

**BF**  
**Chronicles**

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***“I strive to be humble, lest I stumble.”***

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# Prologue

“I don’t want to end it like this. I don’t think there is any other way.” He leans into you for a goodbye kiss. You turn away, eyes down, half smiling you chuckle at his effort to soothe you. Tears well in the corners of your eyes, you lean back so they can beam fully into his face. That silly fucking grin on his lips same as always and still comforting. His eyes sink into yours then down to your feet. You blink, tears roll down your face. You shake your head laughing off the sobs filling your chest. You kiss him on the lips, fill it with sweetness. He wraps his arms around your waist. You stand firm and accept this time. He nuzzles his face against the black dots freckling under your eyelids. You can feel the tiny puddles of ink blot below your lower lids. Your head on his shoulder, chin digging into the space between collarbone and back, your arms grip hard around his torso. “Don’t cry. It’s bad luck.”

“For who?” You squeeze harder, “Please, you’ll never see me again,” muddy rivers pour down your face as you force eye contact. Your chest pressed into his, heartbeat pounds frantic for a way to make him stay.

“Stop it, you know that’s not true,” he breaks the gaze leaning back and dropping his hands. “I can’t win with you, can I?” He sits down, his feet dangling off of the platform.

“I just don’t understand why you’re doing this, I mean we have a good thing going don’t we? You just want to kill it? Tell me, what did I do?” You kick him in the back hard enough to hurt, “I told you I don’t care about---”

“You didn’t do anything, I told you. When I wasn’t having fun anymore, I’d let you know.”

“So this is how you fucking let me know?” You slap the back of his head and take a seat next to him. You are less resolved, the first stage of grief coming to an end. “It’s not like it’s been a fucking treat you know. I knew you wouldn’t be there for me, I don’t know what the fuck I was thinking when I told you I’d leave Dixie Lox for you.”

“You don’t even know Dixie Lox,” he laughs breaking the stone on his face into something you can read and reducing you back down into the crying girl. You take the pack of cigarettes from his coat pocket, then fondle through his pants pockets for the lighter.

“Found it,” you squeeze his dick hard. You let go and pull out the lighter, spark the flame to light the paper between your lips, you offer him one.

“I don’t have to tell you they’ll fucking kill you,” he takes the pack from you, lights his own, then puts the pack in your front pocket. He lies back onto the concrete. He tugs your ear. You fall back, your head on his chest staring up into the night sky not remembering the last time you did this. “I wasn’t lying. I want you to know that. When I told you I loved you, I mean, I’m unhinged according to Doctor Feel Good, but what the fuck does he know. I know I love you. I never wanted to work for anyone like I would for you.” He fingers your hair, smoke rings halo into the night. “And I’d do anything for you, whatever you say, okie dokie. I can’t do this for you though, you’ve gotta go it alone from now on.”

“You really are a dick head, you know? I mean, I fucked you once, then I fucked you again, and again,” you’re having flashbacks, your hand smashing a hole in his bedroom wall, laughing, collapsing in sweaty heaps, that was when you fell in love.

He laughs, “I would have had a kid with you on accident.”

“Not on purpose? What did you think? ‘Girl just loves her cream pies’.”

“Something like that,” his voice is like honey.

“God, don’t joke about that,” you bite your lip. “You want to know a secret?”

“You aborted my love child, I knew it, you dirty bitch,” both of you laughing, you kiss him on the mouth catching him off guard.

Moths flicker around the glow of the station light. You roll over onto his chest, legs mounted over his, your tongue deep in his mouth. Breath heavy and heartbeats quicken, he lifts your shirt above your head, no bra on underneath, your nipples stand as tiny mind erasers. He sits up to meet you face to face. Your thighs perch perfectly over his waist, something said a skirt was a good idea tonight. He works his tongue around your nipple while you work his zipper open and pop the top button of his pants, pull your panties to the side and slip him inside of you, rock back slowly moving your hips deep onto his. “You’re *my* fucking hero.” The buttons on his shirt pop open easily, one hand behind his head and you bounce up and down, both of you watching each other. Your eyes catch, he holds a handful of your hair moving your face into his. Your head slips out of his grip to one side of his face, you let out a little whimper when he pushes inside. You curse as he shifts to full thrusts, louder till screams and God spills out. Your muscles clenched around him, “Don’t stop.” You bite down into his lip and pull his ears. You kiss, hands grip the sides of his face. He runs fingers down your back pressing tight to your sides holding steady. “You can’t,” hot rush streaming out of you, knees collapse and seize around him. You sit panting, make up smeared and dripping. He holds you with one arm on the small of your back. Chest to chest you count your beats per minute down to resting

rate, he stays frozen like a soldier. You flex, wipe the sweat from your forehead onto his brow and give him a little nibble on the cheek.

