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“So? Are you coming? Last chance, darling.”

The woman picked up a joint with a lazy stretch and took a long, slow drag before sitting up on the couch. Her flowy red curls fell on her shoulders and back, covering her naked big boobs and reaching the soft belly, creating a trail to the bush of same hue.

“I’m turning in the papers tomorrow. After that, changing the team would be a hassle.” She continued talking to the silence amidst the smell of smoke mixed with the coffee coming from the kitchen, since no walls separated the two rooms. That was the improvised role of the couch in the tiny apartment.

“I don’t think you want me to go with you, hun.” The playful tone did not match the blunt reply from the brunette in a pink robe standing at the sink. She turned to the couch holding two fuming mugs, wearing a lukewarm smile and raising one eyebrow. “Rachel is going too, right?”

“She’s my trainee, of course she needs to go. It’s work. And it’s a good chance for you two to know each other better, too.” The ginger wiggled her eyebrows with a bright smile, accepting the red mug with black dots. She took a graceful sip of the hot coffee, holding the joint between two fingers of short nails and crossing her thick legs, waiting for her companion’s final answer.

“I’ll pass. I have a paper to finish. Bring me a souvenir.” The brunette leaned on the couch, focusing on running fingers through her loose ponytail to avoid the ginger’s unforgiving green eyes.

“Ah, so now you’re a nerd. Fine, Van. I’ll bring you the ugliest mug I can find.”

“Thanks, babe.” She winked, stealing the joint for herself. “I can always trust your bad taste.”

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