

((**Note:** The following sections are not canon to the RP. This section takes place during [Chapter 23](#).)

Jericho was at the tavern, sitting at one of the tables and drinking a glass of hard cider. He thought about his plans for tonight; some rich guy's house and then come back home. As he took another sip of his cider, the door swung open and a young woman in her early twenties came into the bar. Her face had a disappointed frown and her eyes were dull with frustration. From what Jericho could tell, it seems like she had a problem on her mind. He decided to ask her about it as she walked by him, "You look down. Something bugging you?"

The woman stopped and answered in a calm and soft tone, "I'm looking for a monster; a dragoness that killed my brother."

The man was all too familiar with her type; lots of people in Windfall had someone whose loved one was killed. "Oh, so you're one of those people who lost someone they knew during the rebellion." If she lost someone precious and is looking for the murderer, then that could mean only one thing. "Let me guess, you want to avenge your brother, right?" he assumed.

"Correct," said the woman. "My brother never cared about dragons, but he also never owned a slave or hurt any of them." She started to clench her fist angrily as her voice took on a bitter tone, "But she still killed him anyway, all while sparing a dragon sympathizer and his home. It just wasn't fair; why did he have to die? Was his life worth less than the sympathizer?" She looked back to Jericho, who was staring back at her as if she was bordering the crazy zone. She unfolded her hand and sighed to relieve her stress. Looking at the floor in what could be embarrassment, she apologized, "I'm sorry, it's just that I'm angry about the way my brother died and I miss him very much."

Jericho forgave her, "No problem; I think anyone would be upset if they were in your situation. So, how's your search for that dragoness going?"

"Not good," the woman answered as she shook her head. "I'm not having any luck finding her. I've tried going different places and checking the same areas again, but I just can't find her."

The man knew someone who can get the job done for her as he was very good at finding out where people lived. Since this woman was having trouble, he offered, "What if I can get you to an info broker who'll tell you where she lives?" The woman looked at him curiously as to what his solution was. He continued, "He's an info broker, though I don't know if you'll be fine with him, since he's a dragon." He was careful to take any prejudices she might have into consideration, so that she doesn't turn the info broker down and get herself lost again.

Just as expected, the woman refused that kind of help, "Thanks, but no thanks. I wouldn't want to do any business with dragons. Besides, I don't think he would any part in having someone of his race killed."

"Good point," replied Jericho. Then he got out of his seat and pushed the chair back into the table. He offered, "Okay, if an info broker won't cut it, then why don't I just go with you and we can go look for this dragoness together? What do you say?" The man may be a thief, but sometimes he was generous to others, depending on what they want.

The woman stared at him strangely and asked, "You would help me, a stranger, go out and hunt down a dragon in this city that no longer allows it?"

The man said, "Lady, some dragons out there are more powerful than the others. I don't know what breed this killer is, but I figured two versus one would be easier than going alone." Fighting strong dragons alone almost always a straight ticket to the graveyard. That is why humans fight their reptilian adversaries in groups.

The woman asked, "You can fight?"

Jericho nodded, "Of course I can. In case you haven't noticed, I got weapons on me." He showed her the dagger sheath that was on the right side of his leg.

The woman was skeptical of his weapon, "A dagger?"

Jericho understood her doubt as he was used to people, especially those with better weapons, thinking this way about him at first glance. "I know it might not seem much, but this thing has gotten me out of trouble many times." What he made up for lack in arsenal, he had fast reflexes and agility to slip around his foes and strike them where it hurts. Basically, the thief was like a mongoose.

The woman paused silently for a few seconds. Then she said, "Well if you're really good with it, then I guess you can come."

"Then it's settled," the man spoke. "By the way, the name's Jericho. What's yours?"

The woman simply answered, "It's Kris."

"Okay Kris, let me get a few stuffs and then we'll go look for the dragoness." He went to the end of the wine cellar and opened the door to the basement. He went down into his room and picked up his binocular and some other useful items. Once he had them, he rejoined Kris and said, "Alright, let's go. But first, what does your dragoness look like?"

