

Tough Girls

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 10:

CH 10

With the feeling of freedom and balance, Nami's sexual urge has come back as well. But somehow, the thrill of catching a man's attention and seducing him hadn't.

The ginger realized that even before the first man who had approached her, opened his mouth. He was so boring, unexciting and shallow, she didn't want anything but escape from him.

Especially as he tried to kiss her out of the blue, his weird turban sliding a bit to the back.

Nami blocked, stood up and made her way to the bar, the man following her, not getting the hint.

"Hey, Lucci." she greeted the bartender, who shot her a bored look. "You free tonight?"

"I am working as you can see." he grinned at her, baring his sharp white teeth.

"Sure you are. I was talking about later." Nami rolled her eyes.

"Depends." he winked at her, before looking at the man who had been hitting at her. "But I don't do threesomes." he added with a completely blank face.

"Neither do I as I've already told you." she replied, her expression equally blank.

"I am not sure that the guy standing behind you got the hint." Lucci shrugged, while serving a waiting customer their drink.

"W-What?" the man who had been hitting at her stuttered. "We didn't talk about anything like that!" he shrieked.

"No. Actually, I didn't talk much." Nami turned around. "You didn't let me. And let's be honest: I don't want to. You are simply not my type. That's what I tried to tell you from the beginning but you kept interrupting me. The only reason why you aren't talking

now, is because my friend here," she tapped on the counter, "is staring daggers into you, his teeth bared and that freaks you out like hell."

The man nodded slowly.

"Good. I hope you have gotten the hint now. Bye bye!" Nami turned back to the bar after she was sure the man left.

"Have you seriously called me a friend?" the bartender was laughing, an animalistic air around him.

"I believe it isn't his business what our relationship truly is." the ginger shrugged, ordering a drink. "Besides, it would have made him believe he had a chance if I told him that we are simply fucking."

"Maybe." Lucci was still grinning, but continued his work.

"So, did you have fun?" Vivi came out of her room, yawning.

"Were we too loud?" Nami scratched the back of her head, grinning sheepishly. Lucci had agreed to go home with her, just in case the asshole from earlier, Absalom or whatever his name was, didn't do anything stupid.

Lucci himself wasn't a good guy or anything, but he was able to draw a clear line concerning women: he would never rape or abuse one, but he would fight her if she attacked him. Simple, yet clear rules, Nami liked pretty much.

"I really don't understand why you don't go to the guys' place." the younger woman made her way to the kitchen and Nami followed her.

"Because I really don't like being thrown out because his girlfriend is coming back. Or worse: being greeted by his parents. That is the ultimate nightmare." she shuddered.

"Did it even happen to you?" the bluenette couldn't but ask. "The parents thing?"

"To me? No." Nami laughed. "But Enel has told me a lot weird stories. I only had the pleasure to hide from the girlfriend. I would have told her and that I didn't know, not that I care, but he assured me that she would have killed me, not him and somehow I believed him and it was the right choice."

"Which one was that? And why?" Vivi asked, pouring herself a glass of orange juice before leaning against the kitchen counter to listen to her friend.

"Buggy, the guy with long blue hair. He was dating that model, Alvida or whatever her name was. I am not sure anymore. Some time later I have read an article somewhere about how she had attacked a girl who had had an affair with him." the ginger shrugged, before starting the coffee machine. "But how is it going with Ace? Everything fine?"

"Well, except our occasional little disputes about friendship, love and jealousy, everything is perfect." Vivi sounded slightly annoyed.

Nami nodded, waiting for her friend to continue, but the younger girl drank her juice in silence.

"Miss?" Nami looked up from correcting the papers when one of the boys in the back called after her.

"Bellamy?" she replied, not even trying to hide her skepticism. The class had gotten a bunch of math problems to solve and Bellamy was never one for trying too hard, not asking questions at all.

"Baby 5 is such a whore, she has another boyfriend already!" he called out and started laughing like a hyena.

Those few words caused Nami to stand up abruptly, a very angry expression on her face. "Stop calling your classmate a whore or anything similar!" she said harshly.

"But she is one! A slut!" the boy repeated and some of his friends laughed again.

