

# Spy School Secret Service

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Ben goes undercover in the White House to take on a SPYDER operative determined to assassinate the president in this latest addition to the New York Times bestselling Spy School series.

Thirteen-year-old Ben Ripley has had a lot of field success despite only just beginning his second year at Spy School, something even graduates rarely experience. But he'd never have survived without the help from experienced agents and his friends.

Now he's been called in on a solo mission-and the fate of the United States of America is on his shoulders alone.

The Mission: Prevent a presidential assassination by infiltrating the White House, and locating the enemy operative. But when the president's son is as helpful as a hamster, and a trained SPYDER agent would never appear to be up to something (they're far too clever for that), Ben may be in over his head this time.

And when everything goes wrong, Ben must rely on his Spy School friends to save his reputation...but even friends can double-cross or be swayed to the enemy's side. Stuart Gibbs is the author of the FunJungle series, as well as the New York Times bestselling Spy School and Moon Base Alpha series. He has written the screenplays for movies like See Spot Run and Repli-Kate, worked on a whole bunch of animated films, and developed TV shows for Nickelodeon, Disney Channel, ABC, and Fox. Stuart lives with his family in Los Angeles. You can learn more about what he's up to at [StuartGibbs.com](http://StuartGibbs.com).  
Spy School Secret Service

RESURGENCE

Vandenberg Library

Nathan Hale Building

CIA Academy of Espionage

February 10

1500 hours

"SPYDER is back!"

Zoe Zibbell's exclamation rang out through the spy school library. In her excitement, Zoe had spoken a bit too loudly-and since we were in the library, it was quieter than any other place on campus. The cavernous room was four stories tall, ringed by three mezzanines on which thousands of books were shelved. Zoe's words seemed to echo off every last one of them: "SPYDER is back . . . SPYDER is back . . . SPYDER is back. . . ."

Zoe winced, realizing her announcement had been a lot more public than she'd intended. Then she quickly sat down at the table where she had just interrupted my homework.

The library was far more crowded than usual. On most afternoons, my fellow students and I would have probably been studying in the school dormitory, but on that day the freshmen had their first homework assignment in Introduction to Explosives: Each was assigned to defuse a small bomb. The bombs weren't supposed to be strong enough to level a building, but where explosives were concerned, things could always go wrong, so it made sense to play it safe and steer clear of the dorm. More than a hundred students, ranging from second to seventh years, were hunched over tables throughout the library. They all tried to act like they weren't interested in Zoe, as we'd learned in Intermediate Clandestine Observation: Seeing Without Being Seen, but I could tell they were desperate to hear more.

Until recently, SPYDER's existence had been extremely classified: Only a few highly ranked people at the CIA had known about the evil organization. But in the past year, SPYDER had caused some major trouble, like trying to blow up the very building I sat in, attacking a busload of students near the school's wilderness training facility, and attempting to destroy a large portion of Manhattan. After that there was no hope of keeping SPYDER confidential at the Academy of Espionage. Everyone there was training to be a spy; it was their job to know things. Almost all of them had sussed out the truth by now.

I made no attempt to hide my own interest in Zoe's news. SPYDER had attempted to recruit me twice-and then tried to kill me when I'd refused-so I had a vested interest in knowing what they were up to. I looked up from my cryptography homework and asked, "How do you know?"

Zoe slid into a seat across the table from me and whispered, "Chameleon and I overheard. We were doing our eavesdropping project for Advanced Covert Ops, and we figured the higher-placed our target, the better our grade would be. So we went after the idiot."

Zoe was into nicknames. Chameleon was Warren Reeves, who excelled at camouflage (but was lacking in most other spy skills). The idiot was our school principal, who was an idiot. A big one.

"And you pulled it off?" I asked.

"Yeah." Despite her worried state, Zoe flashed a proud smile. "We slipped two X-class wireless transmission bugs into his office last night."

"His office?" I repeated, impressed. The principal wasn't an easy target. True, he wasn't a very intelligent person-his job was basically to handle paperwork and administrative issues that no one else wanted to-but the CIA knew he wasn't intelligent, so he had far more security around him than a capable person would have required. His office was on the top floor of the building we were in, five floors above us, and entry to it was protected by an advanced network of cameras and armed guards. "How'd you get past all the security?"

"I distracted the guards while Chameleon did the infiltration."

"And he did it without any problems?"

"Why do you sound so surprised?"

"Because Warren's a lousy spy. The last time he tried to infiltrate a room, he got stuck in the air vent. We had to call the fire department to get him out."

