

Chapter 16

“Why didn’t you show up for our last meeting?” Macy asked, in the local Palestinian dialect.

“I saw your truck explode from the distance,” Barak, the leader of a local Palestinian terrorist cell and a member of the A.I.F., replied.

“I needed you then, I need you even more so now. It has been weeks since I have felt your warmth inside me,” she said, with a tone of urgency.

Barak smiled while he forced her down on the unmade bed in the dingy two room stucco house they often used for their meetings. Straddling her torso, he tore open her blouse and slashed her bra with the small knife that he kept in a scabbard at his waist. She squirmed with pleasure as her nipples were alternately squeezed by his roughened fingers and lips.

“You know I love that,” she said, as he continued to work her breasts with his lips, while his hands opened her belt buckle and zipper. Releasing her breast, he rose from the

bed and violently removed the khaki slacks and black transparent panties that she always wore for their encounters.

“What is it that you want me to do?” he growled, in a sinister tone.

“Your tongue, I love you tongue. Do it, do it--I can't wait. Ooh yes, that's it. You always do it so well, Barak,” she cooed, as his head disappeared between her legs.

In the midst of her moaning and urging, he stopped, quickly removed his clothes and turned her over on her belly. Lifting her to a kneeling position, he penetrated her roughly from behind. “That's what I have been waiting for, longing for,” she said, between gasps.

“I will give you what only Barak can give,” he boasted, while plunging two-and-fro with the intensity of a jackhammer.

When it was over, lying on their backs, their sweaty bodies touching, Macy placed her hand on his groin. “I need this more often,” she said.

“I do not always have time for that,” he sneered. “The jihad is my life. So, what information do you have for me?”

“Very little today. What I had for you the last time by now has become public knowledge.”

“Well, at least you are good in bed,” he admitted, with obvious disappointment.

Still holding his flaccid member, she increased her pressure. “Surely I am worth more than a good lay,” she said, “what news do you have for me?”

As she held on, she could feel him getting harder.

“I must have you again,” he moaned.

“You know how the tales of your A.I.F. leaders excites me. Tell me, then I will be

ready for you.”

With her hand gently massaging him, his eyelids fluttered and he sighed. “I am not part of the inner circle,” he lamented, “but I hear things. There are many plans in the works.”

“Tell me about their plans for the American devils,” she interrupted.

“I have heard talk of their hatred and plans for revenge against a certain American.”

“Can you tell me who that is?”

“Can it not wait,” he grunted, as he humped her hand, “I must be inside you.”

“Tell me now, then we can be wild like animals.”

“There is a doctor who they wish to cause great pain. He is responsible for the death of our previous leader, Jamal Taroob, a great man.”

“So, they wish to kill this venomous animal?”

“I think not. They plan to harm him by other means.”

“What other means?”

“Enough,” he cried out, while mounting her, lifting her legs high above his shoulders and plunging his rodlike erection deep within her.