"Whore and slut aren't words to be used in school or general. The term, one should use for women selling sex is prostitute." Nami took a few breaths in. "Meanwhile, Baby 5 is just an ordinary girl. There is nothing wrong with falling in love as often as she wants."

"You have no idea! My uncle told me that a pussy gets loose from having too much sex. Stupid teacher!" Bellamy roared, almost falling down from his chair.

"Enough." Nami whispered with so much force, everybody in the class stopped breathing, causing Bellamy to stop laughing abruptly, his eyes wide. It was rare that the ginger lost control in school, and all her pupils knew that.

"Brat, tell your idiotic uncle that what he is spreading is utter bullshit. A baby can fit through a vagina, so no stick he calls a penis could do much damage. And you, you will apologize to Baby 5, write an essay about 10 pages on why we need feminism and what is rape culture and now pack your things and go visit the headmaster. I will write a note. Don't do something stupid, or I guarantee you to make this even worse for you." she threatened calmly, but there were dark clouds over Nami's head, as she scribbled something on a piece of paper and gave it to Bellamy, who miraculously obeyed without further comment.

As he left, Baby 5, who had been sitting in silence with tears flowing down her cheeks, spoke up, her voice shaking slightly. "Thank you, Miss. But you are aware, that his uncle is DoFlamingo Donquixote?"

"Why am I not surprised?" Nami rolled her eyes. "But let me tell you a thing: I don't fucking care. I have dealt with worse than an elitist asshole who isn't able to open a

simple biology book or use google. And now finish your work or I will collect it right on the spot and correct what have you written till now. Hush hush!" the ginger sat down, massaging her temples. There were not many things that managed to piss her of this fast, but Bellamy had pulled just the right strings.

"Excuse me, do I know you?" the second time that day, Nami was addressed when she expected it the least.

She had decided to visit the gallery opening Robin had invited her to, and was currently looking at a very abstract yet beautiful painting of a woman.

The ginger turned around, just to find herself face to face with the gorgeous dark-skinned woman she remembered from the cinema.

"I believe we have never talked before." Nami shot her a charming smile, sure that it couldn't match with the woman's.

"Paula." the dark-skinned beauty held her hand out.

"Nami." the ginger took it without hesitation.

"So tell me, why I believe to have met you before." Paula adjusted the top of her dress, causing Nami to look on her breasts involuntarily. She always knew that she liked women even though she definitely preferred men, but this one was extraordinarily charming.

"I was waiting in the line for tickets, when you asked about Selma if I remember correctly." Nami tried to concentrate on looking into Paula's eyes.

"Oh, I must have made a totally horrible impression!" the woman covered her mouth with one hand theatrically.

"You didn't. However, you made it quite clear what your ideals are and that you are ready to fight them." Nami cursed herself for sounding so stiff.

"I'm relieved." Paula chuckled. "But was it the only time we met?"

"I believe you remember more than you want me to believe." Nami winked at her, thinking back at the protests.

"Maybe." the response was short, yet playful. "So how do you like the exhibition?"

"The paintings are amazing. I barely dare to imagine what a beauty the model must be." Nami swooned.

"She is standing next to you." Paula was chuckling again.

"You seem in an extraordinarily good mood." Vivi remarked, watching Nami cook once again. "And it's different than after you met Enel. It's as if you were extremely relaxed

or something."

"You really notice everything, don't you?" Nami laughed and poured some water into the pot. "I was at the exhibition Robin organized yesterday."

Vivi rolled her eyes. "You might like art, but you are not as bad as Robin or I, so there is no way a picture of something could have put you into such good mood."

"Well, I met one of the women who stood model for the artist and it happened to be the Selma-woman." The two girls have called her that when they admired her looks, long after she was gone, so Nami decided to stick to the stupid nickname to make the explaining easier.

"And?" the bluenette continued her questioning with anticipation.

"Well, she has a boyfriend. But lucky me, it is an open relationship and let me tell you: she really knew what she was doing."

The comment made Vivi laugh. She never had much sex because somehow she didn't have the need to most of the time, but she always loved Nami's stories and comments about her adventures. She had the habit to call it scientific curiosity.