want to stay with you," she mewed. "I need to tell you something."

Sheen flicked her tail off of Dawnbridge's shoulder. "Alright." She meowed. "Come with me."

Chapter 4

CHAPTER THREE

Dawnbridge curled up next to her long-lost sister. She paused, her breath caught in her throat.

"Blue-Bluetail died." Dawnbridge looked away before she could see her sister's reaction.

Sheen gasped and stopped breathing. "No..." but she stopped talking for the rest of the night.

Dawnbridge woke up. A scrawny mouse lie in front of her nose. Sheen was eating a sparrow.

"I have to go back." Sheen meowed anxiously. "I have to say goodbye to Bluetail!"

"It was a long way from there to here," Dawnbridge pointed out. "It would take at least two days. She could be buried deep by then already!"

Sheen shook her head. "I don't care if I have to dig her up and bury her all by myself again!" She meowed. "I need to say goodbye!"

Sheen's voice dropped to a whisper. "I'm sorry I missed her ceremony. I didn't know."

Dawnbridge snorted. "That was obvious," but she couldn't help having some pity for her sister.

"Alright," Dawnbridge sighed. "I'll take you back, but only on one condition..."

Chapter 5

CHAPTER FOUR

"I can't believe I'm actually doing this," Sheen mewed. "I just can't bear not saying goodbye."

Dawnbridge sighed. "You've been saying that the whole trip," She complained.

Sheen glared at her. "Well, I'm going hunting," she grunted as she ran towards a beach tree, nuts scattered around.

Sheen crouched as she heard a scuttling noise. It was a mouse, but she wouldn't dare tell Dawnbridge.

Sheen crept forward, her paws barely skimming the leaves and nuts as she walked. She pounced. The mouse squeaked and Sheen watched as several other mice scampered away. She stared into the mouse's eyes. She bit into his neck reluctantly.

"Hey, Dawnbridge!" Sheen called around the mouse, limp in her jaws. "Mouse!"

She caught up to Dawnbridge and dropped the mouse before her. She licked her lips. "I haven't eaten since moonhigh last night!" Dawnbridge meowed and gulped a bite down.

Sheen watched as the mouse disappeared.

"Hey! Don't eat it all!" Sheen growled. Dawnbridge stepped away. Sheen ate a little, but she wasn't very hungry. Her stomach was churning with guilt.

Dawnbridge rolled onto her back and mewed. "Are you okay?"

Sheen didn't answer. "Just..." she sighed. "I miss Bluetail."

Dawnbridge flicked her tail irritably. "You left us! What did you expect?"

Sheen looked away. "I... I didn't know!" Sheen turned back, her eyes brimming with emotion. "I didn't feel welcome. No one cared when I left, did they?"

Dawnbridge was about to retort, but she bit it back. Sheen needed her acceptance, not her rudeness.

"It's okay," she soothed, forgetting about Sheen's bluntness. "You-"

Dawnbridge's voice was cut off by a howl.

Sheen shrank. "Wolf!" She wailed miserably.

She slunk out of Dawnbridge's sight.

Sheen shook out her ruffled pelt. "Dawnbridge doesn't mean it," Sheen mumbled. "She wouldn't mean it..."

She padded farther away from Dawnbridge and the wolf, speculating. Sheen stopped as the howling ceased.

Sheen opened her mouth to scent, and a strong scent flooded her senses...

Wolf!

Chapter 6

CHAPTER FIVE

Dawnbridge bowled into the gray wolf. Sheen let out a thin shriek. Dawnbridge pushed grief away as she remembered how Bluetail had died.

The wolf howled in agony as Dawnbridge sliced her claws over his muzzle. Sheen limped over to him and bit his leg roughly. Dawnbridge pushed her aside. She was too injured already.

Dawnbridge snarled and body slammed the wolf on his flank.

The wolf whimpered and limped away.

Sheen was gasping for breath. "Dawnbridge!" She breathed. "I didn't tell you..." her eyes closed and a spasm rippled through her body.

Dawnbridge blinked. She couldn't believe it.

Sheen was kitting!

Chapter 7

CHAPTER SIX

Sheen shrieked. Dawnbridge backed away and started out of the hollow tree trunk.

"Dawnbridge!" She groaned as another spasm shook her body.

Dawnbridge peeked in. "You'll be fine." She meowed calmly. "I need to fetch some raspberry for a moment."

Sheen shuddered.

Dawnbridge dropped some jagged-edged leaves in front of her. "Swallow them after chewing." She instructed, her voice quavering.

Sheen did so.

Dawnbridge pressed a trembling paw to Sheen's flank. Her eyes widened. She pushed a thick stick towards Sheen. "Bite on this when the pain comes!" She mewed urgently and ran out.

Sheen grabbed the stick dully.

Dawnbridge quickly padded back in, and Sheen moaned.

Sheen's body convulsed and suddenly jolted. Dawnbridge gasped and ducked forward.

"A tom," she sighed in relief.

Sheen screamed.

"A she-kit!" Dawnbridge's face contorted as she bent down, and this time Sheen watched as she nipped the membrane sac around the tiny bundle of fur that was her kit.

Dawnbridge hissed. "Quiet!" She pushed Sheen's flank. Her lips curled into a smile. "You did well, sister."

Sheen purred and curled around her kits. "These are Sky's kits." She meowed. She set her head down. "He would have loved them," she breathed.

Dawnbridge sat next to her sister. "I never knew his name," she mewed sullenly.

"You would have lov-" Sheen cut off. "We can't travel with newborn kits," She murmured, realizing. She looked up at Dawnbridge. "Bluetail will definitely be buried."

Dawnbridge swept her tail over Sheen's mouth. "Sleep," she soothed. "We'll go tomorrow."

Sheen gazed confusedly at her. "But..."

Chapter 8

CHAPTER SEVEN

"Time to go," Dawnbridge announced. Sheen cocked her head and wrapped her tail protectively around Stark and Rose.

Sheen lifted her nose. "My kits are too young," she protested. "Only two days!"

Dawnbridge nuzzled Sheen. "I'll carry them," she meowed with a flick of her tail. "When they want milk they can rest."

Sheen got up reluctantly and padded out of the den, into the crisp air. "Stark! Wake your sister up and come out!"

Dawnbridge heard Rose's mewl of protest as Stark shook her awake. "Rose!" She called. "We're leaving!"

Sheen peered worriedly into the den. "Stark?"

Stark bounced out; Rose cautiously followed.

Dawnbridge purred. "Let's go," she meowed, amused.

Rose groaned. "Do we have to?" She mewed. "My paws are sore!"

Sheen looked up expectantly at Dawnbridge, as if willing her to tell them they weren't going.

"I'll carry you," Dawnbridge offered. She wasn't about to give up just because Rose was sore.

Rose breathed appreciatively in her direction. "Thanks," she meowed, and hopped up.

"Come on!" Stark complained. "Sheen, can I have a badger ride?"

Sheen purred and crouched down.

Dawnbridge bounded away, Rose's claws clutching her back.

Chapter 9

CHAPTER EIGHT

Dawnbridge could just make out the outline of the ThunderClan dirtplace.

Sheen was behind her, her fur fizzled up.

"Camp!" Dawnbridge exclaimed and slid Rose off of her back. "Home!"

Sheen twitched her tail and followed Dawnbridge as she jumped across the dirtplace in one leap.

A few warriors filed out of their den and caught sight of her. "Dawnbridge?" Murmurs ran through the group.

"Dawnbridge!" A commanding order shot through the clear morning air.

Dawnbridge barely had time to turn around when a dark brown cat sat in front of her. Soiltail.

"Father?" Soiltail nodded. Dawnbridge looked at her paws.

"What were you thinking?" He snarled with rage, teeth bared.

Dawnbridge hung her head.

"Dawnbridge didn't do anything wrong."

The voice led to a small gray tom on the other side of the clearing. Dawnbridge purred and walked towards him. "Crevicefoot," she wrapped around him and backed up to let him talk.

He licked his belly fur in embarrassment and ran towards her. He nuzzled her.

Soiltail glared at Dawnbridge as she padded towards him. "Why should we take you back in?"

Dawnbridge quickly ducked her head to cover her smile. "I brought back four warriors as a proposition instead of one."

Soiltail's eyes softened. "Who?"

Finally, Sheen's kits tumbled out of the dirtplace and into the clearing.

"Soiltail," Sheen strode up to her father.

"Sheentail." He responded coldly.

"Why do you deserve to come back?" Soiltail asked.

Sheen twitched her tail. "I am a trained warrior." She replied, her mew filled with dread as it shook.

"And kits."

Soiltail drew his lips back in a snarl. "I don't care! Sheentail, you left and your mother died not knowing if you were safe! I hate you!"

"Sheen!" She hissed, betrayal smothering her voice.

Dawnbridge stepped in between them. "Stop!" She turned to Soiltail. "If you make her go, you'll lose both of us!"

It was Crevicefoot's turn. "You'd also lose me, because I can't let Dawnbridge go alone!"

Another warrior chimed in. "Three great warriors and two future ones!"

Soiltail flinched as Riverstar climbed up onto Highledge.

"ThunderClan! I think it is time we welcome Sheen back into our clan!"

A halfhearted cheer came from the clan.

They don't trust her just yet. Dawnbridge realized.

Chapter 10

DAWNBRIDGE RETURNS IN THE NEXT FAN-FICTION!

Stay tuned for the next fan-fiction, DAWNBRIDGE AND SHEENTAIL!

Dawnbridge and Sheentail (Dawnbridge Fan fiction #2)

from JayfeatherBB

online:

<https://www.allthetests.com/fan-fiction/warrior-cats-warriors/qu>

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Introduction

Join Dawnbridge in another exciting adventure- and more problems. Read as Sheentail and Dawnbridge work through events together- forever. (Second book, Dawnbridge's point of view is blue, Sheentail's is navy. New characters include red and teal)



Chapter 1

Hey guys! If you are reading this, I have finished my last book that will go on allthetests.com! Thanks for the support! I need you to give me OCs (your character ideas) and fan art please! In the comments, or email me! Thanks guys! Now, onto the story!



Chapter 2

CHAPTER 1

Dawnbridge shifted her belly out from underneath her.

Sheentail was pacing in front of her, Starkkit and Rosekit pouncing on her tail.

"Sheentail?" Dawnbridge mewed delicately.

"Mhm..." Sheentail was gazing out the entrance of the nursery.

Dawnbridge inhaled sharply. "How-how does kitting feel?" She meowed cautiously.

Sheentail stayed silent.

"Sheentail!" She snapped.

Sheentail whipped around, ears flattened. "What?"

"Did you even hear me?" Dawnbridge hissed.

"Sorry," Sheentail hung her head. She glanced at the entrance again. "I'm worried." She meowed in dismay. "I miss Sky. He hasn't even met his kits. He probably doesn't even know he does have kits!"

"Stop! Stop talking!" Dawnbridge exclaimed. "First of all, even if whatever you said was important," - "Hey!" - "it definitely doesn't matter as much as my expectancy."

"Ouch," came a voice from the outside of the nursery.

"She burned you, and she burned you good!"

"Oh, Crevicefoot," Dawnbridge purred with affection.

She strode out.

Crevicefoot watched her, then smirked back at Dawnbridge. He walked over to her.

"Hey, kits!" He called.

Rosekit turned her head and scampered back to the nursery. Sheentail lashed her tail at Crevicefoot.

"Come on, Starkkit!" Rosekit called.

Starkkit stumbled after her.

"Hello," Crevicefoot mewed. "I thought, since you were almost apprentices...." this got a squeal from the kits. "How about a battle move?"

"Really?" Rosekit squawked.

Crevicefoot nodded. "Really."

Starkkit pounced atop Rosekit and they started scuffling.

Crevicefoot chuckled. "That's not how you fight, little ones!"

Dawnbridge purred lovingly. "You're so kind, Crevicefoot!"

Crevicefoot smiled gratefully and rushed towards the kits.

He talked while he tussled with the kits.

"So, when do you think they'll come?" Crevicefoot's mew was muffled by Rosekit falling on top of him.

"Soon," Dawnbridge meowed anxiously. "In the next moon I'm sure."

Crevicefoot looked back towards her. "Really?"

"Well, we can go check for ourselves.." Dawnbridge flicked her tail at the medicine den.

Crevicefoot's eyes brimmed with emotion. "Come on," he mewed to the kits.

"Awww..." Rosekit and Starkkit responded.

"Only a few more moments?" Starkkit begged.

"Alright," Crevicefoot relented. He shot Dawnbridge an innocent look and went back to playing with the kits.

Dawnbridge sighed and settled down again, only to stand back up urgently. She moaned and meowed to Crevicefoot. "I think the kits might come soon," she grunted. She wasn't completely sure he could hear her over the pounding of her heart and the roaring of blood in her ears, though.

Crevicefoot broke away from Starkkit and glanced at her. "Okay," he mewed, confused, and leapt back across the nursery.

"Crevicefoot!" She snapped anxiously. "Like, soon soon!"



Chapter 3

CHAPTER 2

"Dawnbridge?" Sheentail heard Crevicefoot mew urgently.

"Stop, Crevicefoot!" Sheentail snapped. "You don't know what to do! That's me!"

Sheentail shoved him out of the way. "Come on, Dawnbridge," she soothed. "We need to get to the medicine den."

"Okay," Dawnbridge gasped. "I'm fine, I'm fine,"

"Good," Sheentail said. "Keep doing that."

Dawnbridge nodded.

They reached the medicine den and called into the entrance. "Lavenderfur!" Sheentail fretted.

"Dawnbridge's kitting!"

Lavenderfur appeared at the entrance. "Oh my..."

She gathered herself and replied. "Alright. Come on inside."

Dawnbridge moaned. Sheentail looked at her with concern.

"Crevicefoot!" She whispered.

"He's here," Lavendertail soothed. "Stay calm, and try to breathe more, not less."

Dawnbridge looked at Sheentail. Sheentail nodded.

Lavenderfur turned to Sheentail. "Grab some raspberry and burnet."

"To give her strength?" Sheentail queried.

"Yes." Lavenderfur cocked her head. "How do you know?"

Sheentail shrugged. "I guess I learned a thing or two while living as a rogue,"

Lavenderfur nodded. "Thank goodness Dawnbridge was at your kitting. Thanks to her, we have two new kits!"

Sheentail gritted her teeth. They're my kits!

She kept her fur flat. "Yes," she mewed calmly. "And now it is time for that great debt to be repaid,"

Sheentail grimaced at her words. So cheesy.

Dawnbridge interrupted her thoughts with a low moan.

Sheentail and Lavenderfur looked worriedly at her.

"It's time," Sheentail said in sync with a convulsion from Dawnbridge.

Lavenderfur dashed over to Dawnbridge. "Eat this," she ordered and shoved a raspberry leaf close to her muzzle.

Sheentail picked a few burnet leaves up with her claws. "Give these to her," she told Lavenderfur and ran out the medicine den to fetch Crevicefoot.

Crevicefoot was pacing in front of the medicine clearing. His ears perked when Sheentail walked up.

"Is she alright? Is she? I hope she is. Is there anything I can do? Ugh. I should've seen it coming quicker! Sheentail!"

"Stop. Talking. Please!" Sheentail growled. "She's fine. Visit her then collect moss and soak it with water."

Crevicefoot tilted his head. "Can't you do that?"

Sheentail groaned. "We need only the freshest water. And moss. Wouldn't you like that for your mate?"

Crevicefoot's eyes widened. "Of course!" He padded into the medicine den.

A gasp. "Dawnbridge!"

Sheentail walked in after him. Dawnbridge was sprawled, barely breathing, on the shredded bracken and moss.

She moaned and her body convulsed again.

"I'll- I'll go fetch that water now-"

Sheentail shook her head. "It's too late for water now. The kits are almost here."

Crevicefoot's face lit up.

Sheentail felt a strange bubbling feeling in her chest. She had a very strong sense that feeling was pride.

Oh, dear sister, how can I not be proud of you?



Chapter 4

CHAPTER 3

Dawnbridge gasped for breath. Even though she was surrounded by her family- Crevicefoot, Soiltail, and Sheentail- she had never felt more alone.

The pain was too much to bear. She fought the urge to give way to the dizzying blackness that was sleep.

Everything felt far away.

Lavenderfur pressed a paw to her flank. "Here comes the first one," her dreamy mew sounded.

Dawnbridge trembled. "Help..." her whisper was almost inaudible.

Lavenderfur's forehead creased with worry. Dawnbridge's breathing quickened. Was there something wrong with her kits?

"I know what's wrong!" Sheentail exclaimed. "It's swollen!"

Lavenderfur tilted her head. "Seems logical!"

"We need to stop it from swelling," Sheentail mewed. "Get more burnet, then Dawnbridge, try to stop pushing."

Dawnbridge blinked back blankly.

"It might be hard," Sheentail warned.

Dawnbridge sighed.

"Okay," Dawnbridge meowed.

Lavenderfur gave her a pawful of burnet.

She turned to Crevicefoot. "We need that water now."

Crevicefoot flicked his tail in agreement and trotted out of the medicine den.

A convulsion passed through Dawnbridge's body and she braced herself for pain.

"Don't push!" Sheentail snapped.

Dawnbridge resisted what her body wanted her to do.

There was a lot of bustling in the next few moments. Dawnbridge tried not to push.

"Alright, Dawnbridge," Lavenderfur nodded. "Time to push. When I say."

Dawnbridge purred with joy. Her kits would finally come!

Her body jerked.

"Push!" Lavenderfur mewed.

Dawnbridge pushed with such force that the kit tumbled in the nest instantaneously.

"Lick it," Sheentail ordered Crevicefoot.

"It's a she-kit!" Crevicefoot announced.

"Push!" Lavenderfur meowed.

Dawnbridge again pushed, and this time she looked at her kit.

"Another she-kit!" Sheentail said.

