

Tough Girls

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 3:

CH 3

College parties were fun, even if they were organized by your ex's new love and you were a tad too old for them. Or felt like that at least.

"I haven't been to such a party in two years." Nami sighed as she put on her shoes.

"Oh my gosh. You are only three years out of school. Stop complaining!" Vivi shook her head while she looked for the keys.

"Just wait! You will understand when you graduate!" the ginger winked at her friend. "Anyway.. We should go... Or your dearest boyfriend will have to wait."

The two girls left their apartment and made their way to the meeting-spot in front of the Big Bell.

"It's already past ten..." Nami muttered after a short glance on her phone. "We agreed to meet at half past nine, right?"

"I am already trying to call Ace." a deep frown was on the bluenette's face. "But he doesn't pick up."

"Calm down. He has another fifteen minutes and if he doesn't come by then, we go without him." Nami announced as she sat down on the bench in front of the monument. Luckily, it was summer so she didn't have to fear getting sick.

"Okay.. It's just that he is always on time..." Vivi sat down next to the ginger.

"Wasn't he coming with his brothers?" Nami asked out of the sudden.

"Yeah?" Vivi didn't need to do more then follow Nami's gaze to get why her friend was asking. A slim, dark-haired boy was racing towards them, a wide grin on his face, followed by two older looking guys yelling at him. One of those guys was Ace.

"HELLOOO! ARE YOU TWO VIVI AND NAMI?" the boy was shouting and waving in the direction of the two waiting friends as he ran and eyed them carefully when he finally

came to a stop.

The two girls didn't say anything. Exchanging meaningful looks was enough in a case like this.

"I am SO sorry!" Ace arrived next, followed by the third guy. Both breathing heavily. "Calm down Luffy, and introduce you properly!"

"I am Monkey D Luffy!" the boy obeyed and his grin seemed to stretch even wider to Nami's surprise.

"I'm Sabo." the third guy introduced himself, looking Nami straight in the eyes as he shook the ginger's hand while Vivi and Ace kissed in the background. "And I am terribly sorry that we are late. Luffy got lost." he explained, running his hand through his messy hair, looking a bit exhausted.

"Nami. And it happens..." the young woman shook her head. "Can we go now?" she turned to Ace and Vivi, indicating that they should take the lead. The freckled man took Vivi's hand immediately and they started they walk.

The way to Kaya's house went without problems as Sabo and Nami made sure that Luffy wouldn't wander off. The ginger was somehow surprised that it was more difficult to keep track of this one young man, Luffy turned out to be 19, than of a full class of 5th graders.

"How the hell do you endure this all the time?" Nami couldn't help but question when Sabo had to run after his brother once again.

"You get used to it." the blonde man shrugged and pointed at Ace who was led by Vivi. "He isn't much better either. That's why he always leaves the house one or two hours earlier to arrive at time."

"My condolences."

There were a lot of people already dancing and drinking when the small group arrived. Nami greeted the hosts, Usopp, her ex-boyfriend she was still good friends with, and his girlfriend Kaya, before deciding to look around the mansion Kaya had inherited from her parents.

The first person who rose her interest was a tall blond man with long, curly hair and long bangs, staring out of the window while he drank his beer absentmindedly.

"Hey." Nami stood next to the man, watching him carefully for any kind of reaction as it was hard to see his face due to the dim light and long hair.

The guy's sole reaction was to glance at her for a second and then return to watching the outside immediately.

"I'm Nami, nice to meet you." the ginger wasn't going to give up so fast. "What are you

doing here all alone?"

"I would be rather anywhere else than here." the man muttered, still not turning to Nami. "I fucking hate parties and the music is terrible."

"Oh, than why are you here?" the young woman questioned with interest. It was obvious that she wasn't going to have 'fun' with this guy, but he seemed to be at least a decent conversation partner as long as he spoke.

"Let's say it's the fault of a certain idiot." the blonde finally turned away from the window, looking quite displeased. He would have been really handsome, wouldn't it be for the terrible scars stretching over his nose, cheeks and lips. He pulled up the scarf he was wearing and covered the lower half of his face with it, just like the bandits in the old western movies did.

Nami had to laugh at that statement as she understood it quite well. Besides, she could cover up her surprise like that and ignore the questions that had popped up in her mind at that sight. She forced herself to return to the topic of conversation. Years ago, when she started her studies, she had hated parties as well, feeling out of the place all the time. "Don't worry, if you actually look around, there are some decent people here."

"That doesn't change the fact that the music is shit."

"Well. What kind of music do you listen to?" the ginger was determined to keep the conversation going as she had just seen Valentine, one of her co-workers from her formal part-time job, who was one of the most annoying people she had ever met. Being in a conversation would hopefully save her from any interaction with the blonde woman.

