

Tough Girls

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 4:

CH 4

Nami froze in tracks. She couldn't believe her eyes.

"Nami, this is Mister Eustass Kid. He will be the student teacher you are in charge of for the next two weeks. Kid, this is Miss Nami Mikan, the homeroom teacher of class 5 A." Robin explained with a neutral voice, but the sparkles in her eyes told Nami that she caught on the fact that something was wrong. The ginger cursed the older teacher's observation skills.

"Thank you, Robin. I will take over from here on." She said instead, while Kid stared at her from behind the raven.

He wasn't wearing any of the make-up from Saturday, looking even weirder in Nami's opinion. He was still clothed in black, though.

"Follow me." the ginger tried to keep a neutral tone as she led the man to the class room.

"We will have math with my class first. You should introduce yourself at the beginning of the lesson and then sit down in the back and watch. We will discuss everything else during the break. Any questions?" she glanced back at the man behind her just as they arrived at their destination. The kids were already inside. Eustass was staring daggers in her back. She hoped he wouldn't scare the pupils.

"Nah." Kid muttered, following her through the door.

To Nami's surprise the children liked Kid very much. They asked him a lot of questions about his flaming hair and other things, making her fear that there would be a lot of phone calls from worried and angry parents demanding an explanation of why their children wanted to wear nothing but black and get weird hair colours.

"What's up?" Kid brought Nami back to reality as he sat down opposite her at the small coffee table in the math-teachers' room. "What did you want to talk about? Saturday?" he asked innocently.

The ginger rolled her eyes. "It was a one-time-thing, so no. Sorry to disappoint you." she said sarcastically. "We need to discuss the lessons you will teach. That means time, class and topic. I am your supervisor for both, Maths and English, so we need to go through everything. And about Saturday: I would really appreciate it if you never spoke about it again."

Kid bit his lower lip. "What's your problem?"

Nami looked at him over the the rim of her reading glasses. "I don't like it when my private and professional life mix up. And that's the case right now." she replied calmly. "The last time it happened, the school had to be closed for a week."

The man stared at her with slight disbelief, but commented nevertheless. "That's a story I really want to hear."

Nami put her glasses down. "Okay. How about a deal? I will tell you the story on your last day here, if you never mention Saturday to anybody here and behave."

A wide grin split over Kid's face. "Yes, ma'am."

Nami could barely stand on her feet anymore when she arrived home. She even missed that Vivi's shoes were nowhere to be seen.

The day had simply been a mess. The ginger cursed herself for her taste in men. Why did they all have to be such assholes? Ah right, she wanted a challenge. And she got one.

She undressed herself and threw her things into the room, not even looking inside. Instead she went for the kitchen in the desperate need of some coffee.

The process of putting the filters and everything in the coffee maker was something she could do in sleep. Her thoughts wandered back to the men in her life. There have been quite some. But not many played a role important enough to care.

She filled her favourite cup, the one with small oranges on it, with coffee and turned around, still in thoughts.

It was a pure coincidence that she noticed the note on the table.

"I'm out with Ace. I don't know when or if I'll be back. I hope you had a nice day. Love, V."

The ginger smiled weakly. Vivi was such a sweetheart. At least she had such a good friend. Not like the men...

Especially Enel.

Nami remembered her time with Enel way too good.

He had been her first big love after all, not her first boyfriend, but the first big love.

The redhead shook her head, but couldn't help but get over their story once again, while drinking her coffee. The cup was empty faster than she wanted to believe.

They had met when she was 18, having her finals and graduating high school and they started dating not a month after.

The time of their real relationship was something the girl still cherished deep down in her heart, even though it was still stained by her mother's illness and death.

Nami cringed. What followed had been a painful queue of break-ups and coming back together, their friends with benefits relationship and the return to "I love you."

Not to mention the too hurting betrayal on his part, where he had slept with somebody else when she had been out of the country.

They weren't dating. She hadn't had the right to complain back then. They hadn't had rules.

And didn't make any, except that he would tell her, if it ever happened again.

