

The course of true love doesn't always run smoothly, as you'll see in the letters between Capt. Will Endicott and Miss Evie Whitney, the hero and heroine of *How to Plan a Wedding for a Royal Spy*. Will and Evie were best friends and childhood sweethearts—until Will broke Evie's heart by marching off to war and a career as a military spy. But Evie did recover and even found herself a beau. In fact, Evie and her beau are on the verge of getting engaged. Until, that is, Will comes back into Evie's life and they once more fall in love.

But there's a catch. Will is still an intelligence agent and he's on one last mission. And that mission includes spying on Evie, since her former beau is suspected of treason. Throw in a few scandalous encounters, a wardrobe malfunction, a hasty marriage proposal, and things are getting complicated!

This exchange was written shortly after Evie discovered that Will was spying on her. They might not be conventional love letters but, after all, successful couples do need to learn how to work through their problems!

Dear Will,

I do realize how busy you are, since your duties as a spy (I still cannot believe you withheld that pertinent bit of information from me) keep you much engaged. And of course I pray you are successful in stopping the nefarious conspiracy against our government, although I simply refuse to believe that poor Michael, my dearest friend, is involved in anything so dreadful. It breaks my heart that you will not accept my assurances regarding his innocence, especially after you and I shared that rather intimate encounter the other night. I will never forget the joy I felt in your embrace—a joy destroyed only a short time later when I discovered you spying on me.

Me, of all people!!

Really, it is too ridiculous. How could you treat me so shabbily, all while professing your undying affection? Especially since you know how I feel about you! I would do anything for you, William Endicott, even break my betrothal to Michael or face down the most dangerous of villains and follow you to the ends of the earth. It would appear, however, that your emotions are not quite as engaged as mine, despite your repeated assurances the other night when we were...

Oh, never mind what we did the other night, since I shouldn't even be referring to something so scandalous. The point I truly wish to make is that I do not know if our mutual affections are strong enough to survive this current crisis, and that makes me feel quite low.

I beg you to excuse the rather large blot on this missive. I am dashing it off in a hurry while drinking a cup of tea, and I unfortunately spilled a few drops on the paper.

As this is the third note I have sent you in the last two days, I do hope you can find a few minutes to speak with me. I understand that you are very busy attempting to thwart the aforementioned nefarious conspiracy, but I truly feel we can no longer put off this discussion, for both our sakes.

Will, I'm not too proud to admit that I'm very much in love with you (something of which you are already well aware). But I cannot see our marriage moving forward until this issue is resolved between

us—despite your insistence that we wed sooner rather than later. Please, please write back immediately and let me know when we can meet, before I'm forced to take matters into my own hands.

*Yours, as always,
Evie*

Dear Evie,

For God's sake, sweetheart, how could you doubt for a moment the depth of my affection and loyalty to you? You are the most important person in the world to me, and have been since we were children. And I will always be your dearest friend (not Michael Beaumont, I feel compelled to remark).

I must also point out that we are now more than friends. We are lovers, although you do seem a tad reluctant to acknowledge that salient fact. But you have given yourself to me and there will be no going back. We will be married, and sooner rather than later.

Sweetheart, it kills me to see tear stains on your note. Yes, I know you didn't spill tea—you were crying. I loathe that I've caused you pain, and I vow to make a thousand abject apologies when this is all over. But time is of the essence, and I will not be able to speak with you until the criminal conspirators are discovered and brought to heel. All should be resolved within the next few days, and then we can talk to your heart's content.

For now, you must be patient. I would suggest you spend the next few days making plans for our wedding and ordering your bridal clothes. There will be no more talk of delays or problems moving forward, not after what happened between us a few nights ago. You are mine, Evie, and nothing will ever change that.

You must not worry, my love. I promise that everything will be fine.

*Yours,
Will*

*PS. Please do not make any attempt to interfere in my investigation. Matters are well in hand, I assure you. In fact, I insist that you stay safely at home until the villains are discovered and dealt with.
PPS. I mean it, Evie—stay home and stay out of trouble!*