



Twisted Diaries of a Monster Groupie

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Category: Fantasy

Description: When a monster groupie with psychopathic tendencies heads to her favorite horror convention with plans to kidnap her Frank-n-heartthrob, she's not expecting him to like it. Will the lovable but unhinged scream queen throw her willing victim back, or protect him from dangerous loan sharks out to de-animate her celebrity crush?

Roxy Malone has her eyes on the horror industry's beloved monster actor, Acid Green. After a one-night stand gone wrong, he mistakes her kidnapping attempt as a clever escape from the loan sharks fast on his heels and a cute attempt to be a bad girl. Drawn to the thrill of the chase, and Acid himself, the punk princess will put her science-loving skills to work when her family legacy of monster creations becomes his one way out.

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Dear Diary,

My therapist says I'm crazy. Rude Much? I'm not even sure they can say that... Can they?

XOXO – Roxy

Therapy was a drag. A gal stabs one white-collar jerk in the face with a butterknife for getting fresh with her on the company dime and suddenly Roxy Malone was doing community service and seeing a head shrink. Should she have called the therapist something so offensive for just trying to help her? No. But he was a class-A jerk for claiming—what they say—was anger management issues.

Anger? If that didn't beat hell. It was more than anger. She was furious. Who wouldn't be?

The jackass she shanked deserved it after he tried to play touch-and-tickle under the cafeteria table while she was trying to relax and enjoy her homemade bento box with teriyaki chicken. Now she was on temporary house arrest and ditching a bottle of psychiatric drugs into the storm drain down the street on the walk home from the bus stop. The only time she was free from her homebound hell was doctor visits and to see her probation officer.

Roxy was too smart for that boring job anyway. She was valedictorian of her class and graduated college with a doctorate in anatomy and neurobiology. She didn't deserve the shit storm she found herself in. Nevertheless, temporarily working in the call center wasn't exactly living the dream, but at least it put money in her pocket,

even if she did hate harassing the poor souls who were behind on their monthly bills. One day some guy from the marketing department thought his afternoon snack should be a handful of her cookie jar, and now she found herself on probationary leave.

Thinking back to the happenings of the dreaded event, she couldn't understand what gave that tool the right to put his hands on her, anyway. It was Roxy's word against his, but that's how it was for her; always the one to take the heat for everyone else's screw-ups. Even at home, she was the lightning rod for all the bullshit of her cohabitant's struggles. Lord knows she wouldn't call them family because they didn't act like it. It was a madhouse.

Her mom was the only one who at least pretended to care, but she sure wasn't the June Cleaver type, baking cookies and being the mom of the year. Darla was too busy being the preverbal hot mess of miniskirts and too much gaudy 80s makeup that she believed impressed losers at the local bar. As proof of her lack of parental instinct, the woman was often aboard the stepfather train with shady men who made their way in and out of her life faster than warp speed. Usually, they consisted of a treasure trove of perverts, abusers, and the less-than-shining scum of the earth. Since Roxy's mother and birth father divorced, it had been a rollercoaster of alcoholism topped with physical and emotional abuse where Darla dragged her daughter right down to the bottom of a whiskey bottle with her.

Roxy honestly didn't know why she stayed in that house other than the hope that one day her mom would wise up and she wouldn't have to keep looking out for her. Unfortunately, it wouldn't happen soon because the new guy was more dangerous than the rest. Not because he was physically abusive, but because he gave her mother the financial freedom to keep her self-sabotaging lifestyle going. He was probably the better of the group of losers Darla got entangled with, but he was far from being Prince Charming.

At least the new husband de jour was a butcher who owned his own business so they

could keep the lights on. Even though Roxy was almost sure he was using his meat locker to put bodies on ice for the local crime element, he did provide a roof over their heads. There was no way he could afford his fancy Corvette without making a little something on the side, so it made sense he was into some sketchy dealings under the table.

As the punk glam-clad woman chomped on her gum, dragging herself to the front door of a rundown house just outside of town, she rolled her eyes when looking over at the broken shutter that was swinging in the wind. The squeaking sound coming from it made her teeth set on edge. On the upside, it almost drowned out the yelling coming from inside. Again... madhouse.

In her mind, she imagined a lovely home with flowers lining the walkway, far from the rat-infested nightmare it was. She pictured her mother standing at the door with a batch of freshly baked cookies to greet her with a smile. Far from it, because that would require her mother to have a lobotomy.

The home was your typical white-washed, three-bedroom Floridian home where the paint on the siding was flaking and there were more than a few leaks in the roof. The only curb appeal was the rusty old lawnmower in the front yard that some flowering weeds had overtaken over, complete with a stray cat family living underneath that seemed to be content with their new home. The grass dying across the lawn with an array of fire ant hills reflected the lives within that had long passed the expiration date of being anything worth living for, sparking heated activity that no one wanted.

She should have known her stepdad wouldn't have gotten off his fat ass for even a moment to fix any of it. Roxy did her best to keep things going herself, but she wasn't exactly Miss Fix-it. She knew his day consisted of butchering defenseless animals for their meat, then right to his musty recliner to guzzle down a six-pack, so pitching in wasn't even on the table. He'd watch whatever sports were playing while bitching at his wife about not having dinner ready on time.

Today was a special delight because it was Monday evening, which meant her mother had been out to the bars all weekend doing God knows what. The shit show Roxy would be honored to witness later would most likely end with a surround of cop cars, complete with yelling on the front lawn for the neighbors to hear. Oh, and of course, her mother would be crying for them not to take her husband away or crying for him not to leave her.

Ah yes, Roxy did enjoy those exciting evenings when the whole neighborhood could witness just how truly white trash her family was. What a treat.

Despite the irony of that, she was her typical happy-go-lucky self. She had not a care in the world as she whistled to herself and skipped up the creaking steps to the front door like she was entering a sunshine dream. Glass shattering, voices raised, and the sounds of detest from whoever was brawling inside were no distraction for her. Nope. She just hummed her favorite tune before skipping past the chaos in the living room to go into the kitchen to grab a snack.

“Where the fuck have you been, bitch!” her stepfather yelled, distracted for only a moment from the verbal abuse on her sleazy mother and a puff on his cigarette.

Her mother, wearing what looked like a stripper outfit far too skimpy for a woman her age, slithered across the floor, wiping blood from her lip and a drunken slur. Roxy assumed it was the man beside her that caused it, but she never had witnessed Hank actually hit her mom. It was an assumption that was gained only by the woman’s history with men.

“She’s been to see the nut house doctor again. You’ll never be anything more than a leach on society because you can’t stay out of trouble. To think you’re my daughter who had the world at her fingertips. You were a genius and now you’re nothing. She’s crazy, Hank.” Her mom laughed, grabbing Roxy’s cheeks and shaking her face. “Crazy just like her deadbeat dad.”

“He wasn’t crazy. He was... special,” she chirped, before kissing her mother’s cheek.

The woman wiped her face looking at her daughter like she was completely off her rocker. “He was a nutcase, just like you are. That’s why they took him to his ass to prison. Keep it up and you’ll be right there with him,” the woman said as she pointed her finger at her daughter’s chest. “I don’t even know why I keep you around. You’re just like that loser. You’re lucky I love you, even if you are nothing but trouble.”

“I know, Mom.” Turning back to the kitchen, she hummed a tune again, ignoring the fact her mother looked to have been beaten up or most likely fell over her own two drunken feet. The fact she was insulting her when she looked like she’d just fallen off a three-day bender was a joke in itself. Who was she to criticize?

Ignoring her surroundings was the only way Roxy could cope. Pretend everything is perfect. Imagine everything serene. Hold it in. Hold it all in. One. Two. Three... breathe .

As the woman continued her nagging, as she always did, her daughter could smell the booze seeping from her stank breath. “You were so smart and you’re wasting your life away. Mark my words, Roxy. One day you’re going to get in some real trouble, and you won’t have me to fall back on. You need to get it together.”

It really was rich coming from her. Darla wasn’t exactly stepping high on the social scale herself. In fact, Roxy was the most normal among them, even with her mental health being a little out of sorts from time to time.

While going to the refrigerator she blocked all the negative thoughts replaced with images of a better life. The visions almost made her family’s screeching voices turn into a muttered haze, then became part of the song in her head that she often sang to herself when she was troubled. The folky song hummed over her lips, soon drowning out everything around her as daydreams of happier times flooded her mind. This was

her utopia, in her head, away from it all.

As her mother turned back to the fight in the living room, away from the evening's festivity of berating her daughter, Roxy's mind wandered to Uncanny Valley images of a perfect life. Darla soon became adorned in a 950s dress with a loving smile, holding a freshly baked apple pie to serve her family. Her stepfather's grimy look of a dirty wife-beater t-shirt and low-hanging pants was soon transformed into a nice suit with a pipe while telling stories about their upcoming trip to Niagara Falls. He'd make jokes about his afternoon on the golf course and his wife would laugh along with glee. In her mind, she could create the perfect family, complete with a new puppy and a nice clean scent of pine cleaner that made the pristine kitchen floor shine.

Okay... So maybe Roxy was a little crazy because that puppy was a rat that scurried across the stained linoleum. The vintage furnishings she pictured were there but didn't have one hint of their heyday to make the place look livable. Damn if she didn't have to be a little out of her mind to deal with what had become her so-called life. Since her real father was arrested, everything had gone wrong. She was a woman in her mid-twenties who should have been living her best life. Instead, she was trapped in a nightmare of cobwebs and poor wallpaper choices.

As the couple turned their bitterness back to each other, she took a sandwich and soda to her room, smiling as if it was the best day of her life, despite being anything but. The curl to her lips was eerie in the most delightful way, once again humming the tune without care.

In her room, the walls were a goth dream of horror flick posters and old movie memorabilia. Her haven of solitude. The shelves were filled with vintage to modern fandom, and right above her bed, a cut out of her long-time crush, Acid Green. The one man who made her lady parts quiver, despite his undead features and the neon green hue to his skin.

As the yelling from the next room grew louder she turned on a retro record player her grandmother gifted her as a child that she'd covered with monster stickers. Throughout the room played a melodious yet unsettling song she'd been humming to herself all day. Tonight You Belong to Me , written in 1926 echoed through the home, making everything bad seem to fade away. Why she loved her grandmother's old records, she didn't know. Maybe it mirrored everything around her that was old and dated. Yet there in the harmony of the song, she found beauty.

Laying back on her bed, she smiled up at the cutout of the greenish man above her as her hands supported her neck. He was gorgeous, even for a Frank-n-freak celebrity.

“Hey, Acid. Did you have a good day today? Mine sucked. But look, I bought tickets to come see you at Scream-a-Con and it's just a few towns over. Soon, we'll be together once I get these house arrest bracelets off,” she said before pulling items from her bag. “You know, you're the only one who gets me. Daddy would have liked you if he didn't get put in that stupid prison. Oh well. Like you always say, I'm not dead yet. I still have lots of living to do. So maybe he has a lot of life coming, too... I sure miss him.”

Living wasn't exactly correct in Acid Green's case. Not in the traditional sense. Although an actor like none other, and a horror legend, his undead life dipped into the macabre. A real-life Frankenstein monster with a fandom that scanned the globe. He was twice as sexy as any human actor with more charisma than the original Frankenstein flicks, with an ego to boot. With his greenish skin, tattooed scars mimicking stitches stretching over his fit physique, and a smile as bright as the harvest moon, he was a heartthrob to the ghoulish groupies who raved over him like a goth king. Roxy was as smitten as the next girl and his biggest fan.

When rumors of Frankenstein's monster creation started to trend online, he figured out a way to plot his death, pay a scientist to patch him up, and then become the biggest Frank-n-actor to date. The goth gal hated to admit the very scientist involved

was her father. It was only a few years prior that he was arrested for murder and crimes against humanity for creating creatures like Acid for profit. The cops said he was a mass murderer, but she never believed he was capable of such atrocities.

She had to take a little pride in the fact he did have a bit of a cult following. It was she who gave her father the idea to start the Frankenstein monster project in the first place. Like her famous scientist father, she had a love for knowledge and how the human body worked. To them, it was nothing more than creative science to reanimate the dead. Sure, her dad was now believed to be a mad scientist, but when Frank-n-creation was at its peak, he was the talk of the scientific community.

Her father's genius was admired by the masses for several years until other humans started bringing down the heat on him, calling the labs an abomination to mankind. Soon the project was forced to shut down once grave robbing was becoming an outbreak and a spike in murders happened around the area. To save his daughter from being a target of the backlash, Dr. Malone hid her part in it, and Roxy was forced to leave science altogether. Someone had to take the fall, and her father was the one who was the patsy the feds were looking for. Who was to believe a high school goth girl was behind the whole thing back then?

As she looked at Acid's picture overhead, she could almost imagine being in that lab when he was brought back to life. She didn't even mind the fact he had that green hue. It was a perfectly unique side effect of the lab radiation leak that made him special.

She hummed to herself and blew him a kiss wishing it was her who pulled the switch to give him life. To her he was no freak of nature, he was a work of art.

Lost in her fantasies, Roxy was jarred from her thoughts when suddenly a shrill scream from down the hall rattled the thin walls. It was typical for the household, and she knew intervening would only bring the heat onto her. Just as she reached to turn

up the record player to drown it all out... it stopped.

Total silence.

Sitting up, her heart pounded. Silence.

“Momma... Momma!”

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Dear Diary,

Today the voices say I'm going to be a star. A real scream Queen.

XOXO—Roxy

The silence was earth-shattering, and she knew something wasn't right.

“Momma!”

After running to the living room, what she found there was complete horror. Her stepfather was sitting in his chair chain smoking while her mother lay lifeless on the floor. The woman's head was seeping blood onto the thick green shag carpeting, and her eyes wide open as if looking for Roxy to help close the open wound in her skull. The coffee table was broken, and a long shard of glass poked through the hole in the front of her forehead.

Slowly Roxy approached, kneeling without a word.

“She's dead,” the man said casually, sucking down another puff.

“You killed her.”

“We'll take care of it later. I have some old tarp out back so we can get rid of it. Go fix dinner.”

Roxy's head turned to him as tears stained her cheeks, finding he didn't have a care

in the world that he'd just killed her mother. To him, she was nothing more than another body to butcher. The smug bastard didn't even look remorseful as he puffed circles of smoke in the air.

Sure, the woman wasn't the best at showing love to her daughter, but Darla sure didn't deserve this. She was an abused woman with an alcohol addiction, and Roxy never blamed her for their problems. In fact, she always believed her mom had her own mental issues that she struggled with. When she was a child her mother was loving until the drinking started. Or maybe the issues started long before. She couldn't quite remember.

When Roxy wasn't moving away from the body, Hank pulled her up by her hair, shoving her to the kitchen. "I said fucking get dinner ready," he snarled, switching on a dime. "Be a good girl, now. Get going. We'll need to clean this mess up later. I have some guys I can call. We wouldn't want the cops thinking you did this. We know you'd be the first one they suspected when I tell them you tried to turn on me next. I think if you do as I say we can get past this."

Her heart sank. That sick son of a bitch would pin this on her. It was clear he was throwing threats she would be next if he needed to handle the risk of her ratting him out. He didn't even have to say it because just mentioning his friends was enough for her to know her suspicions of the mob involvement were true.

Pulling away from his grip, she nodded, dropping her head as she entered the kitchen. It was clear she was in shock as the little tune played in her head that always seemed to soothe her. She began humming as a slow curl of her lips gave way to images of murder and revenge.

It was then thoughts of her father's work crossed her mind, and she whispered to herself, "I can fix her. I can make her better, Papa. For you. For us."

And she could... Better than ever. But at what costs?

As she began dicing the vegetables on the withered wooden cutting board, she saw her reflection in the knife she was holding. Was she her father's daughter? Yes, she was. Death was just a temporary state in the science they shared.

A bit of a man who once loved his family was there speaking to her very soul. Fix her, Roxy. You know what to do.

As her heart raced at the thought of her mother in the next room murdered and discarded like trash, it filled her with rage. A protectiveness she never knew before washed over every inch of her consciousness and someone had to pay for the crimes she'd witnessed. This man just killed her mother in cold blood and now was forcing her to take on a role she never asked for. If she had her way, he'd end up with the same fate. She could stand there and take it or be her father's daughter.

The fact remained that Roxy was off her meds, so the cops would only assume she went blind with anger from finding her mother's dead body if she took matters into her own hands. That is if they came snooping around at all. Darla was nothing more than the town slut to most people, so who would care but her daughter if she went missing? No one. That's who.

Hank was wrong. Roxy could spin this to her advantage. If not, she knew what would come next. He'd blame her, or worse, force her into some sick perversion of his idea of a sad life. He'd already tried to flirt with her on numerous occasions, so it wouldn't be out of the question he'd want to replace her mother with a young beautiful goth woman. Knowing she was mentally ill, he'd use that to manipulate her into being his wife, just like he did to her struggling mother.

She had to face it. He had the upper hand right now and she had to come up with something fast. Who would believe a woman who had an arrest record for violence

over a well-known community business owner? Even so, he could just call his mob friends and dispose of her mother's body, and no one would be the wiser, thinking Darla just ran off with another one of her men.

Or maybe that wasn't his plan at all. As Roxy laid the knife on the counter she tilted her head thinking. Hank knew she was unstable. He also knew death was something his stepdaughter had a real fascination with, being she was a lover of horror movies and dark sciences. And she was smart—really smart. It started to make her wonder why he would send her to a room full of knives when knowing she had just stabbed a guy in the face not long ago for just trying to fondle her.

“That son of a bitch.” She chuckled, shaking her head. “Well, Hank. If you want to play the games and complete my father's legacy, let's do this.”

Straightening her shoulders she knew what she had to do. For some reason maybe he knew he was going down for this as to why he gave her time to think. He could have just killed her, too. His only way out was death or prison, and he wouldn't go to jail. They both knew it. So, if he wanted a way out, she'd give it to him. Payback for the crimes committed on her, and a larger part, her mother.

Calming walking past him through the living room, she went to her room, turning on her record player to her favorite tune. His eyes followed her as she returned to the kitchen, but he didn't move. He just sat there waiting for what would come next.

Maybe he planned to set Roxy up and kill her too, claiming it was self-defense. He could easily claim she killed her mother and then turned on him. Maybe he had a death wish and was ready to get out of his own life's misery. Either way, they'd find out who had the upper hand when she returned with the butcher knife.

“What do you plan on doing with that knife, girl?” he asked as he took another puff of his cigarette.

“I think you know.” She smirked with an eerie grin.

When he saw the smile he’d seen before stretched across her lips, he sat up a little taller. When she was like this it was scary, even for him. “Roxy, put that knife down, girl. You don’t want to do this. I’m a butcher. You know I’ll end this before you can make a move.”

“Yeah, I know. But the question is if you want to. We both know you’re in a lot of debt, Hank. I bet those men who come in and out of your business have something to do with that. Every time you’re stretched for cash, you blame Mom for staying in the bars all the time. That kind of heat must put a lot of pressure on a guy. How much do you owe? Fifty, sixty grand? More...? One hundred K?”

He looked away proving he did owe those men, and she was on the right track.

“Damn, you are in deep. You know, you could just sit there, and I can make it all better. Or... you can fight me and hope you can stand to overpower me before I ram this knife in your skull.”

“I’d kill you before you could blink, girl.”

“Oh, yeah? Do you think you can bet on the chances that you might overpower a woman that you know has no impulse control and risk she might get the upper hand?”

She watched as he gritted his teeth while thinking it over. No matter what, he wasn’t making it out of this alive. He’d killed her mother, and he had to pay. The man she’d stabbed before was twice Hank’s size, so her small frame didn’t mean a thing in the grand scheme of things.

Sitting down in front of him on the ottoman, she played with the knife, unsettlingly calm. “Listen, you know I can turn this whole thing around for us all. I can offer you

a new lease on life. Or an undead one, anyway. Who do you think was behind my father's studies, Hank? It was me," she said, twirling the knife before licking the blade.

"So that's it. I let you kill me, and you get to play mad scientist with my body. Is that the deal you're making?"

"Yep." The little taste of blood on her tongue from a prick of the blade made her giddy. As she licked her lips, she leaned slowly toward him. "So, how do you want to do this?"

The man looked away shaking his head before glancing back at her. "When you bring me back, at least don't put me through this hell. Let me have my shop and my work." Looking over to the dead woman on the ground he added, "And make her happy. I sure as hell couldn't."

She nodded as she stood, graciously knowing what he meant. It was then Roxy bowed, extending her skirt with a dainty yet bone-chilling taunt. "Very well then, good sir. Say goodnight."

With chin raised, he took his just deserts as the blade came crashing down, slicing across his throat, spilling his blood in a horrific display of horror that Roxy so dearly loved. The gruesome beauty of the splatter across her face was a melody of gothic retribution he fell victim to, much deserved.

To her, it was like all the movies featuring her macabre heroes in real-life display. Where she admired them on screen, she now was the special feature. She danced around the living room enjoying the song in the background as if she was the starlet of her favorite horror flick, swinging the blade like a conductor to the perfect concerto.

“Do you hear it, Hank? It’s beautiful. The perfect melody to the perfect ending.”

In the distorted images of her twisted mind, Acid was there, enjoying her rapture of blood and gore, dancing among the smell of death and the pot of soup that was boiling over in the kitchen. Red splatter became vibrant acid greens and hot pinks that seeped into the woodwork. The dingy room then became rows of flowers spilling over into fields of rainbows and sunshine where graveyards were places of play, and her father was there waiting to join in the dance.

Was she insane? Perfectly and completely.

Once the body of the man fell limp, she started to sing her favorite song as she grabbed his foot and dragged him to the garage, with little effort from the adrenaline pumping through her veins. After dropping his corpse on the cold hard floor with a thump, she dusted her hands.

“Get some rest, Hank. Tomorrow is a new day. I think I’ll go fix a bowl of that soup that Mom didn’t get to finish. Then maybe I’ll do some shopping. It’s okay if I use your bank card, right? You won’t need it anymore. Sleep tight, ya fat fuck. Tomorrow is a new day,” she said while pitching his cheek as blood smeared his face. “You know, you look good in red. It suits you.”

Into the living room, she went, pulling her mother into the kitchen and propping her into a chair. Her dead body fell limp, and her cold lifeless eyes stared into nothing.

“Don’t worry, Mom. We’ll fix you right up. Tomorrow, you’ll be a whole new woman. Who knows, maybe even Hank will come around.” She smiled at her mother’s dead eyes. “We’re going to be happy now, just like you always wanted. One big happy family.”

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Dear Diary,

How do you get blood out of the carpet? There must be A science to it.

XOXO – Roxy

P.S. Acid Rules! Just a few more days until Scream-A-Con!

A stitch here, a few tweaks to the nervous system there, and... a couple of alterations to the frontal lobe to drive out those pesky toxic traits, then... voilà! A whole new, custom self-made family.

The surgeries were going well, and Roxy's makeshift shock contraption, which was pulled together at the last minute, seemed to do the trick. Once connecting Hank's car battery to the extended jumper cable wires, then clicking the car's remote starter to shock the shit out of his brain, it finally made his arm twitch. She couldn't help but giggle when she clicked several times just for fun when the car wasn't starting right away.

"Dance little puppet, dance." Looking over her notebook on the tool bench, she double-checked before finally hitting the button one last time and hearing the motor run. "Come on, live, damn it! Live!"

When she saw his eyes flutter open as his head twitched, she'd done it. Total reanimation of life.

"Yes! It works!"

She rushed to remove the cables before asking him a few questions. Tweaking the implant in his brain on her computer, she'd make him just to her liking.

"You little bitch I'll..."

"Oops! I forgot to adjust that nasty little attitude... There. That should do it."

"Hello, Roxy. Isn't it – it – it – it a lovely d-d-day?" he said with a bit of a glitch as his head jerked.

"Damn it. I must have hit a nerve when I put in the implant. Oh well. At least you're not an asshole now. Right, Hank?"

"Not an asshole."

"That's right." She giggled, patting his shoulder. "Now get up and help me with Mom. She'll need some extra work from the number you did on her. I hope I can get her moving after all that brain damage."

"Sorry," he pouted. "Hank bad?"

"Hank's a jerk but it's okay. You're all better now and will never hurt anyone again. I'll work on that glitch later."

"Thank – thank – thank... Rox – Rox – Roxy."

"You're welcome. Now get to work. I'd take care of that twitch once the stench of burning flesh airs out." Looking back at her notes she added, "I'll need to be a bit more careful with Mom, so I don't scramble her noggin like an egg in a frying pan."

"Eggs? Hungry."

Roxy watched as the reanimated man just walked right out of the room and started heading to the kitchen to fix breakfast. “I think I fried a few eggs in his basket.”

She did assume from Hank’s imbecile behavior that if she had to ever do this again maybe a battery charger from the garage would be a better option if she could figure out how to modify it to the right amps. She was in such a hurry she didn’t have time to even think.

“Okay, Momma. It’s your turn. Let’s give you the life you always wanted, just like in those old black and white shows you like.” Kissing her mother on her cold dead cheek, a tear rolled down her own. “I’m sorry. I wish I could have given you the life you deserved when you were living. But you’re going to be better now in this new life. I can do this and we’re going to be happy again, just like it used to be when we were with Daddy.”

After working day and night, she’d completed both Hank and Darla’s reanimation, and they were sitting at the kitchen table looking surprisingly dapper. She’d even used her stepdad’s bank card to buy them some new clothes and a few things for herself. They looked normal, except for a few stitches that she was able to keep to a minimum. Until they healed completely, it probably wouldn’t be in her best interest to let them out of the house.

As she checked on Hank’s bandages, her mother’s reanimated corpse went right to work at being Roxy’s idea of the perfect mother, fixing sandwiches for lunch and baking cake for their reanimation birthday. A little party was in order after all. They were given a new lease on life, complete with happy vibes and smiles all around. The perfect family.

She looked over her shoulder watching her mom water a withered flower that had been sitting on the windowsill for going on two years, barely hanging on. “Mom, stay out of the windows. We don’t want the neighbors asking questions.”

“Yes, dear,” the woman chirped as almost Stepford wife behaviors kicked in.

With the last bandage, she slapped Hank on the back. “There, you old fart. How do you feel?”

He didn’t say much as his head twitched, but at least he wasn’t trying to kill her. It was clear she’d made him a bit of an idiot, but most people who knew him wouldn’t notice any difference, anyway. He wasn’t well-liked in the community and didn’t have close friends or family. Hell, most people who even visited his butcher shop only grabbed what they needed and left without much small talk.

“Let’s hope you remember your job at work. We’re going to need money around here to keep the place going. I’ll figure out a way to pay you debts too to keep the mob guys off our asses.”

“Work,” he said as he stood to head out.

Roxy quickly grabbed him, sitting him back in the seat. “Oh, no you don’t. Not yet. Maybe in a few days, okay?”

He nodded. “Few days.”

“Good boy. You can even take a second job if we can figure it out. How about you go out back to the tool shed and get some work around here done in the meantime.”

Quickly he went to grab the rake from the shed and began to clean the yard as she requested, without question. How could she not be impressed with herself? She turned Hank into a semi-likeable creature. He was even whistling as he worked.

“And fix that damn shutter! It’s driving me crazy!” she yelled after him with a giggle. “Moron.”

It had worked. All her research with her father, the years of dreaming of creating the perfect TV sitcom-inspired family, and her desire for a better life was right there. She'd created a Frank-n-family specific to her liking, and no one was the wiser. At least she hoped. All she had to do was lay low and keep her creations out of trouble.

Hank was easy. He didn't do much in real life other than work and come home outside of whatever money he owed. Her mother was the challenge. For now, they'd pretend she had gone to rehab. Maybe a little ruse of saying the family joined her at therapy would make people believe they were on a better track. Too bad real therapy wasn't that easy.

After she cleaned up her makeshift laboratory in the garage, Roxy yawned, ready for a nap after a long day and night of monster creation. To be honest she shouldn't have been able to sleep at all knowing her home was a murder house and her family were now the living dead.

"Oh, well. At least they aren't arguing," she said with a shrug before heading to her room.

As the door closed, she fell back on the bed, stretching her limbs. Above her, Acid's face smiled down on her. "I did it. My family is just like you now. I fixed them. They won't hurt anyone ever again."

Her imagination had her believe the image of him winked as she rolled over to write her scientific findings in her diary. After a few words, she rolled back over and pulled a Frank-n-plushy to her with Acid's likeness, hugging it tight. It seemed like everything in her life was perfect now except one thing, she didn't have him.

"If only you were mine."

The cutout seemed to say, "I could be."

“How?”

“The tickets. I’m just a few days away from being in your arms. Come find me. Take me home. If you can kill your parents and turn them into Frankenstein monsters, you can do anything. Just think of the possibilities.”

Looking at the ceiling her toxic mind showed her images of Acid in a dreamlike state. A first date. A first kiss. The first time making love. And then... a wedding. The perfect marriage, complete with a beautiful home and a white picket fence. The best part, her father was there, smiling at his daughter for all she’d accomplished. There in her utopia, the scream queen had her king, living the perfect life in a perfect world.

She looked over at the plush doll. “He’s right, you know. I can do anything. Including making Acid Green mine. He was created by my father, so by rights, he belongs to me.”

That was it. She was going to do the one thing she knew she shouldn’t, but the intrusive thoughts were too much to hold back. Without her meds, she was capable of anything, including kidnapping a celebrity to be her plaything.

Rolling from the bed she rushed to her desk, typing away on her laptop to plot the perfect plan. She searched his location, the horror convention’s layout, and everything down to the path he would take to avoid the raging fans on the way to various events.

When she finally sat back and looked at her devious plan to nab her dream guy, she smiled. This was it. She was going to be his scream queen. The bride of a real-life Frankenstein.

“Yeah. A bride.” She giggled, rubbing her curly red hair before glancing down at her frumpy-bibbed overalls. “Ick. I need a makeover. No self-respecting Frank-n-man

wants a bride who doesn't look the part.”

After grabbing an autographed framed image from her bedside and kissing it, she swirled around the room in a fit of giggles.

Maybe the therapist was right. Maybe she was a little crazy. But boy was she fun.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:57 am

Dear Diary,

Maybe I am Crazy – Crazy for bad boys and monster toys. It's Horror Convention weekend. Bring on the gore!

XOXO – Roxy

Leaving her family at home to recover from their surgeries, she was confident enough in her creations that Hank would be responsible and watch over her mother. It even surprised her how well he was doing, even though a tad on the stupid side. She'd work on that later.

Her mom was doing well too, although taking a bit more time to heal. Regardless, Roxy wasn't about to miss Scream-A-Con after all they had put her through. She deserved a break from that house of horrors and the trip from her house in Spring Hill was just a short drive to Seminole Hard Rock Hotel addicts, desperate to get that one good hit. Even if he was an undead celebrity, they were all alike. High rollers like this man were the worst of them. Times hadn't changed in this case and the rules of the casino applied to everyone, dead or alive.

"Bust. Out of chips means out of bets, Mr. Green," the dealer said firmly. "You're done. Leave the table."

"Come on, man. You know me. Just give me another round. I'll settle up as soon as I hit. You'll get your money."

