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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Sun, 03 Oct 2004 21:40:47 GMT

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What he didn't know was that back at base Regulus was having an extremely difficult time getting the offensive organized due to mutant attacks of an unconventional nature. The main Titan line had progressed towards the mutant outpost guarding the way in to the base.

Destroying the observation tower had been easy enough, as had the mutant resistance that had cropped up, but what they hadn't been ready for was the mutant fiends being stored on site. As soon as the attack started, they had been released, and had cut a hole through the line of Titans. Mutant vehicles had swarmed through the gap, ignoring the Titans, and headed for the base. With only a small core of Titans built up due to Tiberium processing delays, they were prey for whatever cobbled together weapons the vehicles had.

The RPG tower got most of the slower moving vehicles, but a sedan had gotten through and rammed the Weapons factory at high speed. It carried a tactical nuke warhead, that had disabled the power grid, and had scrambled all electronic intelligence or signals for what wasn't destroyed.

Scrambling for control of the situation, Regulus ordered CBR teams to the site, to get the fires out, and decontaminate the factory. Next he ordered the engineers still alive to repair the power grid, but at best the situation wouldn't be back to normal for at least a few hours. He ordered a scout out to tell the units on the offensive to hold position, and destroy any civilian craft with extreme prejudice.

With comms down, he couldn't even tell the team to hold off until they could resume the offensive. They would be slaughtered if they didn't take realize the situation in time, and rolled into a fully armed and attentive base.

Regulus swore he would slaughter every last mutant in that base. There would be no mercy this day.

Meanwhile across the river the men continued towards the fully ready base, and seeming certain death. Sergei continued to wonder what the smoke was all about ignorant of what they meant for his team.

109 Parker followed the ridge for about a mile before they got their first view of the base from the cliff top. Valdez ordered the vehicle stopped, and id a quick reconnoiter with the binoculars. A light fog obscured his vision beyond the leading edge of the base facing him. He could see mutants on guard, and the gate that lay beyond, but not much else.

Good, he thought. Some nice cover for the infiltration. He couldn't see what he hoped to though, and it worried him, that smoke pillars weren't coming up through the fog.

He entered the vehicle again, and brought up GPS again. If only it could see more than topographical, and cartographical information. He would kill for a sit-rep right now, but blackout had been imposed once they crossed the river. He had Parker slow the vehicle as they

descended into the shroud of fog that the base was in.

All conversation died, and only the whining Diesel engine, and ratcheting rifle bolts could be heard. The fog started getting heavier, and Parker was tempted to turn on the lights. The ethereal atmosphere down here in the bowl shaped valley was much darker than the open areas on the cliffs above. They ran into the first mutant guards about 500 feet from the base. The infrared picked them up, and Parker idled the engine.

Sergei stood, and motioned to Drubnov to come then looked at Valdez.

Valdez acknowledged, and said in reply:

“Take Becker as well. You’re going to need him against those mutants. They aren’t

Becker wouldn’t have been his first choice. He still didn’t completely trust him. He didn’t question the order though as Valdez was right. Becker was 230, and nothing but muscle. If it came to a close in brawl, he would need him. The ramp was lowered in the front of the vehicle, and they stepped out into mist.

Sergei took point on this one. He crept forward until the observation tower came into view through wisps of heavy mist. He ordered them to drop behind a rock outcrop, and surveyed the outpost. They were going to have to do this right the first time. The outpost was so close to the base gate, that any shots would bring down the rest of the base on them. He surveyed the area, and couldn’t see the mutant they had picked up on IR.

Not a good development. That meant he couldn’t snipe. They crept towards the concrete bunker, weapons ready. Sergei and the team approached the bunker from the east, and still saw no one. He pointed to his eyes, then pointed ahead. A signal for the men to be extra alert while he checked out the bunker. They covered him from the rocks to the immediate right. He entered the outpost, and was shocked to find that it really was empty, and not a trap. A steaming cup of coffee sat on the table. He would be back. Sergei took up position behind the door, and waited.

The other two watched as the mutant came from the bushes. Nature had called and he had answered at the worst possible moment for a sentry on guard. Becker trained his rifle on him, but didn’t take the shot. He would wait to see if Ustinov was clever enough to solve the problem without alerting the entire base.

Sergei heard him coming. His steps were heavy as if he was wearing lead boots. The door opened, and he headed for the coffee. Sergei jumped from behind, and brought the knife across his throat. If it had been anyone else, they would have been dead. He knew as the knife traveled though, that by the crunch noise it was making, and the resistance he encountered, that he had hit a patch of tiberian contamination. The crystals that were feeding off his jugular vein, also protected that vein from Sergei’s blade. He felt the softness of the other side of the neck give way to the blade, and threw the mutant’s body towards the desk.

