

Jaune felt it deep in his soul.

Terror.

It was a creature of unfathomable size, dwarfing the buildings that had been built in the underground city. Its shape was ever changing, its torso a warped mass of writhing, pitch black flesh that undulated madly, defying comprehension. Four powerful legs protruded from its wriggling body, each one thick and powerful, covered in white bone plating and jointed in three sections, a little like the legs of a crab. And then, as it shifted again, that warped flesh parted, hundreds – *thousands* – of white faces erupted from beneath its skin, twisted into expressions of horror and torment, agony and madness. As one, the sockets lit up, a sea of malicious red eyes – and then it *screamed*.

The sound hit them all like a physical blow, the air wavering. That horrible wail of a thousand deaths, all condensed into one. Dozens of White Fang turned tail and fled, driven insane with terror. Others fell to their knees, their will to live fleeing in the presence of fear personified.

Jaune felt his knuckles pop, his hands were clenched so hard. His arms shook, his heart thumping loudly in his ears as his every instinct as a human being told him to *run*. That he was going to die. That they were all going to suffer an unimaginable hell and drown in their misery.

His jaw clenched, locking, his teeth threatening to crack. Body taut, it took every ounce of willpower he had to stay standing, to not flee, to face this monster and not lose hope.

His breathing grew ragged as those countless eyes rolled in their sockets, staring through all of them. Just its mere presence was oppressive, suffocating, and he heard Weiss whimper, Blake gasp desperately for breath, and Nora sob, on the verge of tears.

This *thing* had been summoned not by the sound of their fight, but the agony of those that had been wounded. Those that lay dead or dying, the negative emotions that had manifested from their clash, awakening this behemoth from its slumber deep below the earth.

No.

He wouldn't allow it.

*Focus*, he thought, desperate. *Focus! Jaune! Focus!*

Biting his lip hard enough to piece skin, blood filled his mouth – and with it, a flash of golden light. Jaune poured everything he had into his semblance, his very soul erupting from his skin in a torrent. The fear, the hopelessness, the sheer desire to roll over and die – it vanished, replaced by hope, and warmth.

His fists loosened, and he took a deep, steady breath as the tension in his muscles relaxed.

“Weiss,” he barked. “Nora. Blake. To me.”

His voice cracked like a whip, and he felt his semblance respond. Their aura's flared, *fortified*, and with gasps of relief, they basked in renewed strength.

“Jaune?” Nora asked, strained. “What...?”

“To me,” he repeated.

The Grimm screamed again, but this time it rolled off him. Reaching out, he offered his hands, and one by one, his teammates grasped them, his semblance surging. Never before had he pushed himself so hard, his emotions skyrocketing. It wasn't the same as the power he'd felt when they'd fought the Centaur, that overwhelming, unstoppable power – but it was enough, his team straightening up as they were flooded.

The Grimm shifted, its strange formless body contorting. Two long, massive appendages grew outward – *arms* – the flesh writhing and covered in those horrible bone white faces. It took a step, and the entire cavern trembled.

They could not defeat that thing on their own.

Jaune searched quickly.

Ilia had fallen to her knees, staring up at the creature, boneless. Further away, Fox clutched at his head, hunched over, while Velvet sobbed wildly, her body jerking as she broke down. Professor Peach still stood, her face twisted in horror, though she readied her weapon, knowing that to flee would mean the death of her students. Adam Taurus shook, his body wound so tight he might snap in two.

The words came to him. From where, he did not know.

“Fight!” he roared, and the power of his voice was amplified. It carried throughout the massive chamber. “If you wish to live to see another day, *fight!* Fight for your place in this world! Fight for your loved ones, fight for your people! To give up is to die!”

Jaune felt his semblance greedily draw on his aura as he shouted, making a sizable dent in even his massive reserves. Even amplified himself, he felt his strength waver then reassert itself, his semblance kicking into overdrive. A never ending loop, feeding power to his voice and invigorating all those that heard it, before rapidly fueling his own recovery.

He witnessed his words find their mark, Ilia straightening up from her slumped position, Velvet stop crying, Fox releasing his head. Professor Peach seemed to grow, standing tall, and even Adam grew still.

Jaune felt like he was on fire, his aura devouring him from within – but he couldn't stop, wouldn't stop.

“Get on your feet!” he yelled. “Get up and fight!”