Seeing was at the point of desperation, the dealer calmly waved over one of the pit

bosses watching from a distance. A tall man in a suit stepped forward, stone-faced with a grunt of annoyance when he saw who it was. “Not you again. Don’t you ever learn?”

“Just one more hand, Leo. This is it. I feel it.”

The man placed a heavy hand on Acid’s shoulder, letting him know begging wouldn’t work. “I’m afraid we can’t allow that, sir. I’ll have to ask you to leave.”

His mind raced to think of anything he could pawn or someone who may owe him money. Nothing seemed to be at his mercy because he damn sure wasn’t parting with his new sports car. He needed just one more hit and a chance to win it all back. It had happened before. A winning streak was sure to be just a card away.

As the guard helped Acid from his seat, he went into an all-out panic. The loan sharks had been clear. If he didn’t pay them back by the end of the night, things would get ugly... Real ugly.

“I just need a little more time,” he pleaded. “You can’t leave me like this. You don’t know what I have waiting outside”

The security didn’t flinch as he rolled his eyes, knowing the look of fear well. “I have a better idea. Maybe next time you come to the casino make sure you have the money to bet. Get help, man.”

With that, the chips were swept away, and the dealer turned his attention to the next gambler, who was more than happy to take Acid’s place at the table.

He stood there, fists clenched, staring at the pile of chips he had watched slip through his fingers. He felt the eyes of the casino on him, images of laughing faces swirling about. As he willingly left he felt his pulse rate pushing his undead heart to the limits.

He was sure this was it. Death had found him again.

He moved toward the cashier's counter hoping maybe he could convince the staff or some fans to loan him just a few more chips. As he approached, the woman behind the counter gave him a sympathetic look, already shaking her head.

"No credit," she said before he could even ask. Acid opened his mouth to argue, but she cut him off with a shrug. "Sorry, Mr. Green. Rules are rules. You need to leave before they throw you out."

He leaned on the counter, feeling the weight of the situation crashing down on him. He couldn't think. He couldn't breathe. It was as though every undead cell in his body was screaming for escape. There was no way to fix this, no clever scheme to wiggle free. He knew he was being watched and this was his fault. He deserved what came his way.

Two men in that casino had already promised to de-animate him if he didn't pay back his debts and he could already feel their gaze on him. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw them. Two menacing figures in dark suits stood by the slots, watching in wait. This was it. They were here for him, and he was flat broke and hit rock bottom.

There was one thing for sure... He had to get out of there fast.

"Fuck," he swore under his breath, sidestepping down a row of slots as the men made their way toward him. "Shit, shit, shit!" he said to himself, pushing an autograph seeker to the side. "Sorry, no time..."

His dead heart pounded in his chest, a phantom memory of what it used to feel like to be alive. Maybe that's why he kept doing this. It was a rush that made him remember his days among the living.

The sharks were closing in and he could almost hear their footfalls behind him. Suddenly, he found an escape. Down the hall from the casino, the Scream-A-Con lights flickered with the booming horror music and the electric energy of excited attendees. Once inside, he saw the costume contest was in full swing across the main ballroom. The screams of delight from onlookers at what was on stage gave him a quick idea.

Once there was a break in the performances, he darted into the heart of the convention floor, weaving between attendees dressed in everything from Scream masks to Freddy Kruger fandom.

He stopped only for a second when he had to doubletake a scantily clad female version of Jason Vorhees. “Hey there, sexy Looking good.” But his flirtations didn’t last long when he turned to see the men starting to rush toward him. “Sorry, babe. Gotta run?”

The crowd cheered as the towering, green-skinned actor in an Armani suit dashed past them. A couple of zombie cosplayers waved at him, thinking it was part of the many acts that weekend.

“Whoa! The real Acid Green. Can I get a picture, man?” someone shouted from the crowd.

The cheers and applause intensified as the thugs continued their pursuit, pushing through the crowd. To them, it looked like part of the entertainment, so they whistled, clapped, and raised their phones to record the chaos. It was much like a scene from one of his earlier films, so it was the perfect cover.

Soon, the larger of the two men lunged for him, but he ducked behind a group of gore groupies, smiling and waving at the crowd. He had to laugh at the hysterics of it. The fans were eating this shit up and he loved the attention, good or bad. The distraction

was working as fans swarmed, asking for selfies and bringing so much attention that the thugs wouldn't dare do whatever they had planned for him. They couldn't just rip him in two while the whole convention was watching.

Well, maybe they could, but he didn't think they were that stupid.

When he saw the men back away, he was moved toward the center of the crowd, and knew he'd dodged a bullet, for now. He gave a playful wave of his fingertips, taunting what he knew would only cause some deserving pain later once the goons caught up to him.

Just as he thought he was in the clear, two more men stepped in his path. "Going somewhere, Green?" said Donnie Luciano, the crime boss himself.

"Fuck."

"Times up, Frank-n-freak."

Just as the men started to surround him, a girl in an off-shoulder white 50s style top with a black torn skirt and suspenders stepped in the way. She was jumping around to get a better view of the stage, unbeknownst that her undead hero was inches from her. As she jumped once more, she bumped into Donnie, knocking his men with them.

Acid's ghoulish lips curled when he saw she'd created the perfect diversion and his way out. But what was this? Did he just fall in love?

Damn near it because it was like slow motion when he got sight of the beauty with short black hair and a wavy white stripe. Her costume was an almost perfect replica of the Bride of Acid-stein, from one of his most famous horror comedy films. It gave him an idea that would send the convention focusing in his direction and away from the stage.

That should make the loan sharks back off. There was no way they'd pummel him when so many eyes were watching. At least he hoped.

"Hey, sweet thing. Wanna dance?"

Before she could say a word, Acid swept the woman into his arms in a dramatic display of grandeur as the crowd gasped in awe. The girl squealed with delight as he spun her around, pulling her close to perform the undead bride dance of a lifetime. Just like the film he was most known for; he was bringing it all to life right there for the fan's enjoyment. Little did he know that the woman in his arms was living a dream come true and he may have been in worse trouble with her than any of the guys with the guns.

The crowd erupted into cheers as he led the beauty across the convention floor, twirling and dipping her like they were in a gothic ballroom. His movements were fluid and practiced, although amid a dangerous pursuit. He couldn't help but chuckle with delight at his genius.

The fans were eating it up and so was this girl in his arms. The look in her big doe eye seemed as if he was the most perfect thing she'd ever seen in her life. He did so love the groupies. They were so easy to charm off their feet, and the joy in her eyes showed she was no different than the next girl.

As they danced, Donnie and his goons tried to push through the crowd, but convention security finally stepped in once seeing they were not part of the show. When the guards confronted the men, Acid dipped the girl one last time before pulling her back up with a devilish grin toward his stalkers.

"I hate to spook and run, babe," he recited the words that mimicked his latest slasher film, "but I've got a grave to catch. See you on the other side."

Just like on screen, he smacked one toe-curling kiss on her lips making the woman's eyes bug out in surprise. Before she could respond, he gave a wink to the crowd with a bow and dashed off toward the exit, leaving behind nothing but a trail of laughter, cheers, and a woman breathless.

Once again, Acid Green came out on top.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:57 am

Dear Diary,

Today I met my future husband—the love of my life—Acid Green! He kissed me! Give me all the Green, gorgeous, and ghoulie.

XOXO – Roxy

Roxy was in complete shock at what had just happened. The spark from that kiss had set her on fire and her heart was pounding against her ribcage so hard she thought she was having a heart attack. Visions of lace and gold wedding bands flashed in her mind as her fingers lingered over her lips which were still warm from his touch. She had no idea why, but in a room full of fans, he chose her.

When he disappeared into the crowd, she knew she couldn't let him get away that easily. Not after that kiss.

In a sprint, she ran out of the convention hall and into the hallway, catching sight of Acid heading toward the elevator. The studded knee-high heeled boots were perfect for her costume ensemble, though not the best for running after her crush. Roxy slid across the shiny tile floor, her momentum launching her right into the arms of her mean-and-green bad boy who smelled of citrus and a zesty spiced cologne right before the elevator doors slid shut. One long black curl fell in her face from her fresh dye job, and she blew a puff of hair to get it out of her sight.

“Whoa, baby girl. Careful there. Don't damage the merchandise,” he chuckled, helping her stand upright before adjusting his half-buttoned dress shirt. “Aren't you an eager one?”

Her heart pounded as she bit her lip, catching a glimpse of his hard chest peeking out from underneath the fabric of his neatly pressed shirt that was slightly unbuttoned at the top. She was a complete mess in his presence, finally getting a good look at how much more handsome he was in person. Sure, the green skin wasn't exactly normal, but damn if he didn't pull it off. The tattoos of staples, stitches, and scars alone were sending her hormones into overdrive.

The way she looked at him felt like an unspoken invitation for the monster to pull her closer, giving him a good look at his punk princess. He assumed this cat-and-mouse chase was a wide open invitation to have a little fun with her later that night if he played his cards right. Or at least that's how his ego saw it.

He wasn't wrong though. He could have had her on her knees right in the elevator if he wanted and she'd be glad to oblige.

As she pulled away and backed against the wall to catch her breath, a flirty smile tugged at her lips as he rested his hand just beside her head, trapping her with a teasing smirk. "What's a pretty little thing like you doing in my elevator?"

Roxy's breathing hitched as she scrambled to remember her plan. What was it anyway? Oh right. Kidnapping. But now wasn't the right time. Not when his gaze was raking down her body, sending shivers straight to her core. "I... um... I was the girl you were dancing with."

"Uh-huh. I'm aware." He grinned, his fingers playing with the thin suspenders over her shoulder that were attached to her A-line skirt. "Nice costume. The undead bride from my last movie. I like it. Of course, you're a lot sexier than that actress. If I'd had you as my leading lady, those spicy scenes would've been a lot more... realistic."

To Roxy's dismay, all she could do was giggle nervously, like a silly schoolgirl. What was going on with her? She wasn't usually like this. When she finally worked

up the nerve to speak, she blurted out, “I’m your biggest fan!”

Ugh. That was embarrassing. Even she knew it, and quickly looked away, scolding herself about how immature that was.

“Don’t worry, pretty girl.” His eyes lingered on her cleavage, sending a hot flush across her skin. “I’m starting to become a fan myself.”

The soft ding of the elevator announced their arrival at the garage, and the doors slid open letting a breeze swoop in that cooled her heated cheeks. As they stepped out, she wasn’t sure why she was following him now. He must have thought she was a crazed fan girl—which she was—but she didn’t need to prove it.

The sound of in-time footsteps echoing off the concrete walls, let him know she was still in tow, so why not take full advantage while he could? Once taking her hand, Acid pulled her along to his sleek, neon green sports car. She barely had a moment to take it all in before he pressed her against the car with a seductive growl.

Damn, this sexy man and the way he dominated her so easily. It was sending her into a tailspin of lusty thoughts. He had her in his spell and she was too starstruck to protest. If he wanted her right against that car she’d let him.

The cool metal, much like the undead skin that was radiating a chill from his body, made her shiver as her hands instinctively rested on his chest. The coldness that lay under her fingertips should have been a sign he was different from other men. It also should have been an eye-opener that her fascination with him was bordering on necrophilia. But he was a living breathing soul, so she shoved those thoughts far within the recesses of her toxic mind and forgot them completely. He was no different than her mom or Hank, so what did she care?

The facts were, he was alive no matter how it was that made it possible. She knew the

science, so the lingering morality of it didn't seem important. At least she'd tell herself.

Taking her hand, Acid brought it to his lips and kissed each knuckle with a seductive tease, his touch unexpectedly soft for such a creature of his caliber, proving he was all man. A beautifully crafted man, live and in the flesh.

Her eyes lingered on the faint pinkish tone of his lips that showed a hint of his lingering yet haunting humanity. The one thing she knew about him was the greener hues of his flesh weren't just part of his natural anatomy. The radiation he was subjected to during his animation gave him strength far outweighing any other Frankie she knew of. She should have been afraid under the command of his touch. Yet she was fascinated by seeing the science she shared with her father had worked, up close and personal.

Acid was unique in every way, a one-of-a-kind undead monster.

The coy grin on his lips said he was a dangerous toy to play with, but damn if she didn't want it anyway. The look in his yellowish eyes made her weak, and she leaned in, taking everything he offered.

"What's your name, sweet thing?"

"Roxy," she breathed, playfully biting her lip.

"Roxy." Her name rolled over his lips as smooth as wine. "I like that. Listen, I've got some personal matters to attend to right now, but why don't you give me another dance at the Bone Rattlin' Ball tonight? Maybe we could slip away to be alone after a few drinks."

Her excitement fizzled out when the realization hit that she didn't have access to such

a swanky party. She was lucky to afford the convention tickets. “That’s just for VIP and elite guests at the convention. I don’t have a pass.”

“Tell them at the door you’re Acid’s dancing queen from the performance today. They’ll let you right in, thinking you’re my special guest. I’ll give them a heads up.” After a tip of his finger under her chin with a wink, his eyes flicked over her shoulder at a car approaching in the distance. His expression changed instantly, the playful spark in his eyes replaced by utter disgust. “Gotta roll, dollface. See you tonight. Wear something pretty for me.”

Roxy stepped back as Acid slid into the driver’s seat and hit the gas, the squealing of tires echoing through the parking garage. She watched him speed away, noticing the car that followed close behind.

Being a bit of a troublemaker herself, it was obvious that the monster had gotten himself into a pickle. It’s why she liked him in the first place. According to paparazzi reports, he was always getting into some sort of trouble, but nothing she hadn’t seen dealing with her mother’s bedmates over the years. Trouble seemed to follow her wherever she went anyway, and Roxy was usually right in the depths of it. She hated to admit she and her mother did have a common love for bad boys, a trait she wasn’t soon to fix.

Whatever mess he was in, it seemed she wasn’t the only one trying to get her hands on the handsome fiend. Too bad for those men because she was far more cunning than they ever dreamed. She’d have him in her claws in no time.

“Seems I have a little competition, huh Acid? I love a challenge. This is going to be fun.”

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:57 am

Dear Diary,

Punk Rock dancing queen meets sexy tattooed bad boy. Do I bring a rope or my eyeliner? Spoiler alert, I packed both.

XOXO – Roxy

After a call home to check on her cohabitants, Roxy made a quick stop by a local thrift shop earlier that day for her date. She had settled in her hotel room stitching together the perfect dress for the party, thinking over the possibility that she may not have to kidnap him if she could just win over his heart. Maybe it was a little delusional to believe he'd want anything more than a quickie and a handshake, but she still held hope.

A few stitched together thrift shop finds and she was well on her way to looking like a punk rock prom queen. Scream-A- Con events were known for guests to go all out, so she was going to pull together the perfect ball gown fit for a night on the town with her monster heartthrob. With a little creative special FX makeup, she even finished a few faux laced-up flesh embellishments on her neck for the complete Bride of Acid-Stein look.

Wearing a black corset with hot pink embellishment that lifted her ample breasts and cinched at the waist, she even added a few pink spikes for effect. From her costume wardrobe bag, she added a black tulle flirty-and-fabulous mini skirt at the front that led to a dramatic floor-length ruffled train that swept the floor as she walked. A garter belt with a cute pink skull bow showed underneath matching her favorite exaggerated stilettos with matching skull heels. She looked as deadly sexy as they came.

After she pulled on a pair of leather, fingerless driving gloves to finish off the look, she touched the corner of her pout to check her black-painted lips in the mirror. A devilish smirk showed she knew she looked good. The ensemble was sure to knock Acid off his feet.

After some primping Roxy made her way to the party with no trouble at all at the door, just as her awaiting lover promised.

As soon as she stepped into the grand ballroom, she could feel the stares of judging eyes roaming over her punk-inspired ball gown. She didn't care. She never did. Truth be told she was accustomed to being the odd girl out, and she liked it that way. Normal was boring and anarchy was her spice of life. She would relish in the idea of making others at the party uncomfortable and celebrating it with a poison appletini and a smile.

From celebrities to superfans, it was obvious that those in attendance had more money than smarts for judging her the way they were. It was the biggest horror convention to date for gosh sake. Where was the mayhem and madness that made the weekend festivities such a draw? Nope, there was none of the gore and glam tonight. Everyone was dressed to the nines in formal attire right out of the social pages and she questioned if this was Scream-A-Con or the Met Gala.

The average Joe convention attendees were downstairs at the hotel bar drinking it up and having the time of their life while these snobs were sipping chardonnay and rubbing elbows with the rich and famous of the horror community. She almost envied the poor souls downstairs by the looks of this snooze fest.

Of course, the commoners would get their chance to wow the masses at the costume party on night two, which was open to everyone. That was the night she enjoyed most anyway, getting the chance to dress up in her best horror garb and dance the night away. This year her costume choice would honor her father in a couture mad scientist

ensemble that only she would understand the true irony of. But tonight, she was a grunge goddess in black making heads turn. Maybe not attention in the best of ways, but turn, nonetheless.

Her punk rock ball gown was clearly a statement compared to the women who were eyeballing her as they passed like she was trash. The moment she walked through the double doors, eyes followed her, whispers stirring like the gossip game she remembered from her childhood. She even found herself raising clawed hands and making crazy faces at a woman who looked revolted at the sight of her just for fun. She almost burst out laughing when a lady screamed and ran behind her husband for protection.

None of that mattered when she spotted Acid across the room looking dashing as ever in a black suit with a signature neon green tie that made his yellowish eyes stand out like the god of the underworld. He was downright gorgeous and every woman in the place had eyes on him.

He was standing with a group who all sported various unnatural hues to their skin, much like the ghoulish dreamboat himself. Obviously, they were her father's creations, but sadly, the man who made such pieces of fine art was alone in a jail cell instead of being the highlight of such a prestigious affair. Art they were—each as a hauntingly glorious display of the walking dead at the next. Only Acid had the rare green shade that gave him a little something extra. Each creature was a rare and intimidating specimen in its own right, but their gray skins didn't seem to pop the way he did.

The elite of Frank-n-creation stood in the circle, and she felt like she was honored to be in the presence of such scientific wonder. Just by watching them, she felt unworthy.

On the movie screen, or in a theoretical study was one thing, but these were living

breathing monsters. She was sure she'd have to change her panties before the night was over because of the wetness that had settled at her core due to how deliciously stunning the men in the group were.

"Fuck, they're all gorgeous," she muttered to herself. "Even the women."

The CEO of Flesh Inc. stood out the most. The monster porn producer and sex toy mogul was tall and muscular, his eyes glowing a sickly shade of white. Another had long, dark hair that draped over his shoulders, equally as handsome as the one before. Roxy knew him as one of her favorite pro wrestlers. He took the industry by storm as soon as he was rolled out of the lab.

Lastly was a Frank-n-woman snuggled up to the sports entertainer in a fetish dress so tight-fitting it was a wonder she could breathe. It made Roxy a little jealous that she wasn't her because no one seemed to care she was dressed to kill. The woman was her fashion icon after all. Known for her status in the beauty industry for making fashion much like Roxy's signature modernized punk attire, Kiki Devine was the epitome of modern thrash metal fashion. When she looked over with a raised brow, Kiki tipped her champagne flute in her direction with an approving smile, making her stand a little taller.

They were each horrifying, yet something was captivating about their presence. Despite the horrific pomp and circumstance surrounding them, they exuded raw power. Everyone knew they could tear down the entire room at any moment, yet they held themselves in a higher regard with grace and ease.

Roxy couldn't turn her eyes away as she smiled inside, knowing that she was behind their creation. The one thing that was of great misconception in Frank-n-creation lore was that men of the science would carry an oddly shaped flat head, much like in stories that spanned decades. Roxy being well-versed in the dynamics of it, knew it was unnecessary to make such an alteration. Especially if the doctors were to

preserve their natural state like these glorious creatures kept.

It was only Acid who used any Frankenstein-like prosthetics to look that way. Although he only wore them for films that needed something more traditional. Once he was free of the special FX he was a sight to behold, far separated from the old horror flicks ghastly image of their kind.

As she stood gawking at the handsome man, Acid looked her way, his yellowish eyes locking onto hers. A slow, almost predatory grin spread across his face as he excused himself from his group and made his way toward his prey with long strides.

The world seemed to blur around her, and the sounds of the party faded into nothing as he approached. She felt the familiar quickening of her pulse, her body reacting before her tainted mind could catch up.

“Aren’t you looking dangerous tonight, dollface? You know you’re making me have to work for it. I don’t like other men looking at what’s mine and I’d hate to have to start a riot.”

Roxy tilted her head to the side, a shy smile tugging at her lips as she fidgeted with the tulle skirt. “It’s too much, isn’t it? I should have tried to fit in more.”

“Not at all. Normal’s boring,” a statement reflecting her own vantage point as eyes roamed over her body. Taking in the corset, spikes, and stilettos, he licked his lips with a coy grin. “Besides, my friend Kiki was impressed. I must agree. You’re a showstopper. By the time she spreads the word everyone in the fashion world will be trying to mimic your style.”

“Everyone’s staring at me.”

“Let them. You certainly know how to stand out, that’s for sure. But you know what?

I think the women with prying eyes wish they were as bold. There hasn't been a lady in this place that's caught my attention until you walked in the door." His gaze traced over to the others in the room and back to her, the smirk never leaving his naughty lips. "Boring bottom feeders. Nothing more."

She chuckled, her fingers brushing through the fabric of her dress. "Let them eat their hearts out then."

"Spoken like a true scream queen. You don't belong with the rest of these mindless zombies," he whispered, his lips almost brushing her ear. "You're too... alive."

The words sent a shiver down her spine. For a second, she imagined what it would be like to be with him in front of the whole crowd. Two horror icons, slashing their way to legendary status. The intrusive images hit her all at once; visions of a psychopathic Sid & Nancy moment that would send fear to the common man. Acid in a dark spray-painted tuxedo with glowing green accents, her in a blood-streaked wedding dress, standing together in the middle of crimson chaos as fans screamed for mercy and glory. They would be legends. Her as the queen of the damned, him as her king. Together, they'd reign over the undead world, icons of fear, bound by lust.

She blinked, shaking off the vision just as Acid's hand found her waist.

"Lost in thought, babe?" His voice broke through the haze. "What's going on in that pretty little head of yours? Chaos and misery, I presume."

Roxy swallowed, trying to regain her composure. "Just thinking."

"That so? Anything dangerous?"

She stared into his glowing eyes, knowing she couldn't tell him what was really on her mind. He'd surely think she was mad. Nothing more than a murderous

psychopath who would slay everyone in the room just to be alone with him.

Maybe it was still lingering emotions from what happened with her mother and Hank just days ago. She didn't want what happened to them, but each moment she wondered if her therapist was right to say she was more crazy than ill. Maybe her obsession with the macabre was starting to become too much on her strained mind. Since her father's imprisonment, she'd lost all sense of reality.

No. She wasn't a serial killer... Or at least she didn't think she was. It was just the images of Acid's films that made her long for the horror life. For years she dreamed of being part of it, mixed with the lusty thoughts of being his. She could just picture it, the dark diva of stage and screen.

This man's influence had a haunting effect on her, pulling her deeper into the toxic recesses of her mind with every flirtatious word and lingering glance. Her daydreams were already wandering to where they'd slip away from the crowd and he'd press her up against his car again, followed by undead fingers tracing her skin. The line between reality and fantasy blurred, just as it always did with thoughts of him. But now, he was right at her fingertips, and she played with his tie, flirting unapologetically.

Acid leaned in, his lips brushing hers with a tease that made her breath catch in her throat. "Let's blow this joint," he murmured against her lips.

Her heartbeat sped up as he pulled away, his hand still resting on her waist before leading her to the exit.

"Where are we going?"

"Back to your room. We both know we're not going to enjoy this party when we could be getting you out of that dress."

With a devilish smirk, he took her hand and led her through the crowd. His grip was possessive and not in the slightest bit gentle, just how she liked it. Although the moment was a fantasy come true, her reality was slipping, and she wasn't sure if it was the adrenaline, or the electric masculinity Acid was entrancing her with. Regardless, the visions were becoming much like the acid-induced trip of his last horror flick, mixed with splashes of neon colors and booming rock music she played in her head.

None of that mattered now. Who cared if she was going mad? She was about to be ravaged by the man of her dreams and she damn sure wasn't going to pass this up for a small talk and a few martinis back at that lame party. The more vivid the intrusive visions went, the better.

As he pulled her into a nearby elevator to head to her floor, she was all in. It was time she found out if everything on this man was green from his head to the tip of his cock, and she darn sure hoped it was.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:57 am

Dear Diary,

Is it rude to ask a man if the curtains match the drapes? Let's see if Big Green lives up to his reputation.

XOXO - Roxy

She thought she was going to die of amusement when Acid threw her over his shoulder halfway to the room and carried her like a Neanderthal through the hotel. He didn't even care when a group of mortified older women were grasping their pearls as his free hand went under her tulle skirt to play with her ass in the elevator. He was never one to be subtle and the way he was manhandling her was setting her lady parts on a one-way trip to his neon-colored bone zone.

Should she be going along with this? Probably not. But she damn sure wasn't about to protest getting her hands on Mr. Green and Gritty. This was the hottest thing that had ever happened in her whole life. Acid Green was about to have his way with her, and she was almost sure she'd let him do any freak-nasty thing he wanted.

Once they stepped out onto her floor, Roxy stuck out her tongue, a thumb to her nose, and an unspoken na-na-na-na-na taunt to add a little insult to injury, directed at the old hags. She was sure the women would faint dead away when Acid told her was going to fuck her so hard the whole hotel would be saying his name. All she saw as the sliding doors closed behind them were two ladies covering their mouths in horror, and the older granny giving her two thumbs up with a cheeky grin.

When Acid got into the room he wasn't slowing momentum when he kicked the door

shut and put her on her feet to body her against it. A tattooed green hand rested beside her head as the other cradled her chin.

“Are you going to be a good girl for me tonight? Big daddy Green won’t hesitate to spank that pretty ass if you get out of line,” he noted as he reached for his belt, pulling it free with one swift tug.

Roxy gasped as he then held it across her throat with a smirk. She should have been a little afraid knowing the danger a keyed-up Frank-n-monster could possess. His power was more than the average woman could handle, but she wasn’t your average girl. She was dangerous in her own right.

“Do your worst.”

“Oh, my little punk princess, my worst is by far my best.”

With one swift movement, he turned her, face pressed to the wooded door. The next thing she knew he used his belt to bind her hands behind her before grabbing a fist of her hair to bend her head back to devour her lips. In defiance, Roxy pretended to struggle but it was only a game she so desperately wanted to play. When she bit his lip, it was a sure sign she was loving every moment.

Once breaking free from the taste of her tongue, his lips lingered against her earlobe and tightened the grip. “Oh, so you want to play rough, huh? I like it when they give a little fight.”

“What are you going to do to me?”

She could practically feel his smirk against her neck as he dragged his lips over the tender spot just below her lobe. “Anything I want.”

“You’re lucky. I just might let you.”

He loved her sass and almost lost his dominance when letting out a chuckle. “You are a naughty one. I’ve never had a human so willing to play my games. Usually, they’re a little scared by now.”

“I don’t get scared, gore boy. I get even.”

“Then by all means, let’s get dirty, shall we?” In one swift pull, he grabbed the belt bound around her wrist and led her to the bed as he started to undo his pants and kick his shoes free. “This is going to hurt. I hope you’re a screamer.”

“Don’t tease me with a good time. A girl could get the wrong idea.”

“Oh, you don’t think I’ll enjoy hurting you?”

“Only in the best way.”

Biting her bare shoulder, he agreed. “Oh, sweetheart there is a thin line between pleasure and pain, and I love testing the limits. Let’s see how much you can take of both.”

Shoving her to the bed, she fell to her side as she looked up at him, watching him pull his clothes free from his hard, muscle physique. Her chest rose and fell as she panted, desperate for her touch again. He was giving into her most carnal desires, and she found herself his willing prey when the dangerous look in his eyes gave her a shiver.

When Acid stepped closer, his hard and fully erect member bounced as he knelt on the bed reminding her of her favorite candy apple suckers. The sight of his thick green cock was like a kinky treat that she would be more than pleased to enjoy. Her mouth watered, wanting a taste to see if it was as sweet as she imagined.

The tattoos that lined his chiseled frame mimicked being stitched together like the original monster plans in the classic novel that mirrored her studies. Unlike the famed Frank-n-monster icon, his tight flesh was varying shades of toxic green that looked good enough to lick from head to toe.

As she took in the sight of the perfect man derived from her genius, her breathing hitched, yearning for his touch.

And then... she saw it. How he died.

A wound to the heart, fitting for their macabre night of spirited romance.

She gulped down tension once realizing what may have brought his fate. "How did you do it?" she asked, resting her head on the pillow, admiring every inch of him.

He looked down, and then his eyes flicked back to her as his finger rubbed over the spot, a hint of pride on his lips. "It's beautiful, isn't it? A true reminder of my death. So many are afraid of the unknown, but I relish in it."

"How did it happen?" She thought she knew but needed to hear it.

He smirked as his yellow eyes smiled at her; head tilted in a curious tone of satisfaction. "I could have chosen an easy way out, but I wanted it to hurt. I needed to feel pain. It's from a dagger that was a family heirloom. The scientist who reanimated me wouldn't do it, so I rammed the fucker in my heart and twisted the blade myself. I was already hurting from my brother's death, so why not die by the blade that killed him."

She almost couldn't believe her ears. That wasn't what she expected to hear. She'd been told her father killed him with his own hands. She needed to know more if only to put the pieces together. If that was true, her father never killed him, but still an

accessory to his murder by default when using Acid's corpse for the reanimation studies.

"How did your brother die?" she asked as she watched him reach to play with the hem of her skirt.

The look in his eyes softened for a moment, and she could see pain there that she knew too well. This man had felt mourning.

"A freak accident when we were kids. We were playing with my father's knife collection, and I was chasing him while playing pirates. He slipped on the hardwood floor and the dagger in my hand stabbed into his heart. He was only eight years old, and I never got over it. It was my fault he died. I had to make him play pirates when he wanted to watch cartoons instead. When I pulled out the blade, I just stood there fascinated with the blood that seeped from the wound and didn't even go for help. I watched him bleed out. Every day of my living life I lived with regret."

"I'm sorry that happened to you. I know what the pain of grief can do. You can't blame yourself though, Acid. You were just a child."

"I suppose. You know, I saw him in my death just beyond the point of limbo. He was waiting for me in this bright light." He shrugged, shaking it off. "Unfortunately for me, I came back in a flash. I paid a scientist to help me come back to this foul world when I could have been with him. Greed does things to a man, and I made my choices, however disturbed they were. The old Acid wanted fame and now I'm paying my penance, undead for the rest of my days. But I got what I wanted, didn't I."

She rolled her eyes as she sat up slightly. "I'd say you know a lot about greed, don't you? You are being hunted down by loan sharks."

He gritted his teeth; angry she'd even mention it. Grabbing her dress, he was through telling her his sob story. He didn't need the lecture. "Enough talk, princess. It's time to play."

In an instant, his demeanor went from calm to animalistic rage, grabbing the skirt with both hands. "Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes," she breathed, ready for him to rip it free.

