

“Beep...beep...beep”

The sound of the alarm clock rang through out the room, sounding the start of a new day.

He opened his eyes, revealing a pair of blues that was still glazed over, simmering in the sunlight. Slowly, he got up from the bed, the sound of the sheets shuffling behind him, his arm reaching to turn off the clock with a hint of annoyance. Standing up, he let out a big yawn and began to stretch his limbs, easing off the stiffness that has built up overnight. Finally fully awake, he moved toward the mirror in the bathroom.

Jaune D’arc

He looked like a mess. His long blonde hair was disheveled, odd stranding sticking out here and there, being made only clearer by the sunlight beaming through the window. Bags underneath his eyes, though light but still noticeable, came as a result of last night endeavor in making a new training manual for aura control class. Along his jaw, light stubble has appeared, aging his face by a few years. Jaune stares into the image of himself, wondering how he even got to become a tutor in Beacon in the first place. Sure, he had played a great role in defeating Salem and briefly pushing back the Grimm, and his abilities has grown significantly since the time his aura manifested, but you know, looks counts for a lot nowadays. Not to say Jaune looks bad overall, in fact he looked quite the catch for his age, but among the people he’s been around with, he’s nothing. There’s Yang, fellow blondie with a bomb-shell figure and a rack that destroys men. There’s also Sun, another blondie, with girls chasing his abs up and down wherever he goes, which reminded Jaune of that time when he and Sun was caught by the female students in the middle of a practice duel which somehow ended up with them starting in a boy’s love novel fantasized by...

Jaune looked up toward the ceiling, his eyebrows raised, his eyes deadpan, as if questioning the intention of some mystical figure up there that’s making him have this train of thoughts.

With his mind now clear, he finished up the morning routine. Everyday was getting more and more similar to each other, but Jaune didn’t mind. His past adventure has given him an appreciation for the serenity and peacefulness of boredom. As a matter of fact, he quite enjoys being a teacher to new hunters and huntresses. Being appreciated and recognized for his achievement and knowledge, meeting new people every semester, as well as just having that nostalgia of his own time during his student years, all good reason to be happy about his job. On top of that, the students themselves are as diverse as it can be. He has witnessed them all, from natural born talents like Ruby to failing student like he once was and everything in between, all having a myriad of personalities and dreams they’re striving for. Some one wanted be the best hunter and huntresses like Jaune’s generation was, some wanted to go back to their home town to work, some just wanted something to pay for the meal on the table all, sharing one thing, an eager to learn and grow. As to Jaune, the most important

thing is then being able to teach these students the experience he has gained throughout his life and train them to be better than he was at their age, knowing that with these skills, they will be able to achieve their dreams and someday if needed, they will be able to protect the people who meant the most to them—something that he himself wasn't able to do then

“I guess I kinda know what you felt like now”. Jaune smiled to himself, lost in the memories of the past - a memory of red and gold, of something that no longer aches his heart, yet stubbornly refuse to leave the back corners of his mind for all these year, popping up once in a while like now just remind him of his conviction to make a difference in life, whether it is his own or somebody else.

Having said that, its not like that has been the only thing that have shaped his life in the past decade.

Looking into the mirror, Jaune looked like a teacher now. Long gone are the black bunny hoodies and jeans, in their place, a black blazer and vest combination with accompanying white gloves and t-shirt. Around the collar of his shirt, a red tie, made from part of the cloth that he has held onto for all these years, with the rest being made into a hair tie that is now holding his short wolf-like tail. This new sense of style coupled with the more defined features of his well-aged face, almost make him look like a dashing prince of a foreign country, attracting stares and blushes as he make his way across the street of Vale and the hall of Beacon. Interestingly enough, he himself never quite notice it.

Walking out of his room and down the stair, he sat down the kitchen table where two plates of food was prepared, one of just toast and honey, and the other, which was in front of him, of eggs, sausages and hash. Beside the latter also sat a big cup of coffee, hot steam still surrounding the rim indicating that it was brewed not too long ago. Jaune reached for the hot drink, smiling as he took in an small, satisfying sip. Its was a thing he needed daily now to start the day.

“You're certainly early to day aren't you”.

His eye turns to the direction of the voice. There, coming out of the kitchen and sitting down across him, was a girl with long red hair and emerald eyes.

“Hehe....Sorry about that, I stayed up really late yesterday to do some work”

“You have to be mindful about your own health you know, you're making me worried...and you're suppose to be the responsible one here.” She said, her tone half joking, half serious.”

“Yes Izi , I'll be sure to remember. Speaking of responsibilities, have you finished that assignment I gave out yesterday.”

The girl who was beaming with confidence just now, hides her eyes behind the piece of toast she was holding, a visible bead of sweat down along her cheeks.

