

Immaculate Spirit

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Seeing the first car rolling silently into the driveway and cutting its headlight, the three other cars quickly follow the call and cut their engines as well.

"It seems that they want to take us by surprise." Keith said.

"Make sense, they must think that we don't know about the watch and that someone other than us knows this place. We also learned something, the one in charge is in that first car." Ethan said to Keith before sending a message in the com.

"Echo team, we have the leader in the first SUV passing the gate, try as possible to take him alive."

Once the cars stopped, Ethan and the other ex-Seals members start paying particular attention to the gear that they were wearing and the weapons they had in hands. To his relief, he saw no one with a bulletproof vest or any tactical gear at all. Some were wearing camo but that was it. Based on his observation, none had sidearms either, they only had what they had in hands which was a ragtag of MP5, shotgun, pistols and he noticed with a displeased expression at least four people with a MAC-10.

The MAC-10 was a very filthy weapon in Ethan's opinion. It was a very deadly weapon in close quarters and even someone with no training at all could go on a rampage with it. The cadence of fire was so huge that you could empty a thirty round magazine in less than two seconds. With the recoil and the fact that this weapon was so short, it was making it hard to control and so its effectiveness at long range was almost useless. Which means that for them it presents little risk but for Nathaniel it was extremely dangerous.

Seeing the barn was the only thing lit in the ranch, they start walking in that direction, not making an effort to make a plan or get into a formation but trying to move quietly. Looking at them massing around the double door of the barn, Ethan knew they were going to ram their way in very soon.

"Echo team, start picking your target, try to focus people with MAC-10 in hands. Wait for the go before engaging." Ethan ordered while aiming his M4 and picking a target of his own.

Kicking the double doors open, five of them immediately rush inside to stop almost as

fast.

"NOOOO!" Ethan heard someone yell before seeing a form running inside.

That's when all the light inside the barn suddenly shutdown, leaving only the two light outside and positioned on top of the double door still on. Ethan knew to recognize a signal when he saw one.

"Go." He order in the com before opening fire on the man he had targeted.

The team quickly followed and open fired on the braconeers, seven people were the first to went down and were followed by four more. Surprised by the sudden attack and not knowing from where it was coming from, some froze on the spot where others try to gain cover or hurriedly went to the ground to escaped the hail of bullet coming their way

"Move in." Ethan order.

"Sir, are you alright in there?" Ethan shout. he and his team not relaxing even a little bit and disarming the people on the ground.

"Oh Ethan, everything is resolved already?" Nathaniel voice sound almost surprised.

"Yes sir." Ethan answered.

Entering the barn, Ethan try to find Nathaniel but because it was too dark, he couldn't. That's when all the light turn back on and Ethan had to blink a few times to get rid of the sudden brightness. It was a few moments later when he could see five mens on the ground, four were dead with knife in their throat or to the back of their head and one was still alive with a knife in his right knee.

"Up here." Nathaniel said.

Raising his head, Ethan could see Nathaniel was sitting on the wooden beam almost fifteen feet in the air, near him was an electrical box. Seeing the look that Ethan and the others ex-Seals members on the ground direct his way, Nathaniel just smiled.

"What? You really thought that I was going to be on the ground, in the middle of this nightmare? Fat chance." He laughed, letting himself fall from the beam, landing on top of one of the wooden doors before jumping to the side and landing on the ground. "Do we have injured?"

"No sir, it's a miracle really." Ethan was surprised to say the least when he realized that they were all unscathed.

"No, it's not. It's just the difference in training, gear, strategy and situation between you and them." Nathaniel denied instantly before walking to the man on the ground with a knife in his right knee. "Hey you, I have a lot of questions for you." Nathaniel gave him a predatory smile, the man shivering in fright.

White House, Washington DC. 05/04/2013. 17:00.

"Mister President! Mister President! Mister President!" Reporters shout while the President was flooded with flash.

"Please, let me speak people." William said, raising his hands in a sign of appeasement.

Seeing them settling down, William nodded before starting to speak.

"Thank you. Like you heard in the last two days, the US Fish and Wildlife Service with the help of the Federal Bureau of Investigation made a lot of arrest including celebrities, chief of industries and politician, some of them working inside this government. This is why I announce today, that Bryan O'Connell, Secretary of the Interior and Mason Trunches, Advisor to the President are no longer working for this administration. The clear violation of the Endangered Species act and a number of international treaties is a real danger to our very future and cannot be tolerated by anyone. Some animals were found in perfect health while others show clear sign of brutality and some others were sold just for the pleasure of eating exotic species." William state in a grave voice, making a pause to make sure everyone was following before continuing.

"All still alive animals are being bring to different Zoo or veterinarian office around the country to be treated and then relocated in a correct habitat were they will be able to strive and not being locked away for the twisted pleasure of the elite. This is why I will introduce a bill in Congress in the next week to augment the budget dedicated to these animals. Thank you everyone, I will now leave you to the very competent hands of Dave, my spokesperson." William excused himself from the press conference, ignoring the numbers calls directed his way and exiting the room.

Walking back into his office, William slump on his chair before untying his tie in a tired move. Soon after, the side door of his office open and his wife came behind him and put her hand on his shoulder.

"How are you?" Linda asked gently.

"Honestly? I'm beat. I swear, this kid is going to be the end of me." William answers tiredly, keeping his eyes closed.

"At least, he told you beforehand so that you could get ahead of it. It could have been a lot worse."

"Trust me, I know. The only consolation I have is that the opposition can't use it against me because it touch both side of the aisle. Based on my counselor calculation, we are going to lose more senators but they are going to lose more congressman so in the end, the damage are going to even out."

Linda was going to answers when they heard someone knocking on the door. Saying enter, the door open and Judith, his personal secretary pass the door looking perturbed.

"Mister President, I have Senator John Livingston and Victoria Livingston here. They don't have an appointment but they insist it's important and I ask for some of your time. Can I let them in or would you like me to send them away?"

"Oh come on! Can this day became even worse?" William resented out loud.

It was only later that he learn that it very well could be.