

The Legendary Warrior

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Edited by Winter & Rilbur

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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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Chapter Thirteen

*In this fatherland,
Rich and abundant,
The Pharaoh sees us all.
He counsels and defends,
Us against strife and war.*

*We see him in our
Daily lives all happy and gay.
In this fatherland of ours,
We sing for him today.*

- Pharaoh's salute

Keith yawned a little as he got out of bed this morning. He looked around, and both Jason and Mankato were gone. He gave a mental shrug, and went off to take care of his morning routine.

Keith sat at a small table in his suite, eating what humans would swear looked like eggs, but tasted like tomatoes. He mused with a few ideas going on in his head. He couldn't tell why he had slept in late, or why everyone seemed to be gone. He never slept late. He hadn't been able to do that since he became the Pharaoh.

Still naked, he stepped into the hallway outside of his suite, and looked around. No one was there. This was unusual. The palace was always very busy, and this hallway was no exception. A cleaning lady came around the corner finally, but dropped to her knees upon

seeing Keith.

“Your Majesty... you're... you're naked!” She managed to stammer out.

“Yes, yes I am.” Keith gave a big grin before he returned to the suite. He still wondered where everyone was. He suspected the cleaning lady was doing her job, but where was everyone else?

Keith finally put on some clothes, and made his way to his office, where he spent several hours working. During that time no one had come in. Come to think of it, his secretary hadn't been at her desk.

Finally, Keith had enough. He activated his communications terminal, trying to reach his Secretary.

“Your Majesty, what can I do for you?” She asked in a calm voice.

“Ms. Viole'T where is everyone? The palace seems to be... vacant. I was surprised breakfast had been waiting for me, and to see a cleaning lady. It seems eerie.” Keith explained.

“Don't tell me you forgot. His Majesty the Queen would rip you a new hole if he ever found out.” The Secretary explained.

“Okay, I won't tell him. What's going on?” Keith queried, feeling a little worried.

“It's one of the new High Holy days. The Festival of Hera. The Order of the Yellow Rose petitioned the Defender of the Faith to proclaim this as a mandatory holiday. He agreed, and has been helping to organize the local celebrations. It's always been celebrated, just not like this before.”

Keith sighed. He had forgotten, and Jason would kill him if he knew he had forgotten. It had been all he talked about for the last week. “So where is the Queen?”

“Well everything is well underway by now, I imagine if he isn't with one of the monks or Priests, then he's probably heading back to put Mankato down for his nap. The little tyke tired himself out. Had so much fun with the other children. They had all sorts of activities arranged.”

“You sound as if you are proud of the Queen, or even envious.” Keith commented on the tone in her voice.

“Absolutely, your majesty. To be honest, I was never sure how he'd handle the Imperial religion.”

“He seems to like any religion that embraces same-sex couples, Viole'T.” Keith mused.

Viole'T thought about that for a moment. “You know what, I think I agree with you there. He does seem to do that. At least it means he'll defend us.”

“Of that I don't think there was any doubt.”

The festival was over. All the stages, booths, and other various items had been taken down, and everything cleaned up. With a sense of pride and accomplishment, Jason headed back to the palace.

He stepped into his suite, to find the lights all dimmed, and a trail of rose petals leading up to the bedroom. He opened the door to the bedroom to find it covered with rose petals, and several vases full of roses. Laying in the bed was a very naked Keith.

Jason took the sight in, and tried to find his voice. “What... why... Why did you... do this.. Keith? It's not my birthday, it's not Valentines Day, it's not Christmas, so why did you do this?” Not that Jason minded really, he was just surprised.

Keith got out of bed, and walked right up to Jason. Their lips met, and while they enjoyed a passionate kiss, Keith removed any clothing Jason may have had on. Taking Jason's hand, he lead Keith to the bed.

“Jason my love, I have a confession to make.” Keith sounded a bit sad as he made the statement.

Jason got in bed, and watched his lover for a few moments.

“Love, I forgot about the festival today. I am so very sorry. I have no excuses, but I did want to make it up to you.” Keith had a tear in his eyes as he watched Jason. “I don't want to loose you again. It hurt me very deeply the last time you left, after I had hurt you. I never wanted to hurt you again. I am really sorry I forgot, my love. I hope you can forgive me.”

Jason studied Keith for a few moments, his hand caressing Keith's cheek. A smile came to Jason's face, as he gazed into Keith's eyes. “I forgive you, Keith. I see the pain in your eyes, the longing for forgiveness, and in your voice, I hear nothing but love. That said, I know you've been busy lately, and I thought you might forget. I would have forgiven you even if you hadn't done all this.”

A pause. The two of them looked at each other, Keith started to hold Jason. Jason finally spoke, “I have been wrong too, Keith. I am quick to jump, and quick to anger. You're my husband, you deserve better than my quick temper. So I'm trying very hard to hear you out every time something may happen where I might get angry. I love you Keith, and I'm very flattered that you did all this for me.”

The two kissed, no more words needed to be said.