

They picked back up where they left off the previous evening, following the tracks as far as they could until the soft, damp soil transitioned into hard, compact earth and rock. Several more sets of tracks linked up with the one they'd been following, no doubt coming from the other farms, and by Jaune's estimation, they must have had nearly a hundred heads of cattle – maybe more.

That amount of beef, if their theory held true... it set them all on edge.

But just because the soil was no longer soft didn't mean they still couldn't follow. While the hoof marks weren't as obvious, it was still a herd of cattle. They left their mark, no matter how compact the earth was, but also the trail of dung was a pretty good indicator.

"We're following a trail of shit," Nora said, amused.

Weiss pursed her lips but Nora wasn't wrong. That is exactly what they were doing.

The vegetation here was a lot more spread out, the thick, untouched forests giving way to clusters of bushes and trees. As before, Blake scouted ahead, moving quickly, while the three of them spread out.

It was clear where they were heading.

Mountain Glenn was recognizable because it was the tallest of the snow capped peaks. The closer they got, the heavier the air felt, though it was likely just in their imaginations rather than anything physical. Even so, it was a little unsettling, the hair on his neck standing on end.

The vibrant bird song from the forest was absent here, and even the insects seemed shy. They hadn't come across any more Grimm yet, but their presence was felt all the same by the absence of other animals.

It wasn't long until they found something.

Blake was waiting for them by a rocky outcrop, signs of battle all around her. Blood coated rock and soil, still fresh enough that it glimmered wetly in the morning sun. Deep furrows had been clawed into stone, and there was only one thing that could have caused such markings.

Grimm.

Something large, and strong. Not an Ursa – or even an Ursa Major. Something much larger, and no doubt, much more deadly.

The blood couldn't belong to Grimm. It would have vanished just like their corpses did, which meant that it belonged to men. Bullet casings were found littered around the area. Hundreds. Thousands.

This wasn't just some simple skirmish. A real battle had taken place here, and it appeared that lives had been lost.

"This place looks like a war zone," Jaune said, looking around. Unlike the forest, it was wide open with very few places to find cover. Some rocks and boulders, some bushes and wind swept trees.

A little further along, they found several carcasses. Dead cattle that had been mauled in the frenzy.

There were no bodies. Even though it was clear people had died here, the bodies had been taken – or eaten. It could have been either one. The Grimm won, and devoured their prey, forcing the rest to retreat – or the men had won, and had taken their dead.

Blake glanced around, wary. “I don’t like this.”

There were also signs of intense heat. A few trees had caught fire, reduced to blackened husks. Even stone had been warped, *melted*. When he thought about it, those claw marks had blackened stone around it, and some of the small bushes were burnt down to the roots. Even the dirt looked scorched in some places.

Weiss’ expression was pinched, her eyes narrow as she inspected a small patch of grass that was darkened with blood. Kneeling, she reached down and picked up something long and slender; a knife. The edge was chipped.

Jaune pulled out his scroll and began taking pictures, documenting the carnage. Weiss quickly followed suit, the pair of them spreading out as they took photos. Blake scaled some of the larger rocks and surveyed the area from higher ground while Nora wandered around, searching for anything.

There was still no evidence pointing at who the thieves were, but there was enough to highlight just how big of a force they had. Just the bullet casings alone hinted at a sizable group.

“What was that?” Nora said, voice suddenly tense.

Everyone froze.

“Did you hear something?” Jaune asked quickly, eyes scanning the area.

“I thought I – there!” she suddenly exclaimed, pointing. He followed her finger towards the edge of the forest, and saw a sea of crimson red eyes. “Incoming!”

A black wave poured forth, the Grimm slender and built for speed. Much smaller than a Beowolf, but also a lot faster, they crossed the distance between them in a matter of seconds, their mouths opening grotesquely. Like some sort of demonic starfish, their jaws opened in four parts, lined with gleaming fangs.

They didn’t roar – they screamed, the sound grating. Jaune flinched, gritting his teeth as they all wailed in unison, an unholy sound like that of a banshee. He removed his backpack, tossing it aside. His teammates did the same.

“To me,” he shouted moments before he was set upon, Crocea Mors flashing from its sheath as he stepped aside, the first Grimm that reached him lunging with a howl. His blade carved through it effortlessly, their bodies pitch black, the only bone plating found on their heads.

He’d never seen these Grimm before. Not in person, and not in any of the textbooks they had at Beacon.

