

After Weiss and Ruby left for their mission, Jaune decided to get a little training in. That is where he spent the morning, running through drills until his shoulders burned and his lungs felt like they were fit to burst. It was the only way he found that could take his mind off the things he'd done with them, because if his mind was left to wander, it immediately fixated on their time together.

That wasn't exactly a bad thing, per se – but such thoughts led to certain physical changes that he could do without.

They loved him. Weiss, Ruby – both of them, they loved him. Sometimes, he had to pinch himself because he couldn't believe it. They were so incredible, and for whatever reason, they had chosen him of all people.

He couldn't be happier.

He couldn't even recall the last time he felt so... content. For so many years, he'd been focused on survival, and protecting the Paper Pleasers from themselves. His entire life had revolved around completing those two tasks, and there had been no time for himself. His days had been rendered down to do this, do that, sleep, eat, repeat.

Weiss, Ruby – they were his salvation. They made him feel good. About life. About himself. If such amazing women could love him, then there must be *something* redeeming about him, right?

A part of him wished he could have accompanied them. It made him feel a little uneasy, having them so far away. Almost like he was some needy boyfriend, and he didn't trust them to be out of sight. It was ridiculous, of course. They were both so amazingly talented and strong, and he knew they had this mission in the bag – but Pyrrha had been amazing and talented, and oh so strong, and he couldn't be there for her when she needed him most.

That was something he had to live with for the rest of his life.

But Jaune wanted to think positively, and not be so negative. Team RWBY had been through a lot, they had Blake and Yang to back them up, and the Ace-Ops. Winter Schnee wouldn't let anything happen to them, not if she could help it.

They had more than enough help.

Jaune just needed to focus on himself, and on Vacuo – before he knew it, they'd be back and they'd be together.

He could wait a day. He'd waited decades. What was a day in the face of that?

After training, he hit the showers and then decided to patrol the city. It hadn't gone unnoticed by the people that several airships had left in the early hours, and Jaune definitely felt the undercurrent of tension in the air. They knew *something* was up; they just didn't know what.

It was better for everyone that they didn't know. As much as it might leave a bit of a sour taste in his mouth, they couldn't have the populous panicking. That would only excite the Grimm even more, and like a moth to a flame, they would be drawn in. It was impossible to control people's emotions, and eventually, when the Grimm did arrive, panic and desperation would set in. It was unavoidable. But at the very least, they could mitigate it the best they could until that time comes.

"Jaune," a familiar voice called out to him, and turning, he saw a pair of very long bunny ears racing towards him.

"Velvet," he greeted, smiling.

Brown eyes regarded him in surprise, and then she smiled back. "Morning."

He checked the time. It was still before noon, technically. "Morning."

She was alone.

"Where are the others?" he asked.

"It's sorta our day off, but Coco said she wanted to look into something," she fell into step with him. "So I've just been wandering. Even though I'm meant to be relaxing, I have trouble turning it off, you know? The need to do something."

He nodded. "I know something about that."

"You're patrolling?"

"Yeah," he said. "Just keeping an eye out."

"Can I join you?"

Some company would be nice. "Of course."

She kept shooting him strange looks as they made the rounds. There was almost a serious accident on one of the main avenues, but cooler heads prevailed. Their truck had a busted headlight, though, and the other vehicle was scratched down the side. Nothing a new paint job couldn't fix, but definitely enough damage to set a person's blood to boil. After that, they encountered a group of teenagers causing trouble for a local store, but their presence alone was enough to drive them off.

Even the most belligerent teen didn't wish to mess with a Huntsman or Huntress. They caught one sight of his sword and armor, and turned tail.

"Thank you," the man behind the counter said, grasping Jaune's hands and shaking them up and down. "Those brats have nothing to do, so they take out their boredom on everyone else."

"Happy to help," he said, and turned down the offer of some free food. "If they come back, here – message this number, and if I'm available, I'll stop by."

A few appearances should be enough to scare them away for good, and if not, then a stern talking to was in order.

They continued around the commercial district, and then started towards the residential area. All the while, Velvet kept eyeing him like he was some particularly fascinating creature.

Finally, he asked, "Do I have something on my face?"

She startled, and then flushed, looking down. "Was I staring?"

Jaune chuckled lightly. "A little bit. Do I look strange?"

