

# These Things I Should Never Say

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**Chapter 1 - Fireheart/Bluestar**

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## 1 - Fireheart/Bluestar

*There are some things that are just better left unsaid.*

*I guess....this was one of them. But how could I hide this? You just made me feel....well, alive again. And you were the one I could never have.*

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Fireheart, a warrior of ThunderClan, had just returned from a hunt with Sandstorm. She had apparently changed her opinion of him ever since he had saved her life at the gorge, during the battle where Whiteclaw of WindClan had fallen to his death. The two walked closely together, pelts brushing, fiery orange and ginger mixing.

"Care to share some fresh-kill?" Fireheart asked, brushing her shoulder with the tip of his tail.

"Sure, I'd like that," she replied quietly, smiling. She lay down on the ground to wait for him as he walked toward the fresh-kill pile.

"Sandstorm."

Sandstorm looked up quickly to meet the gaze of Bluestar, an intimidating blue-gray she-cat and leader of ThunderClan. Her gaze was not unkind, but the sheer power of it made Sandstorm feel small and insignificant. However, there was more than a hint of...something undefinable in her eyes that Sandstorm found to be suspicious and unusual. *Maybe this is a good day for her, she thought. After what happened.*

"Yes, Bluestar?"

"Would you send Fireheart to me when you're through? I need to speak to him alone."

"Of course," Sandstorm replied calmly. "I'll let him know."

Something in the way she said this made Bluestar give her a whimsical look. She got the feeling that Sandstorm actually knew what she felt, which no other cat that she knew of could ever do. But she gave no sign of it, and nodded.

"Thank you." She turned and disappeared into her den.

"What was that about?" Fireheart asked, returning with two mice.

"Oh, it was nothing," Sandstorm answered mischievously. "She just wants you, that's all."

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*I can't let anyone know! What would they think? I'd be exiled, labeled as incapable! Am I that obvious? No, he still has no clue. But he's taken, I've seen the way she looks at him, and him at her. Maybe I shouldn't even try, maybe things are better off the way they are now. Maybe they are meant to be.*

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Bluestar was deep in thought, head down on her paws when she heard soft footfalls on the ground at the entrance to her den.

"Come in Fireheart, no sense in hiding from me."

"Of course," he replied, entering. "What did you need, Bluestar?"

She took a deep breath, not daring to meet his eyes. *What am I doing?! I can't tell him...*

"I-I wanted to see who you thought was best for my next deputy, after..." She stopped, a fierce look coming into her eyes, all thoughts of revealing how she felt about him lost.

Seeing this, Fireheart hastily cut her off. "Whitestorm seems to be the best choice, he's very loyal-"

Bluestar whirled on him. "No! Even he has betrayed me! That Willowpelt, she stole him from me!"

*Willowpelt...stole him?* Fireheart questioned in his mind. *Bluestar was...in love with someone even after Oakheart?*

"No, Bluestar, he is your most loyal warrior," Fireheart replied, seeing that her mood had changed at the mere mention of Tigerclaw's treachery. "He has the experience, you've known him all your life; he should be deputy."

*Should I tell him? No, it would be unfair...both to him and to Sandstorm. They were meant to be together.* Raising her head to look directly into his eyes, she meowed, "You're right, as usual, Fireheart. Whitestorm will be the next deputy of ThunderClan."

She turned away, retreating to a corner to lay her head down on her paws.

"Is that all?" Fireheart inquired, sensing that there was something else.

*She didn't answer immediately, struggling whether or not to tell him. I should, and I couldn't stand to not have him...No! What would everyone think? What would he think? What if he rejects me completely?...But I should at least find out if he does feel...But I won't. I can't.*

Without even glancing at him, for it hurt too much, she managed to respond. "No, nothing. Y-you may...go."

"Thank you, Bluestar." Fireheart turned and padded out of her den, pausing to look back. He saw

Bluestar give a huge sigh of...what? Relief? *Maybe...*he thought to himself, then shook his head, dismissing the thought from his mind entirely. He turned and walked out without another word.

Bluestar lay her head on her paws, eyes dimming with a sense of overwhelming loss. She knew what she had given up; her kits, her mate, everything for this position. And now Fireheart made her feel like throwing it all away, but she realized that she had gone too far and missed her chance long ago. Her rightful place was exactly where she was; the one place she now didn't want to be. But it could not change, because she had chosen this over all else.

*I'll never say anything about this, it could hurt my Clan...she thought, a tear trickling down her blue-gray cheek. I have this...strange feeling that Fireheart and Sandstorm have a destiny to...no, their **kits** have a destiny. A destiny that will overshadow anything done by any cat before them. I must not get in the way.*

*There are some things that are just better left unsaid...*