

((Note: This section takes place during [chapter 25](#).)

Jericho was in the middle of business when the flames rose high into the air and licked the brim of the sky. The black-haired man mumbled a quiet curse, annoyed that he couldn't stay and finish looting the house he was in. A noise from the front of the house disrupted Jericho's daze that he had fell into. He spun around, making sure he wasn't caught. The man moved quickly; he grabbed the rest of the jewelry from the lock box he had broken into and headed for the back door on the home with the loot. However, Jericho was trapped. At the back door was a group of guards checking the house through the windows and watching the door. This out of all things made Jericho smile. He enjoyed a challenge. He did another 180 and head back to the front door.

He glanced through the window and chuckled at the guards at the front door. *'So they think they have finally caught me, huh?'* he thought. Jericho moved quickly, his cover was about to expire, and the guards were about to make entry. The thief went to the side bedroom and straight to the window. He looked out the window and saw no one. Jericho pulled out some of his tools and began to cut the glass. The tool was simple; it was a sharpened diamond wheel connected to the handle. Jericho moved quickly, but silently. He wasn't a fool; he knew that if they came to this window than he was caught for sure. When the thief was finish cutting the glass, he used one of his knives to pull the glass to him so he can catch it and place it on the bed quietly. Jericho jumped out of the window grabbing his bag from the house after he was out. He lowered his scarf and raised his hat slightly before fashioning his bag to his belt loop. He also rolled his sleeves up midway and began to make his way out of the alley, stopping at the edge of the house. He waited until he heard the guards enter before leaving the alley.

As Jericho was walking back to his home, he noticed a sobbing young lady in the road not moving. She appeared to be of age 19 or 20. She had long, messy blonde hair with China doll bangs and her figure was tall and lean. He thought about simply walking past her ignoring her to put his loot up, which was probably the smarter decision, but instead he made his way over to her. At first, Jericho thought that she was a homeless, however he then noticed the golden bracelet around her waist adorned with a ruby and the clothes she wore consisting of a t-shirt, black leggings, a leather jacket, boots, and a silver cloak. She wasn't a homeless person, though she may have connections to the rich with a bracelet like that. Jericho stopped in front of her and smiled as he leaned down and offered his hand, "Howdy, name's Jericho. It seems you need some help."

The woman looked up at the man standing over her. She wiped her olive-skinned face with the back of her hand and said, "Yes, thank you." She held out her hand and let the man pull her to her feet. The mint dragon curled around her feet started hissing and glaring at him. The woman glanced at the bag on his belt and raised an eyebrow. "My name's Seliss," she said. She tried to wiped the muck off her dress, but only managed to smear it. Then she jumped as someone spoke from the shadows. She turned around trying to find the source of the voice. The mint dragon ran in circles, panicked, as if trying to warn her about something. Seliss looked at her bracelet before saying, "Maybe I should go. I don't want to cause you trouble." The woman offered the man who had helped her up a friendly smile, before continuing

down the street, with the mint trailing behind her.

Jericho was actually a bit taken off when she simply smiled and left, but he was amused when she didn't want to get in his way. He was more focused at the time however than at the voice from the shadow. Being a thief, Jericho has trained himself to gain an exceptional level of hearing and eyesight that works slightly better at night. He turned quickly, his eyes scanning the alley from which he heard the voice. However, despite his attempts, the thief was not a dragon or a cat, and thus could not see perfectly in the dark. It annoyed him, but he had to come to terms with the fact that he could not see the origin of the voice. Jericho gave up and turned to see if he could still see Seliss. Alas it wasn't possible and the man found himself alone in the streets, though this did not bother him. Jericho made his way back down the road, paying little attention to the alleyways; he had one goal and wasn't going to make any more detours on the way. Jericho was headed for the only jewelry fence who still operated in Windfall. He arrived at what is known to be the most popular jewelry store and the home of the only fence a thief can go to for jewelry in that town. Jericho knocked four times in a special order, proving his identity to the jeweler.

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((**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 26](#).)

A few minutes later, Jericho left the store, his bag empty of jewelry and instead full of coins. He made his way down the street, going back the way he came and looked for a tavern to get drunk tonight. Once he found one, the man made his way to the door and through the window, he couldn't help but notice someone was following him. Jericho smiled faintly in a crooked and amused way and could help but think, this will be kind of fun. When he walked in, he looked around at all of the men clustered around circular tables and call girls in the arms of a man every now and then. Jericho sat down at the furthest open table, making sure to sit near the back, in the corner that way he can see the person that was following him when they decide to enter. Jericho was a cautious man and made sure that he was known in the community, so it wasn't surprising when patrons from other tables began to greet him. He looked at the bartender and nodded; this told the bartender to serve him his typical and that someone was coming.

