

The book cover features a muscular man with dark hair and a slight smile, shirtless, positioned on the right side. The background is a stylized American flag with stars and stripes. In the lower-left background, there is a faint image of a domed building, possibly a capitol. The author's name 'Lyndi Lamont' is written in a black, handwritten-style font in the upper left. The title 'Seducing The Enemy' is written in a large, white, cursive font with a black outline at the bottom.

Lyndi
Lamont

Seducing
The Enemy

SEDUCING THE ENEMY

...In a haze of desire, he stumbled to the bed where she waited. His shaft was hard as a rock, straining against his breeches. She ran her hands up the length of his cock, making him groan with desire, before slowly undoing the buttons, then untying his drawers. The tips of her breasts brushed his chest as she pushed his pants and drawers over his buttocks. He sat to strip them off, along with his stockings, then reached for her.

He cupped her breasts in his hands and her nipples hardened under his touch. She sighed with apparent pleasure.

Though hot with desire, he found it difficult to accept his easy conquest. "What brought you here, Sally?"

She gazed at him with her whiskey-brown eyes. "I want you, Jack," she said, her voice low and husky. "Is there any reason to doubt that?"

He pushed back the covers and reached down to cup her mound. She opened her legs wider to his questing fingers. Her slit was slick with desire. "No, love, no doubt at all."

She squirmed against his hand. "Why did you ask?"

"Philadelphia is riddled with rebel spies. For all I know, you could be one."

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SEDUCING THE ENEMY

BY

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AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

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SEDUCING THE ENEMY
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

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*This story is dedicated to the
nameless men and women who put their lives on
the line to spy for the Americans during our Revolution.
To this day, most of them are unknown to history.
We are all in their debt.*

SEDUCING THE ENEMY

September 1777

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

On the day the British army marched into Philadelphia, Sally Young feared she had made a terrible mistake.

The British and Hessian troops marching through town were smartly uniformed and disciplined. A formidable force, unlike the ragtag Continental army that had passed through the city a month ago. And unlike the Continental army, the British were likely here to stay, at least for a while. Sally's heart skipped a beat at the thought.

She glanced at her brother-in-law, Nathan Young, who was staring grimly at the lines of marching men. Last spring, when he had talked her into joining a spy ring being set up in case the British captured the city, it had seemed like a splendid idea. Noble, patriotic and exciting. Now that day had come and dread tightened her stomach.

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The officer who recruited them had warned that, unlike soldiers in uniform, there was no protection for spies. She touched her throat, remembering his blunt statement that if they were caught they'd face imprisonment and possibly hanging.

"Are you certain about this, Nate?" she asked quietly.

"Aye," he grunted. "At any rate, 'tis too late to back out now. Can I count on you to play your part? 'Tis the only way to avenge Ben's death."

She stared into her brother-in-law's face, noting the grim lines around his mouth and the gray peppering his light brown hair. He had aged rapidly since her husband's death. A pang of sorrow engulfed her at the memory. Ben's loss had devastated both of them. "Aye, Nate, I'll play my part."

Nate squeezed her shoulder, an unusual gesture of affection for him. "I know you will, Sal. After all, you trod the boards once."

She nodded. So she had, but in the coming drama she'd have to be playwright, stage manager and actress all in one. She wasn't sure she was prepared for what was to come, but Nate was right. It was too late for second thoughts.

"We open for business tomorrow. So keep your eyes and ears open. No telling what we might hear."

Sally made no reply. As proprietors of Young's Coffee House, she and Nate were in a position to overhear conversations between customers and pass them along. At least that was the idea. How well it would work was anyone's guess.

One thing she knew for certain. After today, her life would never be the same again.

* * *

Major Jack Tyrell paused across the cobblestone street from Young's Coffee House and studied the building. Though not large, the red brick structure was sturdily built and seemed well kept up. He was

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impressed with the city of Philadelphia, a prosperous town laid out in neat squares, unlike the warren of goat paths they called streets in Boston. And so far, the citizens of the colonial capital had been far more friendly and welcoming than the taciturn New Englanders.

He squared his shoulders and crossed to the coffee house. This was the place he would be quartered for however long His Majesty's army remained in Philadelphia. He dreaded the upcoming confrontation with the owners. Civilians hated having soldiers forced on them, and colonials hated it worst of all. The citizens of Boston had made their dislike of "lobsterbacks" all too plain. But with any luck the Youngs would agree to make room for him and his servant.

He entered the building and surveyed the premises. The serving area was a long, narrow room with long trestle tables in the center and smaller ones along the sides. Several pots of coffee sat on the hob of a large hearth, filling the air with a heavenly aroma.

A young woman with flaxen hair covered by a lace cap stood in the front booth. Though dressed plainly in brown wool, her skirt was short enough to afford a glimpse of shapely ankles and her bodice low enough to display her obvious charms. His body stirred to life. It had been a long time since he'd had a woman, especially one as comely as this.

He walked over to her. Up close, he noted her eyes were a tawny shade of brown. "May I speak with Mister or Mistress Young?"

"I am Sally Young," she replied with a smile and a curtsy. "Welcome to Philadelphia, Captain."

He inclined his head. "Major," he corrected. "Allow me to introduce myself. Major John Tyrell at your service. I've been assigned to this dwelling."

"Assigned?" she asked, confusion apparent on her pretty face.

"The army is in the process of quartering troops throughout the city, and I'm to be housed here."

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"Oh, dear," she replied. "We have but two bedchambers, plus the attic."

He smiled at her. "Surely you and your husband need but one chamber." If she were his wife, he'd not be sleeping in another room.

Her smile faded. "My husband is dead. I live here with my brother-in-law and one indentured servant."

