

2b. (TN: Your translator has broken his section into two chapters as it is a very long section in the original.)

I like having my own horse, I quickly missed having Father's strong arms warped around me or his gentle hands playing with my boyhood. I also wondered where we were going and why we were riding at night. We were riding three abreast in two ranks, Volos on my left and Pyrros on my right. I also noticed that, as we approached places where the tree branches stretched over the road, we slowed just a little to put more distance between our two ranks. I had begun to ask questions of them almost immediately. Soon we were laughing and they were telling me stories of their adventures as Pages and now Royal Guards.

Volos is the third son and Pyrros was the second son of Knights in the King's court. Since they had no chance of making lives for themselves on their father's estates; which in this kingdom are quite small and just can not be subdivided any further, they had no choice but to seek out adventure or live as a servant to an older brother. I know we were all getting just a little sleepy and the moonlight was making strange shadow, which I was not comfortable with, when we saw the light of large fire.

We had arrived, I still did not know where. I don't think Pyrros or Volos knew either. In the court yard were 6 or so other guards that immediately helped us dismount and lead us to the stables. I began unsaddling Zephyros and see to his food and water. He was interested in that but I could see he was more interested in resting himself. I let him lay and continued to groom him. I guess I must have been more tired than I thought, my next memory was hearing strange voices and realizing I was in Father's arms being carried into our bedchamber. I was horrified. I must have fallen asleep while grooming Zephyros, I had failed my duty.

Father was most tender. "Arden you fell asleep after you finished grooming Zephyros. You were laying with your head on his neck and both boy and horse were sleeping as if you had been friends since birth." Father was removing my tunic and kilt. Then he removed my boots and I remember nothing until the morning. We were asleep in the bed his arms wrapped around me.

We used the chamber pot and he took my hand and pulled me into the bed, kissing me over and over. "Arden, I know you have many questions. I assure you all will be answered. Now is the time for us to make love to each other. We will spend most of the next 20 days in this room, in this bed. When we are finished this place you will be a commute lover, believe me son you will be the most desired of all the Pages." He kissed me several more times.

Father, where are Volos and Pyrros? He smiled. They are in the next room or standing outside our door.

Father, did you all have sex with Perum?

"I did not, as for the others you need ask them or Perum, but don't be surprised if they decline to answer. You should remember never to demand they answer such a question, which they will give out of loyalty to you, unless it is of the utmost importance." I was a little disappointed.

Yes, Sir.

"Oh, Arden my love, be of bright spirit. You are their leader now, they have sworn to protect and follow you as Ouranos and Thanatos have for me. They will in time become your friends as well as guards. As a friend and as their leader you must take great care not to take undue advantage. Better they serve willingly and out of love and respect for you Arden, then just duty to your office. Friends share between, you will not often be left to wonder."

He began kissing me again and feeling my body from head to foot. I responded in kind. Our lips and hands explored each other as if to map every bump or hollow so even blind we would know each other. My groin was on fire with desire by the time our mouths engulfed each other's penises. I was quite taken at first when I felt his fingers pressing into my anus, he began tickling my special spot, I was quickly overcome with pleasure. Before he would let me rise I had experienced several more orgasms none producing fluid. Father was most patient however, I did manage to drink his fluid at least twice. When we rose he opened the door and Thanatos and Volos entered. They bought with them several of the large leather sacks that had been on the pack horses.

In an instant Volos was at my side. He gently creased my shoulders, back and buttocks. He began opening the smaller sack which I assumed was for me. Father glanced at me and raised his eyebrows slightly.

No Volos, you are in my service, you are not my servant. Please, if I need assistance I promise to call upon you. I placed my hand on his. He gently grasped it and looked into my eyes. I could see his desire. I could see his kilt poking out and he could see my penis full erect again, since I was still naked. I was sure he wanted to kiss me but he did not.

“Arden you see what effect your beauty has on Volos. You will have that effect on many others. It is a gift and a curse at the same time. You know that all four of them enjoy each other and that Ouranos and Thanatos are lovers as are Volos and Pyrros. Remember you must take care never to come between lovers but engage them both, as a couple, that way they will both love you and each other. It is from this love that the unbreakable bond between us, all of us in the Royal Family, that has served this land for longer than anyone knows, has been forged.”

