

Ali Os

Human Male

Data Broker - buys, sells, trades, and transports confidential information through the use of cybernetic implants.

Idiot's Array

Where Ali Os grew up, money talks. He learned at a young age that if he didn't have it, someone else did. Considering he was a tall, lanky man with pale skin and a thick mat of black hair, he had to set his goals a bit lower. While he lacked in athleticism he excelled in intelligence. His strength was his will, and that is what the bosses has noticed. He got his first shot delivering a message from Tatooine to Kashyyk, stashed away in a cargo crate, not much older than 14.

Over time his messages became more discreet, his means of delivery more complex. As Ali moved up in the gang, he gained access to a world of cybernetics previously unavailable to a poor orphan kid. After every successful job, he made his way to the shop for an upgrade. Now he struggled to find a part of his body untampered with. He could hear the humming of his ear implants, filtering out the unnecessary noise; the deep rumble of his artificial lungs.

And still, he found himself waiting. If one thing rang true throughout his entire career, it was that people who traded in secret information could not be bothered to follow a schedule.

Ali brushed the hair from his eyes and sighed. The hustle and bustle of a busy morning hummed around him, but his attention was focused on his datapad. 'Four hours and thirty-four minutes.' His cybernetic eyes juxtaposed the running timer over his vision, a constant reminder of the severe tardiness of his clients. A message appeared and he quickly tapped it, temporarily concealing the source of his frustration. Temporarily.

The message was from Nadeer, a Twi'lek cantina owner. His journey to the top on Nar Shadaa could be attributed to Ali as much as anyone. Nadeer certainly didn't see it that way, but it was the truth.

"Ali baby, where are ya? I been lookin' all over! Listen, we're gonna hafta reschedule, I'm upta my ears in swoop racers who think I owe 'em. I'll message you tomorrow with the deets." The audio ended abruptly and Ali tossed his datapad to the floor, groaning.

He had been running a spectacular string of bad luck, culminating in this: stuck on some stolen ship, no credits, and some Twi'lek asshole's blackmail photos embedded in his leg. The Human reached down and rubbed the sore spot on his calf where it was implanted.

“Guy sounded like a real jerk, pal.” Ali glanced up to see a tall Rodian standing above him, casting a shadow from the overhead light. He reached out for a handshake, but the human stared blankly.

“Might be a jerk, but he’s one of my best customers.”

“Yeah, and maybe I will too.” The Rodian replied, reaching into his jacket and retrieving a datapad. He flipped through it quickly, settling on a picture of a younger, female Rodian. “I think she’s cheating on me, I need to know” Ali shook the hair from his face and smiled.

“Money talks.”