
Title: **[STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

Post by: **exnyte on May 01, 2005 08:30 AM**

(<http://www.exnyte.com/eximages/fury.png>)

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"Alert. Alert. Incoming Meteor Strike. All personnel to your bunkers. This is not a drill." EVA's soft voice insisted urgently.

Aiden was already in the bunker, as was every other member of Firebase Zulu. They had been for 12 hours now and there was no sign they would be able to come out soon.

The meteor storms were increasing in their frequency, and severity in these dark days, seeding the earth with the evil that was Tiberium. The hope for enegy for the developing world was now nothing more than a catalyst to destroy their world.

The ground shook as a meteor plowed into the already ruined Radar facility, and levelled it. He put the pillow over his head and tried to drown out the noise. His thoughts drifted to a recent telecast he had seen trying to explain the meteor phenomenon.

Some scientist named Mobius was talking about how deep space scans had picked up the meteors and tracked their route back to the outer Kuiper Belt. It was his estimation that they were being flung at Earth purposely and that earth was under "Terraforming". The opposing guest on the talk show had countered by saying there had been strikes on the other planets as well, and that the phenomenon was a result of some sort of gravitational disturbance that was agitating the Kuiper matter. His theory was that a passing solar system was crossing on a path not on the Solar plane and throwing extrasolar material like billiard balls scattered by the cue ball.

Not that it mattered much anymore. Just surviving was difficult at best. The victory over Cabal had been short lived as Worldwide conditions worsened and the populace was evacuated to the polar regions. Nod had moved first, and claimed the critical Antarctic southern landmass, while GDI had moved to the northern ice cap, and greenland, iceland and northern canada and Russia.

The Warmer Equatorials were the domain of the mutants now, with limited facilities by both parties scattered over the globe. The oceans were choked with Tiberian based plant life extending down 20 feet, and was so thick that ship travel was impossible. Vein hole monsters consumed everything they came in contact with that wasn't tiberian, and once great cities crumbled under their hunger.

The ones he hated most though were the floaters. He knew the horror of seeing them consume matter indiscriminately as four of them wiped out his platoon. Men and machine were drained of every valuable mineral they consisted of. The screams didn't last long, thankfully. An entire Platoon of firepower had been useless, and he just ran. The last survivor of a once proud veteran unit.

EVA's soft and re-assuring voice spoke again.

"Attention. Ion storm approaching. All personnel to your bunkers. This is not a drill."

His spirit descended into the depths of despair, and he prayed silently to be allowed to live.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:31 AM**

A gruff looking Saergent came over and spoke to get his attention.

"Sir, I've got Bunker 4 on the line. They've got problems."

Aiden lept from bed, and followed him back to the command room. It was buried deeper, and the noise of the incessant Ion strikes was lessened.

"Major Mcmanus here, what's going on?"

The voice on the other end was shaky and panic fraught, and broke up in between static interference from the Ion strikes.

"Sir, ...e've take....direct hit in the bunker.need evac now.....lightning strikes everywhere and"

"Say again Bunker 4. Say your last."

Static met his request. He hung up, and yelled to the sargeant.

"Lou, get some men, and get over to bunker 4. Evac them to whatever you can find for shelter until this Ion storm ends. take Doc with you."

"Sir!"

Lou pulled three men from the gaurd detachment and kicked Doc's cot. He woke and Lou told him what was going on.

His first response was to look at the slitted viewport, and say "Now?"

The sky responded for Lou by unleashing a bolt near their bunker and throwing dirt clods against the battered bunker.

Aiden met them at the bunker door. "Bust your butts, and don't screw around. All I need you to do is get them some cover, and stay with them. Go."

The sargeant was first through the door, followed by the other four. Aiden moved to the command deck and watched their progress on what monitors still functioned throughout the base.

They made it as far as the ruined repair shop before they were incinerated by a burst of lightning. Bunker 4 smoldered in the distance.

He cursed under his breath, and silently railed against his responsibilities as post commander. Making life and death decisions was an every day event he had to bear, but they had been good men. Now they had no doctor either.

He tried to raise anyone on the comm lines. Nothing but static as the earth screamed under the assault it was bearing.

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Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:31 AM**

Explosions racked the bunker, and he brought up the base surveillance for the western quarter of the base. Only three of the five cameras were still functioning, but they answer the question of what was going on outside the bunker.

Just beyond the Tiberium Refinery was a highly valuable Blue Tiberium field that had cropped up out of the Vinifera plant at the heart of the field of green. They had been elated when it had happened, and refining was twice as profitable lately. But now he saw it for the curse that it was.

The highly unstable energy crystals were drawing the full attention of the lightning above, and the crystals were rupturing and venting their volatile energy. The resulting explosions

were setting off other crystals and the chain reaction was engulfing the field, and the harvester in it.

"Harvester under attack." EVA's voice, while calming, was telling more bad news for the future of reconstruction of the base after this was over.

The automated robot was attempting to leave the field under a direct override from Mcmanus, but the field of explosions were consuming it.

"Harvester status, EVA."

"Harvester functioning at forty three percent capacity. Forty one percent, Thirty Eight percent...."

"EVA, Give me a base status."

"The base is under lockdown while the Ion storms are in progress.

Weapons Factory: Offline

Power Plant: Offline

Tiberium Refinery: Online. Heavy damage to automated conveyor system.

Base defenses: Online. Operating at 30 percent efficiency. SAM sites are offline.

Radar Tracking and Primary EVA uplink: Offline

Personnel Barracks: Online. Heavy Damage to structure.

Orca Transport Pad: Online. Aircraft on pad has been destroyed.

Bunker One: Offline

Bunker Two: Online

Bunker Three: Online

Bunker Four: Offline"

"EVA how long till the storms end?"

"Ion activity is expected to decrease within the next hour."

"Thank you, alert me the minute uplink with Philadelphia is established, and give them our status."

"Affirmative."

He realized then that his command had been destroyed in the course of a single day. The base was rendered useless by the storms, and they couldn't extract via Orca. He was going to have to request Evac and abandon the base. In the background, a massive explosion burned into the Tiberium refinery, and set it on fire. EVA announced what he already knew.

"Tiberium Harvester destroyed. Unable to produce a replacement. Production of Tiberium halted.

Tiberium Refinery reports systems failure.

Tiberium refinery: Offline"

He stayed in the command center for another 45 minutes watching as the base continued its death spiral, and surveillance cameras died off one by one. Then as soon as it had started, it was over.

EVA told him good news for the first time in 13 and a half hours.

"Major, Ion activity has subsided. I am attempting to re-establish contact with Philadelphia....."

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"Primary and Secondary Uplinks destroyed. Unable to establish a direct link to Philadelphia Station."

"EVA, contact Southern cross, or the nearest GDI facility. Give them our present status, and request evac."

"Confirmed. Attempting to contact Southern Cross Planetary command EVA...
Unable to establish link.

Attempting to contact London EVA...

Link established via Land lines. Downloading...."

While he waited for confirmation, he sent orders to the remaining bunker to meet up here, and find any survivors from the others on the way. he also sent orders to do a quick eval of abse assets, and start planning for destruction of anything that might be useable to Nod.

EVA spoke again.

"Attention. Philadelphia and Southern Cross notified of situation. Immediate withdrawal approved. Standby for evacuation of all base personnel within the hour. Southern Cross has ordered protocol Epsilon-three."

He knew what that meant. All structures and units destroyed, and the EVA core airlifted out. They wouldn't have to do anything except bring the core up. After the evacuation the base would be obliterated by Ion strike.
He ordered EVA to shut down, and the men to pull the core, ASAP.

One hour later dropships were on the ground, and the core strapped down. It was only the size of a shipping crate, but heavy. The pilot whistled in amazement as he greeted the Major, and looked around.

"Y'all got rolled pretty hard, eh?"

"You might say that. Where are we getting evac'ed to?" Mcmanus asked.

"Ah've got ordahs to bring y'all to London. You boys aren't the only ones that got rolled, so we're gonna see what's left, and reassign you."

"Ought to be interesting."

The remaining men loaded the wounded into the ships, and got in themselves. As the ship lifted off Aiden looked down on his command.

He wanted to whistle as well. The entire base was on fire, or smoldering. Titans lay ruined, and the hole where the harvester had been was beginning to fill up with tiberium already. The meteor strikes were very evident. Their long scarring burn marks marred the bases' concrete pads and in some cases streaked into the buildings themselves where the fires still burned.

The telltale blue hue of an Ion strike was beginning to collect already. He silently saluted the men they were leaving in shallow graves, and turned to look away.

Tomorrow was another day, and he was still alive.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:32 AM**

The flight to London was a calm one, but anything short of a hurricane would be after what they just gone through. He scanned the countryside as they flew on to England, and relative safety.

The French Countryside had been overrun by mutant lifeforms. They passed over Paris, and he could see that the reports about the city had been true for the most part. GDI still maintained an outpost here primarily out of respect for the former French Government that had been rolled into the GDI conglomerate, but there was no other reason to be there. The city had been ruined by meteor strikes, fires that had run rampant and the floaters that were attracted to anything that generated bio-energy. In the distance, the Eiffel tower still stood defiant, and looked intact from afar, but as they flew closer to it, they could see that it had been struck, burned and melted by numerous Ion inspired lightning strikes. It wouldn't collapse anytime soon, but it was not the same tower he

knew from childhood.

They passed over the GDI contingent, and saw order in the middle of chaos. The neatly kept base was rectangular at its perimeter, and the buildings aligned in perfect, mandated GDI fashion. Instead of relying on mobile units like his former base had, this base had the luxury of using automated defenses, and he could see the highly sensitive masts of four anti-cloaking/underground unit sensors deployed in overlapping grids for 360 degree coverage.

The sight he appreciated most though, was the Firestorm generators. The legendary protective energy wall could deflect anything coming toward the base any any angle other than 90 degree perpendicular and he could see a debris ring around the base from various items that had been deflected over time. Aircraft peices, and tiberium meteors were now nothing more than bits of junk in the ever deepening ring of debris.

They were quickly past Paris, and now over the channel. It, like the rest of the global water supply was choked with Tiberian life, albeit not as much due to the colder temperature. They came upon England and could see the difference that humans made in this new world. As the last bastion of Humanity this far south in Europe, it was rigorously maintained, and the Tiberian life managed well. Each Tiberium field was encapsulated in concrete barriers, and limited. The floaters and beasts that ran amok in france were no where to be seen here, and Titans roamed in packs with Wolverines along the coast to prevent their entry from across the channel.

It was the famed Battle of Britain all over again, but this time the enemy was far more dangerous, and persistent. It would never tire or give up.

"Command, this is AT 3 inbound on vector 056 with Zulu survivors. Requesting permission to land."

"Affirmative AT 3. You are clear to land at Heathrow sector 7, pad 23."

"Thank you Command. AT 3 acknowledges. Good to be home."

Heathrow was far different than it ever had been before. It was now GDI's southern European Air command, and had been expanded to quadruple of its former status. If it fell, so would Europe's air control.

Lines of Orcas were ready in pre-flight status, and he could see patrols of them circling.

This was more like it.....

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They were met by a junior officer who stood holding his cap against the rotor wash. Mcmanus ordered the men under his command to assemble in formation by the hangar, and was saluted by the junior Officer as he turned, he returned the salute, then dropped it and asked: "Where do they want us?"

The junior man motioned him toward the still assembling men after leaving their helos. "Sir, your men are to be re-assigned to other units. We have a staging area ready for them south of here. I will get them where they need to be. General Mcneil needs to see you ASAP. I have a car waiting over there." He pointed over to the plain white government hover sedan. It rested on its pads waiting for him.

"Alright, Let me say goodbye to the men."

He adressed their assembled ranks, and his second in command gave him the low-down on what condition they were in, then requested orders.