"Please accept my condolences on the death of your husband."

"Thank you," she murmured, dropping her gaze.

So she was a widow. Perhaps his attentions would not be unwelcome. His cock hardened at the thought, and he struggled to control his reaction to her.

An older man wearing a long apron walked over and stared at Jack quizzically.

Mrs. Young turned to him. "Nate, this is Major Tyrell, who is being quartered on us. What shall we do?"

"Major Tyrell can have my chamber," Nate Young replied without hesitation, "as well as use of the upstairs parlor."

"But where will you sleep?" Sally asked.

"If Alice moves in with you, I can take her bed in the attic. Or I can sleep on a pallet in the kitchen. 'Tis warmer there anyway."

"Well, then, that's settled. Thank you, sir," Jack said. "Your cooperation is much appreciated."

The older man offered his hand. "My pleasure, sir. We Tories must do what we can to aid the King's men."

Jack relaxed as he shook the man's hand. He was lucky to have been quartered with loyalists. Philadelphia was indeed a far friendlier city than Boston had been. He glanced at the Widow Young and pictured her, naked, in his bed. If he were lucky, the coming months might prove to be very pleasant indeed.

* * *

Sally moved about the coffee house, serving the red-coated officers

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who had thronged in, and picking up after the ones who'd left. She was surprised at how well Nate was playing his part. Ordinarily he was a man of few words, but he had welcomed the British officers with more warmth than she'd have expected. Especially Major Tyrell, who had been foisted on them twenty-four hours a day.

She stopped to admire the major, who sat drinking coffee with another officer. No doubt he was a gentleman to judge by his manners and appearance, and a handsome one at that in his scarlet coat. Tyrell was a large man, at least six feet in height, with broad shoulders, narrow hips, and a fine leg. She guessed he was well-endowed elsewhere to judge by the bulge at the front of his breeches. She started when she realized where she'd been staring and raised her gaze to his face. His dark hair and brows contrasted nicely with his light blue-gray eyes.

He looked up and caught her staring at him. His mouth quirked and his eyes crinkled. It wasn't quite a smile, but his amusement was plain. She felt a flush creeping up her face and turned away, picked up her tray of dirty dishes, and headed for the kitchen. What was wrong with her? It wasn't like her to have her head turned by a handsome face.

* * *

Nate sat at the kitchen table talking to Martin Green, Major Tyrell's man, who had also been quartered with them. Nate had accepted the incursion with more grace than Sally could muster. Of course, Nate had been quietly playing the role of a Tory for some time now.

When the colonies declared independence, Nate and Ben had discussed what to do and decided to hedge their bets. One brother would declare for independence; the other would remain loyal to the king, at least in public. That way the coffeehouse would survive, no matter which side won. Since Ben had already been openly for independence, the quieter Nate had agreed to play the loyalist, though his sympathies were also with the Americans. At the time she had

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thought the whole thing ridiculous and dishonest, but now realized it had been a clever ploy.

If only her Ben had not been quite so patriotic. She had begged him not to join the Continental army, but he had felt it was his duty. When she had tactfully suggested that, at nine-and-thirty, he was too old, he'd been incensed.

She sighed as she put down her tray. Though Ben had died over a year ago, and been gone from home longer than that, she still missed him. How she missed his merry temperament, his consideration, and even his passion for politics, something she admired, but had never understood. Most of all, she missed lying in his arms at the end of the day, longed to have his body joined to hers in the night. It had been so long since she'd been held, comforted, loved...

Perhaps that loss was why she was so aware of Major Tyrell, who, starting tonight, would be sleeping in the bedchamber next to hers. Her heart raced at the thought. *What kind of lover was he?*

She closed her eyes, imagining what it would feel like to have his chiseled lips on hers, his strong hands caressing her body, his cock inside her...

She opened her eyes and fanned her face with her kerchief. What was the matter with her? She should not be thinking of the major in those terms. He was the enemy. One she intended to watch very closely.

* * *

The next morning, Sally was up early after a restless night plagued by dreams of Major Tyrell. She'd heard him next door pacing far into the night. Apparently he'd slept no better than she had.

She dressed quickly and went downstairs to the kitchen, where Nate still snored on his pallet by the fire. He'd gone out last night to a nearby tavern, hoping to pick up some information about British intentions. She shook her head. It was so unlike her sober brother-in-law to spend

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his evenings drinking and socializing. He was turning out to be a far better actor than she'd ever have guessed.

When she heard the sound of hooves and tinkling bells, she grabbed the milk cans and headed outside. A roughly-dressed farmer carrying a milking stool led a line of cows, their heavy udders swaying. He stopped when he saw her.

"Ho, mistress, will you buy some milk today?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," she replied. As he drew closer, she realized it was a different fellow than the one who usually drove his cows to town. He was much younger. "I have not seen you before."

He glanced around quickly, then lowered his voice. "My name is Hugh. Major Clark wants to know if you have anything to report."

Her eyes grew wide. So this strapping young fellow was their contact. "Nothing yet. Only that we have a British major and his servant quartered with us."

Hugh squatted on the stool and she handed him the milk can. While he milked the first cow, he filled her in with what had been happening outside the city. "I may not be able to be here every day. The Continentals are attempting to cut off all commerce into the city in hopes of starving the lobsters. I have a pass, but..."

"I understand. Before fleeing, some zealots scoured the city and carted off all the provisions they could find. Luckily, the coffeehouse has a secret storage room where we hid our hoard of beans. Otherwise we'd not be in business at all, and what good would that serve? Everyone knows that coffee stimulates the brain, leading to free thought and discussion."

Hugh laughed and nodded. "Aye, it loosens the tongue almost as well as spirits. And what I would not give for a mug."