Kris described, "She's a snakefang; she's bright red on top and white underneath. And if you see many scars on her body, then you'll know it's her for sure."

After memorizing the description, Jericho said, "Okay got it." Then they left the tavern and started their

search for the brother's killer.

((**Note:** This section takes place during [Chapter 24](#).)

The sun was now setting down into the horizon and the duo still hasn't found the dragoness. It was also that time, the Jericho was getting bored and was about to give up. They were now in one of the dragon neighborhoods that Kris hasn't checked yet. As they walked, she checked her surroundings on ground level, while Jericho was looking up at the sky just in case the murderer was flying. Sometimes he would switch between his eyes, which were good for seeing dragons flying near the ground, and his binoculars, which would spot things far away. Right now, he was watching through his binoculars and this would be his last search through it for now. Nothing had come into his sight yet. But just before he would put it away and call it quits, he spotted a snakefang dragon, matching the appearance Kris told him, flying half a mile from them and landing towards one of the houses. The man tapped the woman on the shoulder and said, "Kris, I think I might have found your dragoness. She's straight across us."

Kris responded, "Alright, let's go see." The duo headed on their way to the dragoness as Jericho kept watch on her with his binoculars. He saw the creature go inside the house.

Once they reached the dragoness's home, the two humans pressed themselves to the brick wall and peaked slightly over the edge of the window to see if there was anyone else living inside. They saw the snakefang dragoness plopping down on the floor and then taking a nap. Jericho advised, "Looks like she's going to sleep. Let's try and sneak in from somewhere else. Opening the front door will just wake her."

Kris nodded in agreement, "Okay." They went around the house and climbed the fence to the backyard. They found the backdoor and went to it. Jericho took out a spray bottle and the woman asked, "What's this?"

The man answered, "Eliminating spray; it'll hide our scents as we go in for the kill." He sprayed everywhere on their bodies from their feet to the head. Then he used his lockpick to unlock the door. The downgrade of the doors had made them easier for burglars like him to open and break in. The Aquarians may have been lunatic bringing outdated doors back to this society, but Jericho wasn't complaining; in fact, he was quite thankful for them. He slowly opened the knob and gently swung the door open. He whispered to Kris, "Walk quietly." She nodded understandingly before they tiptoed to the room where the snakefang slept. The woman got ahead of the thief and took out a crossbow. Jericho followed suite by taking out his dagger. The two stood on both sides of the dragoness, thinking about how to kill her. Kris went up to the creature's head and aimed her crossbow down at her. The man saw the direction the arrow was pointed at and knew that it was the wrong spot to shoot, which would lead to things going wrong. He tried to stop her by holding a stop gesture and mouthing, '*No, don't!*'

But the woman fired the arrow down into the snakefang's eye, which caused the dragoness to wake up with a pained roar as blood flowed out of her wound. Kris kept her weapon aimed at the snakefang as the dragoness threw her own head up and snarled at the woman. The human was unafraid of the angry beast; instead, she glared back hatefully and yelled, "Do you remember the man with spiky brown hair? He's my brother and you killed him in cold blood."

The dragoness snarled with rage, "He's a human, so what? His kind has done me and millions of other dragons many injustices for centuries."

Kris argued, "But he's never done anything to your kind! He never did anything, but yet you spared a dragon sympathizer."

The still angry dragoness replied, "Well I'm sorry if I struck down the wrong human, but you know what I'm not sorry for? Killing an intruder who breaks in and stabs me in the eye!" Upon hearing that, Jericho was forced to get in for the first strike before the dragoness would do so to the woman. As the snakefang lunged her head at Kris with her snake-like jaws open to bite and poison, the man swiped the blade across the back of her neck. The dragoness groaned before she turned her head towards him and snapped at him, only to miss as he jumped backwards out of the way.

Kris then took the chance to go underneath the distracted dragoness's neck and fire a shot upwards into her throat. The snakefang's eyes went wide with shock from finding out that her vital point had been hit. After Kris removed the arrow, the dragoness gagged from the blood flowing up to her mouth and through the hole on the throat. She was also losing air pretty fast. The dragoness staggered for a bit before she dropped dead with eyes closed and her mouth hung open. The humans looked at the creature lying in a pool of her own blood. Jericho would have felt bad for the victim, if not for her justification of the kill based on race. He had no respect for dragons who were blatantly racist towards humans. Turning over to Kris, he asked her, "She's dead now, are you satisfied?"

