**The Return of Azmodius**

 After receiving his promotion to Dark Jedi Knight, Azmodius decided to take a little time to himself, but it was now time to return home. Being away from Plagueis had been a nice distraction, but carnage and bloodshed had been calling in between rounds of Nar Shadda’s finest hookers and booze. The Arkanian bid a tearful farewell to the lovely ladies by slapping them on the hind quarters as is customary before climbing aboard his ship and taking off. After setting the coordinates he put up his feet and took a short nap.

 “NOW APPROACHING BZZZ HOME BZZZ”, the navigation announced. Azmodius rubbed his eyes and looked out towards the ancient station. “What the frak?! Where the frak is it?!” he exclaimed as he looked out through the Stygian Caldera. The knight double checked the coordinates,” Everything seems right here, but what the Frak happened?!” the Arkanian zeroed in on his masters com link, “Furios!” “Yes”, the Obelisk master replied. “Are you ready to come back? Tons has happened!” his master exclaimed, sounding almost giddy with excitement. “Yeah, master, I can see that. Where the hell is the Anchorage?!” “Oh yeah”, Furios replied, holding back laughter. “It crashed.” Azmodius slapped his palm to his face and in a sarcastic tone replied, “Thanks. That was really informative. I was almost certain it had been swallowed by space whales, until you cleared that up. Where the hell am I going now?”

 After receiving new coordinates, Azmodius made his way to their new home on Aliso where his master was waiting. “Hey! How were the hookers? Better than the slaves here?” his master greeted. “Good, they had one quadriplegic that you wouldn’t believe!” the Arkanian replied as he followed his master inside to get acquainted.