

# SUCKERS

by

Roger Dale Trexler

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CHAPTER ONE:  
THE COMING OF COUNT CLETUS

**T**o say that Cletus Cuthbert was stupid was an understatement. The man barely had sense enough to get out of the rain, couldn't walk and chew bubblegum at the same time, was dumber than a sack of hammers. Any of the old clichés fit, and they fit well. He was a buck-toothed man, stood six foot two, and was as skinny as the proverbial rail. He walked with a limp because he'd blown the end of his right foot off with a .410 back when he was twelve years old while he was out rabbit hunting with his dad. His father, a big man with an overabundance of body hair, didn't take his boy to the doctor. Instead, he said: "Shake it off, ya dumb sonofabitch."

That was the end of that.

Stupidity ran in the Cuthbert family.

Still, clubfoot and all, Cletus managed to survive into adulthood. Like his daddy before him, and his grandpa before that, when Cletus hit puberty and got his first erection, there was no turning back. Fortunately, most of the girls in Buzzard Creek, Illinois were dumb also, and they thought of Cletus as a fine prospect for a mate, even if he had a clubfoot. Turns out they were more worried about other parts of his anatomy.

But, of all the girls, Emma Jean Landry was the apple of Cletus's eyes. Emma's beautiful blonde hair and large breasts attracted many of the local boys. Rumor had it Emma Jean was a nymphomaniac and liked to play the field, so to speak. Cletus had heard from Horace Steinblast, the guy who ran the local gas station, that the rubbers in his rubber machine all had Emma Jean's name on them. "If she had as many stickin' out of her as she's had stuck in her," Horace told him, "That girl'd look like a porcupine." Of course, that was before Horace went off the deep end. He quit talking to the whole town, and most folks were afraid to stop at his station.

He took to sitting in a lawn chair in front of the GAS 4 LESS

with a shotgun in his lap, his older-than-the-hills golden retriever, Chelsea, by his side, shooting at rabbits and such as they crossed Route 12. Or, rather, he was shooting at something no one else saw. Cletus had witnessed the man firing at the pavement for what appeared no reason at all more than once, cursing under his breath as chunks of asphalt sailed into the air.

Horace was nutty as squirrel shit.

Still, The GAS 4 LESS was the only place in town a guy could get rubbers since the old General Store closed down, and the last thing any of the young, stiff peckers in town needed was a baby. So, Horace might not have liked it, but Emma Jean was keeping his store in business, ever since the Citgo up in Goreville opened and started underselling him by a quarter a gallon.

Maybe that was why Horace was such an old, bitter pill of a man. As rumor had it, Horace's own wife, Darlene, had been just as big a whore as Emma Jean was. Horace had supposedly caught her in bed with a traveling salesman back in the 70's. The man had come to show her a new-fangled vacuum cleaner. Locals reckoned Darlene was trying to get one helluva discount.

What she got was a bullet through the head. So did her lover.

Now, no one in Buzzard Creek wanted to come near Horace. Except Chelsea, his dog, that is. And Chelsea only hung around because he fed her the road kill he managed to shoot once in a while from his lawn chair in front of the gas station when he wasn't just shooting at phantoms.

Buzzard Creek was, to most extents, a typical small hole-in-the-wall town in southern Illinois. Not much really happened there unless you were brave enough to look deeper. Then, you realized that there were secrets and mysteries in every corner of the one gas station town.

On the Friday just before the Fourth of July, things got even more mysterious than before.

That was the day the carnival came to town.

Of course, the carnival didn't actually come to town – it was more like the carnival took a pause in its passage to better places. Buzzard Creek was a pimple on the ass of the world, but it was just off the Interstate, exit 36c, and the ancient neon sign that boasted to

the world BEST BREAKFAST IN THE WORLD – SERVED ALL DAY AND NIGHT had been burning since the mid-1950's, when Buzzard Creek actually had been more than a hole-in-the-wall. That was before the Wal-Marts, K-Marts and all the other mega-type marts had managed to strangle the life out of small town America.

But, the neon sign remained, beckoning in motorists from all over who wanted to see a simpler side to their hurried and uninspired lives. The Lone Wolf Bed and Breakfast, helmed by the prettiest gal in Buzzard County, Micki Verble, took advantage of the free advertising the sign offered and did serve breakfast, lunch and dinner to whatever motorist might travel through. Most were campers who pitched their tents down at Dead Man's Bluff, looking for hunting or rock climbing adventure, but Micki didn't care. She flashed her Buzzard County Fair Queen smile at them regardless and, especially if they were men, they ordered whatever plate special she was serving that day.... and tipped well.