"Men, we're being re-assigned. I'm sorry it ends this way, I really am. It's been an honor to serve with you, and I am sure we will meet again. The Leutenant here will show you to temporary quarters until command decides where they need you most. That is all."

He saluted them and turned on his heel as the junior man shouted orders for them to file into waiting trucks.

After being in command so long it felt strange to have no command to be responsible for anymore. As he approached the waiting car, it lifted onto the air. What did Mcneil want? It wasn't as if he was unique, and appointments with him were impossibly rare. He was anxious for the first time in years. He preferred meteor storms to unknown meetings with the brass.

He sighed as he opened the car door, and turned to look back one last time. The men were almost loaded. His second sensed his gaze, and looked back, saw him, and saluted one last time.

He would miss his men. He climbed in, and closed the door.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:32 AM**

As the driver took him past rows of Orca pads, he gazed out the window marvelling at the way GDI had reclaimed overgrown England. Twelve months ago, the Island nation was being overrun, and preparing for evacuation before GDI had assumed defense, and beat back the tide of Tiberian life.

Tiberium still grew, but was harvested quickly, and controlled through perimeter barriers that needed replacement every three months. The Tiberian lifeforms had taken a better part of six months and many lives to contain, but the island was now a model of how to manage things in this new world. On their left, hangar buildings holding bombs, rockets, and spare Orca parts were neatly maintained and their support personnel and vehicles buzzed about. On his right, the Orca pads sat serenely as craft landed, and were serviced.

It was a standard day in GDI, with rigidity and order. He was pleased to be a part of controlling the chaos that consumed their world. He often found himself wondering how Nod was faring since the last conflict had ended.

The temporary alliance against Cabal abruptly ended after the fall of core when both sides had advanced almost simultaneously on the last remnants of Cabal's ruined cyborg army. When the Core Defender had raised up and started dealing massive blows to both armies with the Obelisk based platforms in its arms they had opened fire as one on the massive cyborg that was cutting huge swaths through their ranks. His wolverine squadron was absolutely useless against it, and they took grievous losses. He ordered them back to allow the Titans free fire access. It seemed as if they were going to lose, until Nod Banshees pounded the beast's leg hydraulics, and when out of ammo the fanatics rammed their craft into it. It fell to its knees and the horde of assembled Nod tanks and armor fell upon it tearing it to pieces. GDI units watched in horror as Nod units fanatically tore at the beast, sometimes just with their half ruined cyborg bodies clawing uselessly at enhanced armor plates.

Once defeated, the armies now stood opposed to each other in a classic standoff with only their commanders holding them in check.

Aiden had been there that day, and watched as GDI units were pounced upon without warning by Nod's remaining forces. He heard the screams from the base as Banshees and Harpies crested the perimeter, and caught the unsuspecting base without the units that now faced a hostile Nod army. He tried to outflank the Nod artillery as it poured its death onto their ranks trying to escape. As he made their attack run, Nod Flame tanks appeared from the ground, and tore his squadron to pieces. He was forced to join the retreat. The only thing that saved them was GDI air superiority and luck. A flight of Orca bombers was inbound to take out the core when it had fell to Nod forces. They were preparing to turn around when pleas for support came from the now embattled GDI army.

The bombers had levelled the playing field, and GDI was able to escape with its much decimated core group. Nod was forced to withdraw in the face of the furious bombing.

He was still lost in thoughts from the past when an all too familiar sound reached his ears. The base warning klaxons were going off, and personnel were scrambling to their defense posts. Orcas were spooling up their fans, and his driver was forced to stop as equipment movers started sending payloads to the now scrambling Orcas.

"ALERT. INCOMING CRAFT. ALL HANDS MAN YOUR BATTLE STATIONS. THIS IS NOT A DAMN DRILL!"

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:32 AM**

Before anyone could react, black aircraft with blue lightning like lights dropped from the sky.

"What the....." but that was all Aiden could get out before they started firing. Blue lightning arced out from the alien wingtips, and tore into a long line of Orcas on thier pads. It seemed like they fired forever in their strafing runs, and it wasn't long before half the assembled GDI airpower in Southern England was destroyed on the ground.

Aiden's driver gaffed like a school boy as an alien fighter poured lightning death coming toward them. Aiden screamed at him to move the damn car now! but the driver was lost in mezmerization and reacted too late. Aiden leapt from the car as the blue beams ruined the car and it erupted into flame. He was struck by flying wreckage and it lodged into his hip. He winced, as he crawled from the flames of the car, then used another piece of wreckage to dig the metal out.

Above him, the Orcas on patrol returned to the base, and engaged the attackers. They had the drop on them, but the missiles wouldn't track on thier profiles, and slammed uselessly into the ground causing more havoc. The pilots realized this quickly, and switched to miniguns, but by that time the alien pilots were aware of thier prescence and turning to face the attackers. One pilot managed to land enough DU ronds into one craft to cause it to erupt into a blue ball of lightning, but it engulfed the pursuing orca as well.

That was the only victory in the sky for GDI that day though. The black craft quickly outmaneuvered, and outgunned the orcas, and the battle was over before it really began. They then returned thier attention to the base which was mustering only a passing defense. Tracers leapt into the sky attempting to hit the fast moving targets. Aiden could see there was no coordination, and because of it, the defenses were being picked off one at a time.

He needed to do something to help. He ran for the closest Vulcan tower still operating as fast as his ruined muscle would let him.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:33 AM**

When he finally got there, the tower was having trouble, and wasn't firing. It was just as well, considering that the ones that were returning fire, were getting plastered one by one. He ran down the bunker stairs of the operating center, and found a very harried junior officer trying desperately to contact command.

Aiden burst into the room, and everyone inside stopped what they were doing and looked at him.

"Alright, SITREP. Now."

"Um, We uh..."

He looked at the junior officer and said in a loud clear voice to everyone. I am assuming command. Do what I say, when I say it or we all die today. Follow orders and you might live through today."

He pointed at each man as he gave orders.

"You, I need to know what you know." he shouted at the officer.

"You, contact the other Vulcans, and order a temporary cease fire under my authority. Tell them coordinate through this command station." he ordered the comm officer.

"You, get me whatever we have for coffee." he ordered a non comm.

The junior officer stammered out the sit-rep. "Sssir, we have a jam, and it's being cleared. Estimated time to repair 3 minutes while the chamber cycles the bad belt out, and a fresh one in. I have seven towers left in working condition within receiver range."

He pointed to an electronic map showing green dots signifying working towers, and red dots signifying out of commission towers. There were many more out of commission, than there were working.

From the rear, the comm officer yelled: "Sir, the others confirm your order. We have control of them all. Our belts are cleared of the jam as well."

"Good. Put me on a voice link and get them all online."

A minute went by, and a lip mic was offered to him. A hand signal let him know he was online.

"Listen up. This is Major Aiden Mcmanus. I am assuming command. We are all that's left, so we need to work together on this. Keep those towers firing when the order is given and lay down cover fire with your rifles no matter what the cost. That's your only function people. This station will assume command through the network for fire control. If your tower gets fragged, move to the next working tower, and lay cover fire with whatever you have left. Confirm."

Each station confirmed his orders, and he stayed online while ordering the command and control officer to switch on tower 13.

"Alright people, I am drawing them in. Standby."

He had the operator fire bursts at each offending fighter in the op-area. They quickly shifted thier attention from anti-personnel operations to the offending tower.

They were regimented, Aiden had to give them that. Rather than a pell mell melee of destruction, they formed on thier leader, and advanced in a delta formation. Tower 13 wouldn't stand a chance alone against the assembled aircraft now bearing down on it.

"Station 13, stand by for impact."

The delta formation flew steadily towards the tower, and had advanced halfway down the corridor the towers roughly made up.

"Do it. Take them down."

The c&c officer punched the fire button, and the computer's pre-calculated cross fire from all seven towers caught the flight from all sides. From a roughly 360 degree circle of death, the towers fired depleted uranium at 6000 rounds a minute. The rounds tore into the aircraft from all angles, and the resulting blue fireballs caused a chain reation in the delta formation. Only two them sharply pulled up, and evaded the trap. Aiden had the cannons coordinated fire concentrate solely on one at a time. The advanced maneuvering and technology was no match for 42,000 rounds of ammunition flying towards the craft, and the fighter spiralled out of the sky, and crashed into the hangars. The sheer amount of ammo flying around caused its sister ship to be peppered anyway, and it too dropped from the sky, plowing into the base's man made lake.

The men cheered as the radar cleared of enemy aircraft. Aiden smirked as he looked over at the junior officer and said:

"Get me command, if it even still exists, and where the hell is that coffee, NCO?".

"Alright, send out the following to whoever is still listening, and repeat every five minutes for an hour: Major Aiden Mcmanus is assuming command until higher authority exerts itself. Report sit reps directly to this station. Any EVA links still connected report in. I need to talk to Southern cross or Philadelphia ASAP. All personnel unassigned to muster, and reclamation duties needs to get out there and find the injured. I want reports on each station's activities on the hour."

"Understood. Sending now."

Within the hour He had received radioed reports from stations that could, and the ones without radio contact reported through the ones that did. He started to see a much clearer picture of what they were facing.

The base had been destroyed. It was no longer a protective force for England anymore. Command had been obliterated early, and EVA links were interfered with by outside sources. Air power for this region was gone. Destroyed almost entirely on the ground before it could fire a single shot.

They had a smattering of mech armor that hadn't been destroyed, and plenty of smaller trucks etc. They could at least repel a small Nod attack. That was the one thing that disturbed him the most. Where was Nod? Was it Nod that had fired on them? He doubted it. They were advanced, but not that much so. Even their best cloaking could now be detected.

Without comms, and no one to report to, he would do the best he could to hammer together a force, and keep what they had.

"Keep trying to raise someone, radioman. I need comms."

"Yes sir."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:33 AM**

As Aiden assembled the remainder of humanity at Heathrow for withdrawal, the NCO finally handed the mug of semi-warm liquid to him. He enjoyed a moment of seclusion atop a ruined Titan as he surveyed the fires in the distance, and saw night approaching on the horizon.

He looked up and saw the twinkling light that was Philadelphia, and willed them to call down to him to give him some guidance. He would get men to safety or at least give them a fighting chance, but some instruction from above would be nice. Night approached and the coffee was gone. From behind him, a voice called with some new impending crisis, and he looked up again at Philadelphia, then turned back to his immediate task of saving this command from annihilation.

Far above them, Philadelphia spun slowly on its axis. Inside, Solomon watched the screens in silence as they conveyed the global disaster unfolding in front of him. Both Nod and GDI were under attack, and on the run to their respective polar regions. A communications blackout was in effect, but not of their own doing. Whoever was blocking was more powerful than their existing tech. The engineers were trying desperately to restore comms.

Southern Cross was a smoldering wasteland from what he could tell from their satellite zooms. He hoped the very competent Cortez was able to survive. GDI would need his leadership when they were able to strike back at the unseen foe. Suddenly alarm klaxons blared and the duty officer looked over at him.

"Sir, we've got hostile incoming."

"On screen. Scramble our defenses, and get the point defenses online."

On the screen, larger than life black ships with their characteristic electric blue lights approached. Solomon knew what they were. He had seen them before at a crash site from

10 year prior.

The Scrin were finally here for their terraformed planet.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:33 AM**

It was Philadelphia that struck first.

The spindly little fighters that had launched at the onset of General Quarters approached the first of the Scrin ships. They unleashed a volley of fire from their mass driver cannons and did a fair amount of damage to the much larger ship. It retaliated in kind, and scoured the little ships with a barrage of electrical energy that effectively popped them out of existence into baby supernovas. Point defense cannons on the Philadelphia struck back against the ship. Missiles, lasers, Mass Drivers and various projectile weapons lashed out in a dance of death toward the foreign invader. Space was littered with explosions, and vented energy as it was able to fend off most of the energy weapons but succumbed to the more antiquated physical weapons.

