

## Chapter Forty-Five

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JJ had to restrain me once we got somewhere. I screamed myself hoarse, cursing everything as I sat in JJ's lap as he sat on the floor of an outdoor storage unit. The screaming only got worse when we heard and saw Cameron's plane flying over us.

"There goes to the gold."

I managed to get free from JJ and picked up the closest thing to me, a plastic lawn chair, and threw it as hard as I could. It hit the ground and broke as I screamed

"Fuck!"

I froze as I watched Pope pick up a baseball bat and start beating the shit out of everything around him before picking up a trashcan and throwing it. I sat down next to him as he collapsed on a wicker love seat and leaned my head on his shoulder and grabbed his hand in mine.

"I was wondering when this was gonna happen," JJ said, digging in his pocket for something.

I shook my head as JJ held out his Jule.

"Here you go, chief. A little weed never hurt no one."

"JJ."

"Relax, Kie."

"You know he doesn't smoke."

I squeezed Pope's hand as he reached out and took the Jule from the blond.

"Well," JJ nodded, "maybe not until today."

JJ sat down on Pope's other side.

"Yeah, what is that gonna help?"

"I lost my scholarship," Pope said, and I looked at JJ with concern for our friend. "Walked out in the middle of the interview. Every, it's gone. It's not gonna happen."

"You did that for us?" I asked, squeezing his hand again.

"No, not for us," he said, standing up and tossing my hand away as he looked down at me. "For nothing."

My lips parted as I tried to think of something to say, but thank God for JJ. He stood up and grabbed Pope by his shoulders.

"I'm here for you, Pope. Welcome to my world, okay?"

"JJ."

"What, Kie? He's right. It doesn't matter anymore."

"You don't have to do that," Kiara said as Pope took a hit.

"What do you care?"

Before he could answer, footsteps sounded from behind us, and I jumped from my seat and turned around. I felt JJ grab my hand from behind me.

"Oh, my God."

My brother stood in front of us, looking dejected, and his hands were covered in blood.

"Dude! Dude, you good?"

"John B!"

I made it to him first and li ed up one of his blood stained hands.

"Is that yours?" I heard JJ asked as I began inspecting his body for wounds.

"Whose blood is that?"

A siren approached, getting louder as it got closer, and we all ducked down behind some of the junk.

"John B, tell me what the hell is going on!"

"Peterkin's dead."

"What?"

"Rafe shot Sheriff Peterkin."

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