



Owlhop

Owlhop smiled as she exited the warriors den, taking a deep breath in and exhaling, the she-cat felt relieved to finally take in the new-leaf fresh air. She couldn't be happier at this time of the season, it's something she's been waiting for, for a while now. Not only was it new-leaf, but she was finally a warrior.

No longer was she bound to the camp, only allowed to leave with a warrior. No longer would she have to respond to her mentor (who lets be honest, Owlhop would still respond to her even now) and be tasked with apprentice duties. She was free to leave the camp on her own now, free to take walks alone. She can do anything, within reason, she wanted and she basked in that glory.

While she enjoyed this new found freedom she still couldn't believe she did it. She made it to warriorhood, and it was all thanks to Lilacpool. She couldn't have asked for a more caring mentor, and also thanks to Salmonflight. The tom showed her the joys of doing any task to keep oneself busy, and it's something she came to enjoy doing even. The slightly older warrior has become someone important to the molly. Salmonflight has become a dear close friend to Owlhop and she didn't know how to thank him for helping her out. For just being there for her, she needed to show him his teachings alongside his mother don't go to waste.



Salmonflight

Salmonflight had already been up bright and early that morning, gathered with the other early-risers around Swantuft for their tasks for the day. The morning sun was still quite cool against Salmonflight's back, but he could feel that it would get a lot warmer that day. He was not ready for that; his thick fur made warm weather hard to tolerate. He could almost feel the uncomfortable itching he would get later in the day as he shuffled back and forth on his paws.

As Swantuft dismissed the cats with their tasks, Salmonflight sighed. He hadn't gotten any task for the time being, maybe in case HailClan needed him there. With EmberClan declaring war and now HailClan's enemy, who knows what they could do. But that didn't mean that Salmonflight *liked* being in camp. And it's not like Swantuft specifically asked him to stay in the camp. He could go do whatever. He figured he should assess Nightpaw on how his apprentice was doing, with the young tom's warrior assessment coming up. But he also knew Nightpaw wasn't a morning dove.

So, instead, Salmonflight went to the fresh-kill pile to get a quick morning meal. He figured he could set out on a morning stroll to get his muscles stretched out and prepared for the day. Maybe he would also start getting used to the sun. With that in mind, he plucked off a squirrel for his meal and went to find a place to rest, his belly rumbling at the smell of the fresh-kill.



Owlhop

Looking around camp, Owlhop decided a meal was due while she made some kind of plan for today, the question was what can she do today. With the War being announced not too long ago, the warrior was nervous for the upcoming battles that were sure to take place soon. They were to fight against Emberclan and Marshclan, the she-cat was happy Cloudclan would be their allies in this war but the thought of having to fight some friends she made in the other clans scared her.

So much was changing for the molly, now fully accepting her new role as a warrior, she was now just going on about her life in the clan, her beloved mentor was expecting her second litter and she was excited to meet her mentor's new little ones once they were born. Yet she was also scared for these kits, to be born during war, it might affect them in some way once they get older and learn what is going on outside the camp. She hopes any other kits being born soon won't be too affected by what's all going on, maybe one of these kits will one day be her apprentice.

With a sigh, the she-cat made her way over to the fresh-kill pile, not paying attention as her thoughts started to run wild, she didn't even notice Salmonflight as she passed by him, a squirrel in his maw. Just the smell of the fresh-kill started to make her mouth water at the thought of filling her belly with a meal. At the thought of fresh-kill, maybe she should go hunt for some more prey for the clan once she has eaten her meal?



Salmonflight

It was just as Salmonflight was turning to go find a place to rest when Owlhop had walked by him. His ears perked and he turned to look at her. The two haven't been able to talk much since she had become a warrior, and thinking on it, Salmonflight wasn't sure he had given her his congratulations for her ceremony. With both of them there, not on patrol and certainly not busy, maybe now was a good time for him to do so.

He hesitated, though, as he saw that she was clearly in deep thought. He didn't want to bother her if it was something of importance. Though he had a good idea of what it was about, as it was on everyone's minds--the war declaration. His ears had pinned back at even the thought of it. And he had decided it probably wasn't a good thing for the young warrior to be thinking about, either.