It seemed to stop in space, and continued absorbing the punishment from Philadelphia. Then from several areas fire erupted from the ship, and it exploded into space from each successive wound. The other Scrin ships fanned out around Philadelphia and before the humans could even celebrate their victory, the station was in a desperate fight for its life.

The energy weapons of the Scrin lashed the facing sections of the station, and ripped it open to the vacuum. Human bodies were sucked into space, freezing in the void before they could explode from their tissues venting their gasses to space.

Solomon fell to the deck as the station shook under the multiple impacts. He screamed at the operators as the lights went out: "Concentrate fire on the closest ship."

The response he got was less than heartening.

"Sir, power is down. I have no control and the weapons stations are firing on point defense with no automated coordination."

Solomon sighed as he picked himself up from another impact of energy.

"Give the order to abandon ship. Launch the recorders with an impact trajectory near the North Pole. Set autodestruct for five minutes."

"Aye sir."

The battle raged in space for those precious five minutes as the valiant defenders refused to abandon to protect those that were trying to. They were losing rapidly, and unable to save the majority of humanity now leaving the station in escape capsules for the moon base or the polar regions. Only a few would live to tell the tale.

General Solomon would not be one of them.

The station erupted in a fury of Fusion generated energy. Its last gasp of anger was projected outward at the surrounding ships, and managed to damage them in its last act of defiance. But not enough to prevent the continued onslaught of earth. Earth based stations around the globe stared up as they watched the new star in the sky expand and grow outward then dim to nothingness. Humanity collectively despaired as they watched their hope for safety evaporate into nothing but debris and expanding gasses.

Aiden said a small prayer, and turned back to his task. They were alone, and he knew it now. There would be no help, and no instruction.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:34 AM**

McNeil had been the last to leave, and only upon direct orders and an escort out in the

midst of chaos.

As the station fell apart around them, both he and Chandra ducked flying debris on the way to the Kodiak v2.0. The large hangar awaited them, and structural beams were falling onto the large ship itself as they approached. Macneil hoped there was nothing structurally wrong. Inside the bay, chaos reigned supreme as the station shook with every impact, and the staff tried to evacuate in whatever ship was closest.

At the bay door an electric blue bolt sliced through the heavy steel doors and into the bulkhead on the other side of the bay. The smell of ozone was very evident. They ran up the ramp, the guards no longer having to force Mac into compliance, but now trying to keep up as the door started to close behind them. He had to pick his way through a sea of humanity, and shouted to the guards to get the others to safer areas of the ship, and buckle in.

On the command deck Chandra was already spooling up the engines, and shouting orders to his second. The ship lifted off its pads and headed for the bay door awaiting it to open as it leaked air through the gash. Solomon's face appeared through static and he was bleeding from a cut on his forehead. Bodies lay strewn around the command deck.

"Mac, get out of here. I need you to pick up the pieces and hit back."

Mac grimaced as an explosion of electronics behind Solomon caused him to duck, then continue.

"That's an order. And play this for the command staff when you arrive. You have control of every man woman and child that can still fight. Take back Earth, Mac."

"Yes sir." A moment of silence passed between the two, and they relived 20 years of history in a moment. Then Solomon spoke one last time as the screen grew fuzzier, and the command deck's emergency lighting flickered.

"Get out of here, dammit." He pushed a control, and the bay doors opened. Chandra didn't wait, and streaked through. As the picture faded, Mac afforded a salute to his mentor. Solomon returned it with a half smile, and the screen faded into static.

Outside the bay, the Scrin were focused on the annihilation of the offending station. "Make for the moon base on the far side. Evasive."

"Aye sir."

Behind them the station was a burning wreck. One scrin turned its attention to them, and fired. Blue energy lashed the port engine, but Chandra's driving rolled them from harm. He responded in kind by launching every weapon and countermeasure they had.

It was enough to make pursuing the ship distasteful to the scrin, and it turned on the smaller ships as Kodiak made for the ark side of the moon.

As they crossed the terminator, the station erupted, and the expanding energy pushed the scrin and everything else away like toys, casting them about, half damaged and adrift.

All Mac could do was just curse softly: "Dammit. I hate losing."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:34 AM**

Across the globe fires burned as the cities that were still occupied by humanity were taken apart piece by piece by the smaller attack craft.

Oddly enough it was Nod who had the greatest ability at bringing down the attackers with the obelisk and Banshee technology. While GDI was in full rout, it was Nod that was still making a fight of it using the scrin's own tech against it. Not that Nod hadn't tried to ally with the scrin. Not that they hadn't hoped for the destruction of Philadelphia, but their communications had gone unanswered, and they had been attacked as furiously as GDI.

Nod's leadership had been hard pressed for an answer to their followers, and as yet hadn't been able to explain why a Tiberium based lifeform would turn on followers of that same lifeform. Without Kane as a mediator, they had explained, the Scrin wouldn't know they were the chosen ones. The Blackhand had issued a statement saying this was punishment for not protecting Kane in the Tiberian wars. Strangely though rather than follow their own doctrines of accepting the punishment, they were at the forefront of the resistance to their angels of death.

So the globe burned as humanity tried to stay alive. If Philadelphia had lived through the onslaught, it would have monitored one strange anomaly. Only the Forgotten had been spared attacks. This would come to light for both entities soon enough, but for the most part, just living through today was good enough. As Aiden led his rag tag assembly north through the constant assaults, and Slavik dug into the ice of Antarctica venting his never ending rage on the skies, Macneil tried to figure a way back home through the blockade circling above earth.

The Scrin had not noticed the outlying Alpha base.

Yet.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:34 AM**

Three days after Initial Invasion:

The snow had begun to fall hard now, and the temperature was falling. After three days, they had only made it as far as Edinburg, Scotland due to the mess they had had to trudge through. Stragglers had attached themselves to his command as they had found them. Some willingly, some not so. Even some Nod infantry that had set up an observation post had been found, and after freezing for three days with no power or food, they had been amenable to going along with them.

The destruction had been severe everywhere they went, the dead laying where they had died. No one wanted to be in the open with those hated ships patrolling for human life, so no one had buried them.

They travelled by night now after learning the hard way on the first day. A Scrin strike on their column had decimated them, and forced them to travel by night only after they had fought them off with quick thinking on Aiden's part. During the day, they hid in the ruins of humanity's cities, and hoped for contact with a polar command they were no longer sure existed.

As twilight dropped the curtain of night, Aiden gave the command to get ready to move. The Nod troopers had been fairly invaluable and obedient to his surprise. They stayed with his command unit, and were vigilant to no end. It was them that had warned the group about the floater that had snuck into camp yesterday when the exhausted GDI troops slept. If not for them, there might not have been any command at all.

Along the line, he could hear the deisels roar to life, and the camp prepared to move. In the distance, a Tiberium field lay around Edinburg's western end. It backlit the suburb with an eerie pulsating green glow that was actually beautiful to look at, until you considered what caused it. They would have to go around it.

He called the men together, and issued the night's commands and they moved out at a crawl up the empty highway pushing errant ruined cars off when they came to them. It was going to be a long night.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **exnyte** on **May 01, 2005 08:34 AM**

Edinburgh was a ghost town. He allowed the officers to scan the city using the halogens mounted on the vehicles to scan for life at the risk of attracting the Scrin. He personally felt it necessary to save every life possible to continue life as they knew it. Not all the officers agreed, but his word was final.

Occasionally a voice would cry out in the night, and they would bring another with them on their march. The city was a wreck and a shadow of its former glory though. In some places fires still burned in the darkness raging against the snow that was still falling. They were able to stop at a supermarket for supplies, and a small break on the forced march north.

About midnight, they passed the Tiberium field that was reclaiming the territory it had lost to Edinburgh's former Harvesting operations. Once the power had shut down, the automated factories could only run for a day on the generators. The Automated harvester could be seen on the left still trying to back into the slot to dump its cargo and go back for more, but since the factory was no longer running the feed belts, the Tiberium had piled up, and the Harvester was the victim of its own efforts. Soon it would run out of fuel, and die like the rest of humanity's machines were now doing.

The further north they proceeded, the fewer patrols flew overhead, and they were able to proceed faster. Soon, Edinburgh was behind them, and daylight was approaching. They would need to stop, and dig in in a wooded area. He gave the orders, and the convoy left the road for the forest. Quiet returned to their world and only the sounds of the camp reached his ears except for the reports he received intermittently from the other officers.

They were low on fuel. Tomorrow night they needed to find some.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **May 02, 2005 11:40 AM**

The day passed uneventfully. The guards had had to fight off a small attack from the fiends that were now appearing all over the countryside, but not much else happened.

Aiden was up ahead of everyone else as usual, and already taking personal stock of their situation. He walked down the line of bedraggled vehicles toward the civilian part of their entourage. It was hard for him to come back here. His men knew how to take care of themselves, but these civilians were softer, and less likely to weather temperature changes, and hunger.

As usual they were pleading with him through the looks in their eyes, as if saying, please help us, and end our misery. He stopped to talk to a mother with a baby. He was sleeping, and his mother was singing softly. He smiled, and Aiden gained new strength for today's march from the song of a cold mother to her starving child.

Today they would find fuel, and attempt contact with other GDI forces at the risk of drawing the screen.
He returned to the CP, where his officers awaited him.

"We're heading for Iverness." he said, and pointed a sharp finger at the map. Iverness was near Lochness, and protected in the bay from the north sea. A former GDI base had been there, and they were going as well.

"We need fuel. There's an old base halfway there. Even if it got trashed, there will be stores of enough to get there underground. I also want contact with command attempted as well. I know the danger, but it's worth it. Let's move."

They filed out of the tent, and packed to go. This last stretch of highway in the dark would be their hardest, he figured. The radio would certainly draw attention, but how much?

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **May 03, 2005 12:06 PM**

His command vehicle took the lead, and the old APC rolled out ahead of the rest .

The highway was surprisingly clear of debris now. Apparently most civilians had tried to go south after the attacks. It hadn't saved them, but at least the roads were clearer. Occasionally, his driver would ram a small car off the road, or outright crush it.

As night loomed around them, he scanned for anything that might signal an attack, or patrols in the area. Nothing except moonlight profiling them against a lonely stretch of road in the Scottish highlands. He instinctively looked down at the GPS for the distance to the base. It was, of course, blank. All satellites had been destroyed by the third day. He yelled down to the gunner from the cupola: "What are we looking at for distance to the base?"

"Seven miles out Major."

He knew what he'd find there. Death and destruction. But the fuel would still be intact, he was fairly sure of it. As he drifted off into his thoughts, a glint of green off to his left caught his attention. He showed the spotlight toward it.

Three fiends were running full tilt toward them, and the lights of the Convoy. He spoke into the lip mic: "Incoming, 10 o'clock."

He pulled back on the .50 cal, and clicked off the safety. Tracers leapt from the APC behind them, and he could see them hitting the ugly creatures in the spotlight.

Not that it stopped them. More guns joined the battle, and one of them succumbed to the hail of bullets. He was fairly enjoying himself until a shout over the circuit said the words, no one wanted to hear.

"Sir, we've got floaters and visceroids back here."

"Get the civilians inside a perimeter, and hit them hard. They can't get through!"

The battle would rage for an hour as the teams gunned down the abominations. They would retreat, and come back repaired. Another round of battle, and they retreated again.

"We're moving."

They escaped as fast as possible, but the battle had drawn the attention of other mutant life. A running battle erupted, as they approached the gates of the base in the dark.

As expected, the base had been rolled. He ordered them into defensible positions, and tried to get a perimeter set up behind the ruined walls.

"Focus your fire. Don't let them escape!"

It was the visceroids that did the most damage to the walls. Floaters could do no harm without contact with them, but the fiends were cutting swaths through the ranks.

It was over in an hour. His force had been beat up hard, and would spend the rest of the night patching itself up, and burying its dead. He formed a team to search for fuel and ammo, and led it himself.

