

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.

Chapter One

The three of them crept through the forest, in their military fatigue outfits. When they reached the edge of the camp, they stopped, and each member of the unit took out their binoculars. Their gaze fell upon the sole human amongst a variety of different species of sentient humanoids. It was towards the evening, but a bit of light was still out. There was a roaring campfire going on, with tents set up not too far away. They were all chatting, and making food over the open fire.

“No, this cannot be” said one of the military officers. “He’s not tied up, gagged, or anything.” The officer looked over to a member of his team. “What do you think, Lieutenant?”

“I’m not sure what to say, we were informed he had been taken captive.” replied Lieutenant Jeff Saunderson. Lt Saunderson normally stood 5'8” tall, with black skin, shaved head, and very fit body.

“Be that as it may, Lieutenant, we still have to rescue him” replied the team leader, Colonel Steven Addison. Colonel Addison normally stood 6' tall, with caucasian skin, looked to be about 45, also with a shaved head. He was in shape, but not nearly as fit as Lt Saunderson.

A quiet voice spoke to Colonel Addison, “I suggest we just walk in there, and ask if we can take him home. If he's this way, perhaps he is free to leave and just needs a way to get back to the ship.” This was spoken by K'eNu Kikki, the intelligence analysis assigned to the mission. K'eNu wasn't human at all. He stood 5'3” tall, with an olive-green skin, and small white horns, not unlike a unicorn, but smaller, coming out of his hairless head.

2 days ago back on Earth....

"I'll be fine Mom" replied Jason. He had packed a small duffel bag ready to go. He had been an intelligence officer with the Canadian Security Intelligence Service for the last 2 years. But this would be the longest he was going to be away from home. In the last few years, Earth had made contact with several alien governments, and allied itself with one of them. He was chosen by a group of Earth's intelligence agencies to go on a scouting mission to other planets within the Empire. Part to see what they are up to, and part to validate claims they had made to Earth's leaders.

The mission was top secret, and Jason couldn't tell his Mom where he was going. So he packed a small duffel bag with everything that had been suggested. He would be provided with anything else he would need. He was going to fly from Canadian Forces Base Borden north of Toronto to Washington D.C. where he would learn his mission details from the CIA. He was to leave first thing in the morning.

Jason wasn't your average person. He was 25, fit, had short brown hair with hazel eyes. He stood about 5'5" tall, and on this day wore a pair of blue jeans, and a light gray t-shirt.

Finishing up with his preparing, Jason picked up the telephone in his bedroom and dialed his best friend's phone number. "Hi Cathy."

"Jason!" Cathy replied on the other end of the phone. Cathy and Jason had been best friends for 12 years, and they were inseparable. "Are you ready for your trip?"

"Yes, I'm really excited. But I'm going to miss you and my God children." Jason replied, a little sadness reflected in his voice.

"Don't worry, hon. You'll be home in a week at the most. Where are you going anyway?" Cathy asked, not sure if Jason could tell her or not.

"If I told you, I'd have to kill you." Jason joked, but in reality, he couldn't tell her. Heck, she didn't even know what he does for a living.

"You have fun then, and call me the second you get home so I know you got home safely!" Cathy exclaimed.

"You know I will. Love you." Jason replied, ready to hang up.

"Love you to, be safe, bye." Cathy hung up, the conversation over.

Early the next day, Jason found himself getting off a military plane at a military base in the United States. He looked at the tall bald man standing before him, offering him a salute. "Mr. Bezner, welcome to Washington. I am Major Ackert. Please follow me, the CIA are ready to brief you."

Jason slowly followed the Major, his eyes checking out his ass a little, since it was nice and fit as he followed. Jason was gay after all, he might as well check out the hot military guys while on base. The Major escorted Jason into a small conference room.

Inside the conference room was one other gentleman. He was about 45 – 50 years old. “Sir, Jason Bezner is here to see you” informed Major Ackert.

“Thank you, Major. Mr. Bezner, please have a seat. I am Steven Judd. I understand that CSIS has sent you to us for this briefing. You had an impressive record, and seemed like the qualified individual for the job.” Started Steven Judd.

“Thank you, sir” is all Jason replied with.

“We are sending you to the planet called Nepharia II. It is one of many planets that are part of the Rigellian Empire. While there you need to report back to us on the quality of life of the inhabitants, their economy, and so forth. You shouldn't be there more than a few days. It is a low technology planet, so when you arrive, you will be sent down with camping equipment in case you need to make use of it. The RSS Aeon will carry you for the two day trip there, and the two day tip back. A shuttle should be here shortly to take you to the RSS Aeon. Any questions?”

“Yes, what is the RSS Aeon?” Jason replied, not knowing anything quite yet, but having a suspicious idea.

“The RSS Aeon is a Rigellian war cruiser. They will transport you to your destination, Mr. Bezner.” replied Steven Judd.

“So they are ok with us checking out their planets?” Jason inquired of the older, not so fit man.

“They suggested it, to be honest.” replied Judd.

“Will there be any humans on the Aeon?” asked Jason.

“Yes, Earth isn't the only planet with human life, so their military has about 45% humans.” replied Judd.

The rest of the briefing went fairly quickly, Jason finding out the rest of the information he required for his mission.

“Good luck, Mr Bezner.”

Two hours later, Jason found himself on a shuttlecraft of a small size, with a translucent forward half, and the back part being more a stainless steel look. The shuttle had just landed in the shuttle bay. The pilot was an alien for sure. He stood about 6' tall with caucasian skin, but where one might think he had a nose ring, was a natural bone growth that all members of his species had. He had introduced himself as Captain Krell.

Jason slowly disembarked the shuttlecraft, looking around the large, but fairly empty shuttlebay. Only one other shuttle was landed there. The Captain escorted Jason out of the shuttle bay and over to an elevator, where they took it up to the operations centre. “Colonel, I have our guest.”

A human stood from the Captain's chair, and turned to face Jason. He wore a black uniform,

with his rank insignia on his uniform cuff's in a gold colour. "Welcome aboard the RSS Aeon. I'm Colonel Cormac. This is my first officer, Commander Dowell."

Commander Dowell stood from his chair, and as Jason recognized his face, his jaw dropped, almost falling on the floor.