

The Legendary Warrior

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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.

This story is new book based upon my previous series entitled *Love, Unconventionally*.

<http://ca.groups.yahoo.com/group/phoenix-writing>

Chapter One

“Get them off the streets!” shouted the man, fire everywhere, the sky looking pitch black against the orange of the fires. The area looked like it had just been bombed back to the stone age.

“No... no...” Jason rolled around in his sheets crying out, the nightmare reliving itself. Finally he jolted awake, sitting up in the bed. He looked around the room with the white walls, and a few posters, mainly of male celebrities. This was *his* bedroom. The bedroom he had grown up in.

Jason was visiting his parents on Earth for a few days. It had been two years since he had been married to Keith. Luckily for him, no one on Earth recognized Jason as the new Queen, so he could move about in relative obscurity. Keith on the other hand... aliens still weren't all that present or noticeable on Earth, despite having joined the Rigellian Empire just over two years ago. Keith with his red skin would have stuck out, everyone would know that he is the Pharaoh. A desperate, but separate vacation was required.

Jason gave a cringe, wondering why his mouth always tasted like cardboard when he woke up. Showering, Jason put on his trademark t-shirt and jeans, heading down to the kitchen. Royalty or not, he wasn't recognized in a t-shirt and jeans, and he liked wearing them.

His security detail were all plain clothed during this trip, and remained far enough away that it wouldn't seem like they were traveling together. And in case there was an issue, Jason carried his id with him.

After getting some breakfast, he noticed the house devoid of people. Of course it was a Monday, and everyone was likely at work. Work... Jason smiled. Something he didn't have to do anymore. Well, at least it wasn't the same work. His job was far from boring.

Last week Jason had met Ambassador Haff Babbalig of the Fanseel Consortium. He had just been appointed, and Queen Jason received him in his office. The guy was likable, but one thing Jason noticed that stood out was that all Ambassador's that had been sent to him were all in their mid

fourties to fifties, and about over half of them were male. Jason made a mental note to appoint a twenty-something Ambassador sometime.

Jason looked at the counter, wondering where the keys were for his old car. His parents had kept it for his sister, he didn't exactly need to drive anywhere anymore. If he had wanted, he could take a limo, but thought it too lavish, and that it would attract too much attention. His car had a classic lived-in feel.

Driving down the busy road, Jason noticed a crowd outside Cindy's house. Cindy had been Jason's best friend of 15 years. He parked on the road, slowly making his way up the driveway to the barricades. A man stopped him at the barricade. "I'm sorry, sir. We can't let you in."

"Why not?" Jason queried, watching the police officer.

The officer cleared his throat. "Chancellor Massamo is in there with his boyfriend." The officer cringed at the word boyfriend.

Jason simply raised an eyebrow, and flashed his ID for the police officer.

The police officer started to studder... "I'm... sorry... I'm sorry... your Majesty. I didn't... recognize..." Jason just pushed pasta the officer and went into the house.

Walking into the living room, Jason saw Massamo and Ethan chatting on the sofa while his two God daughter's were playing quietly. Jason looked around a bit, as if he was looking for someone.

"Your Majesty" Ethan and Massamo started to stand, but Jason waved them off.

"Where's Cindy?" Jason asked calmly of the two.

"She's at work, and will return in a few minutes." Ethan replied.

Jason motioned to outside. "Was the barricade and such *really* necessary, Massamo?"

Massamo just fidgeted in his seat. He was 5 years Jason's junior, and despite being the Chancellor of the Empire, he still reported to Pharaoh Keith and Queen Jason.

"My... security detail suggested..." Massamo started to say.

"Next time, tell your security detail that it is too much. Cindy will probably have a heart attack when she gets home!" Jason wasn't happy with these two.

Massamo's face just fell, and he jumped off the sofa, and ran outside to quickly have them remove the barricade. Cindy barely tolerated Massamo. She wanted her ex-husband Ethan involved in the kid's lives, but she would not let the Chancellor interfere with everyday life.

"And finally tonight, the Pharaoh today at a news conference in Jerusalem announced that Empire Day would be held as usual following the terrorist attacks last week at a nearby mosque. His Majesty stated that Imperial Security would have an increased presence, and would be working with local law enforcement to bring those responsible to justice..."

Jason rolled around a bit, the nightmare back in his sleep. He woke up again, a little frightful and saw Keith beside him. His red husband, lover. He got out of bed, slipping on a pair of jeans and t-shirt, and with Keith on his mind, quietly slipped out of the bedroom in search of a midnight snack.

Despite the fact that Jason had lived in the palace for around two years now, he had never been to the kitchen. All his meals were in the dining room or private quarters. They were brought to him when he asked. When he arrived in the kitchen, he grabbed a bowl, going over to the freezer, getting out a tub of strawberry ice cream. He scooped himself some, putting the tub back into the freezer. Bowl and spoon in hand, he walked over to a counter where there were a few stools.

At the counter sat a small boy. Well more than just a boy. He looked to be about sixteen, with dark, black skin, with gold celtic type markings all over his body, his head absent any hair. Jason smiled to the boy. "You got hungry too, did you?"