The breakfast wasn't half bad, either.

It was toward twilight on July 1st that the big black bus with its sun-blocked windows rolled past the GAS 4 LESS. A couple smaller trucks followed, tarps covering whatever mysterious things they held in the rear. It had rained earlier, and their were still beads of water rolling off the blue tarps as the vehicles slowed to the 30 mph speed limit. Horace Steinblast sat in his yard chair, Chelsea at his feet; his shotgun draped across the plastic arms of the chair, just daring the bus to stop.

It didn't.

Instead, it rolled on. All of Buzzard Creek watched as the bus rolled through town. It wasn't uncommon for busloads of hunters to come into town and stay at The Lone Wolf Bed and Breakfast, but that time of year was a couple months off yet. During the summer, the only things that came to Buzzard Creek were mosquitoes and ticks.

Horace watched as the bus rolled down the road, past the Presbyterian Church on the corner. As it rolled out of sight, Chelsea gave out a whimper. Horace reached down and patted the dog's head. "It's all right, girl," he said. "Ain't nothing to worry about." But, even as he said it, he knew it was a lie.



The bus stopped at the Lone Wolf Bed and Breakfast and sat there. Micki Verble was inside, cleaning up from what had been a busy day. Business was good these days, ever since they'd started road construction over on route 13. It was only a few miles away from Buzzard Creek, and she'd been smart enough to send some business cards and dollar-off coupons over with Sheriff Graff when he'd stopped in for lunch a few weeks ago on his way over to the site. The clientele increased daily, with sweaty construction workers ordering – and tipping – well. Who cared if they smelled bad? Most of Buzzard Creek's regulars didn't smell much better.

The bus sat in the gravel parking lot of the bed and breakfast for thirty minutes before someone got out. Micki thought it odd, but not terribly so. After all, she'd catered to the needs of Chicago businessmen turned hunters before. She knew those city slickers had an attitude, and they weren't afraid to show it.

Still, their money spent the same as anyone else's – better, actually...they had more of it – and she could tolerate snobbery if it meant a few bucks toward the bottom line.

The man that got out of the bus surprised her. She'd fully expected a middle-aged, overweight bus driver, but what she got was exactly the opposite. The young man that stepped out of the bus was in his early twenties, lean and muscular. And, he was handsome.

Incredibly handsome.

Micki felt herself go all wet down there. She hadn't seen a man that good looking in years.

As he shuffled across the gravel parking lot, Micki couldn't help but keep her eyes fixed on the man. And, it wasn't just his good looks, either. There was something incredibly odd and out-of-sorts – and, yet, incredibly appealing – about him. Fascinating was the word she would have used to describe him, if her tongue hadn't been tied.

The man walked to the door of the Lone Wolf and opened it and, like that opening door, Micki's mind snapped back to the present.

“Hello?” he said. His voice was deep and syrupy; words rolled

off his tongue.

“Hi,” Micki replied. It was late, and the rest of the staff had all gone home for the day. The two of them were alone.

“I was looking for a campground,” he said. “The sign on the interstate....”

“It’s just down the road a piece,” she said too eagerly. “To your left. You can’t miss it.”

The young man smiled, and Micki assumed he had a similar effect on just about any woman he came in contact with.

“Thank you,” he said.

Micki thought he was about to turn around and walk out, so she said: “Where are you from?”

He grinned. “Texas,” he said. “Nacogdoches.” He took a couple steps closer to her, and she felt the electricity he seemed to radiate. It made her tingle all over. He was close enough that she could reach out and touch him without bending her elbows. It was as if sparks were flying between the two of them and, Micki knew, she would orgasm at his mere touch. She hadn’t done that since high school, twenty-three years ago now.

And, she liked the thought of it.

“My name’s Lance,” he said, bending and whispering it in her ear.

For a moment, she couldn’t do or say nothing. It was as if some magical force was holding her in place, preventing her from moving.

“I... I’m Micki,” she said, stuttering.

Then, just as quickly as his power took hold of her, it was gone. He backed away a couple steps.

