A Song of Semblance and Shards

by RayByAnotherName

Summary

The characters of RWBY in the world of Westeros, with semblances and grimm and the inescapable fight between Ozpin and Salem all accounted for.

The chapters will be independent of one another for the most part and various ships will be explored in a multitude of ways depending on whims and requests. Tags will be updated as necessary.

Notes

I'm blaming the Qrowin When Discord for this fic. I had zero plans for this AU yesterday morning and now I have pages of notes! Y'all are a very bad influence! Thanks! ;)

A Song of Semblance and Shards

Rated: Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: F/M
Fandom: RWBY
Relationship: Qrow Branwen/Winter Schnee, Jaune Arc/Yang Xiao Long
Character: Qrow Branwen, Winter Schnee, James Ironwood, Summer Rose (RWBY), Yang Xiao Long, Jaune Arc, Salem (RWBY)
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Ser Winter Schnee, heir of Highgarden, is charged with taking care of a bandit problem in the western region of the Seven Kingdoms. The Branwen Tribe, however, may have ties to the fallen House Branwen, which had previously held Casterly Rock and her mother's own title of Warden of the West. Complications ensue.

"Why do you have to leave?" Weiss followed Winter as she walked from her chambers. Her eyes were wide and damp with unshed tears. "You only just got back."

Winter straightened and looked down at her younger sister. "The people of the Reach and the Westerlands are being ravaged by bandits, it is the duty of the Warden of the West to protect them."

"But that's father, not you," Weiss whined, balling her small hands into fists. Winter crouched down, placing her hands on her sister's shoulder. She was still just a girl, still learning.

"Do you know how father became the Warden of the West?"

Weiss nodded, "King Ozpin gave him the title after the Fall of House Branwen." Winter smiled, pleased.

"That's right. Casterly Rock held the Warden of the West from the time of the Targaryen Conquest, but it came to Highgarden after Ozpin's Rebellion." Winter patted Weiss's cheek, "And I am the heir of Highgarden."

If Weiss could tell she was leaving things out, she didn't say, she merely nodded. "I understand." She hugged Winter fiercely then, "Please come back safe."

"I will," Winter kissed the top of her sister's head and then stood. She rode out from Highgarden with a small contingent of knights and squires.

The bandits were last reported on the edge of the Riverlands, near the Golden Tooth. She did not head north though, but south, towards Dorne. The bandits were not just run-of-the-mill outlaws, but an organized force calling themselves the Branwen Tribe. The last two Branwens were suppose to be in Dorne.

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Winter spent the ride to Starfall reading the books that the maester gave her on House Branwen. He'd slipped a letter in with a few missing bits as well, which Winter appreciated. She'd been just a babe when Ozpin rebelled and her grandfather had kept Highgarden staunchly neutral. It was only after his death that her father had declared for House Pine on her mother's behalf.

House Branwen had remained loyal to the Targaryens and been nearly wiped out for their trouble. While the last Targaryen, Princess Salem, had escaped to Essos, the last Branwens had been stripped of everything - land, titles, freedom - before they'd reached their tenth year.

Raven and Qrow. They were odd names by Winter's standards, but the Branwens had named their
children after birds for centuries apparently. Descendants of the First Men, several of the Branwens had claimed to be able to warg into birds. With a history like that, Winter reasoned it was sensible to keep such a tradition.

The books said that the twins had been fostered in King's Landing after their mother's death and their father's execution. The Dornish Princess Summer had also been fostered by King Ozpin and when she returned home to take her seat the Branwens went with her.

It was the letter that filled in the blanks. The twins were often under the care of the Grand Maester, their training was personally overseen by the king himself. He entertained no suitors for the girl and would allow no knights to squire the boy. Winter knew bastards that had been treated better.

"My lady," one of her men leaned from his horse to tap her shoulder. She folded the letter back into the book as she raised her head. They'd reached Starfall.

They were greeted immediately by a boy with strikingly blue hair and a flirtatious smile. "I'm Neptune Vasilias, heir of Starfall," the boy bowed, low and dramatic. Winter raised a brow. "I'd be happy to show you to your rooms."

"Has the envoy from Sunspear arrived yet?" Winter asked the boy as she dropped from her horse. She patted the white mare softly as she slid her book into the satchel on her side.