Dawnbridge purred. She had two daughters. One was dark brown, like Dawnbridge, and the other was a light brown-gray.

In the midst of thoughts, she didn't hear Sheentail and Lavenderfur.

"PUSH, DAWNBRIDGE!" They roared.

Dawnbridge flinched and pushed again.

"Another she-kit!"

"She still looks so big!" Crevicefoot awed. He looked her way. "No offense," he raised his tail in innocence.

Again, Dawnbridge pushed. And pushed.

In the end, she had six she-kits and one tom.

"Wow, Crevicefoot."

Crevicefoot was licking the last of birth off of his kits. "I'm a father of seven!" He exclaimed.

"I'm exhausted," Dawnbridge sighed. She looked at him. "And I expect a thank you."

Crevicefoot licked his belly fur. "Thanks," he mumbled.

"I can't hear you."

"Thanks!" He mewed loudly.

Dawnbridge purred.

Crevicefoot shifted closer. "What should we name them?"

"The one that looks like me should be Pinekit." She murmured.

Pinekit mewled in response.

Crevicefoot let out a mroww of laughter. "This grayish-brown one is Stonekit."

"The albino one should be Shimmerkit. I can just tell that she needs an amazing name to live through all of the teasing her denmates will do to her for being white."

Crevicefoot nodded. "She looks like a lynx."

"Crevicefoot, the last one is yours to choose."

Crevicefoot held his tail high. "I think she looks like a Rosekit, with those red-amber eyes."

Dawnbridge purred and pulled her kits closer to her. "And what about this one?" She mewed softly, whisking her tail around to point at the only tom.

"Our only tom," he mewed with mock sadness. "If only we'd had eight instead of seven."

"Well?" She laughed. "What should we name our 'only tom'?"

"Turtlekit." Crevicefoot announced. "With his shimmering light-gray fur, he looks like a slimy, disgusting, stinky fish!"

Dawnbridge scowled and cuffed him gently around the ear.

"You guys can stay in the medicine den tonight," Lavenderfur mentioned.

Dawnbridge and Crevicefoot jumped.

"Hi?" Dawnbridge meowed.

Lavenderfur purred. "Rest in peace!" She said.

Dawnbridge laughed and rested her tail on Crevicefoot's shoulder.

"We are a family of nine."



Chapter 5

CHAPTER 6

Shimmerkit sneezed. This white stuff sure made it hard to learn to walk.

Sheentail laughed. "Shimmerkit, are you okay?"

Shimmerkit drooped her tail. Cats were always asking her these questions. Just because she was albino didn't mean that she was incapable. Of anything!

Lynxkit nudged her uneasily. "Why- why don't you come with us?" She motioned towards the other five kits tussling at the edge of the clearing.

Shimmerkit shook her head. "No," she mewed. "I want to impress mama." She glanced up at Dawnbridge.

Lynxkit blinked.

"She thinks I'm stupid!" Shimmerkit went on.

"Why?" Rosekit approached.

Shimmerkit turned on her. "Because I'm the runt! Because I'm albino! Because of some stupid, StarClan-cursed genetic problem!" She spat.

Rosekit shrank back. "I don't think you're stupid!" She chimed.

Lynxkit gave her a let-me-deal-with-it glare and Rosekit tripped over to her littermates.

"Shimmerkit," Dawnbridge sighed. "I don't think you're stupid."

Dawnbridge purred. "You think I don't notice?"

Shimmerkit licked her belly fur in embarrassment.

Sheentail padded closer. "Nobody thinks that you're stupid, Shimmerkit,"

Shimmerkit glanced at her siblings forlornly. "Alright." She exhaled.

"Hey!" Sheentail snapped. "Stop being a goody-two-paws and play like you're supposed to!"

She whipped around, tail lashing.

Dawnbridge watched as she left. She turned back towards her two she-kits and shook her head.

"Sheentail is... a bit crabby today.."

Shimmerkit sighed. When would anybody understand her?



Chapter 6

CHAPTER 7

Sheentail stomped off. Shimmerkit couldn't put her down.

The thing that hurt her most was that Shinmerkit had said the exact opposite of the truth.

Sheentail envied Dawnbridge. Dawnbridge got to have seven kits, and one was also really cool and had red eyes.

That was what Sheentail wanted.

"Starkkit!" A squeal came from behind her.

Starkkit was wriggling out of a thorn tendril. Rosekit hovered over him as he struggled.

"Oh, Starkkit," she soothed and crouched next to him.

All of her envy was gone. These were her kits, and they were all she ever wanted.

"Stop moving," she instructed. She hooked a thorn with her claw. "There!"

Rosekit gaped at her. "You fixed him!" She padded up to her and pressed herself to her.

Sheentail purred with her eyes closed. Dawnbridge could have her kits all to herself if she could have Starkkit and Rosekit.

"Move along, young ones," she beckoned.

"We'll be apprentices soon," Rosekit boasted to a nearby elder, scuttling away.

Sheentail watched them affectionately. She purred.



Chapter 7

CHAPTER 8

Turtlekit wrinkled his nose at his 5 other siblings, squabbling in the clearing. How could anyone live like that?

Turtlekit noticed Shimmerkit standing lost beside the clearing.

"Hey!" He called towards her.

He ran at her. Turtlekit did have to admit that she looked kinda creepy with the red eyes and white pelt. He shuddered involuntarily.

Shimmerkit flinched away. "What?" She mewed edgily. "Come to mention my weird albino genetics?"

Turtlekit sat down and flicked his tail. "No."

Shimmerkit's face softened. "Why then?"

Turtlekit shrugged. "I don't know," he meowed. "Wanna explore?"

Shimmerkit shifted her paws. "Umm... sure," she mewed uneasily.

"Come on!" Turtlekit dashed away.

He analyzed the camp. That must be the warriors den, he thought, looking at the bulging den.

He scanned the ear-tips of the cats bustling around camp, looking for Crevicfoot, his and Shimmerkit's father.

"Turtlekit?" Shimmerkit nudged him.

Turtlekit whirled around. "What?"

"What about finding Rosekit and Starkkit? They'll know the fun things to do."

Turtlekit nodded. "They're over there," he flicked his tail in their direction.

"I finally get to see them!" Shimmerkit said. Her eyes darkened, saying the words left unsaid. And I can finally do it because you're here.

"Starkkit! Rosekit!" Turtlekit shouted.

Starkkit turned his head. "Oh. Hey, kits."

Shimmerkit bounced over. "Hello! I'm Shimmerkit, the dumb albino!"

Starkkit stared at her. Turtlekit could read his mind. Why would anybody willingly call themselves dumb?

Rosekit pulled her aside. "Everybody else might think that, but you're my favorite."

Shimmerkit squealed with joy.

"So, Turtlekit," Starkkit started. "Want us to show you around camp?"

Turtlekit shook his head. "We're looking for stuff to do." He responded, lashing his tail. "Our siblings are weird." He added.

Starkkit purred. "You're the only tom in Dawnbridge's litter, right?"

"Yeah!" Shimmerkit chirped.

Turtlekit sat down.

Shimmerkit gasped. "Can we see Riverstar?"

Rosekit padded over, laughing. "No, he's busy."

"But somebody does want to see you," Starkkit mewed.

"Really?" Shimmerkit squeaked.

Rosekit nodded. "Really. The elders love new kits."

Starkkit led them to a den, slightly smaller than the warriors den.

Rosekit ducked in, and the other kits followed.

A tortoiseshell she-cat took in a deep breath. "Why, hello kits!" She purred. "It's been a while since we've had a new litter."

"Hello," Rosekit meowed expectantly.

"Hello." The kits echoed.

"Aren't you Dawnbridge's litter?" The she-cat asked.

Shimmerkit gasped. "How'd you know?"

She chuckled. "We have our ways."

Shimmerkit tilted her head. "Who are you?"

"Well, I'm Raccoonfur, this is Sodfoot, and the she-cat in the back is Appletail."

"Hello, Sodfoot and Appletail!" Shimmerkit trilled.

"Nice to meet you," Sodfoot said in such a low, gravelly voice that it sounded like a growl.

"Now, let me tell you a story..."



Chapter 8

CHAPTER 9

Dawnbridge cuddled closer with her kits. Leaf-bare didn't save much prey for ThunderClan. And of course, less prey meant less milk.

"Dawnbridge?" Treetail poked his head into the nursery. "I brought prey."

Dawnbridge looked at the squirrel he was dragging. "No." She mewed fiercely. "The warriors need it more."

"Oh, Dawnbridge," Treetail inhaled sharply. "You know that's not true."

Dawnbridge sighed and pulled the squirrel towards her.

Treetail let out his breath, relieved. He dipped his head. "I'll leave you alone." He backed away.

Dawnbridge gulped down the squirrel and fell asleep quietly.

???

"Mama!" A voice woke Dawnbridge. "Mama!"

Dawnbridge blinked open her eyes sleepily. "What?"

Stonekit was standing in front of her, waiting for milk. All seven kits were lined up behind her.

"Hungry." Kinkkit looked up at her, eyes rounded. "Need milk."

Dawnbridge whimpered. Her kits were only two days old. It wasn't fair.

"We're hungry!" Turtlekit wailed, kneading her stomach.

She screamed. "CREVICEFOOT!"

Riverstar dashed into the nursery. "Dawnbridge!" He panted. "What is it?"

Dawnbridge collapsed onto the floor. "My kits..."

Riverstar padded closer. "Are they hungry?" He asked.

Crevicefoot ran inside. "Dawnbridge!" He cried.

"The-the kits.." Dawnbridge murmured feebly. "They're.. they're starving."

Riverstar's eyes widened. "We don't have any more prey," he mewed, sounding crestfallen. "I'm sorry."

Dawnbridge let out a shaky breath. "They'll live for another day without enough milk." She mewed sadly. "But after that..."

Riverstar ran out of the den.

Dawnbridge looked to the sky.

"One more day, StarClan. One more day is all I need."

Chapter 9

CHAPTER 8

Sheentail crouched low, stalking the shrew. Not Dawnbridge's favorite, but it would help her milk come.

The shrew twitched. Sheentail wiggled her haunches, ready to pounce.

She leaped and her paw slammed down onto the shrew. She bent down to give it a killing bite.

It stopped struggling and Sheentail lifted her nose to the sky. Thank you so much, StarClan.

Sheentail opened her mouth to scent another piece of prey when a huge ball of fluff burst out of the ground cover noisily.

Sheentail hissed and arched her back, claws unsheathed.

The fur along her spine fell flat when she realized it was just Lavenderfur.

"Lavenderfur," she growled. "Anyone would think you wanted to scare away all the prey in the forest!

I was stalking prey! Do you even know how to sneak up on something?"

"I snuck up on you," Lavenderfur responded nasally.

Sheentail snorted. "Well, what do you need?"

Lavenderfur straightened up. "I just visited SkyClan, and Doubletoe told me that she fed her nursing queens borage in Leaf-bare to keep their milk flowing."

Sheentail dipped her head. "I'll collect some," she promised.

Lavenderfur jumped over the ivy.

Sheentail picked up the leaf of borage Lavenderfur had left for her. She sniffed it.

Everyone in the Clan knew that she could match any scent with another. Lavenderfur had almost convinced her to be a medicine cat this way.

Sheentail caught the scent in the air.

Her nose twitched and her legs brought her closer to the scent.

There it was! A borage patch.

Sheentail started gathering. There wasn't a lot of leaves, but it would do.

Sheentail finished collecting and bounded back to camp.

Dawnbridge was pacing feverishly in the clearing, sneezing as snowflakes caught in her throat.

Sheentail pushed into the gorse barrier.

Dawnbridge's face lit up as she saw Sheentail, then fell when she realized she was holding leaves, not prey.

"Will these help?" She meowed dubiously, inspecting them thoroughly.

Sheentail nodded and tried not to look at Dawnbridge's kits, huddled next to Crevciefoot on the edge of the nursery and the snow.

Dawnbridge sat down with a humph.

Sheentail curled her tail onto her back. "I left a shrew out there. I'll get it for you before a fox steals it."

Dawnbridge shook her head violently. "You already went out in the freezing cold for long enough she said, stroking the fur along her spine motherly.

Sheentail pulled away. "You're not Bluetail!" She hissed sadly. "I'm getting that shrew and that is what Bluetail would want! Even if I die, it's worth it to save seven future warriors!"

Sheentail turned around and darted out of camp.

It was silent. Sheentail exhaled and watched as the breath rose up.

It's so... peaceful.

Sheentail closed her eyes, relishing the calm.

A gust of wind pushed her off of her feet. She cried out.

Sheentail landed and dug her claws into the ground. She opened her eyes and looked around, pricking her ears in case more wind came.

She sighed and tried to stand back up.

Sheentail yelped and recoiled as pain shot up her left hind leg.

She looked back and saw that her paw was stuck under a root.

She pulled harder. It didn't work, so she flopped onto the snow.

"Dawnbridge!" She shouted. "Somebody!" She shrieked as another blow of wind stretched her leg.

She screamed in agony.

Darkness started to shadow her vision.

"Dawnbridge.." she whispered. "Bluetail..."

She paused, nostrils flaring. "Sky."

And she gave way to the dizzying black.

Chapter 10

COME BACK FOR ANOTHER FAN FICTION-AND SORRY FOR THE CLIFFHANGER!
KEEP WATCH FOR THE NEXT BOOK!

Dawnbridge's legacy (warriors fan fiction #4)

from JayfeatherBB

online:

<https://www.allthetests.com/fan-fiction/warrior-cats-warriors/qu>

powered by www.allthetests.com

Introduction

This is the fourth book and if this can get 45 likes I will make another one!



Chapter 1

CHAPTER ONE

Dawnbridge wrapped herself around Sheentail, purring.

"I missed you," Sheentail breathed. "So much."

"Me too," Dawnbridge agreed.

Rosepaw and Starkpaw were purring at the edge of the clearing. "I'm so glad they're back together."

Starkpaw sighed in relief. "Dawnbridge was getting a little restless!"

More than half of the senior warriors were huddled to meet Sheentail again.

Toadtail stepped up to her. "I didn't think you could survive that long," he mewed awkwardly.

"Especially in the snow."

"You've forgotten," Sheentail pointed out. "That my pelt is pure white, and I look like the snow."

Toadtail nodded, tail bushed in excitement.

Soiltail padded up to her happily. "I'm so grateful that StarClan did not come to claim you," he mewed weakly, rubbing his chin against hers. He looked up at Riverstar and narrowed his eyes. "I've discussed with Riverstar and Buckface," he rumbled. "And I think you have earned yourself a reward for coming back to your clan after so long."

Sheentail turned a circle. "Yes, please!" She cried. "May I decide now?"

Soiltail tilted his head. "Well, we'll give you some time to think it through-

Riverstar looked at her and twitched his nose. "What?"

Sheentail took a deep breath. "I wish for Sky, my loner mate, to come and be allowed to become a warrior."

"And if he doesn't wish to become a warrior?"

Sheentail inhaled sharply. "All I need is to see him."

Rosepaw and Starkpaw exchanged excited glances. "Yes, please!"

Sheentail turned around. "So, send a patrol out to see if he's where he was last?" She offered.

Riverstar cocked his head. "Sur-sure." He stammered.

Sheentail gathered Rosepaw and Starkpaw's mentors and Dawnbridge.

Cedarfur, Rosepaw's mentor, padded around asking cats to join.

Nobody wanted to go on an expedition that was maybe pointless.

Willowclaw offered to go on the patrol with her sister, Shadowheart, who was Starkpaw's mentor.

"We only have five warriors and two apprentices," Sheentail observed sadly. She had thought more people cared about her.

"I'll go."

Sheentail turned around and saw that Shimmerpaw was saying she would join.

"She's so young!" Murmurs spread from the throng of cats in the clearing. "How?"

Shimmerpaw shifted her paws and looked at the ground. "I-I forgot to tell you," she worded her sentence carefully. "I'm the medicine cat apprentice now."

Sheentail stepped back but snorted. "Okay," she mewed. "Come with us."

Shimmerpaw looked up at her. "Really?" She squealed. She lowered her voice an octave. "I thought you wanted to be apprentice."

"I... I umm, I don't know what I was- was saying... erm." Sheentail lowered her head.

Shimmerpaw sighed and trotted over to the patrol.

Sheentail looked out at her patrol, swelling with cats.

"We go." She announced, and bounded out of camp.

The forest was still cold and white with snow.

Dawnbridge slowed to walk beside Sheentail. "It's so good to have you back," Dawnbridge mewed. "I hope that Sky is here."

Sheentail nodded. "There's only one other place he would ever be," she explained. "Sometimes, he went to the abandoned badger den, like when he was upset."

Dawnbridge looked forlornly at the clan she was leaving behind.

"Are you okay?" Shimmerpaw whispered to Dawnbridge. "Do you want some daisy for strength?"

Dawnbridge shook her head. "Sorry."

Shimmerpaw frowned.

Willowclaw pushed forward. "How long will the trip be?" She asked Dawnbridge.

Dawnbridge's face lit up. "A few more days," she mewed. "But it depends..."

Another cat had joined the patrol at the last moment, and the jet-black tom was hurrying up to Sheentail.

"Is- is Sky your mate?" Fleckmane stole a glance at Sheentail.

Sheentail nodded. "I hope he's there, but if he's not, then I might have to find a new mate!"

The young tom was looking at the ground but Sheentail could see his face. An excited scent wafted of him.

Sheentail rested her tail atop his shoulder. "Tag along, now, Fleckmane."

Dawnbridge looked much happier than earlier.

Sheentail tilted her head slightly. "Why are you so much happier than you were?"

Dawnbridge lifted a paw to shake the snow from it. "I don't know," she admitted. "I mean, you're here, and that's all I ever wanted, and I feel.... helpful now that cats actually think I have experience! "

A mouse squeaked beside her and Sheentail lunged to catch it.

