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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Thu, 07 Oct 2004 21:06:12 GMT

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Sanders' onslaught was going as well as could be expected. The Titans were receiving a heavy beating, but for every one that fell, two more would push through. That was the greatest fault of the Obelisk tower, and these were older designs that didn't have the new capacitors with a higher recharge rate.

The orcas were signaled, and came in as expected, but what wasn't expected was the SAMs that blew them out of the sky before they could attack. He cursed as he watched the fireballs fall from the sky, and pepper the landscape with wreckage. They were going to have to do this the old fashioned way.

As they proceeded to the base, the mutants attempted a similar tac nuke attack as a last ditch effort. His men saw the impending attack, and fired in front of the oncoming SUVs, and Mobile Homes. The dirt thrown up in front of them obscured their vision, and they smashed into the holes left by the airborne turf. Once trapped, the concentrated fire of every weapon Nod had that could bear on them obliterated any hint of the last attempt at a rush. It didn't take long before the Obelisks were out of action. 155mm rounds had punched holes through the superstructures of the defensive structures, and it was only a matter of time before the armored shaft guarding the power conduits to the focal lenses were pounded to flattened junk. One entire upper half broke in two, and landed on the technicians attempting to keep it operational. The other just plain shut down the circuits as they watched the Obelisk cook in its own power discharge.

A new threat materialized now. Old style GDI mammoth tank now confronted the newer Titans. They were firing at unusual rapidity for a mammoth, and it suggested improved reloading methods. He ordered them to focus all fire on each individual tank, from left to right. They couldn't hold up to the beating, and despite doing the same to the Titans, lost the war of attrition.

The Titans were now unchallenged, and started systematically destroying what was left. They had orders to spare nothing, and no one except the lab.

As they approached the lab, Sanders knew the answer to whether the team was successful or not. It was burning heavily, and abandoned. The last vestige of resistance took refuge in the northern part of the base underground in a cavern. A mutant named Tratos was on the circuit

"Leave them alone, except Tratos. We need survivors to tell the world GDI did this, and we

He ordered Tratos out, and let the others go in whatever scrappy vehicles they had. Sanders ordered the wolverines to escort Tratos' sedan to base.

As the Titans walked back to base, they finished off anything of use to them, and stomped their way home. Regulus had snatched victory from defeat, and smiled inwardly. It was suddenly muted by the realization that the primary mission hadn't been accomplished yet. He ordered APCs north in search of the Team, and hoped Kane wouldn't ask before they found them.

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