

He Will Fall.

The PPC belongs to Jay and Acacia; I'm only using their wonderful and crazy world. The Dresden Files belongs to Jim Butcher. RWBY belongs to Rooster Teeth and Monty Oum (this world is an emptier place without him). Richard and Marina are mine. "Feral Instincts" belongs to themaninthemask, and he can keep it. Thanks to Hieronymus Graubart, Matt Cipher, Mattman The Comet and SkarmorySilver for beta-reading the mission.

"I told you there were good sides to this place," Richard said as he and Marina entered RC 2882437; the two of them were charged with things they had taken on their way out of Rudi's at FicPsych, General Store and the Canon Library after the Award Ceremony. He also sported a new jacket, similar to the one he used to wear, although it was a bit longer. "And now, I also have some way to transport mission material without killing my back."

"Yes, I'll admit that their beef chop suey was perfect. Eerily similar to the one I ate back in Philadelphia," Marina said, several books in her hands. "It almost makes up for your decision to subscribe to this event."

"Come on, we did encounter other people, didn't we?" Richard said, shrugging the best he could. "And they were all really nice. And we didn't suffer so much during the Hunger Games since we were taken out before the end of the second day. As for the meal, that's pretty much the main selling point of the place. Most of the people who talked about it said pretty much the same thing."

"If that's the case, we'll have to come back," Marina said. "One question, though: why did you insist we take these books by — what's his name, Butcher? — when we went to this Canon Library? You could have lent me yours."

"There are two reasons for this," Richard said while putting the books on his bed. "First, most of my books are in French, since that's where I'm from. Second, almost all of the ones I have got in English are eBooks. I'm pretty sure we both know how it would end."

"Fine. But I'm taking care of my books of magic first," Marina said as she was doing the same with her own books. "It was bad enough when I lost mine when my apartment was burnt. Now I'll have to work with whatever I can loot from this library. At least they have pretty much every book which exists in my world. I'm pretty sure my master would have loved it."

"How was life in Philadelphia, if you don't mind the question," Richard said.

"Well, if you're interested..."

[BEEEEEEP!!!!]

Never leave suspense hanging around a console.

“Come on, we still have tons of things to do,” Richard said before hitting the red button on the console. He began reading the report once it was displayed. “And of course, you have to give us a mission in one of my preferred, and deadliest, fandoms. I should let Marina fry you again.”

“I’m here, you know? And what is it exactly? It could be also one of my fandoms.”

“Nope, it’s a web animation series, *RWBY*. No real way for you to know it.”

“And what is the problem with this series for you to react like this? I mean, it’s certainly deadly and dangerous, but how much?”

“The protagonists are students training in order to become Hunters, people of mass destruction that fight monsters called creatures of Grimm, who are similar to Shadows in a way they attack exclusively humans and are stirred by negative feelings. The main characters are only in first year, and they’re already pretty badass, use really dangerous transforming weapons, are protected by a power called Aura, which lets them tank an awful amount of damage, and also have personal special powers called ‘Semblance’. As you can guess, with standards like this, being a glitterbag in this ‘verse means being potentially really dangerous.”

“Wonderful. Just wonderful. And since we have to charge the target, we can forget the element of surprise. Unless we can charge them while they’re dying. Can I at least keep my powers as an insurance?”

“Actually, yes. The technology is based on an element called Dust which can be used for elemental effects. Mostly in weapons, but using raw Dust is canon, so you could use your magic without raising suspicion.”

“Alright, let’s do this then,” Marina said.

Meanwhile, Richard put their gear inside the pockets of his new coat. Once he had finished he went to the console and entered the fanfiction coordinates into the portal generator. “I’ll also set us up with an active Aura,” he said. “It will give an additional guarantee when things inevitably go pear-shaped.”

“Why ‘inevitably’...” Marina asked as the portal opened itself, before sighing. “Oh yes, Ironic Overpower. Go ahead. You’re the one who knows the canon after all.”

“Okay,” Richard said after taking his swordstick and stuffing backups for their electronics in the pockets of his new jacket. The two Assassins then went through the portal, and ended up on one of the roofs of Vale. The Words wasted no time before showing them how dire the situation was.

“Wow, our glitterbag is from the ‘Jaeger’ family, complete with pronunciation advice, and it apparently is the greatest Hunter family ever; so famous that canon doesn’t even mention it. They just happen to have been wiped out fighting Grimm when he was a ‘sickly boy’, now turned in some pseudo-emo killer?” Richard asked nobody in particular. “Charge for all this gibberish, the generic glitterbag backstory, complete with a trajeck end for the family, and the pseudo-dramatic scene of the boy surrounded by Grimm corpses when he was found. The creatures dissolve when they die, and I’m pretty sure a disarmed sickly boy — What was he doing there, by the way? — couldn’t kill one of these things.” “And writing the whole thing like a bad summary,” Marina grunted, looking for their target. “And don’t even start me on the small mistakes, miscapitalizations, and tenses changes. Nobody could check the text before posting it?” “Wait, what’s happening?” “Duck, the way the story is formatted is affecting us. Wait I’ll settle this,” Richard said, taking a C-CAD to establish proper formatting.

“Did it work?” Marina said. “What the hell was this? Really, nobody could tell him how horrid this is?”

“The concept of beta-readers doesn’t seem to be that relevant for Suethors,” Richard said while keeping track on the Words. “Mister Glitterbag is also a killer now, or perhaps a bounty hunter. And amateurish enough to be talking out loud about his target. *And* he’s got more emo brooding than Sasuke Uchiha after leaving Konoha.”

“That’s why *One Piece* is much better,” Marina replied, leaving her partner rather dumbfounded. She watched their target’s roof a bit longer before facing her still silent partner. “What? Being a wizard means I cannot enjoy something other than magic?”

