

My boyfriend conned me out of £14k by saying he was a spy



Deceived
Wayne impressed Leanne with his job and expensive lifestyle – but he lied and stole from her for a year

‘Hold on tight!’ my boyfriend Wayne told me as he did a sharp U-turn and followed a blue Ford Escort out of town. ‘Who is it?’ I asked, my heart pounding. ‘Small-time players in a big-time drugs racket,’ Wayne said.

After 10 minutes, the car pulled over and two men got out and went into a house. We parked down the street and waited. Then Wayne’s mobile rang. ‘Dave,’ he answered, ‘we’re at the stakeout now.’

As Wayne spoke to his boss, I couldn’t help but sneak a look at my gorgeous boyfriend. I was dying to tell my friends that he was an undercover cop working for MI5, but I’d been sworn to secrecy. Still, I didn’t need anyone telling me how lucky I was to have someone so strong and important to protect me.

I was 19 and working at a jeweller’s in Oxford when I met Wayne in August 2007. He worked in a shop next door and treated me like a princess, taking me out for meals and showering me with gifts. When I asked him where he got his money, he explained that his parents were wealthy and had given him a property in Oxford to rent out for £1,500 a month. I couldn’t believe my luck – gorgeous and wealthy!

Three months after we’d got together, he said he had something to tell me. ‘I’m not who you think,’ he said. ‘My name isn’t Wayne and I’m not a shop assistant.’ I felt sick with shock as he told me he was a spy.

Images of James Bond flashed through my head as he explained that he was a secret MI5 agent who’d been planted next door to watch my boss Stephen. Apparently Stephen was planning an armed robbery at our shop and my life was in danger.

‘I wasn’t supposed to fall in love with you, but I couldn’t help myself,’ Wayne went on. I wanted to hate him for lying to me, but he was so sweet and romantic.

My thoughts turned to Stephen. He was such a gentleman. I couldn’t imagine him doing something so awful. Wayne made me promise not to tell anyone and suggested we move in together so he could protect me.

Terrified, I immediately started looking for a new job, but there was nothing around

Leanne McCarthy, 21, was horrified to discover the truth about her MI5 man

and I couldn’t afford to leave. So I had to put up with the daily pressure of not knowing when the robbers would strike.

The stress quickly took its toll. Every morning I’d have panic attacks and was often sick during the day. Lying to my family was the worst part. I desperately needed support, but I was terrified of putting them in danger by telling them the truth.

Six weeks later, Wayne told me that Stephen had cloned my bank details and I had to move all my money into his boss’s account. There wasn’t time to ask questions, so I transferred my £2,500 savings, money left to me by my grandfather.

Then, just when I thought things couldn’t get any worse, Wayne’s boss took him off the assignment. He assured me that one of his colleagues was still protecting me, but I was at breaking point. I was about to hand in my notice when Wayne got a text saying the robbery was off – Stephen had got cold feet.

I dissolved in tears – at last I had my life back. But instead of being happy, Wayne warned me there were still threats to my life. ‘Just because the robbery’s off doesn’t mean you’re out of danger,’ he said.

After four months of torment, I was prepared to believe anything and agreed

that Wayne could open all my post in case it was laced with anthrax. He even made me sign the Official Secrets Act to stop me discussing the case.

But it didn’t end there. Two months later, Wayne asked if we could move in with my parents. He said his details had been leaked on to the electoral register and he needed somewhere safe to stay. I was terrified of putting my mum and dad in danger, but I liked the idea of having them near me so I agreed.

I was convinced that my life was in danger

But living at home meant I had access to my post again and I was shocked when my bank statements showed I was in thousands of pounds of debt. I didn’t understand – I was never late paying a bill, but now my wages were being eaten up paying off charges.

Wayne was the only person with access to my post, but when I mentioned it to him, he flew into a rage. ‘If you say anything you’ll be taken away from your family, prosecuted and sent to prison. You’ve signed the Official Secrets Act!’ he screamed. It was the first time I’d ever seen that side of him and it was terrifying.

After that, our arguments became even more heated. I started resenting having him around and in September last year, after a year together, I told him it was over and asked him to leave.

The next night, I broke down and told Mum everything. Dad called the police, even though I begged him not to – I was still convinced my life was in danger. But a week later, when officers called



The couple moved in together so that Wayne could ‘protect’ her



He’d hidden a stack of unpaid bills from her

me into the station, I realised none of it was true. I cried as police told me Wayne had lied about everything – he was never a spy.

But worse was to come. Two weeks later, a police officer told me that Wayne had been bailed after being charged with stealing £14,000 from me – £4,000 in cash and the rest from credit card and loans in my name. The sense of betrayal was like a blow to my stomach. I wondered how the man I’d loved and trusted could have lied to me for so long.

However, it wasn’t until his trial began in February this year that I learnt the full extent of his lies. Everything he’d said about Stephen was rubbish. Wayne wasn’t renting a place out in Oxford, the money I thought I’d transferred into his boss’s account had in fact gone into his own and the reason we’d had to move out of our flat was because Wayne hadn’t paid the rent.

Wayne pleaded guilty to fraud on 16 February and was jailed for 18 months. I couldn’t face seeing him again, but my mum was in court to hear how he’d done the same to another girlfriend in 2006. He’ll be free in nine months and I’ll do whatever it takes to stop him doing it again.

As for me, I’m working hard to get my life back to normal. I still find it hard to trust new people, but I won’t let a deluded fantasist ruin my chance of finding love again. ☺