"Uh..." the boy rubbed at his neck, "Princess Summer is here. If that's what you mean." Winter's brow moved higher. She'd sent a raven to Sunspear with her request for a meeting at Starfall. She had not expected the head of House Rose to come herself.

Winter nodded to her second-in-command before walking up to the boy. "Then I will see her first, before my room." She continued into the castle, leaving the boy to stumble after her. She smiled, Neptune was probably Weiss's age by the look of him, but he reminded her more of Whitley with his bluster and bravado.

He left her at the entrance to a room, running ahead to inform the Princess of Winter's arrival. He ushered her into the sitting room with a flourish and then fled immediately, as if he expected a fight. Given the history between the Reach and Dorne, that was probably smart.

"What exactly do you want from this, Lady Winter?" Summer Rose did not look away from the window beside her seat. Winter tensed. The title irked her, she'd worked hard for her knighthood. She could see Summer was distracted, however, so she chose not to take offense. For now.

"There's bandits in the western lands. They're calling themselves the Branwen Tribe."

Now the Princess of Dorne turned her eyes on her guest. Silver met blue, hard and unflinching. Neither blinked.

"I would like to speak to Raven and Qrow. They may hold insight into who may be behind this group of outlaws." Winter very carefully did not accuse either twin of leading the group, though it was obvious that at least one of then was.

"Come with me."

Winter followed Summer from the room. They navigated through halls and staircases before coming into a small courtyard. Two girls were practicing with wooden swords - one fair-haired and the other dark. While she'd never met the Dornish princesses, she had heard of them. There were rumors that they were both Sands in truth, that Summer had married the man from Bravos to legitimize them.
Such rumors seemed preposterous when looking at them. The older had the same look as Taiyang Xiao-Long and the younger was a near twin to her mother.

It took Winter a few moments to realize that the man standing beside the royal consort was Qrow Branwen himself. By that time, Qrow’s eyes had pinned her to the ground. Winter swallowed.

"Qrow will tell you what he can," Summer turned to winter with a sour expression, "But I'm afraid Raven left us at the beginning of this summer."

That was when the Branwen Tribe had first appeared. Winter nodded her understanding, "I can assure you my goal is not bloodshed. I merely wish to bring those responsible to justice."

"The only justice you'll get from Raven will require bloodshed." Qrow’s voice was deep and gravely as he appeared by her side. A shiver ran up Winter's spine at the sound. Her face remained composed.

"We don't know th-"

Qrow snorted, "Stop dreaming, Summer, we both know it's Raven. She's always wanted to go home." He shrugged, "Guess she finally decided to do it."

"You believe your sister is leading the bandits then?" Winter asked him, head tilted to the side as she looked into his red eyes. He nodded. "Would you be willing or able to tell me what tactics and strategies she would utilize?"

Qrow leaned into her space, eyes narrowed as he looked her up and down, "No." Winter scowled. "She's willy. But I will help you."

"Help me?" Winter raised a brow. In the short time she'd been standing with Qrow, her entire field of vision and awareness had been shrinking. Now, the only thing she knew was Qrow. His eyes, looking into hers. His body, just a touch too close for propriety.

"Yeah, help." Qrow's mouth quirked up. "I'll go with you."

It took two weeks to track down the bandits' camp. It had been Qrow's suggestion that they head toward Castamere and, lo and behold, the bandits had taken the abandoned castle as their own.

"My sister's always enjoyed a little irony." Qrow settled beside her on the cliff. Their shoulders knocked. Winter ignored the clench of her abdomen as Qrow's breath sailed past her ear. "If she doesn't have sentries, I'll eat my sword." His chuckle sent what felt like the hundredth shiver through her body.

Winter was beyond frustrated with herself. She'd worked with attractive men before. Seven hells, she'd squired for Ironwood! But here she was, reacting like a girl from some stupid song to Qrow Branwen, a scruffy-haired swordsman from a fallen house.

"Can you keep a secret, Schnee?" Qrow whispered and her head moved to look at him. He raised a brow, waited, eyes focused on hers. He never used either of her titles, but when they spoke he looked into her eyes.

"Depends on the secret," Winter said before looking back out at the landscape. Qrow chuckled again and she felt his eyes travel down her body as he propped himself up on his side.
A hand ghosted over the exposed skin of her arms, "I think you're trustworthy." He muttered something more under his breath about not regretting it and then he was gone.

