

Chapter Twenty-Five



The next morning, JJ and I met Kie and Pope at Heyward's store, having promised to help out. I was loading up the candy machines, while Kiara manned the register, Pope put things on the shelf, and JJ bounced an orange off his bicep.

"Hey, what was the thought process of using your head?"

My head swiveled to Pope, remembering the headbutt he executed on Topper last night.

"I don't know, man. I just kind of acted on instinct. I was a cornered animal."

"Hey, Pope," Heyward called as he walked into the shop. "Someone here to see you."

My eyes widened as Shoupe walked into the store. I gave JJ a worried look over my shoulder.

"Evening, O'icer."

JJ's arm brushed mine as he walked up next to me, both of us nervously watching as Shoupe closed in on Pope.

"I have an arrest warrant for felony destruction of property."

Shoupe pulled cuffs from his belt as he called for Pope to put his hands where he could see them.

My jaw all but hit the floor as Pope casted JJ and I a pleading look.

"Shoupe, what'd he do?"

"Look at the warrant."

"You're arresting him?"

"You're just arresting my boy?"

Everybody started yelling over each other, but my mouth and voice couldn't work. Shoupe started listing Pope's rights as he handcuffed his hands behind his back.

Someone grabbed my arm and dragged me outside, following after Pope. My arm was dropped, and I watched JJ try to charge Shoupe, but thank God Heyward pushed him back.

"It wasn't him!"

Everyone went silent as JJ yelled, and I looked to him with wide eyes.

"JJ, don't."

The blond gently pushed my hand from his wrist.

"It was me. He tried to talk me out of it, but I was mad because Jo had just been beaten up."

I grabbed onto his wrist again, this time tighter as he walked towards the o'icer and our handcuffed friend.

"I was so sick of those assholes from Figure Eight that I lost my shit."

I looked up at his face, and a satisfied smirk was plastered all over it.

"I can't let you take the blame for somethin' I did. You've got too much to lose."

"JJ, what are you doing?"

I tightened my grip on his wrist as tears formed in my eyes.

"I'm tellin' the truth. For once in my goddamn life, I'm gonna tell the truth. I took his old man's boat, too."

"What the hell?"

"JJ, please, don't."

"Shut up, Jo!"

He pulled himself out of my grip before putting his hands on my shoulders and staring down at me.

"Just, shut up," he said, so er. I could see the tears building in his eyes before he dropped his hands and turned towards Shoupe.

"He's a good kid. You know where I'm from."

"Yeah."

"This was all me."

"That's the whole truth?"

"Whole truth, swear to God," JJ said, nodding his head.

"I know what you think, damn it, I'm asking Pope."

I looked to Pope and shook my head. JJ deserved better than this.

"Yeah, that about covers it."

My heart fell to my toes as Shoupe took the cuffs off Pope and put them on JJ.

"Wait," I said, moving towards the o'icer. "Wait!"

Shoupe casted me a warning look, and I returned it with an angry one.

I walked up to JJ and threw my arms around his neck, pulling him down into a hug.

"Why are you doing this?" I whispered, the tears falling out of my eyes and making wet spots on his white t-shirt.

"For Pope."

Shoupe gently tugged me away from JJ, and Kiara grabbed my elbow as the blond was put in the backseat of the truck.

Shoupe and JJ pulled away. Pope ripped his hat off his head and threw it on the ground. I pulled myself out of Kiara's grip and started walking down the road.

"Where are you going?"

I kept walking.

"To do something!"

I broke out into a jog, making my way to the Sheriff's station.

[Continue reading next part](#)