

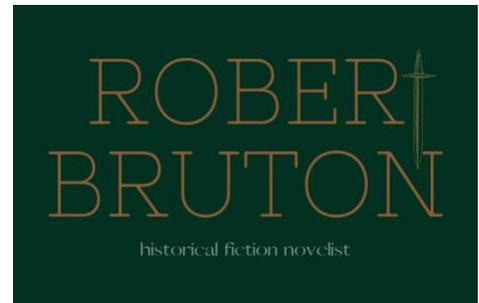
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[FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE]

**[“THE DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD” A REFRESHINGLY RELEVANT
NEW HISTORICAL FICTION SERIES BY ROBERT J. BRUTON]**

[Washington, DC, January 2023], Author Robert J. Bruton’s debut historical novel series can teach us more than we thought about our current geo-political situation. Set in tumultuous times of sixth century Byzantium, the “DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD” series reveals to us that *there is nothing new under the sun*. Their world, like our’s, was shattered by dramatic climate changes, incessant wars, widespread famines, and a devastating pandemic that shook their world order.

[BOOK 1: EMPIRE RESURGENT], Flavius Belisarius is a man’s man: a young and brilliant general who stands out amongst the other tyrannical and conniving men in his class. Unlike the others, he seeks the glory and restoration of Rome and needs little for himself. Or so he thought. All at once, he is enamored by a startlingly beautiful and famously promiscuous woman, Antonina. Despite his awkwardness around women, he wins her heart. But her heart does not stay in the same place for too long.

Belisarius is called upon to reconquer territories lost after the fall of the Western Empire in 476 AD. Fueled by the greatness of his mission, he completely loses sight of his wife, until he finds her tangled in the arms of another man. The scene is more wretched, gorier than any he had seen on the battlefield. And it is one that he cannot shake. Will the great man of Rome, Belisarius, General of the East, buckle under a broken heart? Or will he have the courage to stand, even wounded?

[Robert J Bruton] is an American author and former CIA intelligence officer assigned to Africa and the former Soviet Union. He has a BA and MA in History from Norwich University, where he completed his thesis on the role of Climate Change in the decline of the Roman Empire. He lives in Washington D.C area with his family.

[Get your Pre-order copy TODAY on Amazon.com. Search: “Empire Resurgent”](#)



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historical fiction novelist

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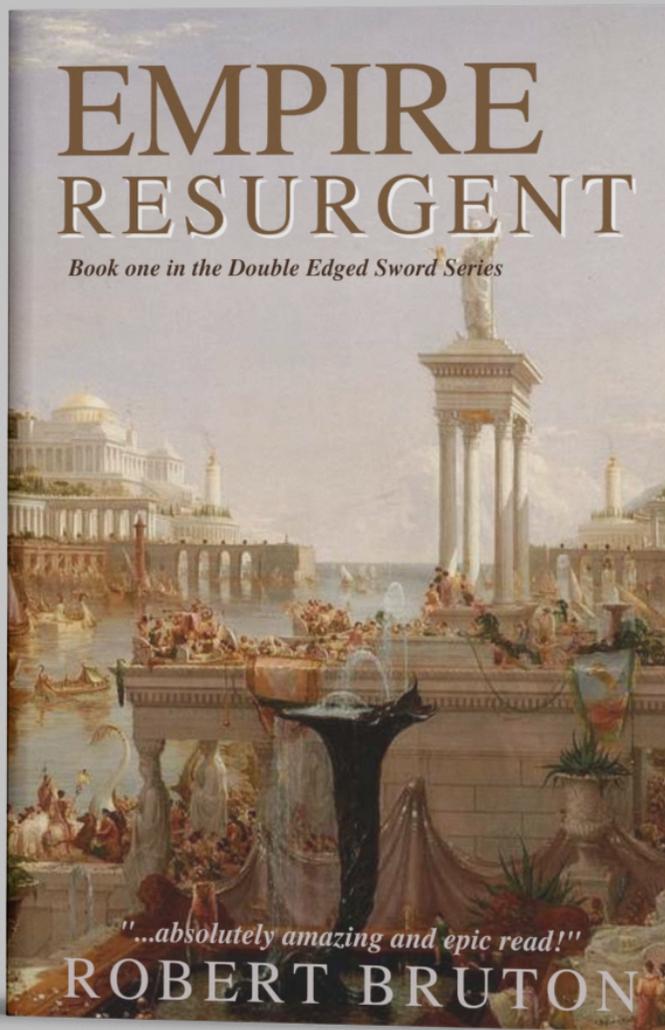
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"The noble and courageous Roman General that almost won back Italy for the Empire, Flavius Belisarius is one of the most brilliant and yet understated characters in Byzantine history. I hope to change that."

-Robert J. Bruton

EMPIRE RESURGENT

Book one in the Double Edged Sword Series



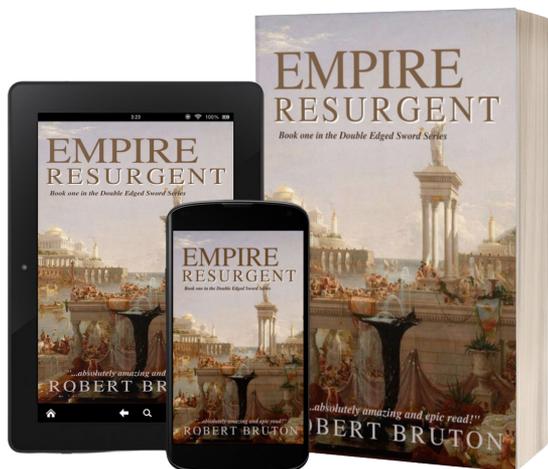
"...absolutely amazing and epic read!"

