

Location: Kal Rasha, Aetherion - The Crimson Scepter

Quentin could find his way here with his eyes close down the dark passage to the entrance of the red scepter intertwined with runes. The door slid open as Quentin approached; he didn't even have to pull out his Krath medallion to enter.

Heading down the stairs passing ancient tapestries and the obsidian carved circular bar, heading through to a corner booth the was more shadowed from the dimly lit red glow of the bar.

Taking his normal seat he pulls out a small datapad to begin the first journal entry to since the ethereal realm. "May I get you something Archpriest?" a soft spoken voice said causing Quentin to look up from his datapad to see a emerald skinned Twi-lik female her dark green lekku that cascades gracefully down her back "Yes Kaelara, bring me Heretic's blood and keep them coming thanks" Quentin replies as he turns his eyes back to his tablet.

It didn't take long for Kaelara to bring the crimson-hued cocktail sitting on the table before Quentin quietly seeing him entranced in his datapad, took a quick bow and returned to the other patrons of the tavern.

Quentin silently picked up the drink. It had a potent taste to it but also a robust fruity flavor. After a few hours of drinking Quentin was well relaxed. "Archpriest what bothers you, friend?, haven't seen you put this many drinks back since your apprentice fell into that nest a while back" a stern voice High Priest Vossar.

Quentin looks up to see the red hooded pale man who had slipped into the booth across from him, his blue eyes shining out under his hood.

"I just returned from the ethereal realm that you would have loved, I have never felt that kind of power before as I had there." Quentin told him as he took another drink before he continued " we was sent there to cause a distraction for the main assault force, my apprentice went with me this time, she did well fighting the crystal monstrosities" pausing just for a second " I can't lie, I wish I could return there, I can't explain to you the power there if we could harness it be a great advantage" Quentin told Vossar. "I assume

your mission was a success?" Vossar asked. "Indeed it was, we found the missing scout team and recovered their explosives, the explosion we set off in the dead fields halted one of the factories there causing us to fight almost endless waves as we made our retreat" Quentin paused for a second to finish his drink before continuing "I have to tell ya we almost didn't survive the escape" Quentin finished feeling exhausted from the thought of how close his party had actually come to death. "It is good that you did, it would be odd to think of you not sitting over here studying or recruiting others to our order" Vossar said with a smile Quentin could see him wave over to the barkeep to bring another round. "This one is on the house, try to take care of yourself friend" Vossar says as he stands to go mingle with the other patrons. "Thanks Vossar " Quentin says as waves goodbye to his friend. After a short while Quentin rises from his booth slowly "man i am going to regret this tomorrow" Quentin says to himself as he stumbles to the exit.

The end