"I'll see if some can be spared for you tomorrow," she promised.

When both milk cans were full, Sally slipped some coins into Hugh's hand.

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He looked over her shoulder. "Is that your major?"

She turned her head to see that Major Tyrell stood on the kitchen stoop. He wore a fine silk banyan over his shirt and breeches. She waved, then turned back. "Yes, that is he. I hope to learn something of importance from him."

"If not, we may be able to pass some false information through you to him. Here he comes," Hugh whispered. Then in a louder tone, he said, "Thank you, Mistress Young."

"Thank you," Sally said. "No doubt we will be needing more milk again tomorrow."

Hugh tipped his hat and started his train of cows off down the street, calling out, "Milk, fresh milk."

Sally reached for the cans, but Major Tyrell came up and stopped her. "These are a bit heavy for you, are they not?"

"I can manage."

"Nonsense," he said, lifting the milk cans. "Have you no servants?"

"Just Alice, our indentured girl. Our waiter fled the city a week ago."

"I'll have Martin help you with these from now on," Major Tyrell said.

"No," Sally said hastily. "That is, Nate usually collects the milk." From now on she'd have to wake him in time for the milk delivery. The last thing she needed was the major's servant getting in the way.

"Very well," the major agreed as he toted the heavy cans into the kitchen. "Then perhaps Martin can help you in the coffee house. He has little enough to do just taking care of me."

"I suppose we could use some help," Sally agreed. She didn't really want the man underfoot, but could think of no good reason to decline the offer. "Thank you, sir."

He studied her. "I feel I should do something since I am living in your house free of charge. I came down to ask you and Mr. Young to

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join me for dinner tonight.”

“That is very kind of you,” she murmured. “We would be honored.” And perhaps a glass or two of wine would loosen the major’s tongue.

* * *

Sally and the major dined alone that night. Nate had insisted he had a prior engagement, though she knew he was again off to the tavern, in hope of picking up a carelessly dropped word to indicate British intentions.

Alice had helped her dress in her best clothing, a blue silk sacque gown with white shirring encircling the sleeves above her elbow and running from the shoulders to the waist. It had been years since she’d had occasion to wear the gown and she was gratified it still fit around the waist. However, the low-cut bodice revealed more flesh than it had previously. Well, no matter. As she’d told Alice, it would do no harm to give the major something other than dinner to salivate over.

Hesitantly Sally entered the parlor, where a table was set with their best pewter utensils. Major Tyrell stood looking out the front window, but turned when she greeted him.

“Mistress Young, you are a vision of loveliness tonight.”

“Thank you,” she replied, pleased by his admiration.

Martin Green served the dinner, a succulent beef pot pie with a side of green peas and accompanied by a bottle of claret. His manner was surly and he gave Sally a black look, as if it were her fault he’d spent the day working in the coffee house. Nate was the one who had consigned him to the kitchen washing cups and keeping the fires going.

She smiled sweetly at the young man and lightly touched his arm. “Martin, I haven’t thanked you for helping out today. I do not know what I’d have done without your assistance, we were that busy. I know it was a burden, given your other duties. And then to procure this fine dinner. I honestly don’t know how you accomplished it all.”

Martin puffed up at her praise. “All in a day’s work, Mistress

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Young.”

“Indeed,” she said. “I see why Major Tyrell values you.”

She glanced at the major, who gave her a knowing look.

“Yes, thank you, Martin. I will not be needing you for a few hours.”

The servant bowed and left the room, leaving her alone with the major.

“Bravo, madam, you handled that very well. In another moment he would have been eating out of your hand. Do you always have that effect on men?”

She laughed. “Hardly.”

“Oh? I saw you flirting with that young farmer this morning.”

She started to deny it, then changed her mind. Better to let the major think she was flirting with Hugh than guess the truth. “Jealous?”

“Should I be?”

She took a sip of wine to hide her nervousness. “I’ve learned you catch more flies with honey than vinegar. Martin worked very hard today, and I thought a little praise appropriate. Besides, if he is going to be helping us out, I’d much rather he did so willingly.”

The major raised his glass and toasted her. “Wise as well as beautiful. I salute you, madam.”

She felt her face warm with mingled pleasure and embarrassment. Clearly she was not immune to the flattery of a handsome man. “Thank you, sir.”

“Please, call me Jack,” he said with his endearing half smile. “I may call you Sally, may I not?”

She shrugged. “I suppose. We are going to be living here together for the nonce. That is,” she stammered, “not living together, but in the same dwelling. Nate and I will endeavor not to disturb you any more than is necessary.”

He raised his eyebrows. “But I am already disturbed by you, Sally. I can’t get you out of my mind. Will you keep me in misery

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indefinitely?"

"I know not what you mean, sir."

"Jack," he reminded her gently.

"Jack," she whispered.

He reached out and covered her hand with his large, warm palm.

"Sally, just say the word and I am yours."

Shocked, she stared at him. There was no mistaking the hunger in his gaze. Warmth flooded through her, triggering primitive yearnings she had not felt in a long time.

Before she could respond, Martin rushed into the room, a piece of paper in his hand. "Major, this note just arrived for you."

He scanned the content, then folded the paper and pocketed it. Turning to her, he said, "I fear I must leave you. Duty calls."

"Of course," she said, watching as he donned his hat and left the parlor.

She let out a breath. It was just as well he'd been called away. He was far too attractive, and he'd made his desire for her abundantly clear. She had never lain with any man but her husband, and she had no intention of doing so now.