Had his semblance evolved? He was not touching them, and yet he felt as if his aura was being passed around to everyone that heard him. Dozens of people at once. It wasn't as empowering as direct contact, but it was enough. Their spines stiffened as those that had fallen in despair struggled to their feet, clutching their weapons shakily.

There was a long stretch of silence as the Grimm observed them, pulsing, jerking, writhing, and then it stepped forward again, the ground shaking. Jaune wasn't sure who fired first, but the piercing sound of a gunshot filled the air – and then a roar, as everyone with a gun opened fire.

The hail of bullets tore into the black, warped flesh and blood flowed freely. Black ichor dripped from the bullet wounds as rifles were reloaded, Coco's rotary machine-gun screeching as it continued to fire. The blood hissed as it hit the ground, bubbling, and then before their eyes, they watched as smaller creatures formed, malformed Grimm that wailed in torment.

Another step, and the cavern trembled.

“Weiss,” he said urgently. “Summon your knight.”

The heiress let go of his hand, twirling her weapon and stabbing it into the ground. A massive glyph appeared below their feet, spinning rapidly, her white knight rising from within.

“Have it keep those smaller Grimm contained, if it keeps spawning like that, we’ll be overrun. Blake, reconnaissance – we need to find its weak spot. Something, anything, if it has it, find it.”

She nodded, face set into grim determination.

“Nora, you’re with me,” he said.

“Got it.”

“White Fang,” Adam suddenly shouted, voice sharp. “Follow me.”

And then he blurred, charging towards the monstrosity. Ilia hesitated, clutching her weapon before dashing forward, joined by the woman with the rapier, and the hulking man with the axe. Professor Peach met his eyes across the battlefield and nodded her head.

“Go,” Jaune said, and they all moved.

Crocea Mors was wreathed in light as the ground cracked beneath his feet, running with everything he had. He saw Velvet engaging the beast, her weapon having shifted into a different form. Ember Celica, Yang's gauntlets, her fists pistoning against one of the titans massive legs. Yatsunashi joined her, his massive sword slamming into the bone plate protecting its lower joint. Coco continued to rain hell upon it, her weapon roaring, while Fox vaulted higher, kicking off its leg and going for the gap near its knee.

How do you fight something so *big*?

"Nora, throw me," he ordered, already leaping. His partner obeyed instantly, positioning her hammer so he could land on its face. In place, she stomped the ground and swung with everything she had, screaming in effort. Jaune grit his teeth and jumped at the last second, putting all he had into it.

He rocketed into the air like a cannon ball fired.

Wind whistled in his ears as he ascended towards the creature, sword glowing with power. It saw him coming, one of its newly formed arms swinging towards him, the movement causing gale force gusts to buffet the area. Twirling, he grasped the hilt of his sword with both hands and swung, roaring, funneling his aura further into his blade.

He carved through its hand in a flash of golden light.

Blood poured from the wound as he cleaved through two of its clawed fingers, the masks wailing as they fractured and broke. Its other arm whipped around, and Jaune grit his teeth, bracing himself behind his shield.

This was going to hurt.

But before the hand could make contact, there was a flood of crimson aura moments before Adam appeared in a flash, his long, slender blade exploding from its sheath. It sliced through the entire arm at the wrist, separating it from the arm.

Their eyes met – or, at least, he assumed they did. All Jaune saw was that half-mask, tilted towards him, and then they crossed over, the momentum carrying the pair apart.

Jaune prepared himself for a rough landing, his aura cushioning to the fall as he hit the ground hard. Grunting, the stone beneath his feet cracked and caved in, pain lancing up his legs. Turning, he saw the hand Adam severed and the fingers Jaune had removed fall to the ground and melt away, forming into several large, warped Grimm. They howled, shambling forward, only to die as Weiss' knight charged in with cleaving strikes.

Up above, he saw Professor Peach dance through the air, her glowing weapon pulling her around with pulses of purple light. Her polearm slashed into its writhing body before it jerked her away, black flesh reaching for her like hundreds of scrambling hands. With the aid of Gravity Dust, she was practically flying, darting back and forth, shattering dozens of masks in a single sweep.

The Grimm wailed again, the force of it washing over them. Many of the White Fang stumbled, losing hope as their guns ran dry. Jaune saw cracks appear in Weiss' summon, as if it were being torn apart by the sound, but it withstood the assault and continued killing the smaller Grimm that spawned.

How were they going to defeat this thing?

