

# Tough Girls

Von viv-heart

## Kapitel 11:

Ch 11

It was dark, the streets empty. One of the street lights wasn't working.

Nami sped up a little. Usually, she didn't have a problem with walking home alone, in the middle of the night. But today, today she felt uneasy.

At the club, everything has been like always. She drunk, chatted with people and got a number, but she hadn't felt like bringing a guy home. That wasn't as rare as one may have thought.

She glanced over her shoulder.

Nothing.

She searched for her keys anyway. Better safe than sorry. That's what she thought.

She walked, the keys in her hand. She was ready to use them if necessary.

Steps.

Nami turned around. Somebody was coming closer. Unfortunately, the person was just under the light that went out.

What now?

Wait? Run? Walk? Act is everything was fine?

"Are you alright?" he called out. She recognized the voice.

"Killer? You scared me!" Nami laughed, relieved.

"Why the hell are you walking alone this late?" he asked in a tone one would use to talk to a little child.

"I always do. It's calming. And you sober up." Nami shrugged.

"Than it shouldn't be that easy to scare you." Killer noted.

"I don't know. Something doesn't feel alright today." she confessed, aware that she was blushing. Naturally red hair had a lot of advantages, but your face turning red easily wasn't one. She had learned to control it somehow, but alcohol always managed to fuck it up.

It seemed as if Killer was thinking, but he pulled his phone out of his pockets before Nami could ask.

"I'm gonna give you my number. If something happens, call me." he muttered.

"Your nickname may be scary, but you are a good guy." and with this, they parted.

Nami felt somehow lighter, safer, with the number in her phone, holding it in the other hand than the keys.

She was probably overreacting anyway.

Only another fifteen minutes and she would be home, safe and sound.

She hadn't heard or seen anything before she felt the hands on her arms.

A loud cry.

She had stepped with full force on his right foot.

Wheezing.

Right elbow into his chest. The air has left his body.

Another cry.

Left elbow aiming for his nose.

Something warm dropped on her neck, but his grip was loosening.

Right punch between his legs.

The hands left her body just as the loudest cry she had ever heard echoes through the night.

Nami run. She didn't dare to turn around. She had paralyzed him for the moment, but what if he wasn't alone?

Killer's number! She called, explaining everything, still walking faster than ever.

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"So he tried to kiss you and harassed you in the club some weeks before?" Killer stirred his coffee.

Nami nodded. "Yeah, I turned him down and made a run for it, even asking a friend to bring me home that night."

The two of them were sitting in a small cafe, talking about the past events.

"Absalom, this guy, how long did he know you?" the blond man leaned back in his chair.

"Not even five minutes and he would have married me on the spot." Nami shuddered. "It was scary. I don't get it."

"Neither do I." Killer muttered. "I don't understand how some people can ignore the feelings and wishes of others, even their dignity, like this."

"It's mostly men." a woman from the other table called. "Men are savages!"

"Women rape too." Killer replied in an instant, not even looking at her. "They murder and abuse the same way men do. The difference is, that we teach women to act like decent human beings and sometimes forget to teach men the same thing."

"How-" the woman was about to speak again, but the other girl, sitting at the table with her interrupted her. "Boa, let it be."

She grunted, but turned back to her cake and conversation.

"Are you a feminist?" Nami asked after a short pause.

"If I was, would it change a thing?" Killer questioned. "Kid and I went for the guy because he did something stupid. Rapists are some of the lowest people alive. That's all you need to know." he drank the coffee in one go and stood up. "Thanks for the coffee."

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"So what don't you understand?" Nami asked, smiling at the young man in front of her encouragingly, but Penguin only gaped.

"Seriously, Pen, if you want to pass the stupid math class you have to do something for it." Killer whispered to his friend.

"Don't push him." Nami rose her hand. "It will only make it worse for him."

"Yeah, but you have come all the way here and he isn't even able to tell you what he doesn't understand." the blond muttered. "Usually he isn't that shy around people, only his tutors are a huge problem."

At this words, Penguin sacked into himself even more than before.

Nami fell silent for a moment, studying the boy in front of her.

"Why doesn't one of his friends tutor him?" she asked.

"Because they are all really bad at it." Killer sighed.

"Well, a study group may do it then." the ginger suggested.

"No!" Penguin joined the talk for the first time. "I-I don't want to!"

