

Chapter 66

Anaiah's POV

There are Hundreds of people outside the city gates, they look pale, hungry, and dirty, many were women and children, and the men are talking to the guards, trying to enter the walls of the city. Leondre steps forward and clear his throat. Their gazes turn to him and they all get on their knees, bowing. It is an incredible moment.

Where are they from? I can smell wolves but also bears and a few Lycans in their presence.

'What is going on here?' Leondre asks in that intimidating voice of his. A man and a tall thin woman step forward. They have similar traits with the same markings on their face and arms. They bow in respect before talking

'My king, we are from the pear moon pack, a month ago we were attacked and forced to flee our homes,' The female answers clearly. I squint my eyes

'Who attacked you?'

'The north Werebear pack,'

'Up Northern part?' Murmurs my brother and I turn to him

'Do you know this pack?'

'Not personally but I've heard about them, they are the most dominating Werebear pack for miles and that is where their king and his two heirs reside, they are a large and wealthy pack too,' he tells me. I nod and turn back to face the woman that spoke

'Were you in battle with them?'

'No, my Queen, we weren't allies but we lived peacefully in the region before the sudden attack,' she says.

'That's peculiar,'

Could it be related to the attack we faced? I ask myself

'We were also assailed by them and were forced to flee; they took our land and half of our warriors' A huge man with a large beard emerges from the crowd. He is a Lycan by the smell of it. His fists are clenched and he has a huge scar across his face.

'How many packs are here?'

'Four,'

These people have traveled from another part of the region to find sanctuary here.

The leaders of the destroyed packs step forward and my heart sinks to see a girl no older than eighteen among them, she has blonde hair and baby-blue eyes, she is visibly scared and cold but her face is stern and determined.

'How many are your people?' I ask gently, her eyes riveted behind her members and then to me.

'Hundred and one, we were many but we didn't stand a chance against the Werebears and rogues so my father asked me to lead the surviving members and come to the main city to find the surviving royal members,' She informs, I exchange a glance with Enrique, most werewolves have heard about royals being alive.

'What's your name?'

'Samantha Wilson,'

I give her a tiny smile and her eyes light up.

'You all can't enter the main city,' They gaze at Leondre with pleading looks, the hope on their faces all dim and the children and women cry louder

'Not now, at least,'

'However, we shall provide tents and warm food for you while we look for a solution,'

These people are over a thousand and they need accommodation.

My brother and mate immediately start making calls to get arrangements ready while I ask the nearby restaurants to prepare food and tea for everyone, we are in December so it's chilly and I notice that most of them don't have enough clothes to cover them against the cold season.

In an hour or so, trucks of wood came, and we started a fire in groups. Angie and Mutinta were distributing blankets to those with families and kids. Jake, Jack, and Dan were unloading more supplies while my mate helped to build up large tents.

Arya and a few others isolated the kids who lost their parents and got their names. Everyone had something to do and I was surprised when the mass joined us to set up.

'Luna, the tents are not enough and there are sick elderly who need medical attention... also the medicine the general hospital brought is barely enough for the kids,' says Justine, indeed, they were coughing, others even throwing up. We needed more help if we are to cater for all these people

'We can handle that tomorrow and I think for now we'll have to work with what we have,' says Arya. It was late already and we have been trying to make everyone as comfortable as they could be.

'But these people need help and they need it today,' I sigh.

'Okay let's just do what we can do,' I nod and start distributing the warm food Angie brought, they were standing in a line and each that received was grateful. My eyes sway to Samantha, she is in a corner, looking around. A few tears ran down her face but she wipes them quickly, our eyes met, she only smiled and nod. I felt a kind of familiarity with her and I approached her.

'Hey, are you doing, okay?' I ask, putting a large coat on her shoulder. She puts her phone away and gives me her attention.

'Papa is dead, I felt it,'

I pull her for a hug and she wraps her arms around me reluctantly, unsure if she could. She sobs quietly and detaches herself

'I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't cry. I need to be strong for my pack,'

I shake my head and tilt her face so she can look at me

'It's okay to cry, Samantha, you lost your family,' I tell her gently.

'You need to know that the Princess isn't behind these attacks,'