

**TURBULENCES DE SABLE (FICTION) (FRENCH
EDITION)**

Joyce Burdine

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Phish rose and holstered his weapon. It held fast to its prize. His bloody bandage smeared the barrier, stump bleeding anew. Izo threw his cup at the obnoxious fireball—missed, cup smashed on the back wall. Phish shook his head before riveting Sparks with his hungry black eyes, betraying his cherubic golden locks and pale skin with a deeper savagery. The first thing he saw was the pirate captain buckled at the waist. Marley could smell it too, buttery and warm. The burn took his breath away. It bounced off a tree and flew back toward .