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Subject: STORY: The Scorpion's tale.

Posted by [KIRBY098](#) on Wed, 02 Jun 2004 13:56:51 GMT

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The Black Hand training had honed Regulus's skills to perfection, and he instinctively brought his sidearm level with Sergei's head, and started pulling the trigger. Surprisingly, to both men, but especially Sergei, he held his composure, and said in a clear voice: "Sir, we need to go

Regulus couldn't place the name, but he knew the face. "Inductee, why are you wearing

Sergei replied in an unwavering voice "I've made my choice, sir. I serve the

Regulus held the sidearm in place, but an amusing smile crept across his face. "And are you

Something in the determined look in Sergei's eyes, and the resolve he had in the face of this trained killer convinced Regulus.

He dropped the gun back into its holster, and walked past the door Sergei had come in. Sergei followed at a fast walk, slinging his rifle onto his back, and handing the pass card to Regulus. The hall was dark, with intermittent emergency lights scattered throughout. Regulus walked fast, and with purpose seemingly knowing the way by heart. They went down a steep stairwell after going through a heavy metal blast door, which appeared long unused. Beyond was what he could only describe as a subway of sorts. The lights were on in here, and there was another trooper setting a timer on a panel.

"A recruit. Take him to processing when we get to Bravo, and get him trained. The Black Hand needs the best and brightest, and he survived the GDI attack, and got into this facility without any

The Montauk arrived via the underground railway. A door slid open in its side, and someone inside waved them in.

"Troopers head to the rear. Commander Regulus, please come with me to the command

They did as requested, and the door closed behind them. The other trooper sat him down, and took his rifle from him. He put both his, and Sergei's weapons in the ammo locker, and sat down in turn, buckling himself in. Sergei followed suit, and felt acceleration he had not expected. It was a surprisingly smooth, and quiet ride. There was no talking though, and Sergei spent the time reflecting on what he had been through in the last day and a half. He was glad to be a part of something now, but couldn't help but wonder at what the next day would bring.

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