

COFFEE BREAK SELECTION

BRUCE COOKE



TOP  
SECRET

Top Secret

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Penny sat silent for a few seconds. "Just how close do I have to get to this man Sir?" she said slowly.

Fitzgerald cleared his throat. "I want him to think you have fallen in love with him. Can you do that?"

"He might expect more than a few hugs and kisses," she said logically.

Fitzgerald nodded. "Do what you think you must do, Penny. I know its asking a lot but he must be convinced."

"You mean you want me to sleep with him?"

"We won't hold it against you if you do. I guess it's called sleeping with the enemy. Use your judgment but don't get pregnant. It's essential we know what he intends."

"It's a big decision Sir. I'll have to think about it."

"Okay, but get to know him soon. Use you judgment for the other. Men have a habit of talking with their bed partners."

Penny left the office with much on her mind.

Top Secret

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## *Chapter 1*

*England, May 1944*

Lieutenant Penny Bailey flexed her fingers after three hours of typing. She stretched her arms and shrugged her shoulders to try to relieve the stress. She felt great satisfaction in her job as a typist for helping co-ordinate the coming invasion of Europe.

Of course she had no inclusion in the planning but she did come under the official secrets act, sworn never to divulge any information she read in her job. She knew loose lips could cost thousands of lives and she was very patriotic in her country's endeavor to rid Europe of the Nazi scourge.

She placed the document she had typed from the memo handed to her by her immediate boss, Captain Eric Scullin into an envelope, stamped it top secret and deposited it into the office safe.

"Time for a cuppa," she said to the three other people in the office.

"Anyone want one?"

All three raised their hands. "I'll have a current bun while you are in the canteen," added one girl.

"Me too, Penny" said the corporal helping out. An elderly man of fifty, who wanted to fight, but was rejected because of his age. For him, this was the next best thing.

"Make that three," countered another girl.

Penny gave a quick wave and made her way to the canteen some one hundred yards away to fill the order. As she did so she noted that Eric was missing on some form of duty, but smiled inwardly as she thought about how he had tried to date her on several occasions.

It wasn't that she objected to Eric's advances, but this was war time and she certainly didn't want to get involved in a war time romance that would be over once the fighting ended.

The canteen was full, but she didn't mind the wait.

"What will it be love," asked the woman serving the customers at last.

"Four teas, please. Two black and the other's white and four current buns."

The buns were one of her favorites as they were with the others. Once the order was filled, Penny carried the teas back toward the office on a tray. She frowned when she saw a young officer leaving the office and studied him with interest. From the pips on his shoulders, he appeared to be a Captain. Tall, long legs and from what she could see, dark hair and a tanned complexion. He glanced toward her and she noted his handsome but chiseled

features. She looked at the sign above the door that read no entry unless authorized. He hurried away and she continued her trip back.

When she was only fifty yards away, a loud explosion hit her ears. The ground shuddered. Timber and glass imploded into the air--smoke--fire! She dove for cover and came up on her hands and knees to see her office reduced to a smoldering heap, then all went black as oblivion descended.

She awoke on the ground her hand going to the sting in her temple. A warm dampness. She must have been hit by a piece of flying timber.

She opened her eyes. She was in Eric's arms. He dabbed at her brow with his handkerchief. "Penny, are you hurt, anywhere else?"

"No," she managed, then sat and pulled away staring at the remains of the office. "What happened?" Black smoke drifted into the air and gave off an acrid stink.

"A bomb. Someone destroyed the office. I'm afraid the others were killed."

"My, God." Penny covered her mouth. "I should have been in there with them."

"But you weren't thank God. Here come the medics. About time."

An ambulance pulled up as did a fire truck and Penny was taken to the base hospital for a check up.

Two hours later her C.O Colonel Anthony Fitzgerald entered her room.

"How are you, Penny?" Sympathy laced his voice.

"I'm fine sir," she said as she sat with a clean bandage wrapped around her head.

He looked down. "I'm sorry about your co-workers. You were very lucky."

"But why would they bomb our office?" This part confused her. England was ready to sink into the sea by the sheer weight of millions of soldiers, heavy equipment, Tanks, aircraft and every thing else needed to make the invasion a success.

"Your office dealt with some of the American assault group. The group that is due to land on Utah beach. If the documents are destroyed then the invasion could be delayed for several days. This could give the Germans time to organize a strong defense."