She missed but scared it towards Dawnbridge.

Sheentail shook herself and pushed out of the bush. Dawnbridge was walking towards her, the mouse limp and swinging in her jaws.

"ThunderClan!" Sheentail called. "Hunt and rest for the night!"

Murmurs of agreement came from the patrol and Sheentail smiled.

She was going to see Sky.



Chapter 2

CHAPTER 2

Turtlepaw lunged at Volefoot. He quickly ducked as she lashed out her paw and dived under her belly. He wriggled and Volefoot turned around the opposite way that he now shot out.

Turtlepaw growled and jumped on her back. He resisted the urge to dig his claws into her pelt to keep on. "Ha!" He shouted. "Do you give up-"

He tumbled off of her back as she shook.

Volefoot laughed. "You have to stay on," she mewed.

Turtlepaw got up and shook out his fur. "Well, what do you expect? I'm not gonna claw you to death!"

Volefoot purred. "You smell different," she observed.

Turtlepaw tried not to shrink beneath his pelt. "I'm older," he mewed convincingly. "I probably smell different as an elder."

Volefoot purred. "Well, that was the best move I've ever seen, Turtlepaw!" She exclaimed a little too late.

Turtlepaw puffed out his chest. That shows Shimmerpaw! He could be loyal and hang out with Reedpaw.

Voleclaw snorted and whisked her tail. "How about you take your warrior assessment?"

Voleclaw nodded. "Out of every apprentice I've ever trained, you've put up with all of it and you even taught me some new moves!"

Turtlepaw tilted his head side to side, thinking about the move where he went underneath the cat and shot out the same way. He had made that move up. "I'm honored, and I would love to be a warrior."

Voleclaw looked as if she was going to crumple under all of the compliments.

"Thank you for teaching me," Turtlepaw continued. "I could not have been a better warrior."

Voleclaw's eyes brimmed with emotion. "Oh, you're so grown up." She laid her chin gently on his shoulder.

Turtlepaw nodded and shrugged her off. "It's okay," he mewed modestly, licking his belly fur.

Voleclaw led him to the camp. "Let's at least check with Riverstar first." She paused. "Maybe your littermates can start theirs too."

Turtlepaw shivered with excitement at the idea. What if Reedpaw was made a warrior, too? That was all he cared about.

In the past few moons, he and Reedpaw had grown close. It was more than a friendship now.

Turtlepaw sighed. If only she was in ThunderClan.

Or he was in RiverClan.

He hissed suddenly and Riverstar cast a glance at him. No! He mustn't think that way! He was loyal to clan above all!

Turtlepaw looked at the ground. Or was he? He met with Reedpaw every night now. He...

Riverstar leaped down from Highledge. "You will have your warrior ceremony tonight."

Turtlepaw cocked his head. "But- I have to take the assessment, right?"

Riverstar shook his head vigorously. "No, Turtlepaw, you're special, your mentor tells me." He drew a paw over his ear. "She says you're perfect in every skill, and you even taught her some stuff!"

He laughed and continued. "Volefoot told me they were good enough to be taught to the clan," he mewed proudly. "I trust you to be a great warrior."

Turtlepaw fizzed up and strode out of the camp to talk to Dawnbridge. She should be back by now, he thought.

Dawnbridge, who was kitting soon, was only escorting them to the border.

He dove through the brambles and followed the patrol's scent.

Dawnbridge was retracing her steps halfway through.

She was kitting, or at least close to it.

"Dawnbridge!" Turtlepaw gasped. He ran to her side so that she could rest on his shoulder.

They walked slowly on, and Turtlepaw sighed. "I'm getting my warrior name tonight," he meowed casually.

Dawnbridge stopped. "Congratulations!" She purred.

Turtlepaw and her walked in silence the rest of the way.

Lavenderfur purred when she heard the news.

"Go ahead and lie down," she suggested.

Dawnbridge inhaled sharply. "I've done this before," she trilled. She sighed when Turtlepaw drooped his tail. "I'm sorry I'll be missing your ceremony," she added. "But I can hear, don't you worry."

Turtlepaw nodded as Riverstar yowled the summons.

He dashed out into the clearing and sat in the middle. Kinkpaw had done her warriors assessment and becoming a warrior, too, along with Lynxpaw and Pinepaw.

More warriors started to gather around him and his three littermates.

Turtlepaw shivered against the cold. Shimmerpaw had warned of another blizzard, and it had started snowing the next day.

"Turtlepaw, Kinkpaw, Lynxpaw, and Pinepaw!" Riverstar yowled. "Today, we are here to honor your training and make you four warriors!"

Cheers rang out.

"As you may have noticed," he continued. "Turtlepaw hasn't actually completed his warriors assessment."

Shocked murmurs.

"But his mentor, Volefoot, has been taught herself by Turtlepaw moves of his own that may help ThunderClan in the near future." Riverstar dipped his head respectfully to Turtlepaw. "Step forward."

Turtlepaw nodded and did so.

"I, Riverstar, call upon our warrior ancestors to look closely at this young cat," Riverstar smiled. "Do you, Turtlepaw, promise to uphold the warrior code and defend it and your clan even at the cost of your life?"

"I do." Turtlepaw responded unwaveringly.

"Then it is," Riverstar announced. "The day I announce your warrior name. You are now Turtlefin. We honor your courage and loyalty and hope you make all right choices."

Turtlefin flinched. Did he know?

He heard cheers behind him and snapped back into the real world.

Kinkpaw was now Kinktail, Pinepaw was Pineleg, and Lynxpaw was Lynxfur.

Turtlefin smiled at his sisters. They looked so grown up.

He caught his shadow and looked at the moon.

He purred. Reedpaw.

Turtlefin ran out of camp and dashed to the island without stopping.

He was panting halfway through.

Turtlefin crossed the tree bridge easily; he had done it many times.

Reedpaw was crouched, drenched, at the edge of the clearing and Turtlefin bounded over to her.

"Poor thing," Turtlefin purred and started licking her fur. "You fell off the tree bridge!"

Reedpaw shivered but laughed. "Yes, I know, I owe you a fish!"

Turtlefin sat down and licked a paw approvingly.

"I got my warrior-" they both started in unison before cutting off.

"I'm Reedtuft now," Reedtuft mewed.

"Do you realize what this means?" Turtlefin asked, dumbfounded.

Reedtuft purred. "Yes, Turtle..."

Turtlefin puffed out his chest. "Turtlefin." He stated with glee.

Reedtuft nodded. "We can move to RiverClan now."

Turtlefin ducked from her loving gaze. "I'm not moving to RiverClan," he assured. "I'm on the brink

Reedtuft widened her eyes. "Deputyship, huh." She wove herself around him.

"I love you, Turtlefin, and all I can say is if you go, I go. I can't fight you in a battle and I can't bear waiting for one where we might have to fight."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that if you stay in ThunderClan, then I'll join as well. If you run off to be a loner, I'm right behind you." Reedtuft shook out her reed-colored, tufty pelt. "I will."

Turtlefin glanced at her flanks. "Are you sure you don't want to have our kits near friends and family?"

Reedtuft shook her head as if to clear it, stared at Turtlefin, then at her swollen flanks.

"Oh, Turtlefin!" She cried joyfully. "We're having kits! We're having kits! "

Turtlefin and Reedtuft curled up in a nest and joked about which clan their kits would be most like.

"Hopefully they swim," Reedtuft remarked as she held a steady paw against her stomach.

They closed their eyes, ready to show up in ThunderClan with a new warrior.



Chapter 3

CHAPTER 3

Dawnbridge yawned and Turtlefin poked his head into the nursery.

"Dawnbridge!" He gasped. "They're so cute!"

Crevicefoot lifted his head blearily.

Dawnbridge purred. "This one is Sinewkit," she motioned with her tail to a dark brown she-kit. She had yellow eyes.

Crevicefoot beckoned to the other she-kit. That one was light gray with striking icy-blue eyes.

"Morningkit."

There were two toms, one light gray and one brown. "The gray tom is Starlingkit, and the brown is Darkkit."

Turtlefin was purring, but his mind seemed to be somewhere else. "There are finally more toms!"

Dawnbridge nodded. "What's on your mind, Turtlefin?"

Turtlefin shifted his paws. "I would like you to meet someone," he mewed cautiously, backing up. He flicked his tail to signal to whoever was outside.

Dawnbridge glared at the she-cat who walked into her nursery.

RiverClan.

Crevicefoot hissed at her.

"My mate."

Reedtuft pressed against him. "Hello, Dawnbridge." She dipped her head to Crevicfoot. "You can welcome me, I am completely loyal to ThunderClan."

Dawnbridge started to purr unexpectedly. Her son had a mate! But it was a RiverClan cat.

"I don't care if she's RiverClan," Dawnbridge meowed fiercely. "She's my son's mate, and I will love her as he does."

Crevicfoot touched his nose to Reedtuft's. "Welcome to the nursery." He glanced at her belly. "You'll be staying here soon."

Dawnbridge yelped. "You're pregnant!" She exclaimed. "My son is having kits! "

Crevicfoot nodded bleakly and comforted the young, mewling kits.

"These are my new siblings," Turtlefin explained. "I finally have a brother or two!"

Reedtuft laughed awkwardly.

"Clan!" Riverstar called.

Dawnbridge shuffled her moment-old kits out of the nursery. She had to welcome her son's mate.

Riverstar looked at the tufty she-cat before him. "Today we welcome a seasoned warrior into our clan," he announced. "Her name is Reedtuft, and she was RiverClan for her life before."

Disapproving eyes glared at the she-cat beside Dawnbridge. Dawnbridge pressed closer to her, and she seemed to loosen.

"Thanks," Reedtuft murmured into Dawnbridge's ear.

Riverstar glared at his clan. "We will welcome Reedtuft as if she has been here her whole life." He nodded as the talking died down. "Reedtuft."

Reedtuft muttered a farewell and slipped forward.

"Do you promise to uphold the warrior code and loyalty to ThunderClan and to defend your new clan with your life?"

Reedtuft bent her head. "I do."

Riverstar smiled. "Then I, Riverstar, call upon our warrior ancestors to make this cat ThunderClan."

So that's why he's doing it, Dawnbridge thought. Extra warriors always helped in Leaf-bare.

"You are now ThunderClan!" Riverstar boomed. "Clear highledge!"

Reedtuft couldn't stop purring as Turtlefin ran up to her and wove himself around her.

Turtlefin's eyes suddenly glazed over and he looked at the warriors' den.

Dawnbridge followed his gaze. What was he looking at?

"What is it?" Reedtuft asked fretfully.

Turtlefin shook his head as if to clear it. "Nothing," he mewed uneasily, but went back to heartily congratulating her.

Lavenderfur was sitting at the edge of the clearing. She had seen it.

Dawnbridge trotted over. "What was he looking at?" She queried. "You saw it too!"

Lavenderfur shuddered. "It was Bluetail," she murmured. "He was looking at kin."

"Why could he see her?" Dawnbridge's fur was rising. She fought back panic to keep her voice steady.

"Why?"

"I also suspect he saw Appletail's ghost, because her body was too cold to have been alive long

Dawnbridge kept calm. "We should confront him," she decided. She started padding to him.

"Wait!" Lavenderfur growled. "He's not ready. Let him enjoy his mate and unborn kits for awhile."

Dawnbridge growled back but obeyed.

In the meantime, Turtlefin was guiding Reedtuft to the warriors' den.

Dawnbridge watched as they curled together in a big nest.

She sighed and followed Crevicefoot into the nursery.



Chapter 4

CHAPTER 4

Shimmerpaw panted. "Can we stop and rest?" She puffed at Sheentail.

Sheentail shook her head, trotting on. "We're almost there," she persisted. She wanted to get there before dark.

Sheentail scented the air and turned a circle with joy. Sky!

She kept padding, but growled regretfully. She should have brought Starktail and Roseheart.

Willowclaw padded faster to catch up with her. "Hey," she mewed shyly.

"Hey," Sheentail grumbled in response.

Willowclaw looked back as the snow started to fall more heavily. "Toadspeck's stomach keeps growling," she sniffed. "It's always growling."

"It is not!" Toadspeck howled from the back of the patrol. His belly rumbled and he yelped. "Now, that's just bad timing!"

Willowclaw purred and fell back to nuzzle him.

Sheentail almost sighed at the sight of young love. But then she remembered she was on a quest to find her love.

Giddy with excitement, she started to run as fast as she could...

And collided face-first with a light cloudy-gray tom.

Sky shifted his paws. "H-hello?"

"Sky." Sheentail mewed like it was a statement, satisfactory. She brushed her whiskers against his. He pulled away. "Who-"

Sheentail growled. "I'm your mate and I bore your kits!" She hissed. "Don't you remember me?"

"Oh," Sky's face softened. "We thought you had died."

Sheentail's tail drooped. "Well, we didn't, and you have two healthy kits, kits who are warriors."

Sky snorted. "That clan you came from?"

Sheentail puffed her chest out proudly. "Yes, and you should come visit your daughter and son."

Sky started to purr. "Yes." His gaze turned serious. "I would join if I could."

Sheentail rested the tip of her tail atop his shoulder. "You can."

Sky widened his eyes. "I'll become a- I'll be a warrior!" He mewed excitedly. "With my kits!"

"Yes," Sheentail purred. She rose her voice. "Patrol!" She called back. "We have found what we came for!"

She smirked at her beloved mate.

"All welcome Sky to ThunderClan!"



Chapter 5

CHAPTER 5

Turtlefin snuggled closer to Reedtuft's warm, tufty fur.
The sight of the ghostly blue she-cat haunted him.
It reminded him of the stories Dawnbridge had used to tell him about her mother.
But that didn't matter now. Reedtuft was all that mattered.

* * *

Sky stepped up. "I promise."
Riverstar ducked his head. "Then it is done. You are now Skypelt."
Sheentail cheered louder than anyone.

* * *

Shimmerpaw sighed in relief as Turtlefin landed on his paws, not his shoulder. She already used too many herbs this Leaf-bare.
She looked at the sky and reckoned that it would be two moons until Newleaf.

A lot had happened since Sheentail had arrived with Skypelt and Turtlefin was a mate to an expectant mother.

Turtlefin had been keeping watch for Reedtuft's kitting in the nursery. Anyways, he liked spending time with his younger brothers, sisters, and Startail's kits.

Dewkit was special. She was from Startail's litter, and loved Turtlefin like a father, since hers had died. She was always asking clever questions, keen to learn.

"When are your kits coming?" Dewkit squeaked that morning.

Turtlefin purred. "Due in a moon,"

Dewkit cocked her head. "Which due? My dew, or the other due?"

Turtlefin purred harder. "The other due," he confirmed.

"Well," Dewkit trilled. "She kinda does look in pain."

Turtlefin didn't bother looking back at Reedtuft. "Lavenderfur said she would probably kit sooner rather than later," he meowed nonchalantly.

A moan sounded from behind him.

"Reedtuft!" Turtlefin yelped.

Dewkit turned back to Turtlefin with a smug look on her face.

Reedtuft smiled up at Turtlefin. "The kits. They're here." She breathed. "Get Lavenderfur."

Lavenderfur rushed in before he could open his mouth. She had raspberry and burnet clamped in her jaws.

"I think there's one or two in there," she mewed, dropping the herbs.

"Alright, Dewkit," Turtlefin started. "Go find Dawnbridge,"

Dewkit looked up at him. "But I wanna see!" She complained. She looked up earnestly. "I'll just watch!"

Turtlefin sighed as he caught Reedtuft's eyes. "Sure," he mewed. "But stay next to me."

"Actually," Lavenderfur got up. "She can fetch some soaked moss for Reedtuft."

Dewkit brushed out her tail. "Yes!"

She dashed away.

Turtlefin sought out a stick and brought it back to Reedtuft.

Lavenderfur accepted it warmly. "Bite on it when the pain comes," she instructed to Reedtuft.

Turtlefin stared as a kitten slid into the nest. Instinctively, he bent down and nipped the membrane sac.

Lavenderfur pressed a paw to Reedtuft's flank. "Congratulations, you two," she purred. "You have a son."

Turtlefin nosed it. "Thank you, StarClan, for this kit."

A playful look passed across Reedtuft's face. "I put in some work too," she mewed jokingly. "Just so you know."

"Salvekit."

"What?"

"Salvekit," Turtlefin echoed. "A name for a light tan tom-kit."

Reedtuft nodded at Salvekit. "You're beautiful," she cooed at her kit, who was already suckling.

He could feel that he was special.



Chapter 6

CHAPTER 6

Shimmerpaw put the golden rod in its pile and moved onto the dock.

Lavenderfur came up behind her. "Herbs test."

Shimmerpaw sighed and sat down, whisking her tail over her paws.

Lavenderfur held up a yellow flower attached to a few leaves.

"Yarrow," Shimmerpaw mewed. "Good for getting poison out."

Lavenderfur nodded. She pointed a claw at a watermint stalk ("Watermint!"), a nettle stem with a leaf ("Stinging nettle,"), and marigold and daisy.

Shimmerpaw could have identified them all while sleeping.

"Burnet," Shimmerpaw droned. "Strength. Poppy. Helps-"

"Stop." Lavenderfur ordered. "I think that you are ready."

Shimmerpaw froze. "Really?" She managed to choke.

"Yes."

She took a deep breath. "Thank you," Shimmerpaw breathed.

"You achieved it," Lavenderfur pointed out.

"Let's go, then."

It was half-moon, but Lavenderfur wanted to stay for Dawnbridge's litter's warriors ceremony.

It was pretty boring, as long as the last one. Stonepaw and Rosepaw were made into Stonepelt and "Can we go now?" Shimmerpaw whined.

Lavenderfur laughed. "Yes," she mewed. "We're on our way."

They ran through the forest and the half-moon was high in the sky by the time they caught up with the other medicine cats.

