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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [exnyte](#) on Tue, 07 Dec 2004 06:15:37 GMT

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121

The Orca dropped into the marked landing zone, and was met by a large assembly of standard black hand. They escorted Slavik away into the temple but not before checking out their elite cadre they had never seen, leaving Regulus and the team alone with the Tacitus, and orders to get it back below. They marched in formation ensuring the box was out of sight in the middle of the assembly, and well protected by their bodies. As they arrived at the temple entrance, Regulus ordered a halt, and contacted someone below via his cabal link. Receiving his instructions, he told them to follow him, and moved towards the giant doors. They were opened by temple servants, who bowed low to their presence. Troopers inside also snapped to attention as they passed the inner doors into the sanctuary.

A beautiful cascade of red and gold light filtered down into the temple from the overhead tinted glass. The scorpion emblem was proudly emblazoned on banners hung from every marble pillar. The front altar had been reconstructed, and the monitors replaced, displaying sermons to worshippers in the sanctuary 24-7. What impressed him most was the black onyx floor that had been polished to a gloss. It reflected all the beauty from above, and Sergei felt surrounded by the most beautiful sensation he had ever felt from a structure. He hadn't known mankind was capable of such things.

They moved down the right side of the pews, as worshippers prayed and entered a door cut into the side of the hall after Regulus did a hand scan. They were met by a scientist a short stature who simply said: "This way, Elite Cadre."

Down they went , and although they had been here not long ago, the place looked alien to them, except for Valdez. After 15 minutes of mind bending turns, and descents they finally came to a large laboratory guarded by troopers behind their expressionless masks. They opened the doors, and the scientist motioned to the center of the room, where a concave depression in the center console awaited the Tacitus. The men moved towards the dias, and regulus opened the locks on the box. The two pieces lay in form fitting foam, awaiting reassembly. Behind them a voice strong and sure said: "Commander, allow me. I am most .....anxious.. to hold it." They turned and snapped to attention as the messiah entered the lab.

Silence met his every step as he approached the box that laid open before him. He looked far different than the vids out in the sanctuary. Valdez could see the damage that had been done to him from the Ion strike so many years ago, and bowed his head in shame. Kane stopped in front of him, and said in a calm voice: "You see the fruit of your failure, do you not? No matter now Valdez. With what you have returned to me, I can forget this inconvenience. Divination will render this form obsolete."

He returned to the path to the Tacitus, and picked the pieces up gingerly. "Let what was rent, be renewed!" as place the pieces together. They fused instantly in a blinding light, and he placed the complete Tacitus on the dias where it spun hanging in air above superconductors that held it aloft. On a screen in front of the Dias, information displayed, and the as a beam hit the Tacitus, it lit up

in glyphs of unknown language. The screen displayed them rapidly as a computer attempted translation.

He turned to the team, and placed a hand on regulus' shoulder staring at him intently. "You have served me well. Take your men and follow this trooper to your new headquarters. My gift to you regulus for faithful service."

"I live to do your bidding master." And he turned from kane. "Elite Cadre report!"

"In the name of Kane!" they shouted in unison.

"About face, .....March!"

The men marched out together in unison, following regulus and the trooper. A small show of respect for their service for the messiah.

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