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RED OXEN OF BONVAL

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“What wilt thou do with him, My Lady?” I whispered.

She came back, into my arms, that she might the more conveniently reply.

“I will get him away safe in the night,” she whispered, “if you will remove the sentry from the kitchen entrance.” I nodded my head. “But first, as the price of his freedom, I will make him swear that de Bonval shall not be harmed. He lays so many traps for others, it is time he felt a little pinch himself. And he will keep his oath.”