

From “The Bold Marauder:” Motivations.

Samson Black looked at the spaceship captain. “So what is this Prince to you, then, that you must rescue him? Your love?”

The woman brayed laughter. “Love? Love is for our subjects, and Americans. But the Crown Prince is amiable, and well-mannered, and Imperial heir.” Her voice grew grim. “And he was given to **me**, thus making my House’s future secure through **me**, and someone has dared to reive him away from **me**. You do *not* steal from a Windsor, unless you like the sight of your own hand on the floor.”

Samson smiled broadly. “We shall get along nicely.”

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