

To the Honourable and Virtuous Avisena i Kharizmi i Guerra,

I am Lucero Mithril-Shield of the Hierro Clan. Your name is still remembered fondly among our people as one who dealt with us fairly and honestly. Since we left, conversation has been difficult. There has been little will among your people, and less will among the Jotun, to make contact. Now I believe that the time is right for us to talk again.

Myself, two companions of the Corazon and Escuta tribes, and a small group of bodyguards have entered Segura under cover of night and are currently staying at the Riverside Parador in Burnish. We have not harmed anyone there, and we are paying a good price for their services and for their discretion, although we did make it clear that if they did not accept the price we would lock them in the basement of their house with food and water until we were finished. Forgive our bluntness, but these are times of war, and we cannot risk ambitious warriors deciding to test their mettle against us. Anyhow, all of that aside, we know of your Sentinel Gate. If it should see fit to bring you to us, we would be willing to talk for as long as you are able to stay.

We would welcome companions who you might bring with you. We have fond memories of the Freeborn and would favour them, but if you could bring any Imperial Orcs to discuss matters of Virtue that would also be interesting. Whoever you vouch for will be well-received among us, but please take note that we will tolerate no rats, cockroaches, Navarri, or other vermin.

I shall keep this brief and hold what other words we have until we are face to face. Hopefully we can manage to do something productive here.

Virtue Guide You,

Lucero Mithril-Shield of the Hierro

Ashborn Trosk,

The Sovereign Lord of the City of Locks requires a service of you. A distinctive knife has arrived on the shores of your Empire, and based on my intelligence, has likely made its way to Anvil. The knife has red veins running through it, and bears an aura that encourages those who wield it to consider the benefits of treachery and betrayal. You are to find this knife and destroy it. A casting of Words of Ending at the 20th magnitude should be sufficient, as should handing it to the Thrice-Cursed Court, who even if they do not destroy it will jealously refuse to give it to anyone else. Do this and we will discuss an appropriate reward for your service. Fuck this up and I will end you.

From the desk of Basileus Flint, Sovereign Lord of the City of Locks

Nathaniel di Regario,

You are bound by contract to undertake a single favour for Basileus Flint, Sovereign Lord of the City of Locks. This contract is now being called in. A distinctive knife has arrived on the shores of your Empire, and based on my intelligence, has likely made its way to Anvil. The knife has red veins running through it, and bears an aura that encourages those who wield it to consider the benefits of treachery and betrayal. You are to find this knife and destroy it. A casting of Words of Ending at the 20th magnitude should be sufficient, as should handing it to the Thrice-Cursed Court, who even if they do not destroy it will jealously refuse to give it to anyone else.

The Lictors were invoked when you signed this contract. I believe that a good faith attempt to undertake this task will be sufficient to avoid their wrath even if you fail. Do you want to experiment with that? No? Then don't fail. Even if their vengeance can be avoided, mine cannot.

From the desk of Basileus Flint, Sovereign Lord of the City of Locks

Ashborn Trosk,

You will probably have received or will soon receive a letter from my master. It will give you certain instructions. I will attend the Hall of Worlds at 7pm on the Friday of the Summer Solstice. Meet me there and I will offer you a slightly different opportunity that may be of great benefit to us both.

Regards,

Brazen Flint

Agrippa,

If you are reading this, I am dead or as close as makes no difference. You were interesting, at least for a time. You knew how to talk to me, and were clever enough not to. Regardless, you are one of the few who ever bothered to learn the Net of Gulls. I would value it if you could perhaps look into the matter of my murder? It was definitely Basileus Kade, or Flint, or whatever they call themselves these days. They are so drearily predictable in their betrayals.

Of course I cannot reward you for this service, being dead and all. But perhaps it will be an entertaining distraction from the mundanities of life. Or perhaps it's all part of my master plan, and you are the pebble that will set off the avalanche. Or perhaps I'm not really dead at all! Wouldn't that be fun? Just know that this is an opportunity to prove your cleverness. Others will doubtless be looking for whatever proof there may be. Cooperate with them, or deceive them, as suits you best.

Be Seeing You,

Mazen