

THE LEGEND OF BOBBI SUE JACKSON

FREE PREVIEW

Story by Bloodstone
Cover Art by Bloodstone

Special Thanks Rachael Willis

Published by
Bloodstone Press

Copyright 2014, Bloodstone Press, visit Bloodstone-Press.com

All rights reserved. Published in the United States of America. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form by any means whatsoever without the prior written consent of the Publisher, excepting brief quotes used in reviews. For information contact Bloodstone Press.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, incidents, and dialogue are drawn from the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Copyright 2014, Bloodstone Press

**The Legend of
Bobbi Sue Jackson**

Covered in grime and sweat, Bobbi Sue was bent over the engine of her 65 Shelby GT350 Mustang, hard at work in the August heat. A small radio, plugged into an extension cord running from the tool shed, played a constant stream of southern rock and country music interspersed with advertisements for beer, Uncle Bud's Catfish Diner, and the Big Show. Bobbi had the volume up to ten. She wasn't worried about bothering any neighbors since the nearest ones were over two hundred yards away.

Frustrated with a rusted bolt, she dropped the wrench and took a break, leaning against the Mustang's white and blue side panel as she drank some sweet tea and reflected on her progress. She had found the classic muscle car in Old Man Johnson's barn just a few weeks ago. The frame and body were in good condition, but the engine was seized up. So as soon as she towed it home with her father's truck, she started looking for a replacement. It seemed like a gift from God when she found a hulking 428 Cobra Jet in the Carter County Scrap Yard. It needed some work, but with the help of the internet she found all the parts she needed to restore it and add dual 4-barrel carburetors and a Paxton supercharger for enhanced horsepower. The Cobra Jet had to be retrofitted into the GT and was currently strewn in pieces on the ground. It looked like an impossible task to put it all together.

She took another drink of tea and went back to work.

"Hey Bobbi!" J.J., her ten-year-old brother, had crept up behind her.

"Hey J.J." she said over the noise of the radio.

"Why don't you have a boyfriend?" he teased. Whenever he was bored he knew he could count on tormenting his big sister for fun. And that question always got under her skin.

She didn't look up from her work. "Watch it little man, or I'll burn all your comic books!"

J.J. gasped and ran for the house. "Momma!" he cried, "Sissy's gonna burn my comic books!"

Bobbi chuckled. That boy sure loved his superheroes and that gave her some ideas for his birthday, which was coming up soon... and Christmas was only a few months after that... time to start thinking of gifts for everyone, she smiled. Now that she had a steady job, she could afford some nice things for her family, whom she dearly loved.

#

Melvin and Jake loved to ride. There was nothing better than cruising the lazy back roads of Carter County on a summer afternoon. As members of the Dark Ones

Motorcycle Club, they were required to ride at least twenty hours every week. Jake and Mel had no problem with that and often logged extra hours. Biking was in their blood. They loved the freedom, the exhilaration and the lifestyle. But what they loved most about the outlaw biker lifestyle was the power.

"With that kind of power, a man can have whatever he wants," their new leader, Damon, liked to say. And when Jake and Mel rounded a curve on Mountain View Road, a few miles outside Oak Grove, they both spotted something they wanted.

On their left was the Jackson residence with its large front yard, overgrown and littered with old cars. Near the house was a young, blonde girl working on a car. She was wearing a red ball cap (backwards), a white tank top, and blue denim "Daisy Duke" shorts. Her eyes were hidden behind black sunglasses and her brown skin glistened in the sun.

Jake and Mel made U-turns in the road, coming back for a second look. They swerved onto the long, curved driveway, eyeing the young girl like wolves.

Bobbi heard the rumbling bikes rolling up the driveway. She stopped working and cut the radio off as they approached. Dirty, hairy, tattooed thugs wearing black leather vests covered with evil symbols -she recognized them immediately. Everyone in these parts knew of the Dark Ones. They had been around since the 70s but lately their numbers had been growing. The younger members were much more violent than the older generation and they loved trouble. It seemed that every day there were more and more of them on the streets, in the bars, and in the news.

