

John held Margot close, their bodies covered in sweat after an intense session of sex. John lovingly looked at Margot, her eyes closed, ready for sleep after the workout they had both just had.

"You're beautiful," he uttered.

"Huh?"

"I said, you're beautiful."

She opened her eyes.

"I'm beautiful?"

"That's what I said."

She shut her eyes and rolled over. "Yeah, I know I'm beautiful. You told me that yesterday. And like two days before that. I think we've firmly established that I'm beautiful. I get it."

"I know, I just wanted to tell you."

"Tell you what, when I start getting ugly, no wait, even slightly less beautiful, then you can tell me that and we'll go from there."

"I love you," John sighed as he stroked her hair.

"Okay, again, something we've already clearly established a number of times. Let's do the same thing here, and you can just alert me when you don't love me anymore."

"That'll never happen."

"Well good, then you can stop telling me anything about it."

"Is something wrong, Margot?"

"Is something wrong?" She got out of bed and threw on a t-shirt. "For starters, zombies have taken over the earth and everyone we know is dead."

"Right, but besides that."

"No, I guess not."

"Come back to bed," he implored.

"You're right. I'm sorry." She crawled back under the covers and spooned him. They lay their for a few moments, until John broke the silence.

"You remember when you said you wouldn't date me if I was the last guy on earth?"

"Ha ha ha, fuck you! You've made that joke like twenty times and it wasn't funny the first fucking time."

"No, it's funny because when you said that, you never would have thought that I would be the last guy on earth!"

"Right, I get it, but... Ah, forget it."

A creak outside their bedroom interrupted them.

John leaped up. "Did you lock the door when you came in?"

Margot pulled the covers up around her. "I think so. I'm not sure."

John grabbed the sawed off shotgun propped up next to the bed. He was the one who had sawed it off. He didn't really know why people did that, but he figured if Cypress Hill liked their shotguns that way, he should do it. Suddenly, the door burst open to reveal a gaggle of zombies! Margot screamed as John expertly took down each one before he closed the door and did all the locks. Margot ran over and threw herself into his arms.

"I'm sorry, John," she sobbed. "I love you." She went to kiss him on the neck but stopped short. "You're bleeding. I didn't see any of the zombies get you."

"Oh no, I know, I got bit like an hour ago while you were gone."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was gonna, but I wanted to have sex with you again before I turned into a zombie."

"Man, you suck." She started to back away. "Actually, how does that work exactly? You got bitten by a zombie, so the zombie stuff is in your blood, and then we had sex, does that mean I'm a zombie too now?"

"Hm, I don't really know. I think..." he trailed off. "You know, it could go either way, really."

"You are such a dick."

John proceeded to eat her brains.