

The Legendary Warrior

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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 Nine

The Legendary Warrior was created by the Gods. Given incredible power and strength, they were meant to be a symbol of peace. They were to enforce the peace, and protect the empire at all costs. For the Warrior, this more often than not means sacrifice is involved from them. Perhaps at a great cost. Sometimes it can be more than the heart can bear.

- Lexia, Goddess of understatements and people named Jason 5:76

Most of the crew was assembled in operations, facing Colonel Jentha Coraw. The Colonel was a nice commander, but if you made her cross, hell had no fury that could match hers.

“Master Corporal Ka'teth, front and centre, please.” The Colonel commanded.

Ka'teth nervously walked out and in front of his commanding officer.

“For meritorious conduct in the line of fire, you have been awarded the Star of the Empire. Further, by order of His Imperial Majesty the Queen, you are hereby promoted to the rank of Ensign with all the privileges and responsibilities of that rank.” The Colonel said loudly so that everyone could hear her.

Ka'teth just blushed, but allowed the rank insignia and award to be pinned to his uniform.

The Colonel smiled a little. “One more thing. This one is really difficult for me, since I've known you for a long time, Ensign. By order of His Imperial Majesty the Queen, you are hereby transferred to the RSS Athena's scream. Report to them 0800 tomorrow morning.”

Ka'teth looked to the Colonel, “Sir, what is the RSS Athena's scream?”

The Colonel looked at the Ensign again. "It is the flag ship of the Queen."

Ka'teth had saved Jason's life. A few hours before their arrival at Rigel Prime, a rogue cell agent they hadn't caught tried to shoot Jason, but Ka'teth took the shot. He spent a week in the medical bay recovering.

Jason had never been to the royal court before. He liked it that way. He valued his anonymity and privacy. Very few people inside or outside of royal circles knew his office was occupied, let alone knowing his name.

A banquet feast was being held this evening in honour of a visiting Ambassador. The Pharaoh had gone ahead to the reception, Jason had plans to show up fashionably late. Dressed in a tux, his crown on and other assorted jewels of state, the royal guard escorted him to the ball room.

Trumpets blared, playing the Queen's standard. "His Imperial Majesty, Jason the first, by the grace of the Gods. Spouse of Pharaoh Keith the first, Chancellor of the Star of the Empire, holder of the sacred parchments of Khoonbish. Queen of the Empire, his realms and territories, and defender of the faith."

Jason smiled as he saw Keith on the dance floor, it's sole occupant. He made his way over slowly, taking Keith's hands. The band started playing a ballad, and with Keith leading, the two danced to the romantic music. From tonight, he would probably never know anonymity again.

As the two danced, Jason noticed all the people watching them. He was aware of the gossip. Many of the young ladies in court, and otherwise, wanted Keith for themselves. Now that wasn't possible. It hadn't been for a few years.

The two radiated love as they danced with each other. Lost in the moment, Jason forgot about the audience, and felt Keith up against him as they danced the closest they had ever dared. Jason had to hold back a tear, he had been worried about Keith when he was in the hospital.

The dance finally ended, and the pair walked over to the head table, being seated. The meal was quickly served. Jason noticed that the kitchen did get his memo that he's a vegetarian. He gave a small smile, and when it was appropriate, slowly started to eat his food. He kept an eye on the room, the only people he really recognized was the cabinet.

Once dinner was over, Keith and Jason were moved to their thrones, still in the dinner attire. They had to formally meet with the Ambassador, and then there would be more dancing. The trumpets played again as the Ambassador approached. Giving a bow of respect, the Ambassador waited until he was spoken to.

"Ambassador Neelie, we welcome you to our Empire." Jason spoke elegantly. "It is with great pleasure that we accept your credentials from Chief Monookian. Do you have other business of which you wish to address with us at this time?"

The Ambassador nodded in the affirmative. “Yes, your Majesties. If it pleases you, I wish to offer you a gift.”

Keith nodded. “We will consider the gift.” Normally gifts were offered anytime an Ambassador came to court. A woman walked up beside the Ambassador. With her in her arms was a small child of about 3 years old. It was a boy.

“Your Majesties, I offer you this young child. He is an orphan in our world, and I know that two of your gender cannot reproduce. His name is Mankato.” The Ambassador spoke. His voice was deep.

Keith and Jason looked a little stunned. Never in their years on the throne had either of them been offered a child. Of course this was Jason's first time being officially on the throne. They had talked about adopting, but never got around to it.

Without even a moment of hesitation, Jason replied. “We accept your gift, Ambassador.”

Jason was quietly watching as the new nanny gave Mankato a bath. For the time being, he and Keith accepted the services of a woman named Gerda. She had been Keith's nanny in her younger days. They already had the royal physician check out the child.

Mankato was a lovable child. He was human looking, almost like a Native Canadian. He had been born on a world called Arkanyas. From what the Ambassador told him, his parents were killed during some sort of accident. They had been nobles in the tribe.

