



## **A FATE WORSE THAN**

A Dark Brotherhood Story

By

Grand Master Declan Roark

### **Field Journal**

**As Recorded by Demagol**

**3963 BBY**

Women have proven the capacity to serve in combat positions throughout the galaxy. Certain women have shown an even greater degree of fortitude and excelled in the male dominated ranks of Special Forces. Psychologists across the galaxy have studied these women with an interest in the mental impacts that their training has had upon them. Likewise, physicians, have paid the same level of interest in the remarkable physical changes that occur in these women.

The now defunct Arkanian Psychological Field Journal published extensive articles on the ability of female military recruits to conduct assassinations and other clandestine operations at a success rate much higher than their male peers. The conduct of these operations demonstrated significant psychological impacts on female operatives to include sociopathy and psychopathy.

The physical impacts are equally observable and equally devastating on women. Feminine traits often disappear on female candidates and over fifty percent of some recruit classes were left permanently barren following their training.

In the end, these women lose many of the physical and emotional traits that are historically associated with femininity. These changes are acceptable by most governments as they desire something that is less woman and more weapon.

**An Open Field**  
**Eorilia's Moon**  
**Lyra 3K-A System**  
**Present Day**

Captain Crimson was a modern-day version of these women. Her stride, even when obscured by armor, betrayed no sign of her gender. She walked not as a man or a woman, but as a weapon. She was a predator seeking its prey. Crimson hunted the leader of Clan Vizsla, Declan Roark, because he was a disruptor to Rath Oligard's plans.

The target's dossier was clear. Non-Force sensitive, dangerous, and a former member of the Dark Brotherhood's Iron Legion. He was a skilled marksman and an adept at hand to hand combat. Roark was also a key influencer at the highest levels of the Dark Brotherhood and had designs on the title of Mandalore.

Chelsie Crimson's knuckles tightened on the hilt of her stun baton. Beyond the ridiculous Mandalore aspirations, Roark was nearly her mirror image.

That disgusted her.

**An Open Field**  
**Eorilia's Moon**  
**Lyra 3K-A System**  
**Present Day – Moments Later**

Crimson moved with well honed efficiency. Unlike the holo-dramas, her moves lacked visual flair. She did not twirl her blade and she did not flip in the air. Crimson's mind calculated angles and her body executed attacks. Her feet moved methodically, sliding forward and backwards as she probed her opponent. Her baton tantalizingly scraped against Roark's armor time and time again.

Roark staggered as the stun baton glanced the side of his helmet. The Mandalorian's ears rang and spots floated in his eyes. He was impressed, Crimson was devastatingly effective. She did not speak, she did not yell, and she was not wasting her efforts with bravado. Roark had read the Inquisitorious's file on her, but he did not need it to know that she had thousands of hours of close quarter combat training.

She was very good, but Roark had training that a Special Forces school could never teach.

**Temple Boyna**  
**Antei**  
**Antei System**  
**15 Years Earlier**

Declan Roark could not stand. His friends, now corpses, were scattered around him. They had fought, at first together, and then against each other until only Roark remained. He had stabbed, shot, and bitten his way to the end. The stench of exposed entrails involuntarily forced his stomach to wretch. Nothing exited his mouth as he had not eaten in days.

Roark knew he would probably die from starvation or infection within the next twenty-four hours. He wondered what he was dying for.

"Take him to my infirmary."

Two sets of hands grasped Roark under his shoulders and pulled him to his feet. He wept tears of joy at the thought of remaining alive.



"Kill me."

"It is too late for that."

Declan Roark did not know where he was. His mind had been sheared of its values, his moral foundations crumbled anew daily, his sense of who he once was had been removed. He had been forged into something unrecognizable.

"Kill me," he whimpered again.

**An Open Field**  
**Eorilia's Moon**  
**Lyra 3K-A System**  
**Present Day – Now**

Sparks sprayed across the combatants, illuminating their silhouettes in the dark. Roark's own blade, belonging to a Sith Sword, weaved in well-rehearsed patterns. Captain Crimson was good, but she lacked the stamina and skill Roark commanded. He knew the fight was ending, not because of her movements, but because of the unsettling sensation that had slowly begun to creep up his spine.

At first, it was just a feeling of discomfort, but now the familiar pressure of a thousand kilograms began to weigh upon Roark's shoulders.

"I am sorry."

It was nearly imperceptible, but Roark saw Crimson pause in confusion to his words. The stun baton probed once again, still with precision, and still flawless.... until Roark grasped the weapon with his hand.

"Wha," the half-spoken word came in surprise as the weapon discharged its current into the Mandalorian.

Roark's other hand, grasping the Sith Sword, drove low, severing Crimson's foot at the ankle.

The Captain collapsed to the Ground as Roark staggered to a knee from the residual effects of the stun baton. Chelsie attempted to stand, only to collapse once again.

"It's over. Don't struggle," Roark said as he hobbled towards her, his boot kicking her stun baton into the night.

"Finish it," Crimson bellowed.

"I am sorry."

A movement at the edge of the clearing caught Crimson's eye. A black robed figure walked towards the two combatants. Chelsie recognized the trappings of a Sith and her mouth filed with bile at the sight of the man.

The robed figure approached slowly before drawing his hood back.

"Kill me."

"Its much too late for that."