It wasn't long before they found adequate supplies to continue the journey, and they distributed them as best they could, even giving the civilians a chance to arm themselves, and in some cases taking able bodied men and reinforcing the defense team.

As dawn approached he was collapsing beside the APC. His confidence in finding a solution for this patch of humanity was fading.

Static, then a word. He heard the radio flare to life with some kind of activity. he raced into the back of the APC where the radio operator was trying to dial it in.

"Please tell me that you can get that signal...."

Dark Side of the moon

From the second Mcneil had arrived on the base, he had been peppered with problems to solve. He found that he didn't need to play the vid of Solomon's last will, because everyone had already assumed he was in command.

The first order of business had been to get comms back up somehow. The station had been built on the far side of the moon to prevent Nod's prying eyes from discerning what they were doing, and because water ice was plentiful in the deeper, and darker craters on this side. It provided water, and air for this lonesome godforsaken place. A geosynchronous satellite over the northern pole had acted as a relay link to the base until the invasion. The satellite was dust now, which presented a large logistical problem.

Two days ago they had tried using one of the bases' resupply modules as a relay, but it had been blown out of the sky within an hour after it had started transmitting.

It was Chandra that had thought of the solution. Relay links on the surface placed by a rover crew. They would set up the main transmitter and conduct burst transmissions before the Scrin could get a lock. He had insisted on leading the rover mission, and after 12 hours on the surface had returned.

Before they could even transmit, they were receiving signals from the surface on Nod, civilian, and GDI circuits. Everything from defense networks to hamm operators looking for info. The Earth was still alive, despite the onslaught.

GDI command established a link through their EVA, and tried to give them the dump despite intermittent jamming.

The news was not good.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Jun 08, 2005 06:36 AM**

Cortez's face appeared on screen as a grim, dour semblance of itself. The gaunt lines of his face seemed chiseled permanently into a scowl, and his eyes appeared to have sunken deeper into his face.

"Good to see you Commander." he said to Mcneil through the intermittent static that occasionally blurred the screen.

"Same to you General. Give it to me quick and dirty, and burst transmit your details. They are hitting the relays as soon as they lock onto them. We are transmitting our data, now. Standby to receive."

Cortez replied "Understood." He turned and pointed to someone offscreen, and returned to look at McNeil. "We're ready here. EVA, transmit on encoded channel Alpha two seven."

"TRANSMITTING" came the cool, detached voice of the long dead Lieutenant Eva.

"Alright Paul, what's going on down there?"

Cortez grimaced in a half frown, then started. "Basically sir, they have control of everything down here except the polar regions. Nod is camped out down south, and we have intermittent contact with Slavik's command. Our global assets are in full retreat and cut off from us. I can only assume that they are on thier way here, without the sattelite relays to tell me different.

Since Philadelphia went down, we have been trying to reorganize and defend what's left of our commands. I have set up a command center under the ice here, and are fairly well protected, but the forces topside are pretty much a duck hunt for the Scrin, if that's who they are. No tracking tech can bear on them, and only particle, and laser weapons on visual tracking tech can do any damage.

They have orders to keep thier heads down, and only fire when fired upon."

"And Nod? "

"They are having a time of it too. Seems thier promised deliverance never materialized. They are under harsher attack than us from what i can gather. Thier weapons are scrin based, and are doing some damage. They are receiving the full attention of the scrin at the moment which has been a nice break for us. I have some cutoff Nod commands reporting in here, strangely enough. Mostly armored units, no Blackhand.

Seems they prefer life under GDI command to no life at all."

"We're not much better Paul, We're pinned down on the luanr outpost. Nothing can move, or it gets blasted by the motherships. We are..."

"SIR!, They are trying to find the relay. I estimate they will have us in two minutes at the latest." The report came from offscreen by a junior comm officer.

"Got to go Paul. We will check in at 0300 tommorow."

"Good luck sir. Cortez out."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Jul 11, 2005 06:29 AM**

On the road to Iverness Scotland
02:00

Aiden and the radio operator hunched over the unit in the cold. The rear of the APC was open and letting in the cold and snow, but niether of them seemed to care as they fixated on the radio.

The digital relays were far faster than any human, and locked onto the weak signal.

"This is Ivernessommand. If there is any....aliv...to Iverness for extraction to the pola....per general Cortez commander, GDI Forces, Earth. Message Repeats.....This is Iverness GDI Northern England Comma....."

Aiden said "Try to establish contact and let them know we are coming. We pull out in an hour."

He turned and spoke into the lip mike as he turned it on. "Wake up gentlemen. Wev'e got contact with GDI at Iverness. We move in an hour."

He could hear groggy radiomen celebrating over the line, and smiled a half smile as he readied himself for the final push to Iverness.

Hope had sprung when they needed it most.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Jul 12, 2005 06:35 AM**

0330
The road to Iverness

Finally they had raised someone on the radio. The operator had apologized profusely, blaming the delay on the fact that no one had answered the automated system in a week. He had also relayed the fact that Iverness was being abandoned and they were fortunate indeed to arrive when they did.

About five minutes ago, they had gone off the air in order to move the transceiver to

another location and re-broadcast to keep the Scrin from blasting the signal. They now waited as they traveled north, the long convoy speeding through the night.

Aiden estimated that they would arrive at dawn. He hoped that the Scrin wouldn't pin them and take out the convoy. He had given orders to every man commanding a vehicle that if they were attacked, to head to Iverness at best speed, independently if necessary. If they got hit, at least some of them would make it.

The road was now littered with wrecked military vehicles that had run the gauntlet to this place. They weren't the first to arrive. Bodies hung out of vehicles in awkward positions, some half burned before they had frozen in the unnatural and early winter.

They crested a ridge, and down in the floodplain below them lay the ruined city of Iverness, and beyond it, the dark ocean. His driver pushed a legless wolverine off the road, and he got a chance to look down on the city in the morning twilight as they paused. Smoke rose from various part of the city. Apparently they had trying to hit transceivers, and the GDI forces that had remained were still one step ahead of them.

The sun rose at the edge of the world, and cast a green tinged light over the area which caused the water to sparkled beautifully. He scanned for the base as the APC jostled under impact with wolverine. It scraped the tar, and sparked as it's ruined cupola resisted moving. The deisel screamed as the driver brought he torque up, and it finally yeilded and lurched out the way, rolling down the bank.

He found the base. It lay on the edge of the water, and he could see Hovercraft preparing to leave. No sign of the Scrin yet. The radio burst to life, and the Iverness contingent came on.

"Major Mcmanus, welcome to Iverness!"

He laughed, and said "We expect arrival at the dock area within 30 minutes. Be ready for us."

"Aye Major, that we will. I've got some bad news for you though. I've got incoming from the south. Major, you need to move..."

"McManus confirms, get ready Iverness. We're coming in hot."

He then switched channels, and let the group know what was going on. "Alright kids, we've got incoming. It's going to be a running battle all the way. Man your guns, watch those fields of fire, and work together. We're almost there. Let's move."

Thier lead APC lurched forward at his command as if unchained from a weight that had dragged it down. The cold air whistled past, and the race to safety was on.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Jul 13, 2005 10:21 AM**

The long line of humanity rolled toward the hovercraft, and waited for the inevitable. It came swifter than they had expected, and were mostly helpless to defend from it. They started working their way up to the hovercraft. Explosions rocked the convoy, and despite thier best attempts to defend, were getting slaughtered.

Suddenly, Silver blue beams lanced out from the rooftops, and into the offending scrin. They were effective, and one them went down, hitting the buidlings below as it tumbled.

"What the...?" Aiden managed to say as tried to get civilians and military alike into the craft. One of the load masters yelled over to him and said, "Personal Ion Cannons Major. It's the only thing that works."

As the battle raged above, the remains of the convoy arrived at the docks, and the loadmasters had a hard time convincing them to leave the vehicles behind. Room was needed for people, and the vehicles would be of no use where they were going.

The first full craft revved its engines and departed from points north. A Scrin fighter saw and raced toward it firing blue death their way. Machine gun fire and PICs laced the sky with ion death and explosive shells, and shattered the front of the alien craft as splashes erupted around the hovercraft.

It tumbled into the water and caused a mighty cascade of rain from the sea over the occupants.

Now very unconcerned about their vehicles, military personnel readily abandoned them, and started ushering civies into the craft. Another roared away.

The Scrin knew the prey wasn't on the land now, it was moving over the water, and they made every effort to destroy them as they departed. Three craft dove toward a Hovercraft, and laced it with ion cannons. It exploded and sank rapidly. Its companion returned fire, and the attackers were driven off temporarily.

The defense contingent abandoned their positions, and headed for the craft that were still docked, as the laod masters waved them to hurry. Aiden had waited till the end, and assisted a mother and her baby. It was the same two as he had noticed earlier in the convoy, and the baby was crying as the scared mother tried to get on board. The Scrin started firing, and cannon fire clipped the PIC operator defending the Hovercraft. He fell with a splash into the water, and the craft bore down on them, now defenseless.

Aiden leapt up to the mounted PIC, and started firing.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Jul 19, 2005 12:08 PM**

He was fairly successful considering how unfamiliar he was with the weapon.

The first shot grazed the first fighter, and exposed its inner parts. The second ripped a hole in the wing, and started a crazy spin the craft tried desperately to pull out of.

He had no shot for the second, and realized it had the drop on them, and there was nothing he could do about it.

It approached, and started firing, tearing gaping holes in the upper wall of the Hovercraft. Suddenly the offending fighter was in a hail of heavy laser fire, and ripped into pieces in front of them, then passed overhead and crashed into the water.

Two orcas zoomed overhead as well chasing the wounded fighter Aiden had damaged. He could see the retrofitted nod laser pods that had been patched on the underside of the wings.

The captain of the vessel surged the vehicle forward, and tried to pick up survivors from the other craft, but there were none. Tiberian life on the ocean surface had ensnared, and dragged them under. They then went north.

Aiden went to the pilots compartment. The soldiers let him pass and he walked up behind an unshaven, and clearly gruff looking man piloting the vehicle via an electronic interface.

"Where to Captain?"

He turned and looked Aiden over. "North to the polar regions. Nice shooting by the way."

"Thanks. Will they stay with us the rest of the way?" he pointed out at the orcas circling their position.

"No, they will go home. In small numbers we can take them. Once they come down on this area, they will be taken out quick unless they hide. We'll be on our own for the rest of the trip."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

The captain had kept Aiden with him to discuss what he had seen, and what the state of things were in merry olde England since GDI had pulled out.

In return, he also got to know what had been happening in the GDI since they had retreated.

The polar base had been established, and was under fairly constant surveillance and attack whenever they popped their head up. Since then, GDI had been forced to rely on manual point defenses based on energy weapons to drive off any serious attack, but it was clear that the only reason they were still a semblance of a unit was because the scrims were still occupied with eradicating humanity in the temperate regions.

The trip was long and noisy as the old damaged hovercraft would occasionally slow to avoid ice, or larger knots of Tiberian growth that choked the ocean. The trip got faster once they got nearer the pole, and the colder water became untenable to Tiberian life. For the first time in a while, Aiden could see the surface of the ocean glittering without any alien life in it.

A whale surfaced near them, and he smiled in spite of himself to see it. He got out his field glasses and looked at the large mammal. On its side he could see some Tiberian parasite eating its way through the flesh slowly but surely. A scowl came over his face, as he realized that yet another pure life was corrupted by Tiberium.

The trip took seven hours, and the other hovercraft had joined up with them. Only seven were left out of the original ten that had left England two weeks ago to look for stragglers. Some were heavily damaged, and he wondered how they were holding together.

Ahead lay the great ice wall of the Arctic, marking the edge of the ice shelf. He wondered where they were going and was surprised to see they were stopping in front of it.