Winter started, rising onto her haunches and grasping the pommel of her sword. That's when she saw the bird. Red eyes focused intently at her as it sat on a low branch.

It cawed and then took flight. Winter tracked it, keeping low. The crow flew over the small wooded area below the cliff that surrounded the castle. It circled the ruin and then returned.

Just like that, Qrow was lying beside her on the ground again. His shoulder knocking against hers. "That a secret you'll keep?" His head was pulled low and close to hers. Improperly so.

"I don't think anyone would believe it, were I to say anything," Winter swallowed hard, "But yes, I will keep it." Qrow's thanks were whispered directly into her ear and she felt the pull of his lips upwards against her skin when the shiver ran down her body.

Winter shoved him away with a glower, "Behave yourself, Qrow." His eyes lingered on her body a moment more, before he met her eyes.

"Nope."

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They took the castle with little bloodshed. A fact she thanked the seven for when it became obvious half the so-called bandits were barely old enough to lift a sword, let alone wield one.

Qrow had taken one look at the group of children and fled the room. Winter didn't blame him, though she did go looking for him after the children had been disarmed and corralled. She found him easily enough, sitting on the ground outside and leaning against a decrepit wall.

A hand motion stopped her. He stood, eyes suddenly trained on a spot directly in front of him. She saw the red sparks in the air and took cover behind the wall.

"So, you're with them."

The voice was deep, like Qrow's, but decidedly feminine. Winter pulled a small mirror from her satchel so she could watch the interaction on the other side of the wall.

"So, you're using children." Qrow had a hand on his sword, but Raven had hers drawn. Her body had tensed at his words.

Winter couldn't make out Raven's face through what appeared to be a Grimm mask. Grimm resided beyond the wall, there were sightings at times, but there hadn't been a sighting south of the Neck since Ozpin's rebellion.

"Why are you doing this, Raven?" Qrow sighed when he spoke. His hand left his sword and he slouched back against the wall. Despite his posture Winter could tell his entire body was tense.

Raven snorted, "Why not? They're not our people anymore."

"Ozpin took the titles, not the responsibilities."

Winter blinked. She'd assumed Qrow was helping her because Raven was his sister. She hadn't considered that he might hold some loyalty to the Westerlands still.

"It's Ironwood's problem now." Raven spit the name as if the taste of it made her sick. That, that was
more along what Winter expected. "Or Schnee's. He's the Warden of the West."

Winter's shoulders tensed at her father's mention. He wasn't, technically, a Schnee. He was the younger son of a younger son from the North. Her mother was, ostensibly, the one that held the titles of Lady of Highgarden, Warden of the West.

"Don't lie to me, Raven." Qrow's voice took on a darker edge. "You don't give a shit about Jimmy. He's just a puppet, always had been. This is about Ozpin."

Raven snarled, "You say his name like it's nothing!"

"He is." Qrow shrugged. "We were safe in Dorne. Happy." Raven snorted again. "Something to share?"

"We've never been more than someone's pets. First we were Ozpin's, then we were Summer and Tai's." Raven's voice had dropped lower. Qrow had straightened at the mention of the Dornish princess and her husband.

Winter didn't know how to process what she was hearing. Every sentence was loaded with history, with a past that was only hinted at in Klein's letter and books.

"If you think they're like Ozpin, you're an idiot." Qrow's hand fell onto his sword again.

Raven chuckled, dark and derisive, "We're just tools, little brother. Weapons they can aim at their enemies." She gestured with her sword, "And I'm not going to be anyone else's pet again."

The sparks returned as she slashed the space beside her. A portal opened. Raven was gone. Qrow slouched back against the wall again.

"Are you alright?" Winter asked as she came out from the other side. She stood beside him, a hand hovering just above his arm.

In seconds her back was pressing into the stone as Qrow's lips covered hers. She could have shoved him away. Should have, even. But her arms wrapped around his neck instead, fingers curling into his shaggy hair as his mouth moved against hers.

His tongue slid across her bottom lip once before he started kissing along her jaw. Winter groaned, arching into his chest. She hooked a leg around his waist and rolled her hips. He bit into her neck with a moan.

Winter pulled his head back up, kissing him in earnest. He made little noises as her teeth scraped along his lips and her tongue pressed into the roof of his mouth.

"Are you a maiden?" Qrow gasped when he broke the kiss. He breathed into her mouth, lips barely parted as he stared into her eyes.