Without taking her eyes off the snakefang, the woman answered, "I guess I am."

"Well then, I guess our work's done. I just need to mess with the wounds so that the Aquarians don't think that you did it." Jericho noticed that her arrow was narrower than his dagger. He thought to sink his weapon in the shot wounds, so that it would look like he committed the murder. After taking the arrow out of the eye, the man did just that before he placed one of his calling cards beside the snakefang's head.

Kris was grateful as she said, "Thanks for doing this for me."

Jericho replied, "No problem, now let's get out of here." So they left the house and went their separate ways.

(**Note:** This section is canon to the RP and takes place during [Chapter 36](#).)

Jericho ended up leaving the town that he grew up in. It all happened after the assassin had left the bar. It was about midday when the bar doors were shattered and a group of guards entered. The group's eyes all seemed to lock on to Jericho immediately. The head guard pulled out a rolled up parchment from his belt side as he said, "Jericho Aimslef, you are under arrest under multiple accounts including, but not limited to breaking & entering, murder, and the tampering of evidence." As soon as the thief saw the guard say his name, Jericho had bolted. He went jumping out of the back window, outside of the guards' view. The man made his way down the empty alleyways to the outskirts of the city. He continued into the woods, fighting off random wildlife and searching for berries. His overall goal is to make it to a camp that he had heard of from a few men that he overheard. The thief didn't know much about the camp; just that it was at or near the foot of Trident Mountain. It was a long while before Jericho had made it to the base of the mountain. He then began to search for the camp or a way up the mountain.

After a long while, Jericho was slightly caught off guard by the shout in his direction, "Hey you there! Are you lost or something?"

The man looked up and saw the guard before he sighed. Jericho knew that there were only two possibilities to come from being faced to face with a guard. He had either found the camp he so longingly searched for, or he has the terrible luck running into a Windfall guard. Luckily, this guard didn't have on the uniform to affiliate himself with the city that Jericho just ran from. Jericho fell onto the grass at the outskirts of the camp. He laid there with his back in the grass for a moment before answering, "No, not lost necessarily or at least I hope not. This is Sundown, correct? I would like to join the ranks of the city." The thief specifically left out the part about how he was wanted in Windfall. Since the wanted papers haven't been distributed yet, he felt more or less safe. *'But really,'* he thought. *'How did I get dragged into that woman's schemes? And because of her, they figured out my identity! I knew I shouldn't have left those calling cards.'*

The guard put on a friendly face with a smile and said, "You've come to the right place, pal. Welcome to Sundown!" Then he looked at the camp briefly as he said, "Well as you can see, it's not really a city per say; not yet anyway." He looked back at the man and continued, "But we're going to have the place built and turned into a city with the help of the Rittevon Construction Company that's going to come here."

Jericho chuckled at the guard's attitude. He could tell that he was already going to like this place, and if everyone was as joyful here, there will also be plenty of targets to steal from. The thief asked, "Rittevon, huh? Didn't they close down recently?" Jericho was more or less talking to himself, though was loud enough to be heard.

The guard, seemingly without missing a beat, turned and started to welcome a new pair of people, "Greetings, sir; welcome to Camp Sundown!" It was a silver-haired swordsman with a scar across his right eye and a young girl beside him. Jericho couldn't very well get a good judgement of the two, having most of his observation points blocked by blades of grass, weeds, and the cloaks that the pair wore. Though regardless, the thief just had an upsetting vibe that caused him to worry while looking at the two.

The swordsman looked at the guard and said, "I looking for a woman that came here just a little bit ago. She should have an arrow like this with her." He perked Jericho's interest as he pulled out an arrow he had from his sheath and showed it to the guard. The thief sat up from his spot in the grass and turned to look at the arrow. Sadly, Jericho couldn't quite see the arrow; not that it would make a difference if he could with the lack of knowledge in archers that he has. Jericho sighed and decided to go ahead and get up. He made his way inside, stopping for a brief moment to thank the guard.

