

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 113

Washington DC, Walter Reed Army Medical Center. 13/11/2012. 18:35.

In the room 112, a 38 years old man was sleeping on a medical bed. In his wrist, a ID bracelet was naming him as Scott McCornaig. After the botched mission in South Korea, it was now Ex-Colonel Scott McCornaig. Four weeks after the mission and Scott was still in an hospital bed. He had suffer a lot of serious wound and almost died in fact. What he did not know on the action was when the grenades explodes near him and shrapnel pierces his leg, his femoral artery had been cut by one of the shrapnel and he almost bleed out while he was unconscious after the explosion.

If not for the quick response team of Korean medical team, Scott would have come back in the states in a body bag. Sadly, his team was not as lucky as him. On the twenty four Delta force members implicated on that mission, only thirteen survived and on this thirteen, four will never be soldier again because of too serious injury. They were staggering numbers and it was the reason now that Scott was an ex-Colonel.

A military committee had gather while Scott was still in a medically induce coma to help treat his wound and had dishonorably discharged him for order that give rise to the death of three of his mens and injured many more. When he had no choice but to give the order to bomb the building, the blast that had follow had inflicted grievous injury on his mens, he himself included. On his back he had second degree burn that were still healing albeit very slowly.

As of now, the injury that give him the most pain was still his leg. After the hemorrhage almost took his life, his leg have been hurt badly and now he had a long way to go in physical therapy. The problem was that Scott was feeling guilty and lost about the death of his mens and him not being in the military anymore. Since he was eighteen and he had engaged, he had knew military life and now it was over, he did not know who he was anymore. That cause him to neglect his reeducation and passed his day upping his morphine dosage to help him forget all of what happened that night.

Waking up slowly and feeling the pain on his back and leg, Scott wanted to up his morphine dosage but could not found the button near his right hand anymore. More, there was an unexplainable weight near his uninjured left leg. Straightening himself from his bed to relieve the pain of his back, he could now see much better in his room. The weight near his left leg was in fact a pair of foot belonging to a blond teenager sitting in a chair near his bed and busy reading through a file. Noticing Scott moving,

the blond teenager put the file down and looked at him.

"Oh good, you are finally awake." He said with an happy and youthful voice.

"Who are you and what are you doing in my room?" He grumbled, searching for his morphine button.

"My name is Nathaniel and if the nurse ask, i'm your nephew." He smile cheekily.

"This is stupid, i don't have any siblings. Where the hell is my morphine button?"

"You are talking about this?" Nathaniel said, dangling a device in front of Scott. "I disconnect it.."

"Why did you do that? I need that! Give it to me now!" He shout angrily making a move to grab it and retracting it immediatly grimacing in pain from the burn in his back."

"The truth is, Scott, you really don't. Your pain is more psychological than physical."

"I have 27% of my back with second degree burn! Do you have any idea how much it hurt. Of course not! You are a friggin kid who just got out of his mother womb!" Scott yell.

"You have no idea of the pain i had in my life! You pass one little month of your life in an hospital and you think everyone must respect you for that? You have lived nothing compare to me, boy!" Nathaniel yell back, his blue eyes turning cold.

Taken aback by the sudden outburst from the teenager in front of him, Scott could feel his anger receding and he took a double take on his interlocutor. Even if the person in front of him was a pretty boy with smooth hand, the danger that Scoot could feel now was nothing like he experienced in his life. He had fight to the death against another special forces of various country and none of them made him shiver in his boots like that.

"Okay, i see that you need some though love. I'm going to tell you something that every nurses and doctors here know but no one is brave enough to say. You are inch away to throw the rest of your life away. If you don't stop using morphine and keep refused to do your physical therapy you will never walk again and be forever addicted to painkiller. You passed the last month feeling sorry for yourself and i'm telling you right now, it's stop now!" Nathaniel continued more calmly.

"I deserved that! Mens, good mens died because of me! I should be dead right now!" Scott shout.

Hearing that, Nathaniel could only sighed softly. It was as he had feared. Taking his laptop out of his bag and turning it on, he search to find a particular video.

"They said your order to bomb the building cost the lives of your mens? Who died because of you?"