Already, its hand and fingers were regrowing. The masks that had been destroyed were replaced by more, even more terrible than the last. Jaune saw Blake disappear behind the beast, searching, using her clones as stepping stones.

Jaune focused, and then leapt, kicking off its leg and vaulting higher and higher, crawling up its limb like he was a flea. Fox was still attacking its knee joint on the other leg, trying his best to reach the soft flesh between the bone plates, and so Jaune focused on his leg, leaping until he was level with the knee and striking. Crocea Mors stabbed down, slipping between bone and biting deep into the exposed meat below.

And then with a forceful shove of power, he poured his aura down into his blade. His aura exploded from his sword and into the joint, and with a twist, Jaune wrenched his blade to the side violently. He felt the leg shudder as his aura blade tore through it and out the other side, Jaune roaring with the effort.

The Grimm tilted as he disrupted its balance, the leg unable to bear its enormous weight. He saw another flash of crimson light, a sign of Adam, and then another leg shuddered, giving way.

“The joints! Attack the knees!” Jaune shouted. “Bring it down!”

Nora’s hammer slammed into the section below him, exploding as she pulled the trigger. The monster stumbled, attempting to right itself but when it shifted its leg to brace its weight, it collapsed.

Jaune leapt clear as it fell, falling like some giant redwood. It crashed into the ground, the mountain itself rumbling, those eerie faces howling.

This was their chance.

But how did they kill it? It was simply too large, and Blake still hadn’t found a weak point to attack. Weiss showered it in flame, her sword spewing fire. Its black skin bubbled and burst, its

body writhing madly. Blood spewed across the ground in a wave, and from it rose more Grimm, their fangs gleaming as they leapt forward with maddened growls.

Fox dashed in to engage them, blades cutting them to ribbons as Weiss' white knight charged in with wide, cleaving strokes. Ilia backed them up, her whip cracking with electricity.

Professor Peach flew down from above,, her weapon glowing brighter. She landed like a meteor, slamming into the torso of the downed beast, the pressure crushing that section of its body into pulp. Those warped hands reached for her once again, forcing her to retreat.

"I can't find anything," Blake's voice came through his ear piece. "It looks the same everywhere."

Did they have an attack that could destroy it?

It was so huge, and even though they'd grounded it, their attacks made little impact. It thrashed wildly, forcing them all back, in danger of being crushed, and then with a sickening squelch, another limb burst from its body, pushing it upright.

"Attack the limb!" Adam's voice called, and his followers rushed to obey. The hulking man with the axe and the woman with the rapier led the charge, those that still had ammunition opening fire. Jaune made to follow when the torso contorted and pulled apart, a mockery of a mouth peeling open, the skin *tearing*.

Jaune felt his heart stop, if only for a moment.

"*Move!*" he bellowed in warning, seeing a strange light gathering within. His instinct screamed at him to avoid what was coming at all costs, so he threw himself towards Nora, tackling her down moments before the world itself *screamed*.

A beam of compressed energy blasted from its 'mouth', the very atmosphere torn asunder. Those in its path didn't have a chance, their bodies instantly vaporized on contact. Jaune felt his skin tingle even though he was several dozen feet away, shielding Nora with his body as stone parted, melting away like butter.

When the attack halted, the air rushed to fill the vacuum. A long trench had been carved across the chamber, stretching several hundred meters through old buildings and plowing into the wall of the mountain.

This was insanity.

There was no way the collapsed tunnels would have kept this thing out of Vale. The fact that it hadn't attacked the city could only be attributed to the fact that it *didn't want to*. No amount of rubble could have kept this thing contained.

And now they'd gone and woken it up.

The air tasted bitter, almost. Burnt. Ozone, and something else. Jaune grimaced as he straightened up, and watched as another limb grew out, replacing the two legs they'd damaged. It heaved itself back up, the two ruined legs twitching as they bled, the blood forming larger, more deadly Grimm.

"Is everyone okay?" Professor Peach called through their coms, voice panicked. "Speak to me!"

"I'm fine," Jaune answered. "Nora's with me."

“I am unharmed,” Weiss replied next. “My summon was destroyed.”

Everyone reported in – everyone but Coco.

“Coco?” Velvet asked. “Where are you? Are you okay?”

Silence.

Jaune felt dread pool in his stomach – but only for a moment. There was a crackle, and then Coco’s pained voice spoke up.

