

# SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY

by Jackie Barbosa

## EXCERPT

Where the hell was he?

Well, in a room, certainly, since there were four white walls and a white ceiling. And since he was lying on a bed, covered by a white—well, perhaps it was more cream-colored—duvet, it would be reasonable to posit he was in a bedroom. But a bedroom where?

The last thing he remembered was... He frowned in concentration, which hurt, so he immediately stopped.

He had been encamped with his battalion on the north side of the Saranac River, awaiting the order from Prévost to begin the ground offensive.

Well, this certainly was not a tent in a military encampment.

So where the hell was he, and how had he come to be here?

Gingerly, he turned his head...and found an angel.

She sat in a chair that had been pulled up alongside the bed. Her dark hair had been arranged in a simple knot at the back of her head, but curling tendrils of it escaped here and there to brush her cheeks and forehead. The dress she wore was not white, but a very pale shade of gray that sparkled in beam of light streaming in from the window behind her. In profile, her features were as fine and lovely as a porcelain doll's, the way he imagined an angel's would be, though there were tiny laugh lines around her eyes and mouth that seemed a trifle out of place on a divine being. But then again, perhaps angels had a lot to laugh about, seeing as how they lived in paradise. She didn't seem to be laughing now, however. Instead, her head was bowed and her expression conveyed a state of relaxed concentration.

Prayer?

He squinted. Maybe the question was not where the hell he was, but where the heaven he was.