"Then they succeeded," she answered sadly.

"No. You had the foresight to place them in the safe which survived the explosion. They are fine."

"That's good to hear." She brightened, but sadly still gave thought to her lost companions..

"Did you happen to see anyone entering or leaving the office today?" He had a serious look on his face and tweaked his moustache as he spoke. A baton fixed firmly under his arm, the brass on his uniform shining brightly..

"I did," she answered quickly. "I saw what appeared to be a captain. A young man leaving as I walked back to the office with the teas."

"Did you recognize him?" Fitzgerald frowned at this news.

"No. I had never seen him before. There's so many men on the base that it's impossible to recognize them all."

"I see. If you see him again, please inform me straight away. He could be our spy."

"Yes, sir. When can I leave here?"

“Today. The doctor said your head wound is not serious. I’ll have you in another office by tomorrow.”

By four that afternoon, Penny left the hospital to be met by Eric.

“I was worried about you. Are you okay?”

Penny studied him. A tall man of six foot, with blue eyes and fair hair, gangly legs and a pleasant smile . It pleased her he cared so much.

“Fit as a fiddle” she said a small laugh.

“Great. Look, you need something to take your mind off the tragedy.

How about coming to the base dance with me tonight?”

She thought about his offer. She did need something to take her mind off the days events. Why not? “You’re right. Thank you, I’d like to go.”

He returned the laugh. “Don’t worry, I’ll protect you from all those Americans. They like to chase pretty girls.”



## Chapter 2

The hall was packed. The music blared with Glenn Miller tunes and people had to shout to be heard. The cigarette smoke was annoying, but Penny enjoyed herself for the first time in months. Eric made sure she was sheltered from the GI's who circled the moment they entered.

Jitterbugging was not her cup of tea but they stood and watched some of the American's dancing with their girls. When the music returned to normal, she and Eric danced close together. She noted his hand around her waist, but didn't object when it reached her skin at the top of her dress. It was hot in the hall and when they stopped at the end of one of the dances, he smiled at her. "You need a cool drink. Take a seat and I'll get you one. And don't talk to the American's," he said grinning.

She settled in one of the chairs against the wall and became suddenly aware of a man sitting beside her. *God, not an American trying to pick her up.* Then she almost fell off her chair. It was the Captain she saw leaving the office before the explosion.

"Hello." His accent was refined English.. "Would you like to dance?"

She took in his features. God he was good looking. His steel gray eyes seemed to look right into her soul and his smile dazzled, showing his white teeth. A tingle ran through her body.

Was this the spy the Colonel warned her about?

"Thank you," she said rising to her feet. She had to find out his identity and report him. She might not get the chance again.

"Guy Middleton." He took her hand it was cool and strong. "What's yours?" His stare caught her unable to look away.

"Penny, Penny Bailey, Captain. How long have you been on the base?"

He slipped his arm around her waist and pulled her closer than he should have. "Not long. I arrived three days ago. "You?"

"Three years. I work in security."

He grinned. "Ha, a spook. You don't look like a spook."

"And what does a spook look like?" she asked enjoying his hand on her waist.

"Not sure. You know, dark coats, hats pulled down, dark moustaches, that sort of thing." He gave a short laugh and she smiled.

"I certainly don't have a dark moustache."

His eyes darkened. "No, you're too pretty to be a spook."

"And what do you do here?" She delved further.

"I'm with the Lancaster Regiment, 49<sup>th</sup> Division. I'm preparing the regiment for the invasion."

“And you’re here at the dance to relax before the big day whenever that will be?”

“Sort of--hey, maybe you have heard when the big day is?”

“Captain, you know I couldn’t give out that sort of information, even if I knew, which I don’t,” she returned coolly.

He gave a forced laugh. “Of course not. Just joking.”

They finished the dance chatting about anything and everything but Penny felt a strange attraction toward this man. However, the fact he seemed to be pumping her for information was a worry. But, perhaps he was joking like he said but it was not a sort of humor she enjoyed.

When he returned her to her seat Eric was standing holding two drinks.

Guy thanked her for the dance and moved away through the crowd.

“Who the hell was that?” asked Eric as he handed her the drink.

“You remember I told the Colonel I saw a man leaving the office before the explosion? That was him.”