Salmonflight turned to prod Owlhop. He tilted his head as his eyes shined a bit. "Hey there new warrior," he murmured around the body of the squirrel he was carrying. He motioned with his head towards where he was going to eat. "Care to join me for your morning meal?"



Owlhop

Feeling a prod, Owlhop's ears shot up as she turned to see who was trying to get her attention and a smile bloomed on her face at the sight of Salmonflight. Hearing him call her 'warrior' made her happy for some reason, maybe it was due to the fact that she was finally a warrior, or something else? With a soft chuckle she nodded her head "I would love to" she looked back to the pile to pick up a decently sized mouse before turning towards the tom.

With a smile she tilted her head "Lead the way" she purred around the rodents body as her tail swished around lazily. She must have been lost in thought more than she realized, the subject of her thoughts was now next to her, honestly it felt like days since the last time, the last time she ever really talked to the warrior was her last hunt as an apprentice. Which was with him.

Since the gathering, becoming a warrior and the whole war declaring, it felt like the two hadn't had time to spend together in a good long while. Now with this war coming up, Owlhop is afraid their time might be busier than ever into getting ready for the for sure upcoming battles. "How have you been?" she said as she followed Salmonflight to the spot he picked out.



Salmonflight

Salmonflight purred in delight at the she-cat's reply. He turned to pluck a plump squirrel from the fresh-kill pile before turning to find a place for them to rest. He chose a wide space where the sun hit, it's dawn rays still cool enough for him to sunbathe. He basically plopped down with his entire weight, dropping the squirrel in the process, as he shuffled to get comfortable, facing the inside of the camp. He liked seeing what was going on in camp, even while he was there.

He waited for Owlhop to get comfortable, taking a bite of his squirrel as she did. He chewed it up before swallowing just after she had asked him her question. He shrugged with a grin. "Same as I always am. Keeping busy, waking up at the crack of dawn, the usual." He took another bite as thought about anything that could've been exciting happening in his life. Nothing that he really knew of. "Nightpaw's getting close to his warrior assessment... I guess I'm pretty nervous for him." And maybe nervous for himself, too. Did he do a good job training Nightpaw? What if his apprentice failed? He shook his head; he should try not to think about it.

So, the tom turned the conversation to the she-cat. "And what about you?" he asked with a purr. "I haven't seen much of you since you became a warrior. Are you enjoying not having to ask to go out?" He grinned. He never liked asking Ruddyheart if he could leave camp. He probably couldn't count the number of times he snuck away on his toes--all four paws of them.



Owlhop

Once getting settled next to Salmonflight Owlhop dug into her meal, enjoying the tastes as Salmonflight spoke up, she hummed as he spoke about how he was doing and about his apprentice, Nightpaw, she chuckled as she swallowed the bite she took. "Nightpaw is gonna make a great warrior, he had a great mentor training him after all" she gently bumped her shoulder against his.

Apprentices, she wonders what her first apprentice will be like when she becomes older and gets one herself. She hoped she would be as great of a mentor as her own, Lilacpool has taught her so much and now she can't wait to pass on those teachings to her very own apprentice.

Her ear's flicked at Salmonflight's questions "Honestly, I've loved being a warrior, and yeah! it's great to be able to leave camp without having to ask someone now" she chuckled softly. "I do miss asking Lilacpool or you to go out of camp with, I've come to love spending time with you and her, it's rather calming really." She hummed as she took another bite of her meal, chewing it before swallowing it, "even before I became a warrior we haven't really hung out much, not since that Badger that attacked my patrol and I got hurt by a rock" she reached a paw to touch the recent small scars at the corner of her left eye, one even going over her eye. "Who knew my clumsiness would stay with me till now" she joked.



Salmonflight

Salmonflight nodded a bit absent-mindedly. "I hope he is..." he murmured, his voice almost far off. He was thinking about the first time he met Nightpaw. The young tom was so skittish and didn't have any confidence in himself. Since they became mentor and apprentice, Salmonflight believes Nightpaw had at least opened up to him, and hopefully maybe some of his other clanmates. He was a good tom, and he deserved a good life, especially everything he's already been through.