“I’m alive,” she gasped, sounding in rough shape. “I avoided the beam but not well enough. My arm – the skin, it feels like it’s been peeled off.”

“Ms. Scarlatina, find her,” Peach ordered.

“On it.”

“The rest of you – regroup.”

His team found him. A quick glance showed that dozens of White Fang had been obliterated in the attack, and the fear of the encounter had taken hold once more. They fled in droves, witnessing their comrades being turned to dust too much for their minds to handle.

With Weiss' summon gone, and the suppressing fire of the White Fang halted, the Grimm that spawned from the monster's blood multiplied quickly. Jaune readied himself as the creatures charged, howling, crazed, intoxicated by the fear in the air.

Team JBWN met them, Nora's hammer swinging through the front line before Blake dashed forward, blade singing. Lightning Dust crackled as Weiss unleashed an arc of lightning, tearing through an entire group in a blink of an eye. Blake disengaged and Jaune took her place, Crocea Mors lashing out. He thrust through the throat of one, decapitating a second. Spinning, his shield crushed the head of a third, blood and bone spraying as it was reduced to pulp. On instinct, he ducked, and Blake leapt and vaulted off his shoulders, twirling, Gambol Shroud swung around on the end of her ribbon, much like a Mistralian kusarigama. It fired periodically, spinning, tearing through the Grimm in a wide arc, Nora rushing in and pulverizing them with cleaving swings.

Next to them, Ilia desperately fought against the tide, her whip cracking with sharp snaps that echoed in his ears, their black flesh sizzling as Lightning Dust roasted them with each lash. Fox and Yatsushashi joined her, the latter's blade carving through them with pure power while the former dashed back and forth, slashing at their legs, at their throats, opening them up with precise strikes.

The monstrous Grimm took another step, the ground caving beneath its foot. The chamber shuddered, its grotesque form warping again, changing shape. It grew longer, hunching over, more limbs forming with sickening, squelching snaps.

As if it were evolving before their very eyes.

Jaune focused his aura, slashing through a score of Grimm, aura blade parting them effortlessly. What few White Fang remained that hadn't fled fired upon the massive beast but it ignored it, the damage minor.

Where had Adam gone?

Blake cartwheeled around them, boot lashing out to crush the jaw of a leaping Grimm before her blade found the eye on another. Weiss danced between them, poised, graceful, rapier punching holes through muscle and bone, blood misting in the air. Nora was playing some demented game of Whack-a-mole, Magnhild hammering them into the ground, bones crunching audibly.

Jaune couldn't see him through the chaos.

Had he also tucked tail and run?

Professor Peach cut through the Grimm that were spawning and engaged the beast, her polearm slamming into one of the legs. Bone plating snapped beneath the incredible force of her blow as her weapon flashed brightly, caving in the lower joint. The Grimm swayed briefly but with more and more legs keeping it upright, it was in no danger of falling.

How could they defeat it? Due to its size and regenerative capabilities, it could shrug off all of their attacks. They'd managed to bring it to ground once, and it had taken a coordinated attack to sever its legs, but now instead of four, it had eight. The more damage they caused to it, the more Grimm that it spawned, threatening to overwhelm them. Not only that, it had an attack that none of them could counter. If it decided to let loose again, all they could do was run.

Was it truly hopeless?

Jaune grit his teeth, feeling his emotions begin to overwhelm him. Clamping down, he focused on his team, on the people that he loved. His desire to protect them, to not let them down. It worked, cutting through the mounting panic.

He knew better. He needed to be careful. His amplified emotions could spell his end. So long as he thought of Weiss, Blake and Nora, of being their shield, it focused him and his semblance.

There had to be a way.

*Think, Jaune! What can we do?*

His eyes scanned the area, mindful of the Grimm that continued to come for them. His eyes darted up. Could they bring the roof down? Possible. Crush it beneath tons upon tons of rock, collapse Mountain Glenn down on it. Would it be enough? Probably. Crush it into the earth like a bug beneath a boot. But how?

They didn't have the firepower for it.

"Argh~!" the voice of Professor Peach shouted. One of those grasping hands from the torso had finally latched onto her as she attacked the body, and Jaune saw her arm smoking from where it grabbed her. As if it were attempting to brand her with a hot iron. Her aura flashed and shuddered, protecting her desperately. Her weapon swung around with a hum, Gravity Dust activated, and it cleaved the hand and tore through its body, a giant rend spewing blood as she retreated.