The boy, or rather, teen looked over at Jason. "Yeah."

Jason took a bite of the ice cream. It tasted almost as good as at home. "I'm Jason" he said casually.

"Jordan" the teen replied simply.

"So Jordan, what has you down here in the kitchen all by yourself?" Jason took another bite.

"I was... worried..." Jordan started to say.

"What about?" Jason asked, curiously.

"A close friend. Oriel is his name." Jordan replied a little.

Jason simply gave a small nod. The two ate their ice cream in silence.

When Jason awoke the next morning, Keith was already at his morning meeting. While Jason could have as much or little involvement in the affairs of state as he chose, he left anything that didn't require his attention to Keith, as it was he who had been brought up for the job.

Jason took a walk down towards the kitchen again, and on his way stopped when he heard some sounds down a hallway he hadn't yet discovered. He saw a small crowd outside the palace gym. Walking from behind, he peered in. The sole occupant of the gym was doing some stomach crunches. He looked to be around 19, caucasian type skin, blue eyes, and red hair. His fingers were a bit bigger and longer than a typical human, and he had a gold line that went around the top of his forehead, around to the back of his head, covered up by the red hair.

One of the girls watching the teen squealed. "Isn't Oriel so dreamy?"

Jason looked and noticed Jordan there, watching the Oriel as well. The teen quickly finished up his workout, and started to walk over towards Jordan. Jason made a point to stay well out of the way, not wanting to be noticed. Oriel wrapped his arms around Jordan, and gave him a small kiss on the forehead.

"NO!" someone shouted, and started to attack Oriel. "How dare you! You cannot be in love with a peasant!" A swing came at Oriel, and violence ensued. As a punch came towards Jason, the Royal Guard came on scene to break up the fight.

One of the guards looked over Jason, "Your Majesty, are you alright?"

Jason looked over at the girl who had started the attack. She looked to be around the same age as Jordan, but her looks were similar to many of the local Rigellians. Green skin, larger heads with squishy parts that came out of the sides, almost like long braided hair.

Jason muttered something about being alright.

“What shall we do with the girl, Majesty?” The Guard asked, yielding the decision to the Queen.

“Take her to the stockade, two days of just bread and water should teach her that peasants are people too!” Jason scolded. He started to walk away, but motioned for Jordan and Oriel to come with him.

Jason looked at Jordan and Oriel who sipped their tea in his private sitting room. Jason refused to serve anything but tea, out of respect for Earth heritage. Today it was some sort of tea from India, next week it would probably be Japanese tea.

“So, how long have you two been a couple?” Jason calmly asked.

“About a month, your Majesty” Oriel replied, a little nervous.

“My friends call me Jason. Everyone else calls me your Majesty. If you are sitting here, you are my friend.” Jason said simply.

Oriel and Jordan just nodded, but relaxed a little.

“So tell me about how you two met” Jason said a little.

Oriel started to tell the tale...

One sunny day he was working out in the palace gym. Jordan had come by with some clean towels for the change room. No one was around, so following the workout, the two of them went to share a drink together, and every day after that shared a drink, information, and companionship.

About a week ago, Oriel started getting noticed by some of the nobles, and aristocracy, along with some of the other young people in the palace. They came by for a half hour every day to watch him work out. Jordan rarely came by, but happened be there today. It was about the time they started to formally be a couple.

Jason hummed a little at the tale, not knowing a lot about palace politics.

“The Crown Prince... I mean... Pharaoh, used to be the talk of the palace, about him being an eligible bachelor and all that. But when he suddenly seemed to be married, the court needed something or someone else to turn their focus on.” Oriel said.

Jason just smirked a little. He looked to Jordan, “So where do you live?”

“I... live on the other side of the city. It's just me and my Dad. I got a job here after school to help pay the bills.” Jordan replied. “Last night I stayed over with Oriel.” He blushed.

Jason nodded a little.

“I'm the son of Minister Kenshin” Oriel started to say. Jason gave him a blank look. He should know who is in the cabinet, but unless it was the Chancellor, he didn't really care.

"She's the Minister of Intergovernmental Affairs." Oriel clarified. Jason simply ahhed.

"Has the Minister met Jordan yet?" Jason asked curiously.

"Nnnoo" Oriel stammered. "I don't think she would like me dating a peasant."

Jason just rolled his eyes. "I suppose she wouldn't like their being a human Queen either, but it's far from a perfect world" he spat out.

Jason stood, and with Oriel and Jordan, walked out of his private quarters. His security detachment joined him, he still in his grey t-shirt and blue jeans. Stopping at a computer terminal of sorts, Jason quickly skimmed it to get the information he required.

Leaving the palace, everyone had to walk briskly to keep up with the Queen's pace.

"Your Majesty, may I ask where we are going?" One of the guards tried to ask.

"To put things right" Jason replied coyly.

Confidential to my Canadian readers: There is a Canadian federal election currently underway. The advanced polls are on October 3rd, 4th and 6th. Election day is October 14th. I am voting for *Elizabeth May* and the [Green Party](#). Whomever you decide to vote for, please make sure you get out to vote!!