

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Fang

"I'm sorry, please don't run away!"
@Pumpkin Spice

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME

Fang

GENDER

Tom

COLONY

Flytrap

RANK

Warrior

About

Name	-Fang
Name meaning	-Given a 'fierce' name by D'Arcy
Nicknames	-/
Gender	-Tom
Pronouns	-He/Him
Sex	-Male
Sexuality	-Acespec
Age	-12 Months
Colony	-Flytrap
Rank	-Warrior

Appearance

Phenotype	-Blue silver rosetted tabby tom with high white
Scars	-/

Impairments	-/
Accessories	-/
Genotype	-Ll Bb dd Aa Bmbm Mcmc SpSp tata li WbwbSIB wsws

Personality

Deep-down beneath his worries, Fang is an observant tom who tends to spot the little things. He notices the changes in how others act, or the slight differences in the way they step, it's almost a game to him. He will often go out of his way to make others feel better, especially if it was him who scared them. A sweet tom when not forced to be otherwise, he often finds himself healing others rather than willingly training to fight.

Fang is a very emotional tom, he cries easily and will run away from others to create space if he has to. At the same time, this makes him aware of others feelings, and he'll often approach situations with a delicacy or gentleness others might not be able to. He's a very alert and aware tom in general, he makes specifically sure to not miss someone's intentions, though sometimes he panics and creates a big situation out of a false flag.

In general, Fang is a very timid tom. He's also quite the pushover and people-pleaser, allowing others to talk over him or push him into doing things he doesn't really want to do. Just because he seems kind doesn't mean he necessarily is, he is more than willing to fight or even kill, especially if someone else tells him to do it.

Family

Aloe • Parent • Owned by @Pumpkin Spice

Short-furred lilac bimetallic marbled tabby with low white

D'Arcy • Mother • Owned by @Jaykobell

Blue-and-black tricolor chimera molly with heterochromia

Dagger • Brother • Owned by @peeperonipip

Blue silver rosetted tabby tom

Cleaver • Brother • Owned by @Jaykobell

Blue silver rosetted midnight charcoal tabby tom with low white

Berry • Paternal Grandfather • NPC

Short-furred chocolate silver ocelloid tabby with high white

Wren • Paternal Grandmother • NPC

Long-furred blue charcoal sunshine marbled tabby with low white

Lynx • Paternal Uncle • Owned by @Lucense

Bimetallic rosetted tabby with low white

Treepie • Maternal Grandmother • NPC

Long-haired mute solid black molly with low white and golden eyes

Dilip • Maternal Grandfather • NPC

Short-haired gray silver spotted tabby tom with low white and green eyes

Teacup • Maternal Adoptive Grandmother • NPC

Hairless blue-and-cream dilute tortoiseshell colorpoint molly

Moishe • Maternal Uncle • @Jaykobell

Short-haired gray silver spotted tabby bicolour tom with green eyes

Chai • Maternal Adoptive Cousin • Owned by @Pumpkin Spice

Hairless black tortoiseshell molly with white

Rooibos • Maternal Adoptive Cousin • Owned by @Doublemint

Hairless gray calico molly

Matcha • Maternal Adoptive Cousin • Owned by @SnOwO

Black tortoiseshell molly with white

Oolong • Maternal Adoptive Cousin • Owned by @Jaykobell

Hairless white tom with black patches

History

Thorns and Teeth

Ever since birth, Fang has only ever known drama surrounding his life. Aloe had died before he was even born, and D'Arcy followed not long after his paws had first touched the earth. With no parents to take care of him, he and his brothers were put under the care of Herb, who was raising her own kits at the time. Foxglove took interest in the litter though, seeming to want to help out in raising them in.. her own way.

Fang had always been very timid, squeezing himself between and behind his brothers and tucking himself into Herb's belly to hide from other cats. All of the eyes on him seemed to burn into the spots on his pelt, and he began to stress about it even whilst he was so young.

Feeling torn between two different groups, Fang has a lot to learn... and a choice to make.

There were quite a few other cats his age, but Herb's litter always felt like older siblings to him. He looked up a lot to Cassia and Thistle, and always wished he could be as brave and level-headed as they were. Nimble could always make him laugh, too. He had no idea how!