She met them with her own, "Does that matter?"

"Not to me."

They reached Casterly Rock in a fortnight. Lord Ironwood met them at the gate with his guard. The children, the bandits, were escorted to cells.

"What will be done with them?" Winter asked as they walked into the hall.
Ironwood smiled at her, "You always did have a soft heart under all that iron." He sighed, "Your father sent word that they should be punished to the full extent."

"The mines?" Winter's eyes widened. They stopped in the grand hall. The men behind her all froze at her tone. Ironwood's eyes flickered to them as he nodded. "They're only children."

"It's the standard punishment, Winter."

Qrow snorted and the whole room looked to him. He was trailing along the side of the hall, eyes gazing upward as he took in what had once been a familiar room.

"Do you have something to say, Branwen?" Ironwood's eyes hardened on the man. Qrow's gaze fell to his. Winter's spine straightened at the intensity.

"I just thought this was your land now, Jimmy, not Jacques'." Qrow gestured outward. "You've met my sister. You know how she likes to talk with her sword. You expect a little kid to tell her no?" The eyes sharpened, "You couldn't."

Winter raised a brow at her mentor. His whole body had tensed, even as his face smoothed out. There was definitely a story here, but she could ask Qrow later.

"What would you suggest, Qrow?" Winter asked him. She felt Ironwood's gaze move to her, but she kept her eyes focused on the man before her.

Qrow inclined his head, "The Nights Watch." He looked to Ironwood, "They're not old enough to take the vows yet. They could work and train and it would give you time to decide what to do with them."

"They could still end up in the mines," Ironwood crossed his arms, "If they're not willing to join the Watch when they come of age, they'd be right back here."

Qrow shrugged, "When they're of age, you'll have a better sense of who they are. You can make a more informed decision."

"You know," Ironwood chuckled as he nodded, "I'd forgotten how clever you are, Qrow. If a little, unorthodox." He gestured for his guard captain, relayed his orders. When he led Winter into his solar, he called for Qrow to join them.

There was definitely a story. Ironwood handed Qrow a glass of whiskey, set the bottle beside him. Qrow rolled his eyes and set the glass on the table untouched. Winter watched them with careful eyes. There was a lot left unsaid as they took seats opposite each other at the table.

Winter sat beside Qrow, watched Ironwood's expression. His eyes flickered between them and his lips twitched as he smiled. It was, Winter was certain, a very interesting story.


Chapter Summary

Jaune Arc - not-heir of Storm's End and hater of gravity - has just been named Queen Salem's heir. So~ he's kinda-sorta a prince, betrothed to the literal hottest person ever, and he still trips over air...

Yang is the heir to Dorne, but now she's been sent to King's Landing to marry the next king of the Seven Kingdoms... and, apparently, teach him to hold a sword.

Jaune stood frozen, mouth agape, before his father. The solar was quiet. All of his sisters had been strick mute by the news as well.

"Can, uh, can you repeat that?" Saffron broke the silence first.

Lord Arc cleared his throat, "Queen Salem, first of her name, blah blah titles etcetera… has decreed that her heir shall be her cousin, Jaune Arc of Storm's End, as the closest living male relative without a title."

"But… Saffron's the oldest!"

Jaune nodded, definitely agreeing with whichever sister yelled that. Saffron was even married and had a baby! Succession secured right there!

"She specified male." His father shrugged. He had no qualms about being passed over himself.

The next few minutes were a frenzy of debate - mostly about the apparent return of patrilineal primogeniture - until Saffron winced visibly. Apparently the baby did not appreciate all the arguing. Jaune seconded that.

"Does it say anything else?" Jaune asked his father. Blue met blue, Jaune could see it the shake of his iris. "There is."

Lord Arc took a breath and then read aloud, "Furthermore, Jaune Arc will be wedded to Yang Xiao-Long of Dorne." There was no silence at the end of that sentence. His sisters had launched into action, shouting orders, drawing blades, all of them ready to march for war.

"Okay." Jaune yelled and his sisters quieted to grumbles, "We're both to go to King's Landing, the Dornish woman and me?" His father nodded. Jaune sighed, "I'll pack my things."

His sisters were right back to shouting over each other once he was out of the room. Jaune decided he would much prefer some peace and quiet so he plopped himself in the center of the Sept, right before the Warrior.

