BY: JADE SADOW

The sound of someone laughing, followed by a gasp caught his attention. Shirai turned towards his door just to catch the body of one of his guards fly threw it, breaking it open. His hand going to his saber, he watched, prepared for a pirate or henchmen to try and take their best shot at him, but what he saw, took him by surprise. Walking over the body of the dead guard, was a fairly tall woman. Her hips swaying as she stepped over the body, stopping just past the head of the guard. "Who the hell are you, and why did you kill my guards?" Could it be a mutiny amongst his House? She bore the marks of Clan Naga Sadow even of those of House Shar Dakhan, so he didn't think she would be in on the pirates plans, but Dark Jedi were Sith after all, and that meant power hungry.

Jade shrugged and grinned, hiding her fangs, "their blood called to me, as I'm sure you understand." She laughed as his hand remained on the hilt to his saber. "Obviously they weren't very good guards if your enemy is already in your house."

"What do you mean by that?" He never took his eyes off her. Her dark tendrils of power and mysterious alchemy flowed around her, something he not only could feel as a potential victim, but could see due to his abilities in the force. Her words could be a trap, though she seemed rather at ease with him, not at all like she was going to attack. But he had learned not to trust that easily.

Jade put her hands on her hips and looked around the room, then back to his hand on the hilt of his blade. "My dear Quaestor," she smiled sweetly at him, taking a couple steps closer. "Without giving you all the details, right away, let's just say ysalamiri were involved."

"You still haven't told me who you are."

"You act as though you are suspicious of me." She grinned and sat on the arm rest of a chair.

"You did break into my house, and lucky for you I want to know why before I do the same to you, as you did to my guards."

Jade smiled. "I think you have an idea that I might be right about your enemy being in your house, or rather, our enemy. And if that's true, then you aren't really mad at me for breaking in and killing your guards, but rather, pissed off you weren't the one to teach them a lesson in failing you."

Shairi looked at her...*damn.* "Who are you?"

Jade stood up and looked around the room, grabbing a dagger from the small of her back, threw it against the far wall. A gurgled sound of surprised death hit their ears as a body suddenly appeared from the wall, and crumpled to the floor. "I apologize I haven't gotten to talk to you sooner, I've been away on a mission and only recently returned." She turned to face him again and gave him a half bow. "I'm Jade Sadow."

Holy Sith spit! A Daughter of Sadow just broke into his house. Sure he had been around the Sadows before, and worked with them, an honour and a privilege in his mind. After all, you always learned from those you fought alongside with. But seriously, why did she have to break in? And did she really have to break the door? Those things cost a lot of money! Ah spice! There was that Quaestor responsibility creeping in again. He had a house to run and that included the budget. But that should be the least from his mind right now. He stood up and looked at the body on the floor, then at the dead guard. Who was he kidding, he didn't really care about the door, it was just an excuse. Jade was right, he was pissed off he didn't get the chance to take care of his worthless guards. He moved over to the intruder on the floor and pulled the dagger from the things chest. "He's painted...?" How odd. It didn't look like his 'want to be assassin' had any clothes on, or at least not that many, but had rather painted his entire body. Jade nodded and moved closer to Shiari who handed her the black bladed dagger back. She took a piece of leather and wiped the blood off the blade. He noticed there were markings on it, but couldn't read them before she tucked the weapon back behind her. "Don't you prefer your saber?"

Jade smiled at him, watching as he became aware of the tips of her fangs, just peeking out from under her top lip. "Oh I love the sound of it hissing into a body, searing and stripping, but there is just something about a cold hard blade. More deadly, and so easy to hide, unlike my saber." She watched him nod as he seemed to understand. "As for the painting, that's what I was going to tell you about. Seems while you were away, they used ysalamiri to break into your house. Timed it perfectly. They never did anything, simply got a lay out. The main goal was taking photos, and lots of them." Jade tossed a small pile of holo photos onto the table nearby.

Shairi picked a couple up, his eyebrows furrowing as he looked at the photos. From the entryway, to the kitchen, to even his bathroom! But what really took his attention were how some of the photos were simply close ups of his walls, including the one where Jade had recently thrown her dagger and killed the intruder. He looked at her, holding one up for her to see.

 "Yes, I found three of them were more specific. After using the ysalamiri to break in past defences, they camouflaged themselves to look like your house." She smiled at him, "So much for a home is a sanctuary." Jade moved to look down the hallway, then back into the room, waving her hand at the body on the floor. "That makes one, there are two more assassins in your house."

Shairi groaned and looked at the photos. "So judging on this, there is probably one in the kitchen and one in the bathroom?"

Jade laughed at the expression on his face. She could just imagine the thoughts running through his mind. Dark Jedi were cruel, but even they wouldn't take a man out in the bathroom. Maybe wait by the door and make a wise crack about how they should have lit a match before cutting them down...but wouldn't plan for a kill. "At least this guy didn't make a lot of noise, alerting the others. They might just think he chickened out or something."

"Bastards." Shairi glared at the intruder on the floor. Ok, so now he was also pissed off this kill hadn't been his. "Next one is mine."