“Thank you,” he said. “Micki.” He smiled wide as he said her name. There was an implied sexual invitation in his voice. He turned and started to walk toward the door.

“It’s just down the road,” she said again, stuttering a bit this time. She felt like she needed to say something.

He stopped. “Then that’s where I’ll be,” he said, smiling as he looked at her. “That’s where I’ll be.”

Then, he was out the door.

Micki watched as he strolled confidently toward the bus. He

didn't look back; Micki knew he wouldn't. He was a man of mystery, and he had laid the seed of a thought in Micki's head. Something told her she would have to go out to the campground by the bluff soon...to see him. To be with him.

She didn't know why.

"I need a cold shower," she said aloud to the empty restaurant as she watched the bus pull out off the parking lot. "Bad."



The campground by the bluff was commonly used for rock climbers and hunters. During the summer months, rock climbers used it as a base of operation. Dead Man's Bluff was considered one of the hardest climbs in the Midwest, and it attracted climbers by the thousands annually. Several of those climbers went home in a body bag every year, but that didn't keep the climbers from coming. It couldn't happen to them; they were too good.

This day, however, the campground was vacant except for Jo Gould. Jo was an alcoholic, and her husband, Donnie, also an alcoholic, had kicked her out of the house for giving blowjobs for drinks down at the Tall Oak bar in Buncombe. So Jo was camping out because she had nowhere to go and no money to go there with. Things would settle down in time, and her husband would come out to the campground and fetch her eventually. It was a periodic thing between the two, and customers at the Lone Wolf would come in laughing, saying: "Guess Jo gave one too many blowjobs last night."

Of course, Jo wasn't a terribly attractive woman, so if the customer laughing about it was actually the recipient of the blowjob, the likelihood was he wouldn't brag about it.

Jo was sleeping, getting her rest for a good night of drinking, when the bus rolled in. She awoke to the sound of tires on gravel, and her first thought was: *who's buying my first drink tonight?*

She lay there and watched as the bus came to a stop at the other end of the campground, parking in the shade of a large tulip maple. It was hot out, and she found herself wondering if the bus had air conditioning. She looked at the roof of the bus and saw a unit sitting

atop. Even from a distance, she could here the soft whirring of its fan as it pushed cold air.

She wanted some of that.

She got to her feet slowly, pushing the beer cans from last night out of the way as she did so. Herman Moon, one of her regulars, had been kind enough to buy her a case of beer in exchange for a piece of ass. Herman had a problem with premature ejaculation, and he sprayed all over Jo's stomach before he could even get it in. Disgusted with himself, he had given her the case of beer and left.

She staggered a little for the first few steps, then found her sea legs again. She walked off toward the bus.

If she was lucky, she thought, she'd get some booze and air conditioning out of the deal.

She wouldn't be.

No one in Buzzard Creek would ever see her alive again.... but they would see her.



Around the time Jo Gould was knocking at the door of the black bus, Cletus Cuthbert was milking his prized cow, Bessie, in the barn. It wasn't really a barn; it was more a set of poles buried in the ground with a tin roof nailed to it. But, he liked to think of it as his barn, and that he lived in something better than a dilapidated old doublewide trailer.

He squeezed the heefer's teats, but no milk came out. "What's the matter, sweet?" he asked the cow. "Junior done sucked all the milk out?" Junior, Cletus's first born, now eight years old, liked to come out and suck the milk directly from the cow's teat. Cletus had half a dozen mouths to feed — and Momma had just popped out another puppy — so he reckoned it was all right for the boy to get the milk directly. It cut out the middleman. Cletus had one less mouth to get some milk for.

Besides, the boy was a chip off the ol' block and he needed to learn how to suck a teat properly. Best to practice on the cow. By the time his pecker had some hair around it, he'd be ready for the Boulton girl down the road. She was Junior's age and, if she was

anything like her momma, she was going to be a looker when she grew up.

Cletus squeezed the cow's teats again and a thin stream of milk flowed out and into the bucket.

"Atta girl, Bessie," Cletus said, patting the heifer. "I knew ya could do it."



Ten minutes later, Bessie's teats were dry and Cletus carried the half-full bucket of milk toward the house. He opened the door and was immediately bombarded by the stench of dirty diapers. Momma had taken to piling them up by the door so she could take them outside and wash them in the old wringer washer. "None of them paper diapers for my baby," she had said when she'd brought the little shitting machine home. "Only cloth."

