

# AVD: Bad Touch

Rins'zler waited at the door to his accommodation, the access tube just beyond. In his hand he held a bunch of Correllian Roses. He had been waiting for his gorgeous wife for over an hour; she was never normally this late returning from her training sessions at the temple. Rins'zler was known for being impatient but even this was starting to frustrate him. He heard the door buttons chime on the other side, he quickly pushed himself up from where he was leaning against the wall and taking a few steps back he waited at the door. The door opened with a whoosh of hydraulics, Rins'zler nearly dropped the flowers when he saw his wife, she stood in the doorway, a vision of beauty, her hair had been styled and she wore a dress that highlighted her beauty, he realised now why she was late. Rins'zler was glad his face was hidden behind a mask, for had it not been, Olvar would have seen his jaw drop.

The Princess walked in and look at her husband, his robes were exquisite this she expected nothing less from her half Sephi love, she smiled realising he stood, frozen in awe at her appearance.

“Are those for me? You bought me Correllian Roses, I love Correllian Roses”

Rins'zler realised he was frozen, staring at the image of glory before him, he shook his head to snap himself out and realised that Olvar was referring to the flowers he had in his hand.

“Err, yes, sorry these are for you my love. I was momentarily taken back by your appearance. You look stunning, even more so than usual. I will have to be careful tonight, you are going to be very popular with the men of the city”

Olvar laughed,

“Fear not my love, you are the only man I will ever be with” She tapped the saber hilt at her waist, it's crafted magnificence on full display for all to see, “And besides, I have this to ward off anyone foolish enough to try”

Rins'zler laughed

“That's why I love you my Princess”

The pair wandered the streets of Estle city, love was clearly in the air and they saw several other couples wandering the streets. Rins'zler had booked a table at one of the finest restaurants in the city. It was a beautiful evening, the moon was out in all its glory, they could not have asked for a more perfect moment. They reached the overlook, the citadel to their rear, the other ring wards below them, stretching out to the city walls. They just stood there, arms wrapped around one

another, Rins'zler had never felt so happy as he did right now. The Mystic removed his mask, he wanted to gaze upon his wife with his own eyes, this was a rare and unique occasion and he wanted to savour every moment of it. Her face glowed with glorious magnificence, her perfume was exquisite but did little to mask her natural musky scent, if anything it enhanced it, Rins'zler could feel himself becoming light headed so he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her in close for a kiss.

Her lips tasted like nothing he could describe and the kiss seemed to last forever, he never wanted to part. Here he was, with a woman more amazing than he could have ever imagined in a city as beautiful as ever. This was a perfect moment and he wanted it to never end. However all things must end and this moment did, for strolling towards them were a group of thugs, jeering and shouting at them.

“Let im go darlin, we’s wants a kiss. Come on giz us a kiss butiful”

Rins'zler let go of Olvar, he could feel her anger rising, its progress mirrored by his own. She had been training much of late, her master was close to granting her the rank of Journeyman 4, a Knight of the Brotherhood. The thugs go closer and one of them shouted to the others,

“Eh look it’s that Rinser fella, the one who ides behind a mask, what a muppet, I tinks we should give im a reason t’wear tha mask, eh boys”

The tugs took a variety of clubs and blades from their belts, and formed a circle around the pair of lovers. 6 months ago Rins'zler would probably have tried to find a diplomatic solution for this situation, but he was finding the Dark Side filling his life again once more, and he did little to stop it, he suspected it was due to the actions he was carrying out as Sol Kahan, and perhaps the influence of his wife, who knew but he let it happen. He realised that his face had been seen by others, and this led to only one option....Death.

Olvar was a blur of motion, she had her blade in her hand and ignited before the thugs even realised she was armed, she took the heads off the two closest thugs in a single well aimed strike, leaping over a third and cutting him in half. Rins'zler face off the remaining four thugs, he watched as they realised their mistake, alas it was too late. Three throwing blades darted from locations within the Dark Jedi's robes, embedding themselves in the throats of three of the thugs. The last thug, the one who had foolishly made the comments, he saved. Rins'zler could feel the Darkside well up inside him, his anger and hatred at that moment providing ample fuel for it. The Thug turned and ran, thinking he could escape, he never had a chance. Rins'zler reached ot with the force and gave him a gentle push, sending him tumbling to the floor, to his left he saw Princess Olvar stalking towards his now sprawled out figure having face planted into the floor, hatred and fire burned in her eyes.

Her voice had a terrifying air of menace as she spoke, Rins'zler knew full well that this was not going to be pretty; she was going to make this fool suffer, and then die.

“I would say that you were going to live to regret your foolish decision; however that would be a lie. I will however tell you that your death will be painful, long and you will, for a short time, beg my forgiveness”

She swung her cerulean blade in an arc then brought it down on the thug's nether regions. The scream echoed around the plaza, his agony eminent as Olvar's blade seared its way through his nether regions; his private parts vanished as the plasma destroyed them. With malice in her eyes she severed the man's hands, then his feet, then with a final coup de grâce, she took off his head.

Rins'zler walked over to where his love stood over the now lifeless thug; he took her hand into his and put his mask back on.

“My dear, how on earth did you manage all of that without your new dress getting damaged? And your hair is still immaculate”.

Olvar turned and laughed the fire waning from her eyes as she looked at her husband.

“My love.....I.....I love you. Let's go eat shall we, this exercise has made me even hungrier than before.

With that the pair left the devastation behind, one of the city officials will no doubt find what was left of their corpses in the morning. Now they had a reservation to get to, and they were not going to let anything stand in their way.