

**Shattered Legacy**  
**Ragnos Fleet**  
**Ruuria System**

“Why are we waiting sir?” The helmsman turned to look at the dark armoured figure that stood upon the bridge of the Shattered legacy. No one else made a sound as they busied themselves with their work. The helmsman was young, perhaps new to the ship and hadn’t quite understood how things worked yet or perhaps his position gave him the confidence to query. “Sir?” He asked again staring up the youngest Keibatsu.

The black helm turned to face the young man yet said nothing. It understood why it was being question as the Marka Ragnos fleet sat on the outskirts of the battle and observed. Watching the rest of Clan Naga Sadow engage the forces of the collective. Bright flashes illuminated the space before them and signatures both friendly and enemy vanished as each minute passed. The helmsman was right to query, Sanguinius had just opened a channel to the vessel demanding they join the fight but the black armour had cut him short before cutting the call completely.

“Sir, please they are diei...”

THUMP

The figure of the helmsman slumped across the desk, without ceremony members of Talon company proceeded to drag the man from his position whilst another, an experienced pilot, took the vacant position. Still silence reigned primarily in the bridge. No one had blinked as the armour stepped forward and cracked the man across the face hard enough to knock him flat. These were veteran Ragnosians after all, those that had served with him during the defense of the Grand Masters vessel when the collective first arrived.

Moments passed and then finally a light blinked out. One of the collective dreadnaughts had taken critical damage and detonated, clearing the space around it. Enough space for what the Quaestor had planned alongside his command crew.

“Sir?”

“Do it,” came the cracked reply from the armour.

The fleet had stationed itself some distance off and floated listlessly through space. Then all of a sudden each ship in sequence powered up their engines, focused on designated areas and activated their hyper drives. The maneuver was risky, at best they’d arrive where they planned but a little off. At worst, well.

Silence clung to the vessel as it jumped. Then as quick as it begun it finished and somehow they arrived where they were meant too.

“All ships accounted for, opening fire on designated targets Sir,” the chief weapons officer barked over the comms. Where there had been silence a raucous chorus of voices rang out. Fire reigned from the ship as it aimed it’s batteries at those wounded collective ships nearby. “We have confirmed Kill. Void and Requiem have confirmed one between them all, Pathfinder has engaged. Requested assistance.”

“Provide it, I leave the remaining battle operation in your capable hands Captain,” the armoured figure motioned to the man at his side. “Ensure victory, as I have no room nor tolerance this day for failure.”

“As you command Sir, by estimate of the operation we should have cleared enough space in...” Something flashed across the screen as Pathfinder vanished in a blaze. “By the, what did that? Get me eyes now!”

View screens lit up as a unwounded collective Dreadnaught soared into view from above. It’s weapons lit up and splashed heavily across the shields of the Shattered Legacy. The enemy ship wasn’t stopping and the Captain’s brow crinkled as a bead of sweat started to wind its way from his temple to just above his eye.

Everyone stared as the behemoth approached, some uttered their last words. Even the black figure closed his eyes for the inevitable impact. But none came. As Kojiro opened them he gazed out, where once the Pathfinder had been, and circled by debris the Fallen Spear, flagship of the Keibatsu, had appeared. The sudden arrival of the vast vessel had spooked the collective Captain forcing him to change direction but not before the Spear unloaded it’s payload into the enemy vessel.

A cheer rang across the bridge, but a few harsh words caused it to silence quickly. As the Dreadnaught maneuvered away, Kojiro was annoyed to see the rest of the CNS fleet had managed to carve a path to them. This was to be a Ragnosian victory. The House owed them for the surprise assault before. The Quaestor had no intention of allowing his men and woman to not get their own back.

“Captain, continue the assault. We shall not all this Collective a moment's respite, they have blood to pay for and their own blood to pay with. Wipe them all out. Leave none alive.”

Ragnos would have blood.