

Chapter Fourteen



"Do you mind if just relax on this one?"

Everyone turned to look at JJ, and I placed my feet on his lap.

"It's been a long day, and a lot of weird stu's gone down. I'm just gonna lay low. Oh, did you want a hit of this?"

He held out the blunt that he has been meticulously rolling for the past fifteen minutes. I shrugged and took it before offering it to Pope.

"You?" I breathed out, smoke pooling around my face.

"I keep the signal clear," He shook his head.

"You do you, Bubba."

I handed it back to JJ.

"Dude, okay. Do you understand that your problem is that you don't get creative? If you got creative, then--"

"Look, I know I was wrong about the lighthouse, alright?" John B interrupted JJ's rant. "and I was pretty much wrong about everything else going on, but I was right about one thing. Our dad is trying to tell us something."

We pulled up in front of a closed gate of the cemetery.

"What the hell are we doing here?"

My question was ignored as everyone piled out of the van.

"Come on!"

I sighed as JJ waved me out of the van before following. We all quietly jumped the fence, sticking to the side that had the bricks before turning on flashlights to avoid tripping over headstones.

"Bro, this is seriously, creepy," I said, not liking the feeling of being there a er dark.

"Aww, is wittle Josephine scared?"

I pushed JJ away from me, causing him to trip over a headstone and me to smirk.

"No, I agree with Jo. This place is scary. John B, what are we doing here?" Kie asked, apparently still annoyed with whatever happened at the lighthouse.

"Shut up," my brother whisper-yelled. "You know how you're trying to remember a song but you can't remember who sings it?"

"Yeah," Kiara answered, obviously not understanding where he was going.

"So, Redfield. This whole time, I thought it was a place, right?"

"But I'm guessing that because we're here, that it's not a place?"

"Right! It's not a place. It's a person."

He stopped in front of a mausoleum, holding his lantern up to show the name Redfield across the top.

"Voi-e ing-la."

"See, our great-great-grandmother, Olivia Redfield."

"That was her maiden name," I added, causing John B to nod in my direction.

We all stood in silence for a moment just looking at the stone structure. I took a deep breath.

"Help me with the door," I said, passing my flashlight to Kiara and walking up to the giant door.

John B and Pope stood on either side of me, and the three of us began to push with all of our might, but the door didn't budge.

"Are you two even pushing?"

"No, Pope, I'm fucking pulling," I gritted out, glaring at the boy to my le.

"Here, hold on," JJ said before standing behind me, placing his hands just outside of mine and tried to help.

"Dudes, this door weighs seven-hundred pounds. It isn't going to budge."

"We didn't get this far, to get this far, alright?"

As I was opening my mouth to say something witty to add to JJ's comment, a hissing sound had me screaming and literally jumping into JJ's arm, Scooby-Doo style.

"Snake!"

"That's a Moccasin, alright. Ye old Dr. Cottonmouth. Death in tall grass."

JJ started to walk a er the snake, barking loudly at it while still carrying me.

"Dude, stop following the snake!"

"Stop barking at the snake!"

"You're gonna wake the dead, man."

"They're afraid of dogs. Everyone knows that."

JJ sat me back down on my feet as John B went back to the door. He started barking again.

"JJ, shut up," I whispered-yelled, looking around the cemetery for a groundskeeper to just pop up out of nowhere before looking at the door, noticing the dead ivy.

"John, look. We're not gonna get in there, alright? It's not budging. We should probably just go."

"Wait," I announced, causing everyone to turn to me. "I think I can get through."

"No, no, no, no. You think you could fit through that hole?"

I glared at Pope.

"This is about my dad, Pope, so I'm at least gonna try."

John B nodded and started removing the dead ivy.

"I'll give you a boost up."

I smiled up at JJ.

"Thanks."

The blond squatted down, resting his back on the stone and cupping his hands together over one leg.

"Put your hand here and your foot there, and on three."

I ignored the blond and use him to shimmy up to the hole.

"Okay, never mind. Just forget about three."

I would've laughed if I wasn't breaking into a mausoleum of my great-great-grandmother and going face first into darkness.

Thankfully, the floor of the mausoleum was higher than the ground outside, so I was able to feel it with my hands to slowly crawl out of the hole.

"Flashlight!"

John B passed my flashlight through the hole, and I started looking around.

The whole place was made of stone. There were a few stone co ins out in view with a few marked graves on the wall. It felt weirdly cold in here.

"You alive? You got, like, a heartbeat and everything?"

John B's voice caused me to jump as it broke the silence.

"I think so."

My voice echoed o the stone walls as I squinted into the darkness.

"I could use some more light."

"Yeah, here. I gotcha."

John B held his lantern through the hole, and the whole place lit up. My eyes landed one something white sticking out behind a crumbled rock. I furrowed my eyebrows and walked towards it.

"Did you find something? Is it gold?"

I ignored JJ's questions as I picked up the white object and looked at the writing on it.

"Oh, my God."

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