

Rulvak landed upon the *Godless Matron* with the mercenaries, ready for whatever may greet him. It was bound to be a chaotic mess, but there was a mission. The bounty was very straightforward; 'Eliminate all enemies of the Brotherhood aboard the *Godless Matron*, and return the helm to the captain's control. As the shuttle doors hissed open, the stench of burnt flesh and clothing hit them in the face. The Warlord looked around at the empty bay, seeing nothing except numerous corpses lying about. Mercenaries from everywhere were showing up, but all going separate directions. Rulvak recognized a few from the Battle Teams Deathwatch and Saxon, members from House Wren, and Clan Vizsla overall.

"They must have been caught off guard." Rulvak muttered to himself as he looked at the different corpses he passed, examining them for potential clues to his foes. The members had been caught in the initial storm upon the docking stations from the Collective Forces whilst doing their daily tasks. Anything he could learn before an engagement would help in combat immensely. Nearly every body that he examined was full of blaster holes. There seemed to be none that made it out of the bay alive.

The group moved further into the ship, and it wasn't long before they ran into the enemies he had been tasked to take out. From what he could tell so far, they were a deadly shot. Rulvak took this opportunity to duck into cover before observing any more.

"Cybernetics. As expected from the Collective. Didn't they learn their lesson last time?"

In an instant, his body vanished from view, with only a slight shimmer where he once stood. He made his way towards the Marine. Drawing his vibroblade, he stabbed at the enemy. Simultaneously, the Marine dodged out of the blade's path, avoiding a fatal strike, but taking a chunk out of the side of his torso.

The Quaestor was taken aback at missing the death blow. He had not planned for this Marine to survive, and now had to recalculate the engagement. Dodging a series of incoming strikes from the Marine, the Sephi once again vanished from view. Noticing that another Marine was vulnerable from within a large room attached to the hall, he quickly turned in its direction.

Rulvak moved gracefully across the room and over furniture as he approached the other Marine, this time sweeping the legs from him before bringing both blades down into the chest of the half-machine monstrosity. Immediately, the Warlord began taking fire from the hall and a side room, being hit successfully twice before cloaking once more.

There was no choice, he had to retreat. One shot had hit him square in the left leg, and the other grazed his right arm. It was all he could do to maintain his cloak as he made his way back to the shuttle in defeat. These things were impossible to take on alone. He would have to return to the shuttle, and gather some help from his brethren that had spread along the ship while he addressed his wounds.