“Izi.... You know that’s due today right, I’m not covering for you again”. Jaune said in a stern voice, his cold blues eyes pierce the piece of carb covering their opponent, sending shivers down along the girl’s back.

Then all of a sudden, the toast moved away, revealing an equally stern pair of emeralds. The two shades stare down each other like they were preparing for a mighty war. The girl reach out her arms toward Jaune, suggesting what seems to be a handshake.

“I’ll get rid of all the latest copies of “Of Noble Knights and Devious monkey” circulating in our year right now and delay the release of the next volume, if you cover for me this one final time”.

Just as she finished her sentence, her small hands were quickly grasp by the larger ones of Jaune, and held in a firm manly grip.

“Deal”

Jaune said in a deep voice as his eyes focused, his face stoic as if he was negotiating a peace treaty between the SRED and the Liberation Front. Time seems to slow down to a stop as they remained in their pose, eyes still intensely starred at each other for what seems like to be eternity.

“Pfft...”

“Hah hahahahaha haa....”

Just like that, as quickly as appeared, the tension vanished, replaced by laughter and giggling, similar to that of a child who just heard his first dirty joke. As the girl wipe away the tear that formed around her eyes, Jaune, looked at her and softly smile, and then continued with the rest of his breakfast.

“The thing I do for my sister”

“Hihi... thank you big brother, you’re the best”

Izetta Arc, that was the red hair girl’s name. The first time they met was almost 7 years ago, when Jaune and the old team was still clearing out the last batch of Grimm. With Salem gone, there was no one to control the Grimm anymore, so they just wreak havoc across all kingdoms like a pact of hungry locust. Those were hard time. Damage similar to Beacon during the fall was experienced by many other places, fueled by the lack of experienced huntsmen and huntresses after the Salem crisis. Villages were destroyed, people died, displaced. It was during one incident that Jaune came across a small 7 year-old girl, with burn marks across her body and tears streaming out her eye, crying for the dead bodies of her parents before her. Jaune carried the girl away with much needed effort, as she was insistent on holding on to the bodies, even clawing up Jaune’s face in an attempt to escape. But alas, the building they were in finally gave in to the inferno around and collapse, burning away the bodies, as the girl cry out to

them one final time. The incident was subdued eventually, but now Jaune faced another problem, the little girl he picked up now just won't let go of him. Eventually He brought her to an emergency camp where he helped clean her up. But just as he washed away the ash from her hair, a shade vivid red then began to appear. Only then, he took a look of the girl again, only to be started back by brimming emerald eyes. A wave of memory crashed against him as he looks deeper into those tiny gems- painful memories, something he deeply wanted to forget and move on, to a point that after that he would insist on avoiding the little girl at all cost, even once close to point of hitting her to scare her away. But alas, he couldn't, not when he sees the emeralds drowning in tears and terror when he raised his arm, not when he hear the small whimpering, calling out to their parents next to him during the cold nights, and not when he sees her hand holding so tight to his that it redden his fingers. Eventually, Jaune took her in as a little sister. Everyone was worried of course, seeing how close the little girl Jaune took in resembled to someone all of them know, and how it will affect Jaune's mental state. In the end, they all eventually gave their support, especially Yang and Jaune's older sisters, who gave him all their child-raising knowledge they know. Soon, the girl was eating well again. She started playing, talking, laughing, crying just like any other little girl at her age, but one thing still remains to this day, she never grew out of her bond to the person who saved her. As for Jaune, instead of pain, he found hope with this little girl. Part of it was due to his own selfish wish of being able to spend time with someone that reminds him how things could have been then, but then, saving this little girl's life and seeing her grow was like fulfilling a promise he has made to the person who cared for him in the past, a promise to grow and be the best that he can be, and to protect all that is around him. It was then that he fully embraced that promise by finally moving on from that past and strived to help other people as she had done for him, all the way up to his acceptance as a tutor Beacon and forevermore. And the little girl? She became the humanity that reminds him of both the tragedy of the past, and the brimming hope for what the future holds.

Jaune opened his eyes from his reminiscent. Looking at the small figure in front of him nomming away at her piece of toast, a larger figure started to appear from behind, her, one that shares a similar and nostalgic red hair and emerald eyes. The figure smiled softly at him, and he also returned the gesture with a gentle smile of his own.

"Thank you, Pyrrha"

The figure nodded and shined one last smile at him before slowly fading away.

"What you looking at me like that for, I'm not Sun you know" Izetta giggled.

"Hey now, I though we went through this already, remember I gonna help..."

"Briingg.....Bringgg"

Jaune sentence was interrupted by a call. It was from Oscar, "Hey Oz, sorry I'm a bit late, I'm on..."

“Jaune we have a situation ... Its Ruby.... Something happened”.

END.