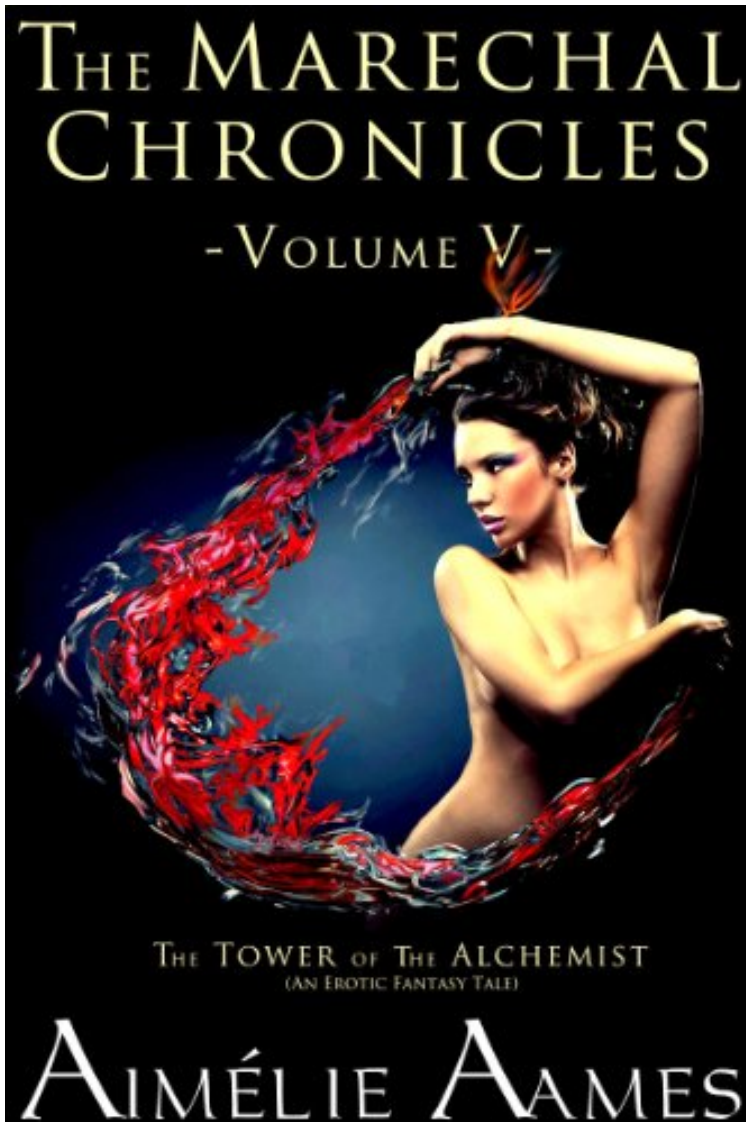


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# The Marechal Chronicles: Volume V, The Tower of the Alchemist (English Edition)



*Par Aimlie Aames*  
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## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurThe fifth installment in the best selling series, The Marechal Chronicles:The broken tower that stood hundreds of years in the past lies before Melisse like a curse long since uttered and forgotten.She is a low born woman struggling to come to grips with the fire burning in her heart and the magic she holds in her hands.Yet she has come to the Tower of the Alchemist in search of the missing past that once belonged to the Marechal de Barristide, a man who hunted her, then saved her as only a hero could.In return, she would use her power to aid him and find the memories he has forgotten. Little did she realize that she would find so very much more and that it truly is the kind of knowledge that cuts like knives

no matter who dares to seek it out. The tragic past of the Marechal unfolds before her like phantoms resurrected and in the end she is faced with a choice more bitter than she could have ever imagined. This is Volume V of the Marechal Chronicles, a tale of dark fantasy and magic, a story of passion and of love so strong that it sunders a hero's heart forevermore. 308 pages

An Excerpt: "I would so like to believe you. So very much." She nodded, then reached out for his hand to take in her own. Then she lifted it and placed his hand upon the center of her chest. "Then feel me, Etienne. This is real." And like a young stallion balking before the danger it sensed, Etienne changed the subject. "Where do you go each night, Myri? I find myself lying awake safe and warm in my father's tower, and I can't help but wonder about you." The corners of her eyes crinkled with the smile she gave him then and it was a thing just as intoxicating as the perfume of her presence. "Why, each night the spiders come by the hundred and they weave for me a downy berth upon which I might lie." Etienne frowned, then could not help but smile as she went on. "I have the stars overhead for my roof and if the air is too chill, then weasels, rabbits, and badgers make a truce between their nations and come to nuzzle against me to keep me warm until the night is done." Etienne felt her lean closer to him. Her movement was subtle, yet the touch of her body against him was like fire. "And should the clouds come to fill the starry sky and loose fine rains upon me like tiny jewels pouring down from faraway kingdoms, then all the owls for one hundred leagues round come to shelter me with their great wings, and they whisper to the rabbits at my side that they need not fear for this night they are as safe as I am." He reached for her chin with his free hand and tipped her head up to look at him. Eyes of azure looked steadily back into his own, and Etienne could imagine that what he felt then might have been like what it is to drown. "I would shelter you, Myri," he said as he put his arms around her. "I would keep you warm." He bent to her, and she did not turn away. The taste of her was sweeter than any fruit. Her lips were softer than he could have ever imagined. "The rains would not have their way with you in my embrace," he murmured, the sensation of his

lips brushing against her lips as he spoke a velvet touch that deepened his breathing and made his heart pound. Myri's hand lifted up to Etienne's chest in a gesture to mirror his. And then she pushed him away from her, her eyes never breaking their hold, filling all his vision even as she forced him away. "Yet I must ask myself," she said, "And the wind, the trees, or anything else that would hear my words other than you, how can this beautiful man break my heart and deny all that is proof to the contrary of the ways of the world? How can this man who would steal my kisses tell me that no magic exists in this world?"

Presentation de l'auteur

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*Biographie de l'auteur* I live in a land where giants have walked. Here, water springs cold and sweet from rocks cloven by legends in their passing. Stone edifices mark the countryside, risen hundreds of years ago. Devils stalk the foothills and comely maids with webbed feet lie in wait along rough mountain passages. France is my home and imbues all that I write ... come with me, for a short while, and we shall venture among the dark, twisting paths together.