"Why?" the two others turned to him in surprise.

Again, the boy only gaped, his face slowly turning red.

"You can tell us. We really want to help." Nami spoke in her teacher voice. "Killer has told me that you have good marks everywhere except maths but want to graduate high school as good as possible and become a nurse. That's really admirable. So please tell us what is wrong so we can solve the problem."

"I-I really don't want Shachi to see how much of a failure I am!" the boy has pulled his hat almost completely over his face, but it was obvious that he was as red as a tomato by now.

Nami would have sworn that Killer had rolled his eyes, but she couldn't see it because of his bangs and be sure about that.

"Then let me help you." Nami tried again and this time Penguin nodded, still hiding behind his hat.

"Good. Than make a list of what you don't understand till we next meet I suggest next week the same time. And now, I guess you need to calm down somewhat."

"Yeah, we should go." Killer agreed, relieved that they solved the problem, at least for now.

"He has such a crush on that Shachi." Nami giggled after they left Penguin's home. "You really must be jealous."

"Why should I?" Killer questioned, his voice gruff.

"Don't you have a crush on Pen?" the ginger glanced at the weird blond who has somehow become a friend over the time.

"Nah. He is like a younger brother to me." he grunted. "Thanks to Kid I have the weird habit of taking care of such idiots."

"Really?" Nami teased. "Than you aren't gay?"

"I am pansexual." Killer shrugged. "But it happens rarely that I'm attracted to somebody at all. And now shut up. You are the last person I want to discuss my non-existent love-life with."

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"I feel like I'm not doing anything else than sitting in a cafe with friends and drinking coffee." Nami joked after greeting Perona.

"But cafes are cute!" the pink-haired woman protested.

"That's true." Nami had to agree. "So what's the urgent matter you wanted to talk about?"

"Weeeeell, let's order first!" Perona already had the menu in her hand. "I really feel like eating cake and the matter will be even more fun with it!" her eyes were gleaming diabolically.

Nami had to admit that her curiosity was getting the best of her, but all the cake looked so delicious, she decided she rather wanted to wait for the story than for the heavenly baked goods.

She had heard about the Skypia cafe, but has never been inside before, so she had agreed to go and meet Perona there without discussion when the older woman called.

"Oh god. This cake tastes so amazing." Nami swooned over the fruit parfait she had chosen.

"They are all amazing." Perona grinned. "Dad used to order some once in a while. But it's the first time I am inside of the cafe itself."

"Does he like sweets?" Nami questioned, thinking back to when she met Mihawk at the wedding.

"He does. But mostly it's when Shanks or Luffy are over." The pink-haired woman explained.

"Interesting.. By the way: are Zoro and Luffy close?" the ginger asked with interest, taking another spoon-full of her cake.

"They are. Luffy has somehow managed to fight his way into Zoro's heart. Speaking about Zoro, the matter I wanted to talk to you concerns him." there was a weird smile on Perona's face.

"So what's up?" Nami wasn't too sure what to think about it.

"You know Sanji as well, right?" the gleam in Perona's eyes grew stronger and stronger.

"I do."

"They are secretly dating!" the pink-haired woman squeaked. "I can't decide if it is totally cute or absolutely not, but they try to hide their relationship! But that doesn't work too well as I live next door to Sanji and Zoro permanently gets lost, making me see him outside all the time!"

It was entertaining to watch Perona talk and somehow even fangirl about her brother's relationship to her gay neighbor, especially as she changed moods between totally happy and disgusted, or rather annoyed.

"Sometimes, I hear them banging." she muttered with a grimace. "Mostly in the middle of the night, thanks to Sanji's work times."

At that point, Nami lost control and started laughing. It was all too surreal and adorable, yet somehow entertaining.

"I will have to ask Sanji about that." she winked at Perona.

The girls chatted like that for another hour or something before finally asking the cute waitress for the bill.

"Give me a moment." the girl, whose name tag told the guests that her name was Conis called from behind her register.

She brought the bill and put it on the table, so the women could place the money on the small plate. "What are you doing?" Nami leaned over to whisper into Perona's ear as she pulled out a pen out of nowhere and scribbled something on the back side of the bill.

"Something cute." she mumbled, smiling happily, before putting the money under the piece of paper and letting the pen disappear once again.

"Did you really leave your number?" Nami had to laugh.

"So what?" Perona pouted. "She was really cute!"