“No, no. Dresden was always high on pop culture. You didn’t strike me as a *One Piece* fan, that’s all.”

“It’s more a way of relaxing than enjoying it,” Marina replied, avoiding Richard’s eye a bit harder now. “Anyways, I guess that the guy there is our target,” she added, pointing at the lonely figure standing on the last roof she had watched.

Richard squinted for a moment at the roof before answering. “Almighty Gygax, that really happened. I think that taking him out will be easier than I thought.”

“What are you talking about?” She took a closer look before frowning at the glittery blood staining the coat. “And why is he hurt like this?”

“Blame his weapons — or congratulate them, if you prefer. Just look at the Words.”

Marina complied, only to grimace when she saw them:

Underneath the black trench coat that had a snake-skin pattern was his weapons, Umbra Lamina, that were strapped to his hips. they started as gauntlets at the base, but soon curved inward to form a blade, and widened out into a hook at the end. It's length was about 3-4 feet long. down the middle of both were rifle barrels, with working, revolving ammunition varieties. He smiled as he looked down at them, memories of the blood he had spilt with these. he sighed in satisfaction as he looked over the edge of the building.

“Oookay,” said Maria. “This guy is a psycho, doesn’t know how to spell anything, and he calls his weapons like instruments of torture. What exactly is the point?”

“Words are worse than Faes when it comes to literal interpretation, remember?” replied Richard. “Think about the way this weapon — a rip-off of a main character’s, by the way — is described.”

Marina went a little white when the realization kicked in. “If he put them on his arms, they’ll just be gone. But that doesn’t mean anything if he doesn’t feel it. If it was the case, the way the blades go through his hips should cripple him.”

“Don’t worry about this. I can assure you it will work in our favor.”

“Fine. You’ll have to explain it to me before doing it though.”

They then went back to the Stu who had jumped off his own building to follow Roman Torchwick. Junior’s goons were also here, or rather orcs wearing their outfit, courtesy of their description as **grunt-level goons**. All of them entered a certain Dust shop.

“Oh, duck,” Richard said, watching as the Stu drew closer of the shop. “He’s crashing his way through canon. That’s pretty much the first scene of the first episode of the show.”

“And with the way he’s talking about fun to his weapons, I don’t buy his declaration about caring for ‘**civilian death**,’” Marina said before looking at her partner. “If he’s really following canon, what’s the next step?”

“Well, you’re about to see a badly done version of it right about... now,” Richard said as the shop’s window broke. A ‘**crash**’, blaring, went to the Stu’s ears. “You gotta love it when their writing screws them up...” His voice trailed off when he saw the way the Words treated Ruby and Crescent Rose.

In her hands was, in Desmond's words, the flashiest kitchen knife he had ever seen, and he had seen a lot. It was supposed to be a scythe/sniper rifle, but the overall design of it

was bigger than it should have been, it looked as heavy as the girl herself, and looked as though it was made by the hands of a 5-year old. Ruby's credibility wasn't helped by the way the Stu looked at her clothes as **'Filled to the brink'** with red, giving the impression she had dropped in red paint.

"Okay. Business then. Charge for bad description of Ruby's outfit. She has got a red cloak, but the rest of her clothes is mainly black. Charge for berating and describing very badly Crescent Rose, which looks like way better than your cheap imitation of Monty Oum's work, you—"

"Like you said, business," Marina said, covering his mouth with her hand while Ruby wiped out Torchwick's henchmen. "We should go after this guy in a bowler later, no? I mean, he just appeared out of nowhere, for instance?"

"Because Roman Torchwick — that's his name — was pretty much right in front of the action during this scene. He didn't appear just like this," Richard said, still looking pissed off. "If the glitterbag really didn't spot him, he's got a problem. More than before. And Roman didn't point a gun, but his cane at Ruby. And since she wiped the floor with them without breaking a sweat, you can bet she wasn't 'recovering' from these guys' attack."

His rant was pretty much cut off when the Stu rushed Torchwick — his arms perforated by his gauntlets' badly described blades — and uppercut him so violently that the criminal **'would be cut clean in half'** without his Aura. Canon still continued though, as if the Stu had done nothing. Although the latter was doing his best for intruding. He and Ruby finally caught up with Torchwick, who had climbed on a roof and was now trapped at the edge of the building.

"You know, telling your target you're here to kill them is really unprofessional, stupid, and suicidal," said Marina. "Not that I'm complaining. If he's *that* stupid, eliminating him will be way easier. But the way he's mashing all the action, even the dialogs, in big paragraphs like this is beginning to feel irritating."

"At least the fact he's aping canon means Torchwick is more or less in character," Richard said after seeing the red-haired thief's witty retort, his nose on his notebook. He scribbled furiously when it turned out that the Stu had 'miraculously' cut Torchwick's bullet in half before it could detonate the Dust crystal, stealing the thunder from a very surprised Glynda Goodwitch. "And more charges for doing something crazy, even for *RWBY's* standards, as well as upstaging a canon character."

"And I take it that she is an important one, isn't she?"

"Given the fact that she's the effective second to the chief of the academy where Ruby — the girl with the scythe, and a chief protagonist to boot — will attend, a man who is pretty much one of the most powerful characters of the show, and being herself an accomplished Huntress?" Richard replied, trying his best to avoid watching the scene, where canon did its best to unfold

despite the Stu's presence. "You could say that. And you could say that this ducking glitterbag is clearly riding on canon given the way he happens to know that the woman attacking them is the pil—"

He paused for a moment, white, and tackled Marina, bringing her to the ground. Before she could say anything, a huge explosion, courtesy of one ridiculously powerful blast from the Stu's weapons, engulfed Cinder and Roman's airship. However, it didn't seem to have any effect on it.