"Is is that hard to guess?" the man looked at Nami in disbelieve, tugging at his long hair with one hand.

"Oh well.. Sorry.. " the ginger grinned sheepishly. "You know, one can listen to more than one music genre." she added.

"You don't say." the blonde's voice was dripping with sarcasm. "I listen to everything except crap like this."

"Sometimes, I ask myself if there are actually people who like party music or if everybody somehow agreed to tolerate it.." Nami muttered.

"I don't know, I don't care." the man replied and pulled out his phone.

"That's rude, you know!" the ginger sighed.

"So what? I was just checking how long till I have fulfilled my half of the bargain so I can leave."

"Great." there wasn't much sense sticking around for Nami either as her conversation

partner didn't seem to have interest in social interaction and it slowly became annoying. "See ya."

The guy hummed in response, searching his pockets for whatever, really. Nami didn't care and left him standing.

She decided to grab a drink from the kitchen before continuing her house tour and made her way back, still searching the crowd for either familiar or interesting looking people.

It didn't look too promising at all, but she has been only in like two rooms so far and was still sober.

Just as the ginger grabbed a bottle of beer, somebody else reached for it: a tall and muscular redhead with weird make-up.

"Geez. Take it, under the table is enough more." he muttered and lowered himself to pull the whole beer crate and put it on a more accessible place. "See, I told you." he turned back to Nami.

"Well, but how did you know that it was there? I didn't notice." the ginger admitted. She had been looking for people, not things.

"The first thing at a party, I get to know about the alcohol. It pays off."

"Oh really? How?"

"First of all, you get into a conversation half of the time when people look for it and you can help out. Take yourself as the best example. And second, if the party is shit, and a lot currently are, you know where the good stuff is better than anyone and can simply drink till you have fun or don't remember a thing. Depends on the night, I guess."

Nami let out a deep laugh, the kind that comes out when something is so sad or stupid that you can't cry anymore and have to laugh. "So what kind of night do you think this one will be?"

"I don't know." the man admitted, scanning the crowd in the kitchen. "But I want to get out of this room. It seems everybody wants a drink right now. Wanna come with me?" he grabbed another bottle of beer.

The ginger shrugged and followed the guy to the living room, where she had been talking to the blonde. He was still standing by the window, now chatting with a beautiful raven woman, looking absolutely annoyed.

Funnily, the redhead was aiming in his direction.

"Hey, Killer. Everything okay?" he held the spare bottle in front of the blond.

"Where the fuck have you been, Kid?" Killer growled, taking the beer and pulling out his lighter to open the bottle.

"Chill, mate." Kid laughed, acting as if he hadn't noticed that his friend was pissed.

"And who are you?" the redhead turned to the black-haired, quite sparsely dressed woman, staring demonstratively at her breasts instead of her face.

"Al-" she tried to respond, but was interrupted by Killer. "A stupid chick who doesn't get it when you tell her to fuck off."

"Oh really?" Kid's expression shifted. The look of mild curiosity disappeared and was replaced by what Nami couldn't call anything but a cruel smirk. "That would explain why you have to try and sell yourself like this." he looked at her with disgust. "And seriously, this bikini top with that jeans and shoes? You must be kidding." he mimicked one of those bitchy, over-theatrical stylists from TV before she could do as much as open her mouth, that had been pressed together to a thin line before.

The woman glared at him. "Asshole." she hissed before finally storming off, leaving the two laughing men behind, while Nami watched in silence.

"And I'm leaving too. Killer announced after finally calming down. "Time's up."

Nami croaked an eyebrow, taking a gulp from her beer.

So the guy he referred to earlier had been Kid.

The redhead only shrugged when Killer held his phone in front of his face to show him the exact time. "I already have company for today anyway."

"What makes you believe that?" Nami asked with bemusement, getting the men's attention immediately.

"You stayed." Kid noted.

"So did I. And now I'm leaving." Killer walked between the other two without a proper good-bye and disappeared in the ever-growing crowd.

"What a weirdo." Nami murmured, looking after him.

"So, do you want to keep me company or not?" Kid asked again, his stance completely relaxed, as he was holding his beer, but his eyes gleamed.

Nami seized him up, taking in every detail. He wasn't handsome. He was a prick. But he seemed different, interesting.

"Okay." she finally agreed. "But let's get some harder stuff first." she placed her already empty beer bottle on the table.

They drank and mocked each other and then drank even more and more, finding themselves in a spare bedroom of the mansion at some point.

Nami felt every bit like a teenager once again on a high-school-party and all when she stripped in front of Kid, laughing like mad.

The bets of meeting again were pretty low, so why not get all the fun and pleasure out of it?