He heard about a battle happening shortly after the litter was born, but he didn't really want to hear about it. The

thought of it was pretty scary, but apparently they won.

He didn't feel very good about that, just sinking into his brother's furs more and hiding his face whenever a cat came to talk about it.

As he grew older, he liked to spend time with the Wilted Ones more and more. He really seemed to enjoy Rho's quietness, and the other kits were pretty nice to him, too! It felt nice...

He had fond memories of being brought out into the camp with the others, getting a chance to run around and play. It made him excited for when he'd be allowed to move out of the Wilted One's den...

...

And guilty, that the others would never be able to follow.

...

[CW: Implied murder, implied death, grief, self-reproach]

It was one day when cats entered the Wilted One's den. This didn't happen super often so he wasn't sure what to think...

Until two of them grabbed Rho and Snapdragon by the scruffs, dragging them out.

He rushed to their defense, crying and begging for them to be let go, but they didn't even flinch... he never saw them again after that.

He hoped they were okay, but the cynical side to him told him otherwise.

News reached his ears not long after, Yew was going to have kits with another cat! He was excited, but it seemed the massive cat didn't share the sentiment, just grumbling and dismissing the younger cat. It confused him, even Foxglove seemed curious about the situation.

Summer came, quickly followed by news. Wither and Vista came rushing back, asking to speak with Foxglove. He decided to stay out of the situation, it probably wasn't super important to him and heaven knew he wanted nothing to do with drama and death.

But, then, it came to him.

Cleaver was gone. His brother- *his littermate*- was gone! No one knew where he'd went but- Fang just knew he wouldn't abandon him and Dagger like that. He had to be...

No...

Fang wanted to stick close to Dagger, but Dagger didn't seem to reciprocate. He wanted him to be stronger, and he wanted him to be able to weather the storm, as they both knew his heart was soft for the captives who raised them.

Cassia was gone too... it was even more embittering. He missed them both so much, he felt lost with himself and

unsure of what to do. How could his brother, and one of the cats who he looked up to, just... disappear like that? Nobody thought either of them could've survived...

Time passed, and he woke up to the sound of chaos. A bunch of cats had gone missing, later even more followed, all caused by the Colony he called home.

He wasn't sure what to do. He didn't like any of this, but he'd been a novice for a few months now. He couldn't keep hiding forever. He started to follow cats out on patrol, trying to find his place. Surely, things would go better? But, no.

The one time he didn't go? Another cat died, a Lignite Colony cat. If he'd been there then maybe- maybe that cat would've still been alive. He felt distraught, pacing for hours that night instead of resting. What could he do?? How could he help both the Wilted Ones and the Flytrap Colony as a whole? He didn't want to betray either of them.

Or, well, he was scared of one, and the other was like family to him.

[CW: Implied murder, implied death, grief, self-reproach END]

[Rho and Snapdragon are removed and never return, Cleaver and Cassia go missing and are presumed dead, a Lignite Colony cat is killed and Fang blames himself for not going on that patrol]

Didn't help that Dagger seemed to take to the Flytrap Colony a lot more than he did.

It was sudden, what happened next.

Scarlet Lines

[CW: Violence, death]

A massive battle broke out in the camp, cats started to scream and fur was flying everywhere. It terrified him, but he had to fight back! He had to! He could do something this time, he could!

He was doing well, all things considered. A lot of the other cats didn't want to fight a cat who was around 10 months old. However, the sting of death hit his nose once again- no! He was supposed to stop that! He tried to rush towards the situation, but found himself barreled over, pinned to the ground.

He couldn't see the cat at first, but the scent of a misty morning reached his nose. He heard a soft voice, *"Stay out of this, little one. You are far too young to throw away your life."*

He finally caught a glimpse of tortoiseshell fur, with a pale face and eerie stare that he'd never forget. He had no idea who this cat was, and no idea where he'd gone after that.

Turns out, it was Pigeon, according to one of the new prisoners. Some cats had gotten out, but they'd pretty much replaced who they'd lost, including Pigeon's son.

