

# Tough Girls

Von viv-heart

## Kapitel 9:

CH 9

"Vivi?" Nami entered her friend's room. The girl was lying on her bed, earphones on and watching something on her laptop.

The ginger stood there for a while, waiting to be noticed, watching her friend.

Vivi turned around after a while, looking at Nami in confusion. "How long have you been here?" she asked as she put her headphones down.

"Just a couple of minutes." Nami laughed. "I wanted to ask if everything is fine. Sabo told me that you had a fight with Ace at the wedding, so I was concerned."

"He was jealous since one of the waiters has been overly friendly with me, since he knew me from some of my father's receptions."

"Jealousy, huh?" the ginger scratched her arm. "He really has a problem with that, doesn't he?"

Vivi grimaced. "He wants to do something about that. I hope he really does."

"I do to." Nami agreed. "It seems to bother you a lot."

The bluenette shook her head. "I can deal with it as it is now. Don't worry too much."

"Why does everybody have the need to tell me that?" the ginger pouted.

"Because you worry too much, Nami!" it was Vivi's turn to laugh.

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She felt like vomiting. It hadn't been this bad since she had seen Enel the last time, but once again, Nami felt the more than unwanted state of her mind and feelings. She knew she had to act as if nothing was wrong, she had to. After all, she was in the middle of a lesson. The kids shouldn't have to worry about her or even worse, to feel sorry for her.

Those were teenagers, 16 and 17, but she was sure they wouldn't understand what was going on. Maybe some would, but those were these few who had experienced

such an anxiety attack before.

Nami cursed herself. She had to go back to her usual lifestyle with sex and no commitment, she didn't have a choice.

She knew that she wasn't ready to love, and even if, she didn't want to fall for somebody like Kid, or even worse: go back to Enel.

No, she had to keep going. Maybe with a woman. She needed the sensation, she needed something to keep her away from love.

And most of all, she didn't need students to cry because of a broken heart. That's what triggered her. She saw herself in that girl in the back, in the who had to go through school even after her boyfriend broke up during one of the breaks.

She was exposed and weak, but she didn't care. It seemed to be a real drama in her eyes, and it probably was.

Nami had felt heartbroken because of Enel more than enough, and even now, she still wasn't over it.

The ginger shut her eyes, took a few deep breaths and opened them again.

"I may be teaching maths, but I think we need to talk about respect now." she stood up, her voice clear.

"I want all of you to understand, that making fun of somebody who cries is wrong. If you believe I haven't noticed how you look at Baby 5, you are wrong. It isn't her fault that she fell for the wrong guy, one can't know how the other will act in a relationship. It takes time to get to know the other. So stop. It seems to have hurt her a lot and you are making it worse. Think about all the times you have felt hurt, felt like crying. No, tears are no sign of weakness. They only show that you feel something. So shut the fuck up. Everybody has a right to cry if he or she needs to." she looked over the class. "We are human, we want and need to express what we feel and think."

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Nami downed another glass of whiskey. This wasn't good. She didn't even know why she felt like going out on this Friday evening, all alone. She could have asked her friends, but she didn't want to. There was a party Usopp had invited her to. She had said no.

She ordered another drink.

Nami felt like crying, once again. Usually she had something like inner peace, but those last few weeks and months, it had been disturbed by something. She didn't have an idea by what exactly, but something was wrong. So much was clear.

There have been a few guys who have tried to chat her up, but she had told them to fuck off.

She wanted to drink in peace. And still, it felt as if she was waiting for something, something that would give her her peace back.

Sadly, she had no idea what it was.

It was her fifth drink, when somebody sat next to her, silent. She didn't listen when the person ordered her drink, she didn't look up. She knew that the thing she had been waiting for had arrived. But she feared what it would be.

Like this, they sat there in silence.

Only after the seventh drink, she dared to look up.

Her worst nightmare and the best dream came together crashing.

"What are you doing here?" she whispered, looking at him, her eyes wide. She was drunk, drunk but peaceful. His presence was enough to soothe her.

"I don't know." he admitted, turning to look at her himself, smiling sadly.

She nodded, believing and trusting him for the first time. She knew he had this soft side, the one only she had ever seen, the one where he knew what to do, when she needed him most.

"I have missed you, Enel." it was barely a whisper, but when he pulled her into a tight embrace, she knew he had heard her.

"I have missed you too, Nami." that's when the tears walled out of her eyes. She was sure it would leave a strain on his shirt, but she didn't care and obviously he didn't either.

