Nijalah walked through the settlement of the Gand, trying her best not to draw attention to herself or the droid powered hover-trolley trailing her with several crates on it. She made sure to go over the cover story in her head, she was simply a travelling merchant trading food and supplies with the Gand. This was a semi-covert mission, the Vatali could not find out about her and why she was here. She looked at her datapad to check the time, there was a Vatali battalion coming through soon and she needed to resolve the deal and be gone before they arrived.

She continued through the settlement and made her way to the back alleys of the settlement, remembering the directions she had been given, and knocked on a specific door. It was answered by a Gand, larger than she had expected it to be and, if she was honest with herself, fairly intimidating close-up. It spoke to her with a series of clicks and drones characteristic of the Gand. She indicated that she wanted him to wait a second and pulled out her datapad. After a few button presses she held it up with a message written on it:

“I’m the person that your leader is expecting, I can’t speak or understand your language.”

The Gand read the Datapad and made a motion with its head, that Nijalah read as it rolling its eyes at her, before looking up and down the alley and motioning for Nijalah to follow him inside. Nijalah followed him into the building and into a small room. In the room were a small group of Gand, a couple with guns, and a protocol droid. Nijalah stood before them as her guide rejoined them and one, that Nijalah quickly surmised was the leader, spoke to her, clicking and droning away. When he had finished the protocol droid spoke up.

“The representative of the Gand people greets you and would appreciate if we could begin, as he wishes this matter resolved quickly.” It said.

“Very well, I would not presume to keep you longer than necessary.” Nijalah said with a small bow.

“What items did you bring for trade that required subtlety and subterfuge of this nature?” The protocol droid said in response to a series of clicks and drones from the leader of the group.

Nijalah reached behind her and picked up one of the crates and set it on a table in front of her, opening it to reveal weapons.

“I come bearing weapons and armor to aid you in your noble uprising against the Vatali.” Nijalah said with her arms spread wide.

“There is no need to lay it on so thick.” The droid translated, the Gand droning in a manner much like laughter.

“Very well.” Nijalah said with a smile. “As I said I bring seven crates worth of a very high quality weapons and armor.”

“Are we to take it that this isn’t a donation to the cause?” The droid translated.

“No, I am afraid not.” Nijalah replied. “However I will sell them for a very reasonable price, only 2 million credits for the lot.”

And just like that, the mood changed. The room became eerily quiet, no-one speaking. Nijalah did her best to remain calm and casual, staring down the Gand representative, who began slowly clicking and droning.

“Do you take us for a group of common fools?” The droid translated.

“Of course not but I must make a profit and as far as I can see this is a reasonable amount for two million credits.” Nijalah said, motioning at the crates. She waited, hoping that her gambit would pay off. The Gand waited a few seconds, looking at the crates.

“One million.” The droid translated the simple click.

“1.75.” Nijalah countered. She had to be careful not to push too hard lest they decide to end negotiations.

“One million.” The Gand responded. “No more and no less.”

Nijalah took a deep breath and thought about how much more she wanted to push this.

“1.25.” She said, folding her arms. At this the Gand took a few seconds to think things over.

“1.10.” The droid translated. Nijalah smirked under her helmet but took a few seconds like she was thinking about it.

“Deal.” Nijalah stepped forward with her hand outstretched. The Gand shook her hand and motioned to the other Gands to take the crates.

“You drive a hard bargain.” Nijalah said with a chuckle as the Gand payed her for the crates and she made her way out of the building. She started heading back the speeder that brought her here, checking the time on her datapad. She had mere minutes before the battalion came through. She hurried herself, praying to the Force that she would make it in time. She was very lucky and her speeder took off just as the battalion arrived. She didn’t think they had noticed her and even if they did there was no way of knowing who she was or why she was here.

She made it back to her ship and took off, calling Seer Tisto to inform him of the success of the mission.