“He could be a spy?” Eric peered after the departing figure.

“I’ll tell the Colonel about it tomorrow.”

“No you won’t. You’ll tell him about it tonight. Let’s go.” Eric grabbed her hand and led her out of the door and straight to the Colonel’s office. He knocked once and entered with permission.

“Yes, Eric. This had better be important.” The Colonel was sitting at his desk writing reports. He looked over his glasses, then tapped at his watch.

“Lieutenant Bailey has something to report sir.”

“Does she, now?” The Colonel invited them to sit with a wave of his hand. “And what is that, Penny?” he asked pushing his glasses back onto the bridge of his nose.

“The man I saw at the office, Sir, before the explosion. I saw him again just now.”

The Colonel dropped his pen and leaned forward. “Did you indeed? And where did this happen?”

“At the hall. He asked me for a dance then began to quiz me about my role in the office. He said he was joking but asked me if I knew the invasion date.”

The Colonel frowned. “What does this chap look like?”

“Attractive, in a rugged sort of way. Dark hair, steel gray eyes, six foot I’d say, and he wore a Captain’s uniform. He had steel gray eyes.”

“You already said that.” Eric, growled.

She glanced at him apologetically. She didn’t mean to repeat herself but they were very nice eyes. “He said his name was Guy Middleton from the Lancaster Regiment, 49<sup>th</sup> Division.”

The Colonel smiled. “It seems he made a bit of an impression on you, Penny?”

“He danced well too, Sir.” Again she glanced at Eric. He was still frowning.

“Are you going to have him arrested, Sir?” Eric leaned forward in his chair.

“Not yet. He would just say he made a mistake and went into the wrong building. We need to get closer to him. We need someone to gain his confidence.” He raised a steely brow and looked pointedly at Penny. Perhaps an attractive young lady.”

Penny's hand went to her chest. "Me? You want me to get close to him?"

"Why not? You obviously find him attractive and it appears he likes you a little. It shouldn't be hard. See if you can trap him into saying something that will reveal his true nature." The Colonel tapped his fingers together as he spoke, almost daring Penny to refuse.

"I could try, I suppose" she said slowly.

"This is madness!" Eric leapt to his feet. "She could get hurt if he is a spy."

"I'm prepared to take the risk, Sir." Penny frowned at Eric. Since when had he started making her decisions?

"Splendid. I'll have you watched at all times. First sign of danger, we'll step in quickly."

"How will I run into him?" she said rubbing her chin.

"It seems he might want to run into you. Go to the next dance which I believe is Saturday—two days away. He could be there again. In the meantime I'll check his credentials with his Regiment, that is if he really is who he says he is." The Colonel motioned he was finished with them and they rose and left the office.

As the fresh air hit them, Eric rounded on her. "Are you mad? If this, Guy, is a spy then he will kill you if he thinks he's been discovered."

"The Colonel said I would be watched. I'm not afraid."

"Well I'll be watching you too."

\* \* \*

Next day Penny was called to Fitzgerald's office.

"I checked to see if there really was a Guy Middleton with the regiment, and there is."

"Then he isn't a spy." Penny released a heavy breath.

The Colonel pushed an envelope toward her. "Open it up."

She slid her finger beneath the flap of the envelope and a photograph slid out. "Who is this?" she asked as she studied it.

"Guy Middleton. It seems he was missing in action during the fall of France."

"But this isn't the man I saw."

"Obviously." Fitzgerald took back the photo. "I don't want you telling anyone else about this. Not Captain Scullin, not anyone. It seems this man could well be our spy, but I want hard evidence before I arrest him."

"I don't wish to know the date of the invasion sir, but will it be this month?"

"More likely June. It will depend on weather and a few other things I cannot discuss."

"Of course, sir. Forgive me."

The Colonel gave a hint of a smile and nodded. "This man will try to worm information from you. We will give you a false date that you will let slip, also a false destination for the invasion."

Penny nodded and sat silent for a few minutes. "Just how close do I have to get to this man, sir?" she asked slowly.

Fitzgerald cleared his throat. "As close as it takes. I want him to think you have fallen in love with him." He raised a brow. "Can you do that?"

“He might expect more than a few hugs and kisses,” she said logically. Fitzgerald nodded. “Do what you think you must do, Penny. I know its asking a lot, but he must be convinced.”