He shook that thought away, though, as Owlhop went into talking about her life as a warrior. He purred in delight at her answers, taking another swift bite before replying. "Think of it like this, though," he started, "we don't have to ask for you to go on patrol with me anymore. We can just.

Go." He shrugged. "Same with Lilacpool. She probably would have no issues joining you for a hunt. She enjoys your company as much as you do hers, after all."

The tom fell silent at the mention of the badger attack. Many of his clanmates were injured that day. He had considered going on that patrol, but he ended up getting caught up in something and was unable to finish before it left. His mother was on it, too, and he blamed himself a bit for not going. Maybe things could have turned out differently. He stared at his squirrel for a moment before sighing. Salmonflight turned to look at her with a bit of a strained smile. "Well you're stronger now," he commented, touching her lightly with the tip of his tail. "Who cares if you're a little clumsy? We all have our flaws."



Owlhop

Hearing his words, Owlhop forgot all about them just going instead of asking now, which made wanting to spend time with the tom or her beloved mentor more easier. She let out a huff laugh as she went to take another bite of her meal, humming as she thought of all the outings they could go on together, it made her happy to know they are no longer limited to the freedom of leaving camp. Or well she was at least, seeing as Salmonflight could always leave as he pleases.

Her, stronger? gulping down the bite she took, Owlhop looked at the tom "I hope I am...with this whole war this who knows what might happen to any of is" the thought of cats she comes to befriend not returning, it made her feel sick, the thought of Salmonflight not returning sent a bolt of pain in her chest. Sighing her ears fell a bit "Maybe my clumsiness will save my life in battle" she joked softly as she looked down at the half eaten rodent.

Shaking her head she cleared her throat before speaking again "So huh, yeah, ignoring that, how is the news of your mom expecting kits again? Excited to become an even bigger brother to new littermates?" Oh how Owlhop dreamed of having more siblings, or her littermates alive with her to have a close bond as Salmonflight does with his own sister's. It's one thing the she-cat envied of the tom. "I won't lie, once they are born I'm so going to go see them, gotta see what my beloved mentor's new little ones look like, who knows I might get lucky to mentor one of them" she chuckled softly.



Salmonflight

Salmonflight had let his piece of fresh-kill lay between his paws as he curled his tail around his body. He stared down at Owlhop with curiosity. She sounded a lot more nervous about the war than he thought she was, and with her questioning her strength, he wondered if maybe he said

the wrong thing. But he knew he was right; he had seen her grow right before his eyes in more ways than one, and he was proud of her as if he was her mentor. With that thought, he nudged her gently.

"If you think like that, then you *won't* be stronger," he commented. "Keep positive, and it'll all be alright in the end. So the clans are going through a hard time right now. We just need to convince EmberClan and MarshClan that CloudClan *isn't* stealing." He paused as his eyes clouded a bit. "There doesn't need to be any bloodshed over this."

He was thankful for the change of topic when Owlhop mentioned his mother. His eyes instantly brightened again. "It's exhilarating," he exclaimed, his voice a bit louder than it needed to be. "Of course, I'm already a big brother to my sisters, but to have another litter on their way just makes me excited. I can't wait to meet them and play with them."

His eyes were sparkling at that point as he looked over to the nursery fondly. He didn't know that his parents had been planning to have a second litter, and he was definitely worried about them being born in the middle of a war, but at the moment, he didn't care. He couldn't wait to watch them grow.

As he thought about this, Salmonflight also began to think about himself. Maybe it was because of being a big brother, or he was just naturally drawn to them, but Salmonflight had a natural affinity for kits. And as he got older and saw other cats have kits, it made him yearn for that feeling. Of course, he didn't have a mate or interest like his sisters did, who were both having something going for them. But that didn't mean he couldn't have kits. He could be like Kitestar. "Maybe after this war..." he murmured quietly to himself.