Jade grinned, "Well I guess I can let you have some fun...just don't go getting yourself killed. The House and Clan would be pretty upset if you did that."

Shairi shrugged, "Oh that won't happen." It was at that time he wondered where he went from questioning the woman who broke into his house, to fighting alongside Jade. He took the point and headed towards the kitchen, stopping just at the entrance as he spied the deco wall. He had to admit, the pattern seemed perfect. No lumps, no 3D images. Certainly if someone had painted the pattern onto their body he would catch the tiny difference of the lines between tiles, or shades of skin and paint...but he couldn't. He quickly turned behind him to see Jade standing in the hallway nearby. Maybe she was laying. Maybe she had planted the other assassin herself, making the kill to gain his trust. But she wasn't standing too close...then again, she had thrown the dagger across the room...he'd have to keep an eye on his visitor, just in case. He nodded to her, and she followed him into the entrance way, waiting in the shadows as he moved in.

Walking into the kitchen, he eyed the wall, still unsure if the Daughter was right, or leading him on. Moving to the sink, as though he were going to grab a glass of water, he felt a twinge run through the force, causing him to turn around. His hand came up and blocked the blade headed straight for his chest. He could feel Jade in the entrance way, about to come in, but he wanted this kill. Using the force to push his attacker up, he let his own hand slip around the wrist he had been holding, his other hand coming up near the throat and pushing the body hard into the counter. Knocking the wrist against the counter top until the blade was dropped. "It was a mistake to enter my home!" He nearly growled, and spotting the old can opener nearby. Glaring at the intruder and grinning evilly, he would have his blood. Pressing his body up against the assassin, to hold him in place. Shairi freed his one hand and grabbed the can opener. "Let this be a lesson to you, and anyone else to dares to threaten me." He took the sharp metal and jabbed it into the bared throat. Body paint instantly being stained with red. Taking his hand and placing it over the intruders mouth, so his screams would be muffled, he used the force to turn the key of the can opener. The assassin struggled under Shairi as his throat was ripped open in a perfect half moon, severing the jugular.

Jade walked up as the body stopped struggling. Shairi backed away and let the body slip to the floor. She couldn't resist, "told you, you were just pissed off you didn't get to kill the guards."

Shairi looked at the mess on the floor and kicked the body, looking up to respond, but found that Jade had already left. Damn that woman, she was going to take the pleasure of another kill from him. He had to try and head her off to the bathroom. As he stepped out of the kitchen he couldn't imagine many men thinking that thought...but come to think of it, Jade was just a single woman, surely she couldn't go into the bathroom alone, they always travelled in pairs...right?...yes, he would defiantly beat her, and claim his own kill.

Jade slipped out of the kitchen before the Quaestor noticed her. She had to admit, the can opener, though bloody, had been an interesting trick. She'd never look at an ordinary utensil the same way again. Laughing, she reached the bathroom and looked inside. Yep, there was the wall alright. What a horrible colour, beige and yellow, and some off white cream thing...if Shairi wanted the blood of anyone, it should be his interior decorator!

She walked into the bathroom and muttered looking at the toilet. "Son of a wookie! Will a man never leave the toilet seat down?!" It was the distraction she had hoped would work. The intruder jumped out of the patterned wall and headed straight for her back. As she ducked down low and came up, taking the assassins' wait on her shoulders, she felt sorry he was the one that had to be the pattern of the horrible mix matched wall. But she could feel Shairi coming closer, and she had to make sure he wasn't actually killed in the attack. What would it say if the pirates attacks had actually worked on a Quaester of Naga Sadow?

She spun her weight around and slammed the attackers body down, pinning him with her knee between his shoulder blades. The head of the man rested against the toilet bowl. Keeping her knee pressed firmly against him, she took the toilet seat and started repeatedly slamming it down against the mans' temple. He screamed of course, but she didn't care, after all he was the last one placed in the house. The mans' hands frantically clawed out at anything as his skull was being crushed and shattered by the toilet seat, grabbing onto the toilet paper and pulling it, the roll gaining momentum with each flail of his arms. Jade took the lid up one more time and slammed it down so hard she heard an auditable crack, and the mans' failings suddenly stop. Jade left the toilet seat against the mans' head and stepped back, adjusting her top, then looking at the door way as a stunned Shairi looked in. Jade walked towards him, hearing the toilet paper roll still spinning and pilling up beside the intruder. She brushed a strand of hair from her face and stopped to look at Shairi as she exited the bathroom. "You really should keep the toilet seat down, you never know when a female visitor might come calling." She walked by him and down the hallway.

Shairi watched her saunter down the hallway then looked back at the assassin in his bathroom. His head sandwiched under the toilet seat, toilet paper piling up around him, some pieces even having enough momentum to stick to the intruders' shoulder. Maybe he just solved the age old question of why women had to go to the bathroom in pairs...to keep them from murdering others. One thing was for sure, besides watching his back around Jade, he was defiantly going to keep the toilet seat down...just in case.