“You mean you want me to sleep with him?”

“We won’t hold it against you if you do. I guess it’s called sleeping with the enemy.” He didn’t laugh and neither did she. “Use your judgment, but don’t get pregnant. It’s essential we know what he intends.”

“It’s a big decision sir. I’ll have to think on it.”

He nodded. “Fine, but don’t leave it too long to get to know him. Use your judgment for the other. Men have a habit of talking with their bed partners.”

Penny left the office with much on her mind.

## *Chapter 3*

Next day she was working in her new office when her phone rang.

“Penny Bailey,” she answered.

“Hello Penny Bailey. I don’t know if you remember me but we met at the last base dance. Guy Middleton.”

She drew a harsh breath. How he got hold of her phone number, she didn’t know, but if he was a spy, then he had ways.

“I remember,” she said carefully. “You’re from the Lancaster Regiment.”

“You did remember,” he said laughing. “I must have made an impression.”

“Maybe. What can I do for you, Guy?”

“Why it’s a simple request. I’d like to take you to the dance on Saturday night.”

“I don’t know,” she said carefully. “You might be a spy or saboteur.”

“Or a serial killer or mass murderer. Take pity on a poor fighting man before the big push is on. I could get shot and then miss out on a date with a beautiful officer.”

She giggled. “Well, when you put it like that, how can I refuse? I’ll meet you outside at eight. Don’t be late or I might go in without you.”

“I can see you’re going to be a hard woman, Penny Bailey. See you there, then.”

He hung up and she rang Fitzgerald passing on the information.

“Good, he’s made contact. Someone will be close by all the time. You won’t see them but they’ll be there.”

“Thank you, sir,” she said and hung up.

\* \* \*

The Saturday dance was as popular as the last dance night and Penny waited outside as soldiers from England and America walked past her. Twice she got offers of company but she sent them on their way. She looked at her watch impatiently and noted it was five minutes to eight.

Then she saw him.

“I almost went in without you,” she said as he greeted her.

“You’re also efficient. I still had five minutes. Let’s go.’

He offered his arm and escorted her into the dance hall. Soon she was in his arms as he swept her around the floor dodging other couples.

The place was just as crowded as the first night and Penny thought the soldiers all figured they might be dead soon, so they wanted to enjoy themselves while they had the chance.

When a ballad was played, Guy pulled her close, something she enjoyed, especially when his head pressed against hers. He was a wonderful dancer and when he stared into her eyes she felt that tingle down her spine again.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she said as he gently squeezed her fingers.

"Because you are absolutely beautiful," he answered grinning.

"That sounds like something you say to all your women, but thanks for the compliment."

"I haven't thought about other women since I saw you."

"Which was two nights ago," she said raising her eyebrow.

"That soon?"

He pulled her closer and their heads met once again. She felt his fingers pressing lightly into her skin at the back of her dress. It pleased her greatly and she was annoyed with herself for feeling this way. He was a spy, an enemy--a handsome enemy, but an enemy all the same. She would play the game and see where it went.

She had to admit, the rest of the night was the most enjoyable night she could ever remember. He made her laugh, teased her outrageously, complimented her, and touched her fingers gently like in a lover's embrace.

When the night was over, he escorted her back to her quarters and they stood talking until he pulled her close and kissed her. She eased back, stared into his eyes then pulled his head down and kissed him again. It literally took her breath away. My God, she thought. I enjoyed that.

"Thank you for a terrific evening, Guy. It's the best night I've had since I arrived here."

"Me too. Can I see you again?"

"I'd like that," she said softly, then cupped the side of his face, kissed him gently and stepped inside the door to her quarters.

Penny leaned against the door and analysed her feelings. She was supposed to put on an act, but this was no act. There'd been no acting when she kissed him with such deep passion.

She would have to be careful, very careful or she was going to be hurt, badly.

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During the next two weeks they saw each other five times and each time was more intense than the last. Her heart beat harder when she was with him. She couldn't control her feelings.. Maybe if she slept with him as Fitzgerald suggested she might learn the truth about him, and this could be over.

Fitzgerald kept her progress by her reports.

At the end of one of their dates, he held her tightly.

"I have a problem, Penny and only you can fix it."

"Me? What sort of a problem?" She touched his cheek softly as she stared into his eyes.