"Shit, you could have tried to warn me," Marina said, her eyes closed. "The explosion was bad enough, but a little more and we would still be on the ground, dealing with a wonderful soulgaze. I went through one when my master wanted to be sure I was clean after using magic for the first time, and I really don't want to experience it again."

"I know that is a pretty... intense... interaction, but don't you think that the explosion here was a more pressing matter?"

"Yes," Marina said before getting up, sighing. "Sorry about this. It's just that I don't really appreciate surprises like this. At least nothing's broken, and you didn't end up aiming higher..."

"Ehm, yes. Back to the mission, please. The glitterbag just had to outdo Ruby by landing on the gunship, only to be kicked off a few seconds later. Let's profit off the gawking he added for portaling. The next scene is in a small room where Glynda interrogates Ruby, we would get spotted in no time."

"Agreed. Though I wonder how our 'hero' will handle this."

It turned out that the 'hero' didn't appreciate the situation. Not one bit.

"My, my. Isn't he a disgusting little arrogant wreck?" Marina said.

They were waiting near the terrace of a coffee shop of Vale while Glynda lectured Ruby and the Stu.

"And what a wonderful case-suit. **'five accounts of theft, suspicion of fraud, several cases of arson'**, and I'm betting that they weren't accidents like he claimed."

"And the arrogant way he answers to Goodwitch is a problem on its own," Richard said as he reached for a pocket of his jacket, searching for a while before pulling out a thermos filled with coffee from it. "Reminds me of the way this Wraith talked about Dresden's file. At least he deserved sympathy."

"Must admit that's true," Marina replied. "I mean, he faced death five times for one case, and the Council's confidentiality clause meant he couldn't do anything to alleviate suspicions about him."

“Six, if you’re talking about what I’m thinking, with the literal deadline Morgan gave him. How far are you in that omnibus?”

“I only read the first story for the moment. He’s *really* different from rumors. For the moment.”

“And for the rest of the series too. Now, let’s get back to this wonderfully formatted story,” Richard replied with a grimace, noticing in the Words that Ozpin had entered the interrogation room. His discussion with Ruby followed more or less canon, barring the miscapitalization and the bad punctuation at least, down to the way she ate the cookies. “Fun fact, they made the cookies disappear when they neared her mouth. That ended up as something quite funny to watch.”

“Not in this guy’s opinion,” said Marina. “In the same time, this man has never seen **‘no one of your particular magnitude in the entirety of my life’**.”

“Marina, this guy, Ozpin, is the chairman of the school I told you about, and... Let’s say that this little wreck wouldn’t even make it to his Top 100 of the greatest people he met in life, and it will remain somewhat spoiler-free,” Richard paused for a moment, thinking about something. “And he’s the only known exception — at the moment — to the *RWBY*-verse’s naming convention, namely that your name must evoke a color in some way. Does ‘Desmond’ evoke any color to you?”

“Well, it sounds a bit like ‘diamond’, but linking that to a color...”

“So charge for not following a basic rule of this universe, and more marks for being supah speshul,” Richard said, breaking twice his mechanical pencil’s lead before he finished to write the charges. “**A nosy old man**’, Stu-pid glitterbag,” he mumbled.

The chapter concluded with Ozpin’s invitation to subscribe at Beacon Academy for both Ruby and the Stu, the latter of whom showed far less enthusiasm at the idea. The two Assassins portaled again to the roof of a building close to the Stu’s hotel.

“This guy just likes roofs, eh?” said Marina, taking care to rest out of sight while their target was contemplating the town. However, a few moments later, she caught something in the Words which made her frown.

“Wait a minute. **‘a voice seemingly whispered into his mind’**? Kudos from the person who can see mental damages if necessary: inner voices like this are bad news. Always.”

“Especially when it seems so hammy and sociopathic,” added Richard. “Seriously, **‘Soon, Desmond, I will break you. And when that day comes, Hell will rain upon the people of this city’**? Compared to this, this guy looks nor—” He stopped dead in his track when he heard

some whimpering behind him. He slowly turned his head to face it, before going white and backing away.

“Uh, what the hell, Richard?” asked Marina. “I mean, it does look threatening, but it’s also really small. It must be a mini.”

“Y-Yes. A mini-Beowolf, the most current Grimm monster at the moment, and *un foutu chien*.”

Marina tried her best to stare him down without the need to lock eyes. “You’re afraid of dogs. We already saw some pretty threatening monsters, and you watched things looking like humans die, and you’re afraid of something because it looks like *a dog*?”

“Remind me of this when you’re the one facing your own phobia. Now, I guess, or rather hope, I wouldn’t have any problems with Mouse, or Koromaru...”

“If you say so. Actually, this... Beowolf looks quite attaching —”

“No. We’re not adopting this. If you want to adopt something, why not one of the pixies?”

“Because I find the fact they look like miniature versions of actual people creepy? Now who is this ‘**Yang Xaio Long**’ supposed to be?”

“Xiao Long. She’s Ruby’s older sister, and I have no ducking clue of why she’s here.”

“Ruby called our valiant protagonist and Yang decided to take over the phone. Now, is the way she snarked at this guy normal?”

“Theoretically, yes. But the way the episode set things up, she only knew that Ruby would go to Beacon Academy with her once they were aboard the airship, so I guess they weren’t together before. And let’s not talk about the idea of randomly calling people in the dead of night.”

“Especially if it wasn’t for saying anything really important during the conversation,” Marina said. “Now he can peacefully rant about the fact his grim mask is about hiding things normal people would fear.”

“Blah, wangsting idiot,” Richard said, while he was both searching for the remote and keeping an eye on the mini. He quickly portaled the latter to the Adoption Center once he had found the former. He then configured the portal again to lead them to Beacon’s airship. He almost fell when he saw that the portal opened itself one foot above the ground, but managed to collect himself... right before Marina fell on his back.

