

# 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.

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

## From Chapter Ten

The Pharaoh quietly said, "The RSS Halifax is a newly built war cruiser. It is set to go on its shakedown cruise. I want the two of you aboard ASAP. While you cannot directly help with the search, it may help your sanity to be aboard... and the director has experience with this sort of case. If the Aeon isn't found..." the next part was said sadly, "it will bring you back to Rigel Prime for.... well... let's hope it doesn't come to that. Royal Palace out."

The screen went blank. Jason just broke down in tears.

## Chapter Eleven

"WHAT?!?" Cindy shirked at the top of her lungs as he listened on the phone.

Jason had just called her to let her know he was packed, and leaving Earth to find his fiancé.

"But... isn't the... Imperial Guard as the military is called... better suited to find him than you, a former CSIS agent?" Cindy asked candidly.

"Perhaps" Jason said over the phone, "But his Majesty insisted I be on board. Said it was for my own sanity. Who am I to argue?"

Ethan Cindy's husband came running at the loud shrill his wife made. He can't recall her ever reacting like that before.

Cindy simply gestured to her husband to go and make dinner. She wanted him out of the way during this phone call.

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"Chancellor, I don't care what war games are going on right now, I want that ship found!" The Pharaoh scolded.

"But your Majesty, he knew the risks when he got on board the Aeon. He's been in space many times before..." The Chancellor tried to say.

"I don't care! He's the Crown Prince, and I will have him found, alive..." he started to say, and then more quietly said, "or dead." His face looking sad.

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Jason quietly nursed a cup of tea. He brought real tea with him this time, the ship providing the hot water. He offered a quiet sigh, as he looked around the mess hall a bit. Here on the Halifax, he didn't know anyone. At least on the Aeon he knew Chris Dowell... here, it was all just so strange.

"Would you like a cressenet?" A young man had walked up to Jason's table, with a donut-like item on a plate.

"A what?" Jason asked inquisitively.

"It's like one of your donuts." The young man replied. He wore the standard uniform of the Imperial Guard. The rank insignia as Jason had made out had his rank at Captain.

"I suppose I could try it." Jason accepted the pastry, and took a bite.

The young human officer watched Jason quietly as he tasted it.

"This is really good, thank you" Jason replied, a bit of confectioners sugar from the pastry on his lips.

"I'm Jarred Zrell. It's nice to meet you." The young officer introduced.

"Jason Bezner" Jason replied, finishing off the pastry.

Jason wore a t-shirt and jeans. Although he had an Imperial Intelligence rank, that of Major, he didn't display it. Intelligence didn't like silly things like rank getting in the way, so all Intelligence personnel had military ranks. Though rarely were intelligence officers ignored.

"I haven't seen you around before. What brings you to the Halifax?" Jarred asked of Jason.

"It's... it's a long story, Jarred. What is it you do aboard this new ship?" Jason asked.

"I'm an Engineering officer. So you know this ship is new, do you?"

"I'm from Earth." Jason replied, watching Jarred's slightly shocked expression.

"So you know we're out looking for the RSS Aeon then?" Jarred inquired of his new friend.

"Yes" Jason replied simply, guessing that if anything, only the Colonel of the ship would know the status of the prime passenger on the Aeon.

Jason continued the small talk with Jarred, the two of them eventually leaving the mess hall. They quietly walked around the ship, discussing various military type subjects.

"MOVE OUT OF THE WAY!" Someone shouted as a stretcher and a team of medical personnel ran through the hall.

Jason simply blinked, looking at the stretcher. There he was. Out cold, badly injured. Keith, his love, was on board again.

Jason turned curtly, heading for an elevator. Jarred looked at Jason curiously following him.

A few minutes later, Jason and Jarred were standing just inside the entry of the medical bay. It was over. Keith was quietly resting. The Colonel was standing just beside Jason, as the Medical Officer walked over.

"The young man, sirs, is in a coma. He sustained massive injuries when the Aeon was shot at. We don't know when we can expect him to return." Captain Nicols said.

"Wha... what happened to the Aeon?" Jason asked, looking between Captain Nicols the medical officer, Jarred Zrell and Colonel Cormac.

"It was badly damaged, Major" The Colonel replied to Jason. "It is beyond repair. We got everyone off the ship who was alive, and then we had to destroy it."

Jason quietly walked over to Keith's medical bed, taking a seat next to him. He laid his head on the bed, praying that his fiancé would be okay.

Captain Nicols looked over at Colonel Cormac and Captain Zrell. "Should he be doing that, sir?"

"He" started Colonel Cormac, "is here because of your patient."

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Dreams last for so long  
Even after you're gone  
I know that you love me  
And soon you will see  
You were meant for me  
And I was meant for you.

- Jewel, *You Were Meant for Me*