He dressed me in a very simple kilt and tunic and then himself. I wanted to help, he just kept kissing me. “Arden, we have not had the 12 year opportunity to bond as a father and son, as I would have liked. I never had the opportunity to do the things a father does with his baby son. That is both good and bad. Good in that we start with a blank slate, bad that the paternal love has not had time to grow. You must indulge me just a little. For the next 20 or so days we will learn to love each other. You will learn how to love another man and to be loved by him. We will both learn how to love each other as father and son which is not quite the same. At the end of this period we will join the King and Crown Prince. Your adult lover will be the King and my boy lover the Crown Prince. Your boy lover will be the Crown Prince. The King has had a small advantage, he has been father to the prince since birth. As I said before, I must make up for lost time. You will face this problem when you choose your son. Come Arden let us find some food and drink.”

Later that night, after he had spent most of the day with his fingers in my anus, we made real love. Father is, as I am beginning to learn, a master teacher. He did not demand or even require my submission, in fact he did nothing but demonstrate his love for me and his desire for me to love him. When he judged me ready. I had been ready for most of the day in my mind. He turned himself, placing his back to me and his ass held high, kneeling on the bed. He reached around pulling his buttocks apart and exposing his anus. I knew what to do. Not that I was told or had even seen this before, I knew I had been prepared. I prepared him the same. Pressing my erection into the round fucking place I experienced some of the most incredible feeling imaginable. I slid in with ease. His, unlike mine, has much prior use. It was warm and slick and wet and yet tight. His muscle gripping firm around the base of my penis once it had sunk to full length.

Having found his special place with my fingers I knew about where it was. I was determined to give him pleasure equal to anything I was to or had receive. Fucking is a very natural thing. No one needs to tell you how, you just know, like all animals must know. He clamped tight onto me several times as I moved in and out. A few times I slipped right out but immediately pushed in again. I could feel my orgasms building again and I began to move faster and faster. I don't know if I was making good contact with his special place or not but the feeling was so wonderful that all I could think about was ejaculating and this time I did. I knew it would be different in the last few thrusts, I could feel the fluid moving to the tip of my penis. I was not a true man. I could not yet ejaculate to make a woman have babies. Making babies would probably never happen, I thought.

Moments after I had my first real ejaculation I was laying on my back with my legs upon his shoulders. He slowly pressed his huge member into me. I knew it would hurt. He had told me it would. I wanted to cry out but he kissed me over and over begging me not to. Father did not just push in like I had to him. He pressed in a little and stopped until the pain subsided and then pushed again. Each time he would stop until I nodded for him to continue. Once into his limit he lay quite on me; continuing to kiss my lips and neck, nibble on my ears, even kissing my eyes. I felt so full like never before. He began to withdraw and press in again, as I had done. The feeling was incredibly. It was different but equally as good. Father knew exactly where my special spot was and he lifted my buttocks up slightly so he could engage it with every movement. I was in a state of ecstasy as his semen spilled into me.

Now I understood why all these men so freely engaged in sex. It is absolutely wonderful. It is beyond words, all I knew was I wanted more, more, more. For the next several days he entered my anus so often I lost count. We did it in any number of positions and places in the room. Bed, table, floor, bench, standing, kneeling and everything in between. I entered him too, almost as often. After a while I felt empty without him in me and wanted him in me and I wanted to be in him. I could not imagine our hands not touching each other or our lips not linked together, tongues not probing each others mouths.

I think it was on the tenth day that he introduced me to some new delights. Father presented me with a leather penis. The present was smaller than his but larger than mine. He bid me position it, in my now empty anus and try and keep it in place, until he instructed me to take it out or he himself took it out. At first it was hard to walk and the thing felt different. Although, it filled the void it was not as soft and playable as his member.

Before we left our rooms Karyakos sat on a stool and I knelt between his legs. He directed my head to his crotch pulling his kilt up and out of the way. As I began to give him oral administration, he bid me flex my anal muscles which caused the gift to move inside me. Each time I flexed its head brushed against my special place. I am now able to take his entire length into my throat pressing my nose into his pubic hairs. His smell is intoxicating. I was begging him to fuck me but he would not. He did not laugh or humiliate me, he was gentle and encouraged me to keep my peace, that holding off until later would be more rewarding for both of us.

