
Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Thu, 17 Jun 2004 15:21:22 GMT

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He was off guard from the movement, and looked out the windscreen, to see the HUD displayed in red, stating "Target in range". While the computer thought it was, Sergei could see that the position of the mech was in alignment from left to right, but the gun was a lot higher off the ground than the laser was tall. How could he use this to his advantage? Another shot burned into the windscreen, but this time broke through, clipping his arm, and cauterizing the wound as soon as it hit. He hissed in pain, and rage flooded him. He saw the building behind the turret, and looked for the fire button. It was still in the skeletal grip of the pilot. He knocked the bones away, and pulled the trigger.

Without being stabilized by an upright position, and the wide pads of the feet of the mech, the whole Titan was propelled backwards about five feet. This threw Sergei into the windscreen, and threw the remains of the pilot all over the inside of the compartment. The 175mm round speared through the air and hit the building labeled "Westwood Stock Exchange" on about the second floor. It exploded, and disintegrated the central vertical support beam, which caused the other supports in the front of the building to experience stress levels they weren't designed for. The building collapsed in the front first, and the rear followed suit. The structure avalanched into the turret, and silenced the rogue defensive structure permanently.

He picked himself out the debris, and left the compartment of the Titan just as sparks started to fly from the console. Apparently the titan had had enough abuse, and caught fire in the cabin as the soldiers ratty uniform caught fire. A fitting end for an old warrior he decided, and turned and walked from the scene.

Twilight had soundly arrived, and he was having difficulty seeing. In the distance was the greenish glow of Tiberium field. Behind him, the glow of the fire now roaring in the cockpit of the Titan. He looked over at the power plant, and decided there was no use in entering it, other than curiosity, and headed for the wall the surrounded this town. There had to be a way out, and he was going to find the gate.

After walking about a half a mile, he found the source of the green light. The Tiberium field was beautiful in the moonlight, and glistened like a Christmas decoration. Just beyond was the gate. A formidable looking structure, which oddly enough had a Nod scorpion's tail emblem on it. He pulled out the sniper rifle, and zoomed in on the gate structure, and the associated mechanisms it used. He looked for a weak spot, and found it. A hydraulic piston the size of an APC was holding the gate up. He zoomed on the cylinder, and fired three rounds into it. In the sights' eerie green glow, he could see Hydraulic fluid spurting out, and saw the gate slowly lowering. He headed for the city exit, and was unprepared for what he saw, but after all of this nothing much surprised him anymore....

Regulus and the psychological profiling officer stood at parade rest on the other side of the gate with two troopers apiece beside them. The troopers dropped to one knee upon seeing him with weapon in hand, and Sergei instinctively dropped the sniper rifle, and leveled the shotgun.

Regulus said in a clear voice: "That won't be necessary. Troopers stand down." They did as

ordered, and stood at attention beside them, rifles at the ready.

"Sergei Anatoly Ustinov, you have done well. Lower your weapon, leave it with the troopers and come with me." He didn't even wait for Sergei's response, but turned on his heel, and started issuing orders to a subordinate regarding fixing the gate, and monitoring the progress of the "vein hole creature".

He sighed, and shrugged his shoulders. He walked past the trooper that stood waiting for his weapon with an outstretched hand, and a smirk on his face. He handed the shotgun over, as well as the TAZER, and trotted up to Regulus' side.

"Sir, may I ask what the hell that was all about?"

"You may, but if you are patient enough, all will be explained shortly in full."

"Yes sir." He muttered in resignation.

They approached the Pysch profiling building again. This time instead of a cell, he was brought by Regulus to a debriefing room. Upon entering he saw two other men already seated facing the front of the room where a neatly dressed staff officer stood at parade rest. The men were as ragged as he was. One had blood all over him, and the other was in obvious pain. Regulus pointed to a seat in the front, and walked to the front of the room.

Sergei sat down as ordered, and the troopers took positions in the rear.

"Welcome to the Black Hand of Nod Brothers."