A camouflaged door of ice opened, and allowed their entrance, and he was forced to gasp in astonishment at what he saw as he entered the large bay.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Jul 26, 2005 06:24 PM**

The inside of the glacier had been gutted out and was as large as seven stadiums. Everywhere he looked was activity of some kind, as ships, and hovercraft moved about. Their small party of hovercraft moved into line for an available dock.

As they proceeded to their dock last, the survivors straggled off the ramps and were immediately asked their name and given a coat and some food. The military personnel were being led off for debriefing, and Aiden was no exception. They had been anxious to get his report, and met him at the dock. He took a second to look around and appreciate the immensity of the GDI operation. In the very back of the cavern, teams were hard at work cutting the ice for more space. Tunnels could be seen heading off in various directions, and in the overhead, massive steel girders were being retro fit to help hold the cavern roof up.

Orcas zoomed overhead on their way out of a hole in the back wall where they were serviced. High up on the wall, they zipped out toward the massive door in twos. Some were clearly damaged and had been pieced together.

His attention turned to the officer in front of him. He was outranked for the first time in weeks, and saluted.

"Major McManus I presume?" asked the general.

"Affirmative sir. At least what's left of him, anyways."

"Come with me soldier. I can't wait to hear your story."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Aug 01, 2005 10:18 AM**

Twenty minutes later he was in a small room deep inside the glacier, just off the CIC. The debriefing went as he was used to from prior operations. The general was extremely interested in tactics he had used to keep the screen off of them while traveling, as well as what he had observed of their tactics.

"We don't get out much these days, Major. With the sat uplinks and Philadelphia out of the picture, we are blind except from what we get out of allied forgotten."

"Where do you need me now sir? I was between commands on my way to see General Macneil when this went down and just kind of assumed command."

"Oh, we have something special for a survivor like yourself, Major."

Behind the general, the doors snicked open, and General Cortez arrived. Aiden popped up at attention, as the commander of all GDI ground forces entered.

Cortez waved him to sit down. "At ease Major."

Aiden sat back down, and wondered what could possibly be required of him, that the general would be here.

"You come well recommended, Major. Here's the deal...."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Oct 11, 2005 09:47 AM**

0300 Hrs
Nod Antarctic Research Station Zulu

Roger Petain was having a hard time seeing. He wiped his blurry eyes with the backs of his knuckles trying to alleviate his eye strain.

He scanned the screen again, and monitored the power output, then moved over to the cyborg Commando's arm cannon, and dialed an adjustment into the unit with a small screwdriver.

He closed the lid to the inner compartment, and the cyborg automatically brought the small armor plate into position over the CPU input.

He moved back over the PC which sat behind armored glass, and wiped his eyes again, and sighed deeply before looking back at the screen and tapping the biometric keypad's enter button. The cyborg's systems came online fully, and it moved to execute the program by walking to the firing range, and standing still with his back to the scientist. He raised the cannon, and a sound of spooling up energy sounded in the room.

The scientist put on the dark glasses, and ear protection, and watched as the cyborg targeted the Titan downrange in the dark cavernous firing range.

The front of the arm's cannon started rotating furiously, and the sound increased to a horrific level.

Roger pressed enter again to execute part two of the program, and green energy pulsed out of the barrels in rapid, and powerful spurts quicker than the human eye could track. To Petain, it looked like a thick green beam was utterly eradicating the armor of the old titan in nanoseconds. Not only that, but as the pulses of Energy passed through the titan like tissue paper, they pulverized rock behind it causing a rumble and dust to pour out of the fissured rock.

The cyborg lost footing from the push of the cannon. This was an unexpected event considering the commando was a ton of armor and tiberium. It kept firing as ordered, and fell onto its back before Petain could shut down the cannon. Green death leaped upwards

toward the ceiling, and through the cavern roof into the next level. Rock poured down, and screams could be heard. The lights flickered and explosions sounded above him as the beams worked up to the surface seven levels above, and shot into the green hued sky above Nod's battered base.

He shut the program down after picking himself up, and heard the general alarm sounding, and the new prototype AI's calm deep monotone voice rattling off a damage report.

His screen flickered in the darkness, and Slavik's anger filled face surveyed the scientist. "It's done, and it's more powerful than we could have dreamed General."

Slavik's face changed when he saw a report of the damage, and then smiled an evil grin that made the scientist want to disappear.

"Excellent. Get the plans down to production. I want them mounted ASAP."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Oct 13, 2005 10:00 AM**

2300 hours
Nod Antarctic Base
Hangar 17

The technicians cleared the hoses, and hoverlifts from the leading edges of the strike team's wings and receded into the walls of the underground facility beneath the ice. Alarma sounded, and red flashing lights rotated in their protective lenses warning anyone still on the platform that they needed to leave the area, or die.

On the massive platform, 13 modified banshees started their pre-flight routines and lifted gently as the overhead camouflaged doors retracted way above their ships.

A bulbous addition hung from the banshee's normally sleek crescent outline.

"Control, this is Viper one, we are online, and standing by for clearance."

"Affirmative Viper one. You are cleared for departure as soon as the hangar doors are clear."

Above, the massive doors clicked into their open position, and the lead banshee lifted vertically into the dark and furiously raging antarctic sky. Visibility was near zero, and the craft rocked slightly as the stabilizers fought the hurricane force winds and heavy snow. Below, the 12 repeated the maneuver, and joined Viper one in a path to orbital space. The doors slowly creaked closed, and bit off the flow of heavy wind and snow leaving the hangar empty and quiet.

"Control we are in route to rendezvous with target alpha."

"Affirmative. We estimate seven minutes to contact with the fighter screen. Burn them out of the sky Viper one"

"Roger that Control." The pilot smiled a grin of death, and punched the boosters to full. The rest of the unit followed in a Delta wing formation toward the blackness of space.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Oct 19, 2005 08:33 AM**

It took less than seven minutes for the fighters to emerge from the blackness of space.

Viper one's HUD displayed their winking profile, and he spoke to the other pilots. "Evasive, and launch your buckshots when they are in range."

He flipped the switch on his panel as they loomed closer and below him, a humm sounded as small silver rocket tips appeared from the leading wing edges. The buckshots were a new development designed to give the Banshees a fighting chance against the scrin fighters. Small, and highly maneuverable they could be used in earth borne battles as well, but with lessened effect. Once launched they would proceed at high speed and before they could be targeted , the warhead would explode and release hundreds of high velocity depleted uranium tipped bomblets.

The theory was that if the scrin could defeat the highly technological tracking of modern weapons, they couldn't defeat hundreds of high velocity spears that couldn't be jammed or turned away. Not to mention the odds of evading all of the bomblets would be impossible. Brute force would carry the day in warfare once again.

The scrin screamed in and prepared to abilitate what they thought were easy targets. That was when Viper one gave the order.

"They are committed, launch now!"

From the 13 delta wing banshees, four buckshots apiece flew from thier wings, and exploded in front of the scrin. Unable to evade thier darts of death, they were peppered over the entirety of their surfaces, as the heavy bomblets penetrated armor. They subsequently exploded underneath the armored skin, and thier reign of death showed as little winks of light on the dark beetlelike carapaces of the scrin fighters. Now seevrly wounded, and disabled and in one case outright destroyed, they were unable to stop Viper flight's path.

"That did it, set your attack runs for taget alpha. Prepare for defensicve fire and psend all available power to the cannons.

The lights dimmed and a re-assuring voice said softly: "X-249 ONLINE"

Below him the cannon spun up, and prepared to fire as it drew huge ampunts of power from the Banshees.

Ahead lay the alpha target: One of the scrin motherships.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Oct 21, 2005 10:49 AM**

As they got closer, it was evident that this wasn't an easy prospect. Not only was the ship heavily armed, and laying down some serious anti-fighter screening, but it was also unloading large organic looking ships from underneath its belly.

"Command, this is Viper one, over."

"Go ahead Viper one." the Nod operator said through a delay and severe static.

"Looks like you boys need to button down the hatches and get ready for company. Video feed coming down now."

The operations room was silent as snowy pictures of the invasion unfolded before thier eyes. Slavik's voice boomed out: "Deploy the global minisat network, now."

A quick push of the button was all it took for the remaining facilities with rocket launch ability to deploy the emergency communications from the field via their subsurface deisel subs.

Above them the voice of Viper one came on: "Taking heavy fire, we're down two banshees. Starting attack run now."

From the cockpit, it was far scarier as the alien shapes of the craft fired blue beams of death toward them. Only thier random maneuvering protocol program kept them alive to even get close enough.

Now close to the bulbous bridge of the alien craft, they fired the experimental cannon into the offending vessel and jagged streaks appeared in the skin of the ship, revealing an alien mix of organics and steel inside a blue lit area along with the expected explosions as blue energy vented from ruptured conduits.

The area they were firing at was the "neck" attaching the large lower half with the fluke like area they assumed was the bridge. It severed just as the blue death took down another banshee and started floating away, leaving a trail of debris, and what appeared to be the specks of Scrin crew members with their human shaped, yet very different armored bodies.

Still the lower half kept firing as the ship started losing attitude control and fell into earth's gravity well. It smashed into one of the landing craft, and a brilliant flash of blue energy erupted as steel and alien flesh sprayed in 360 degrees.

Off to their starboard side, Viper one saw two more Motherships and all their associated strike craft pouring out from their fighter bays. They were going to be cut off from earth quickly, as he noticed two more coming from the other direction as well.

"Command we're cut off, I need a little help here."

Slavik saw the Scrin ship burning up in the atmosphere from Viper one's camera and also saw the data from the minisat relays. It wasn't just their area that was facing an attack. It was a full scale dropship invasion of the planet focusing on the polar regions. They had interrupted it with their attack, and this explained the reason they had dropped to low earth orbit within reasonable strike range.

"Get that dog Cortez on the line."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Oct 28, 2005 06:42 AM**

GDI Arctic Station
Debriefing room one
GDI Command Central

Cortez spoke:

"Here's the deal Major...."

Macmanus prepared for the debriefing, and grabbed a pad of paper and pen from the upper arm pocket of his tattered officer's uniform.

Before they could go any further, the calm voice of EVA interrupted them.

"GENERAL CORTEZ, INCOMING COMMUNICATION ON NOD EMERGENCY FREQUENCY OH OH SIX FOUR NINER."

Cortez raised an eyebrow as he turned from Macmanus, and waved him to follow him into the Command Center. Frequency 00649 was the channel used for communications with Nod when the CABAL threat had been eliminated. It hadn't been used since Nod had turned on GDI after the last battle mopup had ended. Aiden knew it as well, as did every other GDI officer.

Together they walked out of the debriefing room, into the heart of GDI control. The large room was set in a circular fashion with rows of monitors set into the computer stations which lay inside the cold ice room. Cables lay criss crossing the room interconnecting the heart of what was left of earth's defense network. "Take a seat." Cortez said and motioned to a row of chairs on the side of the circular ice wall.

Around Cortez, activity buzzed, but came to almost a standstill as he stood in the middle of the dias where the large command chair was, and punched the command for establishing comms.

Slavik's scarred face appeared after an initial Nod comm banner with the hatred still burned into his face. He said one word: "Cortez." and said it with icy venom in his voice.

Cortez, unfazed but still frowning in his customary stance replied: "Calling to surrender Slavik?"

He smirked his evil grin, and replied "Not in this life or the next."

"What do you want?" Cortez said with sudden dead seriousness.

"Watch and pay attention."

The screen changed to the minisat radar relays on one side showing most of the area of space around earth, and on the right, were images taken by the cameras of the satellites.

Cortez watched in stunned silence as dropship after dropship passed the cameras. He watched the radar images showing massive amounts of incoming fighters as well. Even the mothership seemed to be dropping through the green tinged atmosphere toward earth's relatively undefended equatorial zones.

It also showed the destroyed mothership burning in the upper atmosphere as fighters tried desperately to get out of the hangars.