He was immediately swarmed, the first wave arriving. Activating his semblance, he *blurred*, cleaving through three of them in one swing before ducking, opening the stomach of another as it leapt over him. Weiss summoned a glyph beneath her feet and dashed, her speed hastened by her semblance, rapier skewering one, two, three of them with precision strikes, impaling them through the eye socket. Spinning, her Dust chamber clicked and a gout of flame lashed out, the Grimm around her recoiling in pain as they were scorched.

“Here I come!” Nora roared, appearing from above and hitting the ground like a comet, Magnhild shattering stone, the fragments pelting the Grimm in a hail of razor sharp rock. Vaulting over the handle of her war hammer, she landed and planted her feet, hefting her weapon up high before swinging powerfully, bones crunching audibly as she smashed several aside in a single swipe.

“Launch me,” Blake screamed, and Jaune lowered himself on instinct, turning and linking his hands. Her foot found purchase and with a heave, he flung Blake high into the sky before lashing out with his sword, beheading one, and then thrusting the tip through the neck of another.

At the apex of her leap, Blake multiplied into three. Each clone was wreathed in fire, infused with Dust. They fell and exploded in the sea of black, incinerating dozens in an instant. As she fell, she used another shadow clone to kick off, Gambol Shroud flashing as she launched herself into the fray.

They kept coming, wave after wave. A constant stream of black death, heralded by their horrible screeches. Nora hit them with brutal swings, their bodies breaking beneath her ridiculous strength, bodies flung through the air, broken. Weiss’ weapon cycled through different Dust types, spires of earth erupting from the ground to impale them, lightning cracking as several were roasted in a flash, many more frozen where they stood. Gathering his aura, Jaune dashed forward and unleashed it in a wide slash, cutting half a dozen in half.

Without a word, they moved in perfect sync. The trust, the training – it all came together. Weiss and Blake weaved in and out, the pair hastened by Weiss’ golden glyphs. Nora and Jaune waded in behind them, offering them a safe haven within the chaos.

They were a wall of steel and death, and no matter how many Grimm came for them, they held.

A different sound cut through the air, then. Buzzing.

“Watch out!” Blake shouted, and then her ribbon was lashing out, snaring something that came from above. A massive Lancer attempted to impale him but she pulled it aside, Nora’s hammer slamming it into the ground. Another swooped at him but this one he caught with his sword, cutting it through the abdomen.

A cage formed above them, several black glyphs protecting them from a swarm. The Lancers slammed into Weiss’ glyphs and bounced off, buzzing angrily as they attempted to find another way in.

“Nora, grab my hand,” Jaune ordered, and she obeyed instantly. Power flooded into her, his semblance amplifying her well beyond her normal abilities. “Weiss, hit her!”

An arc of lightning struck her in the back as Jaune released her, empowering her further. Her ginger hair stood on end, her scream filled with a tinny quality as the ground cracked, her feet shattering stone as she dashed forward.

One moment she was there. The next, she was a hundred feet away, all within the blink of an eye. The air wavered and boomed like the crack of thunder, and then the Grimm in her path *exploded*. Her hammer simply erased them from existence, skin and muscle and bone pulverized until only a bloody mist remained, clouding the air. Another blink and she was gone, the air shuddering. The Grimm didn’t even get a chance to scream, obliterated.

It was unreal.

As Nora dealt with the Grimm on the ground, Weiss and Blake cut their way through the Lancers. White and black danced together, their weapons lashing out and tasting flesh. Jaune deployed his shield and joined the fray, protecting their backs as they focused entirely on offence, cutting the insectoid Grimm to ribbons.

The number of Grimm was reduced drastically as Nora continued to bounce around like a livewire, unstoppable, sparks leaping from her skin. One, two, three blinks, the ground cratering as her war hammer reduced stone to sand, and Grimm to mist.

Jaune parried a stinger aimed for his face, effortlessly slicing through the Lancer's body. Spinning, he smashed another one aside with his shield, the force breaking its limbs. It crumpled on the ground, twitching, Jaune finishing it with a stab before shifting his weight, avoiding a lunge from another. Weiss froze it solid in a flash of blue light, and it shattered as it hit the ground.

The last few tried to rush them, but Blake encircled them with her ribbon and pulled them together. Bunched up, Jaune removed their heads in a single slash.

It was over – or so they thought.

As Nora finished off the remnants, Jaune felt a sudden heat wash over him. Like walking in front of an open oven, the air temperature instantly skyrocketed. His eyes darted around, alert.

"What's going on?" Blake asked, her ears flattening against her head. Weiss brandished her weapon, poised out in front of her body, ready.