"Too bad I'm going to have to ruin it." He winked, teasing her to the very moment he tore it free. After he ripped the skirt from her body, he then went for the corset, both shredded without any effort.

His chest heaved in lustful want, sweat beginning to bead on his chest before he licked his lips. When he looked down at her porcelain skin below him, he was in awe. The only imperfection he could see on her beautiful body was a small, heart-stitched tattoo just above her hip with his initials pinpointing that she was his before he ever claimed her. The perfect Frank-n-bride.

That was it. He had to stop thinking what he was thinking. Frankenstein monsters had one major vice beyond his gambling addiction: the need to find a mate. He shook the thoughts of a bride in white from his mind just before he flipped her over and gripped her hips to thrust into her already soaking-wet sex with such force he thought he'd cum before he even moved his hips.

"Fuck," he groaned as she screamed out in return. "You're so tight, baby."

"Acid... Oh yes... Deeper. Fill me!"

Her legs shook as she lost all sense of reality. The more she begged, the harder he thrust, gripping his fingers into her tender flesh that would surely leave a bruise.

“That’s it. Scream my name. Let everyone hear what I’m doing to you.”

Thrust after thrust, his grip went to the binding on her wrist for better leverage as she pleaded for more. When he pulled her body to his chest, he held her close, feeling the warmth he missed so much. Many women he’d held to his body as he took every inch, but Roxy was different. He tried to push those thoughts of attraction away, but something told him she was special.

“You feel so good. You take this green cock so well. Look at you, a dripping, shaking mess. Just like I pictured it. Perfect.”

As he pounded into her, rolling his hips with each deep drawn-out thrust, her breathing became a desperate plea for release. “I’m so close. Please Acid, make me cum.”

“Not yet. I need to see those beautiful eyes when I make you come undone.”

He set her arms free, turning her to face him. It wasn’t like him to need such intimacy. He was used to a quick one off then out the door. With her body lying sprayed out on the bed, and her short hair framing her lovely face, he slowly entered her again knowing this one was special.

In... Out... Each slow ride was a promise of something more. He tried to push the need for companionship to the recesses of his mind, failing miserably. He went from dominating possession to tender touch, and he didn’t even know why. His hand laced over her neck, gripping it gently as the look in her eyes gave him everything he searched for.

“Make love to me...” she begged.

He hated it. He hated every moment of wanting to do just that. Why was he allowing

a woman he'd just met to control his cock this way? But she did. She owned him and he knew it. He was the one to be the dominant, yet here he was, submitting to a goth woman he barely knew.

His teeth gritted trying to take back control. He was the one to place a claim. But no. She was in control, and he didn't understand one bit of why he desperately wanted to give in. If she asked him to beg on his knees for her, he would, willingly.

"Princess, you're playing a dangerous game."

"Dangerous?"

"I don't make love. I fuck."

As he peppered kisses on her neck, she smiled as her arms enveloped him. She could feel him relax as the heat of her skin warmed his cool flesh and he let out a sigh of relief.

"Damn you, woman. You're so warm... so... perfect."

"Shh ... Just let it go. Let me warm your undead soul."

As his forehead rested against her shoulder, it was all he could do to hold himself together. If those stitches across his skin had been real, he was sure he would come unraveled at the seams. He was known to be a tough guy, fearless without a care in the world. Now, here he was, letting this beauty take over the most vulnerable side of him.

As he picked up the pace again, he looked into her lovely eyes, seeing more than lust there. He knew that look but hadn't felt it himself in either lifetime.

As he made love to her, images of the last of his reanimation process flashed in his mind. There on the surgery table, he lay in wait as the doctor finished the process. He remembered a small, blurred photograph of a woman with curly red hair and the loveliest smile looking back at him from across the room on the scientist's desk. While tests were being done, his focus rested there. Tweaks to his mind took place and slowly she came into view. There on that table, his weak mind fell in love with a woman, and he didn't even know her name. He asked the doctor who she was, just before the radiation leak made him black out from pain.

As he pictured Roxy being that image of the woman, he made slow love to her. He poured everything into the moment when she quivered in his arms through the immense orgasm that left them both weak.

"To the grave and back. You're mine," he whispered thinking he was talking in his head.

She smiled as he lay beside her and pulled her close. Long into the night, they went from hardcore sex to lovemaking, over and over again. When at last they were stated, she fell asleep in her lover's arms, and her tainted mind was content for the first time in years.

And he... a confused monster.

"What have I done?"

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:57 am

Dear Diary,

Nothing good ever lasts. when it goes away... plan B.

XOXO-Roxy

Acid waited for Roxy to fall asleep with his arms resting behind his head. He'd made a grave mistake and made love. He didn't do that. Ever.

When he looked to see if she was sleeping, the moonlight had filtered through the curtains, casting a soft glow on her tangled hair and smeared makeup. She was just as lovely as she was in his arms on the dance floor. Even on their first meeting, he saw it. She was the perfect bride for a Frankie monster like him. It was odd that having a mate was something his kind longed for, especially when he tried so hard to avoid it like the plague.

Regardless, this punk princess left a mark on him, literally and physically. Those damn clawed nails she was sporting surely left a few scratches down his back that he'd feel come morning. When he looked her over, he smiled. Left in the aftermath of lust, she was still undeniably beautiful, and the soft breathing was juxtaposed with the night of unbridled passion they shared.

He even thought of breaking his rule of not fussing over a woman. The urge to stay through the night was short-lived because that wasn't his way. Fuck-um-and-forget-um was how he kept his playboy life on track. Never commit, no matter how much of a stunner she was.

Commitments weren't his thing, and the longer he stayed, the harder it would be to keep his distance. Something about this girl was making his head spin and he needed to get out far and fast before he did something stupid like falling head over heels for her. She already reminded him of that damn photograph in the lab. He wasn't looking for any strings to tie him down, so as tempting as it was to stay wrapped up in the warmth of her, he knew it was time to leave.

Carefully, Acid slipped out of bed, pulling his pants on in the darkness. His dress shoes were by the door, and with one last glance back at Roxy, he went to slip out of the hotel room like he'd done too many times before.

Just as he pulled them on, he stumbled and knocked a notebook from the desk nearby. One quick look at it made him chuckle softly to himself. "You little, minx. You were going to kidnap me. How cute."

As she stirred, he quietly placed it back on the desk and went for his shirt before tiptoeing to the door.

He kept saying to himself it was better this way. He knew better. She'd done something to his heart he knew he'd never recover from. It hurt more than losing his brother. Or better yet, maybe she filled that empty hole in his scarred heart, and he wasn't willing to admit it. Even knowing she was going to kidnap him, he still found it incredibly alluring. He did love a bad girl, after all.

As the hotel door clicked shut behind him, he was already convincing himself that this was the right thing to do. She'd be fine. She'd move on, and so would he.

Yeah right. Who was he fooling?

He was already wishing he'd snatched the spare key to get back in. No one had kept up with his sexual prowess the way Roxy did, and damn if his cock wasn't caught in

her sensual trap, hook line, and sinker. He felt like it was pulling him back at that very moment, just at another chance to bury himself inside her once more.

“Damn Acid, what the fuck are you thinking? She’s just a girl. And apparently, a crazy one. But you do like a little crazy, don’t you? No. Get it out of your head. Tomorrow, we’ll find another horror groupie and forget all about the best sex of your undead life... I hope.”

Roxy awoke the next morning to find an empty pillow by her side. It didn’t take long for her to realize Acid was gone as she slapped the covers.

“That bastard!”

Sitting up so abruptly, she felt everything they had done the night before from her sore muscles to her empty arms. The chill hit her as the covers fell from her body and the room’s air turned on. As she pulled the sheets back up, she was fuming. She should have known he wasn’t going to stay, but that night was special, even if he hadn’t seen it. They had a connection... Didn’t they?

It wasn’t the soreness of her used body that bothered her. It was the nerve of that asshole to slip out like she was some disposable one-night fling, a fuck toy for his entertainment. He’d promised she’d be his with whispers of sweet nothings through the night. To the grave and back. That’s what he said just before she dozed off. When it went from hardcore fucking to sensual lovemaking, he made her think she was special. Now look at what he’d done.

“You lying son of a bitch!” she screamed.

She threw the covers back and stalked across the room, each step panting like a rabid dog. When she glanced at her reflection in the mirror the marks left from the kinks they’d shared were a bitter reminder of the fun had, but also the disrespect. He hadn’t

even said goodbye. No note, no cheeky message scrawled from her cheap dollar lipstick on the mirror. Nada.

It was then the sounds of her favorite tune hummed in her head, soothing the rage. A slow eerie smile curled her lips as the dark image of his de-animation would be slow and torturous. But then... it stopped, making her all the more irritated.

Her own mind was telling her not to make any rash decisions. She had come to this convention for a reason, to make him hers. She wasn't going to let a one-night fling screw that up. She needed this more than just for the amazing sex. She was going to make herself one big happy family if it killed her, and if anyone stepped in the way she'd gladly go down all guns blazing.

Roxy began to pace the room, her mind racing with ideas as she bit at a hangnail. If Acid thought he was just going to walk away from this unscathed, he had another thing coming. She wasn't some helpless damsel in distress. No, she was Roxy Malone, the woman whose science gave him life. She owned him. She was going to hunt him down, even if she had to drag his muscled green ass back to her house kicking and screaming.

She grabbed her notebook from the desk and started scribbling down a plan. He was still at the convention, probably lurking somewhere in all his Frankenstein monster glory. It would take some finesse to corner him and avoid security. When she did, she'd make sure he knew that sneaking out on her had been a mistake. A very big mistake.

A wicked smile spread across her face, and she was ready for the next step. Kidnapping with a side of revenge.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:57 am

Dear Diary,

Never let an opportunity pass you by, especially when it sends a flaming beacon to light the way.

XOXO-Roxy

Roxy spent the morning double-checking her plot for revenge, her thoughts giving way to madness as she planned her next move. The notepad on the desk was filled with chaotic scribbles, each idea more extreme than the last. In the end, she went with the basics; hunt him down, tie him up, snatch his ass back to her place, and make him hers.

Acid wasn't going to get away with ditching her the way he did. To her, the night of passion they shared had been more than just a kinky romp between the sheets. Didn't the fool realize that? If he thought he could just sneak off without consequence, he was in for a rude awakening.

She glanced at her phone to check the time to find the panel discussion about his latest film would be starting soon. Her heart pounded at the thought of what she was about to do. Kidnapping wasn't exactly her usual style, but desperate times called for desperate measures. Besides, he belonged to her by all things scientific, and she was going to make sure he understood that.

After grabbing her favorite airbrushed and studded leather vest, she tucked the notepad into her bag and left the hotel room, her combat boots stomping down the hallway with determination. She'd all but forgotten about what the weekend event

was about until she ran into two cosplayers from the 1980 movie *The Shining* who were standing by the elevator.

“What the fuck!” She jumped back in horror.

The twin girls in blue babydoll dresses didn’t say a word, staying in complete character. Despite being impressed with their commitment, Roxy was in half the mind to dropkick the creepy brats in the face and run as if her life depended on it.

When they stepped inside the elevator, she cringed. “I’ll catch the next one.” Maybe for the best because it gave her time to calm down and think over her plans.

When finally arriving at the convention floor she was in awe. Even focused on doing something completely naughty, she still found herself engrossed in her surroundings. The entrance to the panel rooms was packed, as expected. Cosplayers filled the halls, their elaborate costumes creating a colorful sea of monsters, ghouls, and everything in between.

Once locating her target, she found a spot near the exit of the hall, half-hidden behind a towering Acid-stein cosplayer. She rolled her eyes noting every bit of his costume that wasn’t in the correct design aesthetic to the original. “Poser. It’s not even got the right stitch placement. The scar leans to the right.”

A sudden buzz from the crowd shifted her attention, and there he was... Acid in all his monster glory pushing through the mass of fans while passing off a few autographs before taking to the stage. Roxy’s heart skipped a beat, and for a moment, she thought better of what she was about to do.

Nah , that was letting him off too easily. Besides, there was no turning back now.

As he started his panel, his eyes scanned the room, and the happy-go-lucky smirk fell

once he saw her. She even noted the moment he swallowed down the guilt and went back to flapping his gums about how great the new film was.

Then she saw an opportunity to make her move. From her vantage point she saw an exit sign not far from the curtains leading backstage, but how was she going to cause a diversion long enough to grab him and get out of there without anyone seeing?

Lucky for her the opportunity arose when the cosplayer in the oversized papier-maché Acid mask adjusted in his seat, dropping a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. Out rolled his lighter right at her feet. A wicked smile curled her lips when she reached for them.

Now, she shouldn't have done what she was about to do next, but intrusive thoughts of causing a little chaos far outweighed her reason. Anarchy was her spice of life, and she was anything but boring. With a flick of the lighter, she looked around to see if anyone was watching and... Woosh! Suddenly cosplay boy's headdress was bursting into flames and his papier-maché head started flailing around in circles as he tried to put it out.

"Fire!" she yelled, stifling a giggle as the man went running through the crowd and chaos ensued.

Attendees ran for the door while others tried to put out the flaming head. Roxy smiled as she skipped toward the curtain area where Acid headed backstage. His security was right on point because once he was out of view, they went to try to calm the crowd instead of attending to his safety.

Just as she stepped through the curtain, she was stopped in her tracks. Not this. Not now.

"Damn it."

A group of shady-looking men, dressed in black suits were about to cash in on the opportunity to get some of Acid Green for themselves.

Who the hell were these guys to think they could drop in on her party? It was the annoying loan sharks again and she wasn't about to let this happen. He was her toy, and she'd damn well fight them for it.

When Acid turned, he saw her and was ready to bolt. That is until he saw the alternative coming from the other side. His body tensed, and without a word, he hightailed it out of there, shoving his way through stage props and storage bins to head toward the back exit. Once in the hallway, he was surrounded by fans that he had to push through, feeling the goons right on his tail.

"Get out of the way!" he yelled, running through a group of Chucky cosplayers and knocking over a slasher toy booth.

The men followed fast on his heels toward the parking garage, shouts of anger erupting from the convention-goers as they were knocked aside.

"Oh, hell no. Not today, Satan. That's my man!" Roxy yelled.

This was not part of the plan, and she was livid. The idiot henchmen were about to ruin everything, and without thinking, she took off after them. As much as she wanted to have Acid for herself, there was no way in hell she'd let anyone else put their hands on him.

The chase spilled out of the convention hall, into the casino, and straight to the parking garage where Acid hoped he'd escape again in his fancy sports car... but nope. When he got there what he found made him fall to his knees in tears.

"No! You monsters!" he cried. His car was destroyed from the headlights to the

tailpipe. “Look what you did to my sweet Priscilla! The humanity!”

Roxy had managed to spill a janitor’s mop bucket on the way through the casino making the loan sharks slip and slide into a poker table. She deterred them for only a moment, but she knew it wouldn’t be long before they’d catch up. Entering the garage her eyes darted left and right, searching for her green lover.

“You!” she scowled as she stalked toward him.

Jumping to his feet, his hands rose in defense. “It’s not what you think. I was just—”

“Ditching me! You’re a lying sack of shit!” she scolded, smacking him with her bag before his eyes went wide.

When she looked over her shoulder to see what he was suddenly looking at, she saw the men in black barreling toward them. “Fuck. We have to get out of here.”

“My car! My poor car!”

“Shut up! Let me think.”

As luck would have it, a delivery van was parked nearby, and the driver had just stepped away in enough time for her to take advantage. Grabbing Acid’s collar, she dragged him away from his demolished heap of metal and toward the opportunity for escape.

She didn’t think twice, racing toward it and finding the driver’s side door unlocked but the van not running.

“Amateurs.” She giggled, jumping into the driver’s seat and hot wiring it in a snap.

Acid slid into the other side, looking about as scared as she'd seen anyone. This guy was supposed to be her mean green hero, and he was acting like a pussy.

“Suck it up. We have to get out of here.”

He took a deep breath, wiping sweat from his brow. This wasn't the first time someone had come after him, but damn if it wasn't getting old. “Do you know how to drive a stick?”

“Nope, but it never stopped me before,” she said, shoving it into gear.

As she squalled tires out of the parking space, he was thrown against the door, barely hanging on. From behind them, gunshots rang out and he ducked his head to avoid a few stray bullets.

“What the hell! They're shooting at us! Whoa, slow down! You're going to kill us, you crazy bitch!”

“You're lucky I don't, frog-colored halfwit! Shut up and stay down,” she hissed, glancing back at the thugs in the rearview mirror.

When the van leveled out on the street, Acid blinked in repetition, still trying to wrap his head around what was going on while his fingers dug into the dashboard. He'd been running from a group of guys in suits, and now he was in a van with Roxy, speeding away from the casino. From the look in her eyes, he wasn't sure what was worse.

Part of him was amused at her moxie—hell, maybe even a little impressed. The woman had some nerve, he'd give her that. Still, he wasn't exactly thrilled about being manhandled into a getaway van.

“What’s the plan?” he asked, his voice laced with sarcasm as he leaned against the van door. “Do I take my chances with a chick who just kidnapped me, or the guys back there wanting to disassemble every inch of me to sell my parts on the black market?”

“Kidnapped you?” She shot him a side-eyed glare. “Oh, please. I just saved your ass back there.”

“Is that what we’re calling it now? Don’t play coy, sweet cheeks. Let’s not forget I was in your hotel room last night. I saw the diabolical plans you were hashing out. I have to admit, it’s cute. You had it laid out a lot better than some of the other psychos who’ve tried.”

Roxy didn’t stoop to his level to reply, her focus set on the road ahead. Soon the van screeched to a halt a few miles outside of the city, pulling into a secluded lot behind an abandoned warehouse. She threw it into park and killed the engine, her hands gripping the steering wheel tightly.

Acid watched on, a smirk playing on his lips. He hit a nerve, and it was cute that she was flustered that her plan was foiled. “Okay, now that we’re here, what are you going to do with me? There’s a lot of room in the back. Tie me up, spank my ass with a tire iron. You know how I like it, baby.”

“Shut up.”

“Just so you know, my security had their eye on you. They’re going to figure out where I am. And don’t give me that I saved your ass crap. What’s your plan? Kill me and then off yourself like some fucked up Romeo and Juliet?”

Roxy turned in her seat, her expression deadly serious. Her lip trembled as she realized she had messed up. “You don’t get it, do you?”

“Get what?”

“You’re mine, Acid.”

He chuckled, taking in the less-than-interesting view out the window. “Many women have tried, sweetheart. You’re just one of a long line of fangirls who’ve pulled this crap. I belong to no one.”

“You sure?” she asked with a devious grin.

When he looked over, the smile she gave in return made him shiver. There was something completely unhinged with this girl. He kind of liked it.

“Listen, pretty boy. You’ve been mine since the moment you walked into my father’s lab. If it wasn’t for me you wouldn’t be... this .” She waved her hand toward him.

He blinked, taken aback by the admission. This couldn’t be true. Was she...? No. It couldn’t be. The young woman from the photo the day he was created. It was her. The one he fell in love with on the operating table.

Acid felt like his heart was in a vice, but once again, pushed those feelings down as far as he could. He’d deny them to his last days. Love was for the weak. “You’re serious. Dr. Malone was your dad?”

“Dead serious.” Her eyes flashed with something dangerous. “And I don’t care how many goons or crazy fans come after you. You’re not getting away from me. It was my plans that made the Frankie creations possible. I fucking own you and I’m getting what’s mine. They took my father from me. I won’t let them take you, too.”

Acid stared at her, unsure whether to laugh or be genuinely concerned as his hand ran through his hair. This wasn’t exactly how he’d expected his day to go, and he felt his

heart sink into his shoes. In some ways he pitied her. Dr. Malone was a good man, and he could see his arrest was affecting her deeply.

Taking a deep breath, all he could do now was accept it. “Fuck my life... Well,” he said after a moment, “this should be interesting. I guess you’re not planning to kill me, so I guess my chances are better with you than back there with Donnie’s guys. You just got yourself a Frank-n-monster, princess.”

“You’re not supposed to enjoy this, moron. You’re ruining it.”

With a wink, he couldn’t help but chuckle. “I enjoyed it last night. I wouldn’t pass up another round.”

Roxy’s grip on the steering wheel tightened as she shot him a look of pure annoyance and started the van again. The plan had gone sideways, thanks to those damn criminals, and all the joy was drained out of it.

Why kidnap him now? What fun would it be?

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

They say not to sit too close at the ballet because it ruins the illusion. The same can be said for annoying ass Celebrities.

XOXO – Roxy

This wasn't working, not for her. This idiot in the passenger seat was eating Cheetos from the delivery driver's lunch box and humming along with the radio. It was absurd the way the snacks cheesy flakes practically glowed on his green skin to taunt her.

"Want one? They're cheesy goodness," he said, shaking the bag at her.

Slowly her eyes veered to him as she gritted her teeth. She said nothing but it was clear she was mad as hell. Yet, Acid kept smiling that ridiculously handsome, toothy grin, knowing he was getting on her last nerve.

"Awe , my little punk princess is pouting because she didn't get to kidnap me and had to save my life instead. Don't worry, pumpkin. Maybe next time." He reached to punch her cheek with his cheesy fingers, making her slap it away. "You're so adorable when you're mad."

"I could kill you, you know? You know there are no laws against un-aliving the undead."

That was a laugh. He knew better. "Why would you kill your own creation? I'm fucking cool as hell and I give amazing orgasms. You said so yourself. Now my

friend Parker, I can believe if you met him you would. The guy's a jerk. Every girl I know wants that asshole dead."

"And you're not?" she scowled, turning her eyes back to the road. "Why don't you just shut your stupid mouth so I can think."

He faked being offended with a girlish squeal making her almost break a smile, but she still wasn't giving in. She hit the gas, throwing him back in his seat.

"Oh no, kids. Mommy and Daddy are fighting again. Is this about last night, darling? Didn't I make you cum?"

He started to reach for the zipper on her jeans to taint her as she pulled out a switchblade from her cleavage and jammed it into the dashboard as a warning.

"Okay, okay. Relax. Damn. So, Momma's not in the mood for a quicky. Maybe later."

"You're an asshole."

"It's part of my charm," he teased, sitting back in his seat and taking the blade to pick his teeth. To make it all the more aggravating, he propped his feet, hanging them out the van window. "You know you could be a little nicer to a guy. I did my best work last night."

That did it. She had enough of his mouth. Slamming on the brakes, she slid onto the side of the road, grabbed the knife, and held it to his throat.

"Psycho alert! Time to ditch."

After seeing he'd said too much, Acid jumped out of the van, and she quickly

crawled across the seat and followed. As he backed away with his hands up, he found he was too far away from society to piss her off too much. He'd need a ride back into town and it was getting late.

"Relax, babe. I was just messing with you. Don't do anything rash. Let's just talk about this."

She stalked forward, knife pointed between his eyes. "Talk? Talk! You didn't talk last night when you just left me alone in bed before sneaking out the door. Not a goodbye, not a note. Nothing!"

"Okay, so I should have left a note, but I didn't want to disturb you. You looked so cute lying there in the afterglow. Admit it toots, you look fucking hot laying there wearing my cu..."

"Finish that sentence and I'll slice up every inch of you and feed it to the buzzards."

"Okay, listen. I didn't want to dodge out last night. I just don't do the romance thing."

"No, you listen, you green-skinned fuck boy." She stomped closer, waving the knife, each step making him back away more. "You could have said that without making me feel like an idiot. You could have not used me for sex and made me think you cared. I was perfectly fine with a one-night stand but you... Never mind."

Dropping his hands he knew what he did. He made her feel special, and she was, but he damn sure wasn't ready to admit it. "I know, Roxy. I'm sorry. It got too real, and I guess I got spooked. I know you don't know this, but that emotional stuff is different for Frankie's than the living."

She raised a brow seeing how he looked as if he was admitting his remorse. "What do you mean, different?"

“It’s complicated. Just know that what I said last night in the heat of passion, I meant. I’m just not ready for commitment. It’s not exactly easy for me. I’m supposed to be dead and I’m having feelings lately I don’t quite understand about myself. I just have to figure things out on my own. It’s not every day a guy becomes the living dead. There’s a learning curve. It’s all as new to me as it is to the living who want me six feet under.”

Slowly, but reluctantly, she dropped the knife to her side. “You’re connecting to your human emotions again.”

“Yeah. And my brain just... feels different. It’s like I crave something deep within my soul that I never knew was there.”

Roxy’s eyes narrowed. “Soul?”

The tone of that question made him take a serious step forward. “Yeah. Why?”

“You’re dead. Your soul left you.”

“Yes, and it came back changed. As a human, you have to just believe it’s there. I feel it within every inch of my being. It’s no longer just believing there’s something more to life because I saw what lies beyond. I laid my eyes on the hereafter. It’s all changed now, Roxy. I feel and know things I don’t think I should. Life. Death. Love. Hate. Everything and nothing at once. The universe is so much more than what we see in this world. I can pretend to be this perfect monster, but this changed me, and last night did, too.”

“It... did?”

He nodded. “Yeah, and I need you to understand that I need to deal with this my way.”

“I can help you. My science created you. I can investigate your neuroreceptors. Maybe we can take a look at your brain activity and—”

“Roxy, you’re not listening,” he said with a raised tone. “This isn’t some fucking science experiment. This is the very core of existence we’re talking about. I know you don’t understand but it’s just not normal for me to be standing here right now talking to you. I’m alive again, but nothing will ever be the same for me.”

“Of course, it won’t. That’s why this science is so amazing. You’re undead and practically immortal. Everything is different.”

“Damn it! Roxy, listen to me. I was supposed to die, and we played God. I’m talking about the deepest part of humanity; emotions, feelings, the very core of us, living or dead. The thing that we all long for most as humans that we never truly understand. I feel it more now than ever and it’s scaring the hell out of me!”

She stepped back, knowing what he was trying to say without saying it. “You mean love.”

His jaw tightened as he looked away, running his hand through his hair. He hated that word even more now than in life. “It’s more than that. Something happened last night that I can’t explain. I need you to back off and just let me figure it out, okay.”

She nodded, knowing that whatever connection she felt, he was saying he felt it tenfold. She was starting to understand it all. He’d experienced a different plane of existence and everything he felt was magnified. She knew Frankie’s exhibited heights of rage like no normal man, but she hadn’t even considered the opposite due to her love of horror. She shook her head not believing what he was saying.

“If that’s true...” she couldn’t get the words out. She knew what it meant. He was struggling with love and his own mortality. “I understand. We need to take you back

then.”

“What? You can’t do that. Those bastards will cut me up in little pieces and sell me off like a filet in a fish market.”

“Don’t be so dramatic.”

“Woman, you aren’t hearing me.” He grabbed her shoulders, forcing her to pay close attention. He had to because his undead life depended on it. “Donnie isn’t just some average loan shark. He’s a killer and enjoys it... a lot. He won’t just de-animate me. He’ll make me suffer. He knows that as the undead I can’t die as easily as the average man. He will slowly torture me and cut each appendage off until there is nothing left of me but a talking head. And the worst part—”

She cringed. “He’ll mount it and keep it alive.”

“Yeah. Do you know that chip in our heads your dad created that keeps the brain activity going, even without the body? He knows he could just attach me to a blood drip, then plug me in like a table lamp to keep me around forever. I don’t want to be just a head in a jar. What will people say?”

When he started pacing around, biting at his nails, Roxy couldn’t help it. The image of him as just a head trying to get at a bag of Cheetos made her start laughing so hard that she bent over holding her belly.

“It’s not funny!”

“It’s hilarious! You’d be there yapping your head off so that he’d have to cut your tongue out because you’re so damn annoying and never shut up. Too bad because after last night I’d say that tongue is one part worth saving.”

Rolling his eyes, his arms crossed over his chest. “Haha. Laugh it up. You won’t be laughing when he realizes it’s you who took me out of there. I’d say death would become you, but I don’t think you’d have the second chance I did. It would be a waste since Frank-n-science is outlawed and there’s no one to bring you back.”

“M-my dad would.” She looked away, almost ready to cry. She missed him so much and knew he could bring her back if he was just free from that prison.

“He got life in the clink, Roxy. He’s not getting out. The only one who knows that science is you. If you die, so does any hope that anyone will come back in the future.”

Looking at him, she didn’t think that was what Acid would want anyway. “You don’t fight for Frankie’s rights, do you? I used to think maybe it was that you were selfish and wanted all the glory for yourself, but now I think it’s something else.”

He scoffed, getting back into the truck. “Let’s just go.”

“No. I hit a nerve. You don’t want to bring others back until you figure out what it is you’re feeling. You need to know what is making everything so magnified.”

“Just drive. We have a long road ahead. We can stay at my place until the heat dies down. Donnie doesn’t know where I live.”

“I live closer.”

“No way. I’m not risking you trying to lock me in a hole in your basement like Buffalo Bill. This isn’t the Silence of the Lambs here, princess. We do this my way.”

“Fine. But mark my words, Acid. You’re going to have to face your demons one day. Or better yet, your feelings.”

“Feelings are for the weak,” he said, before slamming the van door.

She just laughed. He’d laid all his cards out and now she had the upper hand. He all but admitted he had feelings for her, and now, she was going to push him to the limits.

When she got in the driver’s seat she smirked. “Hold on, it’s about to be a bumpy ride.”

When he looked over, he saw it. That naughty smirk mixed with a hint of crazy. “Do I need to be scared?”

“Definitely.”

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Tell me again why I wanted to kidnap this guy? Note to self: even monster men can cause a girl to cuss.

XOXO – Roxy

Roxy snacked on a candy tray from the van's delivery packages the next day while Acid went into a pawn shop to reluctantly sell his Rolex. When he stomped out like a spoiled baby he didn't look too pleased, but he needed money and hoped it would give him enough to at least get them through a few days. It sure wasn't going to get him any relief until payday though. He was starting to regret always blowing through his money on luxury items instead of saving for a rainy day. Right now, he was in the hurricane of his life with no lifeboat.

After he flopped into the driver's side in a huff, he passed her a jewelry bag without so much as sharing a glance.

“What's this?” She opened it, finding the cutest Frankenstein charm bracelet. “ Eek! It's so cute. Is this for me?”

“It's not much. I just thought you might like it since you didn't get to enjoy the convention. Sort of a thank you for saving my ass.”

“I love it.” After she slipped it on with a smile, they headed toward his home. Things between them were silent until she asked, “So, why the long face?”

“They lowballed me on the watch. I was hoping to get something to pay off Donnie and get out of this mess.”

When he laid his head back on the seat with a pathetic sigh, she could see this was too much on him. Acid always seemed so confident and commanding, but it was clear to her now she looked at him through rose-colored glasses. He had problems like anyone else, and not just the celebrity crush that she’d known and loved on screen. “I could help you,” she offered.

“I doubt you can pay off the additional \$100K, princess. But thanks for the offer.”

“No. Not that. After we figure this out, you could stop by my place. I can adjust your impulses in a snap. I could take care of those nasty addictions with a few tweaks to my dad’s chip, and you wouldn’t have to worry about those urges to gamble.”

He tilted his head toward her with a chuckle. “You think I’d be willing to let you tinker around in my brain with the chance you’d turn me into your freaky sex slave or something? Are you high? Was that candy you’re munching on edibles?”

