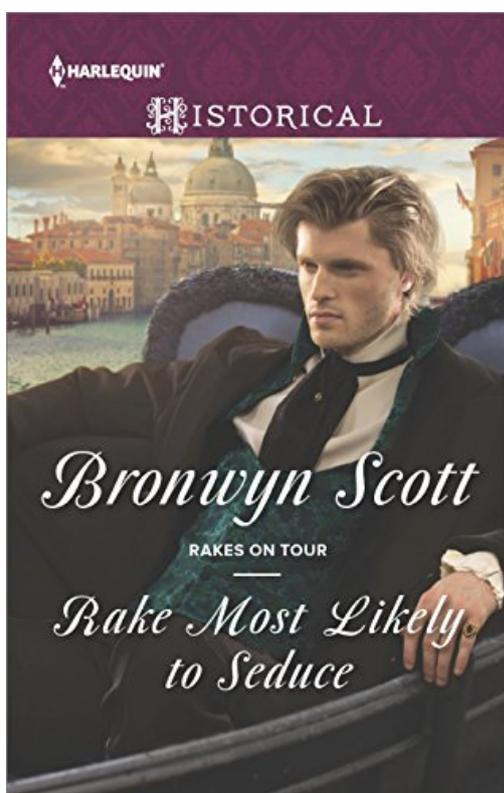


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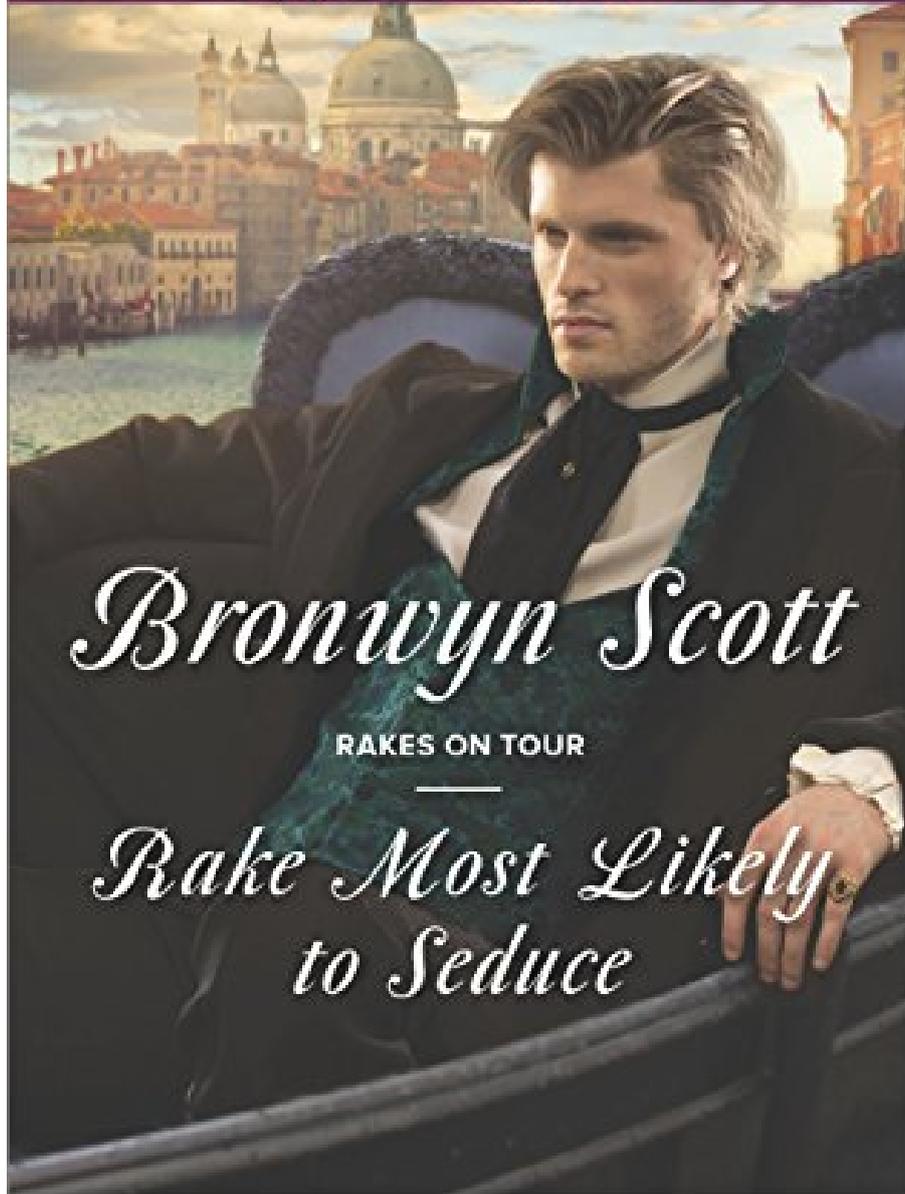
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About the Author