"No, it isn't that, it's just..." she trailed off, searching for the right words. "You seem more like... you."

He shot her a questioning glance. "What do you mean?"

"Like the Jaune I remember," she elaborated, ears drooping a little in embarrassment. "From Beacon. Uh – just, I guess... you seemed very sad, before... when we met."

Oh.

It was that obvious.

"And I don't now?"

She shook her head. "At least, not as sad. I – sorry, am I making any sense? God, I'm being weird, aren't I? Please forget I said anything, I didn't mean to offend you, argh – I'm horrible, I'm the worst."

Watching her panic was actually quite amusing, his eyes crinkling as he laughed. A true laugh, without restraint. She blinked at him, looking pitiful – and then she laughed as well, covering her mouth.

“You aren’t being weird,” he said warmly. “I get it. I guess you could say something very good happened, and I feel... good. I feel good. Great, even.”

“I’m glad,” she said happily. “You were always very kind to me at Beacon, and I guess I always felt like we understood each other a little because of our common enemy.”

Jaune blinked, and it took him a moment to figure out what she meant.

“Oh, you mean Cardin.”

She nodded.

He hadn’t thought about Cardin Winchester in what felt like a lifetime. Velvet had been a common victim of his bullying, he remembered, and Jaune had also been a prime target. It was hard to forget that part.

“I guess we do have that in common,” he shook his head. “Hm – I wonder what that lunk head is up to these days.”

“He never came to Shade,” she shrugged. “I guess he stayed in Vale. He and his team.”

“Probably a good thing he didn’t come here, I feel like he’d clash with a lot of the people in Vacuo,” he sighed. “He really was a dick, wasn’t he?”

Velvet giggled.

The residential area was not as busy, but there were still plenty of people milling around. A few women were hanging out their laundry, even with the cloudy sky. The wind would dry their linens in no time. A few children ran around in yards, kicking a ball or playing some type of imagination game. Before he knew it, they were standing out front of Cerise's apartment building.

He didn't go in.

He patrolled the area and made sure everything was safe, and then continued on. They found themselves near the wall, following the stone structure as it curved around towards one of the massive gates. It was currently open, a platoon of Atlesian soldiers returning from a scouting mission.

Jaune wasn't sure why, but he felt his eyes being drawn. Sitting in the shade of the wall, about twenty meters away from the gate, nestled against the stone were a stack of crates. Five in total, they were nothing remarkable. Made from wood, with the familiar crest of Vacuo stamped on the side in yellow paint, they were just... there.

He frowned.

"Jaune?" Velvet asked when he stopped, glancing back at him. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know," he said.

There was nothing remarkable about them, but... what were they doing there?

Was it ammunition? Supplies? But why would it be left out in the open like that?

Jaune found his feet carrying him towards the crates, and Velvet followed quickly.

“Have you seen these before?” he asked.

Velvet inspected the crates critically, shaking her head.

“No,” she paused, head tilting. “What’s inside?”

That was the question, wasn’t it?

Jaune had done plenty of patrols around the city, including taking missions on the walls. This was the first time he’d seen crates stacked up like this, and when he glanced further along, he saw more. About a hundred meters away, another five crates stacked up.

An uneasy feeling filled him. He had no real reason to feel the way he did, but Jaune had learned over the years to trust his instincts. And right now, they were screaming at him that something wasn’t right.

He waved down the nearest soldier who was patrolling near the wall.

“Do you know where these came from?” he asked.

The man shrugged, completely unconcerned. “We were told it was weapons and ammunition, in case of an attack.”

“Told by who?” Jaune demanded.

The man blinked, but answered, “Our commanding officer. Said it was the leftover stockpile Vacuo had sitting around since the war. Old, but a bullet is a bullet, right?”

“And it’s just sitting out here?” Velvet asked, confused.

“We were told not to touch it unless we needed it,” he shrugged again. “Weird, I know – but we don’t question our orders, even when they’re strange.”

Something wasn’t adding up.

Jaune hesitated for all of a second, and then unsheathed his sword. The soldier stepped back in alarm, but he wasn’t attacking him. Wedging the blade underneath the lid, Jaune twisted his sword and forced it up.

It resisted for a moment, wood protesting as the nails keeping it shut screeched – but then the lid popped off, bouncing across the ground. Jaune peered inside, and felt his heart stop dead.

Dust.