The image flicked back to slavik.

"As you can see we have a common problem. We were only able to take one ship down. I have a flight of Banshees inbound to the GDI moon base for refuge. Grant them permission, and I will have them escort your cornered commander back to earth, while we combine our forces to fight..... them."

"I need a minute." Cortez said, and idled the relay then contacted the moon base. "EVA, get me macneil."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Oct 28, 2005 10:59 AM**

It took about three minutes before Mcneil's harried face appeared on-screen.

"Cortez, why are you breaking protocol? We aren't scheduled for uplink till 0300 hrs."

"Sir, you need to see this. And I need your people to confirm it's true." The same video played for McNeil, and he whistled as he watched.

"Where'd you get this feed General, The sats have been down for some time now." In the background a junior officer handed him the intel cortez had requested for confirmation.

"Sir, that's the tough part. Slavik. He needs cover for an inbound flight of banshees to your location and in exchange he will have them run the gauntlet to get you home."

"The intel's good. You're gonna have incoming soon. Slavik never cares about his men, what else does he want?"

Cortez paused before replying..."An alliance sir."

McNeil was pensive for a few good minutes, then looked up at the screen without moving his head.

"Alright Paul. Set it up, but keep our assets separate. I don't want a repeat of the incident in France. Pull out of there, and head here: " He tapped the map onscreen and a red dot throbbed at a location in the rocky mountains. "You'll find everything you need to survive this mess there. I'll contact you when we're planetside."

Behind him a shout to get his attention sounded from an anxious lieutenant. "Sir! I've got

incoming Nod and Scrin forces! "

Mcneil turned. Let the Noddies land, and prepare to defend the base from the scrin. General Quarters!"

He turned back and looked at Paul Cortez again. "take care Paul. Stay alive, and watch your back with Slavik."

"Aye sir. That I will. Cortez out."

Cortez tapped the link for Nod again, and saw Slavik's face again. In the background was clear excitement and the screen rumbled slightly on their end as Scrin started bombarding the area.

"Well Cortez?"

"You've got your alliance. We're heading here to regroup."

The same red dot throbbed on Slavik's screen and Cortez continued: "We'll be in contact once McNeil is planetside. You'll need to order your men to come under his command. I can only assume you're extracting. Where?"

"Here." Slavik's position of selection was in Mexico on the Yucatan peninsula.

"We'll send a liaison team to your position, and you'll need to do the same. We also will be sending along the Nod teams we've picked up. I expect the same from you for our people." Cortez said.

"You'll get your liaison, but there will be no one to exchange. your men have been indoctrinated already. Goodbye Cortez." He smirked as Cortez's face screwed up in anger, and the screen went blank.

"Animal." Cortez turned to Macmanus as he shouted over his shoulder to everyone within earshot: "Evacuate to Sierra base. All personnel. Standby for incoming."

"Major, get a team together and get down to the Yucatan any way you can."

"Sir?" Macmanus was confused.

"You're my new Nod Liaison, Aiden."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Oct 31, 2005 07:58 AM**

Viper 1

In flight between the earth and the GDI moonbase

"Viper one confirms, Command. We are passing the terminator.....now."

The leader of Viper flight thought the order odd, but accepted it as all Nod soldiers do.

Without question.

He had no intel at all on the layout of the base, where to land, Nothing except an old CABAL produced overlay of the known geological features, and hypothetical theories on where it may be laid out. He opened the channel to the enemy:

"GDI Base, this is Viper one. Requesting clearance to land, and some cover from pursuing Scrin."

A second of silence, and the pop of static on the channel made him wonder if they were flying into certain death due to a miscommunication. The terminator of the moon passed,

and sunlight was now no longer a problem, as they all dropped the radiational, and light shielding.

The dark side of the moon was just that. Dark. He flipped on the radar imaging and tried to get a reading from the surface, as only highpoints of mountain peaks were illuminated.

They were being fully jammed, and flying blind. Behind them the scrin closed the distance, and started firing fast and furiously trying to take them down from long range.

Of the 13 Banshees that had left earth on the one way mission, only seven were left now, and they used every trick in the book to avoid being hit.

More silence on the channel, as they flew over the dark surface.

Then, suddenly a slowly beeping radio beacon lit off on the channel, and was coming from a low flat plain inside a huge crater, according to the old data from CABAL ruined mainframe.

Having no option, he flew toward it, and ordered the others to do so as well. The scrin closed at an excruciatingly slow speed, and managed to clip Viper eight.

"Viper one, this is eight. I've been hit. I've still got Nav control, but nothing else."

"Affirmative eight. Hang in."

The beacon site loomed closer in the darkness, the beacon getting faster as they approached, and the scrin closed.

Then in a blinding display, the surface lit up like a city at daytime, and the radar jamming dropped. They got a detailed view of the massive base below them, and were in awe as they saw the extensiveness of it. The radio channel suddenly boomed instructions: "Viper one, this is GDI command. Proceed to the beacon, and the hangar below it. We'll take care of the scrin."

"Roger that GDI base. Proceeding to rendezvous."

They banked hard, and dropped to the deck as the scrin suddenly peeled off pursuit to evade the now hostile surface of earth's moon.

Gun turrets modified to deal with the scrin fired from every direction, and caught the eleven beetle like ships in a deadly crossfire of Depleted Uranium. Viper watched the rear view screen as the invincible scrin burned from the sky, and three astute fighters tried to evade. They made it as far as the outer perimeter until Ion based beam cannons similar to the dreaded larger version lit up, and burned them down into small pieces of Junk.

Ahead, the crater surface opened and revealed a large hangar, which as they dropped down showed the massive Kodiak 2 sitting alone, and surrounded by techs servicing it.

The doors closed above them, and they touched down as the hangar pressurized. A group of heavily armed men appeared from the airlock with a serious looking older man in the center.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Nov 01, 2005 09:34 AM**

GDI Arctic station
0850

The Bombardment had decimated the polar base. Ice cave ins were trapping forces, and causing lengthy rescue operations, while simultaneous preparations to evacuate were trying to get underway.

The general and Aiden trotted to the waiting Orca transports, and Cortez said: "Take this data and hand it over to the Noddies when you arrive. It's got what little we know and have developed to counter the threat. It has also got encrypted data for comms and data transfer protocols we need to set up to avoid Scrin interception. Take the straight route.

Nothing fancy. Just get there."

"Aye sir. Do we get an escort?"

"I'm sorry Major, but I just don't have them to give to you. I've had the transports fitted with point defenses. That's about the best I can do for you. Have the Nod troops man the point defenses and you worry about getting there in one piece."

"Affirmative. Good luck sir."

He saluted briefly as the cavern shook, and a huge chunk of ice crashed down from the overhead revealing the green tinged sky.

A voice came over the commlink to Cortez: "Sir, we've got landing craft unloading what appear to be Scrin occupation forces."

"Repel them best you can before you evac. Don't wait too long, just keep them off of us until we can move out."

"Roger that sir." In the background he heard firing of heavy cannons and energy weapons before the circuit cut out.

He moved toward the waiting orca transport, and the pilot spun up the VTOL engines as a Nod commander met him on the ramp.

"Get your men to the point defense guns, and get ready for the ride of your life, commander."

The nod commander was efficient, and moved quickly issuing commands as he moved. Aiden had to admire that about Nod.

No question, just action.

The transport's squat flatworm shaped profile lifted and headed for the ruined gate where cannons were trying to keep scrin fighters from entering the cavern. As they approached a burning scrin fighter slammed into the water as it failed to enter narrowly missing them. They zoomed out into the sunlit sky, and past the battle raging for control of a dying base. Tracers zipped around them, and the nod troops started firing at anything scrin as they headed south.

below them on the ice, Strange scrin assault platforms moved forward into the fray decimating whatever tried to counter them. GDI's arctic base would die in no more than an hour.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Nov 02, 2005 07:19 AM**

Nod Antarctic base

0900

Nod's extraction from their part of the globe had gone far smoother than GDI's due to their advance notice, and their lack of civilians.

Confiscated GDI military hover platforms had been converted to heavy lift platforms, and the convoys out of Antarctica had been fairly well guarded with the banshee escorts, and Nod's superior weapon technology. A long, high speed convoy moved down the coast of South America as the base erupted behind them in nuclear fire and took a few scrin land assault vehicles with it.

The scrin hadn't let the evacuation go unnoticed though, and heavy orbital bombardment and fighter strikes had taken a toll. If everything went as expected, they would be at the Yucatan base within the day.

From their mobile command Hover, Slavik's team was able to monitor the situation, and respond quickly. He watched screens unfurl the activity in front of him, as thier stolen EVA unit coordinated responses, adn communications.

An incoming alert brought him to full attention: "GENERAL, SCOUT TEAM FOXTROT REPORTS CONTACT WITH ADVANCE SCRIN LANDING FORCES."

"Onscreen, now."

A shaky image from the advance team's camera, showed large mettalic beast-like shapes crawling out from the undergrowth on spidery metallic legs, firing blue energy at the offending Nod forces. They were hard to see due to the shakiness of the image, and suddenly the camera went to static as the image before it showed a large metallic leg coming from the left amd peircing the hovertank's surface.

"All units, move offshore. Teams foxtrot, golf and Hotel neutralize all but one of them. I want one for study."

The group moved as one away from the coast line, while the three fire teams converged on the area with hevvy banshee support.

"Command, this is hotel, we have contact..."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Nov 03, 2005 07:54 AM**

GDI Moonbase

The Nod commander of viper one stepped out into the dimly lit hangar and his men that were left walked over to his position as the GDI group waited silently for them with rifles slung nonthreateningly, yet ready.

"Let's not be rude then, gentlemen. Let's go say hi to our hosts."

He walked confidently over to other leader, and stopped short of him by about a yard.

"Welcome. You're presence is requested in CIC ASAP. Follow me please."

The Junior GDI officer turned on his heel, and walked through the open airlock door.

The nod commander followed silently, and his men fell in line and perfect lockstep. Thier discipline was high, but then again they were the elite, chosen for a special mission. They had to be the best. The GDI grunts fell in behind them as they all filed through the low corridor with pipes hanging low overhead. They had to duck several times to avoid contusions fom them.

It wasn't long before they came to large oval corridor wider than the other, and with full overhead room to stand up. It was brightly lit, and painted white, and placards on the wall showed it to be the heart of the GDI moonbase's command structures. It was also deeper inthe ground, he noted and knew it would be difficult at best to take this area forcibly.

Large double doors awaited still closed for the junior officer as he breifly stopped, and turned to them.

Only you are allowed in here. Your men will need to wait here.

Viper one snapped his black gloved fingers without looking at his men and his gaze locked on the junior officer. The nod men fell in along the wall in the at ease position with hands loosely locked behind their backs, and legs slightly apart with heads held high. They stared at no one, and awaited thier commander's return.

Then Viper one walked towards GDI's command center, as the junior officer cycled the security lock.

Even Viper one was impressed with what he saw when the doors opened.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Nov 04, 2005 07:14 AM**

1100 Hours

Somewhere over the Yucatan Peninsula

Aiden nodded and told the pilot to pull into a low, circling pattern, and keep broadcasting.

So far no one had answered them, and there was no sign of human life in the Tiberian garden of eden below. He took a second to scan the area, and could see the ground literally crawling with tiberian mutated life. The only clearings he could see were where the Vinifera had sprouted, and cast the crystals out. They sucked the nutrients out of everything including tiberian based life, leaving nothing but defoliated terrain useful only for the tiberium that sat in it.

"Set down there" he told the pilot and pointed to the field of green. He turned to the Nod commander and said:

"No one's home. Any ideas?"

"I need access to the comm circuits."

"You've got it." he said and moved from the co-pilot's seat to let the Noddie in.

He watched as he brought up a frequency on the extreme low end of the UHF, and then set up a burst transmission of digitized noise.