"Hi there, Angel!" The one on the right said as they came within speaking distance. Their thundering bikes rolled to a stop and they killed the engines.

"Hey, y'all," she said, not too warmly.

"We just thought we'd stop'n talk for a spell, Sweetie." the one on the left said as he leered with a toothy, devilish grin. "This here's Mel," he gestured at the other fat, oafish guy then added, "and I'm Jake! What's yur name, Cutie?"

"Oh, that's mighty kind of y'all to stop'n talk n' all, but I'm sorta busy right now." She gestured at the Mustang. "Y'all might wanna find some otha' gal to talk to." She smiled politely.

"Are you workin' on that car?" Mel asked, slack jawed.

"Yep."

"Well, whatca' doin' later, Honey Pie?" Jake pressed. "Maybe we can go out tonight?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, I can't. I'm goin' to church tonight." Bobbi smiled politely again.

"Church! Whoa. Ha ha!" They both laughed as if she had told a hilarious joke. They laughed so hard and long that an uncomfortable chill washed over her and she took a step back.

Wiping tears from his eyes, Jake said, "Well how about tomorrow night?"

"No, I'm busy."

"Hey, you fellas!" James Jackson had heard the Harleys rolling up his driveway and watched Jake and Mel through the window until they started talking to his daughter. As soon as he saw that, he grabbed his 12-gauge from the bedroom and loaded it with buckshot. Now he was standing in the front door, putting the weapon to his shoulder. "Y'all git outa' here!"

"Whoa!" Jake raised his hands. "Don't shoot, man! Don't shoot! We was just talkin'! We'll leave, sir. We're goin'! We're goin'!"

Jake and Mel kick-started their bikes and scurried down the driveway like frightened dogs, casting terrified looks over their shoulders as they escaped.

"Are you ok, Hon?" James asked his daughter as the bikers disappeared into the distance.

"Finer than frog hair, Daddy."

"You should be careful, Bobbi. Those guys are dangerous. You should'a come in the house when you seen 'em comin' up the driveway like that."

"Aw, Pa. You don't have to worry. I can take care of myself."

He smiled warmly at her courage. She was so brave, but James always prayed that she would never have to prove it. She was growing up fast and she would have to look out for herself soon. This was a dangerous world and he couldn't follow her around everywhere with a shotgun. But he could pray. And so he prayed every night that the Good Lord would keep his little girl safe.

"Well, I just worry about you." he said. "You're my little girl."

"I know, Pa." she smiled.

He gave her a hug and then, gesturing at the Mustang, he said, "If you get that thing runnin' it'll be a miracle."

"Oh it won't be a miracle." she said, turning back to work on the engine. "I'm sure I can get it runnin'."

"You have a natural skill with cars, Hon." he observed. "I'm sorry we couldn't send you to school this year. Maybe next year, things will be better."

"Thanks, Pa. But you don't have to worry. I got that job at Skeeter's now. I can pay for it."

"Oh, Bobbi, I--"

"Come on, you two!" Mrs. Jackson called from the house. "It's time to get ready for church!"

Bobbi stood up from her work and leaned her hip against the Mustang. "Aw-rite!" She yelled back to her mother, wiping her hands on a dirty rag.

"Bobbi Sue! Put some shoes on, child! I'll never understand why you want to run around barefoot!" her mother chided.

"Aw, Momma!"

"Don't 'aw Momma' me!"

"Yes ma'am." Bobbi headed for the house. "Are we goin' to Nanna's for supper tonight?"

"Yes," her mother answered, "she's makin' barbeque, okra an' cornbread."

"Aw-rite! That opossum's on the stump!" Bobbi cheered as she broke into a sprint for the house. Nanna's barbeque was the best in the world.