"I don't—," Jaune started to say, and then there was a roar, the sound of the air crackling beneath intense flame. Several trees on the edge of the forest suddenly ignited, going up like matchsticks, and then Jaune saw it.

It appeared from between the flaming trees. It moved with a serpentine grace, upper body broad, its proportions excessive. Wide shoulders, hulking arms – four of them, total – with long, curved claws longer than Crocea Mors, smoldering with an infernal heat. Its head was encased in bone, black skin pulled taut around its lower face and around its misshapen jaw. Jagged horns protruded from its head, long and deadly, though one was chipped and broken, worn

down by age and battle. Steam rose from its maw, mouth wide and predatory as if stretched in a mockery of a smile, filled with gleaming white fangs, orange light pulsing in its throat – and through those eldritch, red markings that flowed down its chest like some ancient script. Below its bulky upper body, it slimmed down, growing narrow at the waist and long like a snake, black smoke shrouding its lower extremity. It floated above the ground, yet the soil deformed beneath it as if bearing an incredible weight.

Just breathing in made Jaune's lungs tingle, the air devoid of moisture.

"What is *that*?" Weiss said in horror, hand tightening around the hilt of her weapon.

Another Grimm they had no information on.

Even Nora took a step back as it approached, her body still brimming with overwhelming power. As it passed by shrubs and other vegetation, the sheer heat it exuded made the plants ignite.

This Grimm was bad news.

"Take my aura," he said quickly. Weiss and Blake moved closer, and focusing, he amplified them both to the limit, Jaune clamping down on the sudden spike in fear he felt. Thinking of his team helped him beat it back down, sharpening his mind. "Weiss, you'll be playing support. It likes heat, so cool it down. Ice Dust. Everything you can spare."

The heiress nodded. "Got it."

"Blake, hit and run tactics. Staying close to that thing is a no go," he said. "Hit it fast, and keep moving."

“Right,” she said, ears still pinned back.

“Nora, same deal. Don’t try and trade with it.”

She nodded, expression focused.

“I’ll keep its attention,” he clanged his sword against his shield, and the Grimm perked up at the sound of steel. Familiar. “Work around me.”

This was what he was built for.

“Move,” he issued the command, and they obeyed. Weiss darted backwards as Blake shot wide, legs blurring as she moved with increased speed. Nora dashed the other direction, spreading out, and Jaune watched as the multiple burning eyes that lined each side of its skull shifted to keep all of them within sight.

That wouldn’t do.

Golden light dripped from his body, Jaune shrouded in the luminance of his soul. Bending his knees, he took a deep, steadying breath, and then with a simple flex, the ground shattered as he blurred forward.

Those many eyes darted instantly to him, signalling him out as the biggest threat. Jaune crossed the distance in a few seconds.

Claw met shield, and the air was filled with the sound of screeching steel. Jaune grit his teeth as the recoil rolled through his arm and shoulder, the Grimm barely rocked by the force of his charge. Up close, Jaune saw the evidence of battle wrought on its flesh. Old scars – and new. Its side and arms were pock marked where bullets had torn through its thick hide, yet it showed no sign of fatigue or pain. Jaune jumped back as it reached for him, its two left arms swiping at him. The air shuddered, a trail of flame following in the wake of its claws, and then he struck.

Crocea Mors found purchase, but it did little more than cut a thin slice into its weathered hide.

It was like fighting that Centaur all over again.

The Grimm shrieked, and then a gout of fire rushed at him, the red markings flaring on its chest as it exploded from the mouth. Jaune rolled away, feeling the intense heat as it rushed by, his skin stinging even through the protective shroud of his aura, even having avoided it.

Straightening, he dashed in again, lunging. Despite its size, it moved swiftly, avoiding his thrust and countering with an overhead swipe, trying to crush him into the ground. Jaune braced himself and shouldered his shield, the ground beneath his feet sinking as he tanked the blow with a shout.

“Now!” he roared.

Blake appeared, slashing and hacking as she flipped over its back, attempting to carve it apart. The Grimm screamed in pain, yet Jaune saw little blood. When Nora hit it, though – *that* got a better reaction, her war hammer coming at it from the other side, slamming into its ribs and *exploding*, Nora pulling the trigger.

Jaune grit his teeth as the force washed over him, the Grimm recoiling from the brutal blow. Throwing off its weight, Jaune gathered his aura into his sword, his blade turning gold. This time, his slash parted flesh, though it jerked back at the last moment to lessen the damage. Boiling blood splashed across his chest plate, bubbling and hissing.