The guard tipped up his cap in response and said, "Have a nice day, sir!"

For a while, Jericho had been mindlessly walking around in the camp. He would stop by the lunch tables and grab something small to eat on the go, or a drink to drink. Eventually, he found himself in the training grounds. There were people sitting down eating lunch at the time he arrived. One person, a girl with fiery red hair, stood out to him more than anyone else. He has heard of her, though he didn't know her name. As the rumor goes, she personally took on a black dragoness, though Jericho didn't believe it. The thief was about to make his way up to her to introduce himself, when the man and little girl from early showed up. Jericho shrugged and continued to skim through the trainees. It was at this point that something interesting happened, a dragon flew over. Someone alerted, "Dragon!"

The people went to scurry their children inside tents for their safety. For Jericho it was a common sight, though all of the trainees panicked and grabbed their weapons. The man began to laugh; he knew that grabbing their weapons was completely pointless at that point. The dragon was moving too fast to accurately aim at it and he doubt it would be turning back. So instead of worrying about the dragon, he merely fell to the ground laughing. He slowly lost the laugh into a chuckle, which then became a grin. The people surrounding the thief noticed his laughter and wondered what was up with him. A fat man, who was in front of his tent, saw the laughing thief and asked, "Hey, what's so funny? Did you hear a good joke or something?"

Jericho, still sporting the ridiculous grin, stood and faced him. The thief didn't realize the amount of attention he drew to himself by letting himself laugh, though he wasn't worried about it. He let out a quick chuckle; he knew that this camp is anti-dragon, however the level of ignorance some of these people have was just foolish. "No, nothing is wrong, and I didn't hear a funny joke. I just found it humorous that some of you grabbed your weapons after the dragon flew over. Honestly, do you really think that you will be able to hit a dragon traveling that fast?"

The fat man felt embarrassed and tried to defend his camp's action, "Yeah, well... We didn't want any

dragon spies from Windfall. That's why we act. Make sure we can get that creature in time."

Jericho sighed and walked over to the man, putting his hand on the male's shoulder. "It is okay if you are a bit slow to draw your weapon, as long as you're not slow on the kill."

The fat man replied, "Well I suppose you're right about that."

Jericho grinned at the man and for a very brief moment, thought about continuing to raise hell in the camp. But instead, his attention was caught by a group of trainees attempting to use magic. Teaching them, little to no surprise, was the red-haired girl. Jericho walked away from the fat man and made his way over to the group. He was silent as he watched a man complained, "I'm not feeling anything. Can I still use magic?" The thief wasn't a mage and he never pretended to be, though he did know that magic had a high mental strain and has heard that those whose heart wavers cannot successfully pull off the magic. Jericho was entranced however by the miracle that he was watching unfold before him. Over half of the students managed to perform the plant-blessing spell, but the others couldn't manage to pull it off. Even after unlocking their ability to use magic, there is a natural compatibility barrier one must pass to become a true mage.

Jericho had watched the group of students practice for a while until they began to tire. The red-haired girl told them, "Alright everybody, take a break. We're going to let that magic energy recharge itself while I look up more spells to teach you."

The man was about to go down to the group and introduce himself when screams filled the air, "Oh my gods, it's coming right into our camp!"

Jericho spun around quickly, shock erupting through his body, making him take a sharp breath. In Jericho's eyes, he just died. He let his guard down and the black zombie dragon that landed behind him, which could have killed him. The man had a lot of experience with dragons, though none of them have ever been dead. Normal means won't banish this beast and he knew that. Jericho watched the red-haired girl and some others shoot arrows and lightning at the dragon though only the magic was blocked. The thief knew that when dealing with a magical beast, the only way to win was with magic. A dark-skinned archer said, "Damn, that thing ain't slowing down. It's like it got CIP or something."

Another archer was heard asking, "Hey, where the heck did that come from?"