As Bobbi neared the porch, her mother pointed at a large crescent wrench laying precariously on the top step. "Pick that up before someone trips and breaks their fool neck!"

"Yes ma'am." Bobbi grabbed the wrench and put it near the front door of the house, against the wall where no one would trip. The next time she went to the shed she would take it with her... as long as J.J. didn't run off with it first.

#

That evening the Jackson family sat in church and enjoyed a sermon on the virtue of forgiveness and the perils of revenge. Pastor Joseph always gave inspiring and passionate sermons and this was no different. He cited Proverbs 20:22 and Romans

12:19 as he said, "Do not take revenge, my friends. Leave room for God's wrath, for it is written: 'It is mine to avenge; I will repay,' says the Lord."

After the service, as the congregation was gathered outside laughing and talking, Pastor Joseph called Bobbi to the side. "Bobbi, can I ask you something." he said in his usual, gentle tone.

"Of course, Pastor, what is it?"

"We're looking for someone to help with the children's Bible Study on Sunday morning. We would love to have your help." he said in earnest. "You have always done so well with the Word. It would be wonderful if you could share your knowledge with the children."

Bobbi was flattered. "I'd love to, Pastor!" she beamed. "I'd be happy to help!"

"Great! We'll need you to be here about 8:30 on Sunday to prepare."

"Ok. I'll see you then." She flashed a broad smile.

#

It was a busy Thursday night at Skeeter's and as Bobbi hurried between her section of tables and the kitchen she stopped in the back to drop off an armload of dirty dishes. "This job sucks," she said to Sam, a teenager about her same age who worked in the dish room. "But it's the only way I'm gonna pay for school in Nashville."

"Yeah." Sam agreed as he sprayed down a rack of plates before putting them in the dishwasher. "This place is a drag, but it pays the bills."

"Yeah... Hey, um, can I ask you a favor?"

"Sure. What?"

"Do you think you might could give me a ride home tonight?" she asked. "The Mustang still ain't runnin'."

"Sure." he said with enthusiasm. "But I don't get off till 11."

"That's fine. I can wait." she said. "I get off at 10, so it's only an hour."

"Ok. Sure, then." He was clearly happy.

"Thanks!" She smiled and went back to work.

After pushing through her shift as best she could, Bobbi clocked out and found a place to sit and wait until Sam got off. While waiting she watched the 10 O'clock local news on the TV that was hanging in the corner. Stories included a sports piece on the Boone Creek High School Football Team's first preseason game and a weather forecast for the next few days - hot and humid with isolated showers. The feature piece of the broadcast was an investigative report on Carter County's increasing crime rate.

"Hey there! Ready?" Sam was standing beside her with his keys in his hand. "They let me go a little early."

"Hey. Yeah, just a sec. I wanna see the rest of this." Bobbi looked back to the TV. According to the reporter, violent crime in Carter County and the surrounding areas was up seventy five percent over the previous year and rates of home invasions were up more than three hundred percent. Robberies were up more than five hundred percent including a recent heist at a road construction site where the thieves got away with a thousand pounds of dynamite.

"That's terrible." Bobbi commented.

"Yeah." Sam agreed.

"Tomorrow night we'll take a closer look at some of the culprits behind these crimes." the reporter teased.

"As if we don't already know." Bobbi said with heavy sarcasm.

"Yeah, those Dark Ones." Sam agreed. "How many home invasions were there before they started showing up all over the place?"

"Someone ought'a do somethin' 'bout 'em." she said. "You know, my Pa almost kilt two of 'em yesterday!"

"Really?" Sam was wide eyed.

Bobbi started to tell him the story, but he interrupted her. "Are you ready to go?"

"Yeah." She resumed the story as she followed him out to his car.

Sam was a nice guy, but he wasn't her type. He was a bookish, nerdy type guy. Like her little brother, he loved comic book heroes and science fiction. He wasn't into cars or racing or church or football; all the things she liked. So they listened to the radio and talked about work as they drove the six miles of country roads out to her family's home on Mountain View Road.