“Could this thing just work for one whole mission without any problems?” she grunted.

“Actually, I think I made a small mistake with the coordinates this time. Besides, I’d like to remind you that I’m the one who ended up at the bottom.”

“Doesn’t make it more agreeable. Where are we?”

“On the airship that gets the students from Vale to Beacon,” Richard said while they were getting up. “Ruby and Yang are getting in, and the glitterbag... *Non*, Yang doesn’t threaten people Ruby randomly meets. This guy could look seedy, and she likes her sister very much, but she doesn’t do this. And the parts of the airship we saw on the show didn’t exactly have seats.”

“We can always profit from them,” Marina said, quickly following her own advice. “We should get some rest while we can. Just think about portal—”

“Don’t finish that sentence, please.”

The ride wasn’t exactly pleasant, especially given the Stu’s habit of creating scene changes rather than writing actual transitions. Marina’s presence also led to some mild malfunctions during the travel. Things were only worse in Richard’s eyes when the Stu claimed to have a problem with airships — or as he put it, ‘**a complicated relationship**’.

“If this glitterbag pushes Jaune out of the story, he’ll wish that Cinder killed him on that airship,” Richard muttered.

“Favorite character?” Marina said.

“Not exactly, but he’s infinitely more sympathetic than this wreck with the supah mask,” Richard said, before looking more closely at this mask, “Aw, duck. How could an alleged hero wear a mask like this. This looks like this buffoon is a Generic Psycho.”

“Okay, let’s try this Bleeprin thing,” Marina said, looking mildly nauseous. She took one pill from her pockets before downing it. Color began to return in her face. “Now, that’s something useful. Sure you don’t want to try it?”

“Once we leave this airship. No point of doing it if the time jumps —” The whole airship shuddered as time once again moved forward, “— aren’t over.”

“What is he doing, this time?” Marina said.

“Talking with another protagonist, Blake Belladonna. Irritating, but since we didn’t see her during these scenes, not necessarily charge-worthy.” Then the holographic displays of Goodwitch began glitching. “Let’s portal to the Academy before something worse happens.”

They arrived in the nick of time to see Ruby and the Stu discussing with a white-haired girl. "Who exactly is this wonderful girl? Not that I hold any sympathy for the Stu, but she seems really bratty," Marina said.

Meanwhile, Richard looked at the Words, more and more angry. "She's called Weiss Schnee; she's the last member of Ruby's team, and she never was bitchy to this point. She was quite haughty, true, but not to the point of saying '**And just who are you? you look like you crawled out of a dumpster, go back to whatever backwards village you call home and leave the position of being a Hunter to the professionals**' to a simple stranger. Besides, if this ducker was half as famous as he boasts to be, I'm pretty sure she would have heard about him." He lighted up when Ruby's sneeze sent the Stu flying backwards.

"Wow, this Dust really looks impressive. Could we get some samples?"

"No point, Marina. Canon pretty much established that Dust only works within Remnant's atmosphere."

"A shame. If so few of it can cause this, I'm sure it would make for an interesting ingredient in potions."

Canon continued to proceed without veritable changes. The Stu then followed Ruby when she decided to accompany Jaune Arc. Why doing this when it was pretty obvious that he didn't enjoy the company? Because sticking to protagonists makes you more cool, of course.

"I take it that this Jaune was the character you mentioned," Marina said as they followed the trio from a distance.

"Exactly. How did you guess it?"

"The thirty minutes discussion about airsickness this Stu is talking about could be a clue."

"Woohoo. Rampant flanderization," Richard said, avoiding the occasional stray commas and periods spawned by the writing. He then caught ear of the Stu's 'thinking', quite loud since it was shaped like a dialogue. "'**Obviously. A weapon should be efficient, lightweight, and most importantly, deadly. While Ruby has the third one down, she lacks adeption in the first and second**', uh? Crescent Rose is a pretty effective weapon, and anybody looking at this show could have said it. At the very least, it trumps the scraps of metal he calls gauntlets."

"She looks pretty innocent. Would she be really so nonchalant around a guy who specifically tried to murder someone?"

“Given the way she reacted the first time she saw people dying before her? *Aucune chance*. And she wouldn’t be impressed by a low-grade and clearly defective replica of her sister’s weapons. And she wouldn’t indulge in mild bashing by doing this.”

“I’ve never seen you so pissed off. Usually you’re more laid back.”

“Well, our other targets didn’t have the time to duck up canon to this point. Besides, the way the latest season of this show ended sent me... on the edge. So seeing people disrespecting it like this pisses me off.”

“Is it really worth being so... passionate about?”

“Look, I’ll show you the series on the console once we’re back. You can make your own opinion once it’s done.”

“And once this guy is dead. He’s looking for the chairman now. Would he be someone who likes places ‘**that radiated superiority**’, like an ‘**overly large tower**’?”

“Yes, Ozpin is clearly such an arrogant wreck, getting off his absolute superiority on anyone and anything,” Richard said, raising his arms while a puddle of Sar-Plasm appeared to his feet. “And writing thoughts like actual dialogue only means that you’re thinking aloud, *abr—*”

A word of advice for agents: Do *not* let you be caught in a rant when a chapter ends. Scene changes are *not* pleasant.

“This guy will *pay*,” Richard said, once again face against the floor. “You’re the one with the remotes, paying attention to this is your task,” Marina said, trying to get up. “Great, that thing’s back. Where’s the device you used to get rid of it?” “Here it... was” Richard said when he saw that the C-CAD he held was fuming. Any hope of salvaging it was lost when he waved it in the direction of the Stu:

[DesMond JaeGEr. JeRK MAle. SO Non-CANon. MAKes-ThingS, AVeng—]

They had to retreat quickly when the device exploded in order to avoid attracting the Stu’s attention. “Well, I guess you’re not truly an agent until you’ve had a C-CAD blowing up on you,” Richard sighed while he extracted another one from his pocket, and returned the formatting to normal.