Zoe frowned. "Chameleon's been working hard to improve his skills lately."

"That doesn't mean they've actually gotten better."

"Yes, they have," snapped a nasal voice behind me.

I wheeled around to find Warren standing three feet away. Although if he hadn't spoken, I might not have noticed him. His camouflage was even better than usual. He was wearing a set of clothes and face paint that exactly matched the ancient oak furniture of the Hale Building, allowing him to blend in perfectly at the end of a row of shelves.

I wasn't the only one who'd failed to notice him. Most of the nearby students were caught by surprise as well. A fourth-year girl who'd been pretending to browse the books behind us while furtively listening to our conversation was so startled by Warren's sudden appearance that she yelped in fear and dropped a heavy volume of Caldwell's Pictorial Guide to Poisons and Antidotes on her foot.

Warren sat down beside me, gloating smugly. This was disconcerting, as he'd done such a good job with the face paint that he didn't really look human. Instead, it was like sitting next to an extremely obnoxious ventriloquist's dummy. "You're no better a spy than I am," he declared. "The only reason you've had all these missions is that you've just been lucky enough to have SPYDER attack you."

"I wouldn't exactly consider that lucky," I said.

"Whatever. The point is, if I'd been there, I could have saved the day instead of you."

"Chameleon, you were there," Zoe pointed out. "And you didn't save the day. In fact, you nearly killed Ben by accident. Twice."

Warren recoiled like a puppy who'd been caught piddling on the carpet, the way he always did when Zoe hurt his feelings. While Zoe was developing into a very good spy, she somehow remained completely oblivious to the fact that Warren had a massive crush on her.

"Hold on," I said to Zoe. "Did you say you infiltrated the principal's office last night?"

"That's right," Zoe replied.

I looked back at Warren. "Then why are you still camouflaged?"

"The paint won't wash off," Warren said morosely. He looked as though he might have turned red if he hadn't been painted brown. "I couldn't get the perfect oaken tone with standard face paint, so I had to use wood stain instead. Now I can't remove it."

Zoe snickered despite herself.

"It's not funny!" Warren whined. "Today in self-defense class, Professor Simon mistook me for a table and set a book on my head."

Zoe laughed even harder.

"We're getting off track," I reminded her. "What'd you hear in the principal's office?"

"Oh, right." Zoe returned her attention to me while Warren sulked. "We've been monitoring the bugs ever since we placed them last night, but we didn't pick up any intel until just now."

"Was the principal out of the office all day?" I asked.

"No, he's been in since oh-nine-hundred," Zoe reported. "He just hasn't been doing anything important. He spent most of the day filling out ammunition-request forms and playing games on his smartphone. And it took him an hour to decide what to order for lunch. But then, about thirty minutes ago, he got a phone call about SPYDER."

"From who?" I asked.

"I don't know," Zoe admitted. "We didn't tap the phone. We only bugged the room, so we could only hear the idiot's side of the conversation."

"What did he say?"

Zoe glanced around the library before answering. All the other students who'd been eavesdropping made a show of pretending to read their textbooks. Zoe removed her cell phone from the pocket of her jacket and slid it across the table to me.

A set of earphones was wound around it. I stuck the buds in my ears. Warren gave me a jealous look, as if I were the luckiest guy on earth because I might have come into contact with some of Zoe's earwax.

Zoe's phone was already cued up to the proper audio file. I pressed play.

The file began with the principal muttering what sounded like nonsense. "Stupid hedgehogs!" he yelled. "Stop stealing my flapjacks!"

I looked to Zoe, intrigued. "Is this some sort of top secret code?"

"No," Zoe replied. "It's about the game he's playing on his phone."

"It's called Flapjack Frenzy," Warren explained. "You try to make as many pancakes as possible and these hedgehogs try to steal them. So you have to fight them off by shooting them with maple syrup. . . ."

"The rules of the game really aren't important right now," Zoe told him.

Warren frowned sullenly.

On the recording, the principal's phone rang. He let it ring ten more times while he apparently tried to finish the level of the game, before finally giving in and answering. "This is the principal," he said curtly. "This had better be important. I'm in the midst of something very serious." Then he gasped in surprise and asked, "SPYDER? Really? How do you know?"