"Can we just talk?" she asked, finally pulling away.

He nodded, pulling out his wallet to pay. She wanted to protest, but he shook his head. He wanted to help her, and he was going to, no discussion about checks needed.

They walked and walked through the empty streets, emptying their hearts in front of each other.

Nami knew, that enough time has passed for them to be like this, intimate yet distant. They have found their places in life. They knew that their paths didn't belong together right now.

Nami felt free. She felt as if she has lost a huge burden with every word.

She felt like finally letting go.

"Thank you," she whispered, before she kissed him goodbye on the cheek, knowing

that the next time they met, she might fall in love with him all over again.

But not tonight. Tonight, he had set her free. And that's all that counted.

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The next day, Nami felt a sudden urge to do something.

She had so much energy. Her memories weren't too clear, not because of the alcohol, but her emotions had gotten the best out of her.

"You seem to be in a very good mood." Vivi remarked with surprise. "How rare these days."

Nami couldn't but smile her brightest smile. "I feel, like it's over. I'm fine again."

The younger woman didn't even try to hide her interest, sitting down on the couch next to her friend. "What happened?"

"Nothing special." Nami shrugged, closing her laptop. She had found what she had been looking for. "I met Enel yesterday."

Vivi's eyes widened at the revelation, but she didn't say a word. Hard to tell if the reason she kept quiet was surprise or confusion.

"We talked. Nothing more and nothing less. We are going to keep it like it had been till now, no contact or anything." the ginger stood up. "And now excuse me, I am going for a run. Don't forget that the march against racism is today!"

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Sneakers, leather jacket, a sweatshirt with a hood, jeans, sun glasses and a scarf – both Nami and Vivi wore the clothes they knew to be safest for such a march, especially if neonazis were the counterpart.

"Here." Nami gave her friend a bottle of water to put into her old bag. There was no use in taking a newer one, since the possibility to have to drop it wasn't that low, thanks to the police violence.

"But we aren't going to take a part in a blockade, aren't we?" Vivi asked with concern. She never liked the idea of having to run away from cops.

"Definitely not." Nami reassured her friend. "I am definitely too old and out of shape for that. Besides we both know that it wouldn't do any of us much good."

Vivi laughed. "How many arrests of blockades do you have?"

"Maybe five or six?" the ginger shrugged, grinning proudly. "Out of almost 50 blockades?"

"I still don't get how you managed to become a teacher."

"Me neither." Nami admitted, still grinning, and put her bag on her back. "Do we have

everything?"

"Water, dry clothes, keys, some money and our Ids. I believe that's all." Vivi listed the stuff she could think of.

"Alright. Let's go!"

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When the girls arrived at the meeting place for the anti-racism-march, quite a lot of people were already there.

"Do you see anybody we might know?" Vivi, who has been looking all over the place, asked Nami who stared in one direction.

"Not directly. Just the woman we met in the cinema." she replied, finally tearing her eyes away and looking for some of their friends. "Are Ace and his brothers coming?" "Ace wanted to, but Sabo said no, because it would be really a problem if he suddenly fell asleep. We can't risk that. But Sabo and Luffy might come." Vivi explained.

"I believe I see him." Nami muttered.

"Ace?" Vivi was slightly shocked.

"Ace? No?" the ginger looked confused. "Luffy! And if I am not wrong, Zoro and Sabo are with him. I have seen green and blonde hair."

"Shitty punk!" the shout welcomed the girls as they approached their friends. It was enough to tell that not Sabo, but Sanji was standing there with the two others. And apparently Zoro and him were fighting again.

"Nami! Vivi!" Luffy cried and pulled them into a tight hug.

"Nami-swan! Vivi-chwan!" Sanji called out, starting a weird dance, while Zoro didn't stop his float of insults.

"What did he call us?" Nami asked in confusion, but Vivi just shrugged. "I don't even want to know."

"So, what's the plan?" the ginger threw into the round, getting all the attention she needed.

"Apparently we are going to walk a certain route to cut and stop the nazis, but direct blockades are illegal as always. As far as I know, there will be some though." Sabo appeared behind Luffy just in time to stop him from wandering off.

"The two of us aren't going to take part in the blockades." Vivi announced.

"Well, but I am." Zoro grinned.

"So am I!" Sanji glared at Zoro. "There is no way I am going to do less good than him."