"I don't suppose you have any stray courage around to lend me?" Jaune asked the stone swordsman. Thunder boomed outside and Jaune's whole body flinched at the noise.

-.-.-
"What?!" Ruby screamed when Yang told her. Her sword dropped from her hand as she tackled Yang to the ground, "You better be joking!"

Yang was not, however, joking. She wrapped her arms around her little sister, "Don't worry, Ruby, I'll be Queen of the whole of the Seven Kingdoms some day." She winked, "That includes Dorne."

"But…" Ruby sniffed, burrowing her head into Yang's chest as they lay their on the ground of the training yard. "I don't want you to go. I don't want to be a 'the' all by myself."

"You really think a little thing like distance is going to stop me Ruby Rose?" Yang could feel Ruby shaking her head, even as she cried all over Yang's shirt. "Besides, me marrying a Stormlord will make your life easier someday."

Skirmishes with the Stormlands had gotten old literal centuries ago and Yang didn't really like the idea of her baby sister in a battle. It was half the reason she'd agreed to the Dragon Queen's order.

"It's more fun to fight with the Reach anyway," Ruby chuckled, hiccuping at the end as she rubbed her tears away.

Once she was sat up beside her, Yang ruffled her hair. "That's the spirit!"

"--"  

"And this is Kevin." Salem gestured to the dragon slumbering behind, and around, her throne as if she were introducing a child. Which was probably the most terrifying part of the whole thing. At least, with the dragon sleeping.

"Why is his name Kevin?"

Jaune's eyes widened as the woman next to him asked her question. Yang Xiao-Long was not at all what Jaune had expected. The dornish had dark hair, seductive smirks, and were suppose to be sultry tricksters who poisoned men with secret potions.

Salem's eyes fell onto the blonde woman with interest. "I read it in a book while warming his egg."

"Oh," Yang nodded to herself, hands on her hips as she smiled big and - Jaune hesitated to say - with sincerity. "I probably would have gone with something like Slayer."

Jaune's eyes could not get any wider.

"That does have a certain ring," Salem mused, resting her arm on her throne as she placed her chin in her palm. Her gaze flickered to Jaune, "What about you, what would you name a dragon?"

"Arctic," Jaune answered on instinct and then immediately clapped his hands over his mouth. "Wait-"

Yang was already laughing. It rang loud and clear as an echo around the room. "That's the lamest thing I've ever heard!"

"It's better than Slayer!" Jaune fired back, hands on his own hips as he leaned over to glare at Yang. "It's a dragon not a sword!"

Jaune didn't notice Salem's lips spreading into a smile as she watched them bicker. Her chin rose from her hand as she extended her to pet Kevin's head. Her blew out a warmth breath, not unlike a snore, and the bickering instantly stopped.
"Ozpin," Salem called out. The Lord Commander of her Queensguard appeared behind the two blondes. Jaune jumped, but Yang didn't. "Have someone escort my nephew and his bride to their chambers."

"Yes, your majesty," Ozpin bowed and immediately another knight walked up beside him. Ozpin inclined his head as he spoke to Jaune and Yang. "Ser Lionheart, my lord, my lady."

They followed the literal white knight from the Great Hall to Maegar's Holdfast. Jaune had been here twice before, for feasts and such, but he'd never been to the Holdfast. He craned his neck around to look at things as they went.

"I know it's called the Red Keep," Yang chuckled as she turned in circles to do the same as Jauen, "But I think there's a been too much of it, ya know?"

Jaune blinked, "Seriously?" She raised a brow at his deadpan.

"It's too red," Yang shrugged, "I'm just saying what we're all thinking." She crossed her arms behind her head as they finally entered the castle-within-a-castle.

"You have no proof that I was thinking that!" Jaune huffed. He had, of course, been thinking it.

Yang didn't see much of her betrothed after they'd met with the Queen that first time. She'd argue it was because she was busy with the wedding preparations, buuut… She spent most of her time in the training yard with her Uncle Qrow.

"Come on, old man!" Yang taunted the scraggly swordsman as she twirled her spear in her hand, "You're no fun today." Qrow thrust with his sword, spun out of her block, parried, and then retreated. "Lame!"

"Have I ever mentioned just how much you sound like your dad when you fight?" Qrow called out before he came in for another thrust.

Yang snorted, "Only every time we spar!"