That made her giggle as she checked the package to see if indeed they might have been. “Nope. Just snacks. Lame. Anyway, It’s not a bad idea. I could turn you into my little slut boy. You’d be cute in a tight pair of yellow Speedos feeding me grapes by your pool.”

“My pool?”

“Yeah.” She laughed. “You don’t think I’d stay in my dump of a shack if I could use your pretty ass to make me some dough, do you? I’d be crashing at your fancy mansion, living the high life. Then, I’d pimp you out like my Frank-n-hoe to those movie creeps. You’d made good money in the porn industry too with that big green monster between your legs.”

Acid didn't seem amused as he looked out the window again to watch cars go by.

"Oh, come on. I'm joking. I wouldn't hurt you... much."

He had to finally break a smile as he closed his eyes to relax. "You're a brat."

"You'd love it."

As they finally reached his vacation home, her eyes went wide. "Acid, your house is up ahead and it's not looking good."

"What are you talking about?..."

"Look who's waiting for us," she said, nodding toward the driveway as his eyes fluttered back open and sat up straight.

"Fuck! So much for paying for security."

Standing there, leaning against a black SUV, was Donnie. His gangly figure cast a long shadow before him, and his henchmen were looking menacing on either side. They were armed to the gills and didn't look happy to see them. She wasn't sure if they were looking for Acid or an army invasion with how much steel they were carrying.

"Talk about overkill." She cringed as his worried eyes flashed to her.

Seeing there was no way forward when a moving van blocked their path, Roxy slammed on the brakes, skidding to a stop just short of the driveway, and knocking over his mailbox. Unfortunately, there was no backing up in the clunker of a vehicle unless she took out a garden feature and a few palm trees.

Donnie and his men raised their guns, and her heart skipped a beat. “Oh shit.”

“Get out of the van, Green! We need to talk!” Donnie yelled.

“Not a chance! Put those guns down first!”

The men just laughed as Donnie looked around to see if they were as amused as he was. “Come on. I won’t hurt my favorite client. We have history, you and I.”

Acid knew better. As soon as he stepped from that van he was as good as Swiss cheese. But wait... Maybe that was the answer. A moving target wasn’t such a bad idea. He wouldn’t die if he wasn’t hit in the brain, so he just had to be crafty. He’d done it in the movies, why not real life? After all, he brought Roxy into this mess, and he wasn’t going to let her be target practice if he could help it.

Then he got a genius idea and shuffled through the boxes behind him. “I thought I saw one somewhere.”

“One what?” she asked. “What the hell are you looking for?”

“This!” Acid pulled a vintage military helmet from one of the delivery boxes, slapping it on his head preparing for his kamikaze mission. “Thank God for history nerds. Roxy, remember that scene in Toxic Traits where I went against the cartels and slaughtered the lot of them?”

“You’re not thinking about doing what I think you are, are you? That’s suicide!”

“You only die once... Or is it twice?”

Before she could react, Acid threw open the van door and leaped out, rolling across the pavement like a stuntman. Bullets sprayed around him, a few ringing off the brim

of the metal hat. Wasn't he smart enough to know those helmets weren't bulletproof enough to save his ass if hit right?

She cursed him under her breath. Of course, he had to make a dramatic scene where she'd have to save his ass again. "Get back in the van, you idiot!" she shouted, but he was already up and running toward the house and fighting off several men.

One of Donnie's goons aimed right for him, and Roxy felt her stomach drop. The shot rang out, and Acid stumbled, clutching just left of his collar as he slammed into one of the men, knocking him off his feet.

Soon, two more thugs were on his tail as blood soaked through his shirt, and it sent her into a fit of anger like nothing she'd felt before. As the metal music from the van radio seemed to get louder, her mind went to that dark place where thoughts of murder and chaos flared. It wasn't like with Hank. No. This was seeing red, anarchy... visions of war.

"Dammit, you son of a bitch! No one hurts my man!" She gunned the engine and swerved toward the driveway, ramming the van into one of the henchmen, killing one on impact as another went flying.

When she spun the van around, she was headed to the leader himself. Donnie screamed like a little girl and his men scattered, giving her enough time to pull up beside Acid.

"Get in!" she shouted.

He winced in pain, managing to climb back into the van with one arm. "You could have hit me with this thing. I had it under control," he groaned.

"I should have put you out of your damn misery for doing something so stupid. Do

you have a second death wish, you green-skinned psycho?”

In seconds she hit the gas and was tearing out of the driveway like a pro. Another round of bullets ricocheted off the back of the van as she drove off, and they weren't willing to wait around to see what would happen next.

Unfortunately, it was seconds before the SUVs carrying the enemy caught up to them and she wasn't sure if they would get out of this one alive. To her annoyance, as gunshots rang out, Acid was on the passenger's side laughing like an idiot.

“Did you get hit in the head or something?”

“This is fun! Go faster! I haven't had this much action since filming A Monster's Rampage. ”

She couldn't believe he was so disconnected from reality as they sped through the city streets, dodging traffic and trying to lose Donnie's men.

When she swerved to avoid an oncoming car, Acid groaned in the passenger seat, holding his wounded arm. “Easy on those turns, princess.”

“You're bleeding all over the place. Find something in the back to wrap your arm.” Roxy looked over. “It's glowing. What did my dad put in you?”

“I'm radioactive, remember. Wait until you see me glow in the dark. It's cool as hell,” Acid said, annoyingly cheerful. Too bad you left the TV on last night or you would have seen what ol' Acid can really do.”

“You're lucky I don't just hand you over to Donnie and be done with it. I can't believe your stupid ass is enjoying this.”

“You wouldn’t dare. You like me too much.” She slammed on the breaks to make her point and, “Okay, okay! I get it. Just keep driving.”

As she weaved through traffic, the van screeched around corners and narrowly avoided fender-benders and flipping over. Now and then, a glimpse of the cars chasing them got closer in the rearview mirror making her curse under her breath. Donnie and his people were relentless, and just when she thought she’d lost them, they’d catch up again.

“I told you we should’ve gone to my place.”

“Yeah, yeah. I’m a screw-up. What else is new?” Wincing as he shifted in his seat. “Fuck, this hurts.”

“If you keep bleeding like that, you’ll pass out before we even lose these assholes.”

Acid chuckled like this whole thing was a thrill ride. “I’ve been through worse. You should see how I looked before they first stitched my heart back together. This is nothing.”

“It’s not nothing. I think they hit something major. You’re going to bleed out if I don’t fix you.” She needed to get him patched up, but there was no way she could take him to a hospital. She had to figure out a way to hide them, at least for the night.

Her eyes darted to the street signs that lined the oceanside. “There’s an abandoned park ahead.”

She spotted the old park in the distance, hidden away behind a chain-link fence, growing underbrush, its rusty swings swaying in the wind. Several other vans, much like the one they were in, lined the fence as well from the business next door.

“Perfect. Hold on,” she said, yanking the wheel and veering into an alleyway where the van entrances were.

The vehicle bounced over potholes, but Roxy kept going, her eyes fixed on the park up ahead. When she looked back, she took a breath. “We lost them. We’ll lay low for a bit and make sure we’re in the clear. Meanwhile, I need to stitch you up before I have to bury your ass in that graveyard we passed.”

Acid grinned weakly. “I always knew you cared.”

Ignoring him, she pulled the van into a secluded corner of the park nearest the delivery vans, but a clear exit in case they needed it. The sun was setting and there wasn’t a soul in sight, which was exactly what she’d hoped for.

“I’m going to go to that store I saw a block back to get something to sew you up. We may have to ditch this van and find a new ride to throw Donnie off our trail.”

She opened the passenger door, dragging Acid out with her.

“I can walk, you know,” he muttered, though he winced as he tried to get out.

“Shut up and move.”

She led him toward the park’s public bathroom, and he wasn’t having it. “No way. It fucking smells like an asshole.”

“You have no choice. It’s not the most hygienic place, but it would have to do so they don’t see you if they pass the van. That or I can take you back to Donnie and he can match that hole in your shoulder with a few more.”

“No way. I’ll take the shit hole.”

“That’s what I thought.”

Once inside, Roxy kicked open the stall doors to check if anyone was there and dumped Acid onto the closest toilet seat.

“Home sweet home,” he joked, leaning his head back against the tiled wall. He was sweating now, his skin taking on a sickly hue. “I’m not doing so well, princess.”

“Just keep your eyes open. I’ll be back in five minutes. If I’m not, call for help. Here’s my cell.”

As the time rolled by it seemed like forever that she was gone. He closed his eyes seeing images of his brother coming closer into view. “I’m coming, bro. I’ll see you at the gates.”

“The hell you are,” she said as she stepped back into the bathroom. “This is going to hurt.”

“Mother fuck!” he screamed when Roxy poured a bottle of vodka directly onto the wound. He grabbed the bottle and gulped a bit down, trying to push through the pain. Even dead that shit hurts.

“Pussy.”

He hissed, gripping the edges of the bathroom stall walls, his sharp fingernails scratching at the chipped paint. “Wow, babe. You do like it rough.”

Roxy ignored his sarcasm, working quickly to clean the wound, finding the shooter hadn’t hit anything major. The bullet had gone clean through his shoulder flesh, which was lucky, but it didn’t make the process any less gruesome. Acid’s blood was a strange shade of green and oozed an odd mix of radiation and synthetic blood. How

he was standing at all was a mystery.

“Why do you always have to make everything a joke?” she muttered as she wrapped his arm with the gauze.

“Because if I didn’t, this whole undead thing might drive me insane. Laughing at the absurdity of it all keeps me grounded.”

She finished tying off the bandage and sat back, studying him for a moment. There was something in his eyes she hadn’t seen before. Vulnerability, maybe? Or regret? For once, he wasn’t being his ego-driven self. He just looked drained from it all.

“You know,” he said after a long silence, “you didn’t have to get involved in this. You could’ve left me back there with those killers. Hell, you still could if you wanted to.”

“And what? Let him chop you up in little pieces?”

Acid chuckled weakly as he watched her finish up the wound. “Haven’t you already threatened that yourself?”

“Don’t get too comfortable. I haven’t decided if you’re worth all this trouble yet or not.”

“Sure, you have. You could’ve ditched me at any point, but you didn’t. I’m starting to think you’re enjoying this little ride. My little punk princess is saving her king.”

“Don’t flatter yourself.” She stood up, shoving the leftover gauze in his hand. “I’m just in this for the science. You screwed up the feelings stuff when you used me for sex and ditched me. You didn’t have to say those things to make me think you care. You could have just fucked me and left it at that. Done and done.”

“Uh-huh. And those goo-goo eyes you keep giving me mean nothing, right? You wanted to hear it, and I said what I said.” Acid leaned forward, groaning as he shifted his weight. “So, what’s the plan now, genius? We just hang out here and get tetanus from a rusty nail or two until Donnie gets bored and goes to bother some other poor sap?”

“No. We’ll stay here long enough to make sure the bleeding stops, and then we’ll head to my place. It’s more secure than anywhere else. He doesn’t know who I am and...”

Then it clicked. The way out of this.

“We have to go back to your beach house,” she chirped.

“Back to my place? No way.”

“Trust me. We need that dead body, and you need security. We’ll use his own man to protect you.”

“He’s a stiff by now.”

“Exactly and you’re looking at the woman whose genius idea brought you back to life. A few tweaks to his brain and he’ll do whatever we say. I have the technology in my dad’s old emails he sent me. I even made a few chips for fun. The corpse’s brain is already a trained killer. Why not zombie his ass and use him for protection?”

“Well, look at that. My little mad scientist is a genius.” Acid grinned, pinching her cheek. “Always thinking three steps ahead, aren’t you, baby girl.”

“Stop that.” Roxy turned away, heading for the door. “I’m going to check outside and see if it’s clear. I need to hotwire a car for us. We’re too obvious in that van and it

drives like shit.”

Acid gave her a mock salute, though his expression softened as she walked out of the bathroom. Alone in the dingy stall, he glanced down at his bandaged shoulder, flexing his fingers experimentally. The pain was dulling, but his mind was racing. Whatever was in his blood made him heal faster than average, but it still hurt like hell.

As he sat thinking of her mention of the sweet nothings they shared as they made love, he hated admitting he said too much. The truth was, Roxy had gotten under his skin in more ways than one. She wasn't just the mad scientist whose studies brought him back from the dead. She was the only person who seemed to care whether he lived or died. And more so, she was the only woman he'd ever felt like this about in his whole existence.

If Donnie caught up to them, death would be something he'd see for a second time and that was something he wasn't ready to face. Death without her wouldn't be worth the trouble.

“I wonder if she can bring a guy back twice?”

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Everything looks better in the light of the moon, even green.

XOXO – Roxy

Roxy strolled the dark streets checking for an open car. Lucky for her, one was wide open and the owner had left the keys in the ignition of a spanking new Dodge Challenger with black racing stripes that made it look like it was moving standing still.

“Idiots. You never leave the keys in the car in this part of town. Someone could steal your ride.” She giggled as she hopped in the driver’s seat. “Let’s see what this Hemi can do.”

After she slowly pulled out of the parking spot to not alarm the owners, she gave herself a few blocks before she gunned it and sped through the streets back to Acid, but not before a swing by his house for her plan B. She quickly retrieved the body left behind, wrapped it in one of the mansions’ old rugs, shoved it in the trunk, and got out of there as fast as she could.

“I hope you don’t start stinking back there. If you start to rot I’ll never get you reanimated.”

After the dirty deed of snatching a corpse, she headed back to her lover at the awaiting park.

When he saw her spinning donuts and throwing rocks, he was sure she had gone completely insane, but damn if this girl wasn't a blast to be around. He'd never met anyone so carefree.

She spun to a stop, throwing open the car door inches from him. "Hop in, hot stuff."

"What took you so damn long? Where did you get this ride?"

"It's best you don't ask questions in case you know the poor rich bastard I boosted it from. By the way, how fast do you think this baby will go?"

Once inside, he smiled over at her, ready to have a little fun. "No better time than now to find out. Gun it, princess!" He looked around... "What's that smell?"

"Never mind that. Just hold on."

As they sped through the streets skipping stop lights, he was having the time of his life, holding onto the oh-shit bar above the door for all his undead life. Over the blaring punk rock music vibrating from the speakers, he yelled, "Keep this up and I might just have to marry your fine ass!"

Glancing over at him for only a moment she smiled to herself. "I thought you didn't do love."

"I don't, but you're sure making me think twice about the idea."

With a grin as bright as day, he stuck his head out the window howling at the moon above and Roxy soon joined in. Love or not, they were definitely wavering on the edge of romantic insanity together. It was only a matter of time before something had to give. The rowdy duo of misfits had to admit there was a spark lingering there they just hadn't touched upon yet.

Once out of town, Roxy pulled off into a dirt path, hidden from cars that may pass by. When they rolled up onto a secluded swap area, she came to a stop, resting back into the seat, and stretched her limbs.

Acid's eyes tilted to her, lounging against the headrest. "You really are one of a kind, princess. Even if you're crazy ass tried to kidnap me, you're fun."

While looking out over the water where the moon glittered in the ripples, she sighed. "Everyone says that. Even my damn therapist tells me I'm crazy. Maybe I am, but I'd rather be crazy than be like any of them."

"I didn't mean it in a bad way. I'm sorry." As she watched her lovely face under the light of the moon, his eyes fell on the charm he bought her, noticing scars on her wrist for the first time. "When did you do that?"

She glanced at him and then at the scar with a dismissive shrug. "I don't remember much about it, but it was before my dad was arrested. He was the only person in my whole life who cared about me. I tried to commit suicide and one of my mom's boyfriends found me. Ironical since he was part of the reason I decided to do it. I still don't remember being in the hospital or anything."

"He hurt you?"

"Yes. I was barely thirteen when it started. My mom had gotten custody after she divorced my real dad, and it was pure hell living with her. She was so drunk one night that she didn't even know the man raped and beat me. When she woke up, he turned on her. Every damn asshole except my dad hurt us in some way or the other. I honestly don't even remember what happened to that jerk. I just remember my dad's voice telling me it would all be okay soon after it happened."

His heart hurt for her, but had to ask, "What got you into this science?"

“I always had a fascination with life and death and how things worked. One weekend I was with my dad and the puppy he got me for my birthday was run over by a car. I loved the classic novel Frankenstein by Mary Shelley, and the next thing Dad knew was I was in the garage trying to bring the dog back to life. When the pooch started barking, Dad was convinced it was some Pet Cemetery type stuff and shot it.”

“Fuck. That must have been awful.”

Roxy laughed. “Yeah, it was, but probably for the best. The poor thing was squished in the center like a pancake, and you could still see tire marks.”

Acid couldn't help but be a little mortified but still let out a morbid laugh. “Damn girl. Maybe you are crazy.”

When she started laughing with him, he did something completely unexpected. He grabbed her face, kissing her with the most mind-blowing kiss she'd ever felt.

“I love crazy, princess.”

She was almost rendered speechless as he lifted her over the console to straddle his lap and deepen the passionate kiss. “You don't think I'm a freak?”

“Girl, look at me. I'm the king of the freaks. They might have said you were crazy, but I just think you're special. If it wasn't for you, I'd be pushing up daisies in a grave somewhere.”

“I guess you're right,” she purred before kissing him back.

Lifting her from the car, Acid went to lay Roxy across the front hood. As she watched with seductive eyes, he pulled her pants and shoes free before kissing up her legs. “Damn, I do love crazy, baby.”

With those words, she closed her eyes letting him take control. After peppering kisses up her legs, he moved her thong to the side laying one tender kiss across her mound making her back arch to him.

“That’s it. I just want a taste.”

Slowly his tongue made work of her, sucking the tender bub between his lips and making her beg in lustful agony. When his monster tongue danced across her clit, she was sure he’d asked for a few extra alterations on the surgery table, because he was doing things that she’d only dreamed about.

“Fuck! Acid right there.”

“You like that?” he said as his fingers breached her opening and slowly worked in and out. “You love the way I make those legs shake, don’t you.”

“Please... more...”

Watching her wriggle beneath him was like heaven on Earth for the monster. As she begged for his touch he smiled to himself, pleased with the lustful gifts that would make her come undone.

The black hair and white stripe were laid out like a ghoulish dream that he’d wished for since his living days. She truly was his scream queen but in the naughtiest of ways. When he licked her clit in needing circles, her pleading voice echoed across the water, and he thought he’d cum before he ever got to slide into her warm wet core. Each moan was proof he owned her body like no man ever could, and if he had his way she would be his forever.

He denied he wanted her, and convinced himself that simply ravishing her body would be enough. Pulling his thick cock from his jeans, he slid into her dripping set

slits, dipping the tip inside, knowing he was going against every rule humanity set upon him. As she tried to get more, he denied it.

“What’s wrong, princess? Am I not giving you what you need?”

“Please Acid. I need you inside me.”

“Will you howl for me under the harvest moon? Will you scream my name and let the stars know you’re mine?”

“Yes, yes. Anything,” she pleaded as he slowly slipped deeper.

In the distance, lightning struck from the oncoming storm, a haunting reminder he was a Frankenstein-like creation. Repeating strikes said maybe the Earth itself wanted to reclaim the dead, but he’d take her with him while she milked his cock all the way to the other side.

When he leaned in to rest his lips on her ear, he growled. “You think you own me, Roxy. I’m not one to be owned, even by the grave. I’m the one who takes control. I make my own destiny.” He thrust hard into her with each syllable claiming, “I. Own. This. Do you understand me?”

In defiance of being a slave to any man, she grabbed his face, digging her nails into his cheeks. Her teeth gritted when their eyes met. “No. You’re my creation. You’re mine.”

He just smirked as he thrust again and grabbed her neck in return, lacing his hand around it like a bondage collar. “Are you sure about that? The way your pussy is taking this big green cock with such ease, I’d say I own you.”

As she looked up at him, and he stilled inside her, she confessed. “Maybe it’s both.”

And with that, he felt his heart constrict. He was just testing her, playing a game. At least he told himself that. Was he hers? Did he let this temptress stake claim on his undead soul? Yes. He did and did it so willingly.

“You’re playing with fire, princess.”

“I like it hot, Acid. You should know that by now.”

Resting his forehead to hers, he let out a sigh. “You’re going to be my undoing.”

As he slowly made love to her, Roxy felt herself becoming closer to the moment than she expected. Yes, for years she had a fangirl crush, but this was different. She was developing real feelings for the undead and a part of her was so conflicted by it that she didn’t know how to react.

She honestly couldn’t complain. She had built her whole life around the macabre. Her life back home was a blinding reflection of that. Yet she felt safe in his arms, and if she had to let him go, she wasn’t sure she could.

It was then the mentally disturbed images in her mind started swirling in a colorful display. Neon pinks, greens, and visions of the world in chaos exploded through her mind, mixed with the coming storm she tried to focus on above.

“Mine,” she breathed.

Her body was riddled with ecstasy as the rain started to fall. Through the storm, he ravished her as only a monster as he could. When he finally collapsed over her from the mind-blowing orgasms they shared, he chuckled to himself. “Damn, woman. What are you doing to me?”

She said nothing as water drops fell on her flushed face. She knew what she wanted,

but would he even offer a girl like her such commitments? She wanted everything. A family, a future, true love without pain and sorrow. She wanted everything he could give if only let her in. But could he even do that? He was the undead.

“Roxy... You’re crying.”

When she touched her cheek, she felt the wetness and wasn’t sure if it was tears or the rain. It was made clear when a faint whimper escaped her lips. She didn’t respond as he lifted her body and wrapped his arms around her. Taking her back inside the car, he rested the seat back and held her until she cried herself to sleep, wet and spent. How he knew she needed it at that moment he didn’t know, but she did.

She wondered if she was completely and utterly insane, but he didn’t seem to care. Maybe he was a little crazy too, and she wanted him all the more for it.

Truth was, he was just as conflicted. As he held her close, there was one thing that rang true; this was what he was made for. What he’d been seeking all along was in his arms and didn’t even know it until then.

Resting his head back on the seat, Acid took a slow breath, looking out into the storm raging on. He’d gone and done it. He fell in love. And when the lightning struck nearby, he knew the earth knew it, too.

She’d made him feel alive again.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Home sweet horror. Time to meet the parents cohabitants.

XOXO – Roxy

The early sun's light filtered through the trees, casting long rays through the windshield right into the punk woman's eyes making her groan. She stirred, her cheek pulling off the window like plastic wrap. Her body was tangled with Acid's in the cramped passenger seat and ached as she tried to get her numb fingers to come alive again from sleeping against them.

The night had been long and exhausting in more ways than one, and for a brief moment, she wasn't sure it was even real. She blinked, the haze of sleep slowly lifting as she became aware of Acid's arm draped across her waist. He looked so adorable lying there she almost hated to stir him.

"Not a bad way to wake up." She giggled. "Move it, green bean. My legs are cramping."

He shifted beside her, groaning softly as his eyes fluttered open. "Morning princess. Already wanting more?" he teased, rubbing his face.

"You wish." She stretched, before crawling into the driver's side. "We should probably get moving before someone notices two weirdos snuggled up in a parked car with a dead body in the trunk."

“So, that’s that smell? Damn. It smells like shit.”

“You do know that people lose bowel movement when they die, right?”

The stench got him fully awake. “So that’s where you went last night.”

“Yeah. Just so you know, I broke into your house and used that ugly rug in your foyer to wrap him in.”

“What? That rug cost a fortune!”

“You’ll get over it.”

“You’re lucky you’re cute, toots. After last night I guess I can let it slide that you used a rare Persian rug to wrap a damn corpse in.”

And that he would, because except for the stiff in the trunk, they had finished the night snuggled up under a lightning storm like it was some romantic movie moment.

“All right, let’s get to my place,” Roxy said, smacking her hands together. “We’ve got a body to get moving.”

“You say that with your whole chest like you’re enjoying this living dead thing.”

“It’s not the first time that I’ve had to handle a dead body,” she said, tossing him a wink to last night’s naughty play. “And you seem to like it.”

“That I do.”

After a bit of a drive, they arrived at her dingy home which had seen a few improvements since she left. “Good job, Hank. He painted the siding. Nice.”

“Who’s Hank?”

“You’ll see. Let’s get the stiff out of here. Come on, grab the legs.”

Together, they opened the trunk, the fresh afternoon air doing nothing to lessen the stench from inside. The body was stiff as they lifted it out and Acid wrinkled his nose, trying to hold back a gag.

“You’re such a pussy. You’re the undead. This should be a cakewalk for you.”

“That doesn’t help matters.” When his eyes went to her he looked somewhat unsettled. “You’re taking this a little lightly aren’t you?”

“It’s just part of life, Acid. Relax. Death is part of living.”

“It’s gross.”

“Says the guy who offered himself to become a living corpse.”

“Undead,” he snapped as if offended she treated him like a zombie. The nerve.

They lugged the body to her garage and slammed the door shut before anyone in the neighborhood noticed. With Roxy, they probably wouldn’t. She was the town weirdo, after all.

“There. Happy, you cry baby? Now, we ditch the stolen car and head back here to get to work.”

Acid looked at her with a raised brow. “How did I let you convince me to end up here? I’m starting to feel like you’re planning on keeping me around a lot longer than I signed up for. Did I just let you kidnap me and help you do it?”

“Maybe. I guess we’ll see how it plays out.” She flashed a grin, throwing him the keys. “You can drive Hank’s truck and follow me. My car is still at the casino, but I’ll figure out that later.”

After ditching the car, they rolled back into the yard where he finally got a good look at his surroundings. The place wasn’t exactly either of his beachfront mansions and was leaning on death’s door itself. One mansion on each side of the country, he was living a life of luxury he didn’t quite deserve while Roxy was trapped in a house built on nightmares.

“So, this is home?”

“Yep,” Roxy said, parking the car. “Come on. There’s something I want to show you.”

The front door creaked open, and Acid was hit with a blast of cool air. The interior was a throwback of dingy paneled walls, floral curtains, and shag carpet that made it feel like he had stepped into a time machine right back into a mashup of everything tacky the 80s and 90s could provide.

As they made their way into the kitchen, two figures sat at the table who looked like they were right out of the Stepford Wives movie flick. That is if it was made in a white trash community and far less pristine.

Acid’s heart skipped a beat as he froze in place. “Uh... Roxy? What the fuck is wrong with them?”

“These are my... cohabitants,” Roxy said as if it was the most normal thing in the world. “Well, they were, anyway. This is my mom Darla and her husband Hank.”

Acid stared in shock. He shouldn’t have been, considering his situation, but this was

different. The man and woman sitting at the table looked alive but the stiff posture and the blank look in their eyes screamed otherwise. They were still as if someone had paused them mid-motion with a remote control.

“Roxy, what the hell is this?”

She walked over to the table, running her hand along her mother’s shoulder. “My stepdad killed her,” she said casually. “So, I brought her back. And him, too. Oh, I should probably mention I killed him after I found her dead on the living room floor. More like slashed. It was pretty gruesome... and I danced around his dead body. Is that bad?”

Acid felt his stomach twist as she admitted she slaughtered the guy. She didn’t even seem like it was that big of a deal. Maybe he should have seen the signs. She was a complete lunatic, and he sort of admired her for it. “Why are they just sitting there like that? It’s freaking me out.”

“I guess they got done with their chores for the day.” She looked at him, eyes gleaming with pride. “I fixed them. Made them better. They don’t fight anymore, and Hank isn’t such a twat. They’ll never hurt anyone again. They just... exist. Sort of. I did leave them some free will. I guess you could say I gave them the ultimate attitude adjustment.”

“Exist?” Acid took a step back, his mind racing. “You turned your parents into zombies?”

“They’re not zombies. They’re more like custom Frankie’s. They help out around here, and they don’t complain. Hank even kept his job at the butcher shop. It’s an improvement, trust me. He was an asshole, and she was a drunken slut.” She fluffed her mom’s hair. “Mom, can you fix us some dinner? We’re starving. Maybe Hank can grill us some steaks on the grill, and you can make some sides.”

“Yes dear,” the couple said as they went right to work.

“Please say it’s real steak and you’re not a Jeffery Dahmer-ing people in here like a cannibal.”

“Ew, no. Are you nuts? That’s so gross. After everything that happened that night he killed her, I had to give her the life she always wanted. She has a second chance now to be happy. They still need some work, but I’ll get it right. I have to.”

Acid could hear the pain just beneath the surface of her words. They were her family, twisted and wrong as it was. Somehow she believed she had done the right thing.

“I don’t know what to say, Roxy. I guess I can’t judge you for this. Not after what I did to myself.”

“I’m not asking for your approval. But you know what we have to do next.”

“You mean the stiff in the garage? So, that’s the plan. Making him like that.”

Roxy gave a giddy shrug. “You need protection, don’t you? And I happen to have a way to provide it with a few little science projects.”

He couldn’t help but laugh at that. “You’re really something, you know that?”

“I know,” she said, stepping closer, her eyes locking onto him. “And just so we’re clear... This isn’t over. I’m letting you go for now, but next time, you won’t see me coming. You’re not going to rid me of the fun of kidnapping your green ass.”

“Sometimes you scare me,” he teased. “So that’s the plan. Turn Donnie’s guy into a Frankie and alter his mind so he’s at our service.”

“Yep.”

“Sounds good. When do we start?”

“After dinner, and then, you’re on your own.”

“On my own?”

“You can’t stay here. As much as I want to help, I have to think of my family. It’s too soon after their reanimation. You being here would draw too much attention. You know Frankie creation is illegal, and I don’t want to be locked up in the slammer.”

“Yeah.” He nodded as he watched the couple cooking. “I get it. As soon as we’re done, I’ll be out of your hair.”

“I’m sorry I can’t do more,” she said, rubbing his arm.

Stepping closer and running the back of his hand down her cheek, he smiled. “I understand, sweetheart. You have to protect your family first, even an undead one. I’ll miss you, though.”

“I’ll miss you, too. Now, let’s eat. We have a lot of work to get to.”

That evening Acid helped Roxy create the perfect bodyguard, complete with a willingness to do anything at his command. Once finished, he called an Uber and booked two flights to LA, which was far away from Donnie. At least in his Beverly Hills home, he would be safe. For now.

Just before leaving, he watched Roxy’s sad eyes tear up and the sight made his heart ache for her. He stepped closer, wiping away the wetness on her cheeks. “Thanks for everything. I’ll come back when the heat dies down. And thanks for those extra

tweaks you did on my brain chip to stop the addictions. I feel a lot better.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Oh, and thanks for not making me a drone.”

She had to giggle, looking down at her clasped hands. She felt like her whole world was leaving and she couldn’t even put into words how much she wanted him to stay. For now, she knew it wasn’t safe. If the authorities found out what she did to her mom and Hank she’d be locked in a cell before she could blink.

He took her trembling hands, placing them at his heart. “I’ll come back as soon as I can, I promise.”

“No, you won’t, but it’s okay. It was fun while it lasted, right?”

“Right.” He hated the finality of it. Just before he stepped into the taxi, he kissed her cheek. “See you around, my little pink princess.”

With a nod, she turned to their new creation and patted the tall monster’s back. “Bruce, take Acid back to LA. Make sure he gets there in one piece and do as your master tells you. Understand?”