The redhead stood up and walked over to the liquor cabinet, taking the bottle of vodka and a shot glass.

One.

For some months, nothing like that happened. She had met a lot of handsome and interesting people though, but decided to stay faithful to that blonde idiot as he was to her at that time. How foolish!

Two.

But then again, she had left the country to visit a friend. She had asked him to not repeat the last time. He did. It hurt even more. He had truly disrespected her. But she had decided to fight.

Three.

Tears rolled down Nami's cheek. She still wasn't over it. The wounds were too deep. She knew he had loved her. Maybe he still did. But she knew that the love for her would never be able to complete with his love for himself.

Four.

They had agreed on an open relationship, even though he had always told her that he didn't want one, after their first real fight. She had felt like shit days after, but was

able to overcome it in the end.

Five.

All this led to her becoming the person she was now. Nami snorted. The open relationship and the anger and the pain made her sleep around, show Enel what he was doing to HER.

And he did.

She had stopped to give him all her love, to care for him from the bottom of her heart. She couldn't. But she still loved him deeply.

Six.

They fought a lot from that point on. Both hurt, but couldn't find a way to solve things or end it. They knew that they would come back to each other time after time. And they did – more than enough.

Seven.

That was when Nami decided to go and get to a place where they couldn't meet. She went for an exchange program offered at her university and looking back, it was the best decision she had ever made.

Eight.

It had been the only way to end the madness in her way, and it had worked. At least it seemed so at first.

They had ended it right before she left, deciding to cut all ties and to never meet again.

Nine.

The exchange had been a very refreshing and great, but also rough time for Nami, but she used it to heal and get over the moron.

She still loved him, but it hurt less with every day.

Ten.

Coming back, she hadn't forgotten him, but they had decided to let go and she happily did. It was a great relief. She did everything necessary to avoid him, just as planned.

At first, it worked. They didn't see each other for another three or four months, in which Nami had found a new love: Usopp.

Eleven.

Poor guy, she had hurt him so much and he still stayed friends with her.

Till Enel had showed himself once again, they had had a nice harmonic relationship and Nami had even begun to think that she was blessed with a new love so soon after. She had wished deeply that she would fall for Usopp.

But she didn't. She couldn't.

Twelve.

Instead, she had realized that it was too soon.

She broke up and decided to stay single until a new guy who would take her breath away as much as Enel did would turn up.

She had tried, but nothing had lasted. Not one was able to make her feel the things she had felt with him.

She was alone. Alone and hurt. It was never more obvious than on nights like these with Vivi out with her boyfriend and her drinking all alone in a dark living room.

How pathetic.

Thirteen.

Nami woke up due to the sun shining directly on her face. It took her a while till she remembered the evening before and the reason why she had fallen asleep fully dressed on the couch and the vodka bottle standing on the table next to her.

She glanced at the clock on the wall. Eight o'clock. Luckily, she started at eleven today.

Fuck. She had had one of those episodes again. Fuck.

"I'm a dragon. I am a fucking dragon." the redhead repeated to herself, noting the lack of a blanket, what meant that Vivi hadn't come home.

At least something.

"I'm a dragon. I will manage. Fire can't kill a dragon." the ginger continued repeating those to her magic words. They had helped her in a lot of situations before and would help her get on her feet today as well.

"You may cry because of a man, relationships are often painful. But you have to learn from it, get over it. Use the experience to get happy. Girl, you are a princess, you are a queen, you are a fricking dragon." Nami undressed herself and went straight for the

shower.

Water would help, water would wash the frustration away. She would feel better.

A shower, cleaning her teeth, drinking water, getting for a run, a bath, beauty procedures.

She will be fine. She is going to shine. She will make herself happy. She will.

Nami sighed, as the hot water hit her back. She was feeling alive again.

The ginger opened her eyes, seeing clearer than before.

She knew who she was and others knew it too. Nobody could spoil her that.

She won.

There was a smile on her lips when she greeted Kid on the way to the classroom.