Chapter Three

NETFLIX The sun burned into my eyes the next morning, causing me to groan and attempt to roll over. Arms wrapped around my waist wouldn't let

pulled me in closer to his chest. My smile grew bigger, and I closed my eyes, enjoying this moment knowing it will be gone later. And by later I meant two second later. "Yo, either of you been outside?"

me though. I opened one eye to be greeted by JJ's sleeping face.

swipe a piece of hair away from his closed eyes. He groaned and

A small smile made it's way onto my face, and I reached up to gently

I groaned at my brother's voice, JJ following suit but going the extra

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mile. "I have polio, bro. I can't walk."

That pulled a chuckle out of me. I gently untangled myself from him, watching the childish pout take

I turned my back to him and raised my arms over my head, doing a quick stretch before following my brother outside.

"Oof, that's not pretty." My eyes took in the destruction of the back yard. Branches were

the house, or JJ and I might have been crushed. A hand on my back caused me to jump slightly. "Agatha did some work, huh?"

JJ rubbed a few circles into the small of my back before leaning on the rail of the stairs next to me. He took a swig of a RedBull before moving down to help John B clear out the HMS Pogue "She sure did," my brother responded.

out the fallen branches. clearing.

"What about the DCS? Wasn't that today?" I sco ed. "They're not gonna get on a ferry, not today."

The three of us finished clearing out the HMS Poguænd got her back into the water. We all went back inside to change. I put on my black swimsuit with a pair of high waisted shorts and an AC/DC crop top over it and met the boys back on the dock. John B took his usual position at the helm while JJ and I stood at the

"It's kind of a smuggler's boat," JJ said for the third time since leaving our dock. "Nah, it's too clean looking," I argued. "Mornin'," John B greeted the people of the boat, causing JJ and I to "Sure hope Gu y's boat didn't sink," JJ stated, and I nodded in

the middle. "Agatha, what did you do?" JJ asked a er giving a low whistle.

"Well, look who we have here," John B called out in a weird, animated voice, and JJ just whooped. "We have a safety meeting, attendance mandatory, over," I spoke into my shoulder, cupping a hand over my mouth to make it sound as if coming over a bullhorn.

rising on my face at his idiocy. "Do ya'll think I'm stupid?" "I'll do it tomorrow. I promise, tomorrow," Pope begged, him also not able to contain his smile. "No, no, hell no. You're doin' it right now." "Get in the boat," John B whispered.

John B guided us further down, making one last stop for Kiara. "Oh, top o' the mornin' to ya," JJ greeted the girl as she walked down the dock.

"Salud." "Skoal." We tipped out bottles back, taking our first drink of the day. Pretty soon, we had all downed our first beer. Pope took over the helm, and JJ said to watch his party trick.

I somersaulted a few times in the water before finding which way was up. My face broke the surface, and I immediately groaned, cursing Pope's name. "Jo, JJ, you guys okay?" I could only give a thumbs up as the skin on my back stung like a horrible sunburn.

"Holy shit, he's right!" "Let's go." At Kiara's word, John B and Pope took o their shirts, and JJ and I were the first to jump back into the water. I took a deep breath before plunging myself head first under the water, swimming down toward the boat.

My lungs felt like they were about to explode by the time we all

reached the sunken boat, so I was happy when John B quickly

My head popped out of the water, and I gasped in air as quickly as

"That's a Grady-White! A new one of those is like five-hundred Gs.

possible. JJ popped up next to me and grasped onto my shoulder in

motioned to go up.

"You guys saw that, right?"

I nodded, smiling at everyone's excitement.

excitement.

Easy."

"That's my girl, Pogue style," JJ exclaimed, slapping me on the back, causing me to wince and groan. "Wait, wait," Pope stood up. "Do we know whose boat that is?" "No," John B answered, opening the hatch for the anchor. "But we're about to find out."

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the side of the boat.

Oh Lord, here we go. "Dude, it's too deep," JJ said from his perch on the bow. "Oh, for the weak and feeble, JJ." "Oh, well, should I go then, John B?" JJ laughed before turning back to my brother. "Well, I'm not resuscitating you. I'm just making that clear up front." "Diver down, fool," Pope saluted. "Diver down," John B returned the salute.

"No, no. I found this motel key." John B held up his find, and I sighed in disappointment and started hauling up the anchor. "Great, we salvaged a motel key," JJ muttered, reaching down to grab the anchor before it could hit the side of the boat. "Guys, we should report the wreck to the Coast Guard," Kiara suggested as we headed out of the marsh. "Maybe we'll get a finders

"What you thinkin'? JJ asked as John B gets into the boat to keep "I'm thinkin' that storm surge pushed all the crabs out on the marsh maze. All those drum are gonna chase the crab." JJ leaned on the trailer for the boat, squinting at my brother in the morning light.

