



112 YOU WERE NEVER THE ONE

BELLE'S POV 1

Early the following day, once it was daybreak, Belle woke up.

She itched her eyes and stretched slowly.

Then she looked around, hoping to see Xaden by her side.

But there was no one.

She jerked up immediately.

Where was he? Where had he gone, too?

Hadn't he come into her room last night?

And then the events of last night played in her head once again.

And she remembered it all.

He had come to find her.

He had even mounted her, ready to mate with her, but then, for some reason, he stopped and ran off.

She looked towards the door and saw it was



broken down, supporting the vague memory.

She jumped up.

The spell hadn't worked! Where had he gone?

He hadn't mated with her.

Belle felt her heart crushed, and she began to weep in agony.

She wore her dress as she wept, and her handmaiden came in.

"Your majesty." The servant said. "Is everything alright? I heard some noises."

The servant gasped at the door, seeing how it and parts of the wall were severely broken down.

"My goodness, what happened?" the servant gasped. Then, when she saw the princess tear-stricken, she ran to her. "Your majesty, are you alright?"

Belle grabbed a nearby vase and screamed as she threw it at the servant. "GET OUT!"

Luckily, the servant dodged and ran out, bumping into another confused servant.

Belle flung another object; this time, it was—a



candle holder.

"GET OUT!" She cried. "ALL OF YOU! GET OUT!"

They all ran off, and she wept angrily as she broke down things.

Then, she hurried out of the room.

As usual, she returned to her mother's room, hoping to find her mother and Aunt Cherry together.

She kicked down the door. 2

"Belle?!" The two women gasped. "What's wrong?!"

"Dear, you should never run down looking like you've been through hell and out. You're a princess, for crying out loud. What would the commoners say if they saw you like this?" Aunt Cherry said.

"I have no desire or care in the world about my appearance." Belle was weeping like a spoilt child. "Oh, mother! Oh, aunt! It didn't work! The spell didn't work!"

Her aunt Cherry looked at her in astonishment. "What do you mean it didn't work, girl? That was a certified dark magic spell. There was no way in hell it didn't work!"



"It didn't work!" Belle screamed, angry at always being talked down. "It didn't work!"

"What do you mean? That's not possible. We did everything we were supposed to."

"Mother, I said it didn't work!" Belle interrupted her mother. "It didn't bloody work!"

"Language!" Cherry chastised.

"Oh, go to hell, old woman!" Belle snapped, shocking them all. "I would bloody well say what I wish, and you will do nothing! Your spell didn't work!"

Belle sat down in the bed and began to shake.

"Dear, can you tell us what really happened?" her mother asked her gently. They were now aware that Belle had become like a porcupine, ready to throw her spikes at anyone who dared come near her.

"He came into my room! We were about to mate! And..." she began to weep. "A-and he j-just ran o-of."

She burst into uncontrollable tears again.

Her mother and aunt looked at each other, unsure what to say.



Before they could speak, they heard the castle bells being rung.

They all jumped

"What's that for?!" Belle asked.

Before they could stop her, she ran to the balcony to see what was happening.

They went after her and watched what was happening while her mother tried to pull her back in.

"Don't touch me!" Belle warned her mother, and her mother backed away.

Belle watched and saw all the Alphas standing at attention and the high priestess waiting in white at their front, all facing towards the forest.

Belle watched on, further confused about what was going on.

"What are they all waiting for?" She asked no one in particular.

Then she saw her father and mother walk and join those standing. 4

Then she saw someone walking towards them.

She frowned as she squinted well to see who it

was and what they were doing.

She couldn't see from the so far distance because the balcony was high up. 1

She rushed back into the room and searched for a pair of binoculars. 1

She found it in a drawer and grabbed it.

She rushed back to the balcony and used it to see clearly.

It was Xaden!

She gasped.

Then she frowned and noticed that he was carrying something in his arms.

She frowned and then used the binoculars again to zoom in closely as she approached.

Xaden was shirtless with only his pants and no one other than Jasmine hung in his arms. 1

She felt faint and took a weak step back, almost falling.

Her mother caught her. "Belle. You must get a grip of yourself."

"Don't touch me!" Belle screamed, freeing herself from her mother's embrace.



She rushed to view them, and this time, she didn't need a pair of binoculars to see him progress towards the castle gates.

She wanted to rip her hair out.

"No, tell me he didn't!" Belle wept. "Tell me he didn't."

"You need to know the truth," Cherry said. "He ran off to her because you went strong enough for him. It's not the spell that was the problem. It was you, and she was the maiden! He mates with her, and he didn't even notice you." 1

"Aunt!" Belle's mother said.

"She needs to know!" Cherry said. "Do you know why that girl is stronger than you even though she is a slave and she is poor and dirty and ugly compared to you? Do you?! It's Because she is your mother's late sister's daughter."

Belle didn't blink. "W-what? B-but I-thought she d-died." 1

"She didn't." Her mother sighed.

"And do you know what? She is older than you by a year, and you know what that means?" Cherry asked. "She is the true heir of the crown. Not you." 1