The air wavered, rapidly cooling – and then a flash of blue light heralded Weiss' attack. Frost crept across the Grimm's body before it was encased in a block of ice. Jaune, Nora and Blake leapt back, giving themselves some distance, and not a moment too soon. The frozen block instantly shuddered and shattered, great billows of steam erupting as intense heat met with intense cold.

The Grimm thrashed wildly, its screeching filled with pain and rage.

Its malice filled eyes found Weiss, and with a heaving lunge, it launched itself through the air. A black glyph blocked its path, but it only stopped it for a second. Those super heated claws tore through the barrier, and then it was upon her.

Nora wasn't about to let that happen.

Magnhild slammed down on its spine, flattening it to the ground with an echoing crash. The Grimm bucked and lashed out, Nora shouting as she was caught with a powerful backfist. Blake leapt to intercept her while Jaune moved in, blade glowing with golden light.

Crocea Mors pierced through its lower half and pinned it to the ground, the Grimm shrieking as it spun around to face him.

"Weiss, again!"

The red markings glowed ominously moments before it was engulfed in a sheet of ice once more. Again, the ice cracked and shattered from the overwhelming heat, but the discomfort to the Grimm was clear. It lashed out like a wild animal, carving deep furrows into the ground. Jaune ripped his sword free and dodged, but not without being clipped. His aura flared in protection as he was flung away, tumbling across the ground before he stopped his momentum, springing to his feet.

The Grimm refocused on Weiss as she summoned a massive glyph beneath her feet, the symbol spinning rapidly. Claws lashed out, stopped short as a massive greatsword erupted from beneath her, protecting her at the very last moment.

A massive knight in gleaming white armor rose from the ground, shoving the Grimm back. The Grimm tensed, rising up in challenge.

They came together in a crash of bone and steel.

The summoned knight moved like a being half its size, parrying the Grimm's attacks before retaliating with its own. The sword came down with a howl, but it was caught with all four limbs, and no matter how hard the knight strained against the hold, it was stopped dead in its tracks.

"Incoming!" Blake shouted, flipping through the air like a spinning top. The two sections of Gambol Shroud were glowing a bright violet, and she unleashed her aura attack along its back, cutting deep. The Grimm howled in pain, spasming as she carved flesh from bone, up, up, up until she brought her cleaver down on the back of its head.

"I'm baaaack~!" Nora appeared from above, hammer reared back, her feet almost curling up to touch the head. Keeping her cleaver in position, Nora slammed down on it, a call back to the blow that finished off the Centaur. Bone caved in with a horrible crack, Blake's weapon sinking deeply into its skull – and yet it was not enough to kill it.

It flailed and threw Blake and Nora off, twisting to pull the knight off balance. Two of its hands lashed out and punched through the thick armor plates protecting its stomach, the white steel hissing as those heated claws melted through it. Motes of white light poured from the wound before the summon began to break down.

Jaune moved.

The wind whipped against his face as he launched himself forward, aura exploding from his body. The Grimm turned to meet him but it was too late, Crocea Mors erupting. Putting every ounce of strength he had in his body into the slash, he passed by the Grimm in a flash of gold, an almost blinding burst of light dazzling all those that witnessed it.

There was a long moment of silence as Jaune skidded across the rocky ground before coming to a stop, his sword held in the last motion of his strike. Three, four, five seconds passed – and then with a squelch, the Grimm's body split. He had cut it from groin to shoulder, right to left, and as it fell, there was a sudden vacuum, the air sucked towards its corpse.

And then with a deafening clap, the Grimm *exploded* in a ball of hellish fire.

Everyone took cover as intense heat washed over them all, the ground beneath the monstrous Grimm molten. The corpse burned up in the hellstorm until all that was left was glowing glass; a five meter by five meter bowl melted into the ground, rapidly cooling as the heat retreated.

It was over.

"Is everyone okay?" he called out, standing.

"I'm fine," Weiss said.

“All good here,” Nora chimed.

Blake raised a hand, thumb up.

His rapidly beating heart began to calm as the adrenaline of the moment waned, replaced by a deep relief. That Grimm – whatever it was – had been dangerous. Not quite as strong as the Centaur that he and Nora had dispatched, but close enough. If they hadn’t been together, the four of them, it would have been much harder.

They all gathered around the crater formed of glass.

“...Are you happy we got to fight some Grimm?” Weiss asked sarcastically, aimed at Nora.

Nora smiled sheepishly as she came down off the high of her semblance and his, a little jittery.