Cletus was glad of that. The General Store used to carry diapers, but that was a long time ago now. Rion Nicholas had killed himself in the backroom of the place over his sweetheart, Jane Parson, spreading 'em for Tobias Heath. Tobias was the county horn dog; rumor had it he'd slept with just about every woman in Buzzard County...even Mama. Cletus sometimes wondered if the little crap factory was even his; but, at night, when he looked into that smiling little face, he reckoned the boy was his after all. Tobias was good-looking and, sadly, the baby was the spitting image of Cletus.

The cloth diaper thing was just fine, of course, but it sure did smell up the place. Especially in the summer heat, which seemed to be lingering later and later in the year these days.

"Milk's served," Cletus yelled as he flopped the bucket down on the table. Almost immediately, kids came out of the woodwork and grabbed cups out of the dish strainer. The cabinets had fallen off the wall the last good rain they had, and Cletus hadn't worked up the gumption yet to reattach them. They were lying out back on the covered porch next to the wringer washing machine Momma should have been washing the diapers in.

Cletus watched as his children lapped up the fresh milk. There were half a dozen of them — Carter, John, Jacob, Tabby, Zach and

Vesta — with Cletus Jr. making number seven. Thankfully, old Doc Pritchard had used a new technique called “tying her tubs” and Momma was now as infertile as Kratsinger Hill.

“You kids enjoy that,” Cletus said. “But leave some for your Momma, okay?”

If the kids heard him, they didn’t acknowledge him.

Cletus stepped into the living room. Momma was sitting in the rocker he’d built for her out of tree limbs, naked from the chest up. She had the baby cradled in her arms, the little thing suckling at her left breast like nobody’s business.

Cletus looked at the right breast. It was twice as big as it was when she wasn’t nursing — and they were already huge then. The nipple pointed down at the floor, and he could see huge blue veins running like a river toward the nipple.

For a moment, he thought about latching on and getting his own share of milk, but he knew that just wasn’t in the cards today. He had too much to do. Besides, Momma was oozing down there and she didn’t like to be touched at that time of the month.

Better to give her a wide berth.

“I gotta go down to the barn in the north pasture,” Cletus told her.

Almost as if on cue, she pulled her breast out of the child’s mouth with a loud “*pop*”. She heaved it up on her shoulder, patted it on the back, and the baby let out a burp that would do any man proud. “That’s my boy,” Cletus said.

Cletus started toward the door.

“When ya comin’ back?” Momma asked.

Cletus turned for only a moment, said: “The combine is broke down. I’ll be there till I get it fixed.”

“But what about dinner?”

“I got some jerky down there,” he said. “I’ll be all right.”

Then, he was out the door and headed across the yard to the beat-up old pick-up he drove. He had the key in the ignition before he closed the door, glad that he wasn’t going to have to eat one of Momma’s meals. She was a horrible cook, but he hadn’t really married her for her cooking abilities, now had he?

If he got hungry he’d stop at The Lone Wolf and get a slice of

pie and a cup of coffee. Besides, he reckoned, if Micki Verble was working, he'd get him an eye-full of the prettiest thing in Buzzard Creek.

That alone was worth the price of two bits for the pie and coffee.

*Sounds like an idear*, he thought. And, with that notion in his head, he drove off toward town.



It was almost twilight when Cletus rolled by the rest area. He saw the outline of the big bus through the trees and figured it was just some overzealous Chicago hunters getting an early start at shooting cattle they thought were deer. But, as he rolled close to the rest area, he saw Donnie Gould's car. It was a Ford Fairlane that seemed to be held together by dirt and rust; much worse a vehicle that Cletus drove himself, Cletus reckoned. And, to make matters more interesting, a moment later Cletus saw Donnie standing in the middle of the rest area, his hands cupped to his mouth as a make-shift megaphone, yelling. He couldn't make out what Donnie was yelling, but it piqued his interest enough that he slowed the truck down, then pulled off to the side of the road.

He got out of the truck and walked around it. "What's the matter, Donnie?" Cletus yelled.

Donnie stopped and looked at him. Cletus and he had gone out drinking many a time in the past, and Cletus considered him a friend. They'd shared some fun ol' times together.

