

England, 1943

On board, the two of them moved slowly searching each car. Alex had given her a description of Karen. He had met her at Clara's some time ago, but Sue Lee knew she would recognize her uniform quickly enough.

Then she saw the woman in her uniform sitting in a car by herself. She signaled Alex, and they moved quickly. Sue Lee sat down in front of her and pointed her pistol and said in German. Don't move your hands Fräulein; you're holding my gun, and I will shoot you. Alex put his weapon to her head and firmly removed the derringer gun from her hands. He checked the cartridge chamber, put his gun away, and sat down next to her folded his arms and tucked the barrel of the small gun into her rib cage aimed at her heart.

"Try not to move Fräulein we have orders to kill you if necessary," Alex said in German.

Sue Lee continued talking but switched to English not wanting to attract attention to anyone walking by their compartment.

"I'm so glad you're not wearing my new underwear. I would have hated to stain it. It's a shame you won't have time to shop in London. You could have picked up a little something for the Führer, a belated present—did you know it was his birthday yesterday? I suppose it's very hard to shop in Berlin these days, with around the clock bombing. Nevertheless, we did not want him to feel neglected and dropped off a few presents for him last night. I hope we didn't spoil the party!"

Sue Lee paused while hiding her gun under her purse.

Karen said nothing she was seething with hate for the two inferior people who captured her. Especially the man, the villagers told her, he was a painter and a Jew. He lost his family after the Führer marched into Vienna.

Instinctively, she had always stayed away from him when she delivered honey and produce to the village to hear the latest gossip. It was strange to hear how well he was accepted. She wouldn't have tolerated it.

However, now her training told her he was not a passive Jew. He was dangerous. He knew where to point the small caliber pistol. One shot would blow her heart apart. It frightened her. She concentrated on the girl to lessen her fears.

Those green eyes were watching everything. The young woman has the look of an intellectual, but competence and daring, a deadly combination. She was also gorgeous. She would make an excellent spy.

Her sarcastic remarks about the bombings were right. The nightly Raiders were destroying the fatherland.