"Professor, are you okay?" Weiss asked as she summoned a glyph, using it as a step to launch herself up above the Grimm and rain down bursts of fire and ice.

"I'm fine," Peach said, though her voice was pained.

He needed to think of something. Fast!

His eyes found the Dust.

The dozens of crates – no, *hundreds*. Dust stolen from the streets of Vale, enough explosive power to level several city blocks. Ideas ran through his mind, thought of and discarded immediately. They could use it to collapse the roof, but no – how would they move it into position? It would take too long, and the ceiling was hundreds of meters above their heads. They'd need an army. An army they no longer had, the White Fang decimated.

Using it conventionally to boost their combat strength wouldn't be enough, either. Trying to signal for help with Professor Peach's flare would take too long. They'd have to fight a running battle the entire time, chased and hounded by a wave of Grimm spawned from the blood of this monster.

No. They needed something simple. Nothing fancy.

Jaune knew what to do.

"The Dust," he shouted, voice carrying. It was no longer infused with his semblance, but it was loud enough for everyone to hear. "We use the Dust! We lead that thing over there and then blow it all up. If that isn't enough..."

They didn't have any other way.

If that wasn't enough, then they couldn't stop it. It would rampage, and in the worst case scenario, it would decide to head towards Vale. If several tons of refined Schnee Dust Company Dust wasn't enough to destroy it, then not much could.

But *how* did they bait such a massive Grimm?

“We need to draw it over there. Weiss, how big can you make your summons?”

“I don’t know... if I have enough aura, I can make them as big as I want.”

That’s what he wanted to hear.

Professor Peach caught on.

“Everyone, protect Mr. Arc and Ms. Schnee.”

Fox and Yatsunashi joined them, and to their surprise, Ilia and what was left of the White Fang, falling into line as Ilia ordered them in place of their wayward leader. Velvet appeared with Coco who cradled her arm, and Jaune saw the damage that beam attack had done to her skin, even without direct contact. It really did look as if the skin had peeled away, revealing wet, inflamed tissue, blood welling up.

“Don’t let a single Grimm through.”

For this to work, Jaune had to ensure that his semblance was as potent as possible. As Grimm screamed and died in droves around them, their friends defending them with their lives, Jaune stabbed his sword into the ground and seized Weiss by the waist. She yelped in surprise, her eyes widening moments before their lips touched.

For a moment, she was stunned, her mouth parting instinctively as he kissed her passionately. He poured every ounce of emotion he had into it, his tongue licking into her mouth aggressively. It only took a few seconds before she was kissing him back hungrily, realizing what he was trying to do.

And then with a rush of power, he activated his semblance.

Their aura mixed, shrouding them in blinding light. Jaune was tired, worn down, yet he felt the aches and pains recede as he pumped her full of as much of his aura as she could handle, her mouth moving harder against him, her moans trapped in her throat.

When they parted, her ice blue eyes were glowing with power.

“Do it,” he said, feeling spread thin. A different type of exhaustion.

She spun away from him and knelt, her hand against the ground. A massive glyph spun into existence, twenty meters across, spinning rapidly and kicking up a powerful gust of wind. The Grimm that stepped upon it were tossed away, thrown through the air by a powerful force – and then her white knight rose, larger than it had ever been before, shining brightly, sunlight trapped in ice.

The monstrous eldritch Grimm still dwarfed it by several magnitudes, towering like a building, but it was big enough to draw its attention. Large enough to cause significant damage, its greatsword swinging with such force that Jaune felt the air press him back.

The sword connected with one of its legs – and the bone *exploded* beneath the force of it, blood spraying as it was lopped off savagely. The Grimm shrieked, that horrible wail that pressured their minds.

Oh yeah. It definitely had its attention now.

Professor Peach took control.

“Move back,” she shouted, her polearm crushing the skull of a Grimm before impaling another. Her dress was covered in blood, smoking as it dissolved. “Ms. Schnee, draw it over to where we need it.”

“Nora,” Jaune said quickly.

She snapped to attention when she heard her name, finishing off her opponent with a brutal blow that shattered its spine. “Jaune-Jaune?”

“Take all of your grenades and place them with the Dust,” he ordered. “Spread them out.”

She nodded and dashed out of their formation, vaulting over a winged Grimm that lunged at her and kicking it in the throat, stunning it.

“Blake!”

