

And Then, Above...

by Judith Nolan

Aaron worked the gold coins into a serviceable covering for the half-healed burns on his master's face. He wasn't offered any payment for his efforts. He sighed with relief after Paracelsus left his tiny shop. Working for such a cruel, calculating master didn't sit well with him. *But, what choice did he have?*

He and his family owed everything to the man he followed so slavishly. He was well aware there were others, but this knowledge he'd stumbled upon by accident. He knew he'd be as dead as the head in the sack, if he talked of what he knew...