* * *

After Alice helped her undress, Sally sat by the window of her bedchamber, staring down at the street. The hour was growing late, but she was too nervous to sleep. Major Tyrell had not returned from his meeting, nor Nate from the tavern. The house was quiet, and she assumed both Alice and Martin were already asleep. The only thing she heard was the occasional sound of someone passing by outside. Now was her chance to search the major's bedchamber to see what she might discover.

She stood, tightened the sash of her wrapper and picked up her candle holder. As quietly as possible, she tiptoed to the bedchamber next to hers. The door was closed, but not locked. She left the door ajar,

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the better to hear his return.

Since Alice had arrived to help with the housework, Sally had only rarely been in Nate's room. It was crowded now with the major's possessions. His trunk stood against one wall and a camp table and chair had been set up in front of the hearth.

Her hand trembled as she set down the candle holder and bent to examine the papers stacked on the table. She scanned them, hoping to find something of importance, but to no avail. Nothing to tell of future plans against the Americans.

The room had grown chilly, making her shiver. She glanced toward the hearth, wishing she could light a fire, and noticed several crumpled pieces of paper lying in the grate. She grabbed the candle and moved over to investigate. One, an unfinished letter to Major Tyrell's father, she crumpled and returned to the grate.

A chill ran down her spine and her heart pounded as she read the other two pages. They were plans for batteries to guard the approaches to the city along the Delaware River. These papers could be important information. Or they could be rejected plans. She had no way of knowing, but perhaps someone at Washington's headquarters would. Carefully she straightened the pages, then folded them and secreted them in the pocket of her wrapper.

She stood, intending to return to her own chamber, when she realized Major Tyrell might notice they were gone. Perhaps she should light a fire after all, to cover her tracks. He might not mind coming back to a warm room.

She grabbed the flint and lit his discarded letter for kindling, watching as the wood in the grate caught the fire. The warmth felt good and she stretched out her hands toward the flames.

Too late she heard Major Tyrell's tread on the stairs. Panic filled her as she realized she was trapped in his bedchamber. If she rushed back to her own room, he might catch her, and know she'd been in his

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room. What possible reason could she give for being here?

A thrill of frightened anticipation touched her spine. There was but one role that would save her, that of seductress.

But was it a role she could play convincingly? She had never lain with any man but Ben, and now her life depended on how well she could act the wanton.

With racing heart and trembling hands, she removed her wrapper and night shift, draped them on his chair, then unbraided her hair and shook it free. At least she could look the wanton. She climbed into bed, pulled the sheet up to her waist and prayed for the courage to play her part well in the coming farce.

* * *

Jack stopped by Sally's door and considered knocking to see if she was still awake. It had been too long since he'd had a woman. He could always seek out a whore, but that was not what he wanted. He'd been entranced by a blonde colonial widow and wanted no one else.

He'd planned tonight's dinner with the hope of seducing Sally after plying her with food and wine, and he'd made his intention clear. *Damn Martin for interrupting at that precise moment.* Perhaps another day.

Then he noticed the light spilling into the hallway from his own chamber. Hand on his sword, he crept down the hall and peered into the room. The sight before his eyes stopped him in his tracks.

Was he hallucinating or was the woman he'd dreamed about lying in his bed, naked to the waist? His gaze locked on her bare bosom and his cock hardened. "Sally?"

She smiled at him. "There you are. I thought you'd never return."

He seemed rooted to the spot. "I never expected to find you waiting for me."

She pouted a little. "Is this not what you want?"

"Oh, it is," he assured her. "Most certainly."

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He stepped into the room, closed and locked the door, then hastened to remove his clothing. He stripped off his sword belt, sash, uniform coat, removed his stock and pulled his shirt over his head, then toed off his shoes. In his haste, he found himself fumbling to unbutton his trousers.

“If you move closer, I can help with that.”

In a haze of desire, he stumbled to the bed where she waited. His shaft was hard as a rock, straining against his breeches. She ran her hands up the length of his cock, making him groan with desire, before slowly undoing the buttons, then untying his drawers. The tips of her breasts brushed his chest as she pushed his pants and drawers over his buttocks. He sat to strip them off, along with his stockings, then reached for her.

He cupped her breasts in his hands and her nipples hardened under his touch. She sighed with apparent pleasure.

Though hot with desire, he found it difficult to accept his easy conquest. “What brought you here, Sally?”

She gazed at him with her whiskey-brown eyes. “I want you, Jack,” she said, her voice low and husky. “Is there any reason to doubt that?”

He pushed back the covers and reached down to cup her mound. She opened her legs wider to his questing fingers. Her slit was slick with desire. “No, love, no doubt at all.”

She squirmed against his hand. “Why did you ask?”

“Philadelphia is riddled with rebel spies. For all I know, you could be one.”

* * *

Sally’s heart rushed to her throat. Did he seriously suspect her of spying? Perhaps her ploy to distract him with her body was not working. She stared at him, but was unable to read his expression. “Is that what you think?”

He shrugged. “I do know some military secrets.”

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She decided to make light of his suggestion. Pushing him back on the bed, she straddled his thighs and took his hard shaft in her hand. "Do you indeed? Then perhaps I can pry some out of you."

A chuckle rumbled in his chest. "I believe I am up to the challenge, my dear."

She stroked his cock, then teased the head with one finger. "Just wait until I've had my way with you. I predict you will be as pliable as warm taffy in my hands."

He sucked in a breath. "I will be soon if you keep that up."

She laughed and moved her hands to his belly, stroking upwards toward his chest, her fingers brushing the curly brown hair that trailed to his groin. His torso was all lean masculine planes and hard-muscled ridges under her fingers. She circled his flat male nipples with her fingers, flicked a finger over one.

"Tease," he growled, deep in his throat.

