

Prologue

"Let's roll, Terry," Mo said, wiping a bit of coffee dripping from his mustache. "We're gonna be late."

Terry stood in between the white truck and the gas pump, carefully squeezing the trigger, and letting it go as he watched the meter like a hawk.

"\$50. Highway robbery," Terry said, shaking his bald head. "These corporations just wanna suck you dry."

"Save it for Twitter, Terry," Mo sighed. The seatbelt subtly squeaked against his standard issue Red Cross windbreaker as he turned around to look at the boxes in the back of the van. There were dozens of stacks, each one wrapped carefully in plastic, and kept in refrigerated styrofoam. As far as Mo could tell, everything was in its place. Shivering at the sight of their cargo, he never got used to the vats of blood resting just behind his seat.

Closing the gas cap and hopping in the van, Terry gripped the steering wheel as he put the vehicle into gear and rolled onto the road. The two had been driving the entire day, and it was beginning to show in the form of low eyebrows and irritability. And, as Mo finished the last sip of his gas station coffee, he knew that their night just got a lot longer.

Orange cones shone in the headlights of the van, blocking the pair's entrance to the highway. It was that time of night

where not another soul was in sight. It was just Terry, Mo and the moon, which hung eerily above them, seemingly watching their every move.

"Great," Terry said. "We're fired."

Throwing the van into reverse, Terry peeked into the rearview mirror just in time to slam on his brakes. The van shook, and the boxes tipped back and forth, the stacks nearly cascading like dominos. Mo's seatbelt, which was already working hard to secure his large frame, tightened and constricted with a series of clicks.

"What are you doin?" Mo barked, unbuckling his seatbelt, which slithered across his gut, releasing him from its hold.

"There's someone back there," Terry said, still looking in the mirror.

"Come on, man," Mo said exhaustedly. "It's too late for that kinda crap."

Mo looked to his partner in disbelief. However, as he eyeballed Terry, he soon realized that this was no ordinary prank. Terry's chest heaved in and out as a layer of sweat formed on his forehead. He still hadn't taken his eyes from the mirror and seemed to be stuck in some sort of trance.

"Terry?" Mo said, concerned. He could feel his own adrenaline seep into his bloodstream as the beats of his heart began to dance.

Mo slowly leaned to his left, attempting to look in the mirror that hung between him and Terry. But, to his surprise, there was nothing behind them but the night.

Knock-Knock

Mo banged his head on the roof of the van as he jumped in fear, shaking the entire vehicle once again. Terry was still frozen, petrified, as Mo looked to the man standing on the other side of his window.

He was dressed entirely in black and his pale, bare skin seemed almost blue under the light of the moon. His veins were barely visible beneath his paper-thin skin. Mo was speechless, staring into the man's eyes, which were as dark as the night sky that shrouded them all.

"Step out of the car," The man said in a deep whisper.

"Terry," Mo said, nudging his friend. "We gotta go, man."

"Step out of the car!" The man screamed, allowing Mo to get a good look at his freakishly sharp teeth.

More and more figures emerged from the darkness in all directions. In the rearview they glowed in the red of the taillights. Each one was dressed in identical outfits of black. The slow-moving invaders surrounded the car and soon began pulling on the handles of every door.

"TERRY! DRIVE!"

Terry let out a scream as he pulled the car into reverse and slammed on the gas pedal. The tires screeched and the night stalkers jumped out of the way of the van before it

barreled over them. Ripping the wheel, Terry spun the van around, causing the boxes to topple over and cascade to the floor, some of them exploding on impact.

"We're so fired," Terry said as tears streaked down his cheeks.

The speedometer climbed and climbed, bringing the van to levels of acceleration Mo had never experienced, forcing him to quickly put his seatbelt back on. The road, which was clear just a moment ago, was now covered with a layer of thick, ominous fog.

The miasma was impenetrable, and the headlights only illuminated the fog right in front of the van, causing Terry to drive blind.

"Look out," Mo screamed as the silhouette of a person appeared in the center of the street.

Terry ripped the wheel once more, but this time they weren't so lucky. Seemingly in slow motion, Mo could feel the van lift off the ground. Everything floated around them in zero gravity until the two-ton vehicle slammed into the grass. Flipping over and over and over as it flew end over end. Finally, the wreckage came to a halt.

Sitting on the side of a river bank, the van rested in a crumpled heap, smoke pluming from what was left of the motor. Terry and Mo hung upside down, their seatbelts holding them snug as Mo faded in and out of consciousness.

"Terry," he said, nearly incapable of hearing his own voice through the wine of his ears.

Terry was immobile, his eyes closed and a large wound haemorrhaging blood on the side of his head.

Through double vision, Mo could see pools of blood forming beneath him on the windshIELD, pouring from the boxes in the back of the van.

Before falling into darkness, Mo caught one final glance of the figures emerging from the fog. Through the blood-stained windshIELD, he saw their pale skin and long, sharp teeth grinning back at him. As his eyebrows began to fall, he heard one of them say:

"Take it all."