“I love it when you do that, it takes all the work out of it for me.” You slap him, the echo bounces through the empty station. You rock forward into him flexing again, knocking him over, you plant your hand firmly onto his sternum and grind him into the station’s earth. You pin one of his hands down, leaving the other free to feel the heat of your skin. When he comes you clench hardest, squeezing the life from him.

“I love you,” he looks up into your eyes, his black glassy orbs well your tears, his own in your smeared makeup on his face. With shirt hanging from your hand he wraps his jacket over your shoulders. You stuff your wallet into his pants pocket. Bernal Flats 25th Hour Express, the train floats over the tracks at a devil’s pace, snaking its way from coast to coast, refueling at MAG ZERO once per round trip. Backing for the new rail system boomed the expansion of the Flats. It was the greatest thing to happen on the continent since manifest destiny. Formally, this berg in the salt flats was home to a fringe sector of society, agrarians, engineers, and hermits. Within thirty years, the hemisphere tying project wrapped its arms across the country and into South America with BF at the heart of the tracks. You can cross from pole to pole in the west and never reach the ocean. The displaced earth from the construction was put to use in the republics of the southern hemisphere. The hub of MAG ZERO sits in Centerville, a sprawling complex of rails that will take you anywhere pumping the life blood into the veins of the nation.

“I’m going to miss you, Barty,” he kisses you on the lips, “you should protect yourself. I buried some guns in Harlord’s that should keep you safe for a while. You’ve always been my favorite.” He jumps from the platform into the oncoming lights. No pulp. A blinding flash makes you shade your eyes, the moment in slow motion. Lightning arching from the tracks, he is untouched



in the magnetic field, suspended in air as his body is torn apart. Streaking bolts of lightning swarm over his chest consuming the rapidly fragmenting structure of the male figure. The event reaches up towards his face, your eyes meet in these last moments and in an instant the mass of onyx colored energy collapses in on itself taking its prize into the unknown. Wind from the passing locomotive blows your hair into the air leaving it swept up against the night sky. The train moves onward, no screeching breaks or twitch denoting a deceleration from its contact with his body, just lights in a blur moving out of sight towards the main station of the Flats.

You walk home, your bike abandoned at the station side by side with his. Into your room, you lock the door and undress. You pick up earrings on the floor making your way to the bathroom mirror. You wash the night from your skin, your dog circles your feet. You rub his fuzzy head and smile. Bathwater steams as you sit on the edge of the tub. You wear every piece of jewelry he had given you, chains rattle around your neck, the holes in your ears filled, rings on your fingers clink against the edge of the raised tub as you step over into the hot water. Both feet in, you keep your knees up and slip under.

# Chapter 1

“They make me look like Chung Lei,” Ren winds buns into her hair.

“Your thighs aren’t big enough to be Chung Lei,” you watch the ceiling fan rotate, “and you’re tan.”

“Yeah, you used to be like, coke white.” Jane

“Goddamn it, do not talk about coke right now, please.”

“Why not? There is a full moon out. This girl keeps texting me, wanting to go half on eight balls.” Jane

“Get off of your phone, Kaitel!” Ren

You are one of four young women lying on the floor of the drawing room of your family home. Your parents and sisters are gone on a trip visiting your adopted grandmother, it’s an excuse for your sisters to play socialite at a performance of Titus Andronicus, and your brother is AWOL. The television flickers in the background mute. Images of a massive celebrity salvage effort of a collapsed office building on an island nation where your family used to vacation come across the screen. Your home sits back from the garden line of the property at the end of a long driveway snaking through a thick canopy up to the perfect lawn. You remember visiting your father on business for an awards ceremony, the middle school years, and your pageboy haircut. At dinners you consumed only butter, skipping the bread, appetizers, and entrees. You snuck out of the hotel on the evenings while your parents drank with the backers of MAG ZERO. Lightning bugs swarmed in the courtyard, you trained your binoculars on the crest of a distant volcano and watched

the tiny shadows move about its summit. Did the office building's janitorial staff on the top floor jump out of the windows in panic or was it just the salary men?

"Boo pirated a copy of the song they're going to play in the credits like a week ago," you click on the stereo. Kaite and Jane paw at your youngest sister's puppy, Wafer, a fat little sausage of a sharpei. Its lily white girth squirms between the pair, rolls of skin stretch wide and fissures in his fuzzy topography. Their hands run over the waves as Wafer plays pussycat, your dog, Oreo, lies sleeping across the room.