This was followed by a period during which the principal was obviously listening to a lot of information that the person on the other end of the phone line was giving him. For the most part, it seemed he was trying to sound interested, saying things like "Hmmm" and "Fascinating" and "Wow," although I could also hear the distinct sounds of the game continuing: tinny music punctuated by the occasional squelch of maple syrup and squeal of pixelated hedgehogs. Suddenly, the principal said, "No, I'm not playing a game on my phone! I'm listening to you!" And then the tinny music shut off. Afterward, the principal continued to make interested sounds, as if trying to prove that he was rapt with attention.

At the entrance to the library, Mike Brezinski slipped through the doors.

My fellow students regarded him with almost as much surprise as they had given Zoe's announcement that SPYDER had returned. Mike was well known on campus as the newest recruit to spy school. Until only a few weeks before, he'd been my best friend from the outside world. Up until that point, I had tried to keep my enrollment at the Academy of Espionage a secret from him—as well as everyone else I knew, including my own parents. The school's very existence was classified: The rest of the world thought we attended St. Smithen's Science Academy for Boys and Girls. But Mike hadn't merely figured out that I was attending a top secret spy school; he'd also played a crucial part in thwarting some bad guys on Operation Snow Bunny, after which the CIA had recognized his potential and recruited him. However, even though Mike was my age, he had been forced to start as a first-year student. Which meant he should have been dealing with his explosives homework, not sauntering into the library.

"What's he doing here?" Warren hissed.

"Maybe he finished his homework already," Zoe suggested.

"There's no way," Warren said. "They only started the timers fifteen minutes ago. Even Erica Hale didn't defuse her first bomb that fast."

Mike spotted us, waved happily, and hurried over, pausing to smile at a few attractive girls along the way.

Most of the girls smiled back. That's the kind of guy Mike was.

The recording on Zoe's phone was still playing. On it, the principal suddenly spluttered. "Benjamin Ripley?" He sounded extremely annoyed. "What do you want with him this time?"

I stiffened, surprised that he'd just used my name.

Unfortunately, nothing else was said. The principal returned to listening again, only now his occasional grunts and interjections sounded much more aggravated than they had before.

The principal wasn't a big fan of mine. Shortly after my arrival at spy school, I had insulted him to his face in order to further an investigation, and at the beginning of the current school year, I had accidentally blown up his office with a mortar round. That hadn't entirely been my fault, but no matter how many times this had been explained, the principal refused to listen. He was still using a broom closet as his office, and he hated me for it.

Mike reached my table, spun a chair around, and sat in it backward, resting his arms on the backrest. "What are you listening to?" he asked.

"Class lecture," I replied quickly. I didn't know if Mike had learned about SPYDER's existence yet (he had missed all my previous confrontations with them), but I certainly didn't have clearance to tell him about it.

Mike gave me a sideways glance, like he didn't believe me and wanted me to know it.

"What happened to your explosives homework?" Zoe asked, trying to distract him. "Did you defuse it already?"

"No," Mike said.

Warren gasped. "You mean you left a ticking bomb in your dorm room?"

"Calm down, Salamander," Mike told him. "I didn't do that either."

"My nickname's 'Chameleon,'?" Warren said testily. "Not 'Salamander,'?"

Mike shrugged. "They're both lizardy things."

"So what'd you do with the bomb?" Zoe asked.

"Well, I started to try to defuse it," Mike explained, "but it was ridiculously complicated. So I figured, what's the point? I mean, suppose some bad guy had really left this bomb for me. Defusing it wastes valuable time. While I'm dorking around with it, the villain escapes. So why not just forget about it and let the villain think I'm busy defusing it? He drops his guard, figuring I'm out of the picture-and that's when I nab him!"

"So you're going to let the bomb go off?" Zoe pressed.

"Yes," Mike said, then thought to add, "Although I left it in a safe place where it won't hurt anyone. I also moved the timer up so it'll detonate earlier than expected."

"Why would you do that?" Warren demanded.

"Diversion," Mike told him. "The bomb explodes, and the bad guy thinks, 'Aha! He's dead!' and then really lets his guard down."

Zoe and I shared a look, realizing that, while unorthodox, Mike's plan actually had some merit. This was where Mike had already stood out at spy school. Unorthodox thinking often earned you high grades here, and Mike didn't merely think outside the box; he rarely even noticed there was a box in the first place.

Warren, however, was one of those kids so rigid about proper procedures that he could barely brush his teeth without consulting a manual. Mike's refusal to play by the rules always exasperated him. "In exactly what sort of safe place did you leave this bomb?"

"Out in the quad," Mike replied. "It's far from any innocent bystanders-and I placed a nice heavy pot from the kitchen over it to cut down on shrapnel. I also taped up some signs warning people to keep their distance."

