

《Immaculate Spirit》

Chapter 1

Peru, 08/02/2012, 03:04.

Marc "Ghost" Sanchez stared at the curtain of rain pouring endlessly in front of him. In the shadow of a century tree tilted on the side, he watch the jungle silently almost peacefully, despite the barking of dog getting closer and closer. His hand squeeze familiarly the M9 handgun in his grasp, ejecting the magazine, he looked at it briefly before putting it back in his place. His movement are nimble and swift, almost like he repeated it a thousand time before, witch he did.

'Great' He thought bitterly. 'Two bullet left plus one more in the chamber. Not enough to make a difference'.

Closing his eyes and concentrating in his earing for a while, a picture of a map of his surrounding appear in his mind. If the greatest genius of the planet could see this, they will cry in disbelief. That's not something they could do, so seeing someone with a not genius IQ do it so easily will certainly crush their vision of the world. That was something only with time, experience and mostly almost death experience he manage to accomplish. That was the reason he manage to survive until this day, just weeks shy of his 40's birthday, which in his line of work is way past the average life expectancy.

Twelve dogs, thirty five man within a eight hundred feet distance around him, that was the maximum range he could do. And more people keep coming. Opening his eyes again he started looking at his hands covered in blood, his blood. Moving a little bit to the side, pain shot through his body, especially from his right shoulder and right hips, where he got hit in his escape.

A bitter smile spread across his face. A rough head that demonstrates a hard-led life. Brown hair, brown eyes and clearly of spanish heritage. 5'9" with a tone, athletic body, he vas the kind of people you met every day in the street and you don't remember second after you have seen him. Wich in his jobis worth gold.

"Well, it seems that is the end for me" He said in a cold, unemotionally voice while his right hand reveal a M67 hand grenade from his pocket.

Without a hint of hesitation, he casually remove the pin and watch the spring-loaded

safety lever separate from the grenade. A light seems to appear in his cold; brown eyes for a second before disappearing. His life start to flash in front of his eyes while he start counting.

"3"

He remembers being born the first december 1974 in the city of Dallas, Texas.

He remembers his mother dying while giving him birth.

He remembers his father dying while he was 6, when being shot from a hit and run on the street in front of him.

he remembers being in the care of his uncle, his mother brother, a military man strict but caring in his own way.

he remembers being train by him since his 10th birthday because he was being bullied.

"2"

He remembers kissing Jessica Northfeld behind the school while he was fourteen, he's first kiss.

He remembers winning the first place on the state shooting competition that same years and 4 years in a roll.

He remembers enrolling in the US marine corps while he was eighteen.

He remembers being selected for SEALs training for exceptional aptitude at nineteen.

He remembers gaining his nickname "Ghost" for his aptitude at adapting and remaining unnoticed regardless of the environment.

He remembers his first kill at twenty in his first mission in the middle east.

He remembers being wrap up by the CIA for Black Ops at twenty-five.

"1"

He remembers his first mission for the CIA, killing a african warlord at twenty-six.

He remembers the death of his uncle at twenty-nine from heart attack.

He remembers is kill count going over one hundred at thirty-two.

He remembers his last mission in Peru, killing the lord of a drug cartel who knew too much.

He remembers the CIA abandoning him in enemy territory because he knew too much as well.

He remembers the most important rule; "NEVER GET CAUGHT".

He remembers removing the pin.

"0"

He remembers no more.