"I have feelings for you I can't hide. I could be gone soon and I don't want to lose you." He had a determined look in his eyes as he held her.

“I like you too but I can’t seem to do much about the problem.”

He paused. “You could. I can get a room at the local hotel in the village. Let’s spend the night together.”

“You mean you want to sleep with me?” She really wanted the same thing, but...

“Yes I do. I know things were not done like that before the war but things are different now. I’ll plead if you want me to.”

His smile convinced her. “No one will know about this, will they?”

“Not unless you tell them.” He didn’t give her a chance to consider the proposition any longer. He took her hand and they walked to the nearby village.

There was no problem getting a room. The landlord was used to soldiers and their girls taking a room for the night. It was usually the Americans but money was money and he didn’t care as long as they paid.

When they entered, Penny was still holding his hand. They studied the room and looked at each other. “Not bad,” he said and closed the curtains.

“I’m nervous,” she murmured.

“Me too. You will respect me in the morning won’t you?”

She punched him on the arm. “I mean it, I really am nervous. I’ve never done this before.”

“Perhaps this will calm you.” He took her in his arms and found her lips. Penny’s legs turned to jelly. Her heart beat wildly as his tongue entered her mouth. She couldn’t help herself and thrust her arms around his neck so tightly she thought she might choke him.

His deft fingers made short work of the buttons of her shirt, and it slipped from her shoulders onto the floor.. She did the same to him and he tore off his shirt leaving his naked chest open to her inspection. She ran her hands over his skin. He was warm, vibrant, powerful and smelt of mountains and pine, which sent a shiver up and down her spine. Her bra disappeared, and her breasts were exposed. His lips fell to her nipple and she closed her eyes and threw her head back, luxuriating in the feel of his mouth.

Next thing she felt him undo the buttons of her skirt and she was left in only her panties. He undid his trouser buttons and slipped to a pool on the floor. He kicked them aside. Penny could see his erection standing under his undies and gasped as he slid down her panties dropping them around her ankles.. His hands ran up and down her body, and another shiver raked her breasts, waist, and back. She reached forward and slipped his undies down until both were naked.

Then he slowly lowered her to the bed. “Touch me,” he said and she reached out and slid her fingers over his shaft and noted the look of pleasure on his face.

His fingers went to work on her body leaving her wet and ready.

Then he did something she had never experienced. His head went between her legs and his tongue inflamed her. She couldn’t help herself. Her legs parted wider and wider as his delicious tongue brought her to the brink.

“My God,” she gasped as she held his head down while he made her feel like she had never felt before.

“Please, Guy, please.” She tried to pull him up before she climax, but was too late as the wave after wave of explicit pleasure washed over her. Her eyes closed, then widened again as he slid into her.

“Yes,” she cried as he began slow thrusts, going to his full depth before almost withdrawing. She didn’t think it possible but the pleasure came back even more as he increased the speed. Then it hit her again, but still he kept going. She lifted herself to meet his thrust, then gave a long groan as she felt him climax.

Sweat-soaked and satiated they collapsed.

Penny knew she was in trouble. She was in love with a man, who could be her enemy.

She lay in Guy’s arms for nearly half an hour before she fell asleep. An hour later, somewhere in her subconscious, she felt him slip from the bed. He took the phone into the bathroom and dialed. She was aware of him talking softly, then her eyes opened wider.

He was speaking in German .

Her heart slumped.

He was a German spy and she had made love to him. A love that had captured her heart completely. She closed her eyes and feigned sleep when he climbed back into bed.

In the morning he woke her with a soft kiss on her lips. “Thank you for a wonderful night,” he said smiling.

“I could say the same thing.” She smiled back.

He sighed. “Well, I suppose I should get you back to the base. You must be busy preparing for the invasion next week.”

“How do you know it’s next week?” She frowned, touching his lips with her fingers.

“You talked in your sleep.” He raised a brow. “You should be careful what you say.”

“I don’t talk in my sleep,” she said defensively. “What did I say?”

“Something about Utah. That’s a state in America isn’t it?”

She bolted upright. God, she didn’t really say that did she? If this gets out, she would be thrown in prison. She was supposed to get information from him, not the other way around.

“I don’t know anything about America. Why would I say something like that?”

“You tell me,” he answered. “You said you hoped Utah would work next week in the invasion.”

