

# An Unlikely Partner

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February 19, 2016

***Note:** This is a fan fiction for RWBY, a series created by Rooster Teeth and the great Monty Oum.*

It's still somewhat hard to not fall asleep while putting my armor on. The circlet on my head feels like it's going to squeeze my brains out.

*Focus, focus.* How many times have I had days like this again? If I really wanted to know, I could count the trophies in my room at home. But really, no matter what the number, I am already used to this kind of thing. I just need to get into it when everything starts.

I really wish I slept better yesterday, though. We already went to bed pretty late, then there were three girls close to me chatting about a book or something, so it was hard to sleep. It didn't help that the Schnee heiress joined in to (loudly) tell them they were keeping people awake. Classic.

Of course, there was also the excitement of being at a new school. Back home, it was getting really tiring having the same people fawn over me all the time. Maybe here, at least *some* people will treat me like a normal person.

Also, there was that awkward guy making a scene yesterday. He seems pretty nice. I wonder if I'll see him today.

Now, to get Milo and Akouo from the locker room. As I strut down the halls, I immediately regret having worn my armor already. People are already pointing at me and uttering my name. "Is that Pyrrha Nikos? *The* Pyrrha Nikos?"

I really should have gotten dressed in the closest bathroom to the locker room. Oh well.

When I finally get to the right row of lockers, the Schnee girl is already there. I can see *Weiss Schnee* printed on the tag on her locker. Guess that's her name.

Of course she notices me. She beams a smile that's a bit too wide. "Hey, Pyrrha! Nice to meet you!"

"Hi, Weiss," I respond politely. "I am happy to make your acquaintance."

I go to open my locker. But as I do, I hear a familiar voice...

"Ridiculous! There's no way I put my gear in locker 636 yesterday... I would have remembered having to count that high!"

It must be him. Sure enough, a little glance tells me that it's the guy from yesterday walking down the rows of lockers. His aimless wandering makes me want to go help him, but then Weiss turns around and starts speaking.

“So, Pyrrha, have you given any thought to whose team you would like to be on?” Weiss sounds a bit too expectant. Years of having people ask me to join their group for anything have made me good at picking up these cues.

“I’m not quite sure. I was planning on letting the chips fall where they may.” Please, don’t push on. Please please please.

“Well, I was thinking maybe we could be on a team together.” And there we go. She asks the question I have heard way too many times. I keep my composure and stop myself from scoffing.

“Well, that sounds grand!”

Weiss immediately starts smiling incredibly stupidly. I bet she’s only being nice to ride off of my fame. How charming.

I look around and see that the guy from yesterday is walking over. *Is he going to hit on me?* It wouldn’t be unusual, in any case. Plus, he’s kinda cute, I guess.

But that’s when I notice he’s fixated on Weiss. He comes in between us and leans against the lockers.

“Jaune Arc. Nice to meet you.”

Weiss immediately rolls her eyes and crosses her arms. “You again?”

“Nice to meet you, Jaune!” I try to get his attention, but he just keeps on talking.

“So, Weiss, couldn’t help but overhear your fondness of me the other day.”

Weiss groans. And Jaune just keeps going.

“So, I’ve been hearing rumors about teams~ I was thinking you and me would make a good one. Whattaya say?”

“Actually,” I say, finally catching his attention, “I think the teams are comprised of four students each, so...”

He finally comes over to talk to me. *Cute, just like I thought.*

“Well, hot stuff, play your cards right and maybe you could join up with the winning team.”

And of course, Weiss jumps back into the conversation. “Jaune, is it? Do you have any idea who you’re talking to?”

“Not in the slightest,” Jaune says while leaning in closer. I would think he’s acting kind of creepy, if it wasn’t so obvious that he’s not used to this kind of thing. I almost feel inspired at how determined he is, even though he’s getting shot down over and over.

As Weiss and Jaune talk about my achievements at Sanctum Academy and my cereal endorsement, I muse to myself. *He really knows nothing about me. I’m just a normal person to him.*

“So, after hearing all of this, do you really think you’re in a position to ask *her* to be on your team?” Weiss says it in the classic stuck-up Schnee manner.

Finally, it looks like Weiss managed to break Jaune’s spirits. He noticeably slumps a little. “I guess not. Sorry.”

*No, no, please be on my team! Finally, someone who won't leave me on this pedestal! Replace the Schnee girl, ah~*

“Actually, Jaune, I think you’d make a *great* leader!”

He brightens up again. “Oh, stop it!” He tries saying in a coy way. Doesn’t work for him. But it’s kinda cute, in a dorky way.

But we really need to get to the meeting spot now. If only I could talk to this Jaune guy forever; that would sure beat all these people who treat me like I’m an alien.

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On Beacon Cliff, I look into the Emerald Forest and note its geography. Apparently, we’re being projected into the forest on these special launch pads. *Land, find partner, get relic.* Easy plan.

I try to focus my mind when the person next to me launches. I’m next. As I take off into the air, I can still hear Jaune nervously asking a million questions.

As I fly through the sky and into the forest, I realize something. *Will Jaune be okay? He seemed a bit unsure during Ozpin’s explanation.*

Oh, wow, I’m thinking about him now. After having so many guys either want to be with me just for my fame or guys completely avoid me because I am “out of their league”, there is finally a guy who just treats me like a normal girl. And it’s kind of exciting.

I land on a tree branch and immediately use Milo in rifle mode to scope the skies for Jaune. I find him flailing while falling aimlessly.

I transform Milo into javelin mode, and line up my shot. *Make a straight line with your javelin and free arm, aim with the thumb.* I throw Milo and hear a satisfying *thunk* a few seconds later. “Thank you!” I hear in Jaune’s sheepish voice. Successfully pinned him to a tree. Who knew my javelin training would come in handy like this?

I run through the woods in the direction of Milo. I can feel where it is from here. Southwest. I can feel like magnetic pull to me get stronger and stronger.

I see him now. He seems to be calling out for help. I see a glimpse of Weiss dragging that girl in red I saw last night. *Ah, so she saw Red, ran off, bumped into Jaune, and decided Red over Jaune. Perfect for me.*

“Jaune?” I call up to him, and he looks down. I blush a little. I hope he can’t see it.

“Do you... have any spots left on your team?” I quip lightly.

He looks embarrassed. “Very funny.” But as he says it, I can see him smiling ever so slightly.

I catch myself smiling more than I have in ages. *At last, someone who doesn’t assume we’re from totally different worlds. Someone who doesn’t treat me differently before they even know me.*

*I think I can finally make a good friend.*