

# Immaculate Spirit

## Chapter 74

On the ground floor, the situation was basically resolved at this point. The cops did not take much time once Jean called them. The key word men with guns killing in one of the classiest hotel in the city had the dispatch center call every unit in a 5 miles radius to intervene. As it was in a rich district, it already had a decent police force in patrol in the area.

Now, the six assassins were dead. They had not succeed at taking any of them alive. They were like demons, not going down and kept shooting despite taking multiple gunshot wounds. Only death could put them down permanently.

This was not to say that it was easy to do so. The ground floor was littered with dead or wounded people. The walls were coated with blood and bullet impacts. The once gorgeous lobby of the hotel was now in total ruin. Paramedics could be found running between victims, stabilizing the wounded with the help of NYPD uniform.

Between the cries of anguish from people who had lost loved ones and the moaning of the injured people, the atmosphere in the hotel was grim. It was a scene that people expected to see in the news happening in the middle east, not in the heart of New York. Outside of the hotel, a perimetre had been set by NYPD and news reporters could be seen already arriving on the scene.

They were already live on TV and every channel had stopped their usual broadcasts to show what was happening at the hotel. The news were circulating on social media and a hashtag had already been found and put in the top of the world. Everybody was screaming at terrorism without knowing anything conclusive yet.

Being tended to by a paramedic in the lobby were Jean and Amal. They had survived the fight but had not come out of it unscathed. Jean had his shoulder bandaged as he had been hit by a throwing knife in the shoulder. The knife was aimed for his head but he was saved by Amal who shoved him to the side.

Leaving his position to save his friend he had received a bullet to the chest. His kevlar vest had efficiently saved his life but he had his chest bandaged by the paramedic who told him that he had one or two cracked ribs. On and on they had been lucky compared to the ones that died tonight.

The hotel was still out of power and the lobby was light up by emergence lights and NYPD officers flashlights. Upon entering, the six assassins had separated into two teams. The first was tasked with destroying the power room while the second assaulted the security post of the hotel. Killing the security agent in it and destroying the material, cutting of internet and the landline phone. After that, they had gathered in the lobby and assaulted the korean bodyguards who were on lookout. That was the time Jean and Amal entered the fray.

Once the assassin handle, the NYPD were not in the mood to be lenient and seeing Jean and Amal so heavily arm, they were almost shot down until one of the officer took notice of the knife embedded in the shoulder of Jean. After that, they had the opportunity to identify themselves. Once disarmed, they had been escorted to the paramedics. They had not been cuffed so far as they could see that the two of them had only fought the killers but they had been thoroughly warned to not leave the premises.

Not that they would leave. The two of them had done nothing wrong and they had permit for all the weapons that they used tonight. Even their alibi was already ready as it was sent by Nathaniel before the attack even begun. It was basically saying the truth with a couple of adjustments of course.

"Do you think the kid is going to give us a bonus or something? We managed to stop them before they could even go up" Jean said with a pained smile.

The wound that he had suffered would have put any man on the ground moaning but he was used to wounds now. The legionary training that he went through was not a joke and he had received his fair share of wounds in his number of deployments abroad. Based on that, it was actually the first time that he fought men who were that skilled in combat. He had collaborated with special forces like Delta in a number of operations before but they were allies. These guys were the exact opposite of that concept.

"We did not, think about it, these guys were the diversion, I think the more capable ones were already in the building to kill their target. That's what I would have done."

Thinking about it, Jean realized that his friend was right. It did make a lot of sense. He was going to ask something when Amal abruptly cut him off.

"Hush, we will talk about it later. We are not alone at the moment." Amal said, looking at his surrounding.

"Okay." Jean finished. It was really not a good moment to talk about it.

While they were talking, two Swat teams were sweeping each floor, trying to find out if there were more attackers or civilians in the top floors. Behind them were two paramedics escorted by five NYPD officers. As the building was still being jammed they could not communicate by radio so the paramedics had volunteered to come up in case there were injured who needed help immediately. So far they had still not found the jamming device which would have helped them tremendously in coordinating once turned off.

As they were progressing through the floors, they had managed to find a few civilians hiding in their rooms which they escort to the ground floor under the officers vigilance. On the floor they were sweeping right now, they had found a dead civilian who had been cut down with a sword. It was so messy that one of the officers who escorted the paramedics threw up.

Opening the stairways to go up, they found another body there.

"This one has the same attire as the attacker downstairs. It seem that someone fu\*\*ed him up real bad." One of the Swat guys said.

"Shut your mouth Ballarski! If there is one there is bound to be more, keep alert!" The team leader ordered coldly. It was not time to make observations like that. Going up the next floor he could see dead people in the hallway and people moving around.

"Police! Put your hands in the air!" He yelled.

Immediately, two of the three people who were moving did as was ordered while the last one was still kneeling in front of a pale man. He could see that the couple were middle aged asians and were not dressed like the attackers.

"I need help! If I put my hands in the air, he will bleed out!" The girl yelled.

Approaching the girl who was kneeling with his team in tow, he could now see much better. Looking at the guy and the wound on his abdomen, he turned around.

"Medic!" He yelled behind him.

His two teams of Swat members quickly passed the girl and began inspecting each room while the two paramedics replaced the girl and started giving first aid. They did not take much time to clear each suite on the floor and gathered back in the middle of the hallway while the two medics were working frantically to keep the injured man alive. While they were doing that, the team leader was frowning looking at the two dead assassins on the floor. They had taken a bullet in the same exact spot on the side of their head, which was not normal at all.

"Sir, we need to move him right now! If he is not in the hospital in the next fifteen minutes, he is dead!" The medic exclaimed grimly.

"Put him on the stretcher. You, you and you escort the injured and the three civilians here to the ground floor. One of the two medics go with them, the other stay with us!" He ordered quickly.

He was going to move out when the girl with bloodied hands stopped him with her arm.

"Please! My friend and I got separated and now he is missing, can you find him?"

"What is his name and where did you see him the last time?"

"His name is Nathaniel and the last time I saw him he was on the twelfth floor, room 74! Please help him, he is innocent." She pleaded.

"Don't worry we will, now move out we don't have time."

Once they left, he quickly turned to his men.

'Okay, Ballarski, take your team, the medic and the NYPD officer and sweep the next floor. I will take mine and find that Nathaniel."

"Yes sir!"

"Good, stay sharp and do not delay. Move out people!" He ordered.

Once the two teams separated in the stairway, the team leader and his three men started running in the stairs as they were short on time. Once they arrived on the twelfth floor they could see that something had happened here. Three people wearing the same attire as the attacker were dead on the floor. Coming closer, the team leaders frown kept getting wider. The first two had died from headshots and the last had his head turned in an unnatural angle. Finding suite 74 nearby, he left one of his men to keep watch in the corridor and entered with the rest of his team.

"This is the police! If someone is here please yell out!" He yelled starting to check every piece here until he heard a feeble voice answer. Startled, he approached the place where he thought the voice came from.

"This is the police! Please yell out!" He asked again.

"I'm here! Under the bed!" The voice answered faintly.

Pointing his flashlight mounted on his machine gun to the bed in the room, he could see a hand making a signal. Hurrying to the bed, he seized the hand and pulled the kid out of it.

"I hide! I hide here and they didn't see me! Is it over? Please say it is over." The kid rambled quickly clearly scared.

"Don't worry kid, it is over, you are with us now, we are going to protect you. Are you Nathaniel?" The team leader said soothingly, putting his hand on the shoulder of Nathaniel.

"Yes I am, you saved me! Thanks!" He answered, beaming at the team leader who reciprocated with a kind smile of his own.