Slowly, the black-haired young woman edged over to his table and flung the small black bag with the finger and ring in it. "I want my pay, you scum," she hissed. She was tall with piercing black eyes and her clothing was black, including a sable-hooded cloak. She seemed to be the same age of that Seliss person.

Jericho raised his feet and put them on the table while leaning back in the chair. He crossed his legs and raised an eyebrow while looking at the girl. She seemed to be either very confident in her abilities or just out right stupid to demand him while in this tavern. Jericho basically ran a local thief gang; however he was the only one who broke into homes. It is set up this way so that the other 'members' can retrieve information and tell him and he can do the act. The whole 'gang' is ran on money, with it very clear to

the members that Jericho gets 70 and the information provider gets 30. The thief scanned the girl and smirked, "I don't know what you are talking about miss. I do suggest you take that bag and leave this tavern though. I don't know what you did, nor do I want to." One of the waitresses, seemingly oblivious to what was going on, walked over with a smile and placed Jericho's drink on the table in front of him before hurrying off to do her next task.

The woman cursed and said, "I guess you're not my client."

Jericho watched the girl edge towards the bag. It became bluntly obvious to him that the bag held something important, and probably something having to do with this 'payment' she was asking for. His hand shot out swiftly grabbing the bag and pulling it to him. "So, tell me what did this client hire you to do?" The man hadn't opened the bag yet, though he figured him holding it would do enough of a fear shot that the young lady would answer his question. "Oh, if you don't want to tell me, then I will just open the bag and see what kind of 'proof' you brought to show that the job is done." It was risky to send the woman over the edge, but Jericho reasoned that if she is worried about the bag, an extra threat of sorts like he did may be the needed push to get her to talk. Jericho looked around, it had happened in almost an instant, but most of the people in the tavern had left, and through the window the moon's light invaded the building.

At first, the woman was anxious, but then she regained her composure and said in a mocking voice fingering a hidden knife, "Go ahead."

The thief smiled as he put the bag on the table and pulled out his knife. Jericho was a cautious person and he wanted to see the woman's reaction. He used his knife to slice the bag open in an almost chopping motion. He did this to keep the contents of the bag from spilling out without his control, and to keep at least one hand on his knife at all times. Jericho then used the tip of the knife to pick the back of the bag up and pour its contents on the table. When the finger and ring fell out of the bag, the thief frowned. He had expected something illegal, but not something like this. Though he also knew what that meant. She was an assassin, a fairly ditsy one to not know her employer, but an assassin none the less. "Interesting bag you have here. How much was the cost?" he asked.

"The pay," the assassin echoed. "Is none of your concern. This gold ring will do for now," she said snatching it off the table. "I was supposed to meet my employer on that road, but he has tricked me as you can see. I wouldn't suppose you want any nasty business done?"

Jericho sighed; it seemed that that was all the information he was going to get out of her. "No, I don't need anyone killed," he said. The man looked back up from the finger to the woman while talking, "Though, considering the fact you have been chasing me all night, I am sure you are tired. You are more than welcome to rest here in one of the rooms for free, though I ask that you hide your profession and this offer from the customers; some may be jealous." Jericho grabbed the finger and slipped it into the bag before tossing it in the raw meat bin. "I will get rid of the finger; my name is Jericho by the way. This tavern will open early in the morning and you got five hours from midnight, I

suggest you make your decision and go with it soon." The meat bin was a grinder for old meat that was leftovers, which would be ground to a mush and cooked then fed to the animals. The woman coldly accepted the room and went to sleep for tonight. Jericho had slept in the tavern as well, though this was normal since he lived there. His room was in the basement, a small one at the end of the wine cellar. He didn't mind the small room; after all, it was cheap and private.

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((**Note:** This section takes place during [chapter 27](#).)

When Jericho had woken up, he went upstairs to where the owner of the tavern was. The owner, a short stocky man who dressed himself in the finest clothes and had decorated his fingers in rings, was a selfish man. He was also one of Jericho's old friends. The thief paid for the assassin's room and expected her to be gone by the time he made it to the main bar area. This however, wasn't true as he saw her from the other side of the room. Jericho made his way to her with a smile. "Howdy, did you sleep good?" he asked.