The black man shook his head and guessed, "I don't know, but I bet that thing used magic to protect itself. I guess Kathia's magic spell would have done a number on it, unlike our arrows."

A third archer asked, "Ugh, why does it smell so bad?"

The girl, who had been using magic, named Kathia told him, "Because that thing is a zombie. Some necromancer resurrected it for his own use." The archers looked to her as if they thought she knew

something.

The black man asked, "For real? What the heck does the necromancer want from this camp?"

The girl answered, "I don't know, but we better go see."

Jericho took off after Kathia and the group and quickly made his way to the girl. All that was going through his mind was the possible number of times he could have died in this situation and the number is only rising. When he got to her, he tapped her shoulder, while positioning himself in a way that it is easy to see him. "You are Kathia, correct? The rumors don't do you justice. I am sure that you know this by now, but that is being controlled by magic. This could mean two possibilities. One, the castor is nearby, and if we take out the castor, we take out the dragon. Or two, you could attempt to use a void magic spell if you know any."

(**Note:** This section is not canon to the RP and takes place during [Chapter 39](#).)

With night having fallen, most of everyone had gone to sleep in their tents. The only ones who were away were the night guards keeping watch over Sundown and Jericho himself. The man recalled how the day went since the zombie dragon raided the camp's food supply. Kathia's team had went to hunt it down, only to get blocked by the fleeing zombie's magic and from encountering a dangerous criminal out there, most likely the necromancer who sent that dragon. Jericho found it ironic that the team wanted to go after the necromancer, only to come back with tails between their legs. Either the necromancer was a very powerful one or they were just scared out of their wits. Another interesting, and shocking, scene had happened in which a dead member of the team had all of his flesh eaten by a flock of black birds. His skeleton had been left behind after their unusually fast feast. To Jericho, it was like a scene straight out of a horror movie. He speculated that these birds might have been under the control of the same necromancer.

After enough reminiscing, the thief left his tent to go rob some people in their sleep. There wasn't a shop, bank or any other business in Sundown yet as the place is indeed just a camp. But once it becomes a city, he will have enough stolen money to spend on goods and services he needs. Jericho went by every tent, looking through the screen windows to see if the people had anything valuable inside like purses, jewelry and wallets. He found a tent with a woman sleeping by her handbag. Eager to get the prize inside, he slowly and quietly unzipped the tent's zipper and moved the flap aside. He needed to be soft with his movements as any sort of rush will more likely produce noises that would alert the woman to his intrusion. The man reached for the bag's handle and gently lifted up away from the tent. He opened up the bag and took out a wallet. Inside it were paper bills, the traditional currency of Northeast Rudvich before Windfall decided to revert back to the old age use of gold coins. Jericho imagined Sundown would go with the paper bills and not the gold coins, as the people here didn't like the

regressive culture Mayor Esteed had created in Windfall. So he took the dollars out of the wallet and put it back into the purse. After he returned the purse and zipped up back the tent, he went to the next tent to raid.

Jericho was careful to avoid the guards and their flashlights as he went about robbing every sleeping victim he can find. After he had robbed another tent, he heard someone speak in a devilish tone, "Did your parents ever tell you not to damage anyone else's stuff?" The thief turned his head towards the direction the voice came from and saw a man dressed in black. Before him was Kathia, who was shocked by the stranger's presence. Jericho didn't know who that mysterious man was, but he had a feeling that he was dangerous. The thief hid behind one of the tents and peeked over the side to watch the scene unfold between them. An anaconda, that appeared dead at first before seemingly coming back to life, had wrapped itself around the girl's legs. The stranger threatened her to keep quiet before telling her that he would kill her to obtain the tent to use and sleep in for the night. He listed the possible ways he can kill her, but instead he decided to use Kathia as bait against some nemeses he had. So the stranger had his anaconda drag his screaming hostage down into the ground. Jericho wondered if this was the necromancer who has been causing trouble for Sundown.