The man nodded with an expressionless face. “Understand.”

“Good boy.

With a nervous grin, Acid followed the undead man to the car. The ride to Hollywood was going to be a long one with this creep. He hoped she did fix this guy, or he wouldn’t make it home alive.

“Good boy?” the man asked Acid as he slid into the car.

“I sure hope so.”

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Monster creation Is easy. It's making a real Family that's hard.

XOXO – Roxy

A few days later, Roxy stepped through the front door of her home, missing her green lover more than she expected. She hadn't even noticed Hank in the yard mowing the grass and how he'd fixed the leaky roof. She was so consumed with thoughts of Acid that she hadn't even had any manic episodes due to being consumed by images of him making love to her. All she knew was a desperate pull to want to be in her arms.

She couldn't explain it. The longer they were apart the more she yearned for him. Like a part of her soul was missing. She could only assess that maybe she had gone mad and imagined the whole thing. Maybe going off her meds hadn't been such a great idea. But no. It was real and she couldn't block this memory from her mind like the day she tried to harm herself.

She hadn't planned on sleeping with Acid, saving his life, or even reanimating another body out of a stone-cold killer to protect him. Now she was home alone and she felt an emptiness she'd never felt before. She'd always crushed hard on him, but had she...? No... She couldn't have.

She stopped her tracks raking her hand over her face. "Damn it. I'm really in love with him."

When she flopped on the couch and her mother came over to hand her a drink, she

didn't even move her eyes away from the static on the TV.

"Afternoon, Roxy. Did you notice the new drapes? I sewed them myself."

She finally veered her eyes to her mom and what she saw was a tad unsettling. She looked like something straight out of an old black-and-white TV sitcom, only darker. She was dressed in a black 50s A-line dress and her hair in a perfect updo. She looked good. Happy even, in a horror sort of way. Except for the bandage that was still wrapped around her forehead.

"Yikes," she mumbled to herself. "Mom, did you do something to your hair?"

"Do you like it? I did it myself."

The smile on her face made Roxy shiver. Darla was not the same woman she once was. She was pleasant, unsettlingly so.

"Uh... yeah. Why don't you power down for a while and relax? You're creeping me out."

"Yes, dear. I do have the worst sort of headache. I love you, baby."

"I love you too, Mom."

Roxy watched her mother sit in the chair across from her and quickly her head dropped as her chip turned off.

"Fuck, that's creepy. I gotta do some tweaks on that chip to make her more natural. I may have gone a little overboard."

As she looked at her mother Roxy realized something she hadn't before. The

difference between her creations and her father's, free will. It's what her father warned her about. Playing with the dead changed people, and not always for the better. But she had to admit the changes she made to her mom and Hank were by far an improvement to their former selves. They were downright likable now. Hank even fixed up the house and was working back at the butcher shop. Her mom was delightful, although eerily submissive, and even hugged Roxy for the first time in years just a day before.

It was a freakshow among freakshows, but it was too late to turn back now. She'd built her perfect family and now she had to live with it, like it or not.

The only thing missing from her perfectly created existence... Acid.

Kidnapping him had seemed like the perfect plan. Her father had always told her she needed to take chances if she wanted to control her future, but nothing had gone according to the plan. Surprisingly she wasn't that mad about it. She'd had the best weekend of her life with him, even though they were chased by criminals out for blood.

She tossed her keys onto the end table and leaned over her knees. Her surroundings were almost grim in a delightful way. A metallic clink echoed through the house as Hank passed, holding hedge clippers. She wasn't sure why it made her jump, but she kept her eye on him, nonetheless. In the end, he went on to the backyard to trim shrubs.

"I really have to adjust those chips."

The sudden silence that loomed over the house except for the TV static was distributing and she hated how quiet it had become. She was so used to the yelling and didn't even know how to think without the noise. She could almost hear rational thoughts among the wave of emotions she'd been trying to ignore since she and her

lover boy fled the casino. This wasn't right, any of it.

Her mother and stepfather had become her perfect picture of domestication, like characters from a vintage postcard complete with aprons and pearls. Her stepfather had killed her mother, and in her fury, she'd brought them both back, turning them into her mindless drones. She pretended they were perfect now. No more screaming in the middle of the night, no more broken plates or endless bruises. They just existed to her liking. A puppet family, and she, the puppet master.

But why wasn't she happy?

"Why does this have to be so damn difficult?" she muttered under her breath. "Why can't I get him out of my head?"

Trying to drown out the silence, she grabbed the remote and turned on the TV. Lines flickered across the warn-out screen before the image sharpened into a breaking news segment. Her stomach twisted when she saw the familiar face grinning back at her. Of course. She should've known.

The screen showed her green lover flashing his signature cocky smirk at the paparazzi, the cameras loving every second of it. Reporters shouted questions at him, and Acid chatted them up with a playful toothy grin that made Roxy's blood boil.

"What the hell are you doing, you idiot?"

But she knew. He'd set up a media blitz to draw attention to himself to keep the loan sharks away. Not an entirely bad idea, but still incredibly stupid. Now everyone knew he was back at his second home in LA and hanging out with the local nightlife.

"You sneaky little shit. You're putting on a show for the cameras to keep Donnie off your back." She clenched her fists, feeling a mix of admiration and irritation. "You

should have laid low.”

She knew he wasn’t one to do that. Acid lived for the attention, and he was always a step ahead of the game.

She couldn’t help butsmile at how handsome he looked on screen. Annoying as he was, the thrill of their twisted entanglements had her anticipating the kidnapping angle all over again. Maybe this time she would get it right. The scientific side of her was never a quitter.

“Looks like I have some planning to do. I’m coming, greenie. And this time, you’re mine.”

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

I can't leave this guy alone for a moment and he finds trouble.

XOXO – Roxy

The familiar scent of a cigar in the air of Acid's agent's office made him choke a bit as he stepped inside. What he found there was a clear sign the media attention was a bad move on his part. He stood in the doorway, his manicured nails digging into his hands. His agent had betrayed him and was standing across the room with a wide grin and counting through a fanned wad of cash.

His eyes followed the line of trendy décor of the room to a stack of paperwork scattered across the office desk. Carl was never one to keep up the place, mirrored in his frumpy clothing. Behind them, sat Donnie puffing on one of the agent's expensive Cuban cigars like ascene out of a mafia movie. He always pretended to be a trumped-up version of Scarface .

“Carl, you sold me out! You sorry son of a bitch!”

The agent shrugged, not giving two shits if his client was in a world of hurt so long as he got a little something out of it. “You know how it is in this business, Acid. Money talks and bullshit walks. Business is business.”

“A man after my own heart,” Donnie said after letting a bellow of smoke rings escape his lips.

“What the hell is going on here? I told you I’ll get you the money and I will.”

Standing, the intimidating man rounded the table with his arms over his chest before he put out the cigar on the desk. “Carl and I had a little chat. Turns out he’s not very loyal when the stakes are high. He agreed that with a cut in your profits, in cash, he’d settle up some of your debts. Of course, you came up a little short with our interest rates building, but he’s in the clear.”

“That was a quarter of a million dollars in royalties! That was more than enough to pay off my debt.”

“Let’s not forget your friend killed one of my men. It’s going to be a while before we settle up on any debt. Bruce was one of my best men.” He looked over Acid’s shoulder seeing the reanimated security guard standing at the door like a drone. “Seems you’ve been playing in the lab with my property. We can’t have that, no can we.”

Acid’s eyes darted over his shoulder just as the monster bodyguard was surrounded and a pair of goons with a pair of large, modified gardening shears right as they lopped off his head.

As it rolled at his feet, the monster creation had a tear in his eye. “Boss?” is all he got out before his chip malfunctioned and his eyes fell shut.

Acid’s own tightened shut, realizing the severity of this, mixed with the pity for the undead creation. He was starting to like the guy.

“Damn. That was fucking brutal.” Donnie interrupted with a heartless belly laugh.

Then Acid remembered Hank back at Roxy’s fixing the lawn using a similar pair. “Oh, God. Roxy. If you hurt her and her family I’ll—”

“Relax. Your little fuck toy is fine, for now. But right now, we need to talk about the additional money you owe. Since your freak girlfriend doesn’t seem to have the cash to pay me back for killing my best man, you’re going to help me out. You see, monster creation in the black market means big money. From what I’ve gathered, your little dancing queen is special, isn’t she? A real mad scientist, just like her dear ol’ dad.”

Acid’s fists clenched at his sides and his jaw ticked. Roxy had saved his life on numerous occasions, so he’d make it right in return. “Leave her alone. I made millions from that last movie. I can pay her debt once the next check rolls in. A month at the latest.”

“Do you really think you’ve got any room for negotiation here, Acid? Nah , I have more fun things in mind for her. You’re not in control here, boy. And just in case you needed a reminder of how far my reach goes, take a look.”

Acid’s eyes widened as the man turned the laptop on the desk for his viewing. There he saw the video, grainy yet unmistakable with him and Roxy tangled in sheets, clear enough for the world to recognize who he was. And if Donnie knew who her father was, that was bad. Really bad.

Acid swallowed hard at the idea of what he had in mind. “What do you want?”

Donnie slid his ass up onto the desk, scratching his chin. “We know all about her and father’s little monster experiments, but it wasn’t until I saw that little freak at the convention did I realize the apple didn’t fall far from the tree. Here’s the deal. You bring Roxy to us, let her make a few new friends for me and our buyers, and this video doesn’t go viral. A porn scandal with an undead man and a human girl. Tisk-tisk, Acid. You’ve been a naughty boy, haven’t you?”

“How did you get that video?”

“I have my ways. Hotel casinos have eyes, buddy boy.” He smirked. “Listen, a lot of humans already want you dead. What would they say when you’re taking advantage of a sweet mentally ill woman? Or worse, that she’s carrying on her father’s legacy, and you helped her. I’ve already counted three on her murder spree. She’s almost considered a serial killer, don’t you think?”

His breathing shook with rage knowing what this jackass was implying. Acid had an agreement with human authorities that if they didn’t de-animate the remaining Frankie’s, he and his kind would go by certain rules. No sexual activity with a human was one of them. Although rarely was it enforced, if a celebrity monster was caught entangled with a human, it could stir up quite a controversy.

He didn’t care. He loved Roxy, and despite not being willing to admit it, he wasn’t going to let these men use her. He knew if they hadn’t got to her themselves they thought she must be dangerous. “I’m not handing her over, and I’m not doing your dirty work for you.”

The man’s expression turned cold as he slid from the desk and walked toward the window, snapping his fingers at his men. “That’s the wrong answer, kid.”

Before Acid could react, the henchmen in the room grabbed him, slamming him to the floor. Fists were flying before he had a chance to try to defend himself, every blow worse than the next.

When they finally let him fall to the floor, Donnie crouched beside him sucking air between his teeth and pressing his finger to the wound on his temple. “Damn, that’s gotta hurt, even for you. You’ve got two options here, boy. Deliver her to us, or I’ll find a way to get her myself. And believe me, you won’t like what I’ll do to her pretty little ass when I do.”

Acid spat blood onto the floor, his vision blurring in and out as his eye swelled. “Go

to hell. You hurt her; I'll kill you. And let's be honest; if you wanted her, you'd have her. I think you're scared."

Donnie didn't deny it as he stood upright and adjusted his jacket. He'd already got enough intel on her to know she was unstable. "We'll be in touch."

The door slammed behind him as he left, leaving Acid crumpled on the cold floor, barely able to breathe. It wouldn't last long due to the modified radioactive materials that helped heal his body, but he still would be in a lot of pain until it kicked in.

His mind pushed through the pain as he reached for his phone to warn her, but there was no answer. She'd blocked his calls.

When he looked up at his agent, he stood, stalking closer. "You're going to pay for this."

"Acid, don't make any rash decisions... Acid! Acid! No!....

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

The prodigal monster returns. He's lucky he's hot.

XOXO – Roxy

Roxy leaned against the cold steel counter as she watched Hank's interactions with customers to be sure no one noticed his change. To her delight, everyone who entered his little butcher shop liked the new Hank. After a few rumors dropped around town, they all believed the older couple was in therapy and making a huge turnaround. It was smooth sailing from here, she hoped.

Despite how well it was going, the rain outside was reflecting her solemn mood. She'd blocked Acid's number if only to attempt to forget about him. She still had thoughts of kidnapping, but she had to be honest with herself, she was lonely without him.

The smell of raw meat in the air, mixing with the odd scent of cleaning chemicals made her want to vomit. She hated her stepfather's shop. Since her dog died she hated the idea of any animals being butchered, and this was a house of horrors for the defenseless creatures. She was no vegan but something about the place gave her the icks.

The jingle of the front doorbell drew away the focus from the stench, and the green figure standing there made her heart skip a beat. Then the ghastly sight of him hit her like a ton of bricks. There was Acid, looking like he'd been put through ten rounds with a prize fighter. His lip was split, his left eye swollen and bruised, and he looked

defeated as he dropped his bag on the floor.

“What the hell happened to you?” she asked, rushing to look him over.

“I’ve been trying to reach you all night. Donnie knows who you are. You blocked my number.”

“I know.” She turned away, busying herself with a sample tray of deli slices. “Are you okay?”

“I will be. Not sure about my ego. We need to talk.”

She could feel his eyes on her, waiting for an explanation, but she wasn’t ready to talk about why she’d blocked him. She couldn’t. Science was easy. Real honest-to-God feelings were not.

“What happened?”

“Donnie’s guys. They found me at my agent’s office and shook me down for a bigger payoff. They beat me up to convince me to turn over what they wanted.”

She stilled, knowing what he was about to say. If he was trying to reach her, and they knew who she was, she was that payoff. “They’re threatening to come for me?”

“They have a sex tape of us in the hotel. If the authorities see it, they’ll de-animate me and there will be no way for me to protect you. Frankie’s are forbidden to have any sort of relationship with humans, especially if it’s sexual.”

“You said he knows who I am?”

“Yes, and he brought up your dad and he knew who you were at the convention. That

doesn't sit well with me. You know what he wants, and I need to get you out of here. He wants you to create Frankie's on the black market."

Roxy paused, meeting his gaze. She wasn't going to let some Neanderthal bully her. She's never done it before and she sure as hell wouldn't now. "I'm not leaving. I've got a new life here, and I'm not afraid of Donnie or his men. You have no idea what trauma I've faced over the years. Some two-bit thug isn't going to scare me."

"Roxy please—"

"No. Let them come. Acid, you know what I'm capable of. Look at Hank. Do you think I even batted an eye when I..." She stopped mid sentence when the last person in the shop passed to leave. "...when I changed him."

"I know you're brave, but this isn't just some run-of-the-mill asshole. He's got deep mob connections, and he won't stop until you're on his payroll or dead. I'm sorry I got you into this mess, but I have to figure out a way to get you out. Your little kidnapping attempt is nothing compared to the things he's done."

"Yeah, well... You're not very fun to try to kidnap, anyway." She pouted. "The next time I'm finding a less annoying monster to try to nab."

He chuckled at her little pouty lip, but the light-hearted moment didn't last long. The door dinged open again, and a figure stepped inside, locking the lock behind him.

Quickly, Acid rushed to push her behind him for protection. The tall, stocky man's eyes landed on them, and in an instant, he pulled a gun from his jacket, aiming it straight at Acid's head.

"Donnie sends his regards," the man growled. "Looks like you're warning this bitch instead of bringing her back, so I was told to take care of this myself."

Roxy's mind raced as she watched Hank ignoring the man and tending to his work.

"Our roast beef is on special," Hank said as he wiped the counter.

The man watched as the bitcher didn't even pay attention to him. "What the fuck is wrong with him?"

"He's a defective Frankie. Ignore him," Acid said.

With a gasp, Roxy's hand went to her chest like clutching pearls. "The nerve! He is not defective. He's altered to a specific neural pathway that—"

"Roxy. Not the time, princess."

"Fine." She scoffed, crossing her arms over her chest. "But I'll have you know my creations are not defective. Ever."

The thug just rolled his eyes as he reached to taste one of the samples on the tray. "She's a mouthing one, Acid. I thought you could do better than that."

When the man walked around them, she had only a second to nod to Hank to let him know there was trouble. When her stepfather looked at the gun, he seemed to flip a switch.

She was smart. Too smart for this idiot. Did he actually think she wouldn't have a backup plan for things like this? When Hank headed to the back with a stone-faced determination, she knew the guy was in for trouble when he returned.

Moments later the door to the back swung open again. The man didn't notice as he turned to face the couple with his back to Hank. Her stepfather glanced up, and without missing a beat, lifted a butcher knife making the horror gal squeal in delight.

She jumped up and down with excitement. “Say goodnight, asshole.”

In one fluid motion, he let it fall. The knife embedded itself deep in the man’s skull with a sickening thunk. His eyes went wide for a moment, and then he dropped, hitting the floor with a lifeless thud. It was then the gun fell from his hand, spinning across the tiled floor.

“Thanks, Hank. I think it’s time to close the shop today. We have some cleanup to do.”

“Clean up.” He gave her a nod, wiping his hands on his bloodstained apron as if this was just another day at the butcher shop.

Acid looked from Hank to the body, his face a mixture of horror and confusion. “What the hell just happened?”

“Hank happened. I told you I fixed him,” Roxy replied cheerfully. She turned to her stepfather. “Good job, ya sick fuck. Help me drag this guy into the back, will ya?”

“Back.” Without hesitation, Hank grabbed the dead man’s ankles, dragging him across the floor, leaving a line of blood.

Acid couldn’t believe his eyes, although a bit relieved they were safe, this was pure insanity. Still processing, he didn’t know what to think. “Should we call the cops or something?”

“Call the cops? And tell them what? That Donnie’s hitman tried to shoot me, and Hank the butcher saved my life by planting a knife in his fat head? Yeah, that’ll go over really well.”

“You are crazy, woman. I fucking love crazy. All right, let’s deal with this. What do

we do now...?”

Once the body was out of sight and into the meat locker, Roxy leaned against the wall with a hum. Her brain was running through every scenario in her mind of the possibilities she could do with the body. She knew they couldn't keep this up every time Donnie's men came knocking, but it would be fun to make a new monster to do her bidding. They were being hunted like prey and this wasn't okay with her in the slightest, but in her sick demented mind, it sure was fun.

But... What if they turned the tides on the guys out to hurt her undead king?

When a devious smirk traced her lips, Acid knew she had

something brewing. “What's in that pretty head of yours, princess? I never trust that gleam in your eye.”

A wildly insane idea sparked in her mind, one that made her heart race in a way that had nothing to do with fear.

“We need to fight back.”

“What?”

“We're going to take Donnie down and the whole lot of those assholes who help him. We're going to stop this by turning his men against him one by one.”

He watched her playful eyes and knew her plan. “We're going to whack the fuckers and reanimate them. We'll build an army of the undead. A fucking army.”

“It's time to turn the tables.”

Hank, who had been quietly listening, held up the bloody butcher knife, broken from pulling it from the man's head. "We'll need more knives."

The couple laughed as Acid went to hold her face in his hands. Before he planted a kiss, he added, "You're a genius. A crazy, beautiful genius."

"Crazy's what I do best."

"Not in a bad way, baby. You're protecting those you care for. If that's crazy, then we all are."

"I killed people, Acid. I'm going to jail if anyone finds out about this."

He sucked air through his teeth. "Yeah, about that. We may need to take a trip to LA tomorrow to do a little cleanup."

Rubbing her hands over her face, she sighed. "What did you do?"

"My agent, Carl—He had it coming. He's on ice in my freezer."

"Oh, for fuck's sake."

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Bringing life gives me life. Or is it raising life? Oh well... Rise monster, rise!

XOXO – Roxy

The makeshift garage lab had turned into a literal Frankie factory. In front of them stood their latest creation, which was lying on a makeshift surgery table made out of some sawhorses, a plank of wood, and a disposable birthday picnic cloth. The security guard who looked human was undead as Acid. The best part was that he was customized to protect them and do their bidding. This wasn't just some average mindless drone. It was a guard with brains and brawn, loyal only to them.

“This one's gonna do the trick. Look at him. He's beautiful.”

Roxy wiped her forehead on her shirtsleeve as she stepped back to admire their handiwork. Her bright yellow kitchen gloves looked gruesomely ridiculous, as did the headband light she had strapped to her forehead. At least she was wearing a lab coat over her bibbed overalls and her instruments were clean. She truly did look a little more on the mad side than scientist, though.

Acid grumbled at the creature with a bit of jealousy because of the way she was eyeing him. “Looks like a tool. He's not that great. He's not even green. He's average at best. Boring if you ask me.”

She giggled at his pouting, pinching his cheek after she removed her gloves. “You're so cute when you pout.”

“So, are you going to make this douchebag your little plaything now?” He whined, leaning against a workbench.

“Awe, you are jealous. That’s so adorable. Don’t worry, greenie. He doesn’t hold a candle to your sexy green ass.”

“And don’t you forget it.”

She grabbed the computer and pressed the activation button waiting for any sign of motion of her creature. The security guard twitched to life as it turned its head, scanning the room.

“Hey, fuck face,” Roxy said, stepping forward. “Go guard the perimeter.”

Without hesitation, the guard stood and stomped toward the door, its heavy footsteps echoing through the garage. It moved with purpose, disappearing outside to patrol the yard. Hank followed quickly behind and was ready to make sure he didn’t stomp down his flower bed.

“Well, looks like you did it again. He’s tough. I think his name is Jay... Jason... Jaxson.”

“As long as no one calls him missing, I don’t care what his name is. Wanna head inside? Mom’s probably making dinner.”

Acid glanced out the garage door just to be sure the chip in that guy’s head was working. “Yeah, I could use a break. Looks like Hank has a handle on it out there. We’ll take a flight to LA tomorrow to fix Carl. Maybe he’ll be a better agent with one of your attitude adjustments.”

Inside the house, the aroma of garlic and herbs greeted them. Roxy’s mother was

busy at the stove, humming a soft tune as she stirred a pot of what looked like to be a nice spaghetti sauce. She glanced over her shoulder with a smile as they walked in and to Roxy's surprise, she was looking great.

"Hey, sweetie. Just in time," she said. "Dinner's almost ready."

Slowly, Roxy stepped closer, paying attention to her eyes. "Momma, you look amazing. That last adjustment helped a lot didn't it."

"I feel good."

"I'm glad. You look good. Maybe I'm getting better at this."

Acid sank onto the couch in the adjoining room, groaning as he stretched out his long legs. "Your mom's cooking might be the only thing keeping me sane through all this."

"Don't let her hear you say that. She already thinks she's Betty Crocker or something, but always was she a good cook. It's the only thing she ever got right."

He hummed in agreement staring up at the ceiling as if in deep thought.

She had never imagined someone like him could fit so naturally into her bazaar life. Yet here he was, right in the middle of it like he belonged. He even looked like he enjoyed it; at least she hoped he did. Looking around the home, she almost felt ashamed of her sad existence. She was no celebrity, and their lives were worlds apart in most ways. Outside of the horrors they shared, they lived on separate sides of the tracks.

"What are you thinking about?"

Acid turned his head, meeting her gaze. “Just how weird this all is. I’m helping the true creator of my kind make more just like me. If anyone had asked a few days ago I’d be against it. I didn’t want any more of us made.”

“You wanted to be unique.”

“Yeah, I guess. Maybe I just wanted the notoriety.”

She nodded, understanding exactly what he meant. “I get that. We’re a couple of misfits, but being different makes us special. Until I met you I just thought I was a freak who was obsessed with horror and the afterlife. Now I think I may have more to offer. If only the world would let me study my science. I could help people with this knowledge, you know.”

He smiled at that, his eyes softening. “Guess we’re both monsters in our own way. At least to the rest of the world.”

Roxy felt validated in those words. They were both a little broken, trying to figure out where they fit in. Even with his ego, he was just as messed up inside as she was.

Her mother called them to the table, and soon, they were gathered around sharing a meal like a strange, patched-together family.

After dinner, Hank sat straight in his chair, a serious look crossing his face as he locked eyes with Acid. “You’re a monster?”

“Yes, I am. Just like you.”

“Hum.” He grunted with acknowledgement. “I see your undead eyes search for amate. Our kind needs a companion in undeath. Roxy mate?”

That was blunt. Acid almost spit out his iced tea. “For fuck’s sake Hank!”

Roxy’s heart skipped a beat as she used her fingers to hide her amusement. She knew darn well she programmed Hank to say that earlier when adjusting his chip. Maybe it was a dirty trick, but she got a rise out of him. Her eyes met Acid, unsure of what he’d say, and she almost regretted doing it in case he’d reject her.

Acid didn’t flinch and met Hank’s gaze with a nod. “Yeah, she just might be.”

She couldn’t believe he said it. Her breath caught in her throat, and she felt her cheeks flush. Did he mean that? Her mind spun into chaos, but when she looked at him, the sincerity in his eyes calmed her toxic thoughts in an instant.

Hank grunted with a nod, satisfied with Acid’s answer. “Good,” he said, standing up to go back to his chores. “Just don’t screw it up.”

Acid gave a small chuckle, but his eyes didn’t leave Roxy’s. “You did that, didn’t you?”

“I’ll never tell.” She blushed.

After the table was cleared, Roxy made her rounds, checking on her parents before heading back to her room. The house was quiet with the Frank-n-guard standing watch at the front door. Even Hank was doing rounds to make sure everything was secure. Who would have known that sack of shit would end up being one of the good guys? But then again he did have one of Roxy’s attitude adjustments.

After making sure everything was secure, she slipped into her bedroom, her heart still racing from Acid’s confession. Maybe he was starting to have real feelings for her, and it wasn’t just a fling.

When she opened the door, she froze.

Acid was sprawled out on her bed, completely naked with a naughty grin on his face. The wag of his brows was enough to know the ego-driven side of him was more than confident that she'd give in to lusty seductions with just the sight of him lying across the bed.

"Really?" she said, trying to sound annoyed but failing miserably.

"What? Figured I'd make myself comfortable and give you a little show."

She closed the door behind her, crossing the room with a smirk. "You couldn't wait, huh? You do know my cohabitants are down the hall right?"

"They'll power down in a bit and no one will even know what unholy things I'll be doing to that body. Well, except for the neighbors when I make you scream my name. I haven't had those legs wrapped around my neck in days, and man has to eat, princess. Besides, I thought you liked me all green and naked."

"You're insatiable." Roxy rolled her eyes, as she crawled onto the bed, her nightshirt riding up her hips.

She straddled him, her hands pressed against his chest as she looked into his rare yellow eyes. Acid's expression darkened with desire as something sly and mischievous boiled just under the surface. When she realized he wasn't looking at her, but at this life-size cardboard cutout of himself on the ceiling, she slapped him with her pillow, making him chuckle.

"What? I get to have you ride me while I watch myself enjoying it. It would only be better if you had a mirror on the ceiling so I could watch in real-time."

“You’re lucky you’re so damn irresistible or I’d make you ride the sofa tonight.” She leaned in, placing soft kisses on his neck as her fingers roamed over his chest.

“Roxy, you know how dangerous it can be with me. I’m not like other men. I’m not even sure I’m human anymore.”

Her lips brushed against his as his hands rested on her sides. “I don’t care. My science created you. I couldn’t be afraid of something like that when I was the one who made it possible. We’re not that different. We’re both twisted souls.” She giggled, pinching his nipple. “But I am still mad at you for ruining my kidnapping attempt.”

He laughed softly, his grip tightening on her hips. “Maybe next time. Just when you plan to tie me up, make it hurt. You know I like it rough.”

“Let’s test that theory.”

Their lips met, and every inch of him felt like it came alive again. “I have a new addiction, princess. Those lips.”

As they lay tangled together, Roxy couldn’t help but smile. She had found someone who understood her, someone who didn’t see her as crazy or dangerous. And why should he? He was more of a monster than she was, alive and in the flesh.

For the first time in a very long time, she didn’t feel alone.

Slowly, she slid down his neck, peppering kisses in the wake. When she made her way to his perfectly green nipples she tugged at one again and stared up at him with a devilish grin.

“What are you thinking? I don’t like that look in your eye.”

“Let me pierce it.”

“What?” His eyes widened. “You’re not piercing my nipple. Hell no!”

“Please. Just one. It would look hot with the tattoos.”

Feeling her tug once more made his cock come alive. “Fine, but I better get something out of this sick torture fetish of yours.”

“Ekk! Yes!” Roxy ran from the room coming back with a needle from her surgery tools and a small hoop earring. “This is going to hurt.”

“Aren’t you going to numb that shit?”

“Nope. You said you like it rough.”

When she straddled him again, he could feel her grind against him, and he knew she was getting off on this and had ditched her panties somewhere down the hall. As she lifted the needle and punched his nipple tight, she slid on his cock with ease, slowly rolling her hips and letting the girth of him adjust to her need.

“You dirty little slut.”

She snickered with delight, making the vibration go straight to his already throbbing cock. Up and down, she rode him, rubbing herself against his abs for friction. When she moaned and sped up the pace, he almost couldn’t wait for her to jam the needle in. He did like kink play, but this wasn’t something he would have imagined he’d like.

When she sucked his nipple between her lips, her hand was still holding the needle high. The anticipation was excruciating, and he just wanted her to do it already, but

she denied him that release. It wasn't the pain he was expecting, it was when it would happen, and she knew it was making him go insane with wait.

“Fucking do it already.”

“Na-uh-uh. I want to hear you beg. I want you to cum when I bring the pain.”

“You're a sadist, you know that.”

“I'm aware.” She laughed.

When Roxy shivered at the highest point of arousal, he felt it too. Her pussy squeezed him enough that he was about to explode.

“Fuck...” he groaned, and he gripped her hips, impaling her deeper onto his cock. His eyes slammed shut as he tried to hold back his orgasm.

And just when she was right along with him, she shoved the needle in, making him scream out, and cum so hard he lifted them both off the bed.

With a grunt he let out another obscenity, filling her with his seed in unison of pushing the loop through his hard and sore nipple.

“That's a good boy. You came so good for me. Maybe next time I'll pierce your cock.”

“Not a chance in hell.” He chuckled, grabbing his chest to ease the pain.

“How do you know I wouldn't just trigger your chip and do it anyway?”

Looking up at her naughty smirk, he smiled softly. “Because you want it to be real. If

you use that thing to manipulate me, you may never know if what I'm saying is true."

That hit her right in her dark heart. He was right. She couldn't manipulate him like the other Frankie's because he was too special.

"I could you know. I could make you do whatever I wanted. Even make you fall in love with me."

"Then you'd never know if I truly could. I don't think you'd be willing to risk that."

As she laid her head on his chest, she realized he was right. She'd rather know he loved her, and she hoped one day he would.

When he felt a tear drop on his chest, he looked up at the cardboard likeness of himself wondering if Hank's words had struck a chord with him. Could he fall for this beauty? He wasn't sure. But if this was anything close to what love felt like, he'd be willing to sacrifice everything just to have her in his arms.

Those Frankie urges hit him just then, and a tear of his own dripped down his cheek. If she was his life mate, he was sure she'd drag him into an eternity of madness.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

If I have to raise an army to protect what's mine, I will. No one messes with my man.

