

Moonlighting

The Honourable Leo Quinn settled back against the shabby upholstery of the hackney cab and made a vain bid to suppress a yawn. Stuffing, he noticed, was bursting from a gash in the leather. Propriety obliged him to make use of such anonymous means of transport when escorting Essie and her kind, though he might not disdain to be seen with her in ...

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