

# The Legendary Warrior

By Phoenix Rafael  
prafael@myprivacy.ca

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 2.5 Canada License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/2.5/ca/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.

Disclaimer: If it is illegal to read this where you are, then don't read it. This story is completely fictional. Any similarities to any persons or events, past or present are purely coincidental. This story may contain scenes which involve sexual situations.

Author's Note: The rank's used in this article are from the Canadian military, except for the Commander rank on which I made a mistake, so it represents the rank of Lt Col.

For those of you who want to know better what Keith looks like... think of a twi'lek from *Star Wars*, but red skin, and you have Keith and his family.

You can visit my new website at [www.phoenix-writing.com](http://www.phoenix-writing.com)

## Chapter Eight

“So what should we do?” Jason asked, speaking to the person on his communications monitor in his quarters.

“Continue on with what was planned.” The masculine voice replied.

“Are you certain that is a safe course of action?” Jason queried.

“Yes.” was the simple reply before the communication ended.

Uniform on, Jason stepped out of his quarters. He walked down the hall to the elevator, finally ending up in the mess hall. It was dinner time, and he was mad hungry. After getting what looked like spaghetti and sauce, he walked over to a table, sitting with one of the Security crew members.

“How are you today, Master Corporal?” Jason asked of the almost human looking male.

The Master Corporal looked over at Jason. “Fi... fine, sir.”

Jason smiled, “You don't have to call me sir, we're off duty.”

The Master Corporal smiled back. “Thank you, Jason. Please will you call me Ka'teth?”

Jason nodded, sipping is orange juice. “Sure thing, Ka'teth.”

"How long have I known you now anyway?" Jason queried.

Ka'teth hmmed a little. "To be honest, I don't remember."

Jason simply smiled, and went back to eating his food. The fact was, he'd been friends with Ka'teth since he came aboard the ship.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Chancellor! I want another option!" Keith demanded.

"I'm sorry your Majesty, but there isn't another one. We either evacuate the city, or have the cell arrested before they can cause any harm." Massamo informed him at this special meeting of the cabinet.

Keith sighed a little. "I don't want to put Jason's life in any more jeopardy than necessary. I love him." He closed his eyes a moment. "Do you know how hard it was to let him go in the first place? I am incensed that there's no one else who could go on the RSS Hephaestus."

A lady with orange hair, spaghetti like, and dark grey skin spoke up. "Your Majesty, the cells know everyone in intelligence. We would have no chance. It's Imperial Intelligence's flag ship. He really was the only one who could find the problem, even though it was his idea."

Keith looked grimly at the lady. "Minister Spa'cHon, I want a full review of your department by the end of the week. I want to know why it is I had to send the Queen into harm's way because of your department's apparent failure."

"And if it's late, I'm going to execute the people responsible." Keith offered.

"But.... but... your Majesty, Imperial Intelligence is a large department. A week isn't enough time." The Minister tried to make the excuse.

"Bullshit! You can and will have it done, use any personnel you need from your department or Imperial Security to get it done. I will hear no more excuses!" Keith scolded.

Massamo looked over to Keith. "Did his Majesty the Queen forgive you, your Majesty?"

Keith looked down at the mahogany table for a few moments. He quietly replied, "Yes. He still very deeply loves me. But he said that if it ever happens again, he'll bring down the entire political system."

Massamo cringed. "If the Queen refuses to do his job... we could have a constitutional crisis."

Keith looked up to Massamo. "And the power is all in his hands. There's nothing we can do about it."

\*\*\*\*\*

*There will be a GREAT CRY in the time of the first gay rulers. If left to fester, it will*

*DESTROY the empire, and throw the known universe into chaos. If healed, it will lead to a great love, so strong, that no one will be able to stand in its way. The empire will know peace.*

- Joseph 27:55

So time passed. Two months in fact. Jason was still on the Imperial Intelligence flagship, discovering the movements of the cell dedicated to destroying the capital. It turns out the original plan to bomb the leffe "next week" had to be postponed... due to of all things... no one being in the leffe. They took an unintentional recess. Even Jason was a little disappointed in their actions.

He was quietly nursing a glass of orange juice in the mess hall, letting his mind wander a bit. He hadn't seen Keith for more than a few hours before he shipped out. It was a matter of life and death. He told Keith he would take him back, and that he loved him dearly. Both very true.

Jason let out a sigh as he thought about his husband, and partner. He hated having to put on the facade. Having to kiss Mantha, or have sex with him, just to get the information they needed. He was hoping they could arrest them soon.

