



# Save the Queen

Find her. Get her out, and at what costs? The heroes may save the queen, but who will save the heroes?



Are you worthy?  
Could you fight with the musketeers?  
What if you die?

“And how will you defend yourself?” Aramis pressed. The woman shifted and pulled the pistol from her waistband. She cocked and primed it. “I am still well enough to shoot,” she replied.

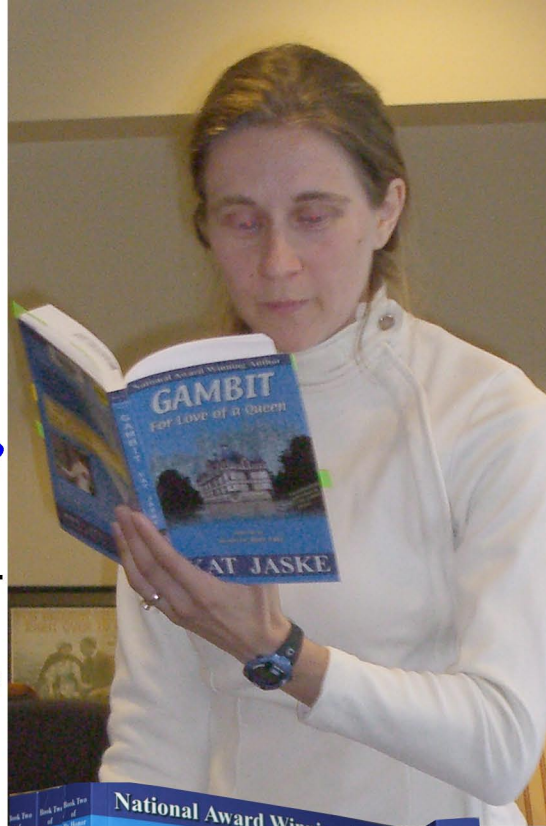
Aramis grabbed his sword and stood. Porthos’ sister was far more courageous and self-sufficient than he ever would have suspected. “I’ll be back as quickly as I can. Try to stay out of sight.”

The musketeer dashed off down the corridor, Yvette watching, holding tight to the gun as if it were her lifeline. “God, please, let Aramis come back soon.” She was not brave enough for this. Already shock was setting in, and she felt ready to burst into tears. She would have called Aramis back, but he was already gone.

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Aramis pushed the door open with his shoulder and entered the threshold. “Greetings, Mademoiselle Laurel,” he said and unsheathed her sword, tossing it to her without ceremony. She caught it deftly in her left hand and raced for the open door.

“Just a suggestion. Try the right-handed approach first, then switch to your left hand. It will give you a greater element of surprise.” The marquise nodded, switched hands, and stepped over the bodies and into the hallway.



Gambit For Love of a Queen  
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Escape for awhile to another time and place where honor is everything and friends are forever.

