If there had been any tiredness left, the ongoing march of Glynda's day had driven it off. Kali's words had chased it down. The distressingly touching smiley face on her plate had buried it.

It had all been replaced by… Glynda didn't have the words. What she was feeling was mixed; a muddle. If she'd ever felt like this before it had been when she was younger, before her career and everything that came with it… When she'd thought that Tai Xiao-Long had been the prettiest man she'd ever seen, along with pretty much every girl in her year.

Summer had always been stupidly lucky. She'd just ended up proving *how* lucky before the second year had even finished, damn her.

Glynda closed her eyes and slowly took in a deep breath. A deep, calming breath. Inhale, hold, exhale. Nice, deep calming breaths to let the stress out, practiced until it became reflex (children were just...), brought her back down to Remnant. Mind clear, heart still. She was an *adult*, damn it. Not a sophomore fretting about how their glasses made them look like a swot.

There. No more fluttering. Think… She was overreacting. Glynda *knew* that she was overreacting, without a doubt. She'd known since she woke up and she knew it now...but it was hard not to. Hard to deal as Kali continued to give her that knowing, relaxed smile over a plate of her own.

Kali and Jaune were still doing - things. They hadn't been rubbing it in her face, not exactly, but she knew. It wasn't hard to see if you knew what to look for. Jaune was always a little more upbeat after, Professor Peach's worst classes only barely putting a dent in his mood. Kali's stride was always a little off after, for increasing periods of time.

They weren't rubbing it in her face...but Kali? A Faunus couldn't look that smug and self-satisfied unless they were trying to be. That was scientific fact. Whether she 'felt' that way or not didn't matter. If this was her way of telling Glynda to get it together, this was one of the most infuriatingly passive-aggressive ways of doing so that the blonde could currently think of.

She was being rushed here. Pushed into taking action about her maybe-fiancee before Glynda felt that she was, personally, good and ready. Kali hadn't said that that was the case, but Glynda was more than capable of reading in between the lines without any words given to frame the picture. One didn't keep an entire school running by being a simpleton, much as the local Council in Vale would prefer.

Ozpin, much like everything else these days that involved work, preferred to hand it over to her. On one hand, she recognized that there was no one in the world that had worked as hard as he had. He was, in fact, responsible for the creation of the four primary Hunter schools on Remnant. He was also responsible for the council system that each Kingdom currently had… That he'd also been responsible for ending the Color Wars in his guise as the King of Vale was something that she'd never be able to forget.

On the other hand he was entirely useless, and entirely shameless about it.

He deserved a vacation if anyone did. She wasn't fighting that. What bothered her was that he *continued* to hold onto his job as Headmaster of Beacon and just about *refused* to do any of the duties tied up in that role. Now that Salem had been taken care of (*how* that had happened Glynda had never been told, but Salem was gone now, with it being a little after Glynda had been told the secret), you'd have thought that he'd have found it within him to pick up a pen. Shuffle some paper to deal with something that didn't involve him using half the budget on fancy hot coffee brands or gear replacements for his tower.

The operative word was 'thought'. Waiting until he 'died' was, effectively, her career path… If one didn't know about how he worked, that could be construed as rather morbid. Morbid, and out of character for someone that had publicly professed their admiration for the man in question.

For someone that was in the know, Glynda was just hoping he'd come back as a student while she was Headmistress, just so she'd have an excuse to make him uselessly sign paperwork. Copies of paperwork, in triplicate, that would go nowhere but the shredder after he was done… Ah, bliss.

With that, Glynda was finally able to ignore Kali's smile; the slightly raised and questioning brow in response to Glynda's new grin also ignored. Now that she was centered, thanks to her impromptu helping of mental refreshment; she could focus; remind herself what was important and what was real.

What was important was that she had more time than she knew what to do with before she made a decision. What was real was that Kali wasn't poking her to do something about it and she was being entirely too sensitive… Of course, that didn't really change much. Overly sensitive or not, this wasn't just something that she could just jump into without some serious thought.

It might have been a dead horse by now, but Glynda still felt the need to cane it anyway. The boy was - not terrible. He had his ups and downs just like everyone else; like a puppy that hadn't quite figured out how not to stumble over its own feet. Cute, was the word...and she might have to keep that thought to herself. Glynda meant well when she said that but it wasn't exactly flattering.