ROBERT BRUTON

"EMPIRE RESURGENT"

book one of the historical fiction series "Double Edged Sword"

written by **Robert J. Bruton**



It's 532 CE and while the Western Empire has collapsed, the East is thriving under the leadership of Emperor Justinian and his fierce and conniving wife, Theodora.

Belisarius boldly leads the Roman Empire in the East from victory to victory and garners the love of all those around him, or so he thinks. Everything he touches yields to him, except for his beautiful and wandering wife. After he is sent across the known world, from Carthage to Italy to Persia, Belisarius sees the world for what it is and has to come to grips with the reality that he doesn't like: his wife as a serial adulterer, and ruins of what was a majestic Empire. Used to victory, Belisarius must come to grips with his own helplessness. He is fearless in battle, but can he be fearless in love as well?

Purchasing Details

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Chapter One

The Duel

“The Persian with less than an hour to live is mocking you, General,” Commander Pharas said to Flavius Belisarius. Belisarius laughed. He knew that the leader of Persia’s Ten-Thousand Immortals had every confidence his army would once again triumph over the Romans, as they had in every battle for the past century.

The two men looked over the hot and dusty border between the Roman and Persian empires, watching an ape-necked Persian giant emerge from the battle line riding a well-muscled chestnut horse. Impatiently, he moved back and forth along the Roman trench, just shy of the archers’ range, taunting the Roman general, mocking his reluctance to accept the challenge of a duel.

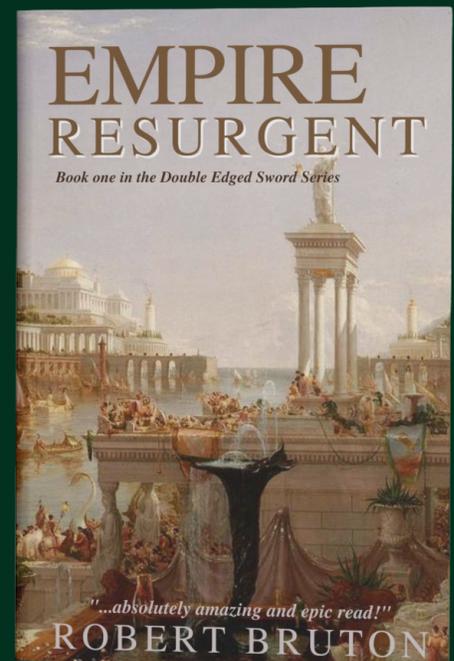
“I have defeated every man I ever faced in single combat,” the Persian boasted in demotic Greek.

Belisarius had no reason to believe this man, son of the illustrious Mirranes family, was boasting. At almost seven feet tall and 250 pounds, the Persian was the vanguard of his cavalry unit, and if the boisterous encouragement of his fellows was an indication, he commanded the respect of the army.

In auriferous scaled armor, a golden helmet topped with a blue peacock panache on his head, he taunted the Romans. “Send me your best warrior and let us fight to the death. The losing side quits Syria and returns home to the suckling breasts of their mothers and wives.” His guttural laughter bounced off the mountains and echoed across the wasteland between the ridges and the fortified walls of Dara. Sycophantic Persian infantrymen joined in the forced laughter.

Belisarius thought of his counterpart, the Persian commander, Perozes, who would be watching this pretense in proud approval. He looked around nervously at Pharas and his men. The unchallenged taunting might damage his army’s confidence. He knew the Persian was waiting for him to make the first move. Perozes removed his helmet and wiped the sweat from his brow and beard, waiting for the Roman response.

excerpt



But no reply came from the quiet Roman line. General Belisarius grew weary of the charade. He turned to the handful of senior officers gathered around him. "The Persians won't attack this late in the day," They dismounted their warhorses, walked a half mile through the gates of the Roman fortress at Dara, and headed for the governor's palace. The giant took notice and began again.

"Are you Roman boys going to take a little nap?"

"What's that peacock yelling about now?" Belisarius asked.

"I don't know, and I don't care," Pharas replied. A descendant of immigrants from Scandza north of the Baltic Sea, he was a tall man, who wore his long, blond hair braided behind his ears. His fair skin, now freckled and bronzed by the hot Syrian sun made his blue eyes glow. He and Belisarius had been playmates as children in Germania, and he spoke an acquired Latin with a Germanic Herulian accent that made everyone laugh.

From the Dara rampart, one of the Roman infantrymen called to the taunting Persian, "The general is bathing! Leave us alone."

The Persian began beating his sword over his shield in furious protest, "When we conquer Dara, Belisarius will prepare a bath and breakfast for Perozes so that he can clean the filthy Roman blood from his body."

The infantryman put an arrow in his bow and pulled it back. "That arrogant bastard!"

"Hold your fire, soldier," Belisarius commanded. "No one shoots until I give the order." His soldiers held the line. They had been fed a lunch of bread and stew and were in no mood for battle. The men had spent three days digging an enormous trench and needed to rest.

"I hope you appreciate that we're getting this little demonstration instead of a battle," Belisarius said.

The Persians behaved with an arrogance repeatedly born of a century of uninterrupted victories over the Romans. Twenty-five years earlier, in the last round of Roman-Persian wars, Rome had lost nearby Nisibis and had been in retreat ever since. The fort at Dara had been built to protect the border.

"An absolutely amazing and epic read. I mean what a treat! I was glued to this book!"

- Sophia Petrou,
MDIV

"The author's exquisite descriptions and realistic impressions brings the reader on a thrilling journey back in time, in this true and daring telling of a story that is rarely highlighted in historical fiction."

-Manuscript Evaluation
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