

Faret **A**smenda **C**írot

Greetings to you lay brother, I bring you news no doubt you've been aching to hear. I too find nothing but disgust in the redundant barbaric city, we Founders are pleased that you shall be returning closer to home.

Closer to home, you question. We Founders have unanimously decided against remaining in Dellern and our interest in its future are void. It simply is no longer financially viable especially as other means have opened to us.

You will initiate upon the next perigee the Nighthaunt Strike, and while it is a premature call, it is a last strike of vengeance to one who is deemed to fall soon without our intervention. Use the mercenaries to their maximum brutality. Coin accompanying this note will secure their loyalty for blood. Extend the killing spree to servants as well, just so that if one of the foul self-righteous nobles survives, they have to wipe their own arses. We fully expect ninety-nine percent casualty on our side, for while the fighting is ensuing, you Faret, shall take steed north, far away from these lands to your new home. Meet at the appointed house in Relian of which you are familiar as soon as you arrive and we shall discuss the future.

Make sure all of our informants have their mouths sealed, in whichever way you believe is necessary to guarantee silence. Immediately send our Sorcerers to Relian, they are no longer needed within the village. I want to make it clear that none are to harm Lady Celimé. While she has served her purpose, we wish to allow her breath. We Founders shall oversee her development if it is of any interest. I await your arrival

Majel **G**abant