The mutant was clearly stunned, and was bleeding profusely from the side that had been deeply

cut. He brought his hand up to the wound, and covered it. Blood flowed between his fingers as he dropped to one knee, and dipped his head making a gurgling noise. Then to Sergei's amazement, he stood, and started towards the alarm panel. Before he could get there Sergei landed a flying kick in the small of his back, and threw him forward past the console. He then jumped on his back, and twisted the victim's neck horribly left.

The sound of crunching crystals was louder than the crack of bone. He was finally dead. Sergei stood, and yanked all the wires from the console panel, then moved towards the door. He exited, and motioned for the others. As he motioned them, he noticed the small crystal pieces imbedded in the red blood on his sleeve. He momentarily felt remorse then cleared his thoughts.

They needed to get that gate down.

110 The others looked him over, and Becker said flatly:

Becker chuckled lightly, and followed him towards the gate.

As expected the barrier was up, and the guard was non-existent. Becker fired a piton into the guard shack's lower supports, and Drubnov was sent up first. As he approached the bottom of the shack, he listened for voices. Hearing none, he climbed in the shack window, and helped the others up. Along the wall in the mist they could hear voices to their left. Drubnov moved towards them, and the others followed. Ahead, they could see two mutants having a swig of something, and talking about the action in the south of the base.

"I just can't believe they attacked us. I went to the base just last week for treatments. I just

"Well they ain't getting in here, that's for sure. Tratos has got them licking their

That brought a chuckle from the second mutant.

horror. He pulled the trigger on his silenced Glock twice, and the two collapsed in dirty heaps.

What did that mean? Sergei wondered. What could cause the Nod forces to worry about this rabble?

Already Becker was moving towards the shack again. When Sergei got there, he was already bringing the barrier down.

Once it was down, he went to the shack, and flicked on the spotlight in three rapid flashes. His response was the sound of a diesel firing up, and he ordered the others down the inner ladder. They waited in the cool mist for the APC to pick them up. It rumbled into view, and the ramp lowered enough for them to get in, then locked back into position.

"Alright, we have surprise, and cover. The lab is centrally located in a porta-shack just north

The porta-shack looked like a million others that inhabited the earth in these perilous times. Their benefits were they resisted Tib poisoning, and were mobile by helo for ease of placement. They were a favorite of the mutants that now had assumed control of the badlands in the equatorial zones. This one was distinguishable by its location on a plateau, and it's isolation from the others.

Infrared picked up a group moving in their direction, and they pulled off behind a row on solar collectors. The patrol of pickups rolled past, and they moved toward the plateau in the fog. It wasn't long before they arrived, and valdez contemplated his next move.

Parker gunned the motor, and they moved quickly towards the Dome of the plasteel shack. They hit it hard, and the vehicle lurched to a stop.

"Drop the ramp! Get in there, and kill anything that moves. Find the lab, and secure it.

The ramp slammed down, and they entered the ruined mess hall before them. The APC had managed to penetrate far enough in, that tables were scattered, and fires had started. The mutants in the mess hall were already dead from flying debris. They moved as one into the next module, where a mutant by a radio was trying to get up after the impact. He got one hand on the radio before the bullets ended his efforts.

The light in the hall was flickering, and making it difficult to focus on which way they were to go. Finally they found the lab, and after eliminating surprised mutants armed with fire extinguishers, they entered the main lab. A row of computers was in the center, and a table was located in front of them. In it's center was a glowing orb with some kind of writing on it. Valdez scooped it up, and motioned for them to leave. Sanchez left a rucksack full of c-4 behind to ruin any info in the computers, and then ran after the others. A firefight erupted by the radio shack, and they spent 5 precious minutes trying to suppress the resistance. Finally Drubnov fired a grenade scatter round in that direction, and it did indeed level everything in there.

Parker jumped back into the driver's seat, and closed the ramp. As the others tried buckle in, he jammed it into reverse. The APC zipped backwards, and down the plateau, skidding sideways as Parker jammed it into forward, and gunned the motor. The base was coming alive now, and the c-4 blew the research lab into pieces alerting the rest of them. In the mist they didn't see the APC until it was too late, and they ran over a group of soldiers in rag tag uniforms. Many thuds could be heard, and the men winced as cracking bones yielded. An Obelisk came to bear on them, and fired. The beam sliced into the upper hatch, and burned into the compartment. Becker's upper thigh burned as the edge of the beam caught him. He screamed in agony, and Sergei flew to his side. He nearly burned himself on the interior plastic seat that was now melted into goo. The beam had stopped there after it's travels through three inches of steel. Parker sped up, and zipped through the gate as rounds from a mammoth tank bracketed the damaged vehicle. Part of the gate crumbled, and blocked further pursuit.

command:

Nothing but static.

when Valdez saw the smoke from the base, and knew the answer to his problem.

The base had been rolled hard.

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