

DEFIANT ONES:
Agent 355

The American Revolution's Bravest
Women - Patriots, Prophets,
Poets & Spies

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Agent 355

By Heather Blanton

A Beautifully Flawed Productions Original

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The Revolutionary War in America is really about one thing: sacrifice. The men and women who fought the war sacrificed their lives and sacred honor, knowing that what they did, they did for countless future generations. Their efforts to secure liberty, to ensure the birth of a new nation built on freedom, would ring like a bell for centuries, maybe eons. While scholars believe several women may have served as **Agent 355**—code for female spy—we know one thing they all had in common. They were willing to pay any price to see America born. This story is for the women among us who would do the same today.

“Then your Father, who sees what is done in secret, will reward you.”

Matthew 6:4

Contents

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8





Chapter 1

Water lapped at the ship's sides, a faint, muffled sound inside the dark cell. Somewhere, a door clanged, and a soldier yelled, "Visitor."

As if by a divinely timed alarm, a lightning bolt of pain shot through her abdomen and doubled her over, the pain squeezing her like a pair of iron tongs. She locked her jaw to keep from crying out as she writhed in the filthy straw.

Oh, dear God...make it stop.

It was worse than the stench of unwashed bodies, moldy food, and excrement. Panting as if she'd run a hundred miles, she thrashed and twisted against the cramping muscles. Finally, the contraction released her, and she leaned back on the wall. How much time did she have? Where was the midwife?

Please, God, my baby must live...

"Here now, child..." a soft voice caressed her ears, a gentle hand lifted her face. "Everything is going to be alright."





Chapter 2

Oyster Bay, NY Summer 1779

A willing spy, Sarah Simms had volunteered as bait, and now the fish was on the hook.

She clutched the vase of roses to her breast as Major John Simcoe finished declaring his intentions and his rescue plan here in the Marley library. “In short, I can free you.” He bowed his head, and she swallowed.

Tall, red-haired, broad through the shoulders. As handsome as any officer, and as cruel. Worse, he was blindly loyal to His Majesty. His sudden proposition made Sarah’s pulse race and her hands sweat. Her wits scattered.

He pulled himself to his full height, his perfectly-tailored crimson jacket enhancing his air of authority. He looked puzzled, however. “If I am not being plain enough, please let me know.”

“You would...you would help me escape to New York, and my contract would no longer be valid?”

His lips pursed with regret. “Not exactly. Your contract would not be void here. You could not return. However, in New York, I could make sure it never comes up. All I’m asking is that you go with me because you have feelings for me. Not because you want to leave indentured servitude in Oyster Bay.” His ice-blue eyes glimmered with expectation.

The major had spent months sneaking private chats with Sarah, regaling her with compliments for her striking beauty. Eventually, she let him take her hand, and then, two days ago, she allowed the kiss. She could have cried when his lips met hers. She was not betraying Robert, but she wanted to be with him, her husband, not this pompous English officer.

The kiss, however, had emboldened him to declare his affections. Sarah exhaled slowly and breathed out the lie. “I-I think of you every day, Major. I long for your visits, even though here, under Mr. Marley’s roof, they are so—”

“Restricted.”

“Yes. Restricted.”

He crossed the drawing room, set the vase aside, and took her hands in his. “I’ve arranged for employ-

ment for you at the Blue Dragon Tavern in New York, along with a room on a quiet side street.” His gaze drifted to her long, golden braid. He picked it up, caressing it with his thumb. “I confess, I can’t wait to see all of this gold silk undone and hanging about your shoulders.”

He had it all planned. Employment. A room. Intimate visits. She would be at his beck and call.

He would have her go from one form of servitude to another at a breakneck pace.

“No one will believe I have won the heart of such a beautiful woman.” He cupped her cheek. “You take my breath away.”

The trap was sprung, and she need only close the gate now. How easily the major had fallen into it. She pressed her cheek into his hand and lowered her voice to a sultry tone. “When do we leave?”

Exhaling with open lust and excitement, he kissed her again and whispered, “Tonight.”

Tonight? That was too soon. “I-I can’t be ready tonight. I have things—”

“I’ll buy you a whole new wardrobe in the city. Be at the dock at midnight.” He pinched her cheek lightly and swept from the room, the sword on his hip knocking the vase of flowers to the floor.

Sarah wilted with them. She’d been playing with fire, and now the flame was at her door. Oh, Lord, help me think of a way to keep him at a distance.

In the meantime, both Robert and her employer, Daniel Marley, were away. She had no choice but to go with Major Simcoe and could leave only a vague note for her husband. Nothing that would give away the plan if the note were intercepted.

For the foreseeable future, she was on her own.



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