“Seems that guy really hates Ozpin. He thinks he could only be working in the ‘**most out of place room in the entire building**’,” Marina said as the Stu received the information from a Generic secretary. Before he began once again to act all high and mighty in the face of Ozpin.

“Ozpin is not some egocentric retard. That’s what the glitterbag is for.”

“What, this wonderful and professional hero?” Marina said, Sar-Plasm dripping on the floor, “Nonsense. He’s not some ‘**dog of the government, whose ultimate goal is to die by the hands of the Grimm, to protect those who do not care for my existence**’. So much maturity.”

“And stupidity. Hunters are independent from most, if any, hierarchy in Remnant, except in Atlas, not Vale. I could let the part about dying at the claws of the Grimm slide, but that would mean feeling sympathy for him. Or thinking he’s being serious about living to honor his family’s sacrifice for him.”

“I thought they died fighting these Grimm monsters, in a supposedly normal mission of exterminating them.”

“Much less important than the glitterbag.”

The story continued with more badly punctuated interactions between Ruby and Desmond. Ruby’s behavior was somewhat in-character, including a short meeting with Ren and Nora.

“They’re acting out of character here? You seem pissed-off,” Marina said when she saw that Richard was trying to put a new lead in his mechanical pencil; the first one was already in pieces.

“Nope. It’s not canon, but they remain IC for the moment. The problem for me is that they’re Jaune’s future teammates. And if he ends up replacing him...”

“On the plus side, if it happens, we’ll be able to move for the kill.”

“I hope it won’t happen.” Richard wrung his hands when he realized what he had said, but the Ironic Overpower was already acting.

After this came the first description of the Stu’s face once he removed his mask for the first time, worded like this: **pale white with a few scars, mostly around his lower face, and a large one crossing over his lip. He had a considerable thin face, his jawline slightly pronounced. What stood out most was his eyes. His eyes were a pale blue, like the sky after it rains. His eyes seemed to stand out against his pale skin, and added the only color to his face.**

Such wonderful writing let both of the Assassins with a taste of saccharine in the mouth. The Stu decided to watch the sky outside until the sun set. That was the moment a certain red-haired student chose to talk to him.

Marina saw that Richard had frozen, mumbling and glaring at the Stu, who had engaged in some friendly banter. “I take it that’s fairly bad news?”

“Given the fact that Pyrrha is normally pretty much isolated in Beacon, save for her future team members and Ruby’s team, and by this point she should probably already have a crush on Jaune, her *canonical love interest*?” Richard deadpanned, “*Oh non, aucun problème.*”

“You should probably calm down. Once we’re done it will be as if he never existed.”

“If only,” Richard said before downing two pills of Bleeprin. “Becoming blurry is fine, but I would prefer to just magic them to oblivion.”

“No joking about that,” Marina snapped. “Because the way magic works, your brains will join the travel to oblivion.”

“Calm down. I was thinking about Potterverse Obliviate spell, not psychomancy.”

“Oh, that overpowered magic system where you only need a wand and vocal chords to do anything? And where you can tamper with people’s minds or bodies without consequences?”

“Eh, that series doesn’t deserve this. Unless you’re talking about the glitterbags infesting it.”

“I know. I’m just pointing out the differences with my world.”

“Hold on. Pyrrha said ‘Yeager’, right?”

“Um yes, Why?”

Richard almost grinned before taking out his sword and getting closer to the Stu and Pyrrha.

“Hold on, you don’t try anything stupid,” Marina said, raising her arm.

“Don’t worry. I’m just looking for this,” Richard said as he raised his right hand. He was holding two miniature versions of the Stu, which tried to reach for their weapons.

“What are these things doing here?” Marina said.

“When a glitterbag’s name is misspelled, it creates a mini too. Say hello to **Desmond Yeager** and **Yeager**,” Richard said before dropping them to the ground, stabbing them one after the other. “And as opposed to the other minis, they are to be killed too.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. Just remember that the real deal will be a bit more difficult to eliminate.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll remember it,” Richard said. He seemed a bit calmer now, but also more pale.

The dormitory scene followed this little discussion and was quite uneventful, barring the Stu's intrusion, his special writing, and another mini.

"Encore une saleté de chien," Richard hissed after quickly portaling the critter out of the way. "And now this ducker is just boasting about his power with his personal Mister Hyde. You **'could destroy the entire population of Grimm in the forest in a single night'**, eh? Thanks for the idea, *abruti*. Now I have the perfect place ready for you."

"Great. But we still have to get him down," Marina said. "Oh, and what's the matter with Blake? This guy just felt the need of pointing out her bow twitched, and I doubt Mister Awesome would do something like this without reason."

"And you're right. Remnant's population is composed not only of humans, but also of Faunus, who are basically humans with some animal features, and they live a life of discrimination. Blake uses that bow to hide her cat ears, and her being a Faunus is a pretty major plot point for the first volume of the series."

"So of course the Stu would see it. Now, what should we do since that guy is falling **'into the void of consciousness we call sleep.'**?"

Before Richard could laugh at the faux dramatic tone she had used for citing the Words, the first Author's Note of the fic blared.

"He's only putting a disclaimer at the end of the *third chapter*? And it seems like he cannot do much more than aping canon in his commentary. I don't care it's your first time, or you're a **'certified party person'**," Richard said while he was opening a portal to the next chapter for himself and Marina.

It took them to the lockers room.

"Did we really need to be here?" Marina said looking at the Stu, who was chatting with Ruby and Yang, "It seems this guy is at his usual side. Not that's something positive."