"Signs?" Zoe repeated. "What'd they say?"

"?'Live bomb in area.'?" Mike replied. "'?Beware of explosive debris.' Things like that."

"You can't do that!" Warren spluttered. "It's against the rules!"

"The bad guys aren't going to play by the rules," Mike countered. "Why should we?"

This was exactly the sort of thinking that tended to get A's at the academy.

The distant bang of a small explosion echoed from the quadrangle. The books shuddered on the library shelves. All the students who hadn't been close enough to overhear Mike's plan leapt from their tables and ran to the windows to see if any large pieces were now



missing from the dormitory.

"See?" Mike said p...

Other Books

The Dauntless. From USA Today bestselling author Jillian Dodd comes the fifth book in a sizzling series filled with action and adventure. Fans of The Selection and The Hunger Games will discover a heart-pounding thrill ride of espionage and suspense set in glittering high society. Huntley Von Allister's cover is firmly in place. She's brilliantly completed her first four missions. But she is done. Done working for Black X. Done trying to untangle the mystery of what got her mother killed. And very, very done with love. She's given herself a simple mission—to recover the precious memories of her final days with her mother by visiting the places in the photos left behind. Well, that, and to discover who owns the emerald rings, like the one she found on Dupree. And completely destroy their secret society. "With a kickass heroine and intrigue, this page turner will have you spellbound and drooling over your new book boyfriend." - H.M Ward, New York Times Bestselling Author "The Spy Girl series is an intrigue filled, exciting ride through a world you'll wish you were part of and want to know more about!" - J. Sterling, New York Times Bestselling Author "Spy girl is 007 meets Gossip Girl level decadence, charm, and badass! 5+ stars!" - KA Linde, USA Today Bestselling Author "X to me was a younger version of a kick ass Angelina Jolie that had all the moves to back up her reputation as being the best. With gadgets and gizmo's aplenty this book will appeal to the spy in all of us and brings together a fun, flirty, thrilling read." - The Romance Cover "This series will keep you on the edge of your seat throughout, never knowing what new twist or secret will be revealed. It's the type of book that pulls you in, has you becoming heavily involved in the story and characters, trying to figure out the clues of what has happened or what may happen, and leaves you with wanting and needing more." - Author Groupies "This is a fast paced, exciting series, full of suspense and riddled with clues that I am trying to figure out as I go." - Reading is my Bliss "Every book I get in this series I end up reading in one sitting because I can't put it down." - The Smutbrarians "I can feel myself getting more and more addicted the further in the series I go. Jillian Dodd really has a knack for creating these crazy worlds full of characters who you cannot help but love, but what makes this series unique is the mystery surrounding Agent X, better known as Huntley." - Romance Rewind "And then just when I least expected it - BOOM I got slapped with an epic, 'holy shit' cliffhanger!" - Jo at Reading is my Bliss Romance, Contemporary Romance, Conspiracy of the Rich, Trillion Dollar Conspiracy, Teen Romance, New Adult, Save the World, Upper Class, Spy Teen, Evil Spy School, An American Spy, America Spies, Royal Romance, Spy Training, Young Adult Romance Novels, Crown Conspiracy, Women Spies, Teen Spy, Female Spies, Conspiracy World, Strong Female Lead, A Privileged Life, International Espionage, Teen and Young Adult, Conspiracies and Secret Societies, Conspiracies of the Ruling Class, Secret Societies, Spy School Books, Spy School Secret Service, Spy School, A Royal Romance, Jillian Dodd Spy Girl, Romance Princess, Romance Royalty, Spy Series, Spy X Series, Prince Romance, New Nobility, Rose to Nobility, Romance Prince, Wealthy Romance, The American Spy, Broken Prince, Mystery and Thrillers, Literature and Fiction, Action and Adventure, Spies and Politics, Teen Girl Spy, Wealthy, Spy Mission, Espionage, Covert Agent, Prince, Princess, Royalty, European Royalty, Spy High Society, Action Adventure, Assassin, Conspiracy, Aristocrat, New Adult, Female Protagonist, Rich, Wealthy, Suspense, Young Adult Fiction

Books, Secret, Series, USA Today, USA Today Bestseller, Romance Series, Romance Books, Hot Guy, Love, Love Books, Kissing Books, Long Series, Long Romance Series, Swoon, Loyalty, Rich, Serial, Story, Stories, Love Story, Romance Love

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