

Immaculate Spirit

Chapter 95

South Korea. 26/10/2012. 03:30.

Daegu was the fourth largest city in Korea and was located in the south east of the country. It was quite a peaceful town and was known in the country for harboring the coolest festivals, a great mix of modern and ancient architecture and funnily, was the birthplace of two members of the band BTS. Outside of the city there was an old manor surrounded by high walls with barbed wired on top of it. The manor was known to be the oldest place in the city and was the home of a very reclusive rich man. Since that man was giving huge amounts of money to various orphanages in the city they always respected is wish for privacy.

That was what every citizen believed. Too bad all of it was a lie.

There was no rich man, all of it was faked to hide what was really taking place here. The manor was the headquarter of one of the most vicious assassin organisations in Asia, the Black Hand. They were using the money they gave to the orphanage of the city as a mean to visit them without gathering attention from the people in charge and scout the younger of the orphans to find and take away the ones with talent.

After that they would indoctrinate and train them in various martial arts, weapons and infiltration. After ten years of harsh training where one out of three children survived, they were sent to various parts of the country to carrying out assassinations.

Colonel Scott McCornaig was a 38 year old man, veteran delta force. Him and the three other members of his squad were outside of the perimeters at the ready, looking at the high wall with rapt attention. They were waiting the word of commandement before going in.

The moment Nathaniel had given the name of the organisation responsible for the attack it triggered a huge chain of events. When the FBI had run "Black Hand" in their database it had triggered a lot of alarms in the CIA. They were familiar with that organisation but before the attack against the Kim family they had never left Asia so it was not their problem. Now that they did it became one, one they needed to deal with appropriately. They needed to send a huge message that launching an attack in US biggest city did not come without consequences.

The CIA then started investigating in Korea using every mean they had to buy or pry

out any information that they could find them. The only information they had before the incident was that their home base was in south Korea. Now, three weeks after the attack on the hotel it was time for some hard payback. Scott's team was not the only one here, not by a long shot.

Surrounding the huge property there were five teams of delta forces gathered, supported by five teams of Korean special forces, code named "Akh", all of them posted at key location. Since they were in a foreign country they could not launch an attack without the cooperation of south Korea in consideration of a huge diplomatic backlash. As an ally of the United States the government chose to help them as the Black Hand organisation was a huge thorn in their side and had volunteer their best teams to assist in the attack.

"Falcon1, this is PC." A voice said in his earpiece.

"Yes PC, this is Falcon1." Scott answer.

"All of their surveillance is in our control, the mission is a go."

"Roger PC." Scott responded before passing on his second channel. "Falcom team one, the mission is a go."

Taking the security off of his HK 417 machine gun he lowered his night goggles on his head, the world turning green.

Running in the direction of the wall, one of his men threw a grapple over the wall and started climbing quickly. In his radio Scott could hear other team reporting a sentinel down. The assassin had put five men on surveillance outside of the perimeter and they were currently being taken down by two teams of marine snipers in charge of providing ground support for the assault team. Hearing that the five sentinels were taken down Scott nodded satisfied. Intel was estimating the number of hostiles in the manor up to twenty people. Now that five have been put down he could breathe easier.

Scaling the wall once his three teammates had done so Scott looked around. They were all in a forested area, providing good cover. That's why it had been chosen by Scott as an entrypoint when looking at the satellite picture taken before the assault. Fifty yards away the trees were ending, turning into lawn with not so much cover and one hundred yards after that the manor was there. Posted atop the building were two huge security posts with moving searchlights. Hearing the other falcon team checking in radio Scott did the same.

"PC, Falcon1 is inside. Cut off their power." Scott ordered in his earpiece.

A few moments later when the two searchlights went dark Scott did not lose even a second.

"To all Falcon teams, go!"

Scott and his team started to move, sweeping the place in front of them with practiced movements, closing in on the manor fast. All was going well, they were thirty feet away from the manor and Scott's team had linked up with Falcon 3 and 4 when shit hit the fan. The searchlights came back alive and the barking of dogs started to erupt inside the manor.

"Falcon team, shoot those searchlights down!" Scott shouted in his earpiece.

Immediately after he gave that order the loud sounds of machine guns started to ring out around him, shooting at the projector. It was essential to take out these projectors or their future advance would be compromised and their night goggles totally useless. They needed to preserve these advantages. Contrary to what he expected the projector did not explode under fire and even worse shooting erupted around them coming from the security post. Two men went down taking shots not far from Scott.

