

Warriors: A Side Story

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Submitted: July 20, 2006

Updated: July 20, 2006

Redtail falls secretly in love with a gray rogue, Slate, and the sub clan of TunderClan, LightningClan, is created.

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1 - Slate's kits

Redtail looked around the warriors' den. It was moon high and moonlight shone through the branches of the warriors' den, the warriors around him were all asleep. He stood up and shook off the moss that clung to his fur. Redtail stepped carefully out of the den. "Where is my deputy off to tonight?" came a voice from the shadows of Highrock, Redtail trotted over towards the voice. A blue gray she-cat emerged from the shadows. Redtail dipped his head respectfully, "I'm going hunting, Bluestar." "Check the borders while your out." Bluestar ordered, turning around and padding back into the shadows of Highrock. Redtail turned and headed toward the gorse tunnel, exiting the ThunderClan camp. Redtail had been deputy for two moons, he had been leaving the camp every other moonrise since becoming deputy to visit a rogue he had fallen in love with. Now she is pregnet. Her name was Slate, and she would be having Redtail's kits by the next Gathering. Slate had agreed that Redtail should train the kits in the way of the warrior code. Slate's fur was light gray, almost blue, and Redtail hoped she would pass her beauty on to one of the kits. The deputy pranced through Tall Pines and to a abandoned Twoleg nest. The yard was fenced in. Redtail easily jumped on the fence and concealed himself behind a low hanging branch of a nearby tree. He looked into the other yards. There was a thin, young, ginger tom and a tortoiseshell she-cat in the next yard, they were kittypets. By the way the tortoiseshell kept looking at the tom Redtail could tell his Twolegs hadn't taken him to the Cutters to be altered, yet. Redtail leapt into the abandoned yard and ran into the Twoleg nest. "Slate!" Redtail yowled expectantly. A black and white she-cat paced from the shadowy corner where Redtail had made Slate a nest. Redtail hissed, flattened his ears to head and dropped into a fighting crouch, snarling "Who are you?" the cat calmly sat down and curled her tail neatly over her front paws, "I have no name." she said. "She's my sister." Slate called from her corner. She emerged from the shadows and stood protectively in front of the black and white cat. Redtail let his fur flatten and stood back up. **NOT DONE YET**