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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Mon, 19 Jul 2004 18:47:10 GMT

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He decided to humor the protagonist. He logged on, and requested Centurion's status. He of course was not on, so he left the simulator up and running with instructions to notify him when Centurion did come on. He then took the opportunity to request lieutenants lapel pins for his dress uniforms, should the occasion arrive in the future. Cabal notified him that the request was sent, and to expect delivery within 12 hours, but he couldn't promise anything knowing human incompetence.

He also did some research on the front near Sarejevo. What he could glean from the Nod Brotherhood news wasn't worth listening to. The announcer was a bubbly blonde who thought everything Nod was perfect, and everything was going well.

He knew better judging from the reinforcements he had seen.

"CENTURION ONLINE." Boomed Cabal.

He idled up to the display, accepted the challenge presented, and awaited his assignment of troops. He was issued command of a GDI outpost this time. On another day, he would have built base defenses, and done things the right way, but today he just wanted to be done with it. He built two tiberium refineries, and built as many grenadiers as he could, and had a dedicated engineer corps behind them with medics supporting both. He sent all of them South as fast as possible, and stormed the Nod facility he found via scout.

What he found was an unprepared Nod facility focused on building tech buildings, and not on defense. He laid waste to the defenses, as the defender sold all his expensive buildings and tried desperately to build enough infantry.

He almost succeeded.

Sergei then focused on the hand, then Weapons Factory, as he continued to build basic infantry in his own unattacked base. He took over what he couldn't destroy, and sold it immediately to allocate more money to his own buildup.

With very few units left, he focused on destroying the MCV, and succeeded, but barely. His last unit died in a pile of steaming plasma.

Left with no structures to build defensive structures, and no useable army, the opponent sold every last building, and attempted to put a hurt on Sergei. Sergei's army of basic infantry made short work of them, and he was declared winner in under ten minutes.

He was too tired to care. He shut the simulator down before he could be messaged by Centurion or re-challenged to another game. He set his alarm, and undressed. Then he settled in for the best night of sleep he would have for a while.

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