"We are under fire! Falcon two and four use RPG to destroy these two security posts now!" Scott ordered in his earpiece again.

Of the five delta teams present today three of them had one member with a RPG that they could use. He had chosen these two particular teams because they were the closest to the objectives with clear line of sights on the target. He was proven right when a few seconds later the two security posts explode in flames.

"Status report! How are the two men that got hit?"

"Falcon2, our men took two bullets to the chest, the vest stopped them. He is hurt but fine and back on his feet."

"Falcon3, we are reporting corporal Jim Banks as KIA."

Hearing that Scott jaws locked. To have lost a man so soon was a blow but he needed to stay professional and keep moving or it could be bad. It was not the first time that he lost a man and it would not be his last.

"PC, I am reporting Caporal Jim Banks as KIA and one man injured."

"Copy Falcon1, your orders are still the same, continue with the objective."

"Rodger that PC." He answered.

"To all Falcon teams, start moving in the direction of the manor! We are sitting ducks here, take cover in the premises of the building." He ordered in his earpiece starting to run, followed closely by his brothers in arms.

They were just taking cover when the door of the manor opened and men dressed in black started to shoot at them with machine guns. With the fire on top of the building and the light coming from the building Scott did not have another choice but to take off his goggles and order his men to do the same before returning fire.

He only had time to put two bullets in the head of the men shooting in his direction before taking cover again behind the wall. At least ten assassins had already exited the building and more were coming out each second. The world turned into hell as bullets and explosives came alive around them destroying everything.

"PC we are being pinned down! What are the news from the Koreans? We need back up ASAP!" Scott shouted.

"Falcon1, the Korean unit is pinned down as well, they are trying to find a way to you as of now."

To avoid friendly fire it was planned that delta would launch an assault from the south corner of the building while the Korean special forces took the north. Hearing the information was not good news at all. It seemed like they were alone and needed to come out of this situation themselves.

"Falcon3, move to the west and take position behind that statue, we need to take them into crossfire. Falcon 5, move to the east, behind that flight of stairs. Falcon team 1, 2 and 4 will provide you cover. At my word. Move now!" Scott shouted.

Leaving cover he fired at one of the assassins aiming at one of his teammates, killing him and taking down another target. He was taking cover when a bullet grazed his skin leaving a burning trail on his shoulder. Ignoring the pain he kept talking to his team, organizing his men and taking note of the ones injured or dead.

"Falcon1, this is PC." his earpiece cracked again.

"PC, This is Falcon1, go ahead."

"A thermal scan of the manor showed more than thirty life signs in the building."

"How the fuc* is this possible! Your previous scan only showed twenty people here and we already killed more than twenty!" Scott yelled in anger.

"We don't know Falcon1, the Korean team is being under heavy fire and is on the verge of being overrun. You have orders to retreat."

"PC we can't retreat! This is a no mans land around the building, if we leave our cover we are going to be wiped out before even reaching the trees!"

He was going to say something else when a grenade fell not far from him. Springing into action, he kicked it before jumping on his teammate to cover him.

"Grenade!" He yelled.

The world seemed to explode as shrapnel flew everywhere around them. His head spinning and ear ringing he could feel his leg was hurting and bleeding. Feeling it with his hand he realised that he had multiple shrapnel of the grenade embedded in his leg. Shutting the pain out he heard his radio cracking again and someone calling him.

"Falcon1 this is PC, please answer."

"I'm still here PC." He said, looking at the side. He found one member of his team bleeding in the grass, shrapnel on his face, dead.

"PC, you need to bomb the building."

"Falcon1 you are cracking, please repeat what you just said."

"We have a Predator drone on top of us with a Hellfire missile! Just bomb that building." Scott yelled, picking up his weapon from the ground.

"Falcon1 this is a negative, your teams are in the blast zone."

"I know that PC! We are running low on ammo! Just bomb that fuck** building or we are all dead! I will take full responsibility but do it now!"

There was no answer on the radio for a minute, Scott threw his last grenade and picked up his handgun, not having any ammunition left in his HK417.

"Falcon1 missiles launched, impact in fifteen seconds. God help you." The man said, showing emotion for the first time tonight.

"To all Falcon team members, air strike in ten seconds, get down and take cover!" Scott yelled, going on the ground and curling up, hands on his ears.

A few seconds later the two missiles hit the building turning the whole world into flames.