"Hey, Lakepaw," Shimmerpaw panted to a fellow apprentice.

Lakepaw was much younger than her and stuck beside her RiverClan mentor, Doubletoe.

"I'm going to become a full medicine cat tonight," Shimmerpaw mentioned casually.

"Really?" Lakepaw mewed. "I'll be the only one besides Thrushpaw now."

Shimmerpaw purred. "You're friends though, right?"

"Not really," Lakepaw replied nervously. "He hasn't a care in the world about me."

"Too bad."

"Too bad!" Lakepaw burst. "That's all?"

"There isn't much to say," Shimmerpaw defended herself. "And anyways, we can still be friends."

"What do you think your name is going to be?" Lakepaw mewed, clearly not wanting to talk about Thrushpaw, dropping the subject.

"Shimmerfur most definitely," Shimmerpaw informed. "Lavenderfur would want me to be named after her."

"Why?"

Shimmerpaw laughed. "She wants her 'legacy to live on'," she laughed again.

Lakepaw didn't find it funny. "Why?" She repeated.

Shimmerpaw tilted her head. "Don't you know?" She asked. "Lavenderfur is old. She thinks she's going to move to the elders' den."

"She can't leave you with only two kitting experiences!" Lakepaw exclaimed.

That reminded her that Startail had kitted just a quarter moon ago.

Shimmerpaw pointed it out.

Lakepaw started to nod slowly. "Well, that seems fine then."

"Before we begin," Lavenderfur started. "Shimmerpaw is being made into a full medicine cat tonight."

Approving murmurs came from the throng of medicine cats.

Lakepaw nudged her and she saw that Lavenderfur was beckoning her forward.

"I call upon StarClan to make you a medicine cat," Lavenderfur looked into her eyes and recited. "Do you promise to devote your loyalty to the medicine cat ways and to never take a mate or have kits?"

"I do," Shimmerpaw faltered, her voice wavering.

"Then by the light of our ancestors," she paused for drama.

"I name you Shimmerlight."

Lakepaw cheered. "I couldn't even imagine you getting that name!" She smiled mischievously.

Shimmerlight shoved her playfully. "Let's share with StarClan my success."

She dipped her nose into the water and felt ice run through her blood. She fluffed out her fur against the cold stone as she drifted away...

A she-cat, very familiar, was suddenly standing in front of her.

Shallowstar shook her head with a sigh. "Okay," she muttered to herself. "Maybe I am a little transparent."

Shimmerlight purred and Shallowstar glared at her.

"You have fulfilled the prophecy," Shallowstar cleared her throat. "You caught Turtlefin and Reedtuft, you knew a blizzard was coming and warned your clan." She looked deep into Shimmerlight's eyes fondly. "You are destined for greatness."

Shimmerlight puffed out her chest.

"But," Shallowstar continued grimly. "There's another prophecy."

Shimmerlight groaned. "I just dealt with this!"

Shallowstar waved her words away and began to recite.

"There are reeds that might never grow, and kits that may never see snow, and the red itself will wilt."

Shimmerlight instantly knew exactly what the words meant.

Her heart sank like a stone in a puddle. She didn't want Turtlefin to be hurt.

Shallowstar glared at her. "There's more," she gave a little ahem.

"While a heart is cracked, another will fill, dew at its brim. The first will heal and all will be well."

Shimmerlight blinked. "I can understand." She looked at the ground and gulped.

"Does it have to be true?" She asked in a voice so small she wasn't sure where it came from.

Shallowstar closed her eyes and sighed. When she opened them they were filled with pity. "You are young," her voice wavered. "Too young to witness death."

"But you are different," Shallowstar raised her voice confidently. "Shimmerlight, you have lived through finding your own brother falling in love with a RiverClan she-cat, you saved a full-grown warrior-one with amazing reputation- and warned the Clan when snow started to fall. If Dawnbridge hadn't had you..." she winced.

"There would only be four Clans right now."

Shimmerlight stared as Shallowstar faded and she was awake.

Lakepaw stirred beside her and nudged Shimmerlight. "What'd they say?" She teased. "Are you the greatest?"

"No, Lakepaw," Shimmerlight growled and got up, twitching her tail.

Lakepaw's face fell. "Well sor-ry." She turned around and helped up a waking Thrushpaw, betrayal flashing in her eyes.

Shimmerlight's jaw dropped. Her best friend had just rejected her.

Lakepaw cast a glance her way and Shimmerlight put on her most forlorn face.

Lakepaw shook her head, dissatisfied, and waited for Doubletoe to dismiss her.

Shimmerlight shivered as Lavenderfur pushed her along, barely walking herself, to camp.



Chapter 7

CHAPTER 7

Dawnbridge curled her tail around her kits.

Morningkit yawned and cuddled closer to her. Sinewkit twitched her ear and whimpered.

Dawnbridge comforted her, stroking her head with her tail until she stopped.

Reedtuft quieted Salvekit and got up to shift her nest closer to Dawnbridge's.

"Oh, believe me," Dawnbridge chuckled. "You don't want these things anywhere closer!"

"Your eyes remind me of Turtlefin."

Dawnbridge nodded. "Has it been hard, not having him here to support you?"

"Well, I have you, and you're probably the best," Reedtuft smiled. "And he's only on border patrol."

Dawnbridge purred. "That's right," she winced inwardly at how old she felt. "He's only on border patrol."

Salvekit pushed up to Dawnbridge. "I heard Reedtuft muttering in her sleep," he stated.

"What'd she say?" Dawnbridge mewed, nonchalantly.

Reedtuft picked at her claws.

"She said something about her throat being sore," he chirped. "And that she felt drowsy."

"It was probably just a dream," Dawnbridge assured, but glanced at Reedtuft anyhow.

Reedtuft shifted her paws. "It's true," she admitted quickly. "My stomach is a bit queasy too."

Dawnbridge gazed at her sternly. "Why didn't you tell me?" She asked, beckoning her out of the She flicked her tail in a farewell to Startail. "Or Shimmerlight, in that matter," she flared her nostrils. "For StarClan's sake, Turtlefin!"

"Great StarClan, no, no," Reedtuft shook her head violently. "He would tell me I've got red cough and force me into the medicine den as long as I live!" She laughed awkwardly.

Dawnbridge nodded. "Let's get Lavenderfur to look at you."

Shimmerlight greeted them at the entrance. "Lavenderfur's a bit... under the weather today, so I'll have to treat you."

Dawnbridge rubbed her chin against hers. This was her kit!

"So is Reedtuft," Dawnbridge informed, and Shimmerlight's grimace told her that was bad.

Shimmerlight bit her lip, obviously guessing that Reedtuft had the same sickness.

As they went further into the den, Dawnbridge caught sight of the ill she-cat, sprawled on a nest of moss that was shredded to pieces. She was drenched in sweat and was panting while kneading the ground with her paws.

Shimmerlight winced and Reedtuft cringed.

"Is that what I have?" Reedtuft asked disgustedly.

Dawnbridge rolled her eyes.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," Shimmerlight scampered off and soon reappeared with a poultice of what smelled like catmint, tansy, and burnet.

"Chew it, swallow it."

Reedtuft tentatively reached her muzzle out.

"Thank you," Dawnbridge said. "Hopefully it works." She paused. "With Lavenderfur too."

Reedtuft grumbled a thanks and trotted out of the medicine den.

"What took you so long?" Startail yawned and laid her head on her paws. "And why didn't you bring back some borage?"

She motioned to her two kits. "Dewkit and Raykit are hungry."

Turtlefin burst in. "We just uncovered a mice nest," he offered breathlessly.

Startail sighed. "Two of them will do."

Dawnbridge flicked her tail at a sleeping Reedtuft. "She's sick."

"Please!" Reedtuft cried suddenly. "Don't force me into the medicine den as long as I live!"

Turtlefin glared at her. "No, I won't. But you were supposed to be sleeping."

Reedtuft let out a soft snore.

Dawnbridge and Turtlefin exchanged dubious glances, then burst out laughing.

"My mice?" Startail prompted.

Turtlefin trailed off, and padded out of the nursery.

Dawnbridge started to purr. "Reedtuft, you are so funny!"

Startail murmured her agreement and Reedtuft grunted in response, still pretending to be asleep.

As Dawnbridge settled down beside Reedtuft and both litters of kits, she felt a pang of concern.

Would Lavenderfur and Reedtuft be okay?



Chapter 8

CHAPTER 8

Dewkit watched intently as Startail got up from the group of she-cats.

She hurried back to the nursery and let out a low growl, most likely because she realized one of her kits were missing.

Dewkit raced to the fresh-kill pile and picked out a shrew- Startail's favorite.

"Great StarClan!" A shrill shriek pierced the air.

Dewkit almost laughed. That was Startail, wailing about her.

She slunk back to the entrance of the nursery.

"Surprise!" Dewkit yelled and lie the shrew at her mother's feet. "Your favorite!"

"Poor, poor Dewkit." Startail shook her head piteously. "Not now."

"What?" Anger built up inside her. "Why won't you take it?"

Dewkit puffed out her cheeks, then followed her mother's gaze.

Her anger drained away.

There was a dank, musty smell to Reedtuft's now motionless body. Almost sickly.

"She's dead, little ones."

Raykit stared at Dewkit.

"It can't be true!" She wailed. Raykit's eyes rounded. "She told the best tales about being in

"She was much more than that, Raykit," Startail's voice was rising with panic. "She had a kit; and Salvekit now has no mother!"

Dawnbridge bent her head. "I'll wean him, and feed him," she looked sullen. "I can tame away what's left of Reedtuft."

Dewkit widened her eyes in surprise. "Wouldn't he want to remember his mother?"

Dawnbridge shook her head. "No kit deserves to live in agony."

Rage filled Dewkit, shaking her body. "If Startail died, I'd want to remember her for as long as I could!" She stormed off.

"Turtlefin!" Dewkit called mournfully.

Turtlefin looked up from his sparrow. "What is it?"

"Erm.." Dewkit looked into his eyes and suddenly realized why this had been a bad idea. "Just... wanted to say hello." She lied and forced a purr.

Turtlefin smiled. "How are Reedtuft and Salvekit?"

Dewkit rounded her eyes. "Why don't you come see them?" She asked softly.

Turtlefin trotted forward and then stopped mid-step, paw in the air. "I feel like there's something you're not telling me," he commented, but continued.

Dewkit watched him leave.

* * *

Dawnbridge shook Salvekit awake..

"What?" He yawned. "Reedtuft?"

Dawnbridge winced. "I'm sorry, Salvekit, but Reedtuft won't be seeing you anymore."

Salvekit blinked. "Did she die?"

Dawnbridge took a deep breath. "Yes, Salvekit."

Salvekit's muscles relaxed. "Good."

Dewkit was taken aback. "Good!" She spat. "How is losing your mother good?"

"I can just see her," Salvekit mewed confusedly. "Can't you guys see the dead?"

Shimmerlight and Dawnbridge exchanged a glance.

"Well," Dawnbridge sighed. "He's Turtlefin's kits, he ought to be weird."

Dewkit forced her fur to lie flat. "Dawnbridge is your mother now," she mewed.

Salvekit glared at Dewkit as the fur along his spine rose. "No!" He hissed. "Reedtuft is my mother and will always be!"

He pressed closer to Dewkit.

"Please don't ever let me forget her!" Salvekit pleaded to her.

"I won't," Dewkit vowed. On the inside, she was thinking.

I told you, queens, nobody ever wants to just forget their mother- or anyone who's gone to StarClan.



Chapter 9

CHAPTER 9

How? How had Shimmerlight been so wrong?

As she stared at Dewkit and Salvekit, exchanging whispers and words to each other, she realized that the prophecy had been interpreted incorrectly.

While a heart is cracked, she thought Turtlefin, because Reedtuft was his mate, another will fill, dew at its brim, which was obviously Dewkit, so she had thought that Dewkit would fall in love with Turtlefin. She hadn't thought about Salvekit, because the first part of the prophecy made it seem like he would die as well.

There are reeds that might never see snow, a kit that may never see snow, and the reed itself will wilt. Shimmerlight grimaced as she recalled Shallowstar's words.

The 'reeds that might never grow-Reedtuft's kits never growing up- a kit that may never see snow-Salvekit- 'part was really clear. The prophecy made it seem like he was to die.

And the reed itself will wilt. She bit her lip at the familiar words. Shimmerlight hadn't spent any time thinking about that line. It was too sad and much too obvious she had basically skipped right over it.

Raykit started to purr. "You look like you swallowed a frog!"

Snapped back to the present, "yeah," was what her mouth formed.

Now Raykit looked as if he had swallowed a rather disgusting frog, and spun around to play with

So, she thought. Dewkit and Salvekit. Who would have thought?

Everyone, came the answer to the rhetorical question. Dewkit had stuck up for Salvekit, voiced her own opinion so he didn't have to.

They worked.

Shimmerlight's clever brain suddenly shot back to Salvekit's words.

"Can't you guys see the dead?"

She had to talk to him.

She led herself to the darkest, coziest corner of the nursery, where Salvekit now sat alone, washing.

"Hey, Salvekit!" Shimmerlight mewed cheerfully.

His big blue eyes flicked up to her. "Yes, Shimmerlight?" He replied politely, but sounded happy nonetheless.

"I was wondering," she began casually. "Can you really see dead cats?"

Salvekit screwed up his eyes. "Yes, in my dreams," -Shimmerlight let out a sigh of relief-"but I can't tell if they're actually StarClan."

"Do they ever talk to you?" Shimmerlight pressed, then winced at how she might be stressing the young kit.

But Salvekit seemed unfazed. "Once, a white she-cat said one thing as I was waking up,"

"What'd she say?" She lowered her voice to the proper octave. She didn't want Salvekit thinking that she was an excited kit, though she felt like one.

"Be careful, young one." Salvekit echoed. "Then she leapt away as I woke up."

"What color eyes?"

"Pale green."

Shallowstar, she thought.

"Thank you, Salvekit," Shimmerlight dipped her head.

Salvekit looked about ready to explode as he dipped his head back. "You're welcome!"

Shimmerlight needed to check on Lavenderfur. Lavenderfur didn't know about the prophecy, but the prophecy didn't mention her. She maybe wouldn't die.

But if she didn't, Shimmerlight would explain it to her. Easy. Simple. But Lavenderfur's reaction....

"WHAT!"

Shimmerlight backed away. "You were sick-"

Lavenderfur interrupted her. "You didn't tell me that you knew the fate of our Clan because I was sick!"

It sounded worse the way she put it.

"You're also only one of the medicine cats," Shimmerlight reminded her. "I'm a medicine cat too now. Not your apprentice."

Lavenderfur sighed, knowing she was right. "Just... keep an eye on Salvekit. It hints at his death."

Shimmerlight shook her head. "At first I got it all wrong. I thought Turtlefin would find love with Dewkit," she mewed. "But then I saw Salvekit and her together and..."

Lavenderfur smiled. "That's why I'm here."

Shimmerlight licked her chest fur sheepishly. Maybe it was a good thing having Lavenderfur around,

Lavenderfur grinned at her. "I don't need you to promise that."

And she was gone.

Shimmerlight dragged her body into the middle of camp, heart heavy with grief.

Riverstar's huge yellow eyes widened. "I'm sorry."

"Me too."

Raccoonfur padded out of the elders' den with Sodfoot.

Sodfoot was not the father of Lavenderfur, but he was the mate of her mother, Raccoonfur. Sodfoot loved them both as if they were kin.

"I- I'll get you some goatweed," Shimmerlight stammered, turning around.

"No need to waste precious herbs on old elders like us," Sodfoot chuckled. "We knew she'd go soon."

Raccoonfur nodded, although she looked sorrowful as she lie down and pressed her muzzle into her daughter's pelt.

"I'll get some goatweed," Shimmerlight repeated, steadily this time.

She returned with a stalk and had a gut feeling as she gave it to Raccoonfur.

Something horrible was about to happen.

Chapter 10

Thank you for reading!

If we can get 45 likes on this book I will make another!

DAWNBRIDGE, SHEENTAIL AND THEIR KITS ARE BACK! (if we can get 45 likes)

Excerpt:

Shimmerlight's breathing was shallow as she crept from the bushes.

The gray tom twitched his nose and whipped around.

Shimmerlight bushed out her fur in panic. "Ack! I come in peace!" She yelped as he hared after her.

"Is your name Strad?"

The gray tom slowed. "Yes," Strad snarled. "And you never should have come to my camp!"

He slammed a paw over her head and it all went black.

YAY

Shimmerlight's Quest (Dawnbridge fanfic #5)

from JayfeatherBB

online:

<https://www.allthetests.com/fan-fiction/warrior-cats-warriors/quest>

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Introduction

Hey guys! I am sorry that it took so long, but I had a lot of things going on with the corona, and all of the things happening with some baby goats (yes) and some getting rid of goats. So I'm just sorry that it took so long, but a lot was happening.

Chapter 1

CHAPTER ONE

Dewstep nudged Salvetail.

"I can totally see Shimmerlight and Tadpole together," she mewed to Salvetail.

Salvetail purred. "You know she's a medicine cat!" He scolded, but nonetheless still purring.

Shimmerlight stopped treating Tadpole and shooed him off playfully.

Salvetail stifled a giggle, but Dewstep wasn't as fortunate.

"What are you laughing at?" Shimmerlight challenged.

"Nothing!" They squeaked in unison and scampered away.

"Why you little-" she decided to spare the two new warriors.

Dewstep nodded at Riverstar's den. "Him and Buckface are talking."

Salvetail smiled mischievously.

They crept closer.

"Strad is a good fighter," came Buckface's voice. "Too good for us to fight him and his Clan."

"Yes," Riverstar's voice drifted quieter and more urgent. "We needn't neglect our borders due to no happenings."

Buckface agreed. "We need to send someone who is harmless, one whom willn't look a threat."

Dewstep saw his eyes glinting in the early sun...

