

After the Storm

The Allies enter Paris, July 1815 It was just before four, as a new day and a new era dawned, that Leo awoke. In the feeble candlelight, the unfamiliar room slowly impinged upon him. Incomprehension was displaced by a hazy remembrance. With the ghost of a smile, he uttered Roisin's name. "My dear love," she said. "Welcome back to ...

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