

*"We study the injustices of history for the same reason that we study genocide, and for the same reason that psychologists study the minds of murderers and rapists... to understand how those evil things came about."*

- Jared Diamond

The blood still clung to her pale skin, she knelt in the perfect blackness, the silence deafening to her ears. She was not fearful of the darkness, feeling the calm begin to wash over her within her small sanctuary.

Time had changed the Iridonian, the dark side of the Force gradually corrupting her undernourished form in many small ways. No longer could one glimpse into her eyes, the blackness had taken over the whites, showing onlookers the horrors of truth.

Under the sticky scarlet residue the blood vessels stood out as night as the corruption had spread through her form over the course of her life. She was remarkably intact but that was only because of her innate ability to heal herself without too much thought.

The pain, however, was a different matter. At the beginning her nerves had not been quite so reactive. That had of course changed after Naradas' little game. Tricking her Master Zakath to use a made up ritual had the unfortunate side effect of changing something physiologically. Medically everything came back as normal, the Imperial made toxins that her system had been flooded with had been flushed out naturally but the pain gradually returned until eventually it was a constant companion.

Slowly Nath expelled a breath, the pain spiked and she clenched her fists using it to feed her connection to the Force. Dimly she heard the slightest of sounds as the hide gloves pulled taught. Sharp pointed nails bore into the leather so often that small semi circles had been bored into the hardy material.

The Iridonian attempted to recall what had happened, she recalled being assigned a rather mundane recon mission. Get remote access to the mainframe so the splicers could do their work; simple enough. There were certain political concerns with that particular planet's alliances but she never bothered to read up on the details. Trivial lines drawn in the sand in her mind, but it was evidently of concern to someone higher up.

Completing the mission that brought about the brutal punishments she had just endured was easy enough. She had been on an active comm and then blackness came with a scream; it wasn't until she listened to the logs that she realized the scream had been her own. In truth Nath had never heard her own scream before, it had been quite a novelty, usually she was causing someone else to make the noise.

When she awoke once more the comm had exploded, damaging her hearing on the left and leaving some burns in its wake, irritating her already foul mood. Other than the minor inconvenience she knew herself to be intact.

Standing with a grumble Nath gave the raw skin a rub in a futile attempt to improve her hearing and to satisfy the itching that signaled her body's healing process had begun. Next she patted down the belt coiled around her emaciated waist, ensuring she was still armed before taking the same route back out of the now defunct facility.

Vespertide had already come on the seemingly inconsequential planet. By the time Nath had crawled and crept her way back outside the skyline seemed like something out of a dramatic painting; swaths of orange, reds and pinks coloured the horizon and there was not a cloud in sight.

Instead the view was marred with black plumes of rolling smoke. A causal assessment of the view informed her that the majority of the buildings within the area were on fire. The air seemed close and hot as she took her first steps into the chaos.

Just as suddenly the Force warned her of the danger coming; but not soon enough. As she turned to where she perceived the hazard to be coming from she was thrown to the ground and the weight of a body landed onto her chest.

The Iridonian was quick to react, grabbing them and using the momentum to force them into the weaker position. As she moved the skin on the back of her head scraped away against the concrete. An instinctual snarl of anger emanated from her chest; it was met with laughter. Nath's thumbs pressed hard against the attacker's neck, fingers coiling around the sides as she applied forceful pressure until she felt their trachea, just below the larynx collapse with a satisfactory wheeze.

The Human's hands had gripped at her wrists but did not have the strength to force her off, they had laughed until she had made it impossible for them to continue. Eventually their grip had slackened but she didn't stop for countless minutes. The anger that flooded her system wouldn't allow her to stop, the need to ensure the whelp was dead was too much to resist. Her hands lifting and slamming him down until the back of his skull buckled much akin to an egg shell.

Nath didn't linger upon the the death, to her it was inconsequential, another fatality that had no meaning or bearing on her soul.

Besides, she was not alone.

More laughter erupted from the distance, many voices cascaded into a crescendo of hysteria. Bare feet scraped across rubble as they sprinted. The Iridonian did not wait to meet them,

choosing instead to hide herself up within some structural stabilisation equipment that had become exposed during what appeared to be an explosion.

The horde passed her by remaining ignorant of her presence. A few stopped scraping amongst themselves until the weakest fell. As soon as it happened it became carnage, the pair that had brought what appeared to be an adolescent to the ground set upon her, nails biting through skin and shredding it away until only a carcass of bone and entrails remained. All the while howling and hooting their glee whilst the pool of crimson grew and grew around the knelt beings.

