

*To the United of Fleets, Vessel of Gods, Highest of the Touhan Empire, The Twice Born Prince.*

*I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Her Name, send this letter as a means of introduction, between our two great nations. The unsaintly Heralds that have decided from their depthless kindness to gift us knowledge of the end of our cages, and of each other, have told us little of our two nations outside of their vast machinations.*

*If you will allow, I wish to elucidate you on the culture of our people. The Empire of Dun Sancerre, is a land of differing Kingdoms, all with their own Duchies, which contain various towns, cities and so forth. Without the strong hand of the Empire, the entirety of the Vignemale would have certainly been lost to Chaos. Our means to protect our people are our Knights, each carrying a code of Honour and Chivalry thicker than any steel.*

*Despite the governances that divide us, all people in Dun Sancerre pay worship to the Saints. It is believed that the Knights of Dun Sancerre that sacrifice themselves in battle, ascend to the heavens as Holy Saints. Each Saint's life is meticulously researched after their death. Every speech they'd ever given becomes a sermon, every oath they'd made, becomes a Chivalric Tenet, and the story of their sacrifice, forges them into our legends.*

*The Saints show their presence only through their Miracles, which have been any number of supernatural occurrences throughout our vast history. Each Miracle is seen as a blessing from the Saints, ushering our people to be a paragon of themselves, so that they too can one day join the Saints of Dun Sancerre.*

*One such Miracle, may be of special note to those of the Touhan Empire. The Miracle I speak of occurred during "La Quête du Ciel" a military campaign that I*

spearheaded. It is an exhaustive tale, yet if it shall be of interest to you people, it is one I shall share.

The Age of Chaos had spawned many hellish creatures, throughout our nation's exhaustive history, though none throughout had been as devious or as horrid as the tyrant Saesenterment. It bore a length of nearly sixty feet, four long limbs ending in claws each as large as a man, with two massive wings that would blot out the moon as it flew above. Most importantly, was the torrent of hellfire that spewed from its maw, which could bore through stone as easily as parchment. The dragon had lurked within the Vignemale since before Dun Sancerre had been founded, but one night it inexplicably decided to make its attack on Château Guillaume-le-Conquérant, the home of the late Emperor François de Val-d'Oise.

The Siege of Château Guillaume-le-Conquérant was a tragedy lasting only a single night, and so passed our late Emperor, and the majority of the Val-d'Oise line. May the Saints protect their souls. At the time, I was miles away, recovering from my wounds gained from the Siege of Saint-Bonnet-en-Champsaur.

"La Quête du Ciel", was the title I gave our campaign to slay the Saesenterment. It was undermanned, underfunded, and doomed for failure. Despite this, in a display of Sancerrean military genius, my campaign was a resounding success. The Saints Miracle that I speak of occurred during the final strike, I bore witness to it myself, a flash of light which followed the final thrust through its cruel heart.

The Knight which struck the killing blow, I would imagine, is of interest to the Twice Born Prince and the Touhan, he is Grand Marshal Giacomo-Henri d'Harcourt, The Dragonslayer. At current times, he is unavailable to share stories through your lands, but I will ensure that he is given an order to do so, once peace is secured for the Vignemale.

*I hope that this Sancerren story satiates some of the Touhan's curiosity of our people, and in return I ask only for answers in return. From what I have gleaned from our people's interactions, I hear talk of The Rove, a faith somewhat tied to travel and movement. Other concepts have been mentioned as well. Us in Dun Sancerre do not have a God that we pray to, yet in your letter you mention Gods in passing, is this intertwined with The Light of the Rove?*

*Even more curiously, you mention a behemoth, the Ooun. Your phrasing when writing of her, leads us to believe you hold this in some higher regard than just large beast. Or are we wrong in this assumption? Finally, you mention the lessons of Ispikei, we wonder if these lessons are akin to our tenets of chivalry, which to Sancerrens hold religious importance. Out of respect, and a wish to Honour you by acting in accordance with your faith, I wish to know these details.*

*Know as well that from this curiosity comes caution. This second era of Bellor brings with it unknowable futures. I fear that war may arise from our fates. As warning, I must regretfully say that if you are to bring conflict to our doorstep. Our men are capable, and fearless in warfare. I know not what terrors the Age of Chaos has brought your people, but ours faced endless death, conflict, and warfare. The Knights of Dun Sancerre have perfected this as artform, and as a result I pray that you would not force us to meet you with violence. I hope this era brings both Tauhan Empire and Dun Sancerre together as allies. As of today, I have signed off on an order to fund guides for Shellfolk wanting guidance through the endless hills of the Vignemale. I dream of our two nations working together against the darkness that lies ahead.*

*May the Saints guide us all.*

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