XOXO – Roxy

Two nights passed, but not without incident. A few of Donnie's men had ambushed the place, and it was getting clear the couple needed to flip the switch on those thugs before things got out of hand, as if they weren't already.

Inside the garage, turned laboratory, Roxy worked her magic using the two new bodies to create their army. They didn't even have to do the dirty work to handle the guys. Their last creation took out the assailants in seconds while the couple were curled up in bed watching an old rerun of *The Munsters*. The screams from the living room the night before made the horror queen sleep more soundly. Although Acid had been sleeping with one eye open, realizing his punk princess was a tad unhinged when it came to the gore and grotesque.

Her green-skinned lover stood by the door, wiping the blood from his hands after the latest crackpot surgery was sewn up to Roxy's liking. Their newly made security guard, created from the last unlucky soul, stood watch near the door. Occasionally part of his humanity showed through, cracking dad jokes for Hank who didn't have a clue what he was talking about.

Each corny punchline made Roxy cackle with amusement. "This guy's a hoot. We should have whacked Stan sooner."

“He’s always been a joker, but can he fight?”

“We’ll soon find out.” Roxy wiped her hands, already itching to get started on her next project. “We need another guard with some heat. I think this next one will do the trick, though. He’s smarter and a lot stronger than before. Hank said he put up a good fight last night while we were sleeping.

“You were sleeping. I was wide awake listening to someone being slaughtered down the hall. It ruined watching the Munster marathon. I won’t sleep for days.”

“For a horror monster, you sure are a wimp. Pull it together, greenie. We’re doing this to save your ass.”

“I know. It just feels sort of messed up.” Acid stepped closer to the table, looking over the last body. “Are you sure this is a good idea? I mean, how many of these guys are we gonna—” He swiped his thumb across his neck.

“It’ll be fine. Trust the process. This is the only way we get a jump on these creeps.” Turning her eyes to him, her expression softened. “I can’t let them hurt my family... I mean you.”

She grabbed her scalpel and carved it into the dead man’s head, trying to dismiss the fact she practically said Acid was family.

He watched, his curiosity outweighing his horror. Roxy worked with precise movements focused on the task as she peeled back layers of skin before using a saw to grind open the skull. She was so skilled he was almost sure she was a real surgeon for a moment there.

“We need to tell the guys to chill out on those headshots. We don’t want to create a bunch of morons.” When she opened up the skull, she cringed. “ Eww . A tumor.

Look at it. This guy's lucky we killed him, or he'd be a goner."

Acid's head snapped up. "You do know the guy is already dead, right?"

"Not with me as his Frank-n-doctor." She pulled free the lump, tossing it to the side with a gag, trying to flick it off her glove like a booger. "Gross. When we reanimate him he'll be feeling a lot better."

"You're so weird. Just put the chip in him and get out of there. This is grossing me out."

"Relax. I know what I'm doing. I need to do a few tweaks to his frontal lobe and... there. All better. This one I gave a little life to. He'll be compliant, but I want to see how real I can get these guys. Each one seems to be doing better with each try. No one will suspect a thing at this rate."

"You're doing this for more than to help me, aren't you? This is to help your mom. And in a twisted way, fun for you."

She nodded. "She's better now, Acid. She's happy."

Rounding the table, he could see the pain in her eyes. Roxy was tough, and wouldn't admit it, but this was hard. He kissed her temple as a tear started to pool in her eyes. "Shh... I know, princess. You're doing great. Soon she'll be as good as new. Hank, too. Even if he didn't deserve it, you're giving him a new life. At first, I believed you were crazy, but now I see it."

"See what?"

"You're not crazy at all. You're trying to help those you love and give them a life they never had before. The life you never had."

She said nothing as she worked because he was right. Her therapist might have been on the mark that she was a little off her rocker but for all the right reasons. She didn't want to see people hurting and sure didn't like the idea that people would die and never know a life of happiness. She'd seen so much pain she just wanted to create something better.

Maybe Acid shouldn't have mentioned it because now those intrusive thoughts were back. The ones her therapist warned her were trouble. But she knew better. The song, the thoughts... All of it. It was her way of coping, and it seemed he was the only one to understand.

And then it happened. Something shifted inside her mind just had it done many times before. The darker yet beautiful side of her.

"I need some music. Time to focus."

She turned up the old record player on the workbench, filling the garage with a haunting melody. In all her pink glory, she beamed a dark and twisted smile and began swaying her hips as she worked, lost in the rhythm of the music and her deranged thoughts.

The dance was slow at first, her movements graceful but macabre, gloved fingers slick with blood. She spun in place, her arms raising as if dancing in this ghoulish ballet.

Acid's mouth tilted into a half-smile, oddly attracted by the sight of her lost in her work. "May I have this dance, my little punk princess?" he asked with a bow.

She smiled, taking his hand in hers before he whisked her around the room while singing the song she loved so dearly.

Her mind began to spin with LSD-like visions. As they danced the room around her warped into vivid colors of imagination. The garage was no longer its familiar space. In her tainted mind a gothic Frankenstein lab from an old black-and-white film she'd watched so many times that she could recite it appeared. Thunder cracked outside as lightning flashed across the ceiling, illuminating them like characters in a classic monster flick, mingled with the neon colors that made her so special. She saw the world like no one else could in vivid display. That is, no one except the man who held her in his arms.

As she danced and worked, the corpse on the table became a grotesque masterpiece, its limbs twitching as if coming to life under her skilled hands. She'd dance, she'd work, then dance some more. Soon, the body on the table was no longer a man but a creation by her own hands.

"It's done!"

"You're truly something special, you know that?" Acid said with a grin, looking over her pristine work. "Mad, but brilliant."

Roxy quickly reached for her laptop. After pulling off the gloves, her hand trembled with excitement. "Come on... Light it up, baby!"

With that, Hank hit the switch on the electric battery charger across the room and lights flashed above. The body jerked violently, muscles spasming as the electricity coursed through its veins. For a moment, time seemed to stop as the group waited for a sign of reanimation. And then, with a cough to get air into his lungs, the new monster's eyes snapped open.

Roxy let out a triumphant laugh, spinning in place with her arms raised like a conductor at the end of a symphony. "He's alive! He's alive!" she cackled, mimicking her hero, Victor Frankenstein.

Acid patted the guy's back, helping him up. "Easy there, bud. Don't get up too fast. It's a rush isn't it?"

"Rush," the man groaned, rubbing his sore head where the bandages were. "Headache."

"Yeah, it happens. Give it a few days. You'll be all right." Making the man look at him, he asked, "Do you understand orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"Join the other guard at the door, and I'll be sending you both to go take out some of the other assholes later. We think they are snooping around town and your orders are to protect this home at all costs from any invaders. Hank will ask you some questions about anything you know about Donnie's plans. Understand?"

"Yes, Master."

"Welcome to the family, fuck face."

"Fuck Face will protect."

"Shit... Your name's not, fuck face. I was kidding. Roxy!"

She giggled. "Your name is Leon."

"Leon?"

"Yes." The man nodded as he left to join the others while Roxy wiped her hands on her apron. "We're ready for anything now. Donnie doesn't stand a chance. We can use this one to lead the group to take down the others. That jerk will be the last man

standing when it's said and done. Save the worst for last."

As they stood side by side in the garage, surrounded by their macabre creations, the couple felt an odd sense of pride. The war with Donnie wasn't over, but with every move they made, the tables were turning to keep them safe. Even his agent back in LA was working for them now after an overnight trip to do one of her special attitude adjustments.

"It's all going to be okay, isn't it, Acid?"

He wasn't sure. Donnie had a lot more soldiers than they did. He was deep in the mob, and there was no telling his reach.

Pulling her to him, he lied. "Sure, princess. It's going to be just fine."

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Look at me rubbing elbows with a celebrity. Well, I'm rubbing something, but it's not elbows. Wink-wink!

XOXO – Roxy

A few days later, Acid's phone buzzed on the table beside the bed just as they were about to doze off for the night. He ignored it and snuggled back under the blanket with Roxy's arm draped over his chest. The blue light of the TV flickered across the room with the sounds of horror movie screams echoing through the house. For once, there was peace. No monster-making, no goons banging at the door, just the two of them lost in their twisted little world. But that peace wasn't meant to last.

"Answer the phone before I turn off the both of you," Roxy mumbled. She nuzzled her face against his shoulder, refusing to be woken after hours of the kinky playtime they'd just shared.

"Let it ring. It's probably Carl. Whatever you did to his chip he thinks he's a super agent now. He's driving me nuts."

"At least he's working and not ripping you off."

After a few rings, the call finally stopped. Acid settled back into the warmth of the bed, his eyelids growing heavy again.

Then, it buzzed once more.

“Are you fucking serious right now?” he muttered, reaching for the phone without checking the caller ID. “What the fuck do you want?”

“Sorry to call so late but I’m busy, busy, busy. Working hard for my best client,” came a chipper voice on the other end.

Acid rolled his eyes flopping back with the phone to his ear. The man was overly enthusiastic on a normal day, but after Roxy’s little adjustment, Carl had been downright unbearable in his cheery disposition. “Carl, it’s the middle of the night. Go to bed.”

“Life’s too short. Sleep when you die. Just wanted to remind you that your movie premiere is in two days. You’re still coming, right?”

Acid rubbed his forehead, the memories of everything they’d been through the last few days flooding back. “I don’t know, man. Things are complicated right now. This thing with Donnie—”

“Don’t be silly. You’ve got to come. You’re the star. Everyone in the industry will be there. It’s your big night!”

Roxy lifted her head, her sleepy eyes narrowing at him. “Tell him to call back in the morning. I need my beauty sleep.”

“I’m trying. You need to adjust his chip. You had to make him more productive, didn’t you?”

She scoffed in annoyance as she laid back down, pulling the blanket over her head.

“Acid, baby,” Carl continued, oblivious to the tension on the other end of the line, “I know things have been rocky with Donnie, but you can’t hide forever. You’re a

superstar, Big Green. A real-life monster icon. Plus, I've taken care of everything. Donnie's crew thinks you'll be overseas for an appearance, just like you told me. Before they find out you were in LA, the whole event will be over."

Acid hesitated, unsure if Carl was telling the truth or just trying to get him to the event for the paparazzi. "You're sure?"

"Absolutely. Oh, and I'm throwing you a private party the night of the premiere in your honor. It's going to be legendary!"

Roxy peeked out from under the blanket, her curiosity piqued. "A party?"

Acid's brow furrowed, unsure of how to respond, but Carl's relentless positivity was hard to ignore. "I'll think about it. But if anything goes sideways—"

"Nothing will. Trust me. See you in two days."

With that, Carl hung up, leaving his green client to stare at the phone in disbelief. He tossed it back onto the bedside table, shaking his head. "That guy's way too chipper for someone who's technically a reanimated corpse."

Roxy smirked, shifting so she was facing him, her chin resting on his chest. "I know you're worried he might betray you, but we can trust him. I did my best work on his brain. He's not the same douchebag he was before this."

"I guess you're right. He's not exactly in his right mind, thanks to you."

"I call that an improvement. The guy was a class-A prick. He's got you booked for two more movies this year. At least he's working and not stabbing you in the back."

"So, what do you think? Should we go?"

“We?” Her eyes twinkled mischievously. “Are you asking me on a date?”

“Yeah, I am. So, what do you say, princess?”

“Hell yes!” she squealed, kissing his face over and over. “And if things go wrong, we’ll have to deal with them like we always do.”

“And how’s that?”

“Make more monsters.”

He chuckled, pulling her closer. “You sound way too excited about that.”

“It’s a dream come true. I’m finally getting to live out my dad’s legacy and make him proud.”

“I’m sure he already is. I know I am.”

The TV flickered in the background, casting a soft glow over them. A blood-curdling scream came from the speakers only a classic horror movie could produce, echoing through the room. Roxy’s eyes darted to the screen, her lips curling into a smile as the gore unfolded.

“You love this stuff, don’t you?”

“What’s not to love? My dad used to watch them with me when he had me on weekends. We’d make it our daddy/daughter dates complete with popcorn and stay up all night to talk about my problems. Other than you, he’s the only one who ever understood me. He listened. When I was picked on at school, he made me feel better by telling me fear was only useful in the movies.”

“That’s nice. He really loves you, doesn’t he?”

“Yeah. I haven’t felt loved like that until… never mind.”

But he knew what she meant to say. She’d never felt love before now, with him. He felt it too, but how could he ever tell her in the mess they found themselves in?

As the screams continued, Roxy shifted, her hand sliding across his chest. The movement was slow as circles with her fingertips tickled his skin and the tension between them rose. Her fingers trailed lower, teasing him as she kept her eyes glued to the screen. Finding his happy trail, she followed it below his boxers until she found her favorite green treat.

“Until what… mmm .”

“ Shh . Forget about that,” she said, her voice a sultry purr. “Love is a useless emotion made up by the greeting card companies. But I have other emotions that are much more fun.”

Acid’s breath hitched as her hand continued its path, resting on his already hard cock. “Oh yeah? What emotions are your favorite?”

Leaning in closer, her lips brushing against his ear. “Raw passion.”

The heat between them was burning fire hot all over again, and Acid didn’t hesitate. He rolled on her on top of her, their bodies pressed together as the TV continued to blare in the background. The gore on the screen seemed to fuel something primal in both of them, their movements growing more heated with each passing second.

“Raw is just how you’ll be in the morning. I’m going to fuck you so hard you won’t be able to walk for teasing me this way.”

The glimmer in her eyes shone from the TV light, filled with nothing but naughty thoughts and mischief. “I hope you can keep up.”

He chuckled just before she flipped him to the bed and reached behind the bedpost for something that he truly wasn’t expecting. She grabbed his hands and... Snap! Handcuffed, one hand then the other, right to the bed.

“Roxy, let me out of this thing.”

Booping his nose, she giggled. “You didn’t think I’d kidnap you and not have ideas for a little fun, did you? Roxy wants to play, and she plays rough.”

Laying his head back on the pillow he couldn’t help but be amused, and a little concerned. As small as her sexy and adorable frame was, she was a feisty ball of sass and twice as demented. “You’re such a brat.”

While slipping open the drawer next to her bed, Acid watched as she pulled out kinky contraptions from flogs to vibrators. When she pulled out a butt plug his eyes went wide.

“Wanna play?” she teased.

“What do you plan on doing with that?”

She just snickered with mischief.

“Roxy, that thing better be going in you.”

Yet, she giggled again, slowly moving down the bed, shaking it at him. He knew what she was thinking, but didn’t she know the strength of a Frank-n-man in his prime would far outweigh her? The silly handcuff he was letting her play with

wouldn't hold him.

He squirmed, glaring at her. "Don't do it, princess. I won't hesitate to—"

"Frankie code 4201...!" she clapped before he went blank for a moment.

"Roxy, what did you do... Frankie chip, activated . Waiting for the prime owner's directive. "

"Submissive mode... Return to Acid Green."

In a flash, he was back, and she was laughing hysterically.

"What the fuck did you just do?"

She wagged the plug at him again, teasing, "Maybe you shouldn't have let me tinker with your chip, pretty boy. Now let's have some real fun. Who's your beautiful, adorable, cute, funny, and smart little Master?"

"You are, Master... Fuck Roxy! Why did I say that?" He was fuming and he squirmed, trying to break free of the handcuffs, but the implant was fighting against him, allowing her to do whatever depraved thing she wanted. Some part of him secretly liked the idea, despite the protest. "When I get out of these things I'm going to fuck you sore."

"Did you say sore?"

"Roxy... Roxy... No... Ah! Oh fuck!" His body shivered as she placed the plug in his ass, waiting for his response when the vibration started. "Oh... my gosh..."

"You like it, don't you?"

“Fuck... yes... Damn, why do I like it? I need you on my cock right now before I fucking explode.”

“Patience, little monster. Roxy wants to play.” Grabbing the flog, she stood over him in a fit of tinkered giggles. “I’m going to punish you for being a bad boy.”

“You’re not very good at this, sweetheart. I’ll let you play dominatrix but when I’m back to normal you’re in trouble.”

She smacked across his chest, making him chuckle. With a pout, she looked so disappointed she wasn’t able to dominate him the way she wanted. Again, she smacked him, and he winced, only trying to make her feel better this time.

“Oh, baby. Make Daddy proud. Spank me like you mean it.”

Flopping on the bed, she pouted with her arms folded over her chest. “You’re cheating.”

“Cheating how?”

“You’re supposed to cry out in pain or... something.”

“Well, it hurts, but I like pain. It gets me off. Fuck baby, do it again.”

“Really?”

“This time, make it hurt. I told you I like it rough.”

Jumping to her feet, she tried again, watching him wreath under the snap of her flog, each whip making reddish whelps on his green flesh. It almost made him seem to come alive.

“Fuck, harder! Smack me!”

She did, as the echoes from the screams on the TV caught her attention. It wasn't the horror on the screen that got her excited, it was the screams. The very close relationship of screams of horror sounded much like lovemaking.

“You want to scream like that, don't you? My pretty little scream queen.”

Yes. Yes, she did. In an instant, she was ready to be the one begging.

“Acid Green... Turn off submission mode. Return to free will mode.”

“Oh, baby girl, you shouldn't have done that.”

It was seconds before Acid ripped the handcuffs from where she affixed them to the bedpost, sending shards of wood flying. The look in his eyes was dangerous as he stood, stalking his prey. Watching her back away from the bed only made him more excited for the chase as he approached.

She watched as his hard member came fully erect when she was backed against the wall. Expecting him to go complete monster mode and destroy the whole place just to get to her, she bit her lip with excitement. This was better than horror. This was downright physical madness, and she craved every kinky moment.

“No. Don't... Don't kill me,” she played along.

“I won't kill you, but I sure as fuck am going to eat you.”

In one quick swoop, he was on her, pressing her to the wall as the plug in his ass continued to vibrate. “You shouldn't have put this thing in me, princess. Now I'm going to have to put it to good use.”

Lifting her body, he pressed her to the wall, using his leg to spread her wide for him. In one quick motion, he ripped her panties free and thrust his big green cock in her so hard she screamed in unison with the massacre playing on the television.

“That’s it. Scream for me. Scream!”

With each thrust, Roxy let out wails of pleasure. She gripped his shoulders, her nails digging deep into his flesh. The vibration from the plug not only satisfied him but was doing wonders for her as it brought them to the brink.

Resting his lips against her ear, he warned, “You’re going to regret that little trick you played. I want full control of this pussy from now on, understand?”

She smirked in defiance, but he wasn’t having any of her sass as she pounded into her. He gripped her throat, sending another warning. “I said, do you understand?”

“Acid... I can’t breathe.” She squirmed, realizing the serious power he had over her.

“Say it!”

“I understand.”

“Not that. Give me what I want. Who’s really the Master here, princess?”

When he gripped harder, her legs started to tremble, and she knew. This man owned every part of her, including her quivering pussy.

“You! Fuck Acid. You’re my Master... I’m... I’m cumming!”

He chuckled with satisfaction as he watched her come undone, and after a few hard strokes more, he was right along with her. When he pulled the plug free and tossed it

to the side, he let out a groan before wrapping his arms around her and taking her back to bed.

As he stood over her, his expression softened. “You have to remove those commands, Roxy. I can’t do this if you don’t.”

Watching him sit on the edge of the bed, she saw the weight of what she’d done when he raked his hands through his hair. She’d in many ways lost his trust.

Scooting closer, she wrapped her arms around him, resting her head on his back. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. It was fun but...”

“But what?”

“I can’t be like those others out there. Your dad gave Frankie’s he created free will. He could have altered my brain in such a way I would have been under his full control, but he didn’t.” He turned to look at her, taking her hand. “He wasn’t taking life. He was giving it. Understand?”

“I think so. So, do you think I’m a bad person for what I did to Mom and Hank?”

“No. I think you were trying to help make them better. He killed her in cold blood, and you were trying to make the best of the situation. Look at your mom. You’re still trying to improve her. Each day she’s getting better. Hank too.”

“And the others?”

“You mean Carl and the assholes who tried to kill us? Fuck them. They deserved this shit.”

“Acid,” she scolded.

“What?” He looked into her sad eyes, seeing the regret in her eyes for making them living drones. He couldn’t deny that part of it was the worst of what they’d done. “Fine. Once this is over, we’ll give them free will, minus the murderous henchmen stuff.”

“Deal. Now, come to bed. I need to feel your cold body against me.”

“I think you’re using me like the cool side of the pillow.”

“Well, yeah. It’s like free air conditioning with a side of amazing kinky sex.”

“You’re going to be the true death of me, baby girl.”

“I’ll be right along with you. You don’t think I’d let you go without me, do you? Who would kidnap you in the afterlife?”

He chuckled, pulling her close. Despite this crazy messed up situation they found themselves in, she was right. They were truly meant to be together, now and in the hereafter.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

He calls me his princess. Tonight, I'll show him, I am.

XOXO – Roxy

The night of the movie premiere buzzed with the kind of electric energy that was fitting for a Frank-n-creation of his caliber. Although caught amid chaos and danger, the short getaway to his home in LA was at least a break from looking over his shoulder all the time, expecting Donnie to be around ready to chop him into little pieces.

Tonight was Acid's night, and he was going to enjoy it, despite the dangers surrounding him and his punk princess.

The red carpet outside the theater was a Who's Who of Hollywood celebrities, strutting their best fashion looks under a sea of flashing cameras. Monster fans crowded the streets, and reporters scrambled for a glimpse of the top stars, all waiting for the green ghoul himself to arrive. It was a far cry from the quiet nights Roxy and Acid had spent in her garage, crafting their grotesque creations. Tonight, they were stepping into a world where Acid Green was a monster icon, and fans fell at his feet.

He tugged at his pristine black suit jacket as he stepped outside the limousine taking it all in. He then graciously helped his scream queen from the car. The roar from the crowd was deafening and the smirk that lined his lips was a true sign this was his element. He looked sharp, playing the part of the dashing lead actor. And she, the mystery woman who would surely have the paparazzi asking questions. They would

soon find she was the daughter of his own creator, and the horror community would be turned upside down.

Beside him, Roxy was a vision of punk beauty, draped in a sleek, spaghetti-strapped wiggle dress that hugged her figure to perfection with spikes that covered the breast cups and shimmered under the flashing lights. Her usual punk rock aesthetic was dialed back just enough to blend in, but she still exuded her signature edge with the amazing dress loaned to her by none other than Frankie fashion designer Kiki Devine, just for the occasion.

To her surprise, Acid's body was tense at her side. "Are you okay?"

"I hate these things sometimes. I feel like a freak with all the eyes on me," Acid muttered, tugging at his collar. His eyes darted between the press and the fans; tension covered by his typical smooth, pearly-white smile.

"You should be used to the spotlight, movie star."

"Trust me, you never get used to being a sideshow freak. I like acting, not being a public spectacle. I guess that's the price I have to pay for fame, right? At least I have a beautiful girl on my arm tonight to make it less painful. I usually do these gigs alone. So long as the cops don't arrest me for having a human girl as a date, I'll be fine."

Roxy looped her arm through his, glancing toward the entrance of the theater. "Well, lucky for you, I already thought of that."

"What's in that pretty head of yours, princess?"

"You'll see. Come on, let's go blow their minds."

With that, they stepped onto the red carpet, the roar of the crowd sending shivers over the couple by the sheer magnitude of the excitement in the air. Acid managed a grin, waving to the fans, while Roxy held onto his arm, her eyes scanning the crowd with amusement. To anyone else, they looked like the perfect power couple, and Roxy was ready to make sure it was known far and wide that they were.

“Acid, who’s your date?” one reporter asked.

He froze, unsure what to say, but his girl had it all under control. She stepped forward, showing off her dress to the cameras with a cheeky grin, cuddling to his arm. “Roxy Malone.”

“Malone? Like the famous mad scientist?”

“As a matter of fact, he’s my father. Acid thought it would be only fitting to invite me to his latest premiere in his honor.”

As she said it, cameras flashed and chatter from the reporters was almost too much to handle. Even so, she took it like a pro, flashing a charming smile and smooshing up the cameras.

“Who are you wearing, Ms. Malone?”

“Kiki Devine. She’s a dear friend of Acid’s and I am thrilled to wear her collection. Isn’t it to die for? Tonight is truly all about the monsters and this dress says everything they stand for. From the fashion to monster fabulous icons, I’m delighted to be here, with my... man, ” she leaned in, pressing her finger to his chin to encourage a kiss.

Hesitantly, he wondered if this was a good idea, but he didn’t protest. How could he deny this woman in front of the whole world? Certainly not after the risk she’d just

put herself in by admitting who she was. In fact, he pulled her close, giving her one of his best toe-curling kisses, right for the world to see.

As gasp waved across the crowd, he smiled onto her lips. “You’re naughty, you know that?”

“Only for you, greenie.”

He nodded as he pulled her from the reporters to take a few extra shots in front of the step-and-repeat wall. As the cameras flashed, they could hear the chatter of excitement, and he knew they’d just become the newest rage in hot celebrity couple gossip. They were surely going to be all the buzz across social media and the world by morning, and Acid was eating it up. Even better, Donnie wouldn’t dare come near them while the world was watching... he hoped.

“Great job, babe. You pulled it off. No one is going to arrest me for dating you now. If they did, every fan in the world would protest, and the feds don’t want any more attention drawn to me than they already have.”

“Now you just might have to admit I’m your girl.”

“Let’s not rush it. Acid Green doesn’t do relationships.”

“Keep telling yourself that, big boy.” She giggled.

Soon, they made their way into the theater where posters of Acid’s face adorned the décor. The scent of popcorn mixed with spiking anticipation lingered in the air. After everything they’d been through, this was a rare moment where they could live in the moment without the threat of Donnie and his goons on the tail. Carl was showing signs he was a better agent too by managing to keep the heat off them, at least for one night.

Inside, the theater was dimly lit, and they found their seats in a VIP section among the energy of the crowd. As the lights dimmed and the movie began, Acid finally started to relax.

Roxy leaned in, whispering in his ear. “You nervous?”

“I put a lot into this project and it’s a lot more personal than my last films. I want it to be just right. Trust me, you’re going to love it.”

As the film rolled, he watched her eyes light up.

“It’s about Daddy? It’s not just a regular movie... This is... a protest. You didn’t want my dad arrested at all, did you?”

“Of course not. He gave me life, Roxy. One I didn’t have before. He could have just let me die, but he gave me a second chance.” He pointed to the screen. “It was time I told his story.”

Watching himself on the screen a new sense of pride surged. He wasn’t just surviving anymore. He was thriving. Dr. Malone gave him a gift he could never repay. In his living body, he was a nobody, struggling to even make ends meet. Like Roxy, he was thought of as a freak and a weirdo growing up. His home life was nonexistent, raised in foster care after his brother’s accident, and discarded by the system as soon as he aged out. Now, he was a star.

Halfway through the film, his hand brushed against hers, letting his finger trace the side of her hand. The touch was brief, but it sent a jolt through him he couldn’t explain. They froze for a second, their eyes reflecting the light from the screen. Without thinking, Acid leaned in, his lips grazing hers in a soft yet needy kiss.

Something about that kiss was different, and when he pulled back and looked into her

eyes, he knew it. He couldn't keep holding back. His monster spirit needed its mate and when he muttered against his lips, "I love you," everything in him meant it.

Roxy blinked in shock, her heart racing. Could he have said the words she'd been longing to hear since the day she first saw his first film? She pulled back slightly, looking at him with a mix of surprise as her expression softened. "You.. love me?"

He nodded, unable to say more. He wanted to hear her say it, but she turned back to the screen, looking as if she was fighting back tears. He knew. She was too afraid to say she loved him too because she'd all but forgotten what it felt like to do so. He just rested back in his seat, taking her hand to give her the tender moment she needed while watching the actor on stage portray her father's legacy.

When the film ended, the theater erupted into applause shaking the rafters. It was ahit, and he'd show the world through film what a truly kind man Dr. Malone was. Even at the sacrifice of everyone knowing what Acid had done to make it all happen, the people cheered.

"He was just trying to save your life."

"Yes, baby. He had his demons, but life was precious to him. I may never know why he saved me, but he did, and I'll be forever grateful for the life he gave me. If not, I wouldn't have met you."

The movie's extended end was nothing short of a beautiful representation of life. Each flashing image was that of the many monsters her father created, along with the remaining happy families reunited with loved ones they thought they'd lost. They weren't monsters at all. They were living breathing souls with a second lease on life.

Soon chants could be heard across the theater, "Free Doc Malone! Free Doc Malone! Free Doc Malone!..."

Roxy's hand gripped her chest as tears flowed. "They're chanting my dad's name."

When everyone turned to her and started clapping, a sense of pride welled up inside. She knew this was the beginning of helping free her father from his prison cell. People would recognize Frankie creations as real people once and for all.

Acid stood with pride, but his thoughts were on her. He glanced at Roxy, who was now clapping along with the rest in his honor. He didn't need her cheers... He needed her heart.

As the credits rolled, they slipped out of their seats. Dodging the press, they found themselves in a private area for the actors to gather for drinks before the after-party later that night. Acid's agent, Carl, was waiting for them looking oddly cheerful for someone who had recently been reanimated. Had anyone looked at him they wouldn't even know he was a monster creation, too.

"Hey, kid! You killed it out there!" Carl clapped a hand on Acid's back, his wide grin a little too manic for comfort. "Don't forget the after-party at my place. It's gonna be wild after the announcement that Roxy is the doctor's daughter. You made waves tonight. My phone is blowing up already for interviews and guest appearances."

Roxy raised a brow. "You sure you can handle this, Carl? Do I need to tweak your chip?"

The cubby agent let out a laugh. "Are you kidding, doll face? I'm a new man, thanks to you two. I feel better than ever, and I have new clients asking for me right and left. Business is booming. I'm still a little miffed that Acid choked the life out of me. But eh, let bygones be bygones, I say."

"We'll see you at the party then," Acid said, steering Roxy away from the agent before he could say more. "We should get out of here."

She nodded, her eyes flicking to the projector room at the far end of the hall. A mischievous smile tugged at her lips. "I've got an idea."

Before he could ask, she grabbed his hand, pulling him down the narrow hallway. They slipped into the projector room, and she quickly locked the door behind her with a naughty giggle. The room was dark, lit only by the movie previews from the upcoming second playing of the film in the theater below. All she cared about at the moment was seeing her big green heartthrob naked and raring to go.

Roxy leaned against the wall, her heart still pounding from the adrenaline of the night. Seeing the mischief in her eyes, Acid stepped closer, resting his hands on her hips. His eyes caught the faint glow from the projector, and she could see he was just as turned on as she was, more so.

Without a word, his lips found hers, devouring them like she was his last meal. "Damn, girl. You have no idea what you do to me."

The kiss deepened, and when Acid bumped into the table nearby, the projectors made the movie previews flash off and a white screen illuminated. There the lover's images danced in shadows on the screen. It wasn't long before the staff was banging on the door to get in to stop it, but Acid just pushed a chair to the door to block it, ignoring their yells.

From the gasps and cheers in the nearby room, he was ready and willing to give his fans more than what they paid for. "Shall we give them a show, princess?"

When she pulled him closer, across the table in front of the projector, he knew she wanted to show them all who she belonged to.