As they rested on Shimmerlight.

Chapter 2

CHAPTER TWO

Shimmerlight hissed. "Get your paws off me!"

A few moments ago, she had waken to two toms dragging her to a small throne woven of reeds Strad had stolen from RiverClan territory.

Shimmerlight only remembered Strad as a vicious light gray tom. She remembered dipping her head at Riverstar's decision.

Now she grimaced at the pile of bones next to Strad's throne.

Her first encounter with him suddenly flashed in her head;

Her breathing was shallow as she crept out of the bushes.

The gray tom twitched his nose and whipped around.

"Ack- I come in peace!" She yelped at he started to hate after her. "Is your name Strad?"

Strad slowed. "Yes," he snarled. "And you never should have come to my camp!"

He slammed a paw over her head and she was knocked unconscious.

Shimmerlight shuddered at the memory,

"So," Strad mewed coolly. "Why are you here?"

I don't know, do you do this to all of your prisoners? Shimmerlight's fur fell flat as if she were calm.

"I came to join you. I'm a rogue and I need shelter for me and my-" she cringed. "Mate."

Strad nodded approvingly, muttering something about good fighters.

"What are your names? I mean, I would like to call you by your sacred names."

Shimmerlight paused. Nobody had thought of this.

Strad raised his eyebrows.

"What, me?" She laughed, stalling. "I'm Shrimp, and my mate is Tadpole."

"Hmm..." he regarded her with narrowed eyes.

"So..." Strad sucked on a stray bone. "Where is this mate of yours?"

"He's back where I left him," she forced out.

Strad chuckled. "Go fetch him, and bring him here." He smirked maliciously. "And there's no going back."

His words made Shimmerlight shiver. What had she agreed to?

"Tell me more," she mewed.

"Well, you have to be completely loyal, and no bonds except, I guess-" his lips curled into a grimace.

"Mates."

The word was forced out with disgust.

"Okay." Shimmerlight dipped her head.

She quickly ran from Strad's camp and hared for ThunderClan.

"Tadpole!" She called, out of breath.

Tadpole was standing guard and scurried up to her. "Did they except you?"

Tadpole's face fell. "I didn't mean it like that," he protested, running up to her as she started up the hill.

"I know," Shimmerlight replied gruffly.

Her and Tadpole ran the rest of the way together.

Tadpole nodded as they approached.

"Okay, quiet." She laid a tail over his mouth and for a moment it stayed there.

Tadpole didn't flinch until she pulled it off.

"Hello?" Shimmerlight called. The sun was setting, barely lingering in the sigh.

"Well," Tadpole drooped his tail. "There goes a spy mission."

"Wait," she instructed. "Strad!"

Strad laughed and slunk in front of them. "Hello, Shrimp and Tadpole."

Tadpole exchanged a bemused glance at Shimmerlight.

"Hello," Shimmerlight responded through clenched teeth, and nudged Tadpole.

"Shrimp."

"Yes?"

Strad beckoned for them to follow.

"This is our camp."

Shimmerlight almost gasped.

There were cats fighting over the last morsel of sparrow, and more bones lie scattered around the huge clearing.

"Your den with be over there," he pointed with a claw to a bare spot on the edge.

"We build it ourself?" Tadpole asked disbelievingly.

"Shush!" She whispered to him. They could do this.

Shimmerlight spotted a tom with a black petal coughing madly in the clearing.

Strad strode up to him. "Out of my Clan!" He bellowed. "For the last time, sick ones are no use to me!"

Shimmerlight stared.

"Yes, Shrimp?"

Laughter came from the dens, along with amused talk. "Her name is Shrimp?"

"Wh-why don't you heal them instead of kick them out?" She mewed courageously.

The laughter was much louder now, like millions of hyenas.

"We don't need softies either," Strad growled. "So toughen up and make a den."

Tadpole laughed nervously.

Shimmerlight felt weak as they trudged into the small forest to collect brambles. "I'm so... hungry."

Tadpole shook his head angrily. "Every cat fend for himself here!"

Shimmerlight stumbled away from him.

"No!" Tadpole cried. "Not that way! I- that's-" he paused. "All the words are coming out wrong."

"I know what you meant," she soothed. "And anyways, we're 'mates', so we can fend together."

Tadpole looked away. "I'll catch something,"

"I feel so guilty," she confessed before he jumped away. "I don't want to leave my Clan with no medicine cat!"

"Hush," Now it was Tadpole's turn to soothe. "They chose you because you're a medicine cat, and he paused dramatically. "Salvetail's there, and he knows about herbs."

"But what if Willowclaw kits while we're away?" She fretted.

He sighed. "She-cats have been kitting as long as the sun's been rising and setting. You're fine."

Shimmerlight drooped her tail. "But I want to live by the Warrior Code," she mewed sadly. "I don't want to turn into a rogue."

"I understand," Tadpole said softly, resting his tail on her shoulder. His face turned playful. "Shrimp."

"Oh, you're-"

Tadpole purred and ran off to hunt.

Which left Shimmerlight alone with the brambles.

She dragged a huge bundle into the small clearing, then added to it 'till it was too big for one warrior to carry.

A familiar scent caught her attention.

Marigold!

She started to purr. They'd need this.

Tadpole pushed out of the undergrowth, two rabbits swinging in his jaws.

"Looks like we have dinner," Shimmerlight remarked.

Tadpole purred. "Do you want me to help with the brambles?"

"You deal with the prey, I'll take these."

They moved back to Strad's camp slowly.

When they reached, they set up their den and laughed.

"We probably should have brought some moss," Shimmerlight giggled.

Tadpole nodded. "We'll be fine though."

Strad's gray gaze struck her pelt and make it burn.

Shimmerlight stiffened. "He's watching," she whispered. "Do.... mate-y stuff."

Tadpole hissed back at her. "What?"

"I don't know!" Shimmerlight mewed quickly.

She stuck her chin forward and brushed it against his.

They sat in that position, trancelike.

"Let's share a rabbit," Tadpole suggested, breaking the trance.

They pulled away and started to tear apart the rabbit.

Shimmerlight's pelt burned for what seemed like moons until Strad padded away.

They sighed in unison and continued eating the rabbit.

"Strad's nosy," Tadpole commented nasally.

Shimmerlight yawned. "Yeah, but-" she yawned again. "Now we got him right where we want him."

"Yeah," Tadpole breathed distractedly.

His amber eyes were staring at her.

"Tadpole?" She asked hotly, but couldn't help returning his gaze with glittering red eyes.

The gaze turned into a stare, and the stare turned into a conversation with eyes.

No, Shimmerlight's pleaded.

Maybe, both of them said shyly, almost breaking away from the stare.

Tadpole blinked, looked at the ground, and shook out his fur. All had been said.

"I can't." Shimmerlight mewed plainly, helplessly.

"It will be their fault," Tadpole pressed. "They send a tom and a she-cat together on a dangerous quest with only each other for socialization- what did they think would happen?"

Shimmerlight flickered back to the memory of her being made into a medicine cat.

"Do you promise to devote your loyalty to being a medicine cat and to never fall in love?"

Lavenderfur had looked her in the eye and asked.

"I do." Shimmerlight had replied hesitantly.

"I would keep my oath and-" she sighed. A long road like that was not possible.

Tadpole smiled encouragingly as he scooted next to her until their pelts were brushing. "At least we don't have to pretend anymore," he joked, but his face fell when he saw her sorrow.

Shimmerlight looked into his eyes for one moment then turned over and fell asleep.

Chapter 3

CHAPTER 3

Turtlefin padded up to Riverstar. "Shimmerlight reported last night," he mewed.

Riverstar coughed. "What did you say?" He wheezed.

Turtlefin shifted his paws. "I didn't say you were sick-"

Riverstar cut him off. "Turtlefin! We need her!"

Turtlefin sighed. "I know, but we need her there more," he mewed. "And Salvetail is doing his best."

"I don't care!" Riverstar's eyes were fiery, filled with rage. "I'm on my last life!"

Turtlefin took a step back. Riverstar was on his last life?

He took a deep breath. "And you were one of the best leaders, but we need this for our Clan."

Riverstar gasped. "Turtlefin!"

Turtlefin turned around. "Salvetail will do his best," he said, walking out.

"No!"

Turtlefin turned back to him, concern creasing his forehead. "What?"

Riverstar suddenly looked peaceful. "You have suffered through lots, and you miss Reedtuft, yet you continue to serve our Clan with all you have left."

"And?"

Riverstar chuckled. "Buckface isn't ready for leadership just yet," his gaze clouded. "You are."

Turtlefin sat down and stuck his muzzle deep in Riverstar's fur. "I'll lead well," he meowed hoarsely.

"But you must first tell the Clan."

"Yes."

He helped him up and together they padded atop Highledge.

"I have to replace my deputy," he announced softly, his throat obviously failing him. Cats leaned forward as he looked into Turtlefin's eyes.

"Turtlefin will lead well."

Wails of sorrow exploded from the throng of cats as Riverstar fell into a heap of fur.

Buckface stared up at Turtlefin. "What?"

"Riverstar said you weren't ready," Turtlefin jumped off of Highledge to explain. "And I will have to choose a new deputy for the time being."

Buckface dipped his head. "And I can understand," he assured. "I don't feel ready either."

"Thank you," Turtlefin whispered.

Buckface tilted his head in confusion, but went along. "You're very welcome."

Salvetail pushed forward. "I may not be a real medicine cat but-"

"No," Turtlefin interrupted. "I'm sure Shimmerlight will come."

"You said yourself that Shimmerlight was there for the good of the Clan."

"What is it?" Salvetail asked.

Riverstar's ghost, Turtlefin thought saltily.

Turtlefin dipped her head to indicate that he understood, and turned back to Salvetail. "Take me."

* * *

"Thanks for taking me," Turtlefin murmured, then winced as the cold seeped into his fur as he sat down on the stone.

He dipped his head into the water and closed his eyes...

And suddenly snapped them open.

Thousands-no, millions- of cats were crouched before him.

He was in StarClan.

"Turtlefin."

The voice filled him with love.

Reedtuft was standing in front of him. He wanted to lunge forward, stand next to her forever. He willed his body to move but he was stuck.

"With this life I give you love," Reedtuft touched her nose to his. "May you love your Clanmates as you love me."

"I still love you," he whispered.

A surge of warmth powered through him.

A tan she-kit padded up to him. "I am Sandkit. I was from Startail's litter but passed early on," she held her tail high. "With this life, I offer compassion."

"Use it to sympathize with your Clan when they need it."

A shiver passed through his body, then was replaced by a certainty that made him feel like he would never doubt himself again. He felt Sandkit's yearning for a normal life.

Riverstar then stepped up. "This life is for understanding. Understand your Clanmates' pain and agony."

Turtlefin was filled with a pain that made him want to crumple to the ground, but he stood steady.

"This life is for lightening your Clan's spirits' in dark times," a new cat came and mewed. "Humor."

Turtlefin recognized her as Bluetail, Dawnbridge's mother, as a feeling that felt like a weight loss came and lifted the enormous boulder of grief off of his shoulders.

Shallowstar replaced her. "Cleverness will help in times of need."

A red tom took her place and twitched his whiskers. "This life is for forgiving. Forgiveness always is more satisfying than vengeance."

A soft glow formed in Turtlefin's chest.

Kinktail stepped up and nuzzled him. She had died of greencough earlier. "With this life I give you empathy. Use it to understand what others are feeling."

She touched her muzzle to his.

A spasm rocked Turtlefin he felt powerful, like a lion about to pounce on an ant.

Next, a light gray tom padded up. "It may not seem like it, but being calm can help in many ways," he took a deep breath. "I am Wallowsky, and with this eighth life, I give you the ability to stay calm, and calm ThunderClan as well."

Turtlefin suddenly felt peaceful, as if his problems had flown away.

Turtlefin gasped.

"As you may know," he began. "I am Firestar, once the greatest leader of all. "

Very modest, Turtlefin thought, swallowing back a laugh. "Why am I so special?"

Firestar blinked fondly at him. "We may never know."

Turtlefin nodded.

"With this life I grant you peace," Firestar's eyes darkened. "You will need this life."

Turtlefin's tail twitched.

The cats who had given him lives lined up in front of him.

"Turtlestar! Turtlestar!"

The last chant promised him all he had been given as he snapped awake.

"Turtlestar!"

Chapter 4

CHAPTER FOUR

Dewstep sat down.

Turtlestar had called the meeting to choose the new deputy.

"It's going to be you," Salvetail whispered to her.

"No," Dewstep shook her head. "It's going to be Buckface."

Salvetail made a face. "What makes you say that?"

"Haven't you ever heard of Tallstar making Onewhisker leader instead of Mudclaw?" Dewstep tilted her head. "Onewhisker didn't choose Mudclaw as the new deputy, and Mudclaw almost killed Onestar."

Salvetail started to nod. "But Buckface wouldn't do that," he reasoned.

"That's what Tallstar thought too," Dewstep pointed out. "And he was wrong."

"Now to appoint the deputy!" Turtlestar yowled.

Dewstep shook out her fur.

"Dewstep!" He called. "Step forward!"

Salvetail turned to her smugly. "Told you so."

Dewstep gulped and padded to the middle of the clearing.

"You are now the deputy of ThunderClan." Turtlestar pressed his nose into her ear.

Dewstep stood still, feeling awkward. Turtlestar was like her father. Moons ago, he had asked her if she felt the way he did, like a mate. Dewstep had to refuse, feeling a pull towards Salvetail.

"I will serve you as long as I live." She vowed to him.

Turtlestar looked at the ground then padded away.

Dewstep knew what she had to do to make him feel loved.

Chapter 5

CHAPTER FIVE

"Turtlestar!" Shimmerlight yelped. "How much have we missed?"

Tadpole stood up beside her. "Yeah, we leave for two moons and Riverstar dies, Buckface is rejected, you become leader and Dewstep becomes deputy!" He looked a little proud of his adopted sister.

"Sorry," Turtlestar shifted his paws. "I've been busy."

Shimmerlight snorted. "No doubt about it," she muttered, then exhaled. "I still love you," she mewed.

Tadpole took a step back.

Shimmerlight laughed. "He is one of my (many) siblings," she explained, remembering with a pang Kinktail.

Tadpole purred. "Good."

"Why?" Turtlestar narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"Nobody would want her to break her oath at medicine cat," Tadpole replied steadily, looking him in the eye.

"True," Shimmerlight mewed casually, her voice wavering.

Turtlestar looked at them sadly, then shrugged. "It's your oath, Leafpool."

Shimmerlight gasped and recoiled. "How dare you?" She hissed.

The name Leafpool was now a term that meant basically a cat who had broken a sacred oath and had forbidden kits.

Turtlestar blinked angrily. "Maybe this has turned you rogue," he spat. "Because ThunderClan didn't tell you to fall in love and have kits!"

Shimmerlight looked down at her flanks, which she found swelling. For the past moon, she had been feeling tired.

"And don't tell me that you're not expecting," he said fiercely before she could reply. "I know what an expecting queen looks like."

Tadpole pressed closer to her. "Our kits may be born here, and half loner, but they will be great warriors."

Shimmerlight suddenly saw a glimmer of Shallowstar's face.

"This will be punishef," she promised darkly. She disappeared.

"I'm sorry!" She wailed, loud enough that she was sure StarClan would hear. "I didn't mean to!"

She curled into a tiny ball, sounding like a small kit.

"I'm sorry," she whispered and she shut her eyes.

The two toms stared at her pitifully.

Turtlestar murmured something to Tadpole and bounded away.

Shimmerlight sniffled, then broke out sobbing.

Tadpole curled up beside her and murmured soothingly to her.

Shimmerlight opened her eyes and they brimmed with emotion. "I can't."

Tadpole inhaled. "You can," he brushed his chin on her head. "Think about them, then don't stop, and you'll dream about them."

Shimmerlight glanced at the full moon.

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Tadpole."

Chapter 6

CHAPTER SIX

Dewstep walked up to Turtlestar. "Hello."

Turtlestar glanced up at her. "Hello, " he mewed tentatively.

Dewstep sighed. "I wanted you to know that I still love you."

"As a father."

Dewstep took a deep breath. "Turtlestar, I'm expecting your kits."

Turtlestar jumped back. "But, Dewstep-"

"No buts," Dewstep interrupted. "I'm doing this for you."

Turtlestar's face fell. "Why?"

"Because I love you."

Dewstep turned away swiftly, tail held high.

Salvetail watched her, jaw wide open.

"I-I don't understand-" Salvetail's rounded eyes stared at her. "I thought you loved me."

Dewstep pulled him aside. "I do, and I love Turtlestar..." she searched for the right word.

"Differently."

"Then why are you having kits with him?" Salvetail pulled his lips back in a snarl.

"I don't know, do you have enough patience to wait?" She countered.

Salvetail growled.

"Because he needs to feel loved," Dewstep pleaded plainly. "And I love him. Please understand."

"No." Salvetail drew a paw over his ear. "I don't understand. He's like your dad, but you love him enough that you are willing to make him happy by having kits with him?" His eyes showed horror for a moment. "What about us?"

"We're still a thing," Dewstep promised. "And I will have more than one litter."

Salvetail blinked at her. "I will wait," he vowed. "I will wait as long as it takes."

Dewstep purred. "I knew you had it in you," she mewed enthusiastically. "It won't be long," she added.

"It might," Salvetail looked at Turtlestar, who was sitting at the edge of the clearing, gazing at the sky dreamily.

Dewstep walked away.

Turtlestar trotted up to her. "I'm a father."

"Yeah," Dewstep mewed. Did he have to be so obvious, padding after her like a kit following its mother?

"I just- my-" he looked lost for words. "Reedtuft died."

"Yeah."

"She was my everything," Turtlestar meowed. "Everything and still is."

Dewstep inhaled sharply. Had she done this for nothing?

