**Arden Karn - #13299**

*He actually thought he could run from me. Pathetic, simply pathetic.*

Arden couldn't help but consider what was going through the mind of Crandl Lorne right now as he stared through the scope of his E-11s. Lorne had given himself away as a spy only a short time ago, though the Ettian had suspicions of him all along. Arden had thought it odd that he'd make a show of being an Inquisitor while not considering there might be some of his superiors about. Eventually he fouled up with his encryption, got caught, and made a break for the front lines.

While Lorne had, for a time, managed to elude Arden's men and droids, it didn't take long for him to foul up. Instead of sticking to cover, Lorne made the mistake of taking a more direct route that had led him out into the open. Nestled into a rock outcropping overlooking the battlefield, Arden and his droid spotters had found the traitor as he rested next to what has been a small copse of trees that had been blasted apart by heavy weapons fire. Lorne probably figured that he'd make one last break for his allies' lines once he caught his breath and spotted an opening. Little did he know that he was already in Arden's scope. Lorne was a dead man, but Arden had no intention of making it that simple.

"Call him." The sith sniper said to the droid at his left. Without question, the BX unit put down his macrobinoculars and keyed a comlink . As the droid placed the comlink next to Arden, in the sniper's scope Lorne looked confused. He clearly wasn't expecting a call.

Confusion mixed with rage in Lorne's voice. *"Who the kriff is this and why are you on this channel. Do you want to get me killed?"*

"Good afternoon Mister Lorne. I think the answer to your question is obvious."

Lorne audibly sighed. *"Karn. Can't say it was a pleasure knowing you. If you're calling to whine about my betraying you, I'm not in the mood."*

Arden chuckled, making sure Lorne heard him. "I couldn't give a womp rat's butt that you're a traitor Crandl. I'm still going to kill you, it's just up to you how."

*"In my bed, thirty years from now, long after your so called Clan is ground to dust,"* Lorne quipped back, seemingly totally confident in his situation.

Arden looked to the droid who shook its head, fully knowing what Arden was going to do next. Letting out a small, controlled breath, Karn squeezed the trigger. About a second later, a bolt of plasma whizzed past Lorne's right ear close enough to singe the skin but not do any real damage. Lorne flattened out on the ground and looked back towards where the bolt had come from.

*"What the kriff are you playing at Karn!"* Lorne shouted into the comm, finally realizing his predicament.

Arden took another controlled breath. "I know you've been in my files Lorne, so you probably know what I'm capable of. Even at this range, seven hundred fifteen meters to be exact, I can hit you whenever and wherever I want. I can shoot you in the head, killing you quickly. I could also shoot you in the base of your spine, paralyzing you in site of your escape and allowing you to slowly die of blood loss and shock. Your friends will probably try and save you in that case and I'll pick them off, one by one."

Lorne didn't say anything for a moment and then he sighed. *"What's it matter to you? What the kriff is it you want of me?"*

"Why do you think I want something, other than your death that is, " Arden responded.

Arden could see Lorne in his scope glancing around nervously, looking for a way out. *"I was in your files, I've seen your psych profile. Toying with people isn't in your character. So you must want something."*

Arden chuckled. "I supposed I could ask you to divulge some secret about your compatriots, but if that was the goal I'd incapacitate you and collect you later. Maybe I'm just trying to figure out what kind of man you are and if you fear death and all that. You seem to know me, you're the spy. What do you think."

Lorne was still glancing about, but he didn't seem to see a way out. *"I think you're just trying to prove your superiority. You Sith seem to enjoy that sort of thing. You're massaging your ego, and I'm sick of it. So do whatever you're going to do."*

As Lorne stood up to bolt for safety, Arden exhaled and squeezed the trigger and a moment later the traitor fell forward into a blown out stump, an exit wound 42 millimeters below his left eye. Shouldering his weapon and standing up, Arden looked to his BX droid spotter who couldn't help but ask the obvious question its almost soothing mechanical voice.

"So what was that all about sir?"

Arden deadpanned. "I was seeing how much he actually knew, and the answer is not much. Everyone knows I only shoot people in the head."