

Chapter Thirty-Eight



I took my eyes off JJ for the first time when I felt the van come to a stop. I looked at the house in front of us. It looked like a typical crack den with broken shit all over the uncut grass in the front and water stains all over the siding.

"Welcome to Crackhead Wasteland," Sarah quipped, breaking the silence.

"I don't know about this, man," Pope said as JJ turned off the van, leaving the keys in the ignition.

"Dude, why are we at Barry's?" John B asked, leaning forward from the backseat.

"This'll only take a second."

JJ pulled his hand from mine and got out of the car. I helplessly watched as he walked up and into the house.

"Where are you going?" John B yelled.

"Yo soy justicial!"

I sighed.

"You know someone should probably--"

"Yeah," I said, already opening the door before Kiara could finish.

I walked into the house, following the sounds of JJ searching through the cupboards.

"I know you got a stash around here somewhere," I heard him mutter to himself as he moved out of the kitchen.

"JJ, what are you doing?"

He didn't turn around as he started rooting through couch cushions.

"Well, as thou hath stealeth from us, we shall stealeth from ye."

"That kind of got lost in translation."

I turned around at the sound of John B's voice, giving him a helpless look.

"An eye for an eye, John B."

My brother stepped in front of JJ.

"Yeah, that's great, JJ, but what happens if you rob a drug dealer, huh? He knows who we are!"

That was enough for JJ to pause and stare down my brother, but he scooped and moved past him.

"I'm not scared of this guy."

"Well, I am."

"I won't let him hurt you," JJ said, pausing to turn to me. "I promise."

JJ gently brushes a hair from my face, a soft look on his face, but it grows angry and hard again as his eyes land on my red arm. He turned away from me and continued stomping through the house.

I followed him and saw him pulling blankets out of a closet.

"JJ, don't," John B warned from behind me.

"There we go," JJ exclaimed, pulling a bag out of the closet.

He dumped its contents out on the bed, and I watched as half a dozen or so bundles of money fell out of the bag.

"What are you doing?" John B yelled from the kitchen.

"Getting even!"

I watched as he put half of the bundles into the bag and left the other half on the bed.

"JJ--"

"Stop worrying, Jo."

I scooped.

"I'm sorry, have you met me?"

He chuckled at my annoyed tone.

"Look, Jo, that guy's an asshole and a dickbag. He deserves this."

I sighed as he pushed past me.

"Alright, took care of business."

I followed after him as John B grabbed him by his arms and forced him to stop.

"Hey, look at me. If you keep going down this road, you're gonna end up just like your dad, do--"

"Hey!" I yelled as JJ grabbed John B by the front of his shirt, shutting him up quickly.

"You watch your mouth, man. Aren't you tired of being messed with?"

"That's not the point, JJ."

"Cause I am."

JJ dropped his shirt and walked out of the house. John B and I followed after him.

"Alright, so we're looking at five grand each for reparations for putting us through that bullshit. Sorry 'bout that y'all."

Kiara, Sarah, and Pope turned to John B and I as we walked up to the van.

"So that's what we're doing now?" Kiara asked. "We're robbing drug dealers?"

"This Barry guy's gonna find out, and he's gonna come after us," Sarah said, looking between JJ and Kiara.

"Yes, he will. This is not the time to start willin' out," Pope added.

"How'd you guys like havin' a gun pulled on you?"

John B got in his face.

"Relax."

JJ pointed to John B's face.

"He had it right her on your sister, bro."

"Look, we've gotta go get the gold, okay? Just give me that shit. We're putting it back."

John B grabbed the money, but JJ grabbed him by the front of the shirt and pushed him up against the side of the van.

"Guys, please stop!"

I was ignored.

"Do you feel like a tough guy? Huh? What are you gonna do when he comes for us?"

"We punch him in the throat."

"Yeah, good fuckin' idea, JJ."

The blond lets go of my brother's shirt.

"I'm not putting it back."

He grabbed the money back and got into the back of the van. Nobody else moved.

"You guys getting in or what?"

I took a few steps forward, but John B grabbed my wrist before I could get into the van. I tried to keep moving as JJ shoved the money in his backpack, but John B shoved me back.

"What?" JJ asked as he got back out of the van due to the lack of anyone else getting in.

"We're sick of your shit."

"John B!"

"Oh, my shit?" JJ scooped.

"Yeah. Yeah. Your shit."

"Yes," Kiara agreed. "Manic pulling guns on people shit."

"You acting like a fool maniac--"

"Okay, Pope, I took the fall for you, man!" JJ yelled, interrupting Pope. "Know how much money I owe because of you?"

"I didn't ask you to do that!"

"You didn't have to!"

John B glared at me.

"I'm gonna pay you back!"

"I just did! Pay it back. Right here, right now, by myself."

I ran a hand over my face as I heard JJ's voice crack.

"You know what? That's exactly what I'm gonna do. Go on by myself," he said, grabbing his bag from the back of the van and began walking away.

"JJ, wait," I said, following after him, but John B once again grabbed onto my arm.

"Let me go, John B," I cried out, trying to twist my arm out of his grip, but he held on tight.

"JJ, please!"

The blond didn't even turn around and disappeared behind another house.

I angrily pulled my wrist out of my brother's grip and stared at my friends before stomping into the back seat of the van.

[Continue reading next part](#) □