"No, this jerk just added a new speshul, and ludicrous, item to his panoply."

"Worse than the blades of automutilation and the psycho mask?"

"His coat," Richard fumed. "Grimm are supposed to dissolve once they're dead, but he just happens to own a coat made of the skin of a snake-like Grimm."

That was the moment a horrible sound resonated in the room.

"What the hell is this?" Richard said, covering his ears.

“Seems the Stu found the idea of being in the same team as Ruby funny,” Marina said, anger beginning to show on her face. “In my opinion, he should feel himself lucky if a team took him as a meatshield.”

“He laughed at Ruby, one of the most cheerful and innocent characters in this series,” Richard said with a dead tone, “and Yang didn’t react.” He quickly took more Bleepin. “Think about the glitterbag’s future death, think about the glitterbag’s future death...”

“And the portal. They’re going to some cliff apparently.”

“Oh yes, the initiation. Let’s see how he ducks it up.”

Misplaced punctuation, clear disrespect of the authority and a painfully obvious desire to be left without any partner apparently did the charm.

“If this guy was even half the ham he is now, he should have died a long time ago. Pretty sure that bounty hunters like this don’t do well, especially in this universe,” Marina said, watching the scene from behind nearby trees. The Stu was busy giving Ozpin a B-rated ‘your evil plan is foiled’ discourse.

“And he dares replacing Jaune’s questions about ‘landing strategy’ with this drivel?” Richard said. “That’s supposed to be a comedic moment, *abrupti*. Nobody is interested in your empty boasting.”

Thankfully, the Stu was finally launched.

“Wait, ‘a **fiery comet**’? He has been burnt to ashes?” Marina said.

“If only. Charges for the ‘aura barrier’; it’s supposed to be a layer around the body, not some sort of force field that can be projected. Another charge for ripping off the way Yang descended into the forest.” He then took the remote and opened a new portal. “Let’s go. Ozpin and Glynda’s answer to this display is mostly in character.”

Finding the Stu was unfortunately very easy. His need to show off created a huge crater where he had landed. A crater quickly surrounded by Beowolves, Assassins... and a mini.

“**Beowolf’s**, seriously?” Richard said as he opened a portal for the mini, fear and anger mixed on his face, “What’s his problem with plurals? Not simple enough for him?”

“Do you want to know the worst? He gets it perfectly right in the next paragraph,” Marina said.

Meanwhile, the Stu had begun to heroically dispatch the Grimm. If 'heroically' meant behaving like a Generic psychopath, complete with red veil, cruel smile, and boasting.

"Are you sure your plan will get us rid of this guy?"

"Do you remember Supernumerary, this grumpy guy with glasses from the Hunger Games?"

"I think I see more or less who he is."

"Well, he already dispatched a glitterbag and a so-called god that way. Don't worry, it will work." He stopped talking when he saw the Stu pulling something out of his coat. He quickly checked the Words, before going livid. "Crawling Chaos, he's picking up Grimm's bones as *trophies*? *Qu'est-ce que ce crétin ne comprend pas dans la phrase 'se dissolvent après la mort'? Oh, et les os sont inutiles pour la recherche? Bien sur, tous les archéologues, médecins et paléontologues qui étudient les os seront ravis d'apprendre que leurs découvertes étaient en fait impossibles, pauvre macaque!*"

Marina quickly grabbed him from behind and dragged him away before the Stu could find them. Fortunately, the chapter ended a few moments later. Less fortunately, it also meant a new Author's Note. More complaining about creating parts of the chapter, promises of shout-outs for the fans, and another pretentious signature. "Check the fic, and find a kill point. Preferably one we can reach without you doing something like this again," she said.

"Okay, okay. I'm really sorry for this," Richard said, "I'll try my best for the rest of the fic."

"You won't clearly be able to hold for all of it. Find a kill point," Marina repeated. "I can understand your reactions, but if we see this to the end, we're goners."

"All right. I found it, at the end of the next chapter after this one," Richard said in a more subdued voice. "There will be the last major charge, and then we can eliminate him."

"Fine, but if you cannot hold until then, we'll go for the kill immediately."

"Don't worry. I refuse to let that ducker win," Richard said, finally collecting himself.

They then proceeded for the next chapter... and the next mini.

"Now he's doing that on purpose," Richard said while Marina went to pet the mini. This one looked like an academic, complete with an university's symbol on his clothes.

"Hello, **Yale**," Marina said, "Are you sure you don't want one of them?"

"Deadly sure," Richard said, portaling the mini to the Adoption Center.

“We’ll see.”

Meanwhile, the Stu was busy undermining his streak of pseudo-badassness by fighting an Ursa, who was faring far better than the Beowolves. Unfortunately, it still died. Fortunately, being forced to actually fight disgusted the Stu, who decided he would not take a trophy. Then he showed off again by spotting a camera drone, which was standing out **‘like a faunus at a pro-human rally’**, and crushing it with his hands.

“On the plus side, he’s just offering us more ways to take him out,” Richard said, looking at the Stu’s bloody hands.

“Not making you more angry?”

“Seeing this buffoon having difficulties, and harming himself, helps a lot. Even if he’s not suffering the consequences.”

They then followed the Stu as he proceeded to the temple. He reacted quite enthusiastically when he saw one of the chess pieces displayed there: **"The black king, the most strategically advanced piece in the whole game; it is given the advantage of seeing the opponent move first, thus allowing it to counter appropriately"**.

“I play chess too. I even know how to play Japanese and Chinese chess. I also find that playing black is more interesting. Still, I don’t feel the need of being pompous and long-winded at the subject,” Richard said.

“You aren’t a Stu,” Marina said. “From what I saw, this guy craves drama as much as ghouls crave meat.”

