

Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Zara Wilder

The Prison Break

Panic. Burnt flesh, broiling. Voltage clenched everything erect, arrhythmic, roaring. Throes.

Upstairs, a monster was murdering his stolen child. The baby screamed.

Smoking hands seized electrified steel, claws cutting palms. Muscles couldn't possibly obey—but he willed that hoisting twist through a father's superhuman focus, warring for his child's life.

Hinges loosened, snapped, came free. His prison lost its door. The raging captive forced seared hands open. Slashed henchmen. Charged upward.

Surging in, he struck the monster away from the infant's cage. Beauty alone replaced vengeance with justice. Hatred with love. Beast lifted Baby free. And carried his son home alive.