"Naughty girl," he hummed, pushing her dress over her hips. He knew the audience would know it was his shadow reflected. He was unmistakable with his large frame

and muscle physique. Did he care? Not in the slightest. Let them see... Let them all see.

He reached for the projector, starting his film. Soon the yells from outside the door went away and they were free to be who they were, bathed in total mayhem.

As he slipped his cock free from his nicely pressed slacks, he took no time at all to be inside her, casting a large and dramatic display for the audience. Lucky for him his films were always adult-rated, and when his shadow blended with the opening clips of worldwide chaos and terror, it only made the movie all the more exciting for those in attendance. To them, it was part of the second viewing of the show. To him, it was everything he needed. And the way Roxy purred in his ear, she needed this, too.

It was something out of a dark romance, their figures entwined in a silhouette of desire and danger. The world outside melted away as they moved together, their lovemaking shadowed in the light of the movie they had just watched moments before.

When he came hard inside her, he thought the world stopped for a moment. Roxy whimpered through her orgasm, and he smiled against the swell of her pert breast. "That's it, princess. Let it go."

As her lusty whimper fell to overwhelming tears of emotions, he moved from the shadow of the projector and lay her spent body on the floor before joining her. Neither of them spoke for a time while their breathing was still heavy in the air.

Acid ran a hand through his hair, staring up at the ceiling. "I never thought I'd feel this way."

Roxy's hooded eyes turned to look at him. "What way?"

“Like I have a future. You know? You, me, your mom, Hank... even Carl and the others. It’s weird, but it feels like I belong somewhere for the first time.” He hesitated, glancing back at her. “With you.”

She didn’t say anything, but her legs intertwined with his and wrapped her arms around his waist just to ground herself in the moment. She didn’t need to say it, but her heart pushed her to finally admit, “I love you, too.”

A slow smile curled his lips as he whispered, “Mate.”

As they lay there in the lighting of the projector, they both knew something had changed. What had started as a strange passing by mistake, a monster and his creator had grown into something neither of them had expected. It was messy and complicated but it felt right.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Maybe I'm not crazy. Maybe I just need someone to fight for me. And you know what? I think he is.

XOXO – Roxy

A few days later they were back in Florida, morning sunlight filtered through the kitchen window where Roxy sat at the table, stirring her coffee. Across from her, Acid took a slow sip, his gaze fixed on a bug on the wall. The premiere events ended in hours of lovemaking once back at his LA mansion, but now they had more pressing matters to address in her little home on the outskirts of town.

“I think it’s a good plan.”

Acid set his cup down with a quiet clink, leaning back in his chair as he raked his fingers through his hair with a sigh. “It’s a kamikaze mission, Roxy.”

“Well, we haven’t come up with anything else. I prefer my boyfriend not be on the chopping block and I pimped out to create evil monsters for the mob.”

“Awe , boyfriend. That’s cute.”

“Shut up,” she huffed, throwing a napkin at him.

“Fine. Donnie’s not gonna stop, and we need to hit them before they hit us.”

“Do you think Carl’s okay with playing the patsy for us?”

“He doesn’t have a choice thinks to that chip. Plus, he’s scared of you.” He paused, his smile growing. “Can’t say I blame him. We both know you’d shut him off, or worse. You’d take his money away and turn him into a used car salesman or something. He’d be miserable.”

“ Nah . I’d turn him into an exterminator. He can hang out with the roaches and vermin. His crusty ass would fit in perfectly.”

The plan was to lure the loan sharks to Acid’s Florida mansion using Carl as bait. Simple and to the point. The only worry was they needed Donnie’s crew to believe Carl would sell Acid out again, and then they’d catch them off-guard when they came to collect. Not too hard considering Carl was already known as a sell-out.

“We’ll make it look like things have cooled down first. Give it a week and let them get comfortable. By the time they come knocking, they’ll walk right into the trap.”

Roxy’s lips curled into a wicked grin. “I can’t wait to see their faces when they realize they’ve been played. I’m sort of excited to see what’s going on in Donnie’s brain and tinker around a bit.”

“You’re so weird.”

“You like weird.”

“I do.” He winked.

They spent the next hour fleshing out the details, going over how they’d stage Carl’s betrayal and take down Donnie’s crew one final blow.

As always with Roxy, the gears of her mind never stopped turning, even after they'd laid out their scheme. She wondered if Acid would forget all about his punk princess. "After this is done, what then?"

"What do you mean?"

"You've got a big, fancy house in Florida and one in LA," she said sadly, swirling her coffee around in the cup. "I guess you plan to go back and live a normal life, huh?"

Acid chuckled, leaning forward. "Normal? Roxy, when have I ever done anything normal? Or do you mean will I do it with you?"

She said nothing and that spoke volumes.

He felt his heart tugging at him, longing for her now more than ever. "Baby girl, I'm not going anywhere. You're my girl now. Besides, the whole world is talking about Acid Green dating the one and only Roxy Malone, daughter of the world-renowned mad scientist."

"I guess."

Seeing her sad eyes, he had to do something to show her this wasn't just a fling. "Tell you what. Why don't I make reservations for dinner?"

"People will see us."

"That's the idea. I can't get it through your head I'm all in, so I'll prove it. I don't date, Roxy. Everyone knows that. If I have to prove to the world you're my girl, so be it."

“It’s not the same as a premier, Acid. It’s more... intimate.”

“Right.” Reaching for her hand he could feel her tremble. “Is it that hard to believe someone cares for you? Have you been so damaged by everyone around you that you can’t believe this is real?”

“You’ll leave me. Everyone who loves me always does.”

“I love you, and you tried to kidnap my green ass. That should count for something.”

She giggled. “Fine. Date night. Don’t make me regret this.”

Kissing her knuckles he gave a nod. “Scouts honor.”

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

The perfect date night... Dinner, dancing, and murder. What more could a girl ask for?

XOXO – Roxy

The city nightlife buzzed with the sounds of laughter and lively Cuban music in the air. The couple found themselves seated at a cozy outdoor bistro just as the sun was setting in the western sky, casting a warm glow over the evening ocean waves. The crescent moon was just starting to peek over the horizon and the glow of Acid's green skin seemed less intimidating in that setting as he sipped on a margarita and enjoyed the soft warm breeze.

As his eyes scanned across the table, he found Roxy, a vision of loveliness in a black floral sundress. She wasn't about to give up all her punk rock aesthetic just for a night of fine dining. Unless someone looked very close they wouldn't even see the flowered skulls heads on the patterns of thorns and roses. She was truly one in a million who walked to the beat of her own drum. Each second with her made his undead heart pound against his ribcage.

Breaking the silence, he set his glass down and looked at her with a seriousness she hadn't seen before. "Roxy, I've been thinking."

"About?"

"I want you to move in with me. The mansion here in Florida is big enough for both

of us and your monsters. I have a nice guest house your mom and Hank can have all to themselves.”

Her mouth dropped in surprise. She hadn’t expected that. Sure, they were in this mess together, and their connection had progressed rather fast, but this? Moving in?

“You want me?” she asked, hoping to God he did.

“Roxy, I told you I love you. I do. I need you to understand that we Frankie’s feel things differently than most. It’s like we faced death and know how precious life is down to its very core. When we love, we love hard. Hell, I’ve even thought about kidnapping you a time or two since we met and keeping you locked away all for myself. I’d keep you chained up in my bed to use whenever I wanted.”

She blushed. “I wouldn’t mind.”

“I know you wouldn’t, you naughty minx.”

The thought of leaving the house of horror to somewhere happy was a dream come true. “Are you sure about this? I’m not exactly easy to live with. Everyone thinks I’m crazy as a loon, but I guess you’ve figured out by now that it’s true.”

“I said it before. I love crazy.”

She paused. “Huh. I never said that out loud before. I guess I’m starting to have some personal growth about who I am. Who knew?”

“We both are. Look at me. I’m committing to a... re-re-...”

“Say it with me... Relationship.”

“ Ugh ... I think I’m going to be sick,” he said, faking a faint.

“Oh, hush. Come on. Let’s blow this joint. I hear there’s a great dance club down the beach. Let’s go have some fun.”

“Lead the way.”

The sun had set and with just a short walk down the boardwalk, the streetlights came on. Just as they were heading toward the club, a commotion broke out in the alley nearby making Acid instinctively protect her by pushing her behind him.

Roxy, stretched her neck, looking over his shoulder. “There’s a guy down there getting roughed up by some thug.”

“Help!” A man’s desperate voice echoed out, followed by the unmistakable sound of a chainsaw revving up.

“Fuck. I know that sound. It’s one of Donnie’s guys,” Acid whispered.

“We have to help him.”

“Help him? Are you... never mind.”

“I’ll let that one slide. Come on!”

Reluctantly, Acid agreed, only when the sounds of the man’s crying became louder, and he remembered being on the receiving end of those threats himself before. “Why does trouble follow you, princess?”

“Just lucky I guess.” She slipped her switchblade from her bra as they moved toward the alley and Acid shook his head at her antics.

As they rounded the corner, a terrified man in a battered suit was backed against the wall, his hands up in surrender. In front of him stood one of Donnie's men holding a chainsaw that roared as he pulled the trigger. His face was twisted with glee, enjoying the fear he created and what was to come.

"Please, don't do this. I'll get you the money. Just give me a little more time. A week at most."

Raising the chainsaw an evil grin stretched his lips. "Time's up, pal."

Roxy stepped forward, yelling over the noise. "What ya doin'? Can I play?"

The goon froze, his eyes darting toward the woman skipping his way with her hands behind her back. It was eerie how she just smiled and made her way right toward him.

"What that fuck is up with this bitch?"

"Hey! Don't call my girl a bitch." Acid crossed his arms, towering behind Roxy, a menacing figure that made even seasoned thugs pause. Typically, he would have cowered to this man, but something about his girl gave Acid the confidence the monster needed to be his true self, strong and imposing.

"Acid fucking Green. What are you doing here, pussy?" He chuckled, spitting on the ground next to him.

"My girl wanted to come play. She likes it rough."

"That little cunt? Does she have a death wish or something?"

"Or something." Acid smirked an evil grin that oddly made the man take a step back.

When Roxy flipped her switchblade open with a flick of her wrist, the blade reflected the nearby street light making the man laugh.

“You think I’m afraid of that blade, little girl. Get out of here. This is grown folk business.”

“I think you should be afraid... very... afraid.” The look in her eyes went from cute and innocent to downright psychotic in a blink. When her head tilted in a warped twitch, even Acid flinched a little.

The man’s eyes narrowed, a bit of sudden uncertainty. He turned the chainsaw toward them, trying to look intimidating. “You wanna dance? Fine by me.”

The man shaking against the wall in tears stared at Roxy and Acid in disbelief. “Are you crazy? He’ll kill us all.”

“Get out of here,” Acid said, his voice calm but commanding. “We’ll handle this.”

He didn’t need to be told twice. The poor bloke bolted down the alley, disappearing into the night. Mr. Chainsaw, on the other hand, growled before revving the motor as he prepared to charge.

One... two... three steps. And...

SLICE!

He was fast, but Roxy was faster. She darted forward, her movements were precise and deliberate, ripping the skin across his wrist and making the saw drop from his grip. The blades kept running, spinning dangerous circles on the ground, stuck in the on position before Acid scooped it up by the handle ready to do his own dirty work.

With a grin of pure glee, she slashed at the man's arm and then another as he spun around, her switchblade drawing blood with a quick flick. He howled in pain, stumbling back.

"That's for being a bully," she said, her voice laced with delight.

Acid watched with a mixture of amusement and admiration as she danced around the creep, her blade finding new marks with each strike. He turned off the saw, tossing it to the side when seeing his girl had the upper hand.

The man swung his pained arms wildly, trying to catch her, but she was too quick. Roxy's grin widened with each cut, her excitement growing as she toyed with him. When her favorite song escaped her lips, Acid watched as the horror ballet began, and the monster couldn't have been prouder.

As she danced and swayed, she even took a brief moment to dance with her lover with a quick kiss of smeared blood from the splatter on her face. Soon it was back to slash after slash, the man screaming for mercy. But Acid knew. He didn't derive mercy. He'd seen time and time again what this man had done to innocent people who were just down on their luck. If it wasn't for Roxy, he'd been one of his victims. Now it was time for retribution for his sins and she, the angel of death.

Mr. Chainsaw, now bleeding from several of his wounds, fell back against the wall, panting heavily and trying to hold his wrist from bleeding out. Realizing he had finally met his match, his eyes darted toward Acid, who had yet to make a move and just stood there watching like a harbinger ready to escort him to the underworld.

Roxy looked back at her ghoulish lover, her eyes glinting with mischief as she extended her blade. "Would you like to do the honors?"

Acid stepped forward, taking the switchblade from her hand with a nod of approval.

“Gladly.”

With a swift motion, Acid slashed the man’s throat, the blade cutting deep. The man’s eyes widened in shock, but it was over quickly as he slumped to the ground, his body twitching before going still.

“Not bad. I would have gone with something a little bit more... nuanced. A blade to the heart with a quick turn. Reminiscent of your own death.”

“Drama queen.” He chuckled, tossing the switchblade back to her. “I guess we end this date with my punk princess’s favorite hobby.”

She was practically giddy when she started bouncing up and down, her bloody hands clasped at her chest. “Science?”

“Science. Let’s go to my place.”

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

When you think you know a guy then he turns around and does something completely unexpected. Swoon!

XOXO – Roxy

The Florida heat had finally let up by the time they arrived at Acid's house. Other than the brief moment grabbing a rug, she hadn't really had a chance to see the beauty of it, and he was excited to show her new home. With body in tow, he was determined to make this the night she'd never forget, despite the murder part.

The massively sleek black home looked like something right out of a contemporary home magazine. The place was a beachfront marvel, but the real eye-catcher was the art-adorned backyard garden that stretched behind it. As they stepped through the large, steel double doors, Acid glanced at her, a mischievous smile on his lips.

"There's something I want to show you," he said, motioning for her to follow.

Roxy's eyes roamed the space in awe. The breathtaking home of black and neon green accents was nothing like she'd ever seen. "You live here and own money to loan sharks?"

"Don't be so shocked. I'm one payment away from being out on my ass. Thanks to you the gambling problem is gone and maybe I can catch up soon. Don't let fame and the glitter fool ya, princess. A lot of celebrities are a paycheck away from being bankrupt. Fast money and fast times take their toll."

“How did you get into this mess then?”

He shrugged. “I was a young guy who got a lot of money too fast and wasted it away on cars, parties, and the high roller lifestyle. Lately, I’m starting to see maybe I was just fooling myself.”

“You can turn it around. You’re a huge star and fans love you. You’ll have a long career ahead.”

“You mean if the cops don’t find out we’ve been taking out mob guys and turning them into mindless drones?”

“Eh, who’ll miss them?”

Once to the back of the house, he stood with the garden view behind him through a glassed-in expanse. With hands on the door, she smiled. “I think you’ll like this part. It’s my favorite place in the whole world.”

As they walked through the modernized garden, passing flower beds with contemporary art sculptures, a path led the way to something special. It looked like a laboratory lit by fairy lights and garden decor. She gasped at its glory as the scent of salt water filled her nostrils, mingling with a soft ocean breeze in the distance. They went from chaos to utter paradise in mere minutes.

As they reached the center of the garden, Roxy froze in her tracks unable to even fathom what she was seeing.

Nestled in a twisted metal gazebo surrounded by vines and steel artwork of tortured souls, stood a makeshift lab, much like the one her father created. A combination of tables, shiny tools, and state-of-the-art lab equipment looked like a scientific dream. For effect, he added jars of dismembered mannequin limbs and mood lighting to be

more decorative than functional, but it was a real-life operational lab.

Her eyes widened in disbelief. “What... What is this?”

“Welcome to my lab. A work of art created in homage to my creator.”

She turned to him, her hands quickly going to her hips as she stomped over to him. “You had a lab this whole time, and you never told me? I was creating monsters in a damn nasty garage. Do you know they could have gotten sick or an infection while you’re over here hoarding up... this!”

“Awe, you care about your little pets. That’s cute.” Acid teased, his grin widening. “I like to keep a few surprises up my sleeve. Besides, I needed to know I could trust you before I welcomed you into my personal space. Boundaries babe. You did try to kidnap me, remember?”

With a huff, she gave him a shove. “That’s beside the point.”

Pulling her to him, he kissed her scrunched-up nose with an annoying chuckle. “You’re adorable when you’re mad. I’ll make it up to you. You can fix up ol’ Texas Chainsaw Massacre. I’ll even clean up after you’re done.”

“Really?” she said with a bounce before he nodded yes. “Eek! This is amazing!”

“Go ahead. I’ll go get the body.”

Roxy couldn’t contain herself, letting out a squeal of delight, and started jumping up and down like an excited child on Christmas morning. “I can’t believe it. This place is just like my dad’s lab. I’ll start with sewing up the slashes... Then I’ll fiddle around in that brain to see how that psychopath works. This is going to be so fun!”

She rushed over to one of the tables, finding something she wasn't expecting. "Wait a minute. That's my dad's computer. Did you swipe these from his lab?"

Acid leaned against a nearby pillar, arms crossed. "No, but I bought a lot of the equipment in a police auction after he was sent to jail. I had to keep everything for him, I owe him that much. I got my hands on the computer from a Frankie who grabbed the laptop from the lab right before the cops raided it. He said he needed to hide who he was in his past. I think he was an international spy or something. The dude was scary as fuck. Anyway, he wiped out his information and sold the computer to me for fifty bucks. Half of this stuff never made it into the final cut of the film, but I kept it anyway for nostalgia."

Roxy was practically buzzing with excitement as she picked it up and held it to her heart. A piece of her father was with her, and she'd use his equipment to create monster magic. "This is the best date ever. Thank you."

"You're welcome. As far as I'm concerned, it belongs to you." Stepping closer, he caressed her cheek. "As much as I hate to admit it, so do I."

She smiled softly, enjoying his tender touch for only a moment before her mind was reeling, and quickly went back to exploring the lab.

She turned back to him, thinking about what it would be like if all these horrible people trying to hurt them and others were given better lives, just like she was doing for her family. "I have an idea. What's the stiff's name on the street?"

"They call him The Lumberjack. I heard him bragging once he used to do wood carving competitions with the same chainsaw he cut people up with. Why?"

She raised an eyebrow. "The Lumberjack?"

Roxy glanced toward the garden shed, thinking about Hank's new hobby of gardening. She couldn't help but smirk at the thought of turning the brute into something useful.

"You know," she said, tapping her chin, "I think it's time we give our friend a second chance at life."

"What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking we turn that lump into something that can contribute to society. Every good Florida estate needs a gardener and handyman around, right? Hank seems to like his new hobbies."

"You're going to redirect their brains to fit their personalities, only... better?"

"Exactly. He knows how to use yard tools; we'll give him something better to hone his skills than cutting up poor defenseless guys down on their luck."

"Not a bad idea. And since you have figured out how to make them all more natural, no one will notice they've been Frankied."

"Well, get that body. We have work to do..."

An hour later, Roxy stood in front of her latest creation. The transformation had gone smoother than expected, and now, before them, stood a creature unlike any they'd made before. He was creative and pleasantly polite.

The Lumberjack still had the rugged look of a man who had once built a life on crime and violence. But now, wearing a nice suit with a bowtie, he looked respectable with a hint of sexy-nerd that made even Roxy take a second glance. The newly crafter gardener had a rough exterior with scars to boot, but his eyes held a smile that was

infectious, and a far cry from the blood mask he usually wore after slaughtering his unsuspecting victims.

Roxy folded her arms, admiring her work. “There. The Lumberjack is no more. Say hello to your new gardener, Trevor.”

The creature blinked, then slowly looked down at his hands. He flexed his fingers as if testing the limits of his new body. When he spoke, his voice was deep and gravelly, but there was a surprising softness to it.

“F-flowers...” He stammered, looking at the plants around him that needed a bit of pruning. “I... like flowers.”

“You do?” Roxy asked, adjusting his chip on the computer and testing his verbal skills.

The gardener nodded slowly. “Yes. Always wanted to... take care of a garden. This... This is good. I... don’t... how word?” He struggled, looking to her for help.

“It’s okay. Take your time.”

“Don’t feel... Angry. Only... joy.”

Acid, sat back against the gazebo framing, shocked at what he was seeing. “You remember who you were?”

He nodded. “Was angry. Always angry. Hated... Donnie. Made me hurt people. I... I want to make... pretty.”

“You want to work in the garden?”

“And make my wood carvings? I... no family. You family?”

Patting his back, Acid smiled. “Yeah, buddy. A weird one, but we’re family. Us Frankie’s gotta stick together.”

“I... undead?”

“Yeah.”

“Hum? Good. Better this way. Trevor no more hurt.”

Roxy hadn’t expected him to have such a gentle side, but she couldn’t help but feel a strange sense of pride in what she’d done.

“You like gardening and woodworking, huh?” she asked, her voice full of curiosity.

The creature nodded again, looking almost shy. “Always wanted to be... gardener. Thank you.”

Roxy beamed, feeling a warm satisfaction wash over her. “Well, consider this your second chance. Take care of this garden, and we’ll call it even.”

“I go now?”

“Yes. Enjoy your new home.”

Without a word, Trevor went to mull over the broken water fountain in the center of the yard. He knelt, adjusting the stone pieces with precision before tinkering with the wires. The couple watched in amazement as the creature began to fix the fountain, water trickling back into place as it sprang to life once more. When the monster looked over at them with a smile, they could see that what they were doing wasn’t

actually a bad thing, at least for Trevor.

“You’ve outdone yourself this time, princess. I’ve never seen that guy smile.”

“He just needed a second chance.”

As the fountain bubbled to life, the garden lights began to flicker on, casting a soft glow over the dark backyard. Stars above sparkled overhead as Trevor wandered off toward the beach to look at them like it was the first time he’d looked at the sky in years.

Acid turned to Roxy. “Dance with me.”

“What? There’s no music.”

“Sure, there is. In that pretty head. Sing for me.”

“Acid,” she said shyly.

“Come on, princess. Sing me that song you like.” Acid extended his hand, a gentle smile on his lips.

She took his hand, allowing him to pull her closer. As they moved together under the moonlight, the world seemed to quiet around them as her lovely voice carried softly over the space. For the first time in what felt like forever, she let herself be who she truly was. A little awkward and complying mad, but beautifully so. In Acid’s arms, she felt something she hadn’t in a long time—peace. She missed her father, and the only other man in the world who loved her was right here with her under the stars.

“Acid, are we doing the right thing? Have I gone completely insane?”

“Look around you, princess. This is all insane and love every crazy minute of it. Just relax and enjoy this ride, and I’ll be right here with you.”

“Will you die for me?” she breathed as his lips met the tender flesh under her earlobe.

“I already did.”

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Don't be afraid of monsters. It's the living that you have to worry about.

XOXO – Roxy

The warehouse the mafia group used for handling their enemies reeked of stale blood and musty shipping boxes. Donnie sat in a metal chair, his fingers rhythmically tapping the armrest as he stared at the man in the opposite chair. The man's face was bruised, blood trickling down from his nose and a cut on his lip. He whimpered softly as he pleaded for mercy. Fat chance. He was in a bad way and there was no way out.

"I don't like people messing with my money, Johnny boy. The cartels are going to be breathing down my neck over this."

The man stammered, trying to speak through his swollen lips. "Please. I'll get the money. I'll sell my house. Just don't kill me."

Donnie almost looked like he felt bad about this for a moment as if considering the offer, but he wasn't that nice. In fact, he enjoyed people's suffering. Without warning, he jammed a knife into the man's thigh. The shrill scream echoed off the metal walls. There was no one to hear him over the sounds of load docks.

He leaned back, stretching his arms above his head, clearly enjoying the sound of his victim's cries. But before he could continue, one of his men butt in, breaking up his sick game.

“Boss! They’re gone. They’re all gone. Even Lumberjack!”

Donnie’s eyes narrowed in irritation. “What the hell are you talking about? I’m in the middle of something here, in case you didn’t notice.”

“Acid and that girl. That guy we were shaking down by the Cuban bistro. He said they came in and... They fucking killed Trevor. He said there was blood everywhere and the crazy bitch was dancing!” The man looked terrified. “She was dancing, boss!”

That got Donnie’s attention. He stood up, wiping his hands on his pants. “Sounds like a girl after my own heart, but I thought I told you idiots to bring her and that green fuck boy to me. His time is up.”

The goon scratched his head, not wanting to admit what he was about to say. “We... uh... We lost him again. He killed two more of our men and we can’t even get near the girl’s house. Someone’s helping them.”

Donnie’s lip curled when he realized what was happening. “Well, I’ll be damned. That little science freak is building herself an army,” he whispered to himself. “Gotta give it to her, she’s got some balls.”

Not hearing him, the man was frantic. “Boss our guys... They keep going missing.”

Donnie stared at the man, his jaw clenching. “Missing? You mean dead. Don’t you see what’s going on here? They’re killing off our men and reanimating them to protect her little freakshow.”

“You think she’s using our guys against us?”

Throwing the knife still in his hand to lodge in the wall next to the man’s head, Donnie yelled, “Of course they are!”

“What do we do?”

The crime boss’ patience snapped. He grabbed the man by the collar and slammed him against the wall. “You find the lovebirds and you bring them to me. I’ll deal with the rest.”

He held his hands up defensively. “There’s more, boss. That computer... We found the guy who stole it from the lab. He sold it online.”

“Dr. Malone’s.”

“Yeah. The one with the evidence you killed those people and was forcing him to black market Frankie’s as sex slaves. If the cops find out Dr. Malone was innocent of all his crimes, we’re all in a world of hurt.”

“Find who bought that laptop, but for now, get the car ready.”

His man looked confused. “Where are we going, boss?”

“To see Dr. Malone,” Donnie replied. “I think it’s time we had a little chat with our former business partner.”

Thanks to Donnie having his hands in the pockets of a few prison guards, he was welcomed in with open arms, ready to have a chat with the good doctor. He and two of his henchmen walked through the gates, their every step watched by the guards to put up a good face. The prisoners they passed gave them a mix of anger and respect, but no one dared to approach them because even as a low-level thug, Donnie had connections that ran deep.

Dr. William Malone sat in a small, windowless room; his hands cuffed to the table in front of him. His once handsome features were worn by the stress of prison life. When

the door opened and Donnie walked in, he quickly stood.

“What do you want?” he asked, his voice cold.

Donnie smiled, pulling out a chair and sitting across from him. “Nice to see you too, Doc Freak-n-stein. How’s life on the inside treating you?”

“Not good, thanks to you.”

“Oh, don’t be so bitter. When you finally get out of here one day, you’ll thank me.”

“I’m doing life. There is no getting out.”

“Yeah. Tough break.” The loan shark leaned back, sucking his teeth as he looked over his handy work. It should have been him in that orange jumpsuit, not the doctor. “It’s about your daughter.”

That got Malone’s attention as his eyes narrowed. “What about her? If you touch one hair on her head I’ll—”

“Me? I’m not the one you should worry about. That’s why I’m here.” Donnie sighed dramatically, full of fake concern. “You know, she’s been keeping some pretty dangerous company lately. Word is, she’s running around with Acid.”

Her father’s expression hardened, but he didn’t speak as the man leaned in like he was telling a secret.

“I don’t know if you’ve heard, but Acid’s gone rogue. We have the same enemy here, Doctor. He’s killing my men, and I worry for your poor, sweet Roxy. Now, I’ve got no problem dealing with that freak myself, but your daughter... Well, I’m sure you don’t want her getting caught up in this mess.”

“You’re lying.”

“Am I? Think about it, Doc. Acid lets you rot in here and you take the heat. I admit my wrongdoing, but Acid, he’s the real enemy here. He’s dangerous. The fact is, he didn’t lift a finger to help you, did he? And now he’s dragging your little girl into his mess, too. I think...”

Malone clenched his fists, the chains rattling against the table. “You think what?”

“I think he’s seducing her to make more Frankie’s. He’s losing it, William. You know about his gambling addiction. He’s flat broke and I think he’s planning to turn your mentally ill daughter into a... serial killer. He’ll make her create more monsters he can sell. It’ll be an uprising when the word gets out. You know how much people hated your studies.” Donnie leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a whisper. “I want to stop Acid, but I can’t do it alone. I need your help.”

Malone scoffed. “You think I’d help you?”

“If it means keeping your daughter safe. Yeah, I do. I know you don’t like me, but my men have families, too. He’s killing them right and left and I think he’s making her help him.”

There was a long pause as Dr. Malone wrestled with his emotions. He hated Donnie and everything he stood for, but the thought of Roxy in danger was killing him. He had never been the best father, but he couldn’t let her fall victim to the monster he’d helped create. Finally, “What do you need from me?”

Donnie grinned, knowing he’d won. “You worked on Acid, didn’t you? You know how he was made.”

“I know his systems. But what does that have to do with anything?”

“Simple. I need a way to shut him down.”

“Shut him down? Acid’s not a machine.”

Donnie’s grin widened. “Oh, but he is, isn’t he? You gave him the same chip as the others. There’s got to be a way to take him out remotely.”

For a moment, Malone hesitated, but his back was against the wall. Acid had left him to die for his crimes, and now his daughter was caught in the middle of a nightmare.

“There is a way,” Malone admitted, his voice barely above a whisper. “I built in an emergency shut-off code that can be sent remotely to disable him, but you have to be within the closest cell phone tower to his location. It was in case something went wrong after building the Frankie’s. I wasn’t sure if they’d come back like that damn Pet Cemetery movie or not, so I had to be safe.” He shivered, always being creeped out by that film.

“And how do we send this code?”

“Through a phone app. I created it before I went to prison. It’s easily found. It’s in that game that went viral with Acid’s likeness.”

“The Walking Green?”

“Yes, that’s the one. You just have to use the chat feature to message my old profile and type in my daughter’s name. The code panel will pop right up.”

“Well, look at that. That stupid game I can’t stop playing online is the one thing I had in my hands all this time to stop that green pile of shit. Old man, you really are a genius.”

After a few more details, Donnie had all he needed.

Little did Dr. Malone know, he just handed over his daughter on a digital platter to the very man who was out to use her talents for his own gain.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Sometimes you're just better off not knowing.

XOXO – Roxy

Roxy's house was quiet when she arrived home, leaving Acid alone in his mansion with his new friend Trevor. It would take a few days to get moved and she decided it was best to tell her mother and stepfather the news on her own to ease them into the idea.

She found Hank tinkering with a new project while her mom was inside, cooking dinner, and the house seemed quiet for once.

"Hey, Mom. What's cooking?" Roxy asked, leaning against the doorway.

"Gumbo. Hank brought home fresh shrimp from the pier."

"Oh yeah? He hasn't been fishing in years. The old fart must be enjoying himself."

"He's better."

"Yeah, Mom. I know. You are, too."

She smiled seeing her mother happy, but deep down she knew Darla would never be the same. She could only do so much to fix the brain. A lot had been damaged when Hank killed her, but at least she was alive... sort of.

Hank grunted in agreement, too absorbed in fixing the toaster to care about the conversation.

“How’s everything with Acid?”