Dewstep groaned inwardly. Were they all this protective? She was sure that Salvetail would have given her a choice and free will.

But she let him push her along anyways.

Willowclaw, who was due in a quarter moon, purred at her. "Lucky Salvetail," she grinned.

Dewstep gave a frown. "Lucky Turtlestar," she corrected, and Willowclaw's face fell.

Willowclaw tugged her aside. "No way those are Turtlestar's!" She hissed quietly. "You and Salvetail are mates!"

Dewstep shook her head. "I'll explain later," she whispered, drawing her tail over Willowclaw's muzzle.

Willowclaw flicked her tail, signaling an agreement.

Turtlestar dipped his head. "Rest well, Dewstep." He left the nursery.

Dewstep rolled her eyes. "Toms."

"Yeah, tell me about it," she rested her head on her paws. "Toadspeck forced me in here and refused to go on patrol for four moons because he had to 'guard the nursery'" she purred and added; "I got him to go first gibbous."

Dewstep nodded.

"So, you fell for Turtlestar?"

"No, he fell for me when Reedtuft died, and-" she winced. "He looked so lonely and he loved me so much I just had to."

"What about Salvetail?"

"I love him as much as Turtlestar loves me," Dewstep looked at the ground. "But I'm going to, just not yet."

Willowclaw nodded knowingly. "Well don't go too fast," she offered. "Knowing Turtlestar, he likes to... cherish his moments."

Dewstep sighed. "I know."

Golden light filtered through the brambles as the sun set.

Dewstep wondered what she'd gotten herself into.

Chapter 7

CHAPTER SEVEN

Dawnbridge watched from the elders' den.

Crevicefoot purred beside her when Sinewtail tripped over.

"Oh hush," Dawnbridge scolded, stifling her purr. She knew that Sinewtail's blindness made it hard for her to be in camp, because everything had changed three moons ago. Otherwise, she had memorized the paw-steps of everything else, and never skipped a step while hunting or patrolling.

"But-"

"No 'buts'." Dawnbridge scolded again. She had to do this all the time.

"Yeah, okay," Crevicefoot chuckled.

Dawnbridge groaned and got up.

Dewstep walked up to her and grinned halfheartedly. "So, how is having your son as leader?"

Dawnbridge smiled. "Good." She answered. "How is carrying kits?"

Dewstep's smile faded. "Horrible." She replied sadly. "Especially when you know that they're being had with the wrong cat."

Dawnbridge frowned. "Is Salvetail the wrong cat?"

"No," Dewstep glanced at Highledge where Turtlestar was sitting.

Dawnbridge's eyes widened instinctively. "Wow," she breathed. "Well, then why are you having kits with him?" Her eyes opened even wider. "But you like him as a father."

Dewstep sighed. "I know." Is all she said before turning around and padding off.

Dawnbridge sighed. "Well that was pointless."

She decided that she was already up and padded after her.

"I may be an elder," Dawnbridge reminded Dewstep. "But I can still walk."

Dewstep exhaled. "I wish they were Salvetail's."

It was one sentence, miserable and kitlike, but very informative.

"I know," Dawnbridge soothed. Her wish was that Dewstep had a mother to talk to this about. Startail hadn't made it to the elders' den.

Dewstep sagged.

"But you know what I think?" Dawnbridge asked confidently, raising her voice and ignoring that Sinewtail and a few others glanced her way. "I think that you are the kindest, most caring she-cat in all of the Clans for what you are doing for him."

Dewstep fell to the ground.

Dawnbridge licked her ears comfortingly. Turtlestar gazed at them.

"Okay, up, up!"

Dewstep did get up. "Thanks. I needed that."

Dawnbridge grinned. "Anytime."

Dewstep grinned back, fully this time. "Bye!" She chirped, snapped up a mouse from the fresh-kill and ran to the nursery.

Dawnbridge sighed dreamily. Startail had been lucky. Dawnbridge never had she-kits that had mates besides Lynxfur, and she had just jumped right in.

But, either way, she felt like another of her kits were asking for her help. Not Dewstep, but someone else.

And the only one she couldn't see right there was...

Shimmerlight

Chapter 8

CHAPTER EIGHT

Shimmerlight squeezed her eyes shut.

"Want to come hunting?" Tadpole asked gently.

"I don't feel like it," Shimmerlight mumbled, her eyes still shut.

Tadpole sighed impatiently. "What do you think you're going to do?" He asked. "Strad doesn't like kits."

Shimmerlight finally blinked open her red eyes. "We leave."

"What?" He exclaimed. "What about saving ThunderClan?"

"It doesn't matter!" Shimmerlight cried and turned over.

Tadpole sat down beside her. "They'll forgive you," he mewed softly, resting his tail on her back.

Shimmerlight gazed up at him. "Are you sure?"

Tadpole smiled. "Well, I'm sure, when we drive Strad outta' here!"

Shimmerlight couldn't stifle a purr. She got up. "Thanks. You always know how to cheer me up."

"Literally," Tadpole mewed, motioning to her walking. "Ain't that what mates are for?"

His words hung in the air.

Shimmerlight walked away.

Tadpole followed. "Oh come on," he groaned. "You know I always say the wrong words!"

"Yeah you do."

Shimmerlight raised her tail for silence and crept forward. She leaped and bent down, nipping the killing bite on the mouse.

Tadpole nodded with approval. "Good, for a medicine cat."

She pounced on him, tussling him to the ground. She pinned him. "I think you mean good for a warrior!"

"Warrior?" A voice asked.

They whipped around.

Two she-cats were tilting their heads. "Are you guys warriors?"

Tadpole and Shimmerlight exchanged a glance. "Do you promise not to tell?" Tadpole asked.

"Swear on the stars." The she-cats promised in unison.

"We are warriors, and we have come to save ThunderClan from Strad."

"Dalilah, and this is Tansy. We're in."

"Huh?" Shimmerlight said. "I guess we could get Strad's Clan to turn it's back on him."

"Yup," Tansy mewed. "Dalilah has good ideas."

"Okay then," Tadpole meowed awkwardly. "Go round up some cats who are against Strad."

Dalilah giggled, but turned around and ran to camp.

Tansy waited a moment. "Are you expecting?" She asked Shimmerlight. "And earlier Tadpole said you were a medicine cat."

Tansy nodded. "Me and my sister know all about the Clans, and we admire them."

Tadpole let out his breath.

"Ohhhhhh, so you do have a mate!" She purred. "Dalilah, you owe me a mouse!" She called, hoping away.

Shimmerlight laughed, and Tadpole nudged her.

They shared the mouse and a few moments after, Tansy and Dalilah were back- with all of Strad's Clan behind them.

"Wha- Tansy how- what?"

Dalilah brushed her tail over Shimmerlight's mouth. "No one likes Strad except his deputy and a few loyals."

Tadpole stepped up. "So... how did you tell everyone?"

Tansy and Dalilah laughed.

"Well, we waited for Strad and his friends to go hunting, then we climbed a tree and yelled if anyone wanted to humiliate Strad." Tansy explained.

Dalilah giggled. "Everyone immediately said yes."

Everyone laughed, and Shimmerlight felt like the powerful cat in the world.

"Everyone, meet back here at moon high tonight! Feed yourself well!"

Tadpole glanced at her and she closed her eyes, bathing in the warm setting sun and approving mews of the ally.

Chapter 9

CHAPTER NINE

"I'm worried!" Dewstep pushed. "Shimmerlight may be dead!"

Salvetail brushed his cheek against hers. "I have a feeling we jinxed it."

Dewstep stopped pacing to stare at him. "What?"

"Before you were deputy, you and me commented on how we could see them together."

Dewstep shared his look of horror. "But why would StarClan do that?"

Turtlestar burst in. "So you know how I can see ghosts?"

"No!" Dewstep and Salvetail spat.

Turtlestar shrugged. "Oh. Well, I can, and-"

"So that's why I can too!" Salvetail dipped his head. "Continue."

"So, I heard some StarClan cats talking, and they said that for Shimmerlight to complete the quest, she needs something to push her on, to keep her going. Shimmerlight would never give up on kits! A mother's love is strong enough for anything."

"But," Salvetail mewed. "StarClan will punish her for having kits. Leafpool?"

"Yeah, yeah," Turtlestar waved his words away, but he obviously had concerns for his sister.

Dewstep stamped down her foreleg. "How will she feel after she did all of that hard work of expecting and completing the quest that she gets nothing in reward?" She challenged, and half-demanded.

"Proud." Turtlestar replied. "Strong, and successful."

Salvetail turned to her. "Yeah, he's got you there."

Dewstep growled and strode out of the den.

Chapter 10

CHAPTER TEN

Shimmerlight crept forward. "How is this supposed to work?"

"Trust us," Tansy assured. "Me and Dalilah have done this before."

Shimmerlight tilted her head. "Where did you do-"

Dalilah cut her off. "And we know his weakness."

Shimmerlight hissed. "What is it?"

"Bullying." Tansy and Dalilah said together.

"If we bully him back, say the meanest things that will stab him in the back, then say sorry, everything's good!"

Shimmerlight bristled. "Sorry don't fix everything." She growled. She padded forward.

"We're doing it my way. Follow my lead."

Shimmerlight trotted into the clearing. "Hey Strad."

Strad looked confused. "Hello, Shrimp."

Tansy and Dalilah stifled giggles.

"Just came to inform you that I'm starting a new Clan," Shimmerlight mockingly picked at a claw casually like Strad did. "Anyone who wants to join can."

Strad's lips pulled back in a snarl and he whispered; "See how far you get with an attitude like that."

Then louder; "Go ahead. Ask. I doubt anyone will want to join."

The cats filed out from behind the dens.

"Who wants to join Shrimp's Clan?" Strad boomed.

Every cat, starting with Dalilah and ending with Tansy, came and stood behind Shimmerlight.

"Well- well-" Strad sputtered.

"Well-well what?" Tansy mocked, stepping up. "Run home to your momma?"

Shimmerlight gave her a nudge. "Follow my lead,"

"Well," Strad roared. "You'll have to fight me for it!"

Tansy and Dalilah beside her bared their teeth, unsheathed their claws and growled.

"No." Shimmerlight turned to each of them calmly, resting her tail on each of the eager sisters' backs.

"This is my fight."

Strad grinned maliciously. "Even better."

He lunged forward and landed on Shimmerlight.

She laid limp.

"Ha!" Strad loosened his grip. "Down al-"

Shimmerlight burst out of his paws and slashed her claws over his muzzle.

Strad gasped. Shimmerlight hared away as he tried to nip her leg.

Once he had caught up, Strad drew blood from her leg and pinned her.

"I knew it!" He snarled. "You're ThunderClan! A ThunderClan spy!"

Shimmerlight felt a kit kick inside of her, and rage boiled up. She flew at Strad. She dived underneath him, slicing a claw across his belly. He cried out and fell. Shimmerlight bit his neck, then held it in her jaws, ready to bite. "Tell me you surrender," came her muffled mew. "Or else." "I do! I swear to StarClan I won't ever bother the Clans again! Just don't kill me please!" Shimmerlight let go of his scruff. "Why are you afraid of death?" Strad looked into her eyes. "I had a mate once," he bit his lip, looking on the edge of tears. "I let her go. I didn't feel responsible enough to be a father." Shimmerlight sat down beside him. "Who was it?" Strad's eyes brimmed with emotion. "She was beautiful. She welcomed me into ShadowClan, but Batstar didn't. And to add on top of all of that, she was expecting." He sobbed. "I know how that feels." "What?" "Being torn in two," Shimmerlight replied sadly. Strad looked up at her. "I didn't want Nightclaw to come out into the rough world. She loved her Clan so much." His eyes watered. "So did I." Shimmerlight set her jaw determinedly. "We'll get you into ShadowClan," she mewed. "As long as you promise not to hurt a fly unless Batstar orders you to." "I promise!" Strad's face looked so happy. "Please, go back to ThunderClan first. I did wrong, and I can wait." Shimmerlight exchanged glances with Tansy and Dalilah. They smiled at her. "You guys are fit to be leaders. Lead this group of cats well." Dalilah dipped her head, but Tansy just stood. "Shimmerlight, I'm sorry, but I have always wanted to be in a real Clan, and I know I can't lead." She looked into Shimmerlight's eyes. "Please, let me come with you." "Are you sure?" Shimmerlight asked. "Dalilah?" Dalilah glanced her apologies at her. "Wherever Tansy goes, I go." She frowned. "You may have to let someone else lead." "Alright." Shimmerlight's face fell. "Who wants to lead?" Nobody volunteered. "I'll do it." Shimmerlight gasped. "Tadpole?" Tadpole nodded. "Yes. I am a rogue at heart, but I swear, I won't attack anything." Shimmerlight stood steady but on the inside felt she should crumple to the ground. "What about our kits?" She whimpered. "What about us?" Tadpole widened his eyes. "You'll let me visit, right?" He asked softly. "I promise I will." Shimmerlight sobbed and Tadpole wrapped himself around her. "I love you, Shimmerlight."

Chapter 11

EPILOUGE

Twelve moons later...

Strad's eyes rounded. "My kits are all grown up."

Nightclaw nodded and rested her chin on his head. "Strad, I missed you."

Strad's eyes brimmed with tears. "I missed you too, Nightclaw."

"Push!" Tadpole yelled.

The last kit tumbled into the nest and Shimmerlight purred. It was over.

Three kits were lying before her. Two she-cats and a tom.

"They're... dead."

Panic took hold of her. "No!"

Tadpole silenced her. "Wait."

He pumped their little chests and a mottled-brown she-cat stared up with yellow eyes. Her little tom-kit blinked his amber eyes up. And a little white she-kit looked at her with bright red eyes.

Two of them died that night. Emberkit the mottled brown she-cat, and Rookkit, the black tom.

Shinekit lived.

Chapter 12

Thank you guys so much for the support and comments about how awesome my fan fics are, it helps a lot. To be honest, it took me about three months to remember about this series I started. I wrote Dawnbridge's Favor, and then forgot about my promise to make another! I hope you guys liked this series!

Special thanks to:

My family, for making this better.

You guys, for pushing me on

Flagpost, for emailing me some suggestions and just plain being very nice

And that is all. If I don't write any more fan fictions I am sorry, but I will write some WOF (wings of fire) fan fiction.

Thank you again for all of the encouragement, guys.

And see you again next time!

BYE FELICIA!

Banished (Dawnbridge Fan Fiction #6)

from JayfeatherBB

online:

<https://www.allthetests.com/fan-fiction/warrior-cats-warriors/qu>

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Introduction

This book, by JayfeatherBB, is about the birth of Shinekit. It has lots of action and I know that lots of you were not expecting another fan fiction! Well, now you have one! Also, I was requested to add a special character (hello Lunarusty!) . Her name is Ravenkit! (URGENT: Need Fan Art! Mostly Shimmerlight fan fiction, Shinekit fan fiction, and a kit with white paws, tail tip, and muzzle with black base! Please send in fan art as soon as possible! And I will accept any cat fan art!)

Chapter 1

CHAPTER ONE

Shinekit blinked open her eyes.

"Mother?" Shimmerlight wasn't there.

She got up and lashed her tail. "Ravenkit!"

Ravenkit opened her wide eyes to glare at her.

"C'mon!" Shinekit twitched her nose. "Can't we go out and see the lake?"

The black she-kit with white paws made a face. "But Shinekit, we're not allowed out of camp," she mewed.

Shinekit nodded. "But we are special!" She complained. "I'm the medicine cat's kit, and you're the leader's kit!"

Ravenkit glanced at her sleeping mother, Dewstep. "My mother is always too busy arguing with Turtlestar to notice me," she drooped her tail.

Shinekit smiled at her cheerfully. "Ravenkit, Dewstep loves you. She may not show it often, but Dewstep is the most caring cat in all of ThunderClan."

Shinekit rested her tail on Ravenkit's back. "And besides, Turtlestar loves you enough for both of them."

Ravenkit purred. "Thanks for the speech, Shinekit," she screwed up her eyes. "Correction: Turtlestar loves me enough for both of them and Shimmerlight!"

Shinekit giggled and they sped off.

They snuck past Swiftpaw, Willowclaw's kit, and Stormtail, who was guarding. "The lake is... that way!" Ravenkit pointed with her tail, mewling triumphantly.

"Race you!"

She dashed off, leaving Ravenkit a tail-length behind. "Last one there is a stinky badger!" Shinekit yelled backwards.

Ravenkit laughed and surged forward.

Shinekit looked over her shoulder. "Ha! I'm going to beat you!" She called. She started to turn her head forward.

Crash!

She landed in the water.

"Ravenkit!" Shinekit shrieked. "Help me!"

"I-I can't!" Ravenkit stammered. "You're too far out!"

Shinekit splashed around wildly. She called the name that meant the most to her, but she knew that the cat she wanted would not come.

"Tadpole!"

Chapter 2

CHAPTER TWO

Shimmerlight pricked her ears. "Tansy, do you hear that?"

"I do," Dalilah and her mewed in unison.

Shimmerlight shook her head bemusedly. "Look, I can barely tell you two apart on a daily basis, it's even harder when you talk at the same time."

They smiled. "That's our promise!" One of them said.

Shimmerlight could actually tell them apart, but barely. Tansy had a black spot on her paw, but Dalilah's right forepaw remained blank. Otherwise, all of their other black spots were matching.

"Tansy, that is not your promise, now come with me to find out what that noise is."

She listened harder, and words formulated. Why would someone be calling... tardy souls?

"What?" Shimmerlight and Dalilah said together. She shot Dalilah a glare.

Tansy rolled her eyes.

Tardy- no tad- soul. Tad soul. Tadpole!

Her eyes widened in alarm. "Shinekit!"

"Okay," Tansy said. "Let's not jump to conclusions-"

Shimmerlight cut her off with a sigh. "Dalilah, go tell Dewstep that she needs to pay more attention to her kit," she gazed thoughtfully at the white she-cat with black spots. "No, I'll do that. Both of you, come help me."