Later that day we went riding and I learned what the true delight of his little gift was. I could see that Volos and Pyrros knew the gift was in my ass. They both smiled with a knowing look, suggesting to me they had like experiences. We six rode at a quick pace between a walk and a true trot, I was not able to post and my butt was bouncing on the saddle. The gift worked like magic and caused me to spill my seed several times. It was most pleasurable. Presently we arrived at a small stream with a large pool of water below a small waterfall. We left the horses to graze on the lush grass near its banks and Father began undressing me. I am quite capable of removing my own clothing but he prefers to do it for me. I like his methods as they are filled with kisses and erotic touches. He removed my gift. Then he took his own tunic and kilt off, with my help. I too wanted the pleasures of kissing and feeling him. Karyakos placed his sword and dagger on top of his clothing pile having removed the sword from its scabbard. I noticed that Volos and Ouranos did the same but Pyrros and Thanatos remained clothed as they would stand guard.

The pool was quite deep and we dove from a large rock into the water, swimming around and playing tag and penis grab with each other. Once Pyrros and Thanatos had assured themselves we were completely alone they joined us in the water. I noticed at all times one or two of the guardians were more alert to our surroundings than to each other.

Karyakos and I made love on the far side, on some soft moss and grass, first I entered him and he entered me. It took a long time for me to orgasm and when I finished I could see he too had ejaculated. I licked up his seed and rolled on my back to receive my lover. He pressed into me with one quick thrust and I was immediately in his full power. Karyakos took even longer than I raising his orgasm. This time I did not, I could not, I was empty. When he finished instead of getting up he proceeded to kiss and fondle my legs and feet taking each of my toes in his mouth and sucking on them. This drove me absolutely wild with desire. Something I was just to spend to act upon.

When I looked around I could see the two other couples deep in the throes of love making. Once finished we all gathered in the pool, in water about crotch deep and embraced each other all six of us were kissing and fondling. It was like magic. I had wanted to feel these men, my protectors and this was my first chance. We were all, to a man spent; that did not mean the close contact of such wonderful bodies did not make each of us stiff and apparently ready.

We embraced each other front, back and side. I shared deep passionate kisses with everyone. Our dozen hands were busy on each and every one and I could feel the passion and love moving between us.

We lay in the warm sun on the lush green grass letting our bodies dry and playing little lovers' games.

Karyakos has told me over and over how much he loves me. For my part I have come to feel that for him too. At first was respect and aw, passion of course, duty for sure. Now his very presence, his touch or words set my heart on fire as it sets my groin. Karyakos insists I call him such when we are alone, especially when in bed together. He insists lovers have no station or title, except between themselves.

Ever so slowly Volos and Pyrros approached me and with a nod from Karyakos I found one on each side. I am told I am most beautiful and I guess I am, my guards and friends, Pyrros and Volos, are beautiful also. They are lean and muscled with little body hair and mostly smooth clear skin. They both have small round buttocks as I do, with little dimples on each side that become deep hollow when we flex our muscles. I am still shorter but that did not seem to matter as we began kissing and fondling each other. Volos rolled me on my side and lifting my leg in the air pressed his hard penis into me. I was beside myself as he began fucking me from the side. Pyrros quickly repositioned himself so I could take his cock into my mouth while he ministered to mine with his. No sooner had Volos ejaculated then I was rolled the other way and Pyrros began to fuck me. Now I could see or get glimpse of Karyakos, Ouranos and Thanatos they were engaged in exactly the same exercise.

Karyakos had told me I should share my passion with others in our large family. Our sexual love is the binding that holds all together. No greater loyalty is possible than that resulting from sharing passion and fulfillment. It is an easy task with Volos and Pyrros for they are most pleasing to my eye, pleasant of disposition and intent on cementing their oath of loyalty with sex.

“Prince,” Pyrros whispered.

No Pyrros, Arden when we are intimate and alone, when our penises are inserted into each other’s bowls we can have no titles between, except loved one.” With that Volos began kissing my neck and licking my nipples, while Pyrros continued, Arden we have wanted this since the first moment we saw you caring for Prince Karyakos’ horse. You are the most beautiful of boys and our hearts burned with desire.”