She was a whirlwind of death, Gambol Shroud cutting them to ribbons as she flipped and spun through the air, never stopping for a moment. Her amber eyes found him.

“Clear the way for us, use your clones.”

She understood his meaning.

Several new Blake’s appeared, but these ones were wreathed in flame. They dashed into the Grimm and exploded, thinning their numbers. Weiss’ summon swung again, aiming at the massive Grimm’s body and slashed open a horrible wound that spewed gore across the ground.

“Alright, Weiss, back it up!”

They all ran, creating distance as the white knight blocked a swipe from one of its clawed arms, straining against the force. It slid back as the Grimm pushed on it, attempting to crush the summon with its bulk. Not even the massive knight could match such weight and strength, but it didn’t need to.

Those horrible masks lit up, eyes haunting, and when the body began to peel apart, Jaune knew what was coming.

“Professor!”

She was already moving. Rearing back, she threw her polearm with all of her might, the shaft pulsing. It slammed into the Grimm’s writhing body, buried deep – and then with another pulse, it looked as if an explosion had gone off. An unstoppable force expanded outwards, Gravity Dust tearing its flesh apart. It wasn’t enough to stop the coming attack, but it was enough to redirect it.

Jaune grit his teeth as that powerful beam attack blasted across the chamber, flying above their heads and slamming into the wall several hundred meters away, rock ceasing to exist. The chamber trembled violently, rocks falling from above, and they had to move or risk being crushed.

The air tasted metallic as it finished, rushing in to fill the vacuum once again. Peach's weapon flew back into her grip, and she launched it again, the pulsing weapon blasting chunks of flesh away from its body.

The white knight backed up, slashing through a grasping arm. From the blood more Grimm spawned, rushing at them, but they were almost there.

"Just a little more!" Jaune shouted, backing up as they were set upon. Yatsunashi and Ilia covered their left while Fox and Blake had their right. Velvet mowed them down with a copy of Coco's weapon, slicing through them with a hail of bullets.

The crates were at their back.

This was as close as they were going to get it.

"Now what do we do?" Coco asked.

"Now we kill it," Professor Peach answered, her weapon flying back to her hand. The purple light faded, Dust depleted. "Gather around, and hold hands! Mr. Arc – I'm going to need your help!"

They all linked up quickly, Jaune taking Peach's outstretched hand, and taking the hand of Blake with his other. Even the White Fang crowded in, those who still remained, until they were all forming two chains on either side of their teacher.

"Semblance, now," Peach ordered, and he flooded her with aura. She straightened, her chest expanding as she inhaled deeply. "This is going to be uncomfortable!"

Jaune could only describe what happened next as being squashed into a very tiny space and then expanding again rapidly. One moment they were standing behind Weiss' summon as it battled with the giant Grimm, and then the next, they were over five hundred meters away. Jaune gasped, disorientated, falling to his knees as he heard everyone else collapse around him.

"What was *that*?" Nora groaned, clutching at her head.

Peach panted, sweat beaded on her brow. "Teleportation. My semblance. I've never moved so many people at once before."

Her skin had gone ashen, eyes bloodshot. Yet she remained standing, though her legs trembled. That was how she'd been able to get between Jaune and Adam so quickly.

"Ms. Scarlatina," she barked, leaning on her weapon.

"M-Ma'am?"

"Take it out!"

Velvet nodded, standing shakily before focusing, her weapon of light morphing. It was a weapon he had never seen before, some type of sniper rifle, more than enough to reach the target.

The Dust.

She crouched, and without a word, Fox offered his shoulder, the barrel resting atop his collar. This was clearly something they had done before, the rabbit faunus, kneeling, one knee on the ground, her other foot planted as she peered down the scope.

Jaune watched as Weiss' summon was torn to shreds, the Grimm overpowering it at last – but it had done its job. Taking a deep breath, Velvet held it – and pulled the trigger.

The Hard-Light Dust round punched into one of the lower crates, through it, and into the others. The reaction was immediate, the volatile Dust inside igniting, and with a flash that burned their eyes, the pile of Dust detonated.

Jaune's semblance activated instinctively, reaching out to protect them all. He reached out for the nearest person, shielding them behind his back.

It was the last thing Jaune saw as the shockwave slammed into them, the air driven from his lungs before the entire cavern fractured, the city of Mountain Glenn collapsing on their heads as the Grimm was consumed in hellfire, the intense heat washing across his face even from so far away.