Qrow nodded. Thrust. Parry. Retreat. "It's just as annoying when you do it." He spun, side-stepped her, and raised his blade to her throat, "And it means you're just as distracted."

Yang held up her palms in a yield, popping out her bottom lip in a pout as the blade dropped away. "You really are no fun today Uncle Qrow, what gives?"

"Just because you get out of wedding chores, doesn't mean I do?" Qrow groaned, dropping the practice sword to stretch his arms up. "Your sister made me swear I would make your wedding a giant 'explosion of flower power' or she would never forgive me."

"Sounds like Ruby," Yang chirped, bouncing forward on the balls of her feet. "At least you won't have to wear a dress."

"I thought you liked pretty dresses?" Qrow smirked at his niece as she began to spin her spear. Her feet moved through the steps of a form as she whined.

"Yeah! ~Pretty~ dresses." Her voice rose an octave. "Wedding gowns have like a thousand layers!" She'd been pinned twice during her fittings already and they hadn't even got to the top layer yet. "You boys just have to wear a nice doublet."
Qrowin chuckled, pulling his flask out as he watched Yang pace through her diatribe. The spear in her hands spun and swung through the air as she went.

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Jaune's rooms were situated just over one of the training yards. If he weren't spending all his time Salem's solar he might even be able to learn how to hold a sword just by watching.

But! The price of being the next king was apparently lots of boring meetings with Salem and her advisors. He was significantly more concerned about their countries military preparations than when he first got to the city, but otherwise nothing else had changed.

As if to prove that to him, his feet slipped out from under him as he was walking past that training yard. And! Further insult, the only person who witnessed it was the only one he didn't want seeing him fall flat on his face.

Yang was boisterous and loud - he mentioned that he was sleeping by the training yards right? - but there was such sincerity and joy in her voice when she spoke. Jaune had recently found himself eavesdropping on her ranting to her uncle. Well, he'd sat by his window, that wasn't really eavesdropping.

"Are you…okay?" Yang's voice came from directly next to him.

Oh yeah. He should probably get up. Jaune took a quick glance to his left. Yang was crouched beside him, hair cascading down around her shoulders like waves on the cliffs.

Nope. "I'm fine," Jaune groaned into the ground, "Just dying of embarrassment." Yang giggled - light and full and then quickly followed by a snort.

"You just tripped," Yang poked his shoulder, "Everyone trips."

Jaune rolled over onto his back. Looking up at Yang was not helping his humiliation, but it was a lot easier to ignore when the hornets in his stomach started buzzing.

"My baby sister does it all the time in fact."

"Thanks?" Jaune drawled, "Nice to know I'm only as clumsy as a baby."

Yang laughed again, the big-bellyed one that could fill the whole castle if she tried. It pushed all the air out of her lungs and she fell backwards onto her arse.

"Ruby's not a real baby, dummie," Yang finally breathed a normal breath. She wrapped her arms around her knees and smiled at him, "She's just my little sister."

"Oh." Jaune pursed his lips, "That does make me feel better then." He thought about his sisters for a second, his chest ached a bit as he imagined their faces. "Do you have a lot of siblings?"

Yang shook her head, "Just me and Rubes."

"I have seven sisters."

"Wow…” Yang blinked a few times, "I think I'm good. Seven Ruby's would be a little much."

Jaune snorted, "You're telling me. Sometimes I couldn't even hear myself think!" Yang laughed again, this time the quieter one, the twinkling one where her eyes scrunched up. Yang had a lot of laughs - Jaune hadn't heard one he didn't like yet.
"Do you like it better here then?"

"No," Jaune blew out a breath. "It's too quiet to think here, so I end up rethinking the same thing
over and over again."

Yang hummed, "Yeah." She rocked forward and then back, "That's why I like it here, training. It
distracts me from the thinking."

"I wish I could do that," Jaune finally sat up. He scrunched up his face as his eyes landed on the
spear and sword that Yang had left on the racks. "The training master back home said I was
hopeless."

"I could teach you."

Jaune looked at Yang's face. There was no laughter in her voice now. It was serious, maybe even a
little nervous if the hesitant smile was anything to go by.

She stood up, offered him a hand, "Come on. Everybody should know how to defend themselves."
Jaune looked at the hand for half a second and then grabbed it. Yang hoisted him up onto his feet.
The next thing he knew there was a wooden sword in his hand.

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