“When I said I wanted to slay some Grimm, I didn’t mean *that*,” she then shrugged. “It was sort of fun, though, right? We totally kicked its ass.”

Weiss didn’t look like she agreed with that assessment. Blake was a little more forgiving.

“We’ve improved a lot,” she said.

They had. Their training had kicked in, and they'd worked together seamlessly. Though they'd always worked together well, he wasn't sure if they'd have been able to beat that thing at the beginning of the year. The Hydra had been possible because there had been eight of them. Jaune smiled and nodded, holding out a fist. Nora beamed and pressed her knuckles against his. Weiss blinked, hesitated, and then did the same. Blake rolled her eyes but joined them.

"Team JBWN~!" Nora cheered.

Jaune chuckled. "Team JBWN."

Now they knew exactly what happened to the rustlers.

"They must have retreated from that thing," Blake said. "It would have been too much for them."

It was decided then that it was time for a little rest.

They found a spot a little further up the slope and settled down, digging through their packs. Even now, the air still felt dry from the heat of the Grimm, and Jaune's throat was beyond parched. Pulling out his water bottle, he sipped at it gratefully as he unpackaged some beef jerky.

Nora almost upended her entire bottle into her mouth, chugging it greedily.

"Phew~! Talk about working up a thirst," she said with a sigh, smacking her lips. "Jaune-Jaune – are we bad luck or something? We keep running into these powerful Grimm."

“Did you break a mirror in the past?” Weiss asked dryly, opening her own pack of beef jerky. She stared at it in disgust but bit a piece off regardless, chewing methodically. Blake snickered at her expression.

“It’s only been twice,” Jaune reasoned.

“Two from two,” Blake said with a smirk. “That’s a hundred percent.”

“If you put it like that, of course it sounds bad.”

“Maybe we’ll get another award for killing it,” Nora said smugly. “We’re so cool. Everyone else is going to be jealous.”

Weiss scoffed. “How about we complete this mission first. We still haven’t found the missing cattle.”

After their short rest, they continued following the tracks. Signs of a running battle carried on for at least a mile, a few more cattle having been slain in the chaos. By Jaune’s count, thirteen had been lost. At least, those were the ones whose carcasses were found.

Blake retook her position as scout, though they all moved with more wariness. If one such Grimm was out here, there could be more. And the closer they came to Mountain Glenn, the bigger the possibility.

They’d all learned more than enough in class to know that this area was a hive of Grimm activity.

An hour passed, then two.

“I see something,” Blake’s voice chimed in his ear, a sense of urgency in her tone. It was so sudden that it made them jump.

“What is it?” Jaune asked, pausing.

“Movement. People – two hundred meters north of me. I...” she trailed off for a moment. “White Fang confirmed.”

“You’re sure?” Weiss asked, joining the conversation, voice tight.

“Positive,” Blake replied instantly. “Those masks are a little hard to miss.”

“What else do you see?” Jaune asked quickly, beginning to move. His boots pounded against the ground as he shifted into a full sprint, body flushed with power as he amplified his movement.

“The missing cattle. They have them penned in a field for grazing,” Blake said. “Two trucks. Looks like we were right on the money.”

“Hold position, we’ll be there in a minute,” Jaune said.

“Got it.”

They found Blake hidden behind a boulder, perched halfway up and peering over the top. Weiss quickly joined her and took a look for herself.

“Twenty of them, maybe more,” the heiress said after a moment. “This can’t be all of them.”

“It won’t be. They’ve been left behind to watch over the cattle,” Blake hopped down. “They have to eat, and there won’t be much grass or foliage in the mountain. At least, not enough to sustain so many for long.”

Blake’s intuition had been spot on.

“After being ambushed by those Grimm, it would have spooked the cattle. They’d have used up a lot of energy to get here,” Jaune said, taking a look himself. A small stream trickled down the slope, giving them a water source. “This is a good spot to stop.”

“What’s the plan?” Nora asked.

Even without knowing their combat strength, Jaune was confident they could take them down, especially after what they’d just accomplished. Blake was right. They’d been left behind to guard the cattle, and had set up fortified positions to watch the surroundings. A couple of them moved around in patrols, but most of them were bunkered down.

They were in the middle of nowhere in Grimm infested territory. After what they’d already experienced, they were on high alert but weakened.

Taking them down didn't feel like the correct play, though. It would deprive them of the cattle, but what then? Maybe if they captured them, they would talk, but maybe they wouldn't. Whatever it was that the White Fang were doing out here, it was clearly big. With the Dust robberies in Vale and now this, Jaune knew that this was just the tip of the iceberg.

