

Prologue

Three years ago, the world's strongest pack fell to a single blood crazed wolf. Nobody knew how one person could topple an entire territory. Or what he done to emerge victorious in the bloodshed that ensued. Nobody talked and nobody knew much of the one who became a tyrant seemingly in the blink of an eye.

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One thing was for sure, and that's that in a mere few hours, the leading pack of the world had fallen. The Roman Empire wasn't built in a day. But it certainly fell in one.

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After this wolf out of the shadows gained the title of Alpha, he held it quietly. Connections were cut off with his new pack. What happened within those borders were a mystery to the rest of the world. But rumors seem to have their way of spreading.

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People talked of the new Alpha spilling blood at every turn. How he would slaughter dozens without even being provoked. That this one wolf was so absurdly powerful that he ruled by himself: no Luna, no Beta, no adversaries. Yet nobody knew what drove him.

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Three long years this went on. Eventually any more news of the pack fell silent. Until one day, it becomes loud. That day, something happens that shakes every werewolf to their core.

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The tyrant Alpha is exiled.

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Driven away from his own claimed territory.

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The pack struggled to rebuild a pack that, left Alpha-less and weak. But they were no longer anyone's concern. The world had their eyes on the one whom they threw out instead.

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Word spread rapidly that the Exiled Alpha is with a vengeance. That he roams the woods, trespassing from territory to territory just looking for another pack to conquer. To rule.

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Every wolf across the globe quivers. On edge and paranoid. Doing whatever they can to prepare themselves, to ward off the monster lurking somewhere out in the woods.

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And the Visari pack is no exception. Although their new Alpha has a different approach to the threat. And that is to take a Luna to fortify the pack's leadership. The more leaders, the more intimidation to outsiders. Right?

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