"This is fucking terrible, Stempy," Ren's body splayed across the floor, she cracks your toes, roast beef, a high snap going off next to her ear.

"It's pretty much the same with every natural disaster." Jane

"I was talking about, you know." Ren

"Wanna see a dead body?" Kaite lets the elephant in the room slip out.

"Stempy has a graveyard on her doorstep." Ren

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"Where are we going, Barty?" Ren

"He said he buried the guns around here."

"Why are we doing this?" Kaite, "Shit is **so** fucked up you know that, Jane."

"It's not our---" Jane

“You don’t pay attention do you?” Ren

You are buzzing, the air around your body is hot. You want those guns, your heart is in the package. Kaite and Jane puff frantically at their cigarettes, obviously nervous. There is a palpable excitement in their inhaled and exhaled. The four of you traded him like currency without really asking the extent of what he would do when you were out of his presence. You heard whispers almost immediately after. You listen to hands digging into loose soil.

“Found it,” Ren pulls a black duffel from the earth. “There is a letter in here.” She reads it off, lyrics you’d heard before. Looking up at the moon floating full in the sky, you hear footsteps through the bushes.

“Jane get one,” Kaite slaps the clip into the bottom of a chrome pistol she snuck out of the bag. Male voices come closer through the brush.

“We can see you, Barty,” the chorus of voices makes itself heard. You have been followed. Your eyes dart between the shaded faces of your friends. You step forward into the light a few paces. Cigarette lit, you wait. “Where is your pussy cat, B?” Five of them, you recognize the speaker from a party where you were dressed as a witch and your pussy cat stole a broom from the party for you to ride home on while the speaker shouted after the gang. The girls move into the shadows around you.

“You’re the one spreading that rumor around about Snoopy and Robert?” Snoopy was your body double, younger, blonde sister, if she had been fucking the gym teacher you would have known.

“Ah that cunt? It’s like someone chewed gum and hung it from a nail.” There are high fives from the group, a different voice. “So where is your nigger

boy? He's not nipping at your heels anymore? I knew he'd get tired of your ass after a while." The voice steps closer and flash. You don't flinch, black liquid and matter fly through the moonlight splash onto the boy next in line. The other boys turn their backs to flee meet Ren clutching the chrome pistol at eye level. Another gunshot, another shadow collapses. You kick the last three standing in the back of the knees dropping them to the ground. You grab living boy two by the hair. Your eyes on Ren looking down on her handy work, oozing dark matter leaking from the entry and exit wounds. You can see all of them clearly now, the clouds part for the moon to view. You hold hair to the scalp and yank. You drop a tuft from a boys shaking head, sobs come out of his mouth in a loud panic and urine puddles on the ground around their feet. You wrap an arm around the shoulder of your victims. Hyenas laughing from the dark, Kaite and Jane's cigarettes at a constant cherry red glow through the bushes, their inhales and exhales audible.

"What are we going to do, Stempy?" Ren drops down on the chest of the first boy she shot, his death face visible, mouth agape, not his mouth, his cheek is blown out and the hole in his head gave a clear view of what was on his mind. Ren had the higher ground, the bullet coming down through the side of his head and out of his face. You hush the whimpering boy you are holding tight to.

"Don't," he flinches when your hand moves to the side of his face. You pull his ear and stand over him.

"Jesus, do you only eat garlic and asparagus?" Ren's boot to the face of boy three of three so he falls into the slop of skull and brain left over from his friend. "How about you, what's on your stomach?" You move to the middleman, Ren trains the gun on the face-down boy, loud sobs and gurgles bubble up from the earth. "What else is in that bag?" You are a shark in the

water, Ren tossing chum from the side of the boat, a frenzy creeping up your back. The last three will never see their families again. Cheshire grin growing great across your face, sad, this has always been there, took a suicide to bring it out of you. Your teeth glint back from a pool forming around the top of hair follicles. The clink of metal on metal as Ren pulls a blade from the satchel, rope next.

“That’s it,” Ren is ultra-serious, no poker face as to how livid she is.

“Scalpel,” you call hand out, making sure to get eye contact and bring your friend back from where her mind is wandering. She smiles back at you lightening up.

“Don’t. Please, Barty. We went to primary together, it’s me Devin.” The boy on the middle pleads between sobs, the gurgling boy still face down drowning in coughs of vomit pooling, the smell sickly sweet.