She leapt away and the sisters followed.

As soon as Shimmerlight saw the lake, it pushed her on. "Shinekit!"

Shimmerlight slowed as she watched a brown-green tom drag her kit out of the water.

She rushed towards him.

"Oh, Tadpole!" She cried happily. She pressed herself to his wet pelt.

Tadpole brushed his chin against hers.

"What were you two doing out here? Alone?" Tansy demanded with an icy edge.

Ravenkit's lip quivered.

Shimmerlight heard a cat approach from behind.

Ravenkit's eyes brimmed with emotion.

Dewstep kneeled before her. "Ravenkit, you need to tell me what's wrong."

"Everytime Shinekit goes to Shimmerlight with a bellyache, Shimmerlight soothes her and sends Tansy to get some chervil!" She blurted. "But you aren't even in the nursery when I need you! And even if you were, you and Turtlestar would be fighting anyways!"

Dewstep's eyes rounded. "Oh, my baby raven," she mewed sadly. "I am sorry. From now on I will always be there. I will try." She smiled weakly. "I am sorry that Salvetail is going to be the father of my new litter."

Ravenkit gasped. "Mother, you're expecting?"

"Dewstep, I wouldn't be any less happy for you if they were Turtlestar's," Ravenkit mewed sweetly.

Dewstep picked her up by the scruff and together they went back to camp.

Shimmerlight pointed a claw at her own daughter. "And why are you out here?"

Tadpole stood beside her.

"Mother, I'm sorry, I- I just-" Shinekit took a deep breath. "I know that you're a medicine cat, but you never make time for me."

Shimmerlight tilted her head. "Alright, I promise to make more time for my little ray of light."

Shinekit pushed her. Shinekit nipped her.

"Hey!" Shimmerlight growled, but a grin peeked through.

Tadpole joined in, and together they tussled him to the ground.

"We win!" Shinekit declared.

Tadpole chuckled. "Okay, I've got to get back to FireClan," his eyes darkened. "There has been some problems with SkyClan."

"Let us help," Shimmerlight pleaded. "ThunderClan has plenty to spare."

Tadpole purred. "I'm sorry, but I don't think that any warrior can kill Birdstar's ego."

Shimmerlight laughed and Shinekit rolled her eyes.

"Old cats," she heard Shinekit whisper.

The only elders or warriors that Shinekit really liked were Dawnbridge and Raypelt, since they were kin. Dawnbridge told of the best stories, like how Shimmerlight became medicine cat apprentice, or about Reedtuft, who had been Turtlestar's mate.

"Wow, it must be crazy being Turtlestar," Shinekit said out of the blue.

Shimmerlight nudged Tadpole.

Tadpole cleared his throat. "Goodbye, Shinekit. I will BYEEEEEEEEEEEE you soon." He dove into the water and swam away.

"Why?" Shimmerlight asked.

"Because he is leader."

Shinekit's eyes widened.

"What? What is it?"

Shinekit set her jaw determinedly.

"One day, I will become leader." She vowed.

"One day."

Chapter 3

CHAPTER THREE

Turtlestar shifted in his nest, trying to get to sleep.

This was all wrong. He felt wrong. He was used to sleeping in the nursery, with Reedtuft. It had been many moons, but he needed her.

Things had been tense between him and Dewstep. Every day, fighting and arguing. The only cat he really loved was Ravenkit.

Today, Dewstep had been nice to him. Today, they got along. It was less awkward, and he could tell that she hadn't been acting out for Ravenkit.

He felt happy, but shivered.

Turtlestar turned over again, grunting. He gasped.

It was Reedtuft.

She was curled up, her tail tucked over her nose.

Turtlestar stared and yearned to wake her, to hear her voice, but he shouldn't.

This was a sign.

Reedtuft was his love, not Dewstep. And he had to tell her.

Reedtuft stirred. "Turtlestar?" She murmured.

"What is it?" Turtlestar asked softly, but on the inside he was excited.

"Turtlestar, come with me." Reedtuft mewed quietly.

Turtlestar dipped his head.

Reedtuft led him out of camp. Deep into the woods.

"Reedtuft!" Turtlestar gasped. She was no longer a ghost, but solid.

He looked around the cave that she had brought him to.

"It's magical," she mewed.

"No kidding," Turtlestar breathed, running his tail along the wall.

Reedtuft strode over to him and landed her head atop his. "I love you." She stated.

"Me, too."

Reedtuft stepped back and twined her tail with his, so that they were standing side-by-side.

"This cave was dug by LionClan, and the hanging moss gives off not only light, but also the power for any StarClan who wishes to live again until sunrise."

His heart sank like a rock. Reedtuft was back, back, but not indefinitely.

"Tell her, Turtlestar," Reedtuft urged. "I will wait here for you every night."

"Wait, Reedtuft-"

But she had faded away.

Turtlestar made a mental note to ask the question next time.

In camp, he woke Dewstep.

"Dewstep, I have to tell you something."

She probably did.

"Here, last night, Reedtuft appeared." Turtlestar took a deep breath. "Right here, I realized that I love only her, and that you are not my love."

Dewstep exhaled deeply, as if she had been holding her breath, in relief. "Oh, Turtlestar, thank you!" She mewed exsaperatedly.

She rushed off, probably to tell Salvetail.

Turtlestar eyed her flanks and realized that she already was kindling with Salvetail.

He sighed dreamily. He had been happy with Ravenkit, because Dewstep had been so nice as to give her to him.

But now, he realized, that it was time for him to return the favor.

He was glad that she was happy, but on the inside, he also felt guilty. For keeping this from her.

Dewstep had done all of this for him, but what had he given her.

Turtlestar's heart felt light as he watched Salvetail and Dewstep.

They would have beautiful caring kits that would never, ever, take anyone for granted.

Even those that they thought they loved.

Chapter 4

CHAPTER FOUR

Ravenkit purred.

"Oh, Ravenkit, you are the best at moss ball!"

Ravenkit giggled.

Dewstep laughed with her, then settled down.

"Sleep well, young one."

She waited until Ravenkit produced a soft snore, then she got up.

Dewstep trotted over to Turtlestar's den, where he was waiting outside.

"What would you like to show me?" Dewstep asked. She was glad things were over between them- things weren't awkward anymore. They were just friends.

"Come," Turtlestar beckoned.

He ran through the forest, laughing.

Dewstep relished the cool air blowing into her face. She drank it in and caught a scent in her nose.

She skidded to a halt.

"What?" The scent was.. Reedtuft's.

Turtlestar swallowed a smile and he ducked into a small cave that Dewstep would not have noticed.

Dewstep gaped. She had expected the cave to be pitch-black inside, but instead, the room was lit by bright hanging moss.

Dewstep widened her eyes at a dark figure approaching them.

She bared her teeth, warning the cat. But the light filtered over the cat's face and...

It was Reedtuft!

"Reedtuft!" She cried, throwing herself at Reedtuft.

"Hello, Dewstep," Reedtuft mewed, amused. "It is nice to see you again." Her eyes suddenly glazed over. "You're expecting."

Dewstep nodded.

Reedtuft glanced at Turtlestar warningly. "I expect that Salvetail is the one happy."

"Yes!" Dewstep mewed ecstatically. "Salvetail was thrilled!"

"What," Turtlestar mewed at the same time. "A father is not allowed to be happy for his son and his new mate!"

Reedtuft smiled. "Well, do you want me to tell you a story or not?"

"Yes, please!"

Before Reedtuft could begin, Dewstep heard and squeal and saw two small kits tumble into the cave.

Ravenkit blinked up and smiled sheepishly.

Shinekit giggled. "We wanted to hear the story ."

Dewstep laughed and sat down. The kits cuddled beside her.

Reedtuft cleared her throat. "When I was born, my mother, Trouttail, didn't have any milk for me. borage wouldn't help." She began. "So a cat named Sleekpelt fed me. Trouttail frolicked outside while Sleekpelt was stuck in the nursery with me, her own kits apprentices now. A moon later, I found a piece of parsley next to my mother's nest when she fell asleep."

Reedtuft smiled like a mentor would to their apprentices parents. "Now, who knows what parsley does?"

Shimmerlight walked in.

Ravenkit and Shinekit yelled it out in unison. "Stops the flow of milk in nursing queens!" They yelled so earnestly, and Shimmerlight looked proud, but after, Ravenkit looked so sad for her.

Dewstep winced quietly. It was her fault that Ravenkit knew how Reedtuft felt.

"Anyways, I told Sleekpelt and she promised that she would always be there at my side to help me. She confronted Trouttail, and she admitted everything. She was my in-the-nursery mother again. So when I was a kit, I had two she-cats who loved me, and that is a lot like your story, kits."

Ravenkit and Shinekit exchanged a glance and rolled their eyes.

"Tell us another story," Shinekit demanded as Dewstep stifled her laugh.

"No, kits, I think it's time for you to get some sleep." Shimmerlight mewed motherly.

"That reminds me, where are your bodyguards? Are they doing all the mindless guarding out there?" Turtlestar teased.

"I will have you know-" Shimmerlight's fur bristled. The fur along her spine lie flat. "We will discuss this matter like grown cats outside!"

Turtlestar shrugged and followed her.

Dewstep purred as she followed them to find out just how much calling Tansy and Dalilah 'mindless bodyguards' insulted Shimmerlight.

"Kits, stay in there with Reedtuft," she ducked out of the den.

"Yay, another story!"

"Tansy and Dalilah have souls and soon families!" Shimmerlight snarled and lunged at Turtlestar.

Shimmerlight yowled as his claws scraped across her side.

Shimmerlight blew him off and clamped his neck in her jaws, drawing blood. Turtlestar was defeated.

"They are not bodyguards."

Turtlestar lifted his tail to smack her away. "I know that when we were kits we solved problems this way, but now we are older." He shivered. "And fiercer."

Dewstep realized with a pang that they were siblings. She had not put two and two together. It was a minor detail, but dumbfoundedly important.

Shimmerlight hissed. "They have minds, you know!" She ran back to camp, leaving the kits behind.

Turtlestar hared after her, and she knew fox-dung well it wasn't to apologize.

The moon was slowly sinking beneath the horizon and she knew soon the kits would be left alone in the cave.

She padded into the dank room, swooped down, picked up the kits, and chirped a quick "bye!" to Reedtuft.

Turtlestar was waiting at camp, waiting to welcome her. Obviously he hadn't cleared things up with

He had started to lift a paw when Dewstep heard a snarl.

"Traitor!"

Chapter 5

CHAPTER FIVE

Shinekit snapped open her eyes.

"Get off of me!"

Shimmerlight!

"Ouch!" A tom winced. "Take it easy!"

And Turtlestar.

She hopped out of her nest and ran to the clearing.

"Why are you attacking them?" Shinekit screeched and hurled herself at Grasspaw, Stormtail, and Whirltail.

"Back off, kit." Stonetail growled, pushing her aside.

"Confess what you've done!" Grasspaw hissed. "Admit you've been training in the Dark Forest!"

"What!" Shinekit, Shimmerlight and Turtlestar exclaimed.

"You're bleeding, you're up early, and you obviously haven't gotten enough sleep!" Whirltail challenged.

Turtlestar glanced at Shimmerlight, who shook her head. "Well, then I demand that you unpaw me!"

"Traitor!" Grasspaw spat.

Tansy came up behind them. "I'm not sure this is necessary..."

"Shut up, loner!" Whirltail snorted.

Tansy bared her teeth, her and Dalilah backing away.

"Kill them!" Someone yelled.

Shinekit stared at Raintail, the cat who had yelled, in horror.

Ravenkit ran to stand beside her.

"Banish the siblings! Banish the siblings!"

A chant broke out and the kits pressed closer together.

What would be done with their parents?

Shinekit glanced around and realized that some of her Clanmates were doing the same, chanting hesitantly.

Ravenkit's lip quivered. "Shinekit..."

Shinekit closed her eyes and tried to believe that it would be okay.

Dewstep was trying to raise her voice over the crowd, but the Clan had decided that it was time for them to go.

"But I'm not weaned!" Shinekit wailed and ran after them as they were dragged out of camp, even though that was the least thing that mattered to her.

Nobody noticed her.

Shimmerlight scooped her up and held her tight. Turtlestar did the same to Ravenkit. "I will miss you, my precious," Shimmerlight whispered and slid away.

Turtlestar uttered the last words as he was dragged from ThunderClan as well.

"No!" Ravenkit was pushed aside by Whirltail.

"C'mon," Shinekit drooped her tail and mewed helplessly. "It's over."

"Why didn't they listen to us?" Ravenkit snarled. "Or Dewstep?" She dug her white paws into the ground.

"They don't care about what we have to say."

Ravenkit sighed. Chants were getting louder in the distance.

"There will be a Dewstar! There will be a Dewstar!"

Ravenkit sobbed and ran away.

Shinekit shook her dipped head. This was all wrong.

She head back to camp to see Dewstep sitting with Tansy and Dalilah.

"I have an idea." Shinekit mewed confidently, and the she-cats all huddled in to hear.

Chapter 6

CHAPTER SIX

Dewstep nodded. Shinekit was right.

The plan she had suggested was that Tansy and Dalilah take Dewstep to get her nine lives, but StarClan knows she won't get them, since Turtlestar is alive. She'd come back and act like leader for a while, then introduce an idea; that Shimmerlight had gotten into a fight because Turtlestar called Tansy and Dalilah "bodyguards" (the two sisters were taken aback by this) then get Dewstep's approval.

"That... was amazing." Dalilah breathed. Tansy inhaled the same way as well.

"We will get right on it," Tansy nodded.

Dewstep turned to Shinekit. "You and Ravenkit try to convince the Clan while we are gone." She tilted her head. "Where is Ravenkit?"

Shinekit looked helpless. "I-I- she ran off," she mewed uneasily.

Dewstep's face softened. "Her apprenticeship was supposed to start today."

"Who was her mentor going to be?" Shinekit asked gently.

"Stormtail." Dewstep replied, spitting the name out with disgust. "Hopefully Turtlestar will reconsider."

"No."

"What?"

"Stormtail wasn't doing anything wrong. If you thought... let's say Whirltail, was training in the Dark Forest, then you would kick him out! Stormtail was trying to protect his Clan, and he had the courage to do that. Not all cats can say the same."

Dewstep looked injured, but continued. "But leader's word is law."

Shinekit thought for a moment. "True," she finally agreed. "But what if said leader was possibly a traitor?"

Dewstep purred. "Okay, I'm done learning. Let's go!"

Shinekit nodded approvingly, and Dewstep hesitated, thinking.

Shimmerlight was lucky to have such a smart, loyal, thinking-out-of-the-box kit. She wished she could have a kit like that.

Dewstep sighed dreamily and glanced at her swelling flanks.

Who was to say she couldn't?

* * *

Dewstep dipped her nose into the cold water and was transported into the realm of StarClan.

Two cats stood in front of her.

The cat she loved the most.

"Mother, why is Shallowstar here?" Dewstep had been told about her by Shimmerlight.

"Mother, tell her why." Startail turned to Shallowstar with a smirk.

Dewstep nodded with understanding. She couldn't wait to tell Shimmerlight that Shallowstar was her mother's mother.

"What have you to tell me?" Dewstep asked respectfully.

Shallowstar's eyes darkened. "Your plan will work, but someone won't survive."

Dewstep woke up.

Tansy and Dalilah were actually staring her down.

No, actually, it was hard to get up.

Dewstep sighed. "We will prove that Turtlestar and Shimmerlight are innocent- well for the most part." She made a face.

"But someone will die in the process."

Tansy laughed. "We know! This happens in every tale of the Clans that our mother told us about."

The sisters closed their eyes and whispered something together. They pointed their tails to the left, then the right, then twitched them twice.

They both let out their breath as if they had been holding it. Maybe they had.

"What was that?" Dewstep meowed.

"We do it to honor the dead," Dalilah explained. "It let's them know that we're thinking of them."

Tansy nodded, and together they hummed a small bird song into the sky.

"Teach me!" Dewstep pressed.

"Not yet, Dewstar," Dalilah mewed.

"Not yet, but soon."

Chapter 7

CHAPTER SEVEN

"How much longer must we stay like this?" Shimmerlight whimpered to her brother.

Trutlestar snuggled closer to her. "Come on," he encouraged. "This storm will be over soon."

Personally, the storm didn't bother Shimmerlight. It was the staying in secret from her Clan. Actually, she was glad it was pouring outside, because it washed away their scents.

They were sheltered in Reedtuft's magical cave, and some nights, they had a dozen cats huddled in with them. Maybe they could get all of StarClan to convince ThunderClan that they did nothing wrong.

When Shimmerlight proposed this, Turtlestar rolled his eyes and drifted up to sleep.

Shimmerlight tried to do the same, but as soon as she had gotten comfy, she had an idea.

They could take shelter up the mountain with FireClan!

Shimmerlight glanced at Turtlestar, who was sleeping, and decided not to wake him.

She bounded across the forest, rain pouring down on her.

Shimmerlight saw Shinekit talking with Ravenkit about 'the plan' and crept closer.

"Kits!" She hissed.

Ravenkit's widened eyes and pricked ears indicated that she knew it was her, and she was watching out for them.

"Thanks," she quipped. "How are you?"

"Fine." Shinekit replied.

"I'm okay," Ravenkit shrugged.

"Go see your father," Shimmerlight mewed. "Ravenkit, he's in the cave."

Ravenkit nodded and sped off.

"Let's follow her,"

They told Turtlestar to meet them at FireClan.

"This is marigold." Shimmerlight told Shinekit. "This is burnet."

Watermint, thyme, tansy, catmint, lavender, feverfew.

"Let's be done," Shinekit interrupted.