Owlhop

Owlhop looked up at the tom as he spoke, she took in his words with a soft smile, Salmonflight was right, she needs to keep positive. If she was gonna make it through this whole crazy war she had to keep her head held up high and not look down on herself. " Hopefully we can convince them, this whole war thing is crazy and sadly the current kits in all the clans will remember this..even the once becoming apprentices." she sighed at the thought.

Her beloved mentor's kits would be born during all this, the worry for them was strong and Owlhop knew it was due to these kits being Lilacpool's. The she-cat smiled as Salmonflight talked about becoming even a bigger big brother was exciting, she chuckled softly as he gushed about how he can't wait to play with them and teach them things. Owlhop wouldn't lie and say she wouldn't want to do the same with these kits. "I can't wait to meet them, they are gonna be so cute and tiny!" She purred as she flicked her ear "Maybe one of them will grow taller than you."

Kits. Something the molly knew she wanted to have once she was older for a long time, she always wanted to become a mother for as long as she could remember. She needed to find a mate first but she could always use a rogue donor if that never happened for her, but she was hoping to confess one day to a certain tom.

She gave a side glance to said tom next to her, it was right before becoming a warrior, the she-cat always thought of Salmonflight, always wanted to be with him and spend more time with him. Owlhop thought it was due to wanting to be just like him, her admiration for him in being a great warrior of Hailclan, that's what these feelings were for. Yet as she thought more and more, she found herself wanting to snuggle with him, to go on long walks, to just be by his side always that it hit her.

She was in love with Salmonflight and that scared her. She didn't want to ruin this friendship they had by telling him this, she wanted to keep it to herself, and yet the more she spent with him the more her feelings grew and more than anything she wanted to tell him. Looking at her forgotten meal she huffed a bit at her conflicted feelings, she wasn't sure what she should do about these feelings. Lock them away and never give them a chance? Or find the courage to confess to him and see what happens next.



Salmonflight

Salmonflight only nodded. He didn't like to talk about the war. It bothered him in many more ways than one, including the fact that Kitestar involved HailClan. He didn't think HailClan should've gotten involved, or MarshClan for that matter. It was between CloudClan and EmberClan, though if he had to admit it, even CloudClan wasn't involved in this. It was a completely unfair declaration to all of the clans. Even just the thought of it made him shake his head, a sigh leaving his maw.

At the shift of conversation, the tom looked at Owlhop with a mocked face of shock and despair. "Taller than *me*?" he asked rhetorically. "Hope not! It would feel weird to look up at your little siblings!" He laughed at the thought of it. He was surprised even himself got to be so big, with both Squirrelnose and Lilacpool being on the shorter side. He couldn't imagine any of their other kits getting bigger than him.

Salmonflight finished his fresh-kill off with a bite. After chewing for a bit and swallowing, he got up to stretch his limbs. "Well as I was saying earlier, I plan to go for a walk and maybe get a few kills in before the sun reaches its highest point," he commented, picking up the remains of his food. He turned to look back down at Owlhop. "Care to join me?" He tilted his head towards the camp entrance.



Owlhop

Owlhop giggled softly at Salmonflight, if his younger siblings somehow grew taller than him it be the day. The molly was surprised she herself didn't get her parent's height, since both were on the tall side, she always wanted to be as tall as her father was.

Finishing up her own fresh-kill, Owlhop licked her paws clean before rubbing her face, after such a good meal she now had to let it settle before doing anything crazy. Her ears perked up when the tom next to her mentioned going for a walk, jumping to her paws she smiled brightly. "I would love to! A nice walk would be so good right now" she picked up the remains of her food as she hummed happily.

This was her chance to show off to the tom, once they got to the hunting that is. She can show Salmonflight just how far she's come since he took her out hunting right before she became a warrior. It was time to show him how much she's grown, thanks to him and his mother's dedication and helpful nature. She was sure he was already impressed with her since she did become a warrior but it never hurt to show off a bit right? Owlhop was sure Salmonflight felt the same way after becoming a warrior too.



Salmonflight

Salmonflight purred in response to the she-cat's enthusiasm. Walks were nice alone, but they were better with a friend. He turned back to the camp entrance and squeezed out, expecting Owlhop to follow him. He stopped briefly outside of the camp to find a place to bury the remains of his food, burying it deep into the earth. He stayed to say a quick 'thank you' to StarClan for it again before looking up at Owlhop.