[CW: Violence, death END]

[Cats try and fail to attack the Flytrap Colony's camp, Pigeon is killed, Fang meets Raziel who encourages him to stay out of it]

Fang understood him, he knew what it was like to lose someone and feel truly alone. He wasn't sure if Dagger really needed him anymore, surely his brother was a lot more talented, that's what Fang believed anyway. He showed the gray tom empathy, and nervously offered his support.

Life went on, he met more cats. Bane in particular seemed to frighten him, his anger seeming completely unpredictable to the young cat who didn't know him too well. He figured he'd never want to cross *his* path, that was for sure!

He met Wren as well, a Flight Colony cat now part of the Wilted Ones. She seemed nice, and he felt they were quite similar. However, they were similar to the point of being a bit hesitant to interact with each other sometimes, he actually found it a bit amusing.

Lastly, there was Diana. Xe seemed... really sad. He couldn't really explain it, and struggled to be around her since it often brought him down too. He wondered what could've happened to have made her like that...

Foxglove approached him one day, asking if he really, truly wanted to be a Warrior. He insisted that he did, and he could swear he saw a flicker of hesitation in her eyes. Likely not wanting to be weak, though, she allowed it and sent Yew out to train him.

That patrol... it'd never leave his mind again.

[CW: Murder, Orphaning]

They ran into a pair of cats, and Yew told him to attack them. He hesitated until the massive cat shoved him forward lightly, and thus began the fight.

The molly seemed weak for some reason, so he took her on while Yew took on the fiercer tom. This wasn't his first fight though, he'd witnessed plenty, and he knew the rules of the Colony.

After a struggle, and being shred by her claws, the molly stopped fighting back. He was confused, he didn't think he'd attacked that fiercely, but it was clear to him what had happened. A squeak distracted him, and he turned to wander towards the bush they refused to leave.

His heart sank.

Kittens. He didn't know what to do, Yew hardly liked kittens and he'd just killed their mother. He figured the safest thing would be to hide them, pulling branches to block them in.

The tom got the wrong idea, especially after realizing the molly was gone.

He whirled around, seeing the tom leaping for him. He expected pain, but nothing happened. Black silver fur was in front of him, he didn't bother to look at where the tom had ended up.

Yew brought him back and reported the incident to Foxglove. He caught the gaze of Dagger while waiting to go get his wounds treated. He looked away, he didn't know what to say to him.

[CW: Murder, Orphaning END]

[Yew and Fang ran into a pair of Outsiders, Fang is encouraged to fight and accidentally kills the molly. He then discovers kittens and hides them, the tom tries to attack him but Yew kills the tom. Fang decides to not tell Dagger about what happened]

Around the same time, a bunch of new cats had joined. He had no idea what to think of them, especially not at first. However, one cat in particular managed to stand out.

His name was Olm, on friendly terms with both him and his brother. Fang almost felt a bit of jealousy, not towards the relationship itself but... the idea of still being close with Dagger.

He wasn't really sure what the tom thought of him anymore, but he knew what his Colonymates did. Many of them thought of him as helpless or weak, no one but Yew and Foxglove truly knew of what he did.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ -Quiet
- ♥ -Being Alone
- ♥ -Helping Others
- ✖ -Violence
- ✖ -Loud Sounds
- ✖ -Crowds

Beliefs

- -"I need to be what they would've wanted me to be."
- -"If I do what everyone else wants, then maybe they'll leave me alone."
- -"Survival is the most important thing, even if that means being someone you're not."
- -"Sometimes you have to do bad things, but that doesn't make you a bad person."

Other

- -He often pushes himself to do things he doesn't want to do to make 'his parents proud'
- -Fang's voiceclaim is Bruno from Encanto
- -Half of his face is entirely white, which is meant to mimic D'Arcy's half black half gray face
- -He loathes being a Warrior, wishing to be a Tracker instead, but he feels that this is the best way to honor D'Arcy and Aloe's legacy
- -His favorite color is blue
- -Fang's favorite prey is mouse

- -He can get overstimulated pretty easily, and will often isolate himself to deal with it
- -Fang has a flowery scent, though there's a hint of metallicness under it
- -He gets sick pretty easily, though sometimes he'll fake it to get out of combat training
- -The kittens Fang and Yew orphaned were the kittens Gooseberry and Scarab adopted
- -He's got a small crush on Olm

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