Shimmerlight had a bundle of herbs. She dropped them, and done talking about goldenrod, she picked some and added it to the bundle. "Okay," she agreed before picking up her herbs and setting off.

They played tag on the way, a game they had picked up from the Twolegs. They didn't come out much anymore. When they did, they were wearing pelts on their flat faces and always carrying things and putting water on their paws. And they only got into their monsters. Nobody played tag. It was weird.

"I wonder if they're afraid of something," Shimmerlight thought out loud. "Maybe we should be."

Shinekit gave a little pfft. "Hey, I see Turtlestar and Ravenkit!"

She could, too. They were talking to two toms at the entrance of FireClan camp.

Shimmerlight snorted. Surprisingly they had gotten through the whole territory without running into patrols.

The she-cat and she-kit ran faster and finally caught up to Ravenkit and Turtlestar.

"We would like to see Tadpole," Turtlestar mewed assertively, not aggressively.

"He is busy," the dark brown tom growled.

"Let us in," Shimmerlight ordered. "We need to see Tadpole."

The white tom dipped his head. "Go right in."

Turtlestar stared at her as they walked into camp. "What-"

Shimmerlight swept her tail over his mouth. "I'm like royalty here, the leader's mate." She tilted her head from side to side eagerly before bursting out. "And I saved them from Strad!"

Ravenkit skipped along happily, despite the rain pounding down that they were now again exposed to.

Shinekit sprinted across the soaking camp to Tadpole.

"For the last time, Shinekit, you are not allowed out of camp!" He purred.

Tadpole spotted Ravenkit and the grown cats. "What is going on?"

"Apparently we trained in the Dark Forest, and now we are banished."

"Well did you?"

"No!" Shimmerlight spat. "So we took the kits and we seek refuge in your camp. Dewstep, Tansy and Dalilah will get us out of here soon."

"So, should I call you Turtlefin?"

Turtlestar looked taken aback. "Should I call you Tadstar?"

"Yuck, that's a horrible name," Shimmerlight intervened bluntly.

Tadpole shook his head. "No, actually, I went to get my nine lives and StarClan said that no leader of FireClan would ever take the name with the suffix 'star'." His eyes were fiery. "They will always stay the same."

"Well, we all like it better that way," Shimmerlight mewed affectionately. "I think that it helps keep conversations casual."

Tadpole nodded. "You can all help with the medicine cat," he eyed Shimmerlight's bundle of herbs.

"Obviously you were looking to."

She dipped her head and with the herbs, trotted to the medicine den.

A scrawny orange tabby tom was sorting herbs. "Hello. I am Suntail. Can I help you?"

"I am Shimmerlight. I brought some herbs, and Tadpole told us to stay in here with you."

Suntail snorted, losing the formal look. "Great, more herbs to sort." But he took them gratefully anyways.

Shimmerlight, Turtlestar, Ravenkit, and Shinekit all helped that night. After helping Suntail, they slept half in the rain and half in the den.

Shimmerlight groaned as she woke. She had gotten barely any sleep at all the night before.

Ravenkit and Shinekit had been allowed to sleep inside the medicine den, where it was dry.

"Sleep well?"

Shimmerlight jumped. "Suntail!" She closed her eyes. The orange tabby tom wasn't very welcoming.

Tadpole stuck his head into the medicine den. "Suntail, what are we short on?"

"Tansy, feverfew, and it wouldn't hurt to have some more mallow."

Tadpole dipped his head. "Go collect some with the kits."

Turtlestar was snoring as Ravenkit and Shinekit walked out with Suntail.

"So, how are things?"

It was a question, but it was really a statement.

The words said that he cared. It made Shimmerlight's eyes water.

"I'm lonely," she whispered ducking her head to meet his. "I miss you."

Tadpole looked her in the eye. "You'll stay for a while."

He twined his tail with hers and held it tight before letting go and walking out.

"Ooooooh!" Turtlestar opened an eye.

Shimmerlight turned to him accusingly. "We didn't even say anything romantic!" She exclaimed.

"If that wasn't romantic, nothing is."

She wrinkled her nose. "And you were asleep."

"Was," Turtlestar mewed and winked.

Shimmerlight scoffed.

After a moment, she confessed; "I miss him,"

Turtlestar chuckled. "Yeah, I heard." He shook his head and laughed. "This is classic."

Shimmerlight shoved him.

"Maybe you should stay with him." Turtlestar offered.

"No," Shimmerlight mewed as if it was the stupidest thing in the world. "ThunderClan needs me."

"Do they?"

Shimmerlight had a feeling that he was right.

Chapter 8

CHAPTER EIGHT

Shinekit purred as she nipped off a stalk of mallow, its fruity scent washing over her.

This Clan was perfect for her.

And, she missed Dewstep, Dawnbridge, and of course Raypelt, since he was Dewstep's brother.

Shinekit liked helping the warriors train. She loved alerting them of nearby prey.

But most of all, she loved battle practice with Scar.

Scar wasn't tough as his name suggested, but gentle. He had two kits, Greenkit and Yewkit.

Shinekit played with Greenkit all through battle training.

He always had a twinkle in his eye when she was around her. His green, brilliant eyes were always on her.

It felt amazing to be loved.

Shinekit had already decided.

She would stay in FireClan with Shimmerlight.

She knew that Shimmerlight would. She just wished that Ravenkit felt that way.

But Ravenkit's mother was in ThunderClan. And soon her father, too. And even after that, her new baby siblings. She would never choose to betray her Clan like that.

Shinekit would miss everyone. But really all she had to do to see her friends was walk down a hill a few tree-lengths to ThunderClan and pad in.

Shinekit sighed.

"Suntail, may we be done?" She asked, Ravenkit nodding beside her.

"Sure!" Suntail was in an extra-good mood today. "Run along, kits!"

Shinekit and Ravenkit squealed and ran over to where Scar was waiting.

Shinekit halted as soon as she saw Greenkit.

"Ooh," Ravenkit nudged her and twitched her white tail tip. "Someone has a crush!" She said in a sing-song voice.

Shinekit shoved her back. "I do not!" She rammed her head into hers and padded closer to Greenkit.

"Wanna play mossball?" Ravenkit came up behind her and asked.

Shinekit gave her a quick glare and turned back to Greenkit.

He looked into his eyes.

Shinekit broke away shyly.

"Sure," Greenkit finally mewed suspiciously.

Yewkit popped up. "I'll play with her!" He pointed to Ravenkit.

Greenkit looked back at Shinekit. "You okay?"

She looked at the ground.

"Hey guys, why don't you get the moss?"

Shinekit sat down and whisked her tail over her paws.

"What's up?" Greenkit asked. "You're never like this."

Shinekit laughed nervously. "You've only known me for three days!" She mewed uneasily.

"And? I know you," Greenkit smiled, but not only with his mouth, with his whole face. "I'm really good at figuring cats out."

Shinekit sneezed and he moved closer.

"So tell me; what's wrong?"

"Ravenkit was teasing me about having a crush on you," she whimpered. "And then something clicked."

She summoned up all of her courage and strength. This was always the hardest part.

"And I realized maybe I did have a crush on you."

Shinekit braced herself for the taunting, for the laughing.

But Greenkit just pressed closer. "I'm okay with that," he chose his words carefully. "But maybe we can wait on confirming things until we at least know that you're staying here."

"Okay," Shinekit purred.

"Hey, you two, pause your little love session!" Ravenkit called. "We wanna play!"

Greenkit followed Shinekit as they ran down the hill.

"Hey, what is it?" Ravenkit asked when she saw them.

"Nothing," Shinekit answered, shrugging.

Ravenkit smirked at her, then Shinekit stuck her tongue out. Ravenkit stuck her tongue out and then Shinekit glared at her.

"Okay, if you guys are done with your... face.. battle, then we should get to playing." Yewkit meowed.

"Okay!" Greenkit pushed her forward.

Shinekit tossed the ball and glanced at Greenkit.

She was glad that she had a choice.

Chapter 9

CHAPTER NINE

Turtlestar lie awake while everyone else was asleep.

This was all his fault. The kits would be home if he simply had kept his "snarky thoughts" to himself, in Shimmerlight's words.

He really didn't think that the she-cats were like bodyguards. He was just a lousy cat.

"I wonder what Dewstep is doing," The ThunderClan leader thought aloud.

Turtlestar imagined that she was having trouble keeping up.

Expecting kits, missing a kit, and trying to be leader are all hard. Especially all at once.

And she was doing it for him. Again. She wouldn't be having to cope with any of those things if it wasn't for him.

He sighed and shook his head.

Shimmerlight blinked her shining red eyes at him. "What are you doing up?"

"Thinking about how this is all my fault," he mewed bitterly.

"No, Turtlestar, this is not your fault." Shimmerlight said. "It's mine. If I hadn't blown up in your face about a tease then we would be at home."

"No, Shimmerlight! I cannot let you take the blame!" Turtlestar laughed and shook his head. "Oh, who am I kidding, of course I can! Take half of it!"

Shimmerlight gave him a look. "You know, me and Shinekit are staying in FireClan."

Turtlestar dipped his head, barely even able to see Shimmerlight by the light of the moon. "We will all miss you."

Shimmerlight wrinkled her nose. "Some more than others." She mewed, gazing at him.

"Everyone in ThunderClan misses you," he said. "We all love you."

Turtlestar realized for once that he was right. His Clan trusted Shimmerlight. She saved Sheentail, for StarClan's sake!

"Wait, something's wrong!" He got up. "Shimmerlight, the Clan didn't want you to leave! Or me!

When authority is being compromised, cats panic. They suddenly listen to the loudest voice. It's called peer pressure."

"New plan!" Shimmerlight's eyes brightened, which had seemed impossible to Turtlestar. "Go to ThunderClan and be accepted!"

Turtlestar gave her an exasperated look.

"Nobody likes a buzzkill," he mewed.

"Nobody except for you," Shimmerlight countered playfully.

"Ehh, maybe a little.."

Shimmerlight laughed.

They fell asleep with light spirits.

Chapter 10

CHAPTER TEN

"Shinekit, we need you to come with us." Turtlestar mewed.

"But I don't want to!" Shinekit protested.

The green tom recoiled. "Shinekit, I know that you want to stay here. You can come back." He meowed. "But why don't you want to come back to ThunderClan?"

Shinekit sighed. "FireClan is perfect for me," she said plainly. "Dewstep said that we would lose someone in the process. The warning didn't mean that someone was going to die, it meant that it wanted me to stay here."

Turtlestar gave her a skeptical look, but led her out of camp.

It took them barely a few minutes to get to ThunderClan.

They had to pass through SkyClan, where Appletail, Grassfur, and Silverpelt criticized them for having kits out of camp.

As they approached ThunderClan camp, Turtlestar turned to them.

"You two need to talk to Dewstep and tell her the plan. You know what to do after that."

Ravenkit nodded. "They'll listen to the leader's daughter."

Shinekit giggled. "Both of your parents are leader,"

Ravenkit gave her a look and they hopped into camp.

"Dewstep!" Ravenkit hissed from inside the medicine den.

Dewstep padded in and glared at the kits. "News?" She mewed angrily.

"I'm sorry for disappearing on you!" Ravenkit whispered.

"Okay, Dewstep, Turtlestar is going to walk in and you are going to tell the cats that... they will vote! If he will be leader again. Like the ancient cats did!" Shinekit exclaimed.

Dewstep rolled her eyes. "I'm going to be ancient if you don't stop talking soon," she muttered.

"Yes! I always make sense!" Shinekit nodded. "Shooba!"

Ravenkit and Dewstep stifled laughter.

"Okay, okay, let's go!"

Dewstep climbed to Highledge, followed by Ravenkit and Shinekit.

"Hello?" Shinekit called. A few cats turned to look.

"Hello?" Ravenkit tried.

"Hello!" They yowled in unison.

Everybody looked to see what was the trouble.

"Okay, cats of ThunderClan, I know that Turtlestar and Shimmerlight were banished, but we believe that you all went with what other cats thought." Ravenkit nodded at Shinekit.

She piped up. "So, we want you to be heard. Turtlestar will be coming, and you will take one good look at you leader and decide; be the leader you deserve, or be banished, alone and afraid?"

Many cats murmured their answers inaudibly.

"Clan! Everyone needs to grab a stone. Yes, bigger than your paw. Yes, small enough to move! Now, all in favor of keeping Turtlestar in ThunderClan, push your stone to the left!"

Turtlestar sat at the edge of Highledge.

Every cat except Whirltail, Grasspaw, Rainfoot, and Rosetail (which Sheentail tried to convince to vote Turtlestar) pushed their stone to the left.

"Turtlestar! Turtlestar!"

"Wait!" A cat yelled. "Where's Shimmerlight?"

Shinekit ducked her head sadly.

"Where's my savior?" Sheentail croaked from the elders' den.

Dawnbridge sat beside her, blinking her amber eyes at Shinekit.

"Me- me and my mother plan to stay in FireClan, with our family," Shinekit tried to dip her head, but she shook and decided she could just stay there.

After, Shinekit was surprised at what she had done. She was a shy type.

Dawnbridge smiled affectionately at her.

Turtlestar ushered the kits off of Highledge and they were about to say goodbye when he called.

"Ravenkit!"

He grinned. "I think it is high time you became an apprentice."

Cheers filled the seemingly-sorrowful camp with joy.

Shinekit hung her head. She would never have an apprentice ceremony with Ravenkit watching. Or Dawnbridge. Or Turtlestar.

Was this the right choice?

"Step forward! Stormtail, I expect you to pass on your skills and mentor her well!"

"Ravenpaw! Ravenpaw!"

Shinekit looked at her best friend.

Ravenpaw's white muzzle was glinting in the sunlight. She looked beautiful-more than usual- for a moment.

Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted Creekpaw cheering loudly and gazing dreamily at the black-and-white she-cat.

Shinekit's breath caught in her throat. She hoped that Creekpaw and Ravenpaw would live a long, happy life together.

She looked at Dawnbridge and Sheentail. Skypelt and Crevicefoot were talking next to them.

Sinewtail, Morningpelt, Lynxfur, Pinetail, and the rest of Dawnbridge's kits were all chatting.

Turtlestar was purring at Reedtuft, who was in ghost form.

Salvetail and Dewstep were twining their tails at the edge of the clearing.

Shinekit's tail drooped and her ears flattened.

It was like she was saying goodbye to her whole life.

Maybe she was.

Chapter 11

EPILOUGE

Shinekit sighed.

Shimmerlight stopped sorting her herbs and walked over to talk to her.

"Shinekit, I want you to know that you have a choice."

"I know! The problem is that I don't know which choice to make!"

Shimmerlight pulled her close.

"Mother, I'm so sorry that I don't want to be a medicine cat like you wanted."

Shimmerlight smiled sadly at her. "Shinekit, my loving daughter, anything you want is my wish. I want you to be leader if you do."

She closed her eyes and drank in the scent of her mother.

"You know, having a sister would help a lot." Shinekit breathed. "Sisters are the best."

Shimmerlight gave her a sharp look.

"But, like Dawnbridge and Sheentail were awesome! And Tansy and Dalilah!" (Shimmerlight glanced at the ground sorrowfully at the mention of her friends) "Mother, sisters are so cool!"

Shimmerlight went back to sorting herbs. "Shinekit, you know all you had to do was ask," she mewed. "You are going to have a sibling soon."

"Shimmerlight, you're expecting?"

Shimmerlight nodded.

Shinekit curled up, awaiting the new chapter in her life.

* * *

Ravenwing smiled at her kits. Sheenkit, Turtlekit, Dawnkit, Shimmerkit, Shinekit, and Firekit.

Creektail twitched his blue tail. "Ravenwing, they are beautiful."

Ravenwing purred and wished that Shinepelt was there to see the birth of her new kits.

She would have loved the names she had chosen.

Firekit was just a name that she had dug out of the elders' old tales.

Firekit.

Creektail sat down next to her. "I think that it's amazing how you named all of our kits after fallen warriors." He mewed affectionately.

Ravenwing purred and wondered how her best friend had decided to become a member of another Clan. Her brother, Yakpaw, and her sister, Mallowpaw, came over and played with the kits.

She sighed and glanced at the moon.

Ravenwing was sure that Shinepelt was, too.

* * *

Shinepelt glanced at the rising moon.

Shinepelt breathed in the crisp air and turned to Suntail.

"Thank you for serving FireClan."

Tadpole had retired and then died a peaceful life in the elders' den. Flowertail had taken over, and then she had died in a battle with SkyClan. It was her turn now.

She dipped her nose into the icy-cold water and cats started to appear one-by-one.

Tadpole, Dawnbridge, Shimmerlight, Emberkit, Flowertail, Raypelt, Dewstar, Turtlestar, and Orangeflower came to her that night.

She woke and head all the way back to camp without saying a word, where Greentail, her mate, Foxtail, Silverfur, Duckpelt, Spotclaw, Oakpaw, and Snakepaw were waiting for her. Her little sister, Lilacfur, was waiting too.

Shinepelt had three litters, all of them warm and loving.

She looked into the sky and connected the stars that formed a cat.

A cat that looked exactly like her.

Shinekit mewed one word aloud.

"Thanks."

She meant thanks to all of StarClan for helping her get through her life.

Shinepelt had fulfilled her vow.

And it was time for her to understand that everything that anyone had ever done was for this moment.

Because going up the generations, past Dawnbridge, her mother, and her mother, thousands of generations up...

It started with a cat named Rusty.

Chapter 12

Thank you! This is probably going to get published! Now, if anybody would like me to somehow add their characters into the next book (which will not be on this site) then put in the comments! I am happy to have your name in the back of the book, also, FAN ART PLEASE! I need pictures for the whole series! So, I would like it if all of you brought your pencils and markers onto paper and draw me some art! If you email it to me, then I will make sure to have your name and picture in the published version! And again, thanks, please give any suggestions, fan art, characters, or messages for me! It has been an honor to write for you.

The End!