"Just drop me off at the end of the driveway," she said as they neared. "If you pull up to the house, it'll wake up my pa."

"Ok," Sam said as he pulled over. "This good?" he brought the car to a gentle stop at the end of the Jackson's long driveway.

"Great, thanks so much!" She gave him a hug and got out of his beat-up 92 Celica. The misfiring four-cylinder engine and the squeaking serpentine belt made her cringe. She closed the door and stuck her head back in the open window. "You should really get that belt fixed; sounds bad to me."

He blushed and smiled, "Yeah, you're right. I'll probably have to replace it."

"Let me know if you need help with that."

"Oh, I'm sure I can manage." he said with an awkward grin.

"OK. Well, goodnight! Thanks again!" She smiled and turned toward the house.

"Bye!" Sam waved and pulled off.

Within seconds the sound of the Celica's sputtering engine had faded into the night and Bobbi was walking up the driveway listening to the chirping crickets and the occasional hooting owl. As she rounded the bend in the driveway she noticed there was a light on in the house and as she drew closer, she spotted a strange van parked next to her father's truck.

When she reached the steps she could see the front door was open and she heard laughter inside. It was a man's laugh, strange yet familiar. Who would be visiting this late on a Thursday night? She wondered. As she drew close, she felt a strange, chilling sensation in her soul.

Bobbi opened the door, stepped inside and witnessed the most hellish scene she could have ever imagined. Her entire family was lying on the floor. J.J. was crumpled in a pool of blood spilling from his neck, already dead! Pa was beaten and bloody. A young, redheaded biker was standing over him, holding Pa's shotgun to his head. Jake and Mel were standing near the kitchen, watching another Dark One who had Momma pinned on the sofa, his pants around his ankles and his hips thrusting. He was grotesquely obese with shaggy black hair and there was a large red tattoo on his shoulder of Satan laughing.

As soon as Bobbi entered the room, Jake pointed his pistol. "There she is!"

Bobbi immediately stepped back out onto the porch and stood against the wall, next to the door. She grabbed the crescent wrench she had left there earlier and raised it like a hammer. Mel took the full force of the wrench to his face as he stepped outside. He staggered and swore as he fired his 9mm at her. It barked out a single shot that bit Bobbi in the thigh. She screamed with fear and pain as she grabbed his

arm and tried to wrestle the gun from his hand. He resisted until Jake tackled her and they dragged her inside.

Bobbi put up a ferocious fight, wrestling free and clubbing Mel twice more with the wrench, splitting his head open. Seeing an opportunity in the distraction she was causing, her father made a grab for the shotgun held to his head. Frankie, the biker holding the gun, wasted no time in pulling the trigger, killing James Jackson instantly.

Bobbi was devastated by the sight of her father's murder. Time slowed and it seemed as though she was watching these horrible events from some place outside herself, as if it were a dream or a movie, happening to someone else. The echo of the shotgun blast and the screams of her mother seemed muffled and distant. In the next moment Jake and Mel knocked her to the floor and started kicking her with steel-toed boots and hitting her with the wrench.

#

Sheriff Tom Grady happened to be patrolling near Mountain View Road when he got the call from the dispatcher alerting him to a disturbance at the Jackson residence—a neighbor had reported screams and shots fired.

Mel and Jake were still kicking and beating Bobbi when Frankie spotted a blacked-out car rolling up the driveway and parking behind their van. "Damn! The Sheriff!"

"What? Shit, that was fast! What are we gonna do?" Mel was terrified.

"I ain't goin' back to jail!" Frankie announced and racked the shotgun.

To be continued...

The full version of this story will be available from [Amazon](#) and [Drive Thru Fiction](#) in the near future.

Follow us on [Facebook](#) for updates and release announcements.