She leaned forward and kissed him, enjoying the feel of his firm, chiseled lips. With a lazy, sensuous movement, his tongue entered her mouth. She responded in a sensual duel. He was a young man in his prime and she rejoiced at the taste, touch and feel of him.

Never taking his mouth from hers, he pulled her close 'til her breasts were crushed against his chest. One hand cupped her bottom, while the other traced circles on her back. She gripped his shoulders and concentrated on the sensations sweeping through her until reality retreated. Until her world shrank to nothing more than the virile man in her arms and the spiraling need coursing through her.

Dizzy from lack of air, she pulled back, her breath coming in short pants. "You do know how to kiss, sir. Is that part of your military training?"

"Indeed," he said, running his fingers through her hair. "We practice every technique possible to disarm an enemy."

He had certainly disarmed her. He was not at all what she had

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expected, but much, much more.

He rolled he onto her back in one easy motion and loomed over her, supporting himself on his elbows.

She touched his face, tracing her fingers over his thick brows, down his stubbled cheeks to his strong jaw. His was a ruggedly handsome, masculine face. He turned his head and kissed her palm, his tongue teasing her skin.

She drew back her hand. "Don't. My hands are ugly."

He caught her hand in his and examined it. "Work worn, perhaps, but not ugly. Nothing about you could ever be ugly." He kissed her red, chapped knuckles, and she was swamped with guilt. How could she deceive this lovely man? Yet the alternative was unthinkable.

"Kiss me," she begged.

Obligingly he lowered his head to take her mouth, possessing it like his conquering army had taken the city. With her total, willing surrender.

He trailed kisses over her face to her ear, taking the lobe lightly between his teeth and tugging ever so slightly. With his tongue, he traced the length of her neck, then down to her breasts. She let out a sigh of rapture when his mouth closed over one nipple to suckle the hardened peak.

At the same time he moved one hand down her belly to the junction of her thighs. He parted the curls covering her mound, and stroked the soft flesh weeping for his touch. Her back arched off the bed when he found her hard nub of need.

"Oh, God, yes. Don't stop."

He dropped a kiss on her belly, then settled between her legs. When his mouth replaced his hand, bolts of heat through shot her like summer lightning. He inserted two fingers inside her and tongued her nub until she came apart in a blaze of ecstasy. When the muscles of her thighs and belly stopped their spasms, she lay spent.

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As her climax receded, she looked up to find him staring at her, his expression hungry and lustful. "So passionate. I cannot wait to feel you convulse around me."

She reached for his shaft and guided it to her hungry entrance. "Then what are you waiting for?"

She wrapped her legs tightly around his thighs and pulled him into her, reveling as he filled her to capacity. His thrusts were slow and measured at first, then the pace increased. A new hunger rose and flared in her, insatiable and demanding. She rocked upward, searching for release, for rapture, for redemption.

When the explosion came, it threatened to undo her. Dimly she was aware of his shout of triumph and his hot seed spurting into her.

* * *

Jack lay on his back and stared up at Sally laying beside him, her head propped on one arm. He'd pulled the sheet up as far as their waists so he could feast on the sight of her bare breasts. He loved her body, so lithe and lush and responsive.

He still could not believe his luck. He'd wanted this woman since the moment he laid eyes on her, and to come back and find her in his bed had been a dream come true.

"What kind of man is Jack Tyrell?" she asked, idly playing with his chest hair.

He shrugged his shoulders. "A good enough sort, I suppose."

She sighed loudly. "That is no answer at all. Tell me about him. Where is he from?"

"A little town called Bradford-On-Avon, in the West Country."

"And what does his father do?"

"He's a wool merchant. Vulgarly wealthy fellow."

She frowned. "He sounds like a fine, hard-working man to me."

Jack laughed. "A typically colonial answer. 'We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal.'"

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Her eyes widened. "You have read the Declaration of Independence?"

"Yes. It is wise to know how one's enemy thinks." He frowned. "The irony is, I wonder if they don't have the right of it. Why should a man's birth decide his station in life? Why not let him rise or fall on his own merits?"

"Do your superiors know you harbor sympathies for the enemy?"

"I am known to have some radical notions. No more than they might expect from an upstart like me."

"It sounds to me as if you've encountered some snobbery from your fellow officers."

"Some who resented the fact I was able to purchase a higher commission."

"I can see where that might cause a problem. If, for example, an incompetent officer were to purchase his way to a command. That doesn't happen in the American army."

"No, and I've seen how they fight. For all its faults, the British army is the best in the world."

"So it would seem. Perhaps all men are not created equal after all."

He relaxed when she did not defend the Americans. Nor would he expect her to if she was truly a loyalist. Damn but he was a suspicious lout, to test her like that.

"You do know what is really wrong with that sentence, do you not?" she asked.

"No. Why don't you tell me?"

"There is no mention of women. Are not women equal to men?"

"No."

She slapped his chest. "What? Do you think we are so inferior?"

"On the contrary, women are superior to men."

She raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Oh? Just why do you say that?"

He placed a hand on her abdomen. "Men destroy life. Women

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create it.”

Sally sat up and turned away, blinking back sudden tears. “Some women do.”

He pulled her back down on the bed and forced her to look at him. “Why do you not have children?”

“I did, but they both died in infancy.”

He wrapped her in arms and let her sob on his chest. “I am so sorry, love. Life is uncertain, at the best of times.”

Gently he lowered her to the bed and held her as she cried herself to sleep.

* * *

Sally awoke in the middle of the night, crept out of bed and tiptoed back to her own room, her emotions in turmoil. Once inside, she locked the door and dove into bed, shivering in the early morning chill.

