

*Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, Empress of Dun Sancerre, Duchess of Sancerre, and Countess of Lesdiguières, to Giacomo-Henri d'Harcourt, Grand Marshal, and Count of Antelao.*

*I must hand it to you, when you'd ordained my coronation, I'd've thought you to have changed heart. I'd deluded myself into believing that among some of our vast victories, your capacity for foulness had diminished, and a luminescent new d'Harcourt we'd been blessed with. Yet, I must say, your esoteric, ever complicating means of entrenching mine life in misery, is a grand success. If only I am so lucky, that your villany, hast stood resolute by my side, else the bastardous Roch Gilbert mayhaps've won the war for all Vaerlan. What with your talents for stitching me in such tortuous situations, I've been caged within le-Conquérant, for the eternity of this month. My only reprieve, bashing in noses of those pig-faced purple cloaked sons of whores, that've deigned themselves my challengers in, what hast it become, fifty four duels within the past thirty days? Heathonous. While I score far more victories than I've lost, dog-shaggers have had mine throat at swordpoint, six times by this day. Each've their victories entice them to be ever bolder, nicking wounds deeper than they ought, and dueling as if their lives on the line. I can see it in their eyes Henri, those false knights aim to shatter their code, and end mine before long.*

*If they were truly Knights, I may be surprised by such unchivalrous behaviors, yet the endless depravity of those purple cloaks, cause surprise less and less with each passing day. Despite such treachery, each day I've given a speech. I've touted ideas of diversity, acceptance of not only the foreigners, but also of the Purple knights. I have screamed of unity between our peoples, of begging our men to be willing to lay down steel, blood and life, side by side a peoples we'd've still be slaughtering had this damnable new age never came to be. What are the problems I sulk in? What woes taste mine life? That can't be redoubled fifteenfold upon our men? I've now preached and poised for good, honest, stalwart men, to fight shoulder to shoulder with men who've murdered their brothers without recourse.*

*Each day I prostrate myself before the Saints of old. Their eyes judgemental, strict, perfect as the marble they've been carved in. Their lives, a simple holiness, wherein the right and wrong, are as clear as the goodness they've blessed Sancerre with. Whereas mine worriment, a horrid grayness in complexity by comparison, and while mine heart can't and mustn't fill with doubts. I am not ignorant to this reality of the cultures around us. Of schemes beyond our people's grappling, of armies that may lurk to destroy all of Dun Sancerre.*

*Grand Marshal Giacomo-Henri d'Harcourt, I hereby give the order to walk in step with Saint. Soutt, sound the call to Holy Crusade. Amass the greatest army of all Belloren history. I ask of you not to care of their creed, accept all of not only the Purple Knights, but also that of Rahastan, Shellfolk, and Darician blood. I ask not of them to shed faith, but instead to give all to Honour, all to Chivalry, and all to the Saints. May they lay before you in judgement, for their purity of heart must be the only requirement.*

*In this we must be unwavering, train them as paragons of virtue, for all I jest, this I must trust to you. Within the greyness that is the coming years, you are my singular ally I trust with the heart of Sancerre.*

*May the Saints bless us all.*

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

*(In addition, give order to Fulchini, to order diplomats to find and raise a man of*

*infrastructure, one not of republican loyalties, and with any hopes hardworking. This is vital to the Crusade and the future of Sancerre, do not shy away from feeding his ego with mine telling you of this. Tell Fulchini he will be allocated funds to raise diplomats if successful.)*