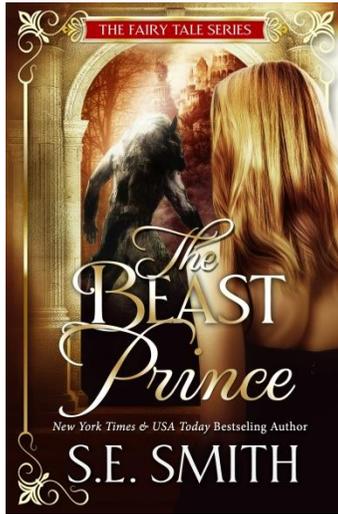


**The Beast Prince:  
The Fairy Tale Series**



**By S.E. Smith**

## **Acknowledgments**

I would like to thank my husband Steve for believing in me and being proud enough of me to give me the courage to follow my dream. I would also like to give a special thank-you to Sally, Debbie, Julie, Jolanda and Narelle, who listen to me, read my stories, and encourage me to be me.

—S. E. Smith

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THE BEAST PRINCE: THE FAIRY TALE SERIES

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Summary: A cursed prince hopes the unusual young woman that steps through

an enchanted doorway can break the spell cast upon him before it is too late.

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## **Synopsis**

Lisa Tootles discovers more than she expects when she steps through an enchanted doorway during a game of Manhunt with her cousins. On the other side is a Prince that has been cursed.

Sharden is running out of time. Cursed before he was even born, he waits by the doorway for the one the witch said could break the spell. What he gets is a curvy human woman who doesn't have a clue that his world even existed, much less how to break a curse.

Join Lisa and Sharden as they discovered that it doesn't matter what you look like on the outside; it is who you are on the inside that counts in this delightful fairy tale.

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## Chapter 1

Lisa laughed as she ran through the meadow. It was almost midnight, but that didn't stop the fun that had started over an hour before. If anything, it made the game of manhunt even more fun. She and almost a dozen members of her adopted family, ranging in age from four to forty, had decided that sitting around the fire listening to their parents, grandparents, and cousins reminisce about the 'good ole days' was about as exciting as attending a funeral.

Lisa grimaced, that probably wasn't the best analogy to use considering that was the reason everyone was there; for her great grandmother's funeral. Breathless, she slid down behind a large bale of hay and tried to catch her breath. Laying her hand on her stomach, she leaned back against the coarse straw and listened. The funeral today had been drawn out with almost a hundred family and friends attending. What had surprised Lisa was that her grandparents had insisted on having a huge fire that evening at the old cottage that her great-grandmother had owned outside the city of Bath, England.

She stared up at the glittering stars. From the few times that she had been to England, it was a rare occurrence to be able to see them. With a sigh, she grinned and made a wish on a falling star as it flashed across the sky. Closing her eyes, she thought of her wish – to find a place where she felt like she

belonged. She opened her eyes and shook her head. At twenty, she knew she still had plenty of time to discover that, but still....

"Oh, crap," she whispered when she heard the sound of footsteps followed by a loud yell and a squeal.

One of her cousins had found another member of her team. Afraid that she would get caught, Lisa held the tiny purse she always carried against her hip and scooted around the side of the haystack before she took off running. She ran down the path, veering to the left when she saw someone with a light up ahead. A short distance later, the path became more overgrown. Slowing to a walk, she glanced back over her shoulder before she shrugged. She was tired and could use the break.

A slight frown creased her brow as she continued down the narrow trail. She didn't remember this path from her explorations over the last week. She was about to fumble for the small flashlight that she had when the path opened up and the full moon overhead shone down on the remains of an old building of some type.

Lisa stopped and stared in curiosity at the crumbling bricks. The only thing left was an arched doorway and the low brick walls. She could see a tree on the other side of it, but what was really strange was that it looked like it was the middle of the day on the other side. Shaking her head, she briefly looked behind her again and bit her lip before turning to stare at the doorway.

She tilted her head and silently argued with herself for several long minutes before straightening her shoulders in determination. She wasn't a wimp and she didn't need anyone to hold her hand. Clutching the small flashlight in one hand and pulling her cell phone out of the pocket of her jeans, she slowly stepped through the crumbling entrance.

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