Slowly, her body started to warm, but not the chill in her heart. She hated herself for what she’d done. Not for sharing Major Tyrell’s bed. No, she’d had no other choice. But she had no right to enjoy his lovemaking.

And enjoy it she had. He was no slouch in the bedroom. His expert touch had awakened her body and sent it soaring. And wanting more.

She’d forgotten how much she enjoyed being held in a man’s arms, having him inside of her.

But Jack Tyrell was not the man for her. He was her enemy, part of the army that had killed Ben. But she had responded with passion to his touch. And God help her, she’d do so again.

She lay in bed until dawn cursing her traitorous body.

* * *

Sally never knew if the crumpled plans she’d pulled from Major Tyrell’s fireplace were of any help to the Americans or not, but she kept watching and listening, and passing on any information that came

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her way to Nate or Hugh. The months passed, October with its clear blue skies and brightly colored leaves gave way to November's gray skies and chill mornings. Now it was early December and something was afoot.

She lay in bed, huddling under the covers for warmth, and watched as Jack dressed by the hearth. The heat from the fireplace barely took the chill off the room, and he grimaced as he broke the ice in the wash basin before splashing his face with it.

Having started the affair with Jack, she was hard-pressed to come up with a reason to end it without rousing his suspicions. Sharing his bed gave her access to his room and the occasional chance to search for information, or so she justified it to herself. In rare moments of honesty, she acknowledged she had no wish to end the affair. Not when it afforded her so much pleasure.

"Will I see you tonight?" she asked.

He pulled his shirt over his head before answering. "I can't be sure. We're under orders to march at a moment's notice."

"Oh. Do you know where you're going?"

"To catch a fox."

"What?"

He laughed at her confusion. "That rebel general is as cagey as a fox. But we'll corner him this time."

Sally forced herself to smile at him. So they were going out after Washington soon.

"How about a kiss for good luck?" Jack asked.

He moved to the bed and sat beside her. She took his head in her hands and looked into his eyes. Rebel she might be, but she had no wish for harm to come to this man who had pleased her body and stolen her heart.

"Be careful," she whispered, before lightly touching her lips to his. He responded with a kiss full of passion and promise that left her

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gasping.

He caressed her lower lip with his thumb before rising from the bed. "I will return," he promised, then left the room without a backward glance.

Sally sat in his bed, her emotions in a turmoil, and hugged herself for warmth and comfort. Today's British expedition could bring an end to the war, and she wasn't sure how she felt about that. Peace would mean she was free to love Jack, but peace might also mean he'd be sent home and she'd never see him again.

How could she even think about that? She wanted the Americans to win, didn't she? She let her head fall to her knees and bit back a sob. God, she hated this spying business. Never in her life had she been more confused or more miserable.

Finally, she rose and stood by the fire to warm herself before going to her cold room to dress. She glanced over at his desk and saw papers lying on top. Curious, she picked them up and her heart lurched. They were General Howe's orders.

This was important information that could help General Washington, and perhaps save American lives...yet, she hesitated. Taking Jack's copy of the orders was a personal betrayal of him and all he had come to mean to her. What if she got this information to the Americans and Jack and his men walked into a trap. She could be responsible for his death.

She paced across the room. *Hell and damnation, it was not supposed to be this complicated.* He was her enemy. But he was also her lover, and she had come to care for him deeply. He had awakened her body and her spirit from the pit of despond she'd been in since Benjamin's death, and for that she owed him...something.

But not loyalty. She was an American, and she had to do her duty to her new country. She'd never be able to live with herself if she did not and good men died as a result. But she did it with a heavy heart.

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Papers in hand, she tiptoed to the door and peered into the hallway. No one was about. Quietly she walked to her own room, started the fire, and sat down at her table. She had just enough time to copy the plans before Hugh arrived with his milk cows.

* * *

Later that day Jack returned to the coffee house and discovered his copy of the general's orders was not on the table. He turned to Martin, who was packing his baggage for the expedition.

"Martin, have you seen my orders?"

"No, sir."

"Where the devil could they be? Are you sure you haven't packed them by mistake."

"Yes, sir."

The two men searched the room from one end to the other, but the orders were nowhere to be found. Jack ordered Martin to continue packing and sat down to think. He knew he'd had the papers in his room. He'd been studying them when Sally arrived last night.

Sally. Could it be?

A sinking feeling in his stomach, Jack went to her room to look around. She was the only person who had access to his room, besides Martin. But she was a loyalist, was she not? He could trust her, couldn't he? He glanced around her chamber. Her bed was neatly made. Indeed, it had not been slept in much these last three months. No, she'd spent nearly every night with him. Letting him have his way with her.

"Oh, Sally," he murmured, "tell me it's not true. Tell me you haven't betrayed my trust."

He moved to the table by the window and opened a box that sat on top. Inside he found blank sheets of writing paper, and at the bottom, his missing orders.

He swore and pounded the table with his fist. *Damn the traitorous,*

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little rebel. How could he have been so easily fooled?

He let out a harsh laugh, sank onto the chair and buried his face in his hands. She had probably been searching his room that first night. He should have been more suspicious, but he'd been so delighted to find her naked in his bed, he hadn't really questioned why.

He suddenly remembered their conversation that night. How he'd teasingly asked her if she was a spy and how she hadn't actually denied it. Oh, she'd played him well. And now he had no choice but to turn her in and watch her hang.

He returned the evidence to where he'd found it. Let her think she was safe for a little while longer.

* * *

Jack spent most of the long night wrestling with his conscience. He knew where his duty lay. He had discovered a rebel spy and honor demanded he turn her in.

A surge of anger rose from his gut. Anger at her, and at himself for being such a damned fool. *Damn her and her deceitful, luscious body.*

The thought of her body caused something besides anger to course through him. How could he still desire her, knowing what he did now? She'd become a fever in his blood. He wanted her in his arms, wanted to bury his cock inside her and fuck her.