Bronwyn Scott is a pen-name for Nikki Poppen. She lives in the USA, up in the Pacific Northwest, where she is a communications instructor at a small college. She remembers writing all her life and is still proud of completing her first novel in sixth grade! She loves history and research and is always looking forward to the next story. She also enjoys talking with other writers and readers about books they like and the writing process. Readers can visit her website at: www.nikkipoppen.com

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The Antwerp Hotel, Dover—March 1835

'You bastard! No one has that kind of luck!' The man across the table from Nolan Gray snarled in disbelief. 'If you lay down another ace, I'll...'

'What? You'll slice me from side to side? Shoot me where I sit?' Nolan Gray flipped the offending card on to the table—another ace indeed—with a nonchalance that suggested threats to his bodily well-being were a common occurrence when it came to cards and late nights.

The man half rose, a menacing hulk looming over the table. He was fully provoked by his evening's losses and Nolan's insouciance. 'When a fellow has the streak you've had, it isn't called luck any more. It's called something else.' He sneered, ready to leap the table for Nolan's throat.

'What do you call it?' Nolan leaned back in his chair, refusing to give the man the satisfaction of standing. He took his opponent's measure through alert eyes. The man outweighed him by two stone. A fight wouldn't be fair, but it wouldn't come to that, either because the man was nothing more than a bully or because there'd be weapons drawn before fists. Nolan had seen the type before, he just hadn't bargained on seeing that sort tonight. He should have known better. This was Dover, not an elegant London gambling club where gentlemen had their codes.

The man growled. 'You know what I call it.' He waved a hand at the other two men seated with them. 'You know what we all call it.'

Poor choice of allies, Nolan thought. The other two at the table didn't look as committed to the conflict. Then again, they hadn't lost as much. 'No, I'm afraid I don't. Care to spell it out for me?' Nolan pushed, wanting to see how far the man would dare to go. Further than Nolan had thought. He had just a moment's warning.

The man leapt the table, but Nolan was faster. A flick of his wrist and the slim handle of a blade slipped into his hand from the hidden sheath in his sleeve. He brought the blade up under the man's chin, using the man's own momentum against him. If he wanted to avert further trouble, now was the time for a show of force. The others at the table discreetly pushed back their chairs, making it clear they wanted no part of this.

'Are you calling me a cheat?' Nolan asked coolly. He didn't have time for this. Where was Archer? He'd been right here a moment ago and goodness knew Nolan could use some support right about now. Surely Archer hadn't left without him. They were supposed to meet Haviland and Brennan at the dock at an ungodly hour for their boat across the Channel.

It had hardly made sense to go to bed just to get back up, so he'd stayed awake. All bloody night. And look what it got him: the local Dover card sharp on the brink of calling him out; a duel his last night in England. Haviland would kill him if he was late and they missed the boat.

The man's chin went up a fraction either in defiance or an attempt to avoid the pricking of Nolan's blade. 'Damn right I'm calling you a cheat.'

'And I'm calling you a poor loser,' Nolan answered with equal vehemence. This wasn't the first time this had happened. Gambling had become tedious over the years: play, win a little, then win obscenely, duel, repeat. He hoped the French with their rumoured reputation for obsessive gambling proved to be better sports than his countrymen when it came to his flair with the cards. 'Shall we settle this like gentlemen somewhere or will you retract your comment?' He had to be at the docks in under an hour. Through the long windows of the hotel, he could see a coach draw up to the kerb—his coach. Perhaps he could squeeze in a duel if he was fast enough. Or maybe he should just make a run for it, although he hated the thought of letting this man get away with calling him names he didn't deserve. He'd counted those cards fair and square. Having a sharp mind was no crime.