"I want to do it too!" Luffy did his best imitation of puppy eyes on Sabo, who looked quite indecisive, as he stood there, playing with his hair.

"Okay. If it's fine with you two being alone, the four of us will go and block them." Sabo shot them an apologetic smile. "I need to look out after them." he managed to whisper before following the other men, leaving the girls behind.

But that didn't matter. Some good punk and ska was playing and people started to dance. The girls decided to do the same, and soon half of the crowd did.

Nami felt quite disappointed, when the music stopped and somebody decided to speak. She couldn't see the person, but the man introduced himself as Doctor Trafalgar Law and started giving them instructions.

"Follow the van with music. The driver, Daz, knows the route we have decided on. Be ready to see the fascists at any given moment." he announced with a steady, clear voice. "Hey, calm down officers! We are not going to do anything illegal here! It's them who tend to start attacks! And YOU don't usually stop them and blame it on us!" he raised his voice as apparently some policemen tried to interrupt him. "This is completely legal so stay the hell away from our guys!"

Calmer again, Law turned towards the demonstrators again. "The people wearing the rainbow matches are part of the organization team. If you have any questions, ask them. And one last thing: we cut the number of speeches this year, because it's hard to understand them anyway, and you guys know why we are here. Now, let's go! Alerta, Alerta, Antifacista!" he yelled and the music started playing again, while the protestors repeated the slogan together with other left-wing and humanistic sayings.

Nami and Vivi walked with the crowd, singing along with the songs they knew, jumping and dancing together with the mass.

It was unusual, but Vivi's bright blue hair didn't stick out for once, with all the people with green, pink and purple hair.

"This year, it really is one huge party." the bluenette commented, when an elderly woman danced next to them with an one-legged man, both probably high.

"I hope it stays this way." Nami muttered, her brows furrowed. One could never know what the policemen were to do. Unfortunately, being part of the left-wing-protestors bore some risks as of being attacked. Years ago, she and other protestors have been surrounded for no apparent reason and kept like that for almost an hour. It didn't matter at that time that there was a mother with two small children who just wanted to get home and wasn't even part of the demonstration.

Suddenly, the group stopped.

"We have to stop here for a while." Law was speaking again. "I have no idea what's going on, but we are currently trying to figure it out. Stay calm and don't allow anybody to provoke you."

As Nami and Vivi were quite at the outskirt of the mass of people, they saw that most of the policemen were coming closer, while some walked in the direction of one of the alleys.

"Do you think it's because of the blockade?" Vivi whispered into Nami's ear. The ginger was tense, watching everything with utmost concentration.

"Probably. And I don't like this one bit." she whispered back.

Just as these words left her mouth, a group of people stormed out of the alley and in between the policemen, who were too overwhelmed to react.

No wonder. Even though they wore heavy protection, about twenty young and well-build men in black were storming in between them at an extraordinary speed.

Nami managed to catch a glimpse of green, yellow and black somewhere in the middle. But that was soon forgotten as she realized that Luffy was running at the front together with nobody else than Kid.

Only Vivi shouting at her brought her attention back to their problem with the policemen. One was coming forward, directly towards them.

Nami was pulled back by a strong pair of hands before she could even react. The policeman who didn't care if he hit anybody else, reached out for the person who had been standing behind her and pulled a man with his scarf over his nose towards himself.

"You alright?" the person who had pulled Nami towards himself asked.

The ginger turned around as she saw Vivi standing safe next to a smaller boy, just to realize it had been Killer who had pulled her out of the path.

"Yeah. Thanks. What are you doing here?" she asked in confusion, seeing his face clearly for the first time since he has put his hair out of his face for once.

"Probably the same as you." he shrugged, waving at the boy next to Vivi.

"Sure." the ginger replied. "But what's up with that hair?" she pried.

"I simply don't want to get pulled out because my face is covered too much and endanger others like that idiot did." he muttered. "I hate all people equally, but that doesn't mean I want anybody to get hurt because I break the rules. That's Kid's part."

The smaller boy laughed, adjusting his hat so one could see "Penguin" written on it.

"You are the boy from the wedding, right?" Vivi asked before she thanked him again.

The demonstration went without further problems, and Law promised to take care of all the mess and make sure that the officers would pay for their actions. It wasn't okay

to hurt peaceful protestors after all.

At the end of his speech, one could see him getting a kiss from a very sweaty Kid, and a group of people laughed like crazy, probably because they were so done after the long run.