Powdered, refined Dust – but buried amongst the powdered substance were large chunks of raw, unrefined Dust. Red, green, and yellow – fire, wind and lightning.

A memory flashed in his mind, taking him back to the drainage tunnels beneath the city. Weiss placing a finger against the ground, and coming up with Fire Dust. And the section of floor that had been disturbed, where a large object had been resting – or several, stacked together.

Crates. Dust.

“I can hear something,” Velvet leaned forward, angling her ears towards the crate. “It sounds like... ticking.”

Dread crashed down upon him, like a bucket of ice cold water. His mind sharpened, and without thinking, he seized Velvet and the soldier by their arms, and turned, hauling them away. His aura burst into being around him, just in case – and not a moment later, his world was filled with *fire*.

The explosion was so strong that stone was vaporized in an instant, the shockwave shattering windows for miles. Jaune blacked out, and when he came back to his senses, he was laying face down inside a store or dining room, he couldn't tell which. He coughed, groaning – but couldn't hear it. All he could hear was a dull ringing, and as he pushed himself up onto his hands and knees, he felt a horrible pain across his back and the backs of his legs.

Confusion turned to fear, and then he saw Velvet. She was half embedded in the wall, unconscious but breathing. The soldier was also alive, crumpled in the corner of the room. Glancing around, he saw they'd been blasted through the front window of a home, the dining table reduced to splinters, the walls cracked from being pelted by debris.

Stumbling to his feet, he focused on his aura. His legs were fine, as was his back. He wasn't injured, but it still *hurt*. Walking towards Velvet, he pulled her from the wall and set her down, touching her neck. Her pulse was strong.

He flooded her body with aura, just as he'd done moments before the explosion. His semblance was the only reason they weren't dead. That sort of force, even for a Huntsman or Huntress would have been a death sentence.

Ordinarily.

Velvet gasped as her eyes shot open, chest heaving. She started up at him, dazed for a second before he saw her training take control. Hands ran across her body, checking for injury.

She tried to speak, but he shook his head and touched his ears. "I can't hear."

She understood. She touched her own ears, a pained expression on her face. He wasn't alone. She couldn't hear either.

Jaune checked on the soldier. Applying his semblance, it took only a moment to wake him. He flailed, panicked, and Jaune had to restrain him.

"Calm down," he said, then clucked his tongue, annoyed. If they couldn't hear, he probably couldn't either.

But when he realized who Jaune was, he stopped fighting.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his scroll and typed out a message. "Find your men, alert everyone you can. We're under attack."

Though with how powerful that explosion had been, there was little chance that the entire city didn't already know.

"Come with me," he typed out, and showed Velvet. She nodded, and joined him outside.

Chaos.

Dust filled the air, obscuring his vision – but it was clear as day, the gaping hole in the wall. Not one but several, Jaune looking towards where the other crates had been located, finding nothing but rubble. Soldiers that had been caught in the explosion lay shattered like broken toys, and when he checked on a couple of them, he saw that they were dead.

He focused on replenishing his aura, feeling his reserves creep back up towards full. From within the dust, he saw shadows move.

It wasn't difficult to figure out what they were.

Grimm poured into the city, a wave of darkness howling for blood. He heard none of it, gripping his sword in a white knuckled grip.

Jaune Arc took a step back, and the Rusted Knight stepped forward.

He exploded forward to meet them, Crocea Mors flashing. He carved through one, two, three, their heads rolling, blood spraying across the ground in great arcs. He spun on instinct, taking another through the chest, and then ducked, stabbing back. His sword parted muscle and bone, impaling a Beowolf as it lunged, and turning, he wrenched his blade out of its body and sliced off the arm of another when it tried to swipe at him.

He caught a flash of white light, and Velvet appeared, her Hard-Light Dust weapon spinning. Crescent Rose cleaved in wide arcs, destroying Grimm effortlessly. She moved like Ruby, expertly dodging and weaving through the Grimm horde, blade cutting them to ribbons. Jaune charged forward, and she followed, the pair of them attempting to fight back an ocean.

His fist slammed into the face of an Ursa, jaw exploding as it was shattered, his strike amplified to the limit. Crocea Mors slashed across its knee, dropping it, and he barely looked its way as he kicked out, booting it in the head hard enough to turn its skull to pulp.