“Pick your head up,” you rap your fingers on his lower back. You press the knife tight between his ear and jaw line in the event he is to come up swinging. “Now, would be about fucking time.” You press hard drawing blood from the back of his ear. His hands clench into fists, screams come in waves. “What are you doing?” You laugh a little as he brings himself up from the muck, face streaked and dripping. “Now doesn’t that feel better?” Your voice reaches high to match the sick smell with a cartoonish bubble and pop. You release your quarry pushing Devin, the middle child, over towards the first in line, focus your attention on the sick. You squat on your heels, face to face, his eyes down, you hold the blade for him to see.

“I’m sorry,” a sob comes from his mouth, snot bubble popping. You change positions, everything gathered in your heels, you shift your weight forward. The knife slips through the first layers of skin on his neck, deeper, leverage,

passing through windpipe, Adam's apple split in half, voice box open, flapping with the escaping air from his lungs, your full force splitting him to the spinal column. Your arm painted in black blood, your skin slick and shining. Kaite and Jane come forward arms laced through one another's, single cigarette between the pair, its small cherry calm, they are giddy and giggling between themselves.

"God, gossiping hens. Can you light me a cigarette, Ren? My hands are wet."

"We're not talking to you, Barty, you're mean." Jane scratches your scalp as she passes you by coming up alongside Ren with Kaite in tow. The lighter flame flicks on then off in front of Kaite's face. Devin stammers in shock, the other boy now chins up, cursing under his breath.

"Excuse me?" Kaite leans across Ren lazily holding her pistol toward the faces of her prey handing you a cigarette.

"Crazy fucking sluts, I like that," his mouth widening into shit eating mug. "Put it in my mouth." You puff tuning out the young man.

"So what brought you over to the dark side? And hey, you're the sour pussies sitting over there, don't call me mean. How many cigarettes did you smoke? Pass me the rope."

"Just two," Jane, "check it out." The lighter sparks again, her rolled sleeves expose the cigarette burns ringing her wrists.

"Didn't hurt either," Kaite pulls up her shirt, she has another gun tucked into her waistband and a ring of burns circling her left nipple. The first boy squirms forward. Ren tosses the lasso to you, Kaite pulls the gun from her waist, her shirt back down to its normal place. She holds her arm out steady

and pulls the trigger, blowback almost throwing the gun from her hand. The first boy's face explodes, his body folds, a leaking ice cream scoop shaped mass of bone sits atop shoulders left melting.

"Jesus, Kaite." Ren

"Kaite's got a cannon, Kaite's got a cannon." Jane

"Owww," Kaite rubs her shoulder and tosses the gun at your feet. You tie the rope around the ankles of the nearly decapitated body, over under knots, bind them tight with a long line left trailing between the legs, you take your seat amongst the girls on the body boards, excess rope wrapped around your forearm.

"Devin." Jane

"I just want to go home." Devin

"Davin," Ren. You remember this boy. Your last year in public school before moving into private education, there is little sentimentality. "You shouldn't have come out here if you want to go home now."

"Devin, don't be sad," you brush the tears from his cheek, "I've still got the stuffed cat you gave me, you remember super cat?" His head bobs on his shoulders. Click. Jane's revolver hammer locking in. The hollow exit wound smokes from the blast. "Okay that was really loud. We've got to clean this up, many hands make light work."

"Kaite, aren't you part Mexican?" Ren stands up surveying the leftovers, Jane and Kaite line up their kills side by side. You use your cell phone as flashlight while rummaging through the pockets of the dead. Lots of cash, just like



everyone else. What better way to get what you want right when you want it? Four large knots of cash bound in rubber bands on the body, wallet, plus cell phone and house key card.

“The proper term is messokahn,” Kaite chimes in.

“I knew this was Grant,” you read the ID. He dated one of the girls in your freshman house at university and had even tried to wrangle you into a threesome. You weren’t nearly as drunk as you let on at the time and his girlfriend was taking heavy doses of penicillin. Ren mimics your knots around the ankles of number one and number two.

“Billy tried to rape me, did you know that?” Next body, seven knots, all hundreds, car keys, stun gun, small baggy of crystallized something. Grant’s brother, another five wads of cash, house key card, baby pistol and tin in his jacket pocket.

“When did this happen?” Devin’s body is void of money but held several condoms, a motorcycle key, and house keys, no electronic lock on the house, it’s a class thing.

“I caught him putting something in Melissa Robert’s drink, I don’t even like that cunt. He knocked me out in the parking lot of that party last month, you know the one, Black House Party.” Ren

“Um, why didn’t I know about this?” You move Kaite aside, she is struggling with the loops, ten thousand dollars, and a pack of needles, lots of plastic, Devin’s ID and his own. Robert Patterson, you’d heard the name before. He pimped some of the kids from the outlands, young boys, older women, the housewife market is booming. Kaite kisses you on the cheek.

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