

Tough Girls

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 5:

CH 5

The water for spaghetti was boiling and Nami was just about to get up when Vivi entered the kitchen, a weird expression on her face.

"What's wrong?" the ginger asked as she stood up and walked over to the counter to grab the spaghetti to put them into the pot. "But wait, first tell me if you are going to join me with dinner."

Vivi nodded and sat down.

"Now, talk." Nami commanded as she joined her friend at the table while the noodles cooked.

"Is it normal to not want your partner to meet people of the other sex alone? I have never had second thoughts about it and with Kohza..."

Nami frowned. "Why exactly are you asking?"

"Pell and I studied together and Ace wasn't too happy about it." Vivi pouted. "I don't get it. Pell of all things... He is like a brother for me!"

"He is probably jealous." Nami noted and stood up to heat the sauce.

"But there is no reason to!" Vivi protested, sounding a bit upset.

"Tell him, not me!"

It was surprising how well Kid worked with the pupils. Maybe it had something to do with his name.

"Is everything clear?" Nami leaned against the table while Kid wrote some things on the blackboard in preparation for the lesson he was going to teach.

"Leave me alone. I need to concentrate." the redhead growled. His manners towards here were still.. rough.

"I am your supervisor and as such, I have to check that everything is going well." Nami replied with her sweetest voice. She knew by now that it pissed Kid off more than anything. Great.

"And I am telling you that I don't need supervision." he hissed back.

The ginger smiled. "But you do. Look, you misspelled "arithmetic." Only one h, not two."

"Can you just please shut up?" Kid turned around, a wide grin on his lips but it was obvious that he had to do his best to not break something, preferably Nami's spine.

"You shouldn't grin like that. It will scare the children." the ginger motioned to the door, just as the first students arrived and stood up, still smiling. "I will be in the back when you need me."

The chalk in Kid's hand didn't even break. It was pulverized as he watched Nami walk to the back of the classroom.

"Mister Eustass?" one of the pupils, a girl called Aisa approached him. "Is it true that you are going to teach us today? I have been sick and took what the others said as a joke."

He looked down on her, his face relaxing into a real smile immediately. "Yeah. It wasn't a joke. And I hope you are feeling better now."

"Really? I can't wait!" the girl looked really happy.

Nami chuckled to herself in the back. It was amazing to watch how fast that idiot could switch personalities.

The bell rang.

"Good morning, brats." Kid greeted the class, looking proud over them. "As announced, I am the one teaching you today."

The class cheered. It was weird.

"And as I want all of you to remember this as the most awesome lesson of all times, we are going to do what everybody loves: group work. And not any group work: we are playing special agents. Each group is one agency and all of you want to stop the villain, your teacher sitting back there who will get her own set of tasks, and each one wants the credits. That means, the one who is done first, wins and catches the villain. I wanted to make you all villains but Miss Mikan said that it wouldn't be ethical or some nonsense like that." Kid winked at the children. "Now sit in groups of four. Let's go!"

Nami rolled her eyes as Spandam called her name on the floor, only a few steps away

from the exit.

"Yes?" she turned around, her best fake smile on her lips. The vice principal was one of the most annoying people she has ever met. And one of the dumbest as well. And arrogant, egocentric, ugly, and.

"Have you received my note?" he asked, walking towards her.

"What note?" Nami rose an eyebrow. He had the tendency to send an unnecessary amount of notes at the weirdest time, so she never knew which one he was talking about.

"The one about Nico Robin." he whispered, finally close enough to her.

"Which one?" the ginger repeated her question, the smile long gone.

"The one about the funds."

"Discuss it with principal Jinbei." Nami turned on her heel and walked away. Spandam was such an asshole, trying to ruin Robin and everything. Idiot.

Slightly upset, her good mood destroyed by the vice principal, she decided to go shopping in the nearby mall. She needed a new bra anyway.

The ride with the tram was fine and Nami even calmed down somehow. Aiming for her favourite shop, she marched through the masses of people towards the huge complex, ignoring everybody around her. She didn't want to speak to anybody except the shop assistants before she got what she wanted.

"Nami?" It was as if somebody had called her name, but she wasn't sure and didn't feel like looking around stupidly, especially if she had imagined it.

The ginger continued walking as if nothing had happened. She was almost at the entrance when somebody grabbed her arm.

She turned around in surprise, and grimaced. "What is it, asshole day?"

Enel laughed. "So old and still quoting "10 things I hate about you?" Really?"

"Unfortunately, I really hate you." Nami stated, pulling herself free and turning on her heel yet again and marching away.

"As if you ever could!" Enel called after her, but luckily knew better than follow her. They both knew that it would only bring them even more trouble. Why the hell did he talk to her?

Nami decided to put a new dress on the shopping list. She needed it today. Even if it sounded so cliché, clothes made her feel better.

"Now talk." Kid commanded from behind his glass of beer. "We are out of that stupid school and my internship is over. I want to hear the story, and stop acting as if you were better than me." he added with annoyance.

"Oh, was it getting on your nerves?" Nami teased, but decided to let it be when she saw Kid's expression. "Okay. I will tell you the story."

The ginger leaned back.

"It was during my own internship." the ginger grinned. "He was a chemistry teacher and only a year or two out of school."

Kid laughed. "He was quite hot?"

Nami nodded. "Anyway, he wasn't my supervisor and we got into a conversation completely on accident."

That exclamation was met with a skeptical look.

"Okay. I guess we both wanted the same and arranged it." she admitted with no shame. "We agreed to meet in the chemistry cabinet, which proved itself to be a huge mistake." Nami chuckled. "Things got heated and as it happens, we banged against one of the shelves with chemicals. Some of the glass bottles fell down and the stuff mixed together. We ignored it for the moment, not noticing at all. Only as the smell got like hellish, we stopped kissing and noticed the mess. But it was too late. We had to leave, as it got worse with every second and as we ran downstairs and alarmed the principal, the whole school stank like hell. The firefighters commanded the school be closed for a week. Luckily nobody got what happened. We pretended that the shelf broke by itself."

Kid was laughing like crazy by now, some other people in the bar turning to look at him. "You are seriously crazy."

"So are you." Nami replied, smirking. "What are you going to do now?"

"Pick a god and pray that I manage my studies."

This time it was Nami's turn to laugh. "And other than that?"

Kid grinned. "There's a doctor I am the special kind of friends with."

"And so what?" the ginger questioned. "You seem to have a thing for women with authority."

"A man." Kid stated. "I don't care about the gender as long as they are hot."

"Understandable." Nami nodded. "So when did you say you have to go?"

Kid checked the phone. "I am already late. Happens. Thanks for the drink. See ya." he stood up and left, letting Nami sit there and watch him leave.