But for every Grimm they killed, three more replaced it. They were but two people, and dozens turned to hundreds, surrounding them on all sides. Jaune moved tirelessly, sword flashing and filling the air with blood and smoke, golden light gathering as he unleashed a powerful slash that cut down several at once.

How had the Grimm arrived so quickly, and without any of their scouts sighting them? To fall upon them so soon after the attack, they must have been laying in wait, patient, striking when the perfect opportunity presented itself.

Jaune felt claws whizz by his face as he jerked aside, lashing out with the pommel and crushing its skull. Turning, he elbowed another, bone shattering as it was sent flying. Gathering his aura again, he unleashed another powerful slash, cutting an entire pack in half, but it barely made a dent.

They were going to be overwhelmed.

Velvet continued to dance through them, Crescent Rose spinning, lopping off arms and legs, and heads – but Jaune could see them closing in on her, her movements becoming jerky, filled with a rising panic as they got closer to catching her.

Jaune bulldozed his way through the tide, reaching her side. Those Grimm that didn't confront them rushed into the city beyond, and as his ears began to recover and stop ringing, he heard the first stirrings of screams.

A massive Deathstalker skittered through the breach, of a size of the one they'd defeated during Initiation. Its wicked stinger glowed an ominous yellow, its many red eyes locking onto them. With a screech, it charged.

Jaune met it.

Deploying his shield, he tanked the first blow from its claws, the ground cracking beneath his feet. Stepping back, its tail lashed out and missed, the venomous tip sinking into the sand and stone, putrid venom melting everything it touched. Jaune countered with a slash, attempting to remove its most potent weapon but it pulled its tail back, lunging with the entire weight of its body.

Jaune dropped, rolling beneath its body and carved a line through its underbelly.

It flailed as blood sprayed from the wound, Jaune coming out the other side. It spun around to confront him but he was already moving, aiming for its legs. It was well armored for the most part, covered in thick bone plating, but its weak points were the eyes, its underbelly, and the joints of its legs.

Crocea Mors sung, taking the first leg at the knee point. Another swing, and a second leg fell. Unstable, it collapsed to the right, and in an act of desperation, it tried to crush him with its

claws. But the angle was awkward, and it couldn't reach him, those massive constructs of bone snapping shut on air.

Gathering his aura one final time, he struck, cutting through its thick tail at the base. Blood spurted violently as the limb fell away, gushing thickly across the ground as it rapidly bled out.

“Jaune!” Velvet screamed, though it was still dulled by the ringing in his ears.

He moved without thought, diving away as something large crushed where he was standing. It was a hulking Grimm with large, muscular arms and a malformed head. He was reminded of a Beringel but much larger, and uglier – warped, as if it had been dipped in fire, its flesh threatening to slough right off.

An Abomination. He'd only read about those in books.

Vaguely humanoid with extreme, otherworldly strength. It could crush even a Huntsman with little effort, muscles dense, hard as steel. Bone protected its torso, its legs as thick as tree trunks.

It screamed, and the air wavered.

Jaune tensed, ready for this fight – but then a hail of bullets tore through the Grimm from all sides, and those around it.

The cavalry had arrived.

Atlesian soldiers fired, their rifles cracking as they unloaded death upon the Grimm. Several Paladin's mowed down entire packs of the creatures in seconds, their chain-guns buzzing, bullet casings clattering as they poured forth in a stream of brass. The Abomination roared in challenge and charged, but Jaune didn't let it get far, meeting it with his full strength.

Amplified, he slammed his shield into its stomach, gritting his teeth as he felt the recoil. The Grimm reeled, reaching for him angrily but he shifted his weight, Crocea Mors cutting the air. The blade bit into its arm but it couldn't make it all the way through, even with his enhanced strength. The Abomination shrieked in pain and lashed out, trying to smash him aside but Velvet appeared, a pair of familiar gauntlets encasing her hands.

Planting her feet, she unloaded a lightning fast combination into its side, ribs snapping audibly from the furious assault. Undeterred, it rampaged, arms swinging wildly, forcing them back – but only for a moment.

Her weapon changed again, the Hard-Light Dust morphing into a long haft with a heavy hammer head. Jaune knew what to do.

"Velvet, up," he called, and bracing himself, he positioned his shield towards the sky.