"I'm thinking along the CloudClan border," he said, regarding the walk. "Much more peaceful over there. We won't have to worry about any potential attacks, yea?" He felt that it would be okay to joke a bit about the war. Especially to lighten the mood. Best to get it all out while the war was still small and unbecoming.

The tom turned and began to make his way towards the border. He enjoyed the wind in his fur, especially with the hot weather of newleaf mixed with it. It made for a good combination, especially for a cat like Salmonflight, whose fur didn't care for the heat. "Got any plans now that you're a warrior?" he asked over his shoulder towards Owlhop. "Apprentices? Patrols? Goals?" He looked at her with bright eyes. Of course, he's always had his goal of becoming leader since he was a kit, but he was always curious about what was going through his clanmates' heads.



Owlhop

After burying the remains of their meal Owlhop smiled and nodded her head, she giggled softly at his words "As long as we don't run into anything we should be fine, never know what will happen out in the territory." She really hoped they wouldn't come across a bear, those were terrifying to see.

Following alongside Salmonflight, Owlhop sighed as she breathed in the air, walks like these were always relaxing to take. "Maybe patrols and hunts for now, maybe an apprentice when I'm older and wiser" she smirked. Getting an apprentice would be the best thing ever! She would pass on what she has learned to them, Owlhop would be the best mentor ever!

Humming in though, the molly wasn't sure she had any real goals in mind right now, "I'm not sure about goals right now, I know in the future I would love to start a family, I've always wanted to become a mother ever since I was young" she said bashfully. Kits were something she knew she wanted since she was an apprentice, and to bring that up now, to the cat that currently held her heart made Owlhop's heart do crazy flips. "For now I just wanna be there to help my clan out, to keep it safe from any danger, just like anybody else really."



Salmonflight

The large tom took the walk at a slow pace, leaping over fallen logs and keeping his steps short to better match Owlhop's. As she spoke, he gazed at their surroundings, his throat humming an infinite purr. He loved the newleaf weather. Greenleaf was alright, too, especially for prey abundance, but the chill that still clung to the air of leafbare was refreshing. Plus, Salmonflight couldn't deny the beauty of the trees and the foliage as it grew back.

He stopped atop a tree stump to turn back to Owlhop. His eyes softened at the mention of kits. Ahh, yes, his *other* dream. He wanted to be a great father just like his own--to raise kits and watch them grow. Seeing Kitestar be able to do so only brought him more hope that he could do that and still aim for leader without either hindering the other. He just wasn't sure when to have kits, or if he'd ever get a mate to do so.

There's always rogue carriers, he thought with a mental shrug. After all, it's what Kitestar did. Though he enjoyed the love he saw between his parents and wondered what it was like.

"I'm gonna be like Kitestar one day," he finally murmured, his voice dreamy and almost far away. "Raise a family *and* lead the clan. Like my grandfather, Whitestar, too." His ambitions came from the stories about his grandfather, after all. Ever since he was a kit. And he was prepared to follow through with those plans, no matter what it took.

He leaped down from the stump to keep walking. "But I'd like to get through this war before anything. Not an ideal time to raise kits." His words hinted at the joke, especially knowing his own parents were doing just that. He wanted to focus on the issue at paw. "So let's both work hard to have a bright future, yea?"



Owlhop

Hearing Salmonflight talk made Owlhop's heart flutter and made her hope to see this come true one day, to see him be named deputy of Hailclan then one day to lead Hailclan, to hopefully be named Salmonstar. It was a dream, yes, but if any cat could do it, Salmonflight could, he was kinda, reliable, strong and brave, everything a leader should be like.

As she looked up at him on top of the tree stump she couldn't help but smile blissfully as he looked so handsome. So confident and brave and just, Salmonflight. He was beyond anything she ever thought of, how can a cat be like him? Starclan has blessed Hailclan to have such a tom like him in their clan, for him to be the way he was, kind and caring to all, brave and strong in battle. Just ready to do anything for his clan, to make sure said clan stays safe and happy.