Fortunately the scene was cut short when actual protagonists, namely Blake and Yang, arrived at the temple, leaving the Stu aghast. Apparently, he thought it would be hours before any of the ‘normal people’ would reach the temple.

“*Désolé, blaireau*,” Richard said, a little smile on his face. “Maybe if you hadn’t have been slowed by this mean Ursa. A sort of Grimm Yang and Blake routinely destroy, by the way.”

“And if there are other pieces missing aside from the king the Stu likes so much, it also means other people arrived here before, right?”

“Indeed. A pity his split personality didn’t connect the dots for him.”

Canon and comedy took back control of the scene from this point, up to the point Yang elbowed Desmond when he deemed something interesting. He also somewhat helped the comedy by

making the Death Stalker pursuing Pyrrha smaller (creating the mini **deathstalker** in the process). Ah, the joys of miscapitalization. Unfortunately, the Stu ruined it when Ruby was trapped by the Nevermore's feather, now shrunk too, and he decided '**to play hero once again**'.

"And more charges for showing off for that idiot," Richard said after watching the Stu pass through the Nevermore's attacks, one of the feathers embedding itself in his shoulder. "And another for misunderstanding the way Aura works. If he gets hurt, it's depleting, therefore it cannot heal him."

"For a self-proclaiming badass, he's far from impressive: not even able of doing a 'dramatic rescue' for the purpose of showing off; not even able of saving a protagonist who cannot be in danger so soon in the story. And the way he was already thinking about her death doesn't make him relatable."

"And I'm quite happy with this. We don't need this ducker intruding in an important moment of the relationship between Weiss and Ruby."

Cue the duc— Stu intruding in an important moment of the relationship between Weiss and Ruby. He must have some problem with normal knees.

"His advice of getting out may be sensible, but that's pretty much his best moment," Marina said.

"And that's saying a lot," Richard said, his smile gone, "Let's see how he ducks up a major moment for teams RWBY and JNPR."

"RWBY and JNPR? Seriously, the color-theme also applies for teams?"

"Exactl—"

They were pretty rudely interrupted by the Stu, who just had yelled "**IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER OR NOT IT WILL HAPPEN!**" at Jaune for suggesting that they should run away, before pretty much agreeing with the idea, just to complaining again because there was no more plan at the moment. Blake and the rest of the group just agreed. The Faunus even found the Stu to be 'nice'. Another Note blared a few moments later, talking about the Stu's '**awesome badassness**'.

"You're sure you will hold it for all of the next chapter?" Marina said. "You already look like you're about to blow up."

"*Ce mec* is already dead," Richard said, gritting his teeth. "I'll tell you the plan when we arrive at the right scene."

Chapter 6: Assignment of Teams

Finally, the apprentice Hunters arrived at the cliff, the Death Stalker and the Nevermore hot on their heels. The Stu tentatively made up for his presence thanks to his description of Nora's grenades, which morphed into trains when they struck the giant bird-like monster. Unfortunately, he ruined it all by taking out one of the Death Stalker's eyes in the place of Pyrrha, creating the mini **Deathstalkers** on the occasion.

"Guess it does not bode well at all for the rest of the scene," Maria said while Richard portaled the mini as soon as possible, before swallowing more Bleeprin.

"We don't even need catching the IO's attention at this point," Richard said, a grim expression on his face. "Let's watch this joke to the end."

Canon continued the best it could with the Stu showing off with sadistic glee, until Nora accidentally kicked off Blake from the remains of the bridge. The Stu ignored her, although he had 'saved' her from the fall when the group had split, and bid them farewell in his personal way: "**Well ladies and gents, it seems i am needed elsewhere, i bid thee good luck....meaning don't die**". And he topped this by shooting another of his speshul munitions, stealing Ren's role in weakening the Death Stalker's tail.

Marina eyed her partner, checking whether or not he needed to be restrained. Richard seemed pretty absorbed with the Words, refusing to look away from them, even after she tugged him. She then shrugged and did the same. And regretted it instantly. "How could he use Sherlock as sarcasm in a world where he doesn't exist?"

"Without talking about the extremely condescending way he speaks to everyone," Richard said with a pretty dead voice. "Blake just found a way of saving herself, and his only reaction is to badmouth her? Duck it."

"That doesn't help when he rises somewhat valid points," Marina said, "I mean, what's exactly Ruby's plan here? Asking about this is right."

"Just watch."

And Ruby's plan enfolded, as per canon. And despite the fact the Stu needed (in his opinion) to distract the monster by attacking its wings, before letting Ruby move for the kill. The hammy replies didn't help either.

"*Et voilà*. That's Monty Oum-grade true awesomeness," Richard said, before he dispatched another mini-Stu, **Desmonds**.

Meanwhile, the canons and the Stu were climbing the mountain to join Ruby, the latter reeking with auto-satisfaction as he 'thought' about the fact he had so easily discovered that Blake was a Faunus. Fortunately, this smug composition was ruined when at the summit he and team RWBY were surprised by team JNPR, who was pulling out a 'stairs' joke. Not the best of all, but still something.

The Assassins then portaled to Beacon's auditorium, where the composition of the teams was being announced. The Stu was insisting at great length about his brilliant plan for being alone.

"He doesn't think for a moment, that this piece could have its own double," Marina said, hiding behind a pillar. "Besides, I don't know what to think about this way of creating teams. Sure, it creates teams which will need to learn to work together, but..."

"Don't worry about this," Richard said, a remote in his hand, "I promised you we would have a last major charge here, and it will come."

This moment arrived when Ruby asked for the Stu to join her team, much to Ozpin's sadistic satisfaction and Desmond's rage. Another mini, **Beowulf**, which was wearing Viking gear, appeared on the scene.