Then what? Arrest her as a spy?

His anger subsided, over-ridden by a wave of sadness. How could he turn in the woman he'd loved, knowing what her fate would be. Spies were hanged. The thought of an ugly noose about that pretty neck nauseated him. What a fool he was. Hadn't he been led around by his cock long enough?

There was no doubt she'd taken advantage of his desire for her, but they had come to care for each other, hadn't they? At least a little. Why had she done it?

He tried to put himself in her position. How would he feel if

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London were invaded by a foreign army? Of course he'd fight back, in any way he could. For freedom.

A heady ideal—freedom—one a man would risk much for. Why should a woman do any less? She had fought back in the only way allotted to her sex. Using her body as a weapon.

He told himself he had no proof she had managed to pass the information along to the Americans. Perhaps no damage had been done. But he knew he couldn't wait forever to tell his superior officer about the missing plans.

Then he learned one of his men had deserted, and Jack was too busy to think any more about Sally.

By six o'clock in the morning Jack learned an artillery corporal had deserted with an orderly book containing a transcript of the line of march. General Howe countermanded the original orders and the departure was postponed while he drew up new plans.

Jack breathed a sigh of relief. The orders Sally had stolen from him were obsolete, at least in part. That bought him—and her—a little time. Time for him to confront her about what she had done. And decide what her future should be.

* * *

Jack found Sally asleep in her own bed. He stood and stared at her face, so lovely and so innocent, in the dim light. In his mind, he was still a little angry at her, but his cock, and his heart, had ideas of their own. Anger and desire fought for ascendance, and desire won.

Why not? he asked as he began stripping off his clothes. Why not possess her one last time?

He pulled off his crimson officer's sash and an idea popped into his head. A little game to play with his American spy. A game that could end one of two ways. He just hadn't yet decided which outcome he preferred.

He draped it over the headboard of the bed and added the stock

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from around his neck, then sat to remove his footwear.

She woke when his boots hit the floor. "Jack, what happened? Why are you here?"

"Change of orders," he said, abruptly.

"Oh," was all she said.

"Disappointed?"

"Of course not," she denied. "I missed you last night."

He finished undressing and climbed in bed with her. "Really? I thought about you, too. All night, in fact."

She snuggled against him. "Did you freeze last night? It was terribly cold."

"Not at all." No, he'd had his anger to keep him warm.

"Are you sleepy?"

He took her hand and guided it to his hardening cock. "I think I'd like to play a little game first."

She laughed. "And exactly what game is that, sir?"

"Take off your shift and I'll show you."

She sat up and pulled her shift over her head, then lay back down. He gazed at her naked body, all soft skin and delightful curves. A body designed to entice a man to forget his duty.

He picked up his sash and, letting it dangle from one hand, he used it to tease a path down the center of her body, from her neck to her waist. She sucked in a breath when he trailed the sash over her breasts, back and forth, teasing her nipples to hard pebbles.

"I like this game," she whispered.

"We've just begun to play." He wound the sash around her wrists, pulled her arms over her head, and tied the ends to the headboard of the bed.

"What are you doing?" Alarm sharpened her voice and her chest heaved.

He lightly ran his hands down the insides of her arms to her breasts,

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rubbing his thumbs over her nipples. "As I said, playing a little game. Now I can touch you, but you cannot touch me."

She bit her lower lip. "And am I supposed to enjoy being trussed up like this?"

"I believe I can guarantee that you will. But if you do not, you have only to say so." He lowered his head and took one nipple in his mouth, drawing a gasp from her. "Relax, Sally, and let me do all the work."

He used his hands and mouth to touch every inch of the smooth skin on her torso, until she lay writing beneath him. Then he moved to the bottom of the bed and touched the bottoms of her feet. She jerked, but lay still. He traced a path from her feet to the tops of her thighs, drinking in the musky scent of her aroused body. When he touched her mound, her hips bucked upwards and she parted her legs in mute invitation.

He tangled his fingers in the golden curls at the apex of her sex, then explored the familiar territory for what would surely be the last time. Her quim was hot and wet and ready for him. Parting her nether lips, he found her nub of pleasure and gently blew on it. Her small mew of pleasure urged him on.

With one long, slow stroke he licked her pudenda from bottom to top. She shuddered when his questing tongue touched her swollen pleasure button. He repeated the stroke up, then back down, pausing occasionally to break the rhythm. He inserted a finger into her tight, warm channel and grazed the inside wall. Her breathing quickened, her chest heaving visibly. Her eyes were closed and her face flushed.

He pressed his tongue to her nub and inserted a second finger in her channel as her muscles throbbed and pulsed. Her thighs tightened around him and her body stiffened. A moan of ecstasy slipped through her lips as her body shook with spasms.

When her climax ended, he moved beside her.

She lay panting, her chest heaving. and a bright flare of desire

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sprang into her eyes. "I want you inside me, Jack."

"With pleasure."

Her fisted hands pulled at her silken bonds. "Untie me first. I want to touch you."

He hesitated. He was enjoying this kind of sweet warfare too much, but then, he'd wanted to possess her from the very first. Still, he had promised to untie her if she asked. He reached up and loosened the silken bonds. He'd hoped to bind her to him with love, but failed.

Her smile was tremulous as she reached out to touch his face, her fingertips grazing his cheekbones, his chin, then coming to rest on his mouth. She traced a line around his lips, then down his neck to his chest, her touch light and teasing.

When her hand nearly reached his groin, he grabbed it. "None of that, if you want me inside you."