"This is top secret! You are not even supposed to know about this!"

"I get that a lot. Just tell me, who was it? You know i could have that information real fast."

"It was Corporal Barnes, Corporal Maces and Sergeant Martins" Scott said, his voice cracking a little at the end. He knew these mens very well as they were his friends and brother in arms. He had to admit it felt good to say these names out loud as they were in his mind a lot.

Nodding, Nathaniel start to type on his laptop until he put it on the tray habitually used to put food on but was empty at the moment.

"It's this where the three of them were located?" Nathaniel say, showing a freeze infrared vid film from what's look like a dronewhere he had encircle three green lifeform near the white structure.

Looking at the pause video, Scott could not stop himself to lean forward, his mind going back to that operation a month ago and everything that he had done wrong that day. Focusing on the three encircle green silhouette, he could feel himself shocking.

"Yes, it is them." Scott answer after a moment to get back under control.

"Good, now look." Nathaniel said, pressing space to launch the vid.

On the video, both of them could see exchange of fire between the two sides and even what was happening on the other side of the building where the Korean team was pinned down. The video was going for almost two minutes when they finally saw the two missiles struck the building and the whole frame turn green.

"Notice something weird Scott?" Nathaniel ask after he had let a few seconds passed for Scott to breath.

"They did not move to take cover. Why they did not take cover? I remember yelling the order before the missiles hit the building."

"Because they could not Scott. I read the entire report of the investigation. The three men they claimed you had killed with your order were already dead or dying before the missiles hit."

"But why? Why they told me I was responsible for their death?" Scott asked angrily and lost.

"I don't know for sure but I can guess. Since the mission cost so many Americans and Koreans lives, the government of South Korea wanted an answer and someone to be taken accountable. The State Department had no choice but to give them a fall guy and they chose you to be sacrificed. All of that speech about killing your teammates was to only get rid of you. They thought that since they could not use you anymore, they made sure no one will be by destroying your mentality and blacklisting you to every law enforcement agency and private security company."

"Those bastards!" Scott yelled, punching his bed repeatedly, the pain on his back forgotten.

Nathaniel chose not to speak and just let Scott vent his anger without interrupting him. It was a long moment once Scott was past his anger and opened his eyes. Much more calm now and without the guilt and the sadness in his eyes that was present for the last month, he seemed more light now than ever.

"If what you said is true, what are you doing here?"

"First and foremost, I'm here because of respect. You make countless sacrifices for this country and the government treats you like you were nothing. You deserve the truth and more of all, you deserved to be treated better. I'm sorry Colonel." Nathaniel said, putting a hand on his shoulder.

Nathaniel could really connect with what happened to Scott. Having Marc's memories inside of him, there was a time when he could feel what Marc felt when he realized the country that he gave his life for, abandoned him.

"Thanks for that but this is not Colonel anymore. I'm a civilian now." Scott smiled sadly.

"Who knows, maybe you will be Colonel again in the future." Nathaniel gave a little smile. "I'm starting a team Scott. Individuals with certain skills to help the people, not only American interest. You don't have to answer now, don't worry. I just want to be honest with you as I believe you will be a nice addition to the team. Our time together is coming to an end tonight if I can trust my hearing." Nathaniel smiled.

"What do you mean by that?" Scott asked.

It was at this moment that two people arrived in front of the room. Both of them were around thirty years old, brown hair and were wearing suits with sunglasses.

"Nathaniel Lyndon, Secret Service. I'm going to ask you to come with us, sir." The taller of the two ask.

Shaking his head, Nathaniel picked up his laptop and put it back in his bag. Noticing the surprised on Scott's face, Nathaniel smile at him and put a file on the tray near him.

"That will be our first case if you want to integrate the team, read it if you are curious but i'm warning you, places and names have been stricken out of the file for security reason. Just get better Scott and do your damned physical reeducation. I will be back soon to see you." Nathaniel said before walking to the two mens in suits. "Let's go guys."

"Wait! How old are you?" Scott ask from his bed.

"I'm sixteen." Nathaniel smile joyfully before leaving, escorted by the Secret Service.