Now, Donnie looked like a million miles of well-worn road. He was only in his thirties, but hard-living and even harder drinking had aged him. His skin was wrinkled and sun-beaten from working in the fields all day, and he looked a lot like migrant worker. Cletus knew Donnie was of English descent, though.

Still, as he walked into the parking lot, Donnie looked like a defeated man.

"What's the matter, Donnie?" Cletus asked again as he drew nearer.

"Jo," he said. "She's gone."

Of course, coming from Buzzard Creek, Cletus knew all about the turbulent relationship between Jo and Donnie Gould. And, to be honest, Cletus had received sexual favors from Jo on more than one occasion, once in the very parking lot he now stood in. He and Donnie might be friends, but he reckoned Jo was going to blow someone — it might as well be him.

It was a strange sort of redneck logic that Cletus lived his life by.

“When did ya last see her?”

Donnie shook his head. “She was drinkin’, Cletus,” he said. “We was both drinkin’. She started talking to some feller from Lick Creek and, well, I reckon I got a little jealous. We fought.”

He looked over toward the little tarp tent that all the local drunks used. “I dropped her off here last night.”

Cletus shook his head and looked toward the tent, remembering the night he and Jo had made the monster with two backs in that very spot. He’d been so drunk he couldn’t finish. He’d pulled out and rolled over, but Jo wasn’t about to let him off that easy. She’d gone down on him for over an hour before he got a nut.”

Jo was hardheaded like that.

Cletus looked around the parking lot. His eyes stopped on the big ol’ bus parked across the way from him. “You left her here, right?” Cletus asked.

Donnie shook his head. “I think so. We was both mighty drunk.”

Cletus looked at his friend. He knew that Donnie loved Jo and that, in some strange way, Jo loved him, too. But, Jo was a nymphomaniac and a drunk, and that just wasn’t a combination conducive to a working marriage. Add to that the fact that it was common knowledge Donnie couldn’t get it up without some of those little blue boner pills, and you came up with the reason why Jo drank with and screwed just about everyone else in town.

In more ways than one, Donnie Gould was the laughing-stock of Buzzard Creek.

Cletus couldn’t help but feel sorry for the poor bastard. And, yet, he felt relieved that he wasn’t the blunt of everyone’s joke. Momma might have lain up with other men before; but, now that they were

married, she was faithful.

At least, Cletus thought so.

“Maybe the driver of that rig over there saw her?” Cletus asked.

“I knocked at the door already,” replied Donnie. “If there’s anyone in there, they ain’t answering.” He paused, stared at the mobile home and said: “You don’t suppose?...”

Cletus looked at the vehicle.

He supposed.

He supposed a lot.

Knowing Jo’s penchant for sex and booze, he could easily see how she’d knocked at the camper’s door and invited herself in. Cletus knew there weren’t many men who’d refuse a free piece of tail, especially when no one you cared about knew you were getting it. It was like that old saying: “If a tree falls in the forest and there’s no one around, does it make a sound?” Well, Cletus reckoned a quick fuck in the middle of nowhere with a total stranger had a similar answer.

“We should knock again,” Cletus said. “She might be in trouble or something.”

“Lord,” said Donnie as they started to walk toward the camper. “I hope whoever’s in that thing isn’t some sort of travelin’ serial killer.”

“Relax,” replied Cletus. “That kinda shit only happens in the movies.” He turned and headed toward the trailer, confident that they’d find Jo astraddle some stranger who was just passing through, balling him silly. Cletus knew from experience that Donnie would have himself a good cry, asking Jo why she’d cheated on him. Jo wouldn’t stop fucking the stranger but, when she was finished, she’d dress and the two of them would head off back toward home, Donnie following her like a whipped little puppy.

Cletus knew this because he’d seen it many times before. But, what he didn’t know was that this time would be different. This time, Jo had gotten herself into something that was far, far worse than a serial killer.

They walked off toward the mobile home, not noticing that the sun had set.



Cletus knocked at the door of the mobile home, but no one answered. He looked back at Donnie. Donnie was in tears. “I hope nothing happened to my Jo,” he said. “I shouldn’t oughta left her out here all alone.”

Cletus thought: *Knowing Jo, she’s probably down at the Lone Wolf fucking someone for her dinner.* But, even as he thought that, he felt bad about it. Donnie loved the little whore...and Donnie was his friend.