Volos continued, “You must now have way with us, our want is more than anything.”

Pyrros, Volos I am more than willing, I fear my body is not able. I will not be able to deliver my seed for some hours.

Volos began to protest but I put my fingers to his lips. This silenced him, he did kiss them over and over. Father has told me you two are lovers. It would not be fair to please one and not the other. Give me respite and I promise to lay with you both well and often. Tell me how you two became lovers?

Pyrros responded, “we came to the castle in the spring of our 12 year, as Pages. Our training began immediately. Pages share a large sleeping room. We could see the older boys were engaged in almost continuous sex. The older boys had all pared up, including my older brother, so we two were left to share a bed. We quickly became friends.

Volos took over, “After about a month we were summoned to the bed chamber of Prince Karyakos and King Iason. We knew from the others that the royal couple had a fond eye for boys our age so were not all that surprised that they had no message for us to deliver but instead wanted us to spend time with them. They greeted us warmly and bid us act as cup barriers.”

Pyrros, “This we did with great joy and some trepidation. Joy in that we had observed how kindly they treated the others when serving them wine. With trepidation as we had also seen how often their hands found way under the boy’s kilt. In a short time it was us who were receiving the cup while sitting on their laps.”

Volos, “We spent the next 8 nights in their bed, all four of us, learning all the delights you have been learning since arriving here. During this time we also learned how deeply we loved each other. The Prince took me the first night and the King the second. They would trade between us frequently after that.”

Pyrros, “We learned to love each other on the third night as we were between the men and as they entered our butts we were giving each other oral pleasure.”

“Did you fuck them as well?” I know I was suddenly wracked with small pangs of jealousy.

Volos, “Yes of course but mostly they did us at first and then we did each other with them next to us giving guidance and demonstrations. We have been inseparable ever since.”

Pyrros, “In the spring past we were married by the King when we finished our training for the Royal Guard.”

Volos, “All this is tradition and it goes back to before time, when Athens and Sparta were great powers.”

We were sitting facing each other in a small triangle now, that did not mean our hands were not busy exploring. Me the two of them, them the one of me. Ouranos, whose ear was to the ground heard it first, by the time I realized a horse was coming fast toward us, our four guards were up, swords in hand with Karyakos and I behind them. Also swords in hand. Father looked at me with some disdain. “Do you know what to do with that,” he asked.

Yes, I replied, I know what to do but don’t pretend to be highly skilled at it. As boys we often made wooden swords from straight thick sticks and played at fencing. All of us had collected numerous buries over that time. I did not tell him this but stood my ground to defend myself, my father and if necessary my friends. Had he not told me, “loyalty to you is directly proportional to the loyalty you show others”.

I think we must have presented some strange view to the rider, now visible and pounding the distance for all his mount was worth. Six naked men, standing in two ranks, sporting mighty erections and long swords. He was a tall, thin man with pleasant features and he rode with grace and skill. I could see that. He rained his horse a few feet before us and in one motion dismounted, fell to his knees and held forth a small leather pouch. Breathing very hard he gasped, “Prince Karyakos, an urgent message from the King.”

Father stepped forward as the other put their swords down, recognizing the messenger.

“Thank you Janus, please rise, I will read it immediately but you should take a quick swim to cool down, Arden please see to Janus’ horse.”

I stepped from behind Volos and Pyrros showing myself for the first time to the messenger. He was about to drop back to the ground when I extended my hand. “I am Prince Arden and you are called Janus. What name has the animal?”

“Ah, ah, he stammered still breathing hard, Hades my Prince.” I smiled and turned to Volos and Pyrros, maybe he needs help with his tunic and kilt. Everyone smiled including Father. Janus was quickly naked and enjoying the cool water of the pool and I was slowly walking Hades to cool him and making another animal friend. It only took a few minutes for Zephyros to appear at my side. I did not know horses were or could be jealous of one another but he was obviously less than pleased that I was giving attention to another than himself.

While father read and I walked, Janus swam, the others dressed. Presently Volos came to me with my kilt and tunic and took Hades' lead while I dressed. We gathered the other mounts and waited for Father and Janus to get ready. From the look on Karyakos’ face it was obvious the dispatch or what ever it was, had him greatly concerned.

