

Daddy Daughter Day

He'd been on Nar Shaddaa for less than a week. It had been the idea of the new Knight Commander of the Knights of Allusis, a young Kiffar named Tisto, to give the Knights a little rest and relaxation. And following the loss of New Tython and their losses on Florrum they more than needed it. And so here he was standing in the waiting bay of a shuttle port waiting for the incoming shuttle to touch down.

Looking down at himself he felt almost naked. His armor, so often strapped to his body, was instead stored onboard the ship that had brought the Knights to the moon locked away in his foot locker. Instead he found himself dressed in an old pair of trousers and a shirt under a leather jacket. His only protection his Westar-34 in a holster on his hip. He checked his timepiece for what must have been the fifteenth time in five minutes as his patience slowly wore thin. That was when he heard it, the telltale whine of a shuttle engine struggling against gravity as it came in to land.

As the shuttle touched down and the boarding ramp descended Darro watched as a myriad of beings came trudging down. There were Rodians and Sullustans, Quarrens and Duros, Bith and Zabrak but no sign of the one person he really wanted to see. And then...there she was, Lania Spar, his daughter. She was in her mid twenties, twenty six to be precise, with the lithe athletic figure of a gymnast or dancer. She had dark, coffee coloured skin like her mother and her eyes were the same dark brown as Darro. She had a narrow angular face with sharp cheekbones, a thin nose and full lips. Her hair, usually the same jet black as both her parents, was now a bright purple and cut quite short.

As she caught sight of him she dropped her bags and ran over to him leaping into his open arms wrapping her arms around his thick neck. Darro engulfed her in his arms and squeezed her tight, the pain and loss of the last month or so washing away. "Hi daddy." she whispered into his ear.

"Hello sweetheart." he replied squeezing her tighter.

They stayed that way for a while, Lania's feet dangling above the ground. "Dad, you can put me down now." she said as his grip became too tight for her to bare.

"Oh." he laughed quietly. "Sorry honey." he said as he put her down.

She noticed him staring at something and asked "What?"

"The hair, I like it." he replied.

“Oh.” she said as she pulled a hand up and ran it through her short dyed hair. “Thanks, I kind of like it myself. It was for an assignment.”

Lania was an undercover detective in the Coronet Security Force often going undercover in smuggling rings, drug dealing operations and anything else where her bosses needed inside information. In fact it was how the pair had first met. Lania’s mother Larana hadn’t heard from her daughter in some time and became concerned for her safety. When her pleas for information fell on deaf ears she got in touch with her long lost love Darro asking for help in finding Lania. He left for Correlia immediately calling in favours to find Lania who was being held prisoner by a drug lord who had discovered her identity as an undercover agent. The old Mandalorian stormed the hideout of the drug lord singlehandedly dispatching his cronies one by one until he found Lania beaten and bloodied but still full of fight. He took her back to her mother and was about to leave when Larana revealed that Darro was in fact Lania’s father. Since that day the two have spoken regularly trying to catch up on lost time.

As they strolled through the crowded Nar Shaddaa streets they spoke of trivial things like the weather on Corellia or how Lania’s job was going until they came to a rough looking bar a few blocks from the spaceport and decided to head inside. Darro pushed his way through the crowd towards a table in the back corner Lania following closely behind. As they sat down a serving droid zipped through the crowd to take their order.

As the droid left Lania leaned across the table and placed her hand on her father’s as she said “I was sorry to hear about New Tython.”

Darro placed his large hand over his daughter’s and said “Yeah me too. Lost quite a few good friends that day.”

“Is there anything I can do to help?” she asked.

Darro smiled and said “No sweetheart. We’ll be ok.”

A few quiet moments later and the droid deposited their drinks, beer for Darro and brandy for Lania, down on the table. They clinked their glasses together and took a swig and began to chat quietly to each other when a sleazy looking Devaronian came swaggering over with all the charm of a Hutt.

“How you doin baby, Why not leave this old man and come play with me.” he said as his long tongue flicked out an inch or so from Lania’s face.

“No thanks.” she replied with a look of utter disdain on her face.

“Whatever he’s payin you i’ll double it.” said the Devaronian.