They were starting to draw a crowd, even at four o'clock in the morning. Workers who rose with the city were coming into the hotel for their early morning shifts and deliveries. Wasn't this what he wanted to avoid? Being conspicuous? Scandal had driven him out of London, his father finally appalled by his son's level of notoriety.

Nolan lowered the knife and gave the man a shove, sending him sprawling back over the table. He tossed him a look of disgust, scraping his winnings into his coat pocket. 'You aren't worth it.' The sooner he was out of England, the better, but this was hardly the note he wanted to leave on. At least it was unlikely rumour would get back to his father that his son had been involved in a near duel just moments before his ship left. The Antwerp Hotel was hardly his father's environs.

He'd nearly reached the door when a sixth sense alerted him. The bastard hadn't stayed down, hadn't recognised mercy when it was meted out. Nolan whirled with a shout, blade flashing. He caught the glint of a pistol barrel in the light of the hotel lobby's chandelier not yet doused for the oncoming day. Without hesitation, he let his knife fly, straight into the man's shoulder. The pistol clattered to the ground. The clerk behind the desk gasped in disbelief. 'Mr Gray, this is a decent establishment!'

'He started it!' Nolan retorted. 'He's not hurt too badly.' Nolan had been careful with his aim—too careful.

There was no question of retrieving the knife. The man lurched forward, his adrenaline overriding his pain for the moment. Later there would be plenty of that. It was time for a getaway. The clerk would call the watch and there would be questions.

Nolan raced out into the dark courtyard, spotting Archer coming towards him in the darkness from the stables. That was to be expected. Archer loved horses more than humans. 'Archer, old chap! We've got to go!' Nolan seized his arm without stopping and dragged him towards the waiting coach, his words coming fast, well aware his pursuer had stumbled out of the hotel. 'Don't look now, but that angry man behind us thinks I cheated. He has a gun and my good knife. It's in his shoulder, but I think he shoots with both—hands, that is. It wouldn't make sense the other way.' Nolan pulled open the coach door and they tumbled in, the coach lurching to a start before the door was even shut.

'Ah! A clean getaway.' Nolan sank back against the seat, a satisfied grin on his face.

'It doesn't always have to be a "getaway". Sometimes we can exit a building like normal people.' Archer straightened the cuffs of his coat and gave Nolan a scolding look.

'It was fairly normal,' Nolan protested.

'You left a knife embedded in a man's shoulder, not exactly the most discreet of departures. You got away in the nick of time.'

Nolan merely grinned, unfazed by the scolding. If he had been discreet, he would have stopped playing two hours ago. The other players could have respectably quit the table, their pride and at least some money intact. 'Speaking of time, do you think Haviland is at the docks yet?' They were scheduled to meet two friends at the boat this morning to begin their Grand Tour. 'I'll wager you five pounds Haviland is there.'

Archer laughed. 'At this hour? He's not there. Everything was loaded last night. There's no reason for him to be early. Besides, he has to drag Brennan's sorry self out of bed. That will slow him down.' He and Haviland had known each other since Eton. Haviland was notoriously prompt, but he wouldn't be early and Brennan was always late.

'Easiest five pounds I'll ever make. I bet he's already there, pacing like a lion, and he's got his fencing case with him. He won't let it out of his sight.' Then, because he couldn't refuse the goad, 'Kind of like my knife.' But Archer hadn't heard. His friend had leaned back and closed his eyes.

Nolan was too alert to doze. He thought about his five pounds. They would indeed be easy winnings, but Archer could afford it. He looked out the window. Haviland was already there, he'd wager more than five pounds on that truth. Archer might be Haviland North's best friend, but Nolan knew people and Haviland was a warrior. He wouldn't be parted from his weapons of choice. Besides, Haviland was anxious to be off. Nolan wasn't sure what demons were driving Haviland, but they were driving hard and fast, as odd as the notion was.

To all appearances, Haviland North's life was perfect; he was rich, in line for a choice title and endowed with extraordinary good looks. Haviland had it all. And yet, he couldn't leave England fast enough. He would have been there an hour ago watching them load the carriages even if the trunks had all been stowed last night.

A movement outside the window grabbed his gaze. He squinted and rubbed a circle on the window for a

better view. For a moment he thought they'd been followed. Was that his man outside? But, no, this was no man. He nudged Archer with a boot. 'Care to explain why a horse is following us?'

Archer mumbled, 'I sort of rescued him this morning.'