Nath hung from above, muscles screaming their mute protests as she clung suspended to the building side with no reprieve until she jumped down to kill, or waited them out. Deciding on the pragmatic approach she waited them out, there was no telling for how long she would be stranded here better to conserve herself.

After what felt like a lifetime the bloodied pair decided to continue on in search of their pack. The Iridonian decided to wait a little longer before she finally descended back to terra firma. Once there she stretched her strained muscles, rolling her shoulders harshly enough to hear the joint pop relieving some of the tension.

Her hand poked into the pouch located at her hip, within she found the spare comm she kept hidden within and activated it without hesitation.

"This is Operative Voth requesting pick up." Nath spoke quietly and calmly as ever, there was little point worrying over anything yet.

"Nath, I see you're still alive." Arcia's voice came through crystal clear. It was difficult to get a read on exactly how displeased she was.

"So you hadn't began funerary arrangements then. " Nath couldn't resist poking her Commander it was just too easy.

"Don't be stupid, I prefer to have a body before taking such actions. We have your location, however, pick up will be problematic with the drastic shift in geography since you went silent some forty eight standard hours ago." The Iridonian paused to take in this new titbit of information, she had no clue it had been so long.

"... Where do you wish me to go? "

" Tallest building to your south-east." Instinctively Nath turned and clocked the building. She gave an audible sigh before responding.

"As you wish, I will be in contact when I arrive." Arcia cut the comm soon after leaving her subordinate to find her way.

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*It wasn't until many years later the full ramifications of this small event became apparent. Over time, trust within Force users declined, this miniscule event turned the small backwater planet into a war zone.*

*Nath's pain reverberated through the Force to such an extent it was felt by millions, even breaking through the barriers and touching mundanes, those closest upon the planet were driven irrevocably insane. They tore their world apart within days until nothing was left living.*

*Within the Senate a vote was held which lead to a witch hunt against all Force users, fear spread like wildfire and the Jedi were at a loss to explain the phenomena. They were aware of the small temple that was located on the planet but the archives gave no answers.*

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## **Fifteen years later**

Nath knelt in the dimly lit room, she had been escorted by security but was not given an explanation as to why. She chose to use her time to meditate, everything except her weapons had been confiscated as soon as she boarded the small vessel.

The Iridonian was patient, she awaited her host in silence, unmoving and barely breathing as she lapsed into a trance like state. Time passed over her, she did not notice as it slipped away.

Her vision came back into focus as soon as she sensed their presence within the room. She remained as she was, taking in the three cloaked figures that stood before her.

Each individual was only marked in difference by the colour of the trim on their cloaks, their faces remained masked from her view. From casual observation it was obvious they represented each of the Orders within the Brotherhood.

The Obelisk and Sith were matched in stature, both relatively tall and had some muscle it seemed by the size of them. The Krath stood between them, they stood taller but lacked the bulk of their counterparts.

None spoke, the trio merely inspected her from under their cowls. Nath met their masked gazes; she would not be intimidated.

"Do you know to whom you speak?" Questioned the Sith on the left.

"No." Came the Iridonian's brisk response.

"... We are the Triumvirate." The Obelisk added after a drawn out pause.

"Truly? I hope you have learnt from the mistakes of the last one." Nath could not restrain her tongue, unamused at being kept waiting and uncaring who they were.

Another pause came, she waited for them to continue.

"We govern the way for each of the Orders, you are here because of your actions." The Krath spoke softer than the other two, all were certainly male, though she could not place their voices.

The Krath's words puzzled her, in her time she had attempted to remain as unnoticed as possible, she did not seek glory unlike many of her Clan Mates.

"Specifically those that took place fifteen years ago. "

" Ah. That little incident."

"It may have been small but it had quite a large effect on the Galaxy." Nath did her best to not snort at the Sith's words. She kept her expression passive waiting on them to elaborate further.

"Your dialect is an interesting one I must confess." It was the Krath that spoke yet again. "I studied it extensively after we discovered you to be the cause of such unrest."

"Cut to the heart of this matter, I feel you are wasting my time." Nath rudely cut in, feeling them drag out this ordeal far more than was needed.

"As reward for furthering the influence of power we grant you the title of Darth and name you Agroná." Spoke the Krath once more.

Nath recalled the name, a Goddess of her people. Specifically the Goddess of battle and slaughter, it amused her though she showed nothing in her manner.

"However, " Cut in the Sith. "Your actions were not under your control and therefore we choose to revoke this title until we deem you to have earned it once more."

"Keep your titles, they mean nothing." Nath stood, turned away and left them, unknowing that her punishments awaited her regardless of if she took the reward or not.

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