It took a second before anything came back, but it did in a series of three highpitched beeps in different tones.

The Major dialed in a new frequency, and broadcast again, this time in plain language.

"This is major lucius authentication xray, niner niner inbound GDI freighter 416 on liason mission. We are at rendezvous point alpha."

This time a strong voice came back clear as a bell.

"416, we are two zero kilometers from rendezvous and closing. Currently under airborne Scrin attack. We estimate arrival at Alpha in one six minutes. Initiate scorched earth protocols, and start up sequencing. Security protocols to follow:"

Aiden raised his eyebrow, as the security information came in.

"Receipt of data confirmed, initiating scorched earth protocols at this time."

He then turned back to Aiden, and said: "Now you get to see why Nod will never be defeated."

He punched a button, and transmitted the data to somewhere down below them. Nothing happened at first, then black smoke started roiling out of the jungle from multiple points.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Nov 07, 2005 07:23 AM**

Suddenly flame leapt up at each of the areas that boiled smoke. Not just any flame. This was huge fireballs of seemingly unearthly origin, emanating from under the dense foliage of mutated life.

The fireballs expanded as if unrolling a carpet onto the surrounding area, and met up with

each other causing a sea of fire below them for about a two square mile radius.

"What the..." Aiden said.

The earth and everything on it below them burned to cinder in the high heat, and currents of hot air and black smoke buffeted the transport heavily until the GDI pilot could gain control and move them to the edge of the cataclysm.

A large explosion occurred somewhere in the center of the sea of fire, and shot skyward as if a fountain erupted below it.

Lucius' face seemed to change and grow concerned for a second. He let the fires burn for another five minutes, and then punched a command to the relay. As suddenly as the fire appeared, it disappeared. Black smoke was the only remaining thing and it obscured the ground surface as remaining burnoff occurred with what had survived the initial blast.

A strong wind blew in from the left and they finally got a good look at the area.

In the charred landscape was a large complex resembling an ancient Mayan city, but there were subtle differences to let him know this was no normal archeological site.

Aiden could see large nozzles retracting into the ground below them from the areas where the burn had started, and the temple-looking buildings had clear sharp concrete profiles and formed a circle in the center surrounding a large building in the center of decidedly non-Mayan origin.

Beyond the inner ring of temple-esque buildings lay an outer ring of low squat structures laid out in concentric ringlike structures following the pattern of the inner temple ring.

It looked like a city, but he couldn't tell much with the burnt debris still covering most of it. Irregardless it was huge, and well hidden until now.

"Set us down here." said Lucius, and tapped the site scan overlay to indicate a flat area on top of the central building.

His pilot complied as Lucius contacted Nod again. "Command this is transport 416, Burnoff is complete. Damage in sector 18. Amount unknown. Moving in to initiate startup protocols."

"Roger that Major. ETA is eight minutes, we are one zero kilometers from your position."

"Understood. We'll leave the light on for you. 416 out."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Nov 08, 2005 07:45 AM**

Cheyenne Mountain
Former NORAD bunker facility
0609

It had taken most of the day, but finally they arrived at the old base. They had had to leave everything behind in the rush to get here in this shelter. The sky around him was vibrant with Orcas of every type carried the stargglers and remnants of the once proud and Mighty Global Defense Initiative.

Below them, the base had been overrun with the usual Tiberian life, and he had called in a Fuel Air Explosive strike to quickly clear a path prior to their arrival.

A dark hole in the foliage had been burned clean, and wrecked vehicles and bent blackened steel were all that was left as they approached under the dark foreboding sky.

Cortez initiated the wakeup protocols, and a large sliding door opened up in the cliff wall, tearing the Tiberian life that had survived the strike as it lifted. Beyond lay the dark hangar and hopefully a functioning base.

Sodium lights came on in the hangar, and slowly illuminated a path for the remnants of humanity under his command. The Orca slowly eased in until the remaining lights came on, and they touched down on the farthest inward wall to allow room for the others.

"EVA give me a base status, and assume landing control of all craft."

"AFFIRMATIVE. STANDBY."

"UNABLE TO ASCERTAIN BASE STATUS. RELAYS ARE DOWN. A MANUAL CONNECTION MUST BE MADE TO THE CENTRAL PROCESSOR CORE. LANDING SEQUENCES INITIATED FOR ALL INCOMING CRAFT."

Cortez waved to a subordinate, and said: "Get me a status on Macmanus, and let the general know we've made it. "

He motioned to another: "Get EVA hooked up to the core ASAP, and get a mainframe up for her use. She's now all I've got left for Command and control capability." He motioned to the orca bay where the techs were already unloading the main EVA core from the Arctic station.

Soon the hangar was full of life as techs removed ancient technology to make room for the stream of inbound orcas, and transports.

He turned to face the main armored door into the old Nuke proof facility, and cycled the digital lock manually. No voice recognition software here, which he found annoying. He'd had to dig up the codes from the database as well.

The ancient door's hydraulics whined and then strained to open the heavy blast doors, but finally they open with a cracking noise as corrosion let go on the leading the doors edges.

Lights came on down the hallway, and he stopped at a terminal on the inside of the doors. Punching in the startup protocols, he got essential machinery running enough to allow them to figure out where they were, and where CIC was.

An overlay on the EVA wrist link showed the path as lights tried to work, some failing in the effort.

"This way." he said to several staff members behind him.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Nov 11, 2005 07:37 AM**

The dusty hallways were dead quiet as the ring of footsteps sounded in the quiet. Most of the ventilation fans wouldn't be able to be turned on until the blast ports were cleared of vegetation, so the stuffy, dusty and hot bunker/base would be uncomfortable at best for a while.

"Get engineering on clearing the fans and comm relays. I need them up asap." He said over his shoulder and a subordinate junior relayed the command to the engineering corps.

Not that engineering wasn't already busy. The second they landed the initial surveys were already being taken through visual, manual and computer core surveys.

The senior officer in charge had planned for these contingencies, and broke his team into three core response teams.

Electro-mechanical
general maintenance support
equipment repair

The busiest by far at the moment was general support as they tried to get the systems up and running to support the higher command functions. Without generators, the radio relays, and defense systems wouldn't work, as well as the ancient computer core which

was only functioning on emergency power and seemed to be suffering from data degradation as evidenced by his inability to get real time data, and systems status.

"Jones, come here."

A tech came over to the officer and said "Sir?"

"Here's what I've got for schematics. It isn't much. Get men down to the lower levels, and get the generators running. I also need a status on power fuel type and sustainability for the next three months. Get a team on heat, steam, and hook up with electrical to get the main busses up and running. I don't want to hear about us blowing circuits because they weren't ready for the powerup."

"Right. I'm on it sir." He didn't even wait for acknowledgement from the officer before he was turning and yelling across the hangar at his team, and electrical.

The officer's Eva beeped, and he looked at the order. "Jones!"

The senior tech stopped and turned.

"Get someone on clearing the ducts and relays topside as well. Command needs air and comms ASAP."

"You've got it sir. Let them know that the ice cream machine won't be working for at least 20 minutes though, and movie night's gonna be cancelled." Jones remarked sarchastically.

The officer smirked and said "Right. Get out of here snipe. Be careful."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Nov 15, 2005 01:48 PM**

Yucatan jungle
Nod Base

The pilot had difficulty in setting down smoothly due to the air currents still hammering the craft from the different temperature gradients. Finally the flat orca rested on the blackened surface of the structure's roof. The ramp lowered, and they moved toward the rear where the other Nod troops met them.

"Your show now Lucius." Aiden said and stepped out onto the hot surface of blackened concrete. He took a second to look around, and had the distinct feeling he was in a mayan nightmare. The aggressive profiles of Nod structures stood out sharply as black monoliths.

The green sky above them roiled as if angry at the earth itself, and the hair on his neck bristled as ionic activity spiked.

"We're going to have problems soon with the lightning." Lucius said and moved swiftly while tapping something on the wristlink.

Together they moved towards the edge of this sort of landing strip and toward a stairway down from the edge. Lucius led the way, and said "Be careful." as his boots crunched against tiberian crystals left behind by thier mutated host organisms that had been rendered into ash.

Aiden looked down over the side. It was a long way down to the lower courtyard, and the smoking rubble below.

At the bottom of the stairwell lay a large steel blast door. Lucius tapped some more commands and then looked at Aiden: "After you Major." as the doors opened. He approached the dark opening as the blast doors slowly creaked open, and looked into darkness.

He took a tentative step forward, and in the darkness, several red lights came on. His training knew what they were before his conscious mind did and he whirled to the side and raised the rifle.

A heavy thudding march of steel clad cyborg feet sounded and they stopped just at the door entrance and raised their armament laded left arms.

"UNAUTHORIZED PERSONELL. WEAPONS SYSTEMS ONLINE."

"

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Nov 17, 2005 07:18 AM**

Lucius calmly tapped in a command on the wrist link and hit enter. Immediately the cyborgs lowered the chainguns, and spoke in unison: "COMMAND ACCEPTED. AUTHENTICATION CODE ZULU ECHO SEVEN. MAJOR LUCIUS BOROMOV, VOICEPRINT RECOGNITION NEEDED."

Lucius spoke: "Zulu echo seven voiceprint authentication."

"AFFIRMATIVE. STANDING BY FOR ORDERS."

The borgs moved to the sides of the hallway to allow his passage, and he waved to Aiden.

"Major, if you please." Two large troopers behind him clicked off the safeties on thier weapons, and he realized that the polite repertoire they had enjoyed until now was over. Lucius was the quintessential Nod commander now, and fully in charge.

Lucius looked back, and told a trooper: Get the pilot into quarters and lock him down until further notice. Put two men outside his room."

"Sir!" The man moved to comply with two other men in tow.

Lucius moved down the dark hall with Aiden in tow.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Dec 05, 2005 12:29 PM**

GDI forner NORAD Base

2305 CMT

Technician First class Jones had done exactly as ordered and dispersed his teams hours ago. They had had fairly good success with clearing the ventiaition ducting topside via flamethrowers and machetes and his emergency power teams had got generator power online to power the fans to get air into the mountain.

He on the other hand, had not had as good a go at things with his task to get main power up and running.

Not only had electrical told him that the mains weren't going to carry enough current for what command wanted installed as well as EVA's need for large amounts of power, but the power source he needed to get up and running was an ancient series of powered down reactors with no fuel.

The schematics told him nothing about rod storage, and he had sent out teams to find it with geigercounters. While they searched, command breathed hard and heavy down his neck about when they were going to be able to support c&c hardware.

His answer: ASAP.

Electrical finally reported in with some measure of good news. The temporary mains were ready for power plants that weren't online yet. He decided to wait until command complained again before reporting in.

He laid back against a dusty large diameter pipe inside the plant and close his eyes for a

few. Just as he did so, his comm channel came to life with static, then a voice: "Sargent, we found it, and Mother of God, there's enough here for a hundred years."

"Hot Damn. Get some up here, and installed."

He called in to command and control: "Sir, this is Jones. We'll have main power up and running in one hour."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Dec 06, 2005 01:22 PM**

0200 CMT

It took closer to three hours, but Jones did as promised, and got the reactors powered up and running smoothly after minor tweaking of the ancient power plants.

Cortez assembled all staff to the darkened command room, and had them man dark stations as they awaited the main bus to be thrown by the electrical engineers.

A small walkie talkie on a dusty desk monitored the transaction.

".....and for God's sake be careful. Alright command, here we go. Powerup in thre, two one...."

A metallic clank sounded as the main breaker was thrown for powerup to the command area. Instantly lights came on that had been left off for almost a hundred years since the inception of GDI.

Some of them blew from the surge in power, but the difference was like night and day.

Old computer monitors showed the status of old hardware trying to boot up, and suprisingly, some outer monitors showed the weather outside through battered old cameras.