She moved without hesitation, leaping onto his shield. With all of his strength, he heaved her into the sky, the bunny faunus soaring high up into the air. The Abomination lunged at him, thick fingers grasping but he dived aside, sword slashing an angry wound across its thigh.

Velvet fell like a comet, divine retribution in the form of Magnhild. The warhammer crashed down on the top of its head with extreme force, and Jaune watched as the bone plates protecting its skull caved in, its head forced down into its body as its neck snapped. It's body grew rigid before after a long pause, it collapsed with a crash.

Velvet stood next to it, hammer at the ready, waiting – but it was dead, the body smoking.

Things were far from over, though.

The sky was filled with darkness as airborne Grimm attacked, met by the remnants of the Atlesian fleet. While this breach was being contained, there were several more along the wall, and Grimm had already entered deep into the city.

Jaune made a decision.

"I'm going," he said to Velvet, leveling his sword towards the residential area. "The soldiers can handle this, but those people have no one."

Velvet nodded. "I'm coming."

She wasn't asking.

He nodded back. "Let's go."

The streets were chaos, people running for their lives as Grimm chased them down. Bodies lay strewn across the road, the sidewalk, some moving, most of them not. Jaune grit his teeth as he chased down a pack of Beowolf, taking them by surprise as they cornered a family of three. Jaune dispatched them brutally, severing their spines with deft thrusts.

Other Huntsman had answered the call, a few perched on rooftops, taking Grimm out with precise shots. A few more were in the street, a muscular man with a greatsword cleaving through Grimm with ease, while a smaller woman moved around him, daggers flashing. Velvet took off

ahead, Hard-Light Dust warping into another familiar weapon. Planting her feet, she took aim and let loose, rotary machine gun tearing through bodies like wet tissue paper.

Coco's weapon.

They moved from street to street, clearing the Grimm that remained and moved on. Several Ravager's were tearing a man apart, and Jaune was too late to stop it, his roar cutting through the air as he sliced them down, stomping on their heads as they lay defeated, crushing them.

Such mindless violence.

His fingers tightened around the hilt of his sword, and he felt a red haze descend upon him. He killed every Grimm he saw, body moving on instinct. The years of fighting against the Jabberwalker had honed him into a weapon, and he was relentless.

Grimm may hunt humans, but it was a Huntsman's job to hunt Grimm. For the Rusted Knight, he hunted monsters. It didn't matter which shape they took.

He fought his way to a familiar place. The apartment complex, newly renovated, already showed the scars of battle. He heard the screams from within and didn't hesitate, charging into the lobby and up the stairs. A Beowolf launched itself at him, but he kicked it so hard it's chest caved in, killing it instantly. Blood soaked the ground, his heart hammering furiously as he cleared each floor, one by one, searching frantically.

The families – were they safe? They'd saved them, and for what? For them to be mauled by some beast?

He found them cornered, Poppy's father wounded but alive, clutching the shaft of a broken broomstick. A Grimm corpse lay smoking, blood pouring from an eye socket.

"I..." the man muttered, dazed. His family huddled behind him, scared, but once they spotted Jaune, the fear fled, replaced by hope. "I did what I could..."

"You protected them," Jaune said firmly, clutching his shoulder. He flooded his body with aura, the man gasping as his wound began stitching itself closed. "You did good."

"I... yes," he blinked, as if only noticing Jaune for the first time. "You're..."

"*Jaune~!*" a voice screamed, filled with terror.

He turned.

Cerise was running down the hallway, her two daughters slung over her shoulders like two bags of flour. They were both screaming and crying, and he saw blood running down the side of Cerise's face.

Behind them, shadows stretched along the walls as grotesque creatures reached out with spindly fingers. Their long, deformed faces twitched erratically, mouths stretching open impossibly in gruesome, mocking smiles.

"NO!" he shouted.

He moved, a blur, the ground cracking beneath his feet – but not fast enough.

Opening their mouths, they *screamed*. It was a high pitched whine, and the effect was immediate. Cerise sagged, as if drained, her legs giving out. She collapsed awkwardly, her daughters tumbling to the ground, silent. Poppy and her family collapsed, their breathing slowing – and Jaune felt it, lethargy descending upon him.

Apathy.

Jaune fell to his hands and knees, gritting his teeth as he felt the will to get up, the will to fight drain out of him. His body trembled, every limb feeling like it weighted a thousand pounds. He slumped, crashing to the ground, letting go of his sword...