Owlhop purred as she walked around the stump, lagging a bit behind Salmonflight as she got lost in her own head. His words ringing in her head and her own thoughts of him, it made her realize so many more things about the tom. It was hard to name them all, but it came down to it, he was just an amazing warrior, what else can she say?

"Agree, raising kits during war can be hard on everyone and the kits too" she looked around her, her tail lazily swishing back and forth as she listened for anything.

Her eyes soon turn back onto the larger form of Salmonflight, the tom she has known since becoming an apprentice and getting rather close to. The same tom who she has come to look up to and go for guidance or just to hang out with. A dreamy smile appeared, the very same tom she came to realize she was in love with after becoming a warrior.

A bright future huh? That was something he would think of, something anybody would really, but coming from Salmonflight it just seem *more* in a way to her. "I know you'll make it, to be just like Kitestar, to be like you grandfather. Your very kind and brave Salmonflight." She mewed out. "There isn't a doubt in my mind, you'll definitely make deputy one day then leader of Hailclan. She chuckled softly, her heart sore as her feelings seemed to go into overdrive. Salmonflight really was just perfect and it's-- "Why I love you so much" she spoke the last of her thoughts out loud.



Salmonflight

Salmonflight walked almost lazily as he let the she-cat think behind him. He didn't mind slowing down for her as he looked around the territory. It was so calm and relaxing compared to everything happening around them. He wondered how nature could be so unassuming of the chaos; or, perhaps, it didn't care. The cats that were fighting had nothing to do with the rest of it. Maybe even the birds laughed at them. He felt better thinking that he wasn't the only one that thought the war was terrible.

He nodded his head numbly at Owlhop's mention of raising kits at this time. They had three queens in the nursery, and he constantly wondered how they felt knowing their kits may be apprenticed into this mess. Especially when some of those kits are going to be his littermates. They aren't even born yet and it terrifies Salmonflight to think they could fight this like he has. At least he knew his parents wouldn't let it happen. Squirrelnose, especially.

His mind was pulled away from the war as the she-cat praised him. He stopped and turned to her with a bright smile, his eyes lit up. "Thanks, Owlhop," he purred. He was delighted to hear he had the support of his clanmates, or at least one of them. Maybe he really *could* become leader. It would mean the world to him to follow his grandfather's pawsteps.

He felt his expression soften a bit at her next words. He was never street smart. He didn't know what she actually meant. He thought it was the same feeling he always had for her; the love of a brother and sister. Salmonflight never outwardly expressed that though, thinking it didn't need to be said. But it seemed like now was just a moment to do so, with the war looming over them. "Thanks, Owlhop," he murmured again as he grinned. "I love you too." His voice was in its peppy, brotherly mode as he said it. The way he would say it to his sisters.



Owlhop

So lost in her world she really didn't snap out of it till she heard Salmonflight's last few words. It froze her completely as she turned to look at him, staring at him as if he grew a second bead. Why had he said that? Did he just confess to her? No, his tone was that tone he always uses with his siblings, that bit brotherly tone.

Then it clicked, she had accidentally confessed to him without realizing it and it had her spiraling at such a thing. How could she have been so out of it, it caused her to confess! What's worse, it seemed to have flown over Salmonflight's head completely and that alone had the molly's heart breaking.

Of course she had expected to never have her feelings returned, she had hoped he would but here he was. Oblivious to her meaning and what his version of 'I love you' done to her. Her ears

flattened as she tried to hold back the tears that were slowly starting to build up, but how could she?

The very tom she has come to know and adore, to slowly fall in love without realizing she was, just rejected her without really meaning to. To her it was a rejection, but for him? It's not his fault he didn't catch the real meaning behind her words, he was just too kind hearted to really pick her real meaning up, right?

Salmonflight has known her since she first became an apprentice after all, so of course he would see her as a sister of sorts. All their time spent, he's been nothing but the perfect big brother figure to her, and yet now that she's older, she felt foolish to ever hope he would fall for her.

Owlhop open her mouth to try and reply but no words came out, a strange sound came out instead, between a choked sobbed and a hiccup. She took a step back, needing to put some distance between the two. Anything to stop her from breaking down in front of the warrior. "Y-yeah..." she manage to get out in a weak meow.