Mantha walked into the mess hall, joining his "boyfriend" at the table. He remained silent too, knowing better than to interrupt Jason's train of thought. Then Master Corporal Ka'teth came in, doing the same thing. It was just a quiet time in the mess hall. Odd really, since it can get to be quite loud there.

The doors to the mess hall opened, and Colonel Coraw entered flanked by a security detachment. The detachment went over behind Mantha, as the Colonel dropped to one knee with a few members of the detachment.

"Colonel..." Jason started to speak hesitantly, "What are you doing?"

"Your Majesty, we apologize for the interruption." The Colonel spoke, her head lifted and looking at Jason. "We've had to take the cell into custody, and we're taking the leader in now. But that's not the reason I'm here, sir."

"Then why are you here, Colonel?" Jason asked with more confidence. Master Corporal Ka'teth just looked in awe, not knowing how important his friend is. The Security officers already had Mantha in cuffs, ready to take him away. He was being forcefully held in place for the moment, his face that of anger, but he didn't speak for fear of being executed.

The Colonel took a deep breath. "Well, it's about His Imperial Majesty, Pharaoh Keith the first. He's been hurt in a terrorist plot. One of the cells went ahead and tried to attack the leffe without backup. We didn't know they would attack. His Majesty was inside the leffe when the bomb went off. He was lucky though, the bomb didn't have a lot of power, so he only got a few scrapes. Still, protocol dictates that we are required to inform you."

Jason took in the information, and just quietly nodded. In a quiet tone, Jason said "Thank you, Colonel. Set course for Rigel Prime, please. Best speed. I should be there to see him."

The Colonel rose, and nodded. "Aye, sir." The Security team escorted Mantha out of the mess hall, on the way to the brig. The Colonel trotted off to operations to get them all underway.

Ka'teth looked over at Jason with a raised eyebrow. "Your Majesty?" he asked questioningly. Jason and them got close in the time they had known each other.

"You would never guess, would you?" Jason queried.

"No, but shouldn't an underling be doing undercover ops?" Ka'teth queried.

Jason shrugged a little. "Couldn't. Between everyone on this ship, y'all know everyone in Imperial Intelligence. Seeing as I already had a rank and profile, I came in."

"How is it you have those?" Ka'teth queried further.

"I got them before his Majesty the Pharaoh and I got married." Jason explained. He then sunk a little into his thoughts, hoping that Keith would remain okay.

Ka'teth noticed the sullen look on Jason's face. "Are you ok?"

Jason looked to his friend for a moment. "I will be."

\*\*\*\*\*

Jason sat by Keith's hospital bed. He was just asleep. The doctor told him Keith could go home tomorrow, they were just keeping him for observation. He had some shrapnel that had to be removed surgically.

A page came up to Jason. "Your Majesty, I have the document here for your signature."

Jason took a look at it, and applied his signature to the bottom, along with his royal seal.

"And I have the other document." The page offered it to Jason, who repeated the process.

"I will send these off ASAP." The page said, and left the room.

When Jason looked back, Keith's eyes were open, looking at him. Jason smiled a little. "How do you feel?"

Keith offered a small yawn. "Like I was in the middle of a war zone."

Jason snickered a little. "You *were* in the middle of a war zone, you dufus."

Keith huffed a little playfully. "Well if you're going to call me a dufus," his hands came to Jason's sides, "I'll just have to tickle you!" And of course, tickling commenced.

But for Jason's sanity, he wasn't stuck to any machines or a hospital bed, so when the fun was over, the two exchanged a long, passionate kiss. Jason sat on the bed, holding Keith in

his arms lovingly.

“What did you do with the terrorist cells?” Keith quietly asked.

“You'll see. Consider it an early birthday present.” Jason grinned.

Keith smirked a little. “My birthday isn't for another 6 months!”

Jason gave a fake look of horror. “Oh no! I'll simply have to get you another present then. Would you like socks, or another terrorist group?”

Keith hmmed playfully a little. “Are those the only two choices?”

Jason smiled, “No, of course not. I prefer you without socks anyway.” Jason leaned in and stole a kiss from Keith. “Maybe I'll have to visit one of those adult stores the next time I'm on Earth.”

Keith smiled in return. “I think I'd like that.”

*“The true secrets, the important things. Fourteen words to make someone fall in love with you forever. Seven words to make them go without pain, or to say goodbye to a friend who is dying. How to be poor, how to be rich, how to rediscover dream the world has stolen from you.”*

-- *Elric to Captain Sheridan in Babylon 5: "The Geometry of Shadows"*