Jason was doing a tour of the palace a few hours later, with his new son Mankato in his arms. He figured he might as well introduce him to the few people who need to know. He stopped outside the kitchen, took a deep breath, and walked in.

In the kitchen he saw some of the staff working hard. He went over to the Executive Chef. “Chef, we wish to introduce you to our son, Prince Mankato.”

The chef was a young man no older than 30. He smiled upon seeing the young Prince. Jason spoke again, “We will require a modified diet for the Prince, due to allergies and so forth.” Jason handed the Chef a list.

The Chef nodded, “Of course, Your Majesty” and he looked at Mankato, “Your Highness.”

Jason smiled, and then took Mankato to meet a few others in the royal household, including Keith's parents. They were excited to meet Mankato. Once all that was done, it was time for the boy's nap. Jason passed him back to his nanny, and headed to his office.

“Rumors are that the terrorists are going to make another attempt, Your Majesty.” The Intelligence Minister, Spa'cHon Sheila informed Jason.

Jason hummed a little. "Did they build another bomb?"

Minister Spa'cHon shook her head. "No, sir. Rumor is they're using some sort of odd or black magic. Realistically, I think the rumor is a cover up for a bomb of some sort."

Jason looked a little disturbed by this news. "Do we have any operatives in their organization?"

The Minister nodded, "Yes, sir. We are getting verification as we speak."

"Good" Jason replied simply.

Later that night, Jason was holding Keith in bed. His hand lovingly moved over Keith's stomach. "So what do you think? I'm glad Mankato was brought to us yesterday."

Keith quietly replied, "He's a little angel. He will fit in well around here. I just wonder *why* the Ambassador brought him. I suppose we'll never know."

Jason simply nodded, leaning in to kiss his husband. After about five minutes, the kiss finally broke, the two of them looking into each other's eyes.

"I think we should fire the Intelligence Minister" Jason finally spoke up. He used the kiss as part of bringing up the topic, since the Minister was a long friend of the royal household, and a friend of Keith's in elementary school.

"What makes you say that, my love?" Keith asked with good cheer.

"First what she said when I was gone, and now the news today. It seems like someone has to hold her hand or something to get her job done. I really wish she would take more initiative." Jason said.

"Did you read the review report yet?" Keith asked.

"No, what does it say?" Jason replied, curious now.

"The Minister's own department found no wrongdoing, and so forth. I agree we cannot believe the report. So I ordered a forensic audit of performance. The report recommended dismissing the Minister, the Deputy Minister, and a large number of the senior staff." Keith replied.

"I'll have my secretary draw up the documents tomorrow." Jason replied, kissing Keith again, his hand going to Keith's side, gently rubbing his lover.

Chancellor Massamo stood in the Pharaoh's office. He watched both the Pharaoh and the Queen as Jason spoke. "Chancellor," Jason handed him a signed parchment. "Effective immediate, Minister Spa'cHon has been dismissed from our service. Please find a replacement."

The Chancellor, Keith's brother, looked disturbed by the news. "Your Majesties, what has she done to deserve dismissal?"

Keith handed the Chancellor a copy of the forensic audit report. "It's in the report. Read it well, Chancellor." It turns out Keith didn't have to execute anyone, since the reviews all got done in time.

"Mantha Margolis, you and your friends stand accused of high treason, conspiracy to commit mass murder, kidnapping, and willfully violating the Imperial Code of Military Justice. You have been found guilty. The sentence is death. How do you plead?" Jason announced to the royal court.

Normally a trial like this would be held in a normal courtroom, by a judge and/or jury, but Jason decided he wanted to handle this case himself. While court procedures and presumptions changed from planet to planet, at the royal court, the finding and sentence were published. The trial was to show how they came to the conclusions they found.

Mantha timidly, but loudly replied, "Guilty, your honor." Mantha's Nestor (sort of like a lawyer,) had convinced Mantha to plead guilty in hopes of avoiding the death penalty.

"So be it!" Jason's voice boomed. "For being so forthright, we will reduce the sentence. You and your friends are hereby sentenced to 200 years of hard labour in one of our penal colonies. Remove this filth from my sight!" Jason would have liked to execute Mantha, but didn't want to make a martyr out of him. This was the best solution.

Jason looked over at Keith for a moment, then back out to the court. He watched as two young males, around age 18, walked up the aisle to him. They were holding hands, and both appeared in dark gray skin with orange, spaghetti like hair. They both went down to one knee.

"Rise, you have our leave to speak" Jason said, his eyes on the two teenagers.

"Your Majesties" one of them nervously spoke. "My name is SaM'intha, and this is my boyfriend, Jaue. We... our...." The boy was really nervous.

"SaM'intha," Jason calmly started to speak, "Don't be nervous on our account. Please tell us why you are here."

The teen took a deep breath, "We are being terrorized, your Majesty. Our parents... because we love each other."