A man's ego was such a fragile thing. Gods forbid that a woman call them cute and mean it in their hearing. She'd never hear the end of it, all put upon sighs and sulking. Better to keep on and let a good thing stay...to a point.

“I’ve noticed something,” Glynda started, voice low as she leaned towards her, oddly enough, closest confidant. “Jaune doesn’t have many hobbies, does he?”

“He has a couple. Most of them aren’t anything either of us would be interested in with any seriousness, of course. Young men will be young men, you know,” Kali replied, as happy as ever was to discuss her young master and his more positive traits. That she often forgot to mention and bring up the negative, other than at times when Glynda already knew of them, hadn’t passed the blonde by in the slightest. “He does have some fondness for the guitar and singing if that’s what you’re asking about.”

“Fondness?”

“He’s very enthusiastic,” Kali demurred, leaving Glynda feeling rather unimpressed. Parent-Teacher communication didn’t change from preschool to college. If Kali had been trying for a ringing endorsement, ‘enthusiastic’ wasn’t the best way to put it. “Some practice is all he needs to blossom.”

“I’m sure.”

People needed something that they were proud of. Something that they could point to and say ‘I did that’... She’d been kind. From what she could tell, the amount of things that Jaune did for fun that she knew of, thanks to Kali’s input, could be counted on a single hand and she just barely allowed comics to make the list.

It was a personal bias. If he enjoyed it, all the more power to him. Give her a good book; a game of online strategy on her scroll or a sleepy night in front of the TV anyday instead. If a story has gone through five different authors and three retcons, it wasn’t much of a story, was it? … Just a personal bias.

… Even if she wasn’t his teacher, she was still a teacher. Some encouragement might be called for. A gentle touch.

==========

The books she’d purchased had provided insight. Meaning. Context when it came to normal human relationship structures; Odd, yet fascinating. Of particular interest and relevance to her had been the hierarchical structures between the Young Lord (A clearer Jaune standin she’d never seen) in the book and the various people in his life. Some had been obvious; the wife (Glynda?) was clearly the co-head of the household, while a scattering of martially inclined concubines (Kali and herself?) kept the Young Lord happy and safe when the wife could not.

Then, at the very bottom, there were the service people. The nameless, faceless individuals that provided for him in ways that the named ones could not… There were some problems with this

analysis though, as was only to be expected when translating the theoretical to reality. It left her actual understanding of the hierarchy somewhat - fuzzy.

Blake knew that Glynda was to be the wife in this. Both by decree, and by temperament. Kali ought to have been the concubine, taking care of the master's needs regularly as she did...but, with Glynda having gone without fulfilling her duties, the spot of 'wife' had been left vacant. Vacant, and usurped.

It sounded like Glynda knew it too. Why she was content to leave Kali where she was, was...odd. From what little Blake knew, that should have been a point of contention. Conflict to the point of murder or, worse, legal action. Strange.

Blake was confused. Confused and somewhat lost. She didn't like it. Further study would be needed and, thankfully, there were seven other books in the series. Seven books and two spin-off trilogies, a graphic novel series, and an animated movie deal in the works.

There was more than enough data for her to devour. Humans took their procreative education rather seriously, it seemed..

Retreating from ceiling tile lookout number eight on the way over from number five, the one right over Jaune's bed; his rest left undisturbed until recently, she pulled book two from the small but growing stack, the nearby HVAC system providing a neat little shelf for her books. The first page flipped open, and the scent of freshly printed paper and synthetic materials filling the dry, dusty space.

No lights, little sound.The perfect time and place to get her work together while Jaune was occupied doing - whatever it was he was doing with Glynda. Singing? Playing an instrument? Blake had heard music before, hours of music, and whatever he was doing wasn't anything like she'd ever heard before.

Nothing like Glynda had ever heard before either, if Blake had been able to correctly interpret the split second twist of shock that had gone across her face before she forced it smooth… It was better just to avoid it. Finding out if a guitar could make her ears bleed was not something she would face unless she needed to beyond a doubt...which was unlikely, in her opinion.

As long as Jaune had his guitar crime would flee from him, she was sure. Crime, and a good sixty to eighty percent of anyone on the street with him at the time. A worthy sacrifice.