She smiled and moved her hands to his waist, urging him closer. He nestled between her legs as her hands moved to his arse. He gazed at her, seeing the love and trust in her face, and it nearly destroyed him.

Heart near to bursting with love and anguish, he eased his cock into her warm, welcoming channel. He thrust in and out, slowly at first, then faster, his breathing growing harsher and more ragged.

He climaxed, expelling all of the air from his lungs in one wild gasp and collapsed on top of her.

When his breathing returned to normal, he sat up and looked at her. She smiled at him, her eyes still glazed with passion, and in that moment, he knew he couldn't do it.

Damn him for a traitor, but he'd not turn in the woman he loved to be hanged for a spy.

* * *

Sally waited for Jack to fall asleep, but he lay on his back, arms folded under his head, eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling.

"Are you not sleepy?"

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He turned his head toward her. "No. I suppose not."

She picked up the crimson sash lying between them. "Them perhaps we can play another game. Only this time it's my turn to touch you."

He obliged, letting her tie his wrists to the headboard.

"Now you're at my mercy," she teased.

"I always have been," he replied with a sardonic lift of his brow.

She touched his face, tracing the lines on his forehead, the arch of his dark brows, the stubble on his cheeks and chin. It was a strong, masculine face, tanned and lined from hours in the sun and wind, but handsome nonetheless.

How had she come to fall in love with this man, this enemy of her people? Loving him was such sweet agony.

She explored his body, using her hands to stroke slowly over the hard muscles of his arms and chest, then following with feather-light kisses. She teased and suckled his nipples, tickled his ribs, and nipped lightly at his belly. Taking her time, she enjoyed the taste of his salty skin, breathed in his musky scent, and listened as the sound of his breathing grew faster.

By the time she reached his groin, his cock was beginning to harden. She ran one fingertip down the length and watched it respond to the touch.

He bit back a groan. "How much longer are you going to tease me?"

She smiled at him. "A while longer, I think."

Again she ran her hands over his groin muscles and watched his cock grow in length. To prolong his torture, she moved to his legs, rubbing and caressing the strong muscles. "You do have a fine pair of legs, Major Tyrell."

"That is not all I have," he growled, thrusting his hips upward.

She laughed and turned her attention to his cock, grasping the base gently in one hand. With the other, she caressed his shaft with her

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fingertips, a light, teasing touch. Leaning forward, she took the head of his shaft into her mouth and licked the tip. He groaned in response.

“Did you like that?” she asked, as she continued to stroke him with her fingertips.

“Yes, you minx.”

Her body heavy and warm with desire, she straddled him and guided his cock inside her, easing slowly down onto his erection. Would she ever get enough of this man?

She stared at him, noting his eyes were heavy-lidded, his powerful body rippling with tension. He thrust upward and she responded by moving up and down, setting the rhythm of their lovemaking. Slowly at first, then faster as the sensation built in her again. She pressed down, grinding her hips against his pelvis, until she found the final explosion of physical sensation.

She collapsed on his chest as he continued to thrust, once, then twice. With a fevered groan, he suddenly jerked inside her.

She lay still, her body still joined to his, listening to the pounding of his heart. Her own was filled with love for a man she knew would leave her. A single tear slid down her cheek.

She sat up and reached for the crimson sash binding his arms, but froze when he spoke.

“Sally, I found the orders. You hid them with your writing paper.”

She tried to bluster her way out of it. “I have no idea what you mean.” She had tried to return the papers, but the coffee house was busy, and every time she had a few moments to run upstairs, Martin was in the room.

“You were spying on me, Sal. You must think me a gullible fool.”

“No,” she denied.

“You didn’t plan to seduce me that first night, did you? You were searching my room and afraid you’d be caught.” The sadness in his voice surprised her.

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“Yes,” she admitted. “I didn’t hear you on the stairs until it was too late. All I could think to do was seduce you.” That act had saved her life, but endangered her heart. And for what? He had still caught her.

“Why did you do it? The spying. Was it revenge for your husband’s death?”

“No. I thought I might be able to do something to prevent the death of more men like my husband.” Her throat choked with tears and she cleared it. “Too many good men have died already. For that I will not apologize, though I am sorry I hurt you.”

He closed his eyes for a moment. “Was it all just an act, Sally?”

“No. I’m glad we were lovers. Aren’t you?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “I thought you loved me—”

“I do, Jack, I do. Please do not think this has been easy for me, for it has not.”

His gaze was troubled. “Nor will it be easy for me to watch you hang. I have to arrest you, Sal.”

She gasped. “Would you really turn me in?”

“I’m afraid I have no choice, my dear. My duty would demand it.”

She said nothing, just stared at the man she’d loved and betrayed. Was there no way out of this that did not result in her death?

“Of course, I can do nothing so long as I am bound to this bed.”

Sally frowned. Was it possible he was giving her a way out?

“I dare say,” he continued, “a spy could flee the city before I manage to struggle out of these bonds.”

Tears filled her eyes. “You do love me, do you not?”

“Aye,” he said gruffly. “The thought of your pretty little neck in a noose is unbearable to me. Go while you have the chance.”

She leaned forward to kiss him one last time. “I’ll never forget you, Jack Tyrell.”

* * *

Once she made it through the British lines, Sally turned to stare at

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the distant buildings of Philadelphia. She would return some day, when the British were gone. But for now she was in exile from the city and the people she loved.

Resolutely, she turned her back on home and headed for the American lines. She had no idea what the future held for her or the country she had risked her life to serve.

But one thing she did know. She would never forget her gallant British major.

LYNDI LAMONT

Lyndi Lamont is the racy alter ego of author Linda McLaughlin, who writes historical and Regency Romance.

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* * *

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