"Bring EVA online." Cortez said over the noise of junior staffers reporting the status of various subsystems.

"Get her wired into the old tech, and set up for our stay here. I need eyes and ears as well as an uplink to the general and NOD HQ if they are up and running. ASAP. Move people."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Jan 03, 2006 10:54 AM**

Nod HQ

0300 Local

Nod HQ wasn't up and running though. At least not yet. Lucius strode confidently down the dark hall toward a faintly seen blast door at the end with a red emergency light on above it.

Aiden was uneasy to say the least. Maybee it was the darkness, the silence, the new aggressive stance of the formerly somewhat pleasant Nod personel. But after a second of thought, he traced his unease to Lucius. The man was entirely different now that he had reestablished his power base. Almost mechanical in his movements and thoughts. They arrived at the door and he could see the scorpion's tail in the red triangle. His unease increased as a thought of entering a scorpion's lair enteed his mind.

A second set of codes punched into the door console and a handprint authentication later, and the doors slid open in a silent manner with the exception of the mag locks holding the door sections open.

They entered into the hall beyond which was better lit. The walls had been painted black, and the floors were polished black onyx in appearance. Red strip lighting illuminated the passages halfway up both sides of the walls, as well as the ceiling. He had to admire the craftsmanship of the techs that had done the work as their reflections shone off the walls and floors.

But Lucius didn't miss a stride to take any of it in. He passed an intersection displaying digital displays showing the way to different areas of the complex and their associated trams.

The digital sign stated simply "Command" as they passed. Behind them, the other security contingent peeled off and took his pilot to the living area for this section. Lucius stopped at the door to the command tram, and waited as it cycled open for them. Beyond lay the concrete landing in the dark subterranean tunnel. No tram awaited them, and Aiden didn't see any input console to bring one up.

A booming but soothing synthetic female voice said: "Welcome commander Boromov. The tram will arrive in ten point zero seven seconds."

Just then the sound of a quiet hover tram came into earshot, and it slowed and stopped directly in front of them. It was a beautiful black bullet shaped creation, and the windows were tinted black. The door snapped open for Lucius, and Aiden stepped in behind him in anticipation of what lay beyond.

Comfortable couches done in black awaited them inside the red painted tube of the tram. The calm female voice spoke as the last escort filed in: "Arrival at Command is expected in one minute and eight seconds. Now departing airpad seventy four."

Lucius spoke: "EVA have CIC ready and powered up. I want a status report on damage in sector eighteen, and a base sitrep ready on arrival."

"Affirmative Commander."

The rest of the trip was in relative silence. As predicted exactly to the second, the tram pulled in to command's landing on time.

"Now arriving at Command and Control."

Lucius took the lead again, and walked to the egress door from the landing in the brightly lit landing area. The door to command was guarded by two cyborg sentries, one of which had had a mechanical failure of some sort, and lay slumped against the wall in a sitting position. It tried to rise as Lucius approached, but failed to do anything except spray sparks from its side, then remained still. The other remained at attention as the door to CIC cycled open.

Beyond lay the horribly beautiful command center for Nod in South America. It was stunning in beauty, and yet horrible in its ability to reveal the plagues ravishing earth simultaneously from a hundred different monitors.

"EVA, establish contact with GDI command, and the convoy. Bring up all security protocols and defensive measures and route all command authority to my station."

"Affirmative. Bringing defenses online."

Title: **[STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Jan 29, 2007 05:32 PM**

Lucius moved to the command chair, and his men moved automatically to stations they had been cross trained to man should their comrades die in the line of duty.

The Nod EVA issued an unsolicited status report to Lucius: "Contact with the Nod convoy to our east has been established. Searching all known GDI frequencies.....Contact established with GDI EVA unit Echo Seven Nine software version 7.5. Data transfer mismatch...Updating to version 7.5.....Complete.....Communications have been established, attempting to circumvent GDI command authorizations.....Failed. Security

protocols have been initiated. Standby...."

Aiden was greatly disturbed at the ease which the heavily modified Nod EVA was able to adapt. Considering the age of the base, this meant that Nod's tech was quasi-sentient again and it seemed almost a matter of time before AI would be a problem again for Nod.

Lucius was slightly amused as well as concerned himself. He hadn't given authorization for the security code bypass. He had bigger fish to fry though and watched as monitors showed automated defenses sprouting from their concealed positions and gunning down tiberian life that was already encroaching on the base.

"Incoming communication from General Slavik."

Lucius snapped to attention as Slavik's face appeared. He bowed his head slightly and brought his arm up to his chest. "Sir! We are online."

Slavik grinned from one side of his mouth and said: "Good. We are within five clicks and will be arriving here..." His gloved hand pointed to a position on the beach. "Have the entrance open, and borgs covering our arrival. You have command until I arrive. Have our GDI friend drum up a list of GDI positioned assets in the area. We may have to draw on them."

"Understood. Lucius out." EVA terminated the link automatically, as Lucius spun and snapped at a Junior officer: "Get the doors open, and the borgs out there. Sound general alert and prepare for incoming."

Title: **[STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Jan 29, 2007 06:17 PM**

GDI Command
5 minutes later

"Alert. Intrusion attempt detected. Attempt blocked.....Communication with Nod established."

Cortez looked over at where the new EVA core interface was still being linked into the base's defenses and comm circuits, and smirked. It was ironic that in such circumstances, Nod was still inherently a threat. He couldn't wait until this alliance was over.

"Thank you EVA. Sitrep engineer Jones?"

"Sir, we're mostly done down here. I have watches cycling through duty shifts on the reactors, and I have seven teams doing retrofits on the point defenses topside as we speak. They could use armed escorts if you can spare them. Mutant lifeforms are still rampant and they've had issues..."

"You've got it jones. Talk to me when they're ready."

Suddenly there was a shower of sparks on the left and after a cursing engineer got done bumping his head the new comm panels came to life. The scene outside was ominous, as a storm loomed over their new home. He could see engineers working on each site and occasionally a new monitor would flare to life as repairs were steadily made.

He switched to the reactor room where he could see men busy cleaning the reactor spaces while they monitored the aging units for problems.

Slowly but surely his command was coming to life. In the hangar, heavily damaged orcas were being stripped of parts for the less damaged ones while other engineers stripped the old machinery for the raw metal they possessed. Eventually, they would have refining capabilities and be able to make replacements, but for now they had to use what they had on hand.

He then switched to the video network EVA was patched into from Nod. The sats had been

getting swatted down, but enough were left to show what was happening. The ground invasion was in full force. Nod's new base was active, and Slavik was almost nested within his new Viper's nest. He could see two areas where heavy Ion storms were concentrating. The new GDI base and Nod's Yucatan firebase. The scrin knew they were there, and apparently had enough control over the environment to increase ionic activity and induce a storm. It would keep thier heads down while the scrin marched over the face of the planet.

Not as if they were in a position to do anything about it.

"Ion storm approaching." EVA calmly stated.

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**
Post by: **KIRBY098** on **Jan 30, 2007 10:46 PM**

Nod Base - Yucatan Peninsula
Seaside blast door

The pall of smoke still wafted by the concrete bunkerlike door opening where the steel door slowly started sliding open. The burnoff had died down, but the residual fires still burned outward and would for days.

The beach was covered with burnt tendrils that used to snake over the formerly white beach sand. Green glints and a green syrupy substance oozed from everything that used to have been here, as the water licked the edge of the sand depositing the latest burnt ring of debris from the oceans surface. Viewed from above it was a small semicircle of blue in a green sea the merged almost seamlessly with the land.

A rumble of clashing steel sounded as the metal clad feet of a hundred cyborgs rang in unison and marched onto the beach setting up a perimeter. They set up temporary SAMs and laser turrets quickly, then fanned into a rough V facing the ocean with cannons raised to the sky.

In no time at all the first hover transport whirred toward them fast and zipped by the first sentries. The long line of hover transports followed and the borgs opened up on the Scrin that were trying to kill them. Tracers and laser fire from the hover barges and the borgs ripped through the air in densely converging kill zones and forced the scrin to back off as they poured into the base.

The base defenses soon opened up as the scrin sought safety from the dance of death, and tried to fly inland. It wasn't long before they were forced skyward, as more borgs appeared through the massive perimeter.

EVA gave a running tally of the assets as they arrived and announced the arrival of Commander Slavik as the command barge entered the bay.

Ion activity outside increased quickly and hellbolts of yellow-green fire from the sky unleashed on the area. Aiden could see borgs being fried in groups as random bolts rained down without the benefit of rain to accompany them.

"All personnel take cover. Lock down the base." Lucius said as the last hover barge straggled in.

From behind him, a sinister voice said: "Well done Lucius. Take your men and get me a sitrep on the damaged area. Take the GDI with you."

"Yes commander Slavik." And he snapped out of the command seat and snapped his fingers as the men fell in line behind him, almost pushing Aiden along.

From the speakers came the EVA's voice again. "Communications have been disrupted due to upper ionosphere interference."

Title: **Re: [STORY] The Fury of the Messiah**

GDI Moonbase

The CIC doors snicked closed behind Viper One as he strode confidently behind the junior officer sent to lead him in to Macneil. He assessed the area and its security weaknesses as every good Nod officer was trained to do and did it without being obvious. The room was a massive omni theatre like half dome with a large screen in the center and multiple temporary screens to the sides displaying information on the base and anything else of interest.

It was laid out much like the ancient vids of Nasa's Johnson Space center, and each station faced the screen while having the central control room set above and behind it behind glass.

Macneil stood behind that opaque glass and watched the former enemy commander stroll to the stairs leading to this room. He had never thought it possible to have this happen, especially here in their one advantage over Nod.

It didn't take long for his thoughts of the past to distract him from the task at hand and he was almost surprised as the door opened and he turned to face his new "ally".

It was Nod who took the initiative, as they usually did, to try and seize the upper hand mentally in the negotiations. "The famous Macneil. Many of my fellow freedom fighters would love to be where I am right now, but for a much different reason." The sinister smirk let everyone exactly how he felt.

Macneil was an old pro though and didn't budge an inch. "EVA? Intel please."

The EVA unit spoke in its non-confrontational disembodied tone: "Captain Vladimir Drakov. Currently assigned to Nod's Alpha Banshee strike squad , Antarctic base section seven, subsection seventy two. Recognized for actions in the Liberation of Kazakhstan, India, Australia and the assault on Los Angeles.

Nod identification number 4135 Charlie. Security clearance is authorized to Obsidian level five.

Born in the Siberian protectorate and joined the brotherhood of Nod in the year...."

"Enough. Your sources are well informed Macneil. My superiors have underestimated you once again."

"You'll find there's much more you don't know for everything you think you do know about us."

"Touche'. Now that we've gotten formalities out of the way, care to explain why I am here?"

"Continuation of the human race both Nod and GDI, Drakov. Or what's left of it."

"Your plan? I was only able to take down one ship of many. That's one more than GDI has been able to do, but still nothing compared to what we need to accomplish."

From their left a junior officer manning the single comm relay to earth spoke up: "Sir, incoming transmission from General Slavik."

"Ok, put him on." Macneil said with disgust.

The scarred face and crew cut appeared and he clearly saw Drakov behind Macneil.

"Good. I need a moment with my man Macneil." he ordered more than requested.

Macneil stepped to the right and held an arm out to Drakov. "Show's all yours."

Drakov stepped up and slightly bowed his head while remaining bolt upright.

"Your orders Brother?"

"Escort the Kodiak to their base, then await further orders. Protect Macneil with your life. An alliance has been forged to face this invasion."

The order seemed especially difficult to take considering all the propaganda he had been subjected to for assassinating senior GDI officers if possible.

"Yes brother. My life is at your command."

Slavik then spoke to Macneil: "When you get planet side, contact us. I have news."

"Understood. Macneil out."

The screen went blank, and Macneil turned to Drakov. "Looks like we're best of friends now."