Arden Karn di Plagia - #13299

"Come on Uscot, at least try and keep up."

Arden Karn was used to being the best shot on a shooting range and, as usual he was. He was picking off training target's in the Alisian sun with a practiced ease. The Ettian expected to be challenged by Ajunta Pall's Aedile. The Pantoran, however, was struggling a bit.

"I'm not used to this range, Karn. More of the up close type."

Arden shook his head as he squeezed off another shot from his SE-14C, obliterating another target a second later. "It's only two hundred meters, this was quite literally child's play for me."

"Yeah, but you have the karking Force, not exactly a fair comparison." The Pantoran retorted, finally getting a couple hits in.

"So will our enemies." Arden chided the Pantoran. "We might need to operate at a longer range than this."

A hint of disgust was clear in the Pantoran's voice. "The Legion, or your Inquisitor friends?"

"While I have little doubt that Ramar asked you to keep an eye on me, let me be clear. While my first loyalty is to the Iron Throne, Pravus is losing it. He needs to be stopped, end of story." Arden exhaled slightly and destroyed two more targets and then looked to the droid range master, ignoring the snort of disgust from the Pantoran.

"Another twenty, this time at two fifty. He still needs some practice."