“She’s all right,” Cletus said. “Probably just walked on down to the Lone Wolf, is all.”

“I hope you’re right,” said Donnie. “Lord a’mighty, I hope you’re right.”

“I’m sure I am,” Cletus replied. Then, he turned and looked at the mobile home’s door. *If she’s in there, he thought, she’s busy. Better leave. Donnie don’t need to see his whorin’ wife doing the nasty.*

He took a step away from the mobile home, then stopped.

He thought he’d heard a sound from inside the vehicle.

Looking at Donnie, he knew the man had heard the sound too.

Both men stood silently, listening.

And, they got what they wanted.... another sound.

Cletus thought it sounded like the screen door back at the house opening. It was a slowly, metal-on-metal sort of creaking sound that made him grit his teeth.

“What the hell’s going on in there?” Donnie asked.

“Don’t know,” said Cletus. “But, whatever it is, it needs oil-in’.”

The creaking sound stopped, and silence fell. Then, Cletus heard the soft pitter-patter of feet walking though the mobile home.

“Knock again,” Donnie said.

Cletus did so.

He listened again, and the pitter-patter stopped.

“That bitch is in there fucking someone!” Donnie said as he stepped up to the door. He started pounding at the door. “Ya hear

me, whore!” he yelled. “I know you’re in there with your panties off! I know!”

Donnie tried to yank the door open, but it was locked.

“Open the fuckin’ door!” he yelled.

He stopped pounding when he heard the door unlatch.

He stepped back, suddenly feeling a chill run down his spine.

Cletus backed away, too.

“You want in?” a voice said from behind the door.

“Is my wife in there?” Donnie asked.

A sinister laugh came from beyond the door. “Oh, yes,” the voice said. “She’s here. You want to see her?”

“Damn straight I do!” shouted Donnie. “Send the whore out... *now!*”

“Sorry,” the voice said. “I’m afraid she’s sleeping. She’s had a very rough day.” Once again, the voice laughed.

Donnie stepped forward. “I don’t care how tired she is...send her out, now!”

“If you insist,” replied the voice.

Suddenly, the door swung open wide and something came flying out the door at them. It landed on Donnie and knocked him to the ground. Stunned, he let out a little squeal as he fell, then screamed a second later when he realized that what the occupant of the mobile home had flung at him was the naked body of his wife, Jo.

Cletus, caught off-guard by everything, dumbly stared at the door to the mobile home.

What he saw would stay etched in his mind forever.

There, standing in the shadows, was the form of a man. His red eyes burned in the darkness as he slowly stepped forward. Cletus did not look at the man, did not even notice that he was stark naked, and that his skin was so pale he looked like an albino. Cletus didn’t notice that the man had long jet-black hair that hung down to his shoulders, or that he had three-inch-long fingernails.

Nor did he notice the man’s fangs as he stepped forward out of the shadows.

All he saw where those red, burning eyes.

And the eyes grew closer.



Donnie had problems of his own. He saw the man coming out of the mobile home, saw his fangs glistening in the fresh moonlight as he stepped up to Cletus and kissed him.

For a moment, Donnie thought the man was one of those gay fellers that hung out at the bar up south in Carbondale. But, a second later, the stranger turned to the side slightly, and Donnie saw quite clearly that the man wasn't kissing Cletus at all. He was biting him in the space where the jawbone and the neck met.

"Leave him alone!" Donnie shouted as he rolled Jo off of him.

The man didn't listen.

Donnie was about to get to his feet, step over there and give that weird bastard a beating he wouldn't soon forget, when Jo said: "It's all right, honey. He's not hurting him."

Donnie turned. Jo stood slowly in the moonlight, her ample breasts hanging down. Even in the poor lighting, Donnie could see the puncture marks in both her breasts.

"Jo?"

Jo stepped up to him. She looked pale and, for a moment, Donnie reckoned all she really needed was a good night's sleep.

Then, she opened her mouth.

Donnie tried to back away, but he couldn't. Something had immobilized him. He couldn't move.

"It's all right," Jo said as she put her hand around the small of his neck. Her hand was ice-cold. "I'll never cheat on you again."

She brought her lips to his and kissed him. "We'll be together forever."

Donnie wanted to scream, but couldn't.

Like Cletus, he was entranced by fiery red eyes.

As Jo sank her fangs into his neck, Donnie whispered: "I love you."