Well, that was surely a living Mom question. It made Roxy smile a real smile in that house for the first time without Acid being there.

She slid up on the counter, grabbing a piece of celery. “Good. He said he loves me.”

“Sounds like the two of you are a match made in...”

“Murder?”

“Roxy?”

“Yes, Mom.”

“Am I dead?”

“You’re... undead.” She tilted her head realizing her mom was starting to get a grasp on reality, which was a good sign, but concerning. “Are you okay with that?”

“Did Hank...” She couldn’t say it.

“Yes. I’m sorry.”

“You killed him, didn’t you? It finally happened.”

“What happened?”

Her mother's dead eyes turned to her. "You snapped. I did, too. That's why he did it." She reached under the sink, pulled out a knife, and looked at it coldly. The horrific look in her eyes was much like the sickness her daughter carried.

"Mom? What are you thinking?"

"Your dad left me." She looked at Roxy with tears. "He blamed me. I should have let him do this to me years ago. Maybe we would have been happy. Maybe I wouldn't have hurt you."

"You remember what happened over the years?"

A tear rolled down her mother's cheek. "I do. So many of those men I was with hurt my baby. I let them because all I cared about was drinking. Can you forgive me?"

Leaning in to wipe her mother's tears, Roxy felt her own pool in the corner of her eyes. "Yes, Momma. I forgive you."

"I'm better now too, right?"

"Mom, is there something you're afraid to tell me?"

She looked at the knife and then Roxy. "I think you still need to fix me."

"Mom, what are you saying?"

"I was sick, Roxy. More than you." She looked at the blade and then Hank. "I wanted... to kill. I was going to your room first to finish it. He got me first."

Roxy slid from the counter realizing what her mother was saying. The drinking, the chaos, the screaming. She'd blocked it out for so long that she was blind to the truth.

It all made sense, though. Hank had been fighting with her mother for a reason. He was fighting with her about Roxy. Her mother was sick, and she never even knew. But now she did. Her mother wanted her dead because she thought she was like her. A psychopath, ready to kill.

She looked at Hank, whose sad eyes looked back at her. The truth was, Roxy didn't remember a time Hank was physically abusive to her like the other men. He was only just a grouch and yelled a lot. She just assumed he was like the rest. He wasn't a saint by any means, but he wasn't a killer. He saved her life.

"I tried to help her. She was so sick. So very sick."

"Oh, Hank," Roxy sighed. "I'll fix it, Mom. I'll take it away and fix your brain. I promise."

"You're not crazy, Roxy. You're so smart. Too smart for this world. I'm so proud of you."

Her heart clenched upon hearing those words. Her mother had never said she was proud of her, but it was clear now why. She was fighting her demons, and poor Hank was the one trying to patch her back together after years of past abuse from the many men her mother brought into her life.

"Hank, I need you to take Mom on that vacation you promised. I'll tweak her chip and fix this, and then take her somewhere safe. Can you do that for me?"

"Away from Donnie?"

"That's right."

"Fix first," he agreed.

“Come on. I’ll need your help.”

Hank stood and went to his wife, kissing away her tears. He did love her, but until now, Roxy didn’t see it. In some ways, Hank was a hero. Her real father left, but Hank stuck by his bride, even in death.

“I really misjudged you, Hank.”

“Same,” he sighed, touching the scar on his neck.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Trust your instincts. When something feels wrong, it probably is.

XOXO – Roxy

After spending some time with her family and putting in the work to help her mother's psychotic tendencies, Roxy decided to head back to Acid's place.

Sometimes she wished she could tinker around in her own brain and figure out why she was so different, but for now, she'd be happy with who she was. With the science connected to her mother's mental illness, Roxy was starting to realize maybe she could help people, and the Frankie studies weren't just a fun project anymore. It was starting to open her eyes to new possibilities.

In visions of Nobel Prizes and medical marvels, Acid was by her side. A far cry from the madness that had consumed her since her father's imprisonment. For the first time in her tainted mind, she felt hope.

As she headed to the mansion a strange feeling came over her just then that she couldn't quite shake. Sure, her mother just admitted she was about to murder her in cold blood before Hank stepped in, but this was different. She brushed it off knowing that maybe she was just a little spooked by the news.

She turned up the radio, hoping to block out her intrusive thoughts.

Back at Acid's mansion, he was alone in the living room, his eyes glued to the

security feed. Trevor was behind him primping Acid's hair, making him keep swatting at his new friends over attention to detail.

“Stop it!”

“You need a trim. I could do it. You'd look cool with the sides shaved and the top longer—”

“What's that? Did you see that?” He pointed at the security camera. “I told you I heard something. Aren't you supposed to be part bodyguard? Where's Leon?”

“Dead.”

“I know that. And he's undead. Not dead. Stop saying that. You're creeping me out.”

“Sorry. Want me to make some tea?”

“Yeah. Whatever. Just go.”

But he shouldn't have said that because he saw movement again. There was no way that it was just the wind. “Trevor, wait...” but no answer. “Trevor? Trevor! Fuck!”

They'd found him and no one was there to protect him this time.

He leaped to his feet, rushing to the window just as a group of men in dark suits began closing in. Acid quickly scanned the house for an escape route, but it was too late. A loud crash echoed through the mansion as the front door burst open, and a swarm of Donnie's men poured in, weapons drawn.

When he rushed to the foyer, poor Trevor was lying in a pool of coagulated blood, holding a flower.

All he knew to do was run, but at every turn, they were there, blocking his path.

Slowly Donnie stepped over Trevor, inspecting his nails. “Looks like the rat can’t escape the cat this time. Pity. I was starting to take a liking to you. You sure put up a good chase.”

When several men grabbed him, Acid fought back with everything he had, but it wasn’t enough. No matter how strong or fast he was, there was just no escape from men carrying an arsenal of weapons.

“Go ahead. Kill me.”

“ Nah , too overrated. I would rather put that Frank-n-body to good use. I’m sure we can figure out something for you. Besides, I still haven’t got my hands on your pretty girlfriend.”

“Leave her alone!”

“It’s funny you think I will. Anyway, I have something to show you.” Donnie waved the phone in front of him, showing the app that controlled the deactivation code. “Recognize this?”

“Yeah. My game. What about it?”

“Well, I’ve got to hand it to Dr. Malone. A mad scientist and an app developer. Smart man.”

Acid’s heart sank as Donnie’s finger hovered over the screen. By the looks of it, he knew what was going on. “He put a safety device in me in case I went rogue, didn’t he?”

“Yep. Seems the doctor has a weird fear of some old horror flick and was afraid you’d come back from the dead and kill everyone. Too bad you don’t have shit on me when it comes to raising hell. Goodnight, Acid. I’ll take good care of your little girlfriend.”

With that, he hit send on the code, deactivating the green nuisance he loathed to the core.

“No!” Acid screamed, feeling the chip spark inside him. The pain was so unbearable he fell to his knees, holding his head.

A sharp pain shot through Acid’s body, his muscles seizing up as the code took effect. When his body fell to the floor he could see pathways in his brain shutting down. The worst thing about it was that he could hear Donnie laughing as everything went black.

The last thing he said... “Roxy.”

Across town, Roxy’s phone buzzed as she was driving back to the mansion. “Answer the damn phone.”

She glanced at the screen and frowned. No message. No missed calls. He wouldn’t hear the last of it if he ditched her again. After all that she’d done for him, it would be a slap in the face.

But then it hit her. What if Donnie got to him? That had to be it. He’d told her monster’s craved a mate and he’d said she was his. He wouldn’t abandon her now.

Her foot pressed hard on the gas pedal, speeding past cars and skipping stoplights. Something had happened. Something bad.

“I’m coming, greenie. I’m coming.”

Just before she put down her phone, she sent a text, summoning her monsters to her location. She needed an army if what she thought was happening was true. She just hoped Acid was still alive because she didn’t think she could go back to her old life. Everything had changed, and he gave her something worth living for.

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Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

I've had it! These assholes messed with the wrong mad scientist!

XOXO – Roxy

Roxy waited nervously while one of her Frank-n-men checked the mansion to see if the coast was clear. Pacing around the front porch she bit her nails, knowing something was wrong. The door was broken, and her created protectors wouldn't let her step foot in the house until they knew it was safe.

When one of the guards burst through the door, panting and out of breath she knew it was bad. When she looked into his eyes, it was as if he'd seen a ghost.

“Ma'am, it's Acid.”

Her heart sank as she tried to rush in, but the guard stopped her. “It's bad Miss Roxy. The place was trashed. Trevor is lying dead just short of the front door. We checked the security cameras and... Acid... He's been deanimated.”

“Is he in one piece?”

He nodded remembering Donnie's ways. “Yes, but that means he has other plans than selling Acid's parts on the black market over some cash. That means something bigger is in the works.”

“He wants me, and he knows I'll come for Acid. Round up the men. No one touches

my man and gets by with it. If he wants me to come to him, then I guess let's go visit our gracious host."

"We're going to war?"

"Damn right. I'll show that the two-bit hustler my therapist was right. They say I'm crazy. Well, let's show them crazy."

With that, she stormed into the house, her army of monstrous creations falling behind her. There was no way in hell she was going to just stand by and let them take away the happy life she was creating for herself and the man she loved. They were going to pay, and she was ready to bring horror down on the lot of them.

When she entered the living room, she found a few of Donnie's squad still lingering around the mansion trying to loot whatever they could get their grubby hands on.

When one of them looked over his shoulder, he smiled thinking his friends were back and had got their hands on Roxy to take to the boss. He had no idea they were undead, and he wouldn't make it out alive.

He smiled at them while holding one of Acid's movie awards. "Hey guys! We've been looking all over for you. Looks like you brought Donnie his prize. Good job. Rico, tie up the girl and help us pack up this haul. I'll grab Acid. Let's get moving."

Roxy stepped forward, snapping her fingers as her monster militia followed. "Touch him and die."

The man looked back at her through different eyes when he figured out what she'd done. "They're... Frankie's?"

She nodded with an evil smirk as she popped her knuckles, ready to fight. "You

shouldn't have messed with my man. Now you'll deal with my creations, but I'll have them save you for last."

"Little girl, you don't know what you've just walked yourself into."

As he stepped toward her, he kicked Acid's body out of the way on the floor. The twitch in her eye should have told him he just fucked up because she was going to make him pay the most for disrespecting Acid's corpse that way.

"Oh, I do. I came to play, and you look like you'll be a fun toy. I think I'll make you into something special, like licking the dog shit off my combat boots." Pulling her switchblade from her bra under her Sex Pistols band T-shirt, the grin she shot him made the man shiver. Waving one of her monsters over, she had him overtake the man as his friends started to step forward. "Uh-uh-uh. I wouldn't do that if I were you. My monsters have orders to remove your head if you cross me. Where's Donnie?"

The man chuckled. "He's looking for you and you walked into his trap. You have no idea who you're messing with."

"Good. I like a challenge. Rico..." she snapped for her monster to overtake him.

"Let me go, bitch!" He squirmed as one of the monsters pushed him to his knees, facing his partners in crime to witness her power.

Around them, a handful of men had guns drawn and she wasn't scared in the least. To prove that point, she kneeled to whisper in his ear. "I'm going to make you watch." Roxy was beautiful, but when she had that look in her eye, even the most stone-cold killer couldn't deny she was one scary woman. "Let's have some fun, shall we? Fankie's... Make them scream!"

Before the group of men could engage their weapons the small army of about ten of her creations filed around her toward their targets. She started to dance around the one on his knees, singing her maniacal theme of murder and waving the blade like conducting a symphony orchestra.

The man before her tried to look away, but the monster given his orders wouldn't allow it, forcing his face to watch the carnage and using his fingers to pry open his eyes. "Look." The monster grunted, pushing his head forward.

"This bitch is crazy!"

"Yes. Yes, I am." She smiled, accepting it with all its glory.

To Roxy, the layout of gore before them was like one of her favorite monster movies, playing out in real life. In her head, the visions came as the monsters attacked their former cohorts, destroying everyone in their path with their bare hands and the weapons they wielded. The song that played to her concerto, the wails of screams. The sounds of slaughtered bodies falling to the floor in the pools of their blood, a climatic symphony.

The creatures moved like trained professionals, her monsters tearing through the thugs as if they were nothing. Blood splattered across the house, screams of mercy making her smile in delight. When she picked up Acid's body to drag him and dance around the man kneeling at her feet, she sang to him, just as she always did.

"Listen, my love. It's all for you. Do you hear it? The song. It's beautiful. They scream for us. For our love."

As the sounds quieted, she laid Acid softly on a nearby couch with a kiss to his temple. When she turned back to the man her loving smile dropped as she stalked toward him. She waved to Hank who had been standing by the doorway watching

guard with a snarl that made the man shake in his boots.

When the man at her feet tried to run, Hank caught him, as he pulled his butcher cleaver. She grabbed his arm, yanking him toward her to show the man the trouble he'd found himself in.

"Send a message to Donnie," she growled, her voice low and menacing. "Tell him I'm coming and I'm bringing hell with me. Oh, and one more thing. It's not nice to steal from the dead..."

Before the man could respond, Hank swung the cleaver down, severing his hand in one clean strike while the rest dangled in Roxy's hand. He screamed in agony, clutching the stump where his hand had been moments before. He watched as she tossed his arm aside, tasting the splattered blood that dripped on her lip.

"Go before I take more than just your hand," she snarled, shoving him toward the door.

He didn't need to be told twice.

Once the man ran for the door, Roxy rushed to Acid's side, kneeling beside him. "Hank, help," she whimpered once realizing he could have already passed over. "He can't be dead. He can't."

"I'm sorry. For everything. For what I did to you, to your mother. I remember it all now, and I can't even begin to explain how ashamed I am. But this..." he looked at the room of dead bodies. "This isn't what your father would want."

"I know, Hank."

Her stepfather had never admitted to his past transgressions, never apologized for the

way he'd treated them. And yet, here he was, finally owning up to it.

When Hank touched Acid's cheek his fingers slid to his pulse point on his neck. "Beating..."

"What?"

"His heart. I feel it. He's just turned off."

Pushing him to the side, Roxy checked for herself. "He's still breathing, and his heart is in motion. I could fix him." Grabbing Hank, she hugged him. "Thank you, you big grumpy jerk."

"I did good?"

"Yeah, Hank. You did awesome. Go to help the rest of themen and load up those bodies. Then clean up the mess."

Hank nodded; his eyes were glassy with unshed tears. "Love him?"

"I do."

"Good. Love will make you better."

She smiled as she looked up at the man she once hatted with all her being. "I hope it fixes us all after this, Hank. Momma too."

"She's getting better, thanks to you."

In the lab garden that night behind Acid's house. Roxy worked tirelessly with Hank at her side to bring Acid back to life. When they finally broke into code, it was a

waiting game to see if he was still in there or if his soul had passed on.

They were all exhausted, but each monster creation stayed up all night with her, just to be by her side when she needed help. They'd made her so much coffee to stay awake she was sure her eyeballs were floating.

By the time sunrise filtered over the ocean, Acid's condition had stabilized but still hadn't regained consciousness. Roxy sat beside him, her body aching from exhaustion.

She reached out, gently brushing a hand over his cheek, her voice barely a whisper. "Come back to me, Acid. Please. I love you and you're all I have. You are the only thing that feels real."

As if responding to her plea, his eyes flickered open, and he rubbed his head. "What happened? My head is killing me." He groaned softly, his body struggling to wake from the forced shutdown.

"You're alive?"

"Unalive." He chuckled. "Why do I have a feeling you did something really fucked up?"

"Well, let's just say I ruined another one of your fancy carpets."

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

Will he die for me? Oh yeah, he already did. But would I do the same?

XOXO – Roxy

When Acid was finally back to himself that evening, Roxy sat across the living room of his Florida mansion watching him with the realization that she could have lost the only man she ever loved. While only a few of their guards cased the perimeter for any incoming dangers, she sent the rest with Hank to hunt down Donnie. It was a risk, but one they had no choice but to take. They didn't know where he was or if they were even safe. If a group of his men attacked the mansion, it was just a matter of time before more would come.

As Acid rested on the couch, all she could think of was her childhood long before her mother's mental health issues drove away her father. She didn't blame either of them, but she now understood why he left. He couldn't watch the one he loved fall to ruin. And father like daughter, she felt the same regarding the green man she'd fallen so hard for. The difference between her and her father was that she'd stand and fight for the ones she loved. Something her father didn't have a chance or the willpower to do.

Closing her eyes she thought about what Hank said. He was right. Her father wouldn't have wanted to see the spiral into the insanity she'd been living in these past months. Truth be told, she wanted to have a life of peace with Acid. Maybe she'd even take her science to new levels to help people, even if her genius ended up being served underground to hide from those who'd want to shut down the process.

When Acid rolled over to look at her she realized it had been quiet in the mansion for the past hour. Almost too quiet.

Standing, she grabbed a gun one of the men had been carrying. “They’re planning something.”

Sitting up with a stretch. “Relax. With those couple of guys you worked on this morning, we’re safe. Those are some of Donnie’s top guys guarding the house.”

“I thought that with the rest of them and look. They used a kill switch to turn you off. What if that thing would have stopped your heart? I’d be picking out a gravestone for you right now.”

“Awe ,” he said as he went and wrapped his arms around her, “you do care.”

“You never take anything seriously, do you?”

“Princess, I’m just as worried as you are but what can we do?”

“I don’t know, but something doesn’t feel right.”

As if on cue, a loud crash echoed from outside, and a spray of bullets hit the house and shattered windows. Before either of them could react, the front door was kicked open before a group of Donnie’s men stormed in with weapons drawn.

Soon, the fearless leader sauntered in, straight for the couple. “Well, Acid. Looks like the freak flipped your switch back on. Why can’t you just die already? Haven’t you had one too many do-overs?”

“I could ask you the same, asshole. Why don’t you shoot yourself in the head and do us all a favor.”

“And ruin my good suit? Nah, I'd rather make your undead life miserable.” He waved over his men. “Get them. I don't have time for this. I have clients wanting their product.”

As the men surrounded them, Acid was doing everything to protect his mate, to no avail. He stepped in front of her before a fight ensued, taking down two of the men with almost life-ending punches.

Yet the numbers outweighed them, and Acid was beaten down.

“Acid!” Roxy screamed, panic rising in her chest as she watched him crumble to the floor.

“Roxy, run!”

Before she could escape, one of the thugs grabbed her, twisting her arm behind her back. He reached into her bra for her switchblade, and she gritted her teeth in anger, struggling to break free as they yanked her toward the center of the room.

“Take them to the warehouse. Bring the bodies left here with them. Let's see if the Frank-n-freak can create some monsters for our buyers.”

“I won't make Frankie's for you.”

Patting her cheek, he laughed. “Oh, you will. I have ways to make people comply. Don't make me do things I don't want to do and ruin that pretty little face of yours.”

“You'll regret this. You have no idea what you're dealing with.”

“Oh, I think we do. Get her out of here, and...” he used the code from his phone once more to turn off Acid. “I'll stop by the prison to see if the king doctor has some ideas

to program our green celebrity into something useful.”

“Leave my dad out of this!”

“Too late.” He laughed. “Who do you think gave us that code to turn off your lover boy?”

“My dad? No...”

Before long she was being dragged from the house, knowing maybe this time she and Acid may not get out of this alive. And this time, there would be no one there to fix them.

In the warehouse, they dragged Roxy toward a large metal hook hanging from the rafters, not taking the chance she’d get free. She struggled, kicking out at the men, but they were stronger, overpowering her with ease.

“Hang her up,” the leader ordered.

Roxy gasped as they hoisted her off the ground, her body dangling several feet above the floor. The chains bit into her wrists as she swung helplessly, her feet kicking in the air. The room spun, and for a moment, she felt a wave of nausea.

She knew to fear the worst. They were going to kill Acid and make her watch. She’d like to pretend she hadn’t been in a mess as bad as this, but in the past with her mother’s boyfriends, she’d been on both sides before.

She strained against the chains, her muscles screaming in protest, but there was no escape.

The men circled Acid, checking his body, when he jerked.

“What’s that?” the leader asked.

“Probably a muscle spasm. Ignore it. He’s out.”

That caught Roxy’s attention as she watched out of the corner of her eye. She knew if Acid was turned off, he wouldn’t have any sort of movement. The fact her father had put a turn-off switch in him at all was odd because it was her belief father didn’t put any sort of chip for control in his creations. Boy was she wrong.

It had to have been a backup in case of emergency. Like an airbag in a car, chances are it was only meant to work once. If she was right, he was still functional.

“All right, let’s leave them. I have calls to make to our clients. Have our men bring the lab equipment here and we’ll get her started working in the morning.”

As she watched the men and Donnie leave, the chains spun. Her body getting weak from hanging there made her fall limp for a moment. She had to think. Every second spent watching Acid lie motionless on the floor felt like an eternity, but occasionally his hands would twitch, and the corner of his lip curled.

“You asshole! You’re awake.”

He chuckled as he set up. “Damn, I really am a great actor.”

“You’re a putz! Get me down from this thing. And why the hell are you smiling like a gosh darn idiot?”

“You’ll see.” After helping her down, he checked his watch before sitting in a chair in the middle of the room. “All we do is wait.”

“Wait for what? Are you insane? We have to get out of here.”

Acid sat back with a grin, crossing his leg over his knee. “Five... four... three... two...”

It was moments before they heard ear-curdling screams, and the doors to the warehouse burst open with the henchmen running their way for protection.

Donnie, the fastest of them all, sliding and hiding behind Roxy. “Stop them! They’re crazy.”

Acid laughed so hard he was holding his stomach. “I love crazy.”

Pushing the man away. Roxy looked mortified at what she was seeing. “Acid, you idiot. You modified my creatures.”

And she was right. They were playing out a fight scene, first in the parking lot, and now in the warehouse. Each one dressed like Acid in a scene from one of his old movies where he cloned himself. He was laughing so hard she was sure he’d trip the kill switch in his brain all over again.

“You’re an idiot. So that’s where our extra guards went,” she scoffed. Suddenly, the door swung open and... “Hank?”

“Yep, with his help. Hank used the lab at your house to program them to act like my movie. Isn’t it epic?”

Donnie screamed when one of the large monsters started chasing him in circles around the warehouse.

“Get them, boys!” Hank shouted with a laugh, getting as much fun out of this as Acid. The creatures charged, a whirlwind of flailing arms and oddly synchronized steps.

“Wait! No!” Donnie shouted as his eyes went wide with disbelief.

But it was too late. The large monster barreled into him, sending the man crashing into a nearby table, the force of his weight sending glass and wood splintering everywhere.

“Get um’ Hank!” She laughed at the absurdity of it all. “I can’t believe you did this.”

“Haven’t you learned that Acid Green always comes out on top? I planned this after that night with Trevor and the chainsaw. Hank’s been helping me in case anything went bad.”

“And they say I’m a genius. So, wanna fight?”

With a bow, he agreed, “After you, malady.” Stepping to the side to avoid a body being slung across the room, he reached to take her hand. “Shall we dance?”

“My pleasure, kind sir.”

Suddenly, a stray crowbar whizzed past her head, and Roxy ducked instinctively. “Watch it!” she yelled with a giggle. “A girl’s dancing here!”

The duo danced through the madness, Roxy finding her switchblade on the floor, and slashing at anyone who dared to approach them while Acid used his speed and strength to keep the thugs off balance.

Hank and the other guards had turned the tide of battle into a slapstick routine to match Acid’s most beloved horror comedy flick, sending their enemies flying with unexpected antics that were a sight of nonsense and murder.

“Enough of this!” Donnie shouted, finally stepping forward as the last of his men fell.

His eyes blazed with fury as he realized he had lost control of the situation. “You think you can stop me? I own you Acid Green! I own you!”

“I think it’s time you learned the hard way that you messed with the wrong people!” Acid shouted back, his anger surging. “You don’t get to walk away from this.”

“You have no idea what I’m capable of. Think about it, Roxy. Why did you spiral out of control, turning to murder? Your father was weak. I could have made him a god.”

Stepping closer, she was starting to wonder about one important thing. “How did you know my father was in that prison to get the code to turn off Acid? How do you know my father?”

“Oh, sweetheart, your poor sick mother introduced us. I was one of her little flings. I guess you don’t remember me. She was such a pretty woman. You look like her. Too bad she was just not loyal. To your father or anyone else.”

Her blood ran cold.

“Do you think your sick obsession for death and chaos was just some silly thing for horror flicks? Poor Roxy. The one who got away. The little shit who had to kill herself because her stepdaddy touched her.”

“What?”

She wasn’t catching on, but Acid was. “You were the man who raped her. The reason she tried to commit suicide.”

“Tried? No.” Donnie laughed. “She succeeded. Dear ol’ Dad had to save his baby girl.”

Acid's head snapped to her, seeing Roxy's head tilt in confusion. She didn't understand, but he did. Roxy was... undead.

"She's a Frankie." He looked at her with pity as a tear fell, streaming from a deeply hidden memory she'd just assumed to forget. "She is my mate. We're the same."

"His best work, I'd say. She doesn't even remember dying. I was her father's financial backer, and he turned his back on me. I set up Roxy's father for greatness, and he took the heat for all my murders just so I couldn't create my own monster mafia. But now, I have her. Join me, Acid. We could become gods. Rule together. All you have to do is hand her over."

Roxy's heart sank, rage boiling up inside her. "You set him up!" She took a step closer, fists clenched. "He's rioting in a prison because of you!"

"I'm a businessman and did what he was too self-righteous to do," Donnie shot back. "You were just collateral damage and a worthless little slut like your mother."

Acid moved forward with fists clenched, ready to strike. This evil man raped a young girl, abused her mother, and set up her father for murder. He realized that the bodies Acid helped the doctor transport when he was alive weren't grave robbing situations at all. It was the mob reanimating their fallen soldiers.

"You'll pay tonight for what you've done. I won't let you get out alive," he scowled. "Doctor Malone was a good man, and you took everything from him. I'll kill you with my bare hands, you son of a bitch!"

"Not if I kill him first!" With a surge of adrenaline, Roxy launched herself at Donnie, knife in hand. He tumbled to the ground and she straddled his chest with the blade raised. "This is for my father!"

“You think this will change anything? You’re just a little girl playing horror!”

Acid leaned over, his face looking over Donnie’s. “You’ve underestimated her level of crazy. Say goodnight, you fat fuck.”

As he walked away, he started to hum Roxy’s favorite tune, hearing the sound of Donnie’s screams and the slicing of the blade as his punk princess made music to the sounds of horror.

She truly was his scream queen, complete with a side of crazy.

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 7:58 am

Dear Diary,

When all is said and done, maybe I am a little crazy. But damn if it wasn't worth the ride.

XOXO – Roxy

Six months later Roxy and Acid settled into lives away from the turmoil of fighting off loan sharks and building an army of monster minions. Except for Donnie, all the reanimated monsters were given new lives. Once given the chance it didn't seem Donnie had any ambition outside of being a miserable cuss, so after reanimating him they tipped off the feds to his dirty dealings and murderous lifestyle and he was arrested for racketeering and trafficking.

It was easy fixing the rest of the thugs. All Roxy did was ask them what they would have wanted to change about their lives if they weren't murderous criminals, and each one shared the dreams of what they saw for themselves. From singing in the opera to becoming firefighters, her monster creations were becoming useful members of society.

As for the horror couple, they were finally free to live the life of the undead in ways they never imagined. He was a budding celebrity while she focused her genius on fighting for monster rights and practicing her science in the underground.

But tonight was special. A night where monsters thrived, in the spotlight of the stage and screen.

The bustling energy of the horror convention was what dreams were made of for a buzzworthy couple of monster fandom. Colorful booths filled with horror memorabilia, costume fans, and an array of monstrous creations filled the exhibition hall. But the real talk of the town was the hottest couple in Frank-n-lore.

Roxy, in a stylish black outfit adorned with skull-themed accessories, stood beside Acid who had started to pick up on her punk rock vibe, forgoing his typical stuffy suit. The two of them were a dynamic duo of anarchy, drawing attention wherever they went.

“Acid, this is amazing!” she cooed, looking over a display of wax figures all showcasing her monsters. “I can’t believe how much the community has embraced our creations.”

“Who knew our little murder spree would turn into something so epic? It’s like we’re part of a twisted family and the world thinks it was just part of a movie.” After pulling her close, he added, “But at least people are starting to accept us. Life is going to be different now. You gave Frankie’s a second chance. You gave me a second chance.”

As they moved through the crowd, their creations were strewn about the event, enjoying the attention of fans as many showed off their talents in various booths. The most adorable among them was Trevor and his booth of carnivorous plants and ghoulish florals. As the couple passed he extended a wave and a black rose with a smile, as Roxy nodded her head in appreciation.

Each creature in attendance was unique, a reflection of the wild imagination and creativity they had poured into their new work.

As fans snapped photos with them, Roxy felt a swell of pride. “Look at them. They’ve become a part of the community. It’s incredible.”

“I’m surprised we managed to keep our little... attitude adjustment project under wraps. No one suspects a thing.”

She nodded. “But soon they’ll be free. I won’t stop until people see Frankie’s as real people. We may be undead, but our heart beats the same.”

“And it loves just as much,” he said, kissing her cheek. “And love is just what you deserve... Look, sweetheart.”

Her eyes followed in the direction he was pointing, and she spotted a familiar figure across the hall. Her heart raced as she caught sight of him. There he was, Doctor Malone, mingling with a group of fellow horror enthusiasts.

“Is it him? Is he free?”

“Yes, princess.”

“Daddy!” she cried, running across the hall.

Doctor Malone turned, his smile brightening as he opened his arms to greet her. “Roxy!”

When she reached his arms all she could do was hold on, crying tears of joy. She’d dreamed of this moment for so long. He was free, and so was her heart from all the pain. “I can’t believe you’re here. How did you get out?”

“A certain green ghoul pulled a few strings with the president and got my pardon.”

Acid stepped forward, nervously greeting his creator. “Hey, Doc. Good to see you again.”

Doctor Malone turned to Acid with a kind smile. “Hello, Acid. Seems you found your

picture-perfect princess after all. Didn't I warn you to stay away from my daughter or I'd de-animate you?" He laughed.

"Something like that. You know me. I always liked a bad girl."

Pulling him into a hug, the doctor let out a breath of relief. "I'm glad you didn't listen."

"So, Dad, do you think you can handle a monster for a son-in-law?" she pulled her fiancé to her side, showing off the ring.

"Believe me, I think I can handle a few monsters," Doctor Malone replied, shaking Acid's hand firmly. "Just keep my daughter safe, all right? No more murder sprees to wipe out dangerous crime bosses."

"I think I can agree to that. So long as she doesn't get in any more trouble."

When a guy walked past shoving her dad out of the way, the intrusive thoughts slinked in as a devilish curl of her lips said the trouble was just what she was thinking.

Roxy slipped the switchblade from her top, ready to cause some chaos. "I like trouble."

"Oh no, you don't, princess. Let's leave the blood bath ballet to the big screen." Placing his hand over hers, Acid shook his head.

"Don't interrupt science, Acid. Dead or alive, it's all just part of the dance."

"You truly are crazy, you know that?"

"And you love crazy."

The End