

Fated out Chapter 93

93 Meetings...

Nathan

...That will be all for today. Those of you who need to submit proposals should have it on my desk by the end of this week”

Everyone at the round table nodded before they rose to their feet and started filing out of the meeting room. This would be my seventh meeting for the day and my head was already spinning. I was hungry but I couldn’t spare the time to stop even for a simple meal.

I reached for the coffee cup groaning in annoyance when I noticed it was empty. Just before the last person exited the meeting room, my eyes landed on Gamma Cole and the security budget sent by the finance department earlier flashed into my mind.

Without delay, I called out to him. “Gamma Cole, a moment please.”

He nodded to his other subordinates, telling them to go on while he came back to where I was sitting at the head of the table.

“Alpha, you called.”

As usual, I was still trying to get used to my title so it always startled me whenever I was called.

“Yes,” I nodded motioning for him to sit. “I saw the security budget sent by the financial department on my desk today and I was thinking we could review it together, see if there’s something to take out or to add.

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As he settled down, I pulled out the file and opened it before me. I rubbed at my temple eyes darted to the staggering figures but it didn’t matter to me. Keeping the pack secured was the first thing I wanted to do before any other thing and with the recent Feral attacks, proactive measures need to be taken.

I flipped

through the documents, studying the illustrations in the weapon section. “We need to make some upgrades to our current systems as stated here. I already reviewed your proposal for strengthening patrols, but I’d like us to look into getting better weapons as well. What do you

think?”

Cole leaned forward with a thoughtful expression. “Of course, Alpha, as I stated in the proposal, upgrading weapons would be wise. Our current stock is efficient but it’s outdated. We could benefit from faster reloads and lighter material that give our warriors better mobility.”

“These upgrades,” I said tapping a particular line item. “Tell me more about why you think we

need them.”

He nodded. “The attack on our Alpha who was among the delegates sent to the Annual Moon Goddess Festival and the losses we suffered in terms of the warriors that went with him is an

Indication that we’re behind in terms of artillery.”

“What do you mean?”

1840

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93 Meetings.....

fatal blows. Our warriors are strong no doubt, but facing those Ferals with claws and fangs is suicide. So, these weapons,” he pointed at the illustrations on the weapon page.

“Are modern weapons – specialized silver cured with wolfsbane rounds that have proven to weaken a Feral at the first shot and kill it with at least five shots. We would also need better communication devices, upgraded surveillance and custom Sodium Chloride–tipped bolts, they’re effective against Trinaxes and Ferals and easy to train with.

I nodded slowly, impressed. “And these training programs?” I flipped to the next page. “Should we be intensifying each training session now when the entire region is on High–security alert?” Cole nodded. “Essential, Alpha. We need every warrior cross–trained in both traditional combat and modern warfare techniques. Also, there’s a special training technique I saw at the library regarding warriors that go to fight with a Moonsinger, it appears it’s different from what we are taught. In case the Moonsnger shows up, we want to be prepared adequately and those skills can only be taught to us by Sigma Wolves or a High Priestess. We can’t afford to be caught unprepared again.”

“Agreed,” I made some notes in the margin. “I’ll approve the budget right away so that we can start procuring those weapons. Do you want me to reach out to the Alpha of the Golden Gates. Pack? It’s the only pack in our region that has a Moon temple that trains Sigma wolves right?”

“Yes, Alpha...” Cole nodded.

“Then it’s settled.” I scribbled my signature on the budget and handed it to him. “Could you drop this at the finance department on the way? And tell them to take note of those things I jotted at the margin. I want no expense to be spared when acquiring these equipment.”

“I’ll relate your message, he nodded and started for the door again when I remembered something else.

“About the shifts – I want a restructure to what we have on ground.”

He came back to me, his gaze filled with curiosity. “What do you mean, Alpha?” *www.n(ø)vélwO®m.c(ø)m*

“I think the current morning, afternoon and night rotation shifts aren’t sufficient. I want the warriors and the guards stationed all over the pack to have to work for four hours every 24 hours only”

Cole raised an eyebrow. “What did you have in mind?” *www.n(ø)vélwO®m.c(ø)m*

“Add two intermediate shifts one between the morning and the noon shifts and another between late afternoon and night. Plus an extra during the night shift. As I spoke, I was

scribbling what I was saying on a piece of paper. “It would mean more rotations of course but I think the warriors are stretched too thin. We don’t want them to be too tired, especially at these

times.”

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Cole considered it for a moment before nodding, a glint of approval in his eyes. “That will require more recruitment but I agree fresh, alert warriors are better than exhausted ones. We’ll implement the shorter shifts immediately to allow more rest.”

“And at least a 48–hour cycle before a warrior is put on shift again. These are delicate times, Gamma Cole...we need everyone to spend more time with their families.”

An appreciative glint passed through his eyes as he nodded. “These changes would make us work even harder.”

“Good. And about the alarm system – we need something–effective, something discreet that would be used amongst guards and warriors alone, so it doesn’t cause panic among pack members in case of an attack. See what you can come up with and don’t be worried about expenses... our lives are more important than the money.”

“Understood,” Cole replied, giving a respectful nod. “I’ll look into various options and have a proposal on your desk by tomorrow, Alpha.”

I smiled and clapped his shoulder. “Thank you, Cole. You’ve been an invaluable asset since Alpha Logan. I hope we can work better together.”

He gave me a small smile. “It’s my honour, Alpha Nathan.” With that, he excused himself and I watched him go, feeling a surge of pride at how all my suggestions were welcomed.

Gamma Cole and Alpha Logan didn’t see eye–to–eye on a lot of things and I was glad we were getting along. *www.n(ø)vélwO®m.c(ø)m*

At least... for the meantime.