

*To his Majesty Mansa Sino'otollo, the Shark-Binder, Voice of the Navigators, High King of the Three Fleets, Ruler of the Six Seas, Lord of the Nine Islands, Warden of Northern Tauhan, the Starblessed, Councillor of the Cnidarians, Binder of Men, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed. I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Mine Name, send this letter as means of negotiation.*

*Forthwith I wish to offer a gratitude of your transparencies, and of your people's willingness to engage. Seem our peoples hast encountered similar reaction towards our neighbors. Twas of deceptions, and politikal machinations, with greater value in words than substance. Mirth fills me when you speak of a culture of honour, order, and those that shed ample blood against the Age of Chaos. It seems we are not in isolation in full in that regard. Though such meanings does spark comedy. In name, your Age of Chaos, twas our Age of Strife. You see, for those of Sancerren cultures, the Age of Unification ended when the cages fell, and the current epoch is regarded as the Age of Chaos. The more I am to read, and to understand, our peoples reflective of each other. Chaos hordes forced your Empire to unify, quite the same as ours.*

*Whilst I wished to avoid speaking more on elaborative histories, as I hast in previous, your letter talk in terms ignorant of our histories. A horse, or metals, equated to your bindings? Such things heretical, born from unknowing of the greater tales within the Vignemale. Twas not random happenstance that fell the regions of Ponace, Drekin and Amell. Decades prior to their fall, such peoples would bind chaos, in means of keeping themselves alive. Whether using as the great Aloc'to had, in purging his Kingdoms of fiends that'd devour their peoples.*

*Or using to defend their Eastern Border from those of Maecht, in which they were raided and pillaged by force thrice themselves. Yet, through years of doing so, they cast that sin out into their winds. Till Chaos Storms returned in kind, obliterating their Empire, and turning those Chaos Binders, into puppets of such ruinous powers.*

*To elaborate on specific contexts, Saint Aistulf, first King of Sancerre, the first Knight of Sancerre, the Purehearted, is regarded as one of the greatest of our Saints. Twas him that our legends tell, rode Albion, the only Pegasi to hast ever accepted a rider. While none would regard Pegasi as monstrous, and in doing so would be heretical, our peoples are not innately opposed to that which is monstrous. See, Saint Sout, Father of the Empire, the Black Lion, the Goldhearted, the Unifier, even rode atop "Gryphon", which was a Gryphon he rode in the latest years of his innumerable wars. He is the Saint I swear to, and what was his mount, the Gryphon is of species of monster agreed to be born of Chaos, yet they are what our banners our painted in image of.*

*I speak of such things, to urge understanding that whilst we cannot trust the binding, through actions, our peoples may one day learn to trust your beasts, and your peoples.*

*Yet, despite mine ambitions, I taste within your words, something less than Honour.*

*You threaten Sancerre of the occupation of our borders. You Mansa Sino'otollo, the Shark-Binder, Voice of the Navigators, High King of the Three Fleets, Ruler of the*

*Six Seas, Lord of the Nine Islands, Warden of Northern Tauhan, the Starblessed, Councillor of the Cnidarians, Binder of Men, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed, dare to threaten the lives of not only your men, mine men, and that of the refugees fleeing this disaster.*

*If you are to think yourself the first to threaten the lives of innocents caught betweenst mineself and an Enemy. You are to be fatally mistaken. When I orchestrated the Siege of Saint-Bonnet-en-Champsaur, executing the King of Tavar, Jacques de Roche Gilbert. He too had threatened me with the lives of his peasantry. Or of High Regent Patrice-Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert de Boncompagni, false Emperor of the Defunct Republic of Vaerlan, he too threatened me with the innocent. Said Republican wore such Innocents are armor, of which I cut through, plunging our Empire into a War of Succession that hast filled the last half decade of our histories.*

*Do not mistake our devotion to that which is right, with that of idle weak wristed pacifists. Saint Sout saw to that when he slaughtered his way through the Kingdoms of Man, executing good righteous men, in his path to establish order, and protect from the great Chaos that threatened them.*

*To paint the aggressor as the perpetrator, when our Ends are that of Saintly protections? Heretical.*

*If you wish for your Trading Outposts, if you wish for the rich Resources within the Tauhan Space, that is what I am able to grant you. But? If you are to threaten to withhold the Tauhan territory from our protection? When their refugees, and*

*their monsters still flood into mine lands through their border? I must apologize, Mansa Sino'otollo, for I am not to grant, nor trust, your Bindings at our borders so recent to this tragedy.*

*If you are to begin this war, countries away from your borders, know that I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Mine Name, shalt execute your men with this hatchet you hast given me. I will do so in flesh and blood. For I am a leader that will die for mine men.*

*Whilst I hast given impression of us as warlike peoples, understand that is to achieve certain saintly means. War without purpose, is a heretical bloodshed, in stark opposite to the tenets of Saint Aistulf.*

*Understand now, that a war with Sancerre, is not that of raiding that of the empty, oft nonsensical Quotidan. I can intuit, that there may be some safety, regarding attacking an Empire that is whole countries away. But. I now tell you, that if you are to Declare a war on mine peoples, we shalt surge through Ratling territory. Occupying, then fortifying what little of your territories exist within them. Then, given that such territories are secured, our armies shalt move southward, Unifying with Quotidan forces, passing into Seeker's Sanctuary through their territories. Then, we shalt invade and destroy all of what exists within that landmass. We would leave nothing but World's End, of which we would then, only then, accept terms of surrender.*

*I understand such words seem unfathomable. That there is a safety condemning your men to die whilst hundreds of miles away. You pride yourselves in not being*

*ruled by fears in doing so. In not tasting that adrenaline, as you watch men scream out in agony, as their organs spill out before you. Knowing that you are next, that in moments time, all you are is but another corpse atop a battlefield. But. You will find no such safety in ordaining the slaughter of your Tauhan occupation, and hindering our efforts in securing them against future threats of Chaos.*

*If you are to aid us in purging them clean of Monstrosity. I swear oath to you that I shall allow this Trading Post, allowing your men into our lands, and split even the resources their land may grant. But the future of the Tauhan at our borders, need be under our control and protection for me to ordain this. Know with confidence, that a Sancerrren oath may never be broken, for our vows are all that we are.*

*May the Saints guide us all*

*-Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières*