

## 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.

I haven't gotten any feedback on this story so far. I could use some, please. I have started a Yahoo! Group where it may be easier to provide that feedback.  
<http://ca.groups.yahoo.com/group/phoenix-writing>

### Chapter Nine

Jason's desk sat sparse. He never brought anything in to work to make it look better. He had no photo's of his family, or of Keith. He figured if he did have a photo of Keith, his co-workers would think he got it at some sort of *Star Trek* convention. No knick-knacks, or anything. Just an empty desk with a computer.

Jason sat at that desk looking depressed.

"BEZNER!" Jack shouted, and he wasn't even nearby. Jason always thought Jack should be committed to a mental institution, but he kept passing CSIS's psych evaluation. Finally, Jack approached his desk.

"What do you want, Jack?" Jason asked in a depressed voice.

"Bezner, you should be happy. Do you know why?" Jack asked of his underling.

"Because you're going to be abducted by little green men, and go far away so I don't have to hear your shrill of a voice from miles away?" Jason asked, facetiously.

"No, Bezner." Jack started to say. "Apparently, you are going to be abducted, and with luck, I'll never have to see you again."

Jason just gave Jack a blank stare.

"His Majesty the Pharaoh has formally asked us to transfer you to Imperial Intelligence. Considering there is no formal agreement for the transfer of employees, the Director has

simply decided to say yes.” Jack informed Jason.

“I’ll try to look happy then, Jack. Is there anything else, or do I need to keep looking at your ugly face, and listening to your horrible voice?” Jason asked, rudely.

“Watch it, Bezner. I can still cancel the transfer.” Jack replied, more jealous than previously.

“Yeah, you can, but it still won’t fill the need for you to have plastic surgery.” Jason just turned back to his computer, and started to ignore Jack.

Jack just huffed and walked off.

Mark came over and sat beside Jason at his desk.

“Good job pissing off Jack. So why are you so depressed? I would have thought that being engaged to the hottest man in the galaxy would be exciting, not to mention he’s the Crown Prince. You’re like marrying the most powerful man in the Universe.” Mark said, starting to shudder. “I’m having flashback’s of He-man and the Master’s of the Universe.”

Jason gave a brief smirk to Mark.

“Keith is nothing like He-Man. Keith can’t lift the tonnes that He-Man could.” Jason replied, matter-of-factly.

Mark just smiled.

“I’m depressed because I’m not sure that I want to marry Keith now.” Jason replied, going back to his state of depression.

“And why not? I’m sure you two probably had great birthday slash engagement sex.” Mark grinned.

“I don’t want to be a public figure. I’ve lead a more... secluded life, Mark. Marring Keith means giving all that up.” Jason said as he looked at his co-worker.

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Ivana sat behind her desk, carefully reading over the paper that had been handed to her an hour ago. In that hour, she had read the paper more than five times, still not understanding the underlying meaning.

She pressed a button on her intercom, calling her Secretary. “O’li’ya could you get me His Majesty’s Secretary stat, please?”

“Yes sir, but his Secretary will want to know what you are calling about.” The female secretary replied.

“It’s about this transfer order.” Ivana replied, calmly.

“It seemed pretty clear to me when I got it, sir.” was the reply.

“But... he's a human... from Earth! They're not even members of the Empire.” Ivana replied, a little stubborn, a little shocked.

“I doubt His Majesty is going to offer any reassurance on that matter” the Secretary replied.

Ivana sighed. “When does this... Jason Bezner get here?”

“He arrived five minutes ago, sir. He's sitting not even two feet from me.”

Ivana's facial expressions dropped, not realizing her conversation had just been overheard.

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Jason sat in his family's living room, being the only one home. He had a light on beside him, looking at an electronic reading device someone at Imperial Intelligence had given him. Except that he didn't know the person, and just as fast as he got the device, the person was gone.

Jason had his first day at Imperial Intelligence. It was more boring than his last day at CSIS. At least at CSIS his supervisor gave him lots of free entertainment. Imperial Intelligence was just briefings and training all day.

Jason kept looking at the device quizzically. It didn't look like anything Imperial Intelligence had in their inventory. He had just seen 99% of their inventory on his first day. Of course it didn't help that he didn't speak, read, write, or telepathically communicate in rigellian, the dominant language of the Empire. Only 1% of species in the Empire could communicate telepathically, and luckily for him, Keith's species wasn't one of them.

Frustrated with not understanding the device, he just randomly pointed his finger at a spot, and pressed.

“Welcome to the Tal'Shiar.”