There was bigger fish to be found.

Their mission was to find and return the cattle, and bring those responsible to justice, but...

"We wait and watch," he said, grinning at Nora's downtrodden expression. "You can beat them up later. We need to find out why they are here, and what we're really dealing with. I saw a few tents, they might have something that will shed some light on what's going on."

"You want me to sneak in," Blake stated.

Jaune nodded. "If it comes to that. For now, we'll observe. I'll remain here. Blake, see if you can find a spot to bunker down to the north. Weiss, up the slope there, you'll be our eyes from above. Nora, I want you in the forest further down. Climb a tree, stay off the ground so you aren't taken unaware."

"Aye-aye, Jaune-Jaune," Nora saluted.

They spread out, his teammates picking their moments to move between positions. When they had their camp surrounded, they hunkered down and watched.

It was some of the most boring hours of their lives. A good ol' fashioned stakeout. The excitement of finding the perpetrators quickly ran out, and was replaced by restlessness. Jaune constantly checked his surroundings to ensure he wasn't snuck up on, but as the first hour passed, then two, three, he found it difficult to keep focused.

His earpiece bloomed to life.

"This sucks," Nora said.

There was a few seconds of silence, then Weiss said, "Nora, keep the coms clear. Only communicate essential information."

"I'm horny as hell."

Jaune rubbed his face, trying not to laugh.

"...Essential information only," Weiss stressed.

"I just thought you should know. Jaune kissed me lots last night, and it has me feeling a little pent up."

"Shut up," Weiss growled.

A soft titter came through from Blake's end.

“I can tell you’re pent up, as well,” Nora said slyly. “It’s in your voice.”

“I am no such thing.”

“Good. That means I get first ride when we get back home.”

If Professor Goodwitch could hear them now, she’d blow her top.

“Focus,” Jaune reminded them.

Everything went silent. Several minutes passed by, Jaune shifting position. His butt was beginning to go numb.

“I can hear something,” Blake spoke up. “It sounds like an engine.”

It didn’t take them long to see where it was coming from. Another truck made its way onto the scene, rocking back and forth on the uneven terrain. It approached from the direction Blake was hidden, and pulled up beside the penned cattle. It had tall, enclosed sides with vents running along, front to back.

A stock truck.

They were getting ready to transport some of the animals.

“Blake,” he said quietly. “When they’re busy loading up the cattle, that’s your chance. They’ll all be distracted.”

“Got it,” she answered.

A ramp was lowered from the back of the truck, and several White Fang hurried over to help. The temporary fences of the pen were shifted, opening a way towards the back of the truck, and Jaune watched as they began rounding up a few and herding them towards the ramp. A few of them bellowed in annoyance but slowly but surely, they began moving into the truck with a little incentive.

“There she goes,” Weiss said. Jaune spotted a black figure dart towards the camp, slipping through silently. She made it to the tents without being spotted, and then they waited with bated breath.

“There isn’t much here,” she said, voice low. “Bed rolls. Food. Some papers – hang on,” she went silent for a minute. “No, nothing. I’ll move onto the next one.”

“You’ve got time,” Jaune said. “Don’t rush it.”

Blake slipped from tent to tent, searching. In the third tent, she found something.

“It’s an old map,” she told them. “I don’t know – oh.”

“What is it?” Weiss asked quickly.

“Tunnels, I think. Utility, subway,” there was a long pause. “This is a maintenance map for Mountain Glenn. Which means...”

It was a map of the sealed tunnels beneath the doomed city.

Jaune felt uneasy.

“You’re sure?” he asked.

“It says it right here. I’m taking some pictures.”

“Hurry,” Nora said. “I think they’re finishing up.”

She was right. They’d loaded up around ten of the animals, and once they were secure, the ramp was pulled up and the back of the truck locked. As the fences were repositioned, Jaune spotted Blake quickly dashing from the tents, this time moving up towards where Weiss was located. The way she’d come in was no longer safe, one of the patrols passing through. She came incredibly close to one of the fortified positions but they were distracted, allowing her to slip by unnoticed.

“Sending them through now.”

Jaune's scroll vibrated silently and he opened it up. She'd taken multiple pictures to capture the entire thing, and she was right. In the top corner in faded print was the name Mountain Glenn, though you had to squint to see it. Water damage, from the look of the discoloration. The rest of the map was fine, though.

What would the White Fang want with a map of the tunnels below Mountain Glenn?