

Love, unconventionally.

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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.

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From Chapter Thirteen

"Jason, please. You don't need to call me that. Mom is fine. Or if you insist, you can use 'hey you'." The Queen smiled, as did Jason.

"To answer your question, I will be fine. I was worried for my son." She turned, quietly walking down the hall, leaving Jason alone in the room with his lover.

Jason looked over at Keith, and walked over to the bed. He leaned over, and kissed Keith's forehead. "Sweet dreams."

For the first time in a few months, Jason left the hospital to go find a comfortable bed.

Chapter Fourteen

While Keith was still in a coma...

Jason sat down on a medium sized leather sofa, near a large mahogany desk inside the Pharaoh's office. He had been asked to meet him here, and glanced around carefully.

Pharaoh Limesley stepped into the office. Jason started to stand, but the Pharaoh motioned for him to sit. He walked over and sat next to Jason.

"I am an old man" The Pharaoh started to say. Jason started to object, but the Pharaoh raised a hand to ask Jason to hold comments.

"My people live a long time, but we are not meant to stay on the throne forever, Jason. I know you love my son, I see it inside of you." The Pharaoh said, quietly, but passionately.

"When my son wakes up, I want you two to be married, as soon as... what's the expression I heard used... as soon as humanly possible?" He looked to Jason to make sure he used it correctly. Jason simply nodded.

"You want to know why. I am set in my ways. There are things I cannot do because I am ineffective to do them, but they need doing. I want you two to be married, so my wife and I can pass the throne on to you and Keith." The Pharaoh said, watching.

Jason couldn't not speak at this moment. "I'm sorry, what? Why? Why me? I understand Keith, he's your son. But why me? I've only known you a little under a year, yet you want me to be the head of state of such a large Empire? How do you know you can trust me?"

"Faith, Jason. You and Keith both know that if you marry, it is forever. You cannot divorce. Plus I have seen a great amount of you, as has my family these past few month's while Keith has been in his coma. My son trusts you, my daughter trusts you, the Chancellor trusts you. It could very well be that I'm making the biggest mistake ever, or the best ever. Either way, we see dramatic change!" The Pharaoh exclaimed.

"When... when do you want us to get married?" Jason tried to ask.

"Soon" The Pharaoh said, standing. "If you wish anyone to attend the wedding, let me know, and I will have them brought here."

"Um... thank you" Jason replied quietly.

"It will be ok, Jason. It will be ok." The Pharaoh left the office.

Jason quietly laid on the bed in the guest quarters that had been provided for him. He had a lot to think about. First the Pharaoh wanted to step down, and then Keith came out of his coma. Could this get any stranger, he wondered.

The viewscreen across from the bed came alive.

"Mr. Bezner, you have a call. Shall I put it though?" The voice said. It was a female voice, but almost sounded artificial.

"Why would I have a call here? No one even knows I'm here..." Jason started to object.

"Apparently someone knows you are here, Major." The voice said.

"Fine! Put it through!"

The face of his boss came on the screen.

"Major, good to see you've been kept safe." Ivana said.

"I suppose. Is there a reason you called?" Jason inquired.

"Yes, his Majesty has requested a security check of your family and close friends. I need some details on that. I gather you won't be with us for much longer." She said evenly.

"Wha... what do you mean?" Jason looked a bit surprised by her statement.

"Your marriage... to the Crown Prince. It was on the request form for the security check. I don't suppose I'll be invited to the wedding though." She said, a little disappointed.

"No one is being invited, at least, not by me. I gather it's going to be very small, shot-gun style wedding." Jason said a little grimly.

"I'm not familiar with a shot-gun wedding, Major." The woman replied.

"It means it will be very soon, and very quick." Jason sighed.

"Well, I suppose congratulations are in order. I'll be in touch with the results. Imperial Intelligence out." The viewscreen went blank.

Jason got more comfortable on the bed. He heard some footsteps coming towards his room. "Now what...?" Before he could say anything, three men all dressed in black grabbed Jason, putting a black hood over his head, and dragged him out of the room.

Jason groaned, slowly opening his eyes. There was a sole lightbulb, hanging over the wooden chair on which he sat. He couldn't see anything except his own feet.

"Wh... where am I?" Jason groaned.

"Where you need to be, Major" replied the male voice.

"And where is that?" Jason asked, tiredly.

"Here" the man replied, simply.

"And who are you?" Jason tried to get some sort of information.

"We're the Tal'Shiar."