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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [rm5248](#) on Tue, 19 Oct 2004 21:46:41 GMT

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The men were glad to be free of their weapons, and gear for once. They organized shifts of men to watch the locals that may try to visit the island, while others rested, tanned, or went swimming to the mainland for a run at the local beverage stand. Sergei pulled first shift voluntarily, and perched on top of the small island's mountain. The breeze, sun and fresh air made him feel new again, and he felt the absolute joy of doing nothing for the first time in many months. No one tried to come to the island this day so there was nothing to be on guard for. The locals were convinced a rich news anchor owned the island, and that it was private property so they didn't

working the booth, and have drink, he resisted and fell asleep under the Spanish sun. He found he was very tired every time they stopped operating, and he already wanted to go back, and do something productive. But for now, he was happy to sleep, and be warm.

Regulus meanwhile was watching the annihilation of Vega's security as Slavik's units pressed into the base. They were outnumbered, but Vega was too busy fighting off GDI units at the same time, that Slavik's surprise had been complete. The train had been captured, and the second portion of the Tacitus found. It was already en-route to Palma, and Vega had abandoned the small impromptu base for his main base in South America. GDI was already pursuing, and Slavik had made sure to place an anonymous tip to GDI command about the Dams that powered Vega's base. If they went, the base would be unpowered, and GDI could easily destroy Vega. Nod had cut its losses with Vega and his men. The Brotherhood had no tolerance for failure. As GDI dropped units in to finish Vega, the tacitus was spirited away by Slavik across the pond. Palma vacation was about to end for the team in about 6 hours.

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