

MADAME REBELLE by Ambe Leigh Williams

EXCERPT

“There’s a difference between bravery and stupidity.”

The muscles of her face were taut. “I know that.”

Christian subsided into silence.

“Is the gun something you stole?” Edmée wanted to know. “If it’s German—”

“It’s not,” he said. Would she really know the difference if he lied? “Are you going to tell your uncle you’ve hidden me here?”

“I have to cover my tracks outside the cave,” she claimed, avoiding his probing stare.

He gripped her wrist before she could leave. When her gaze seized on his, it took him a moment to realize what he needed to say. “Be careful.”

Her lips firmed. “Take your aspirin. I won’t bring anymore wine.” She eyed the gun in his waistband. “I shouldn’t let you keep the gun. It would be stupid of me.”

“You cannot leave me undefended.”

When she wavered, he tugged her closer, leaning in. Did she know she smelled of the woods—of untamed things? “You should have one.”

Her brows came together. “A gun?”

“The supply runs. They’re dangerous.”

“So is carrying a gun.”

“Oui, but it’s the couriers, the messengers, the runners... They’re the ones arrested first.”

“So which one were you?” she wondered. “A courier or a messenger?”