

Whitestorm's love

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Story of a FrozenClan cat that falls in love with an ArticClan cat.

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Chapter 1 - The Battle

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1 - The Battle

A ghastly shape lumbered through the forest, green eyes darting in every direction alert for any movement in the brackens surrounding him. He opened his mouth slightly to scent the fresh forest air around him. He detected the stale scent of a twoleg that had chopped down a tree nearly a moon earlier. He sniffed again this time smelling the sweet aroma of prey. He crouched down low and moved where he was down wind from the little creature in the bushes. Slithering forward almost like a snake he flexed his hind quarters ready to leap. He bounded forward catching the mouse that was unaware of him only moments before. Hostility gleamed in his green eyes as he padded back toward camp.

He entered the clearing to see the other FrozenClan cats racing about in a flurry of fur. He padded up to his leader Winterstar he meowed What is going on His leader looked at him War Whitestorm war against ArticClan he hissed. Excitement flooded through the warrior's body making his fur and paws tingle. Fighting was his favorite thing about being a warrior. Hostility and the ambitions for power ran through his blood; after all he was a kit of Winterstar, the Clan leader himself. Whitestorm raced through the throng of cats ready to fight any ArticClan cat that got in his way. He waited for his father's commands on how they would accomplish this raid on their enemies. After his father spoke, the Clan split into three groups, group one rush the north side of the camp, group two the south side, and group three raids the nursery. His fur tingled when he found out that he was in group one. He was one of the strongest warriors in his Clan.

Whitestorm padded beside his father silently. They got to the bracken that surrounded the ArticClan camp, Winterstar let out a fierce battle yowl and the cats stormed in on the sleeping ArticClan cats. Whitestorm took on a she-cat known as Rushingstream, who was protecting her four kits, Adderkit, Waterkit, Dragonkit, and Fallingkit. Rushingstream raked her claws across his muzzle drawing blood. He raced off to the next cat, leaving Rushingstream with a gash in her flank. The silver tabby he fought now was Silvercreek; whose kits were full warriors and her mate had died. The beautiful She-cat with blue eyes rushed the large tom sweeping him off his feet, she pinned him to the ground he looked into her eyes and felt a new feeling race through his fur, not the excitement of battle but something else that he could not quite put his paw on. He raked her soft underbelly with his claws and sent her yowling off of him, but then she turned and faced him head on again. Whitestorm unsheathed his claws and raked them down her shoulder. She let out a hiss of pain then she turned tail and ran, but not for long as Whitestorm was breathing she padded up softly behind him lashing out her back legs kicking him off balance You never give up do you he growled I just want you to leave, ArticClan never did anything to FrozenClan she hissed in return Whitestorm nodded he looked around the camp, the nursery raid had left, taking ArticClan's four kits, Rushingstream laid on the ground unmoving, and many FrozenClan cats were injured. Whitestorm turned tail and raced to the camp entrance and let out a yowl for their cats to retreat; the FrozenClan patrol followed the tom's orders and left.

When they returned to camp Winterstar pelted over to Whitestorm You stupid furball! he yowled How could you do such a mouse-brained thing!!! Whitestorm sighed We got the kits, they were weak, it was only fair he meowed calmly Well Whitestorm if you think you're such a great ArticClan cat why don't you go and join them Winterstar growled Because I am loyal to FrozenClan. I would never join ArticClan!! How could you question my loyalty? he hissed You know as well as every cat that my heart lies here in

FrozenClan Winterstar glared at his son and stalked off to talk to his deputy Goldenflame, Rushingstream and Silvercreek's father, his grand-kits were now living in FrozenClan because those were the kits they had stolen. Whitestorm shook himself and padded over to get a vole from the freshkill pile. As he settled down to eat it he thought of the fight and the she-cat he had met. *Could I be in love with her?* He thought. Whitestorm finished his vole and padded into the forest, he was in the mood to hunt.

He had not realized that his paws took him to the ArticClan border. *Why am I here?* He wondered bitterly *I don't love that weak ArticClan cat!* Whitestorm was stalking a thrush when he heard a faint mewl right across the border, he ignored it only for a moment so he could kill his prey. After killing his thrush he padded across the border scenting the air to see if there was an ArticClan border patrol anywhere around. Feeling safe he padded over to the bush where he heard the mewl and saw a tiny kit; a silver tabby kit. He licked the cold kit brusquely with his rough tongue. He picked up the kit gently in his jaws and softly padded to ArticClan camp. As soon as he entered Polarstar pelted over to him. You're not welcome here unless you're bringing back Rushingstream's kits, he snarled. Whitestorm set down the small kit and meowed. I'm here bringing a gift of peace to ArticClan, he looked at Silvercreek who had padded out of her den. I want to give this kit I found to one of your she-cats, this does not speak for all of FrozenClan but I myself want peace with ArticClan. Polarstar glared at him as Whitestorm continued. I will try my hardest to convince my father to return your kits; he was already mad when he found out I was the one to call off the attack. Polarstar nodded and let him pass, he padded up to Silvercreek. Here he purred, he is yours. Silvercreek took the small silver tabby like herself. His name shall be Stormkit after the brave warrior who brought him to me, she purred, licking his ear. I must go before Winterstar misses me. Whitestorm meowed sadly; then he padded off into the dark forest, alone.

Right before entering camp Whitestorm had rolled in some mushrooms to take the scent of ArticClan away from his pelt. As he padded in his father snarled to Darkheart, Goldenflame's son, There is that traitor. Whitestorm grimaced but he kept his head held high and continued over to the freshkill pile to drop in his thrush along with two rabbits he had caught while out hunting. He grabbed a small mouse from the pile for himself and walked over to a shaded area under a tall oak tree in the middle of the camp clearing. From this spot he had a clear view of the ArticClan kits they had stolen. He flicked his brown striped tail for the four little kits to come over, the bravest Waterkit padded right up. Yes, she mewled, she flicked her tail and her siblings appeared behind her. Somehow, somehow I am going to get you back to ArticClan. Whitestorm whispered then he saw his father heading there way. Shhhh, don't tell Winterstar, he meowed, the kits nodded. What business do you have with these kits? Winterstar snarled. Waterkit almost spoke but Whitestorm flicked his tail over her mouth to silence her. We were about to have a play fight, he growled, knowing that was the wrong answer; FrozenClan kits do not play, they learn the ways to fend for themselves. Winterstar raised his lip. Quit going soft on these ArticClan kits! They must learn the ways of FrozenClan. He hissed.