'You abandoned me for a horse? I could have been killed,' Nolan exclaimed.

'And yet it was your knife in his shoulder. You were doing fine on your own,' Archer replied drily, moving his gaze to the window.

The drive to the docks was short despite the foggy dawn, and the horse was still with them, running alongside the carriage. Nolan clambered down from the coach, letting Archer deal with the horse. He sighted a tall, lone figure on the docks and let out a whoop, calling to Archer, 'What did I tell you? There he is. I win! Look at that, he's even got his case with him.'

Haviland strode towards them and Nolan clasped him affectionately on the shoulder. 'Good morning, Old Man. Is everything loaded to your satisfaction? I told Archer you'd be here overseeing.'

Haviland laughed. 'You know me too well, the coaches went on an hour ago.' Nolan was glad Haviland was handling the details. If it had been up to him, he'd simply have packed a trunk, jumped on board a ship and left everything on the other side up to fate. He was far more spontaneous than Haviland and Archer. It was the one gift of having to live an imperfect life. He'd learned early to be one step ahead of the blow so that when it fell, he was miles away.

The other benefit in not having an ideal family life was that he had nothing to live up to, not like Haviland, who was going to inherit the Englishman's perception of Heaven on Earth, or Archer, whose family owned the most successful and expensive stud farm in Newmarket—for fun. Yes, they'd inherit perfection but they'd also have to spend their lives maintaining it for future generations. That was a lot of pressure.

He had no such pressure to conform to family tradition. The only perfection he'd inherited was his memory. He could count cards, three to four decks' worth if he had to, and he could calculate odds. That inheritance was quite portable. Of course, he'd inherited plenty of imperfections along with it. Those were in no short supply, starting with a puritanical father who firmly believed in beating excellence into his children at all costs and ended with the reality that choice created: his family hadn't seen each other in ten years. As soon as he and his brother had come of age, they'd scattered just as they had in the summers home from school—they'd never actually come home from school. They'd always arranged to spend the summers with friends. School might not have been intellectually edifying to him, but Nolan had found it freeing in other ways. He'd met Haviland, after all, and it had been the saving of him.

Archer was ribbing Haviland about keeping his case with him when Nolan's thoughts reengaged the conversation. 'I told you that, too. I know these things, I'm a student of human nature.' He laughed.

'Too bad you couldn't study that at Oxford,' Archer joked. 'You might have got better marks.'

Nolan laughed. He and Archer had been sparring for years. They had each other's measure. When he hadn't been spending summers with Haviland, he'd been spending them with Archer. 'What can I say? It's true. You two were the scholars, not me and Brennan.' Nolan looked around, realising the absence of their fourth member. 'Is Brennan here yet?' Time was getting dear.

'No.' Haviland shook his head. 'Did you expect him to be? Scholar of human nature that you are.' He ribbed.

Nolan gave Haviland a playful shove. 'A scholar of human nature, yes, a psychic, no.' He grinned. He was looking forward to this trip more than he realised, the four of them back together again. It would be like old times. Indeed, they saw each other in London during the Season, but it wasn't the same. The four of them were never all together at once. Archer was always in Newmarket these days. It was either he and Brennan or he and Haviland. Even then it was usually just for drinks at the club or a quick greeting at a ball.

All of them were approaching thirty, that most important age for men of their birth, when they were expected to marry and settle down. This trip might very well be their last time together as bachelors unencumbered by the responsibility of wives and children. Haviland would marry—it had already been arranged. Archer would follow. A man who loved breeding horses would surely love to breed his own children. As for Brennan? It would depend on who would have him on a more permanent basis. He was probably with a woman right now.

The captain of the vessel approached and urged them to board, making it clear he would not wait for the rest of their party. Haviland blew out a breath after the captain left, blaming himself for Brennan's tardiness. 'I should have stayed with him.'

Nolan murmured something encouraging. Brennan would be here. He had to be. Brennan was always late, always on the verge of trouble. Not too unlike himself. He was just better prepared for it. Brennan never saw it coming until it was too late. Perhaps that was why he liked Brennan, they were kindred spirits of a sort. They both had messy, imperfect lives. They both lived in the moment. Brennan wasn't a planner and that was certainly working against him this morning. Nolan could imagine him oversleeping in some woman's bed only to wake too late and realise he'd missed the boat.

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