

Chapter 10

A tall, beautiful, black haired woman, disguised as a utility repair person, parked her truck and walked among the bombed out ruins of Ramallah, while isolated gunshots could be heard nearby. Macy Collier, PhD., ex-CEO of Condor Laboratories and Weylin's prior boss, lover and undercover Mossad agent, surveyed the ruins of a reputed Palestinian bomb factory.

While at Condor's helm, she kept her intelligence affiliation entirely secret, not even telling Weylin. She had been encouraged by the Mossad to seek her CEO position as the result of information that they had obtained suggesting that an Islamic terrorist organization had plans to sabotage a pharmaceutical producer. Their informant, however, could not pinpoint the location of the target, indicating that it could involve the U.S. or Israel.

The terrorist organization, known as the Armed Islamic Front, or A.I.F., found their mark in Condor's immunity producing vaccine called Olera. Unable to prevent the debacle,

she had been ordered by her Israeli employers to seek out and eliminate the A.I.F.'s financial backer, a powerful and influential sheik. Following successful completion of her assigned task, she clandestinely met with Weylin and to his surprise, explained her Mossad affiliation, quickly leaving the country afterwards. Now living in her adoptive county, Israel, she was deeply involved in the intelligence gathering organization.

The day amongst the battle scarred buildings and rubble had ended. Sitting at the kitchen table in her small house on the outskirts of Jerusalem, Macy stared at the screen of a laptop computer as a teakettle whistled behind her. She rose and poured a cup of tea while continuing to stare at the display. My superiors were quite clear, she reminded herself, agents are not free to share intelligence data outside of the Mossad. I'm going to make the assumption that it only applies to information obtained through regular channels, I must make him aware of the potential for imminent danger.

She drained the teacup and began to type a coded message into her e-mail program, hoping that Weylin's curiosity would get the better of him. I cannot reveal myself, she mused, the message is not encrypted. I have it, the cat; how could he forget the pain from Max's teeth clamped firmly about his ankle.