"RWBY. RWBYD. Rabid. He even managed to make the new name fit him," Marina said, looking mildly disgusted.

"Alright. In the name of Monty Oum, let's finish this. It's. Our. Turn."

"What's your plan, exactly? Because I'm not walking on people like this without knowing it."

"It's pretty simple. I'll go to the execution spot. Wait for... about ten seconds, then hex the place. I'll isolate the glitterbag during the confusion thanks to another portal," Richard said, already opening the first portal.

"Just make sure you count slowly. I want to be sure I fry all the electronics here."

"Didn't intend to do it otherwise."

Once her partner had closed his portal, Marina looked at the auditorium's dais, gathering as much power as she could control. Once she had finished counting, she raised her arm and screamed: "*Epara!*"

Pretty much anything remotely technological decided to take a vacation for an undetermined time. A few moments later, a portal opened itself near the Stu's location. Richard passed through the aperture, his aviators on his eyes. He quickly opened another portal under the Stu's

feet, who didn't have the time to react to the strange intrusion. Then, profiting from the fact that everyone's attention was fixed on him, Richard raised his hand, and the neuralyzer he held.

Flash!

"Alright. Some freak incident just cut the power in the auditorium after Ozpin announced the creation of team RWBY. There never was someone called Desmond Jaeger here, neither me and my strange portals. You'll quickly forget all about this once I'm gone. However, I would suggest that everyone here double-check their weapons before going to sleep today. You never know when something could glitch."

After reuniting with Marina, the two Assassins went to their target's location: Mountain Glenn, prime touristic destination for creatures of Grimm and overconfident Stus. Although the latter didn't appreciate the location, the Grimm proved themselves to be far more difficult to dispatch without having the plot to back him up. Richard and Marina watched the Stu fighting off Beowolves from the roof of the nearby ruins.

After the Stu had repelled the latest wave of Grimm, he looked around, before discovering the strange man who had dropped him here, with a young woman he had never seen.

"What have you done? Where am i"?

"Somewhere where you'll see that you're far less of a badass than you think, loser," Richard said. "In fact you're about to drop at this very moment."

"Are you stupid?! How could someone like me die from these pathetic things? They only will get me more trophies...."

"Because your wonderful weapons pierce through your hips when you're not wearing them, or the arms when you use them. Must have something to do with the way the blades are built. Anyways, between the pain, the damage, the blood loss, and the depletion of Aura induced by all of this, you cannot even stand up."

The Words *love* logic, and they are always eager to apply it. The Stu, though... Let's say that love can also bring great pain. And a lot of screaming. Richard then opened a new portal, dropping him at their feet.

"Did you just kill him with... logic?" Marina said.

"Not quite, I still need to read the charge list."

"No, let me do this. I'll have to do something like this sooner or later, so I could as well start with him."

“Alright. Here are the charges,” Richard said, handing her over his notebook before approaching the Stu. “Don’t hesitate to ask if you cannot read them. Meanwhile I’ll take this glitterbag’s weapons and mask.”

“I saw far worse writing in some books about magic,” Marina said. Once she had quickly checked the notebook, she turned in the direction of the Stu, who screamed louder when Richard removed his weapons from his arms. “Alright. Desmond Jaeger, aka Gary Stu, in the name of the PPC, I charge you with the following offenses: dubious SpaG; bad punctuation; miscapitalization; Generic Trajeck Backstory; Generic Speshul Family; possession of stupid weapons ripping off a canon character’s weapon; having a split personality for no reason; being the most unprofessional bounty hunter to exist; accomplishing feats which are far too exaggerated, even for the *RWBY*-verse, then being surpassed by canon characters thanks to your own stupidity; possession of trophies and clothing made from the creatures of Grimm, when it’s explicitly said they dissolve after dying; being antisocial and hostile to the authority at ridicule levels; showing off at the most minor occasions; bashing and throwing out of character pretty much every character from *RWBY* you met; general disruption of canon; creation of numerous minis; driving my partner to rage; intrusion in Team RWBY; profanation of late Monty Oum’s universe; and finally, being a Gary Stu. In the case you didn’t guess, your sentence is death. Without last words.”

“Just.... Who are You”?

“More than meets the eye, *branleur*,” Richard said after removing the dying Stu’s mask. He then turned his back at the Stu and grabbed his remote once more, suppressing the shaking in his hand. “And as for the sentence... Well, let’s see how the high and mighty Jaeger fares against creatures of Grimm more dangerous than Beowolves.”

Thus died the last scion of the unknown Jaeger family: trying to stop a Goliath with his broken, bleeding arms.

The two Assassins then went back to their Response Center. Richard walked slowly to his bed, dropping the Stu’s last belongings before dropping on it.

“A problem?” Marina said. She had returned to her own bed and had begun to sort out the books lying at the top of it.

“No. No. It’s just that... from close, this glitterbag really looked like in a very bad shape,” Richard said, his voice slightly shaking. “I’m satisfied that he’s dead, but the way he looked like...”

“That’s normal. I remember dry-heaving after using magic for the first time,” Marina said. “The fact I had to crush this Renfield was bad enough, but seeing him still move after that...”

“Actually, I’ll need the sink,” Richard said, now looking green. At least he made it to the kitchenette in time.

“Sorry about this. Do you mind if I go to the Canon Library? I remembered some books I would like to consult and that we didn’t take.”

“No problem, do as you wish,” Richard said once he could talk again. He then returned his attention at the sink.

Satisfied, Marina left the Response Center, trying to not think about potions, enchantments, or a certain university...

Rescued minis:

- *RWBY* (Mini-Beowolves):
 - Yang Xaio Lang
 - Wiess
 - Beowolf’s
 - Yale (You’ll have to beat Marina to it.)
 - deathstalker
 - Deathstalkers
 - Beowulf