When Janus was dressed again Father asked him a few questions. I puzzled at first about the nature of these question. He asked how long Janus had been on the road. If he knew anything about the text of the message and if other messages were sent out at the same time. “Besides yourself who knows where I am?”

“All knew that you were on a quest but only the King and his Council knew the object of that quest and only the King and the messenger you dispatched from this location knows where you are. The king told me where to find you, commanding me to ride southwest from the Castle and turn toward here only when I was sure my direction would not be recognized. He then sent five other messengers in other directions

to other locations. He spoke to each of us privately giving us our dispatch pouches himself.”

Father was pleased with this. “My Iason has done well by us, now we must do well by him. Let us go to the lodge with haste.” That is exactly what we did. On our return he gave his horse’s lead to me and ran into the building. In the barn we all set to tending our mounts. Since the ride had neither been long or overly hard it did not take long. As I moved to Father’s horse Volos and Pyrros immediately assisted me while Ouranos and Thanatos assisted Janus.

When we arrived in the great hall Prince Karyakos was in conference with the captain of the guard. This was official business, when acting officially we all knew formal titles were to be used, even if the holder of that title was father or brother. We also all knew that all boy play must be completely set aside. I took my seat next to him the others next to me or the Captain.

“The dispatch I received has most grievous news. I can not reveal all of its content but I can say their are assassins loose in the kingdom. Their target is myself and the young Prince Arden. It would appear they do not know exactly where we are and that is an advantage for us. These assassins are discussed as Christian Church Monks, when last seen heading for our kingdom. We have no way to know if they have other false identities. It would appear that Janus was no less than a full day’s ride ahead of them arriving. We do not know the exact number of these men. The best information we have is six. The only logical access for them is through the mountain pass to the east or by sea. King Iason has ordered the pass be closed, no one is to leave or enter without his permission, until further notice. I beg you not speculate on the who, what or why of this threat. King Iason is taking this intelligence seriously and has bid us return to the safety of the castle.” I am not sure I have every word exactly as he spoke them, I am sure the essence of his message is accurate. I was both excited by the prospect of adventure and horrified that some harm might come to my father and comrades.

“The Captain has 24 men under his command. We will take two of them with us. You Janus, will ride to Koalhurst in the morning with a message for Prince Arden’s mother and Abrith. Spend the night at the inn there and return to the Castle. If anyone outside the village of Koalhurst asks if you have seen me or knows of my whereabouts, even in the most innocent sounding of manner, answer. Make careful note of that person’s name, status and so on. Record a complete description of him or her as well as the location encountered. Answer thus: Why yes, I recently delivered a “love letter” from the King to his Consort. Judge carefully their response in expression, gesture as well as words. Pass no judgment on this person but be prepared to make a complete report when you return. Father gave him several gold coins. Make sure you pay, the Koalhurst innkeeper for the night as well as his son Perum for his companionship in bed and should you need, other costs on your way. The people of Koalhurst know that Prince Arden and I are together with four of the King’s Guards. Let them believe that is unchanged. If anyone seeks to know our location, even those in Koalhurst note that as well. Even the most casual comment about where we may be found is critical. Do not offer that information, however.

When you return seek audience with the King and make a verbal report that his dispatch was received and if you muster a blush do so. Add that you have a reply from me that I insisted he can only deliver in his bedchamber. Once alone you should make your report as outlined above, only to him and only in privet.

Do not tell Arden’s mother or Abrith, they will ask, it is normal, just tell them I have forbidden anyone to know this as a matter of the Prince’s safety. They will understand.

When you sleep with the lad Perum at the inn, be sure to let it slip that we have all gone to meet the King at our eastern Hunting Lodge. Under no circumstances, even pain of torture must you ever admit that you know we believe assassins are about in the land. This by the way includes all of your men Captain. You may let it slip to the household staff that same piece of misinformation.”

“Prince Karyakos, may I suggest that the Captain send a dispatch rider to the Eastern Hunting Lodge in advance of your party. He should leave with me at first light.”

“Yes I think that good. Now Janus I think you should seek food and rest.”