"Come on, think about it." John B added, "it's God tellin' us to fish." bow. The three of us traveled down the channel, making our way to pick up our friends.

wave to them in our own silent greeting. agreement. "He doesn't have insurance." "Hi, Miss Amy! You guys get through it okay?" I called out to a blonde on the dock, the three of us once again waving as we pass by. "Still here," she answered. rolled me eyes as my brother agreed. "I saw it." "Dudes, look at this place," I quickly changed the subject, eyes

"Make a run for it, bro." Pope dropped the hose before running towards the boat, ignoring his father's threats. I patted Pope on the shoulder. "How does that feel?" JJ asked as John B accelerates. "When you get back, you're gonna clean shrimp, clean fish, clean your dirty-ass room!" "We'll bring him back in one piece, I promise," I shouted, waving goodbye to Pope's dad. "And I don't like your friends!"

laying back on my elbows. "Hey, Pope, can you go a little faster, please." I laughed, knowing what was coming, and watched as all my friends moved out of the way.

JJ stood on the bow, Captain Morgan style, and held the beer inches

away from his mouth. As Pope accelerated, the beer began to fly out

I laughed harder, not getting sprinkled with beer due to being close

A loud thunk sounded, and I was no longer sitting on the front of the

boat. I screamed as I flew o the bow and smacked the water with my

back, doing a reverse belly flop. Let me tell you, those hurt just as

enough to him. The rest of our friends begged him to stop.

of the bottle and everywhere but in JJ's mouth.

"Oh, my God, you're getting beer in my hair!"

bad.

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"I think my heels touched the back of my head." I chuckled at that and made my way towards the ladder at the stern. JJ followed a er me. Pope leaned down to help me up, and I heard JJ gasp. "What?" I asked, turning around to face him, causing everyone behind me to gasp.

"No, no guys. I'm serious. There's a boat down there." I dodged around JJ, brushing up against his chest, and made my way to the bow, peering over where Pope was pointing.

"You guys surfed the surge?" Kiara's words are a mix of disappointment and concern.

"Should we go get him?" JJ grabbed my hand, stopping my anxious tapping, and John B's head popped up. "Oh, my God, that took forever!" "Any dead bodies?"

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over his features as he cracked open an eye to watch me get up. everywhere, over the dock, inside the HMS Pogueeverywhere. A tree sat uprooted just in front of the porch. Thank God it fell away from I sighed, following a er my blond best friend, and helped them li a

"She totally looked at me," JJ stated as we passed Miss Amy, and I roaming the channel at all the battered boats and trash gathering in "She is a crazy lady," John B added. "Hard core, dude. Hurricane surge." "Yeah." "We'll be cleaning this all summer." "That is my nightmare," I groaned. We made it to Pope's place a few minutes later. "I can't," Pope sighed. "My pop's got me on lockdown." "Come on, man," JJ sighed before also imitating a bullhorn. "Your dad's a pussy, over." "Oh, I heard that you, little bastard." "We need your son," my brother shouted at Mr. Heyward. "Yeah, and island rules, day a er a hurricane is a free day," I added, smiling sweetly at Mr. Heyward. "Who the hell made that up?" "Uh, Pentagon, I think," JJ backed me up, "We have security clearance. I have a card." JJ began to pat down his pockets, and I couldn't help the smirk from

"Morning guys," she smiled, sending a wink my way. "Whatcha got?" Pope asked. "Got some juice boxes?" I laughed as he intentionally caused his voice to crack. "Oh you know," Kiara laughed. "Just some yogurts and carrot sticks." 🗲 JJ o ered his hand to help her in the boat, so John B didn't have to slow down. a "How about my kind of juice box?" "Yeah." "Brace for impact," John B said, his voice lower than normal. Kie passed out bottles of beer to everyone, and I stripped o my crop top and shorts, soaking up the warm sun and enjoying the breeze on my exposed skin. JJ clinked his bottle with mine. "Terrifying," Kie quipped as the blond moved to the bow where I was

"What?" "Dude, your back is so red," JJ said, poking the skin on my shoulder. I turned my head awkwardly over my shoulder to see JJ's finger still there and watched as the white skin quickly turned red as he removed it. JJ kept poking all over my back before I started slapping away his hands. "Pope, what did you do?" JJ asked, leaving my red skin alone. "Sandbar," he admitted. "The channel changed." "No shit," I muttered, looking at the red skin on my back again. "Hey, I saved the beer, though," JJ added, causing me to roll my eyes. "Congrats, JJ." The sarcasm was strong in my brother's voice. Made me very proud. "Guys, I think there's a boat down there." We all told Pope to shut up.

I swam to the side of the boat, the boys hauling themselves up, and JJ reached down to help me over the side, steading me while it rocked as everyone got on. "That's a primo rig!" "Yeah, that's the boat John B and I saw when we surfed the surge." Everyone went quiet at my words.

"Yeah, he is," JJ said, pushing John B o the boat with a shove to the chest. I glared at JJ before turning a worried look towards the water. "He's taking too long," I muttered, tapping my fingers anxiously on

fee!" batch."

"That's fine," John B fired back, holding the anchor against his chest.

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"Looting potential?"

"Yeah," JJ agreed. "and not work all summer. Thanks, Agatha, ya