Darro's hands gripped the edge of the table as his face began to turn bright crimson. "What did y..." he started before Lania raised a hand to stop any further outburst from her father.

She rose to her feet and thrust her hand out striking the creep in the throat before slamming his head against the table dropping him to the floor. As he lay on the floor gasping for breath she leaned down and said "I said no. Now frak off." Looking up she could see the entire bar looking at her. "Anybody else want a piece?!" she yelled.

Darro's face split in a wry smile at his daughter's tenacity until he saw a group of a dozen or so young men of varying species rising from the tables to take up Lania's offer. She smiled and dropped into a fighting stance. Left foot forward, body turned ever so slightly to offer a smaller target, fists held before her face. As the first of the attackers, a young Rodian, approached her she spun on the ball of her left foot while bringing her right foot around and up. The heavy heel of her boot struck him in the side of the face sending him sprawling to the ground.

It was then that Darro made his move. Rising to his feet he gripped the table and lifted it off the ground flinging it through the air until it struck a pair of attackers square in the chest knocking them to the ground. He advanced now grabbing a handful of a young Human lad's shirt, picking him up off the ground. He threw the helpless young man across the room to crash into a table several feet away. As he turned to wade back into the melee a Zabrak unloaded a powerful blow into his ribs knocking the wind from the old man. The Zabrak followed up with a shot to the jaw that staggered Darro, blood slowly filling his mouth.

Spitting the liquid to the floor he looked to the Zabrak and smiled. But it was far from a friendly gesture and the Zabrak knew it. He began to backpedal as the much larger man advanced but he wasn't quite quick enough. Darro managed to grab a hold of his shirt and pulled him close throwing a straight right hand as he did so. The Mandalorian's meaty fist impacted the Zabrak's tattooed face with a wet crack, the Zabrak dropping to the ground as blood flowed freely from the mess that used to be his nose.

While Darro was dealing with the Zabrak Lania was constantly in motion. She flipped and dodged, feinted and rolled. And all the time she kicked and punched the half a dozen men trying to get a hand on her. Her kicks and punches nearly always found their mark driving the youths increasingly madder as their tormentor would be there one minute, punching them in the face, and gone the next. One by one her opponents dropped to the ground felled by vicious kicks to the face or crotch. But Lania's luck ran out when a Zeltron youth managed to block a kick that would have struck him in the jaw. Before Lania could react the Zeltron unloaded a powerful backhand strike to the face knocking her down.

Darro saw this and snapped. Pushing aside a pair of Duros who had risen from the table he'd thrown the Human lad through earlier he reached out and spun the Zeltron around before he could do anymore damage to his daughter. With fire in his eyes the old warrior grabbed a handful of shirt and punched the youth in the stomach. Once, twice, three times he struck. Each

blow causing the Zeltrons breath to explode from his lungs. As his legs buckled Darro lifted him up, not allowing him to fall to the ground. He wasn't done yet, not by a long way. He went to work on the young man's face now, his massive fist connecting again and again, each blow making a wet thud as it connected.

The Zeltrons face was a mess of blood from a number of gashes. His eyes were nearly closed from swelling and his nose was smashed almost beyond recognition. His lips were shredded and several of his teeth was broken but still Darro didn't stop. He would have killed this young man if not for the arms that grabbed his own and the far off voice of his daughter shouting at him to stop. He turned to look at her with pure rage in his eyes and saw that her lip was bleeding badly from where she'd been struck. He roared with rage and unloaded a powerful headbutt before dropping the near lifeless body of the Zeltron to the ground.

He suddenly felt very tired as he struggled to breath. For a moment all he could hear was the hammering of his heartbeat and the rushing of blood in his ears until Lania's voice cut through the din. "Dad, are you ok?" she asked.

He hugged her tightly to his chest doing his best to hold in the emotions that threatened to spill out. "Come on." he said in a hoarse voice. "We need to leave." He took her hand in his own and headed for the door, the bar patrons parting as they walked past.

Character Sheet

I used the CS creator on the site to make one up. Wherever it says Darro Zhen in the aspects just imagine it says Lania Spar. You can find it [here](#).