Kathia's scream appeared to have woken up the nearby refugees and alerted the guards. The man in black seemed to know that was going to caught attention, so he quickly ran behind the tents and vanished from sight. The nearest guard got to the place where the girl had been kidnapped and used his lantern to light his surroundings to see who was there. In the light were two curious campers coming out of their tents. The guard then looked into the tent he was standing next to as if to see if anyone was inside. Though the guard's voice was quiet, Jericho could make out what he said, "Kathia's missing."

The other guards got here and one of them asked, "What happened? Did you find something?"

The guard next to the tent told them, "I think something bad might have happened to Kathia. She's not here."

The third guard asked, "Not here? Was she kidnapped?"

As the guards continued talking to one another, Jericho heard the tent flap open next to him. He looked and saw a man come out and ask him, "Hey mister, what's going on?"

The thief answered, "Some girl got kidnapped by someone who snuck into camp. Probably must be the necromancer."

Then more people came out of their tents to see what the commotion was about. Among them was the dark-skinned archer who had been with Kathia earlier. He went up to the guards and asked, "What's going on? I heard y'all saying Kathia disappeared or something."

The guard, who came here first, answered, "We think she was kidnapped. I heard her screaming and

came to check on her. But when I got here, she was already gone."

The archer was in disbelief as he said, "What? You telling me we had guards all around the camp and some fool managed to come on in and take her away?"

The guard replied, "Well I don't know how he managed to passed us, Jason. I really don't."

Jericho felt the man beside him tapped him on his thigh. After he gave the man the attention, the man told him, "Sir, you should tell them what you saw. Everyone wants to know."

Jericho was planning to do just that, even without the man's advice. Without a reply, the thief got up and made his way through space between the tents to get to the guards. Once he got to them, he told simply them, "I saw what happened."

The men turned their eyes onto him as if they expected him to know something. The archer named Jason asked, "Okay, pal. If you know what you saw, then tell us. We're all ears." So Jericho told them everything about Kathia's kidnapping, such as the kidnapper's appearance and what his motives were. Jason's expression went serious and he said, "Damn, it looks our friend in the woods ain't done with this camp. Now he wants to use Kathia against his enemies. We got to go rescue her."

The thief thought it was unwise for them to out rush like this. Jericho knew that necromancers were the most dangerous type of mages. He said why they were, "Yeah, but it's going to be easier said than done. For one, he's a necromancer. That means he's not just going to use magic spells; he's also going to use zombies to help him out as well. So unless you guys have some really good light and fire magic, don't expect the fight against him to be easy." From nearly all the people he's seen in Sundown, Jericho knew that they were still new to magic and didn't expect them to last long against the necromancer. "Besides, Kathia got drag down underground to who knows where. If you guys kill the necromancer before you see her, you may as well lose her forever." A necromancer's zombies always seem to come from underground when summoned, even if it's not the place they died. The thief always wondered if some portal appeared below the earth for the zombies to come out and burst through. If Kathia got taken to that same portal, where did that portal lead to?

Jason nodded and agreed, "I see your point. We might as well start thinking things through first before we head out."

One of the guards looked to both Jericho and the archer as he asked, "So what should we do?"

"Well..." started the archer. "If that guy here is right, then we should find the necromancer and then hide & wait until he brings back Kathia. Then once we see her, we kill the guy without him knowing. You know? Just like a sniper."

The thief nodded at his plan and smiled, "See? Now you're thinking. That's a good idea to stick with. Just

make sure to hit him where it kills."

Jason grinned back and bragged, "Hey, I always do that to all my games." Sounds like the archer was a hunter as well and a very skilled one, too. Jericho hopes he doesn't get shot by him when caught stealing.

Just then, a female guard came rushing over to the men and alerted, "Guys, one of our guards has just been killed. He got stabbed right in the throat."

It seems like the necromancer had killed someone as well. Jason shook his head, "Oh boy; we just can't get a break, can we?" Then he told the guards, "Come on, guys. Let's go find someone who knows him before we bury him." The guards went with the archer to tell the murder victim's family or friend. Jericho felt like he had done enough for tonight. The necromancer had done his third crime of cutting his burglary short. Tomorrow night, he can steal again from the tents he hasn't been to. Jericho went back to his tent and spent the rest of the night sleeping until morning.