*...not again, no, please, not again – I can't – I won't! I won't fail again!*

Jaune breathed raggedly as the Grimm approached Cerise and her daughter's, looming above them, eyes burning with hunger and malice.

*No, no, no, NO – not again, not again, never again – NEVER AGAIN!*

He saw their faces – Pyrrha, and her lovely emerald eyes; Penny, and her flowing ginger hair – and Jaune felt something inside him, something he had struggled to keep buried, finally shatter.

*Not again.*

The hallway jerked as an incredible force erupted from his body, a blinding golden light that made the Apathy recoil. The walls groaned, paint and plaster falling as cracks webbed through the stonework, the floor threatening to give out.

Jaune rose, wreathed in golden flame – sword in hand.

The Apathy recoiled, screaming – but the vile sound washed over him, and off him. His eyes burned, body flooded with a power he had never experienced. His semblance raged out of control, fueled by his desperation, his fear, his *rage*.

His desire to protect.

“Get away from them,” he said, his voice cracking like a whip.

He moved.

It was like an area being sucked free of air, that instance when pure vacuum existed. In a blink, he vanished.

The Apathy didn’t have time to react. One second, they were whole – the next, their bodies split from where Crocea Mors sliced cleanly through them. Their death didn’t register until the two halves fell apart, and then they burst into golden flame.

They *howled*.

It was a scream of agony, of pure pain. His aura ate away at their bodies until not even ash remained, or even smoke. They did not die as Grimm usually did. It was different.

Jaune felt the barely restrained violence roil beneath his skin, looking for an outlet. But the people he had protected, they needed him first.

“Are you okay?” he called, turning.

They stared at him, eyes wide in wonder. As if what they were looking at were not a man, but something else.

His aura still raged around his body, tendrils of light curling up like fire. He tried to force it down, but it refused to retreat. It would not be contained.

“Jaune...” Cerise climbed to her feet, her daughters following. Her beautiful face was filled with gratitude. “Jaune, I – thank you, I – I thought we were dead...”

“It’s okay, I’m here,” he looked to Poppy’s father. “Where are the rest?”

He was shown to a room where Ash’s parents huddled around their son. Jaune’s very presence seemed to beat back the terror, and he saw strength and resolve fill them as they caught sight of him.

“Mr. Arc,” Ash’s mother stared at him in disbelief.

“Come,” he said, offering a hand. “You need to evacuate.”

Vacuo had shelters for an event such as this, and so he knew where to lead them. The closest one was only a couple hundred meters away from their building, but it might as well have been a hundred miles for civilians when the streets were teeming with Grimm.

Velvet was still fighting outside, now wielding Crocea Mors. She moved just like he did, shield raised to protect her left side. She danced through the Grimm, dispatching them with efficient sword strokes before sighting him, and the civilians at his back.

More had joined him, all those that wished to live.

“We need to get these people to the shelter,” he said.

“Right,” she said, eyes widening slightly at the sight of his raging aura. “Stay close to us, we need to move quickly.”

Jaune cleared the way, taking point. The Grimm hesitated as they beheld the golden light wreathing his body, but not for long. Their desire for destruction could not be denied for long, but like the Apathy, they were immolated with every strike he landed on their bodies. The entrance to the shelter was inconspicuous, set between two buildings, a concrete passageway sinking into the earth.

If not for the armed men standing outside it, it was easily overlooked.

Members of the Vacuo militia, their beige uniforms signaling their allegiance.

The men opened the way when they caught sight of the people behind them, the old steel doors groaning. There had been some fighting here, but the Grimm had been easily taken care of.

“Thank you,” Cerise said again, and ignoring the aura surging around his body, embraced him fully. “Thank you, thank you, thank you – for saving my daughters.”

Once they were safely inside the shelter, they decided their next move.

A glance showed smoke and fire rising towards the center of the city, in the direction of the ziggurat. The cloudy sky had become dangerously dark, as if the heavens were about to open any second and unleash a torrent to drown them all.

It was unnatural.

Jaune’s skin tingled, but not from his aura. This was something else.

And then, in the distance – a flash.

Lightning sparked, arcing across the sky. Velvet gasped, and they they both saw – there was a figure, soaring through the sky, red flame bursting from their form.

Jaune’s heart stopped.

Cinder Fall.

He knew where he had to be.