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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Wed, 15 Sep 2004 18:59:25 GMT

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The men filed out after him, and they got into the transport back to barracks. Once back, they received a message that they were to report to weapons division for special uniform and weapon issue to match the mission, and received notification to turn in the laser rifles.

The men gathered their rifles, and all ammo, and trudged over to Weapons division where Seemus met their approach.

“Good day Black Hand Elite. I have just received notification you were coming, and that you

They followed Seemus into the Weapons division and he brought them to the part of the facility they had never been to before. Inside was every conceivable weapons past and present, and Sergei felt like it was Christmas.

Rather than question, Seemus headed to the back of the underground hangar, and into a small dusty room housing captured uniforms, and rifles. The men took their pick, and selected their weapons. Sergei picked a standard auto-rifle. No need for anything fancy this mission. If they were found out before the general attack, no weapon was going to save them anyways.

Next up was the ammo dump, which seemus took them to after locking the cage back up. It was on the other end of the weapons division, and in a concrete bunker. There were blast doors for this facility, and Seemus ordered the door unlocked by the guard.

Inside, florescent lighting snapped on as they moved past the threshold. A flickering light gave an eerie effect as they moved down the dusty shelves. Everything was labeled, and the GDI ammo was just to the right of the older 7.62, and 5.16 Nato ammo left over from the Soviet conflicts. Valdez ordered them eight clips a piece, and told them to get a brick of c-4 with det timers on the way out. Drubnov only found enough grenade rounds for one drum, and his exasperation showed. Seemus winked and said:

He moved over two rows and handed three drums of seemingly similar rounds to him, and let him load up on enough to stuff his vest pockets.

“Those babies aren’t just standard rounds. These have mini-bomblets that scatter over the targeted area, and create a secondary explosion over a wider area. A very nasty

Drubnov smiled an evil grin, and turned to follow the others who were moving away from the armory.

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