

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, 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 elucidations of the greater world oft Bellow.

Greetings Shark-King Sino'otollo, twas not my wish to send such late letter. Though, twood be mine hope that you twood forgive my patience in providing report on the Western Half oft Bellow, fore I twas to gather full picture. The news I haft have, tis mixed, but notably each piece of coordination hast played out exactly as prophesied within the Summit.

Firstly, as expected, the Headmaster seems eager to join the Pact. Whilst I still hold great distrust, I shalt make mine decision on them, within this next Summit. Oft which shalt be held within Vis'Daric. They provide none other, than a willingness to meet each oft my demands. Notably, to refrain from trade with the Quorum, and to reject any construction oft Pathways within the Rahastan Territories. Without pushback, tis feeling that I negotiate with a sponge, rather than living breathing human. I question if such willingness tis result oft his diplomatic position, firm agreement with our course oft action, or some wish to manipulate further.

Additionally, I wish to mention that Mäelys tis accommodating to the regiments well. She oft course tis your most gracious oft gifts that oft the Spine Runner you'd left on the shores. Such a fiend twas originally, and I shalt state this in earnest,

topic oft fierce debate between myself and mine Grand Marshal. While I certainly held no ails towards yourself, and twas most gracious oft such fantastic oft fiends, twas nonetheless a fiend. There tis a politikal struggle to be made there, for the smears against me are, to my misfortune, as clear as it could be. That oft the sinful Empress that beds themselves with Diabolists, and takes with her their infernal minions.

That said, you may thank Giacomo for mine mind twas changed. If they wish to fear me, if those oft the Vaerlan wish to paint mineself as a butcheress that feeds her enemies to a devil. Let them. Mäelys will do well by mine side for many years. Tis a difficult thing to spar, and further train such a beast, but with aid oft the Verdant Oath, I haft begun to train it to fight alongside mineself. Tis far more agile beast than I twood expect, and tis massive boon that it twood manage to hold line alongside Cavalry.

I am honoured by this gift to us, in these times of strife your many acts oft unity shalt never fade from the memories oft Dun Sancerre. With the Pact, our actions shalt not be forgotten by all of Bellow. I understand you are not here, fighting beside us on the frontlines oft this conflict. But here, I can feel even the ground beneath us tremble beneath our armies. The golden heartbeat oft Saint Sout thrums with each drumbeat from your ranks, it rings with each oft your Fiends footsteps, and echoes throughout all oft our united warcries. To see your men, and ours scream out their last breath, just prior to a fatal engagement, it speaks to our unity as people, far more than any oft these pathetic words could attempt to.

As to the Elders here, together we make them whimper, together we make them

run for their lives. I can see our Shellfolk feel it too. To haft Titans fall - beneath the weight of our single will. So many lives of theirs haft been lost, so many families, so many loves torn from them. There is a sense of power that swells each day. A ravenous violence that understands that we are felling gods.

For mine men, it animates them, it tis mayhaps the single thing that keeps my men in marching order. For each day that passes, tis another day whence we are to hear from mine supply lines the extent of this plague. Men that were once bold warriors with righteous flames in their hearts, eager to make themselves pariah's, now haft such flames extinguished. Without knowing oft whether or not they haft family to return to, tis an incomparable blow to morale. I state this now. The single thing drowning out their grief, their hopelessness, tis the sheer weight oft our forces in unison.

All oft Bellow can feel it, hells they are to fear it. Fear us.

When they are to see the Pact's Banner they shalt fear for the sound oft hoofbeats, and the dots oft catamarans on their horizons. Those that haft dared to genocide mine peoples, that dare to disrespect your Ancestors, to steal their face and visage, whilst slinking through the black as assassin. They act with supreme arrogance, that within their swamps, they will always hold answer to escape. That they are to be survivors until the ends oft days, that they are in position to slaughter our innocent without means oft recompense.

If they are to hide in their cities, they shalt learn why Saint Sout forged Dun Sancerre with Artillery.

*If they are to hide in their bogs, they shall learn why Aloc'to learned to fight with the fiends of the waves.*

*If they are to hide in the dark, they shall learn the tenets of Saint Pierre, that all Darkness can be devoured by flame.*

*And if they are to hide in our flesh, they will learn to behead their fellow Quotidan. For there will not a be a single Sancerren without a weapon in arms against this foe.*

*Unknowingly, by slaughtering our innocent, they further damn their fates, creating naught but more sworn to Saint Sout. Men that hold naught in their hearts but need for revenge, to impose justice on this unjust world, with grief heavy on their souls.*

*May his Lionheart beat within us All.*

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