“But I don’t know when the invasion is going to take place.” Then she thought about the false information Fitzgerald told her to pass on. “I did hear the Colonel say something about Calais. That’s in France, isn’t it? Not America.”

“I think it is. Maybe I misunderstood.”

He smiled and began to dress. She did the same now fearful she really had blabbed important information.



## *Chapter 4*

When she returned to base Eric caught her attention. He didn't like the look on her face. "The bastard didn't hurt you did he?"

"No, but I may have made a huge mistake. I think I let slip in my sleep about Utah beach. He asked me about it in the morning."

"You really slept with him?" His mouth dropped open and he gave her a cold stare.

"The Colonel said to use my judgment. At least it paid dividends."

"What's that mean? He gave you a good time in bed. Hell, you have feelings for him. He's a bloody spy," he shouted.

Penny's face burned. She looked down. "I'm sorry, but I had to find out. When he thought I was asleep, he made a phone call."

"Too who?" Eric growled.

"That's it. I don't know. He spoke in German."

"German? That's conclusive. Leave this to me. Don't tell the Colonel. He'll stuff it up."

Eric stormed into his office and slammed the door. When he was alone he picked up his phone and rang the Lancaster Regiment.

"I wish to speak with Captain Guy Middleton please."

He waited until Guy answered. "Middleton."

"I know who you are. Meet me tonight at ten at the far gate of the base. We have things to discuss." Eric slammed down the phone and reached into his drawer, taking out his Webley .45 revolver. He spun the chamber and checked the cartridges.

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Penny toyed with the idea of not telling Fitzgerald what she had discovered. She knew where her duty lay, even though it was going to tear her heart out. She knocked on his office door and entered.

"Penny. You're back. My men said you spent the entire night with this man at the Unicorn pub in the village. I trust you have something to tell me." She felt uncomfortable before speaking. "This is embarrassing sir," she felt her face flush.

"I understand. Perhaps we can have some tea to settle you before going on."

He lifted his phone and ordered some tea. They sat staring at each other until the refreshments arrived.

When she put down her cup after taking a sip he stared at her. "I can see you slept with him. Am I correct?"

She nodded. "I did and I'm embarrassed to say I enjoyed it. I think I've fallen in love with him."

"Affairs of the heart are often hard to control, Penny. I'm not judging you."

"But I did a terrible thing. I think I blabbed information while I was asleep."

He frowned. "What sort of information?"

"He said I mentioned Utah beach and that the invasion would begin next week. I don't see how I could have said that as I don't know when the invasion is to start."

"But you did know about Utah beach. This is serious."

"I remembered what you told me about passing on false information. I told him you mentioned Calais. He seemed interested."

Fitzgerald seemed to sigh with satisfaction. "That is important. I hope he believed you."

While they talked the phone rang. Penny sat silently as he talked.

"I see. When and where? Okay, thank you I will attend to it."

He replaced the phone and smiled at Penny. "Now where were we?"

"I told him about Calais."

"Good, good. I'll have my men arrest him and bring him in. You have done well, Penny."

"What will happen to him sir?" she asked nervously.

"If found guilty he will be hung. We don't tolerate traitors you know."

Tears began to gather in her eyes. "You feel you have betrayed him don't you?" Fitzgerald had a fatherly look in his eyes.

She nodded.

"I have information concerning Middleton. We will make the arrest tonight. I would like you to be present."

"Do I have to? I couldn't look him in the eyes."

"I'm afraid it is necessary. These traitors must understand we will not tolerate spies. He will learn that we too can play a dangerous game. Meet me here at 9-30. Tell no one. Understand?"

She nodded and left the office, the tears still flowing.

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At nine thirty, Penny reported as ordered. The moon was behind clouds and Fitzgerald and five armed men crept to the rear gate of the base and hid behind some shrubs. They sat silently until just on ten Guy suddenly appeared.

"Who is that?" she whispered when another figure appeared.

Fitzgerald touched her arm to be silent as they looked at what was happening.

"God, that's Eric," she said. "He's got a gun and he's going to shoot Guy."

"Wait," hissed Fitzgerald. They still remained hidden as the conversation began to emerge.

"You speak German" said Eric pointing the gun at Guy.

"So, I speak German. How did you know that?"

"I have my sources. You are a spy aren't you?"

"Maybe, maybe not. I don't talk to people who point guns at me."

"I have to be sure." Eric began to put his gun away.

"Be sure of what?" asked Guy frowning at him.

"That you are my contact. I have information that must be passed on."

"Go on," said Guy cautiously. "What sort of information?"

"Information as to where the real location of the invasion is to take place."

"Before I believe you, tell me the password," said Guy standing with his hands in his pockets.

"I will tell you my password and you will repeat the answer." Eric sounded confident as he spoke.

"Very well," said Guy. "Go ahead."

"Paris is quiet," said Eric carefully.

"Only at this time of the year," answered Guy. "Now what is the information? I must get it back to Berlin as soon as possible."

"The invasion will be at Normandy and will happen early in June, perhaps the fourth."

Fitzgerald stood up with his men. "Put down your weapon, Eric. You're under arrest."

Eric turned quickly and aimed his gun at Fitzgerald. The soldiers all fired together and Eric fell to the ground as the volley of shots rang out. Guy stood still and looked at Fitzgerald who walked towards him.

Penny stared at what had happened, fearing Guy too would be shot. Instead Fitzgerald smiled and offered his hand. "Well done, Guy. We couldn't have done it without you."

"No problem, Sir," he said retuning the grin.

Penny looked stunned. "But...but?" she could go on no further.

Fitzgerald looked at Guy, then back to Penny. "This is Robert Stanton. He's part of our intelligence service. When we found out Guy Middleton was dead, we used his name to give Robert cover. We have suspected Eric for almost six months but couldn't pin him down."

"Eric was the spy?" she said incredulously.

"Yes, we needed to flush him out. He lost his contact months ago and was looking for the next one. That's where we slipped Robert in."

"You knew Robert was on our side all the time yet you suggested I sleep with him?" She was affronted at this news.

"Yes. Robert was to pass on information to you so you would tell Eric. That's why he spoke in German at the pub. He was actually reporting back to me. You obviously thought he was the spy, which is what you were supposed to believe and tell Eric."

"I thought Eric was jealous and was going to kill Guy— I mean Robert."

"He phoned Robert and told him to meet here at ten. Robert knew the password as we got it from the contact Eric had lost. All we needed was the confession or evidence."

"But how did Eric know about the invasion?"

"He had access to the documents in the safe. You only knew what you typed up but the other document was already in the safe. It went in four days before. That's why he blew it up. He knew the safe would not be affected by the explosion. He opened the safe in the pretence of checking the documents and found what he was looking for."

"But he killed my work friends."

“He was a German spy. He didn’t care about a few dead English.”

“How did you get suspicious of him?” Penny was still amazed.

“We knew information was getting out. We did a background check on every one and found his mother was German. We also learnt he was educated in Berlin during his teenage years. He joined up when the war began with excellent references. He gained an officers appointment and joined intelligence here.”

Penny placed both hand on her hips and glared at Robert. “So you slept with me just get your hands on a spy.”

Fitzgerald looked at each then cleared his throat. “Well I have a report to write. I’ll leave you two to discuss something.”

He left them facing each other.

“You bastard,” she shouted. “You used me like a piece of meat just to get your man. I should—”

Before she could go any further, he pulled her close and found her lips. She began to struggle but then relaxed as her arms hung down, only to then go around his neck as she kissed him back.

“I think you used me too, but I’m glad you did. I’m madly in love with you.”

“You are?”

“Yes, I am. Now are we going to get any more arguments or are we going back to the pub and discuss this further?”

“The pub sounds nice at this time of night. I love you too. I’ll have to get some night ware,” she said smiling.

He laughed and grabbed her hand. “What for?”

She giggled and followed him like a lamb.

Top Secret



### *About the Author*

After writing an initial script for the C.S Lewis stage show, *The Lion, the Witch and The Wardrobe*, I had further success with Eternal Press who have signed me up for four books and three short stories. I also have three other books on contract with other publishers.

My dabble in poetry saw me win a prize and another poem concerning the Australian troops who fought in New Guinea was printed and framed in the display case of the local Returned Soldiers League rooms. My book *"Jungle Heat"* and my short story, *"Vietnam Holiday"* are up and running on Eternal Press and *"Top Secret"* and *"Friendly Enemies"* are soon to be released.