

Tara hopped in the shower. It was a big day for her and her fiancé. They were getting married today!

Tara didn't believe in the whole "don't see the bride before the wedding" thing. Her soon to be hubby, David, had gone out that morning to pick up the flowers, but she looked forward to sharing a few moments with him before the ceremony. Until he got back, though, she intended to enjoy one of the long, Hollywood showers that she loved so much.

David stumbled through the door, closed and locked it. He was breathing heavily and one hand was holding his neck, blood was spilling out around his hand and through his fingers. His skin was pale. He fell to his knees, then tipped face first on the carpet, the last of his blood pooling outward.

The water was loud enough that Tara heard none of this, just a few small sounds that told her that her fiancé was home. "Hi honey! Did everything go alright at the florist?" she yelled from the shower.

David's neck had a chunk of flesh and tendons ripped away by a mouth, the tooth marks just visible in the gore. His fingers twitched, his eyes opened to reveal a milky version of his once-chocolate brown color and he rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Honey?" Tara called. David shuffled to the bathroom, letting Tara's voice guide him. It was just the two of them living in their apartment, and she often left the door open, granting easy access.

David's uncoordinated hand moved the shower curtain out of the way and he fumbled into the tub behind Tara. She was facing the showerhead, letting the water wash away the soap as she cleaned her face and could not open her eyes.

"Hey baby! I'm so excited for today!" said Tara. David didn't speak. His hands grabbed her waist and his teeth attached to her shoulder.

"Oooh, I see you're feeling a bit frisky." She cooed as she rubbed her behind against his crotch. "Why are your clothes still on?"

David didn't answer or let go, and the feeling turned to one of intense pain. "Ow, you're hurting me, David, Ow!" said Tara. His teeth and fingers pushed into her skin.

Tara had soap in her eyes and couldn't see. Her arms flailed as she tried to gain traction on anything around her. She slipped all over the place and screamed in pain while David ate her alive.

As the life left her, Tara's last thought was...