Salmonflight

Salmonflight hadn't noticed that Owlhop had stopped moving, at least, not for a bit. He kept going with a happiness that was no longer in the air, aimlessly leaping branches and hills. He would even trip over his own paws a few times cause he seemed like he was in such a good mood. How strange. He hadn't been like that in awhile, not since the war started. But he felt lifted today.

Of course, it was only until he turned to talk to his friend again did he notice her absence. Salmonflight stopped and turned a full 180, craning his head about to look for Owlhop. "Owlhop?" he called, blinking in confusion. Did she turn back? Or maybe they got separated. So he did what he thought was the reasonable thing. Salmonflight began to retrace his steps, knocking his paws against the logs he originally jumped effortlessly as he went looking for his friend. He was surprised to find her still on the path. It was clear she just hadn't followed him.

"There you are!" he exclaimed as he slowed down, approaching her at a more leisurely pace. "I thought I had lost-" He stopped when he realized something was wrong. Stopped in every way: walking, talking, smiling. He even looked taken aback by what he saw. Owlhop was... sad. Did something happen while he was gone? Maybe she got her paw caught in a ditch and twisted it. Should they go get her checked out.

"Hey..." he said hesitantly, approaching her again with a cautious step. "Are you okay?"



Owlhop

The molly didn't even realize she had come to a complete stop, she was hurting, her chest hurt, she knew Salmonflight probably didn't understand her true meaning, and it hurt. She couldn't blame him really, he was just too nice of a tom and really she had been friends with him this long right?

If anything, if it means to still have him in her life she will take it, but right now she needs distance to get over her broken heart.

Hearing his voice, Owlhop looked up at him, trying to blink away the tears that threatened to fall as she forced a smile at his question "Y-yeah I'm fine! Just um" she looked off to the side "I guess just lost in thought really." While that wasn't the full truth, she wasn't lying either, but she just had to leave now, she can feel her emotions getting the better of her and she didn't want to worry the warrior more.

Taking a step back she gave an apologetic smile at the warrior "I- I just remembered! I promised to help a few of the apprentice's with learning new moves, I may have just become a warrior but some of them I still like to hang out with." She gave an awkward chuckle. She turned around, about to head off before stopping, with a sigh she was glad she had her back to Salmonflight, she couldn't stop the tears from falling anymore, it was too much. "Maybe next time Salmonflight? I'll see you later" and with those words she started walking back, her ears dropped down a bit and her tail almost dragged on the ground.

Soon she broke into a run back to camp, she'll get over the crush and the two can go back to how things were right? Or worse, Salmonflight will figure out what she really meant behind her 'I love you' and hate her for it. The molly just hopes this wouldn't change their relationship at all, here's to praying to Starclan.



Salmonflight

Salmonflight blinked in confusion as he watched the she-cat leave. She seemed alright earlier. Did he do something? The tom's head tilted as he began to rewind their walk back, trying to go through every second of it to figure out when the mood seemed to have changed.

'I love you,' he remembered, the words reverberating in his head. That's when it began to hit the tom. **Oh.** She... meant that in a different way, didn't she?

The large tom slowly leaned back into a sitting position, his eyes wide as he stared in the direction that Owlhop had left. His tail, which had been swaying so happily earlier, now rested quietly at his side as he tried to comprehend what he just discovered.

Was that true? Did she really feel that way and he just... didn't notice it?

Salmonflight was lost on how to feel about it. He always saw Owlhop as another little sister. She was his mother's apprentice, for StarClan's sake! That's not to say they *couldn't* be together, it's just... he wasn't sure he felt that way. Right? The whole idea of it left Salmonflight confused, and he didn't know how to comprehend it.

Because of this, the tom simply stood up and turned away from where Owlhop had fled, and more importantly the camp. Maybe another cat would have ran after her. Maybe that's what *he* should have done. But he couldn't.

Instead, Salmonflight continued to walk on, albeit slower, as he tried to let his mind understand what just happened. Though, it would probably be a very long time until he could.