

3 Arden's First Adventure

Once Janus left the room Father continued to outline his plan. The Captain would set up guard points on the approaches to our estate. No traffic was to be permitted in or out. If anyone snuck around the guards and were discovered they were to be arrested forthwith. The solders and estate staff were to be warned not to leave the property for any reason until further notice. He would send the same message to the Eastern Hunting Lodge. What he did not say but what was obvious, was they must also believe spies are also loose in the land or among the people.

I knew nothing of politics or power struggles. In Koalhurst all are loyal to the crown and our land. I was one of them and none I knew of would seek to harm me. In the morning I would give Janus instructions on how to find my family by circling around the village and arriving from a different direction then the one we had left by. I explained my plan to Ouranos who assured me it was good and he would wake me up sufficiently early. I was not quite sure why Father did not share his plan with Janus, who he obviously knew very well and was trusted by both himself and the king. Then it dawned on me. He could not inadvertently let slip to anyone what he did not know.

That evening we prepared to leave. Our fine cloths and other things would be sent along to the castle in several day. We would dress as simple farmers. We took great care to use old tack and would ride without saddles. Our fine looking mounts were allowed to roll in the dust. Our swords were hidden in blankets rolled and tied to our backs. Under our old leather work kilts we placed cloth with folds so it could be used to separate our tender skin from the horse hair. Each of us was given musical instruments. I play the syrinx and lyre and Volos the Cithara, Thanatos the drum and flute and Aulos and so on. We took peasant hats and did not wash ourselves. The Captain gave each of us an old peasant dagger for our belts, which were simply a leather strap tied at the waste.

In the morning we ate a very large breakfast, the cook gave each of us flat bread, cheese and olives. The Captain came up with a goodly number of silver and copper coins. We carried no gold save one warn coin. Each time we stopped to rest the horses we played and sang so that if ever required we would be credible.

Father's plan was to take several trails and smaller roads north and then cut west and south again. This would bring us into the castle from seaward side. Thanatos thought this would add at lest half a day to our travel time. Father had other ideas and we rode well into the night not bothering to even have a fire, huddling together under the combined blankets.

All I know was my ass became so tender that by the end of the ride I was in total discomfort. I was not sure if I could even stay on Zephyros any longer. I was also falling asleep while we plodded onward.

On reaching the castle Father removed his hat and ask in a most respectful and solicitous way for the captain of the guard. "Please summon the captain of the guard as we have a song he is most interested in hearing." The guard, in a huff moved off, probably fearing it he woke the captain for some trivial reason he would suffer. The captain of the guard came and gruffly asked what business we had at such a late hour.

“The hour is never too late Consus to hear the sweet music of my flute.” He then played a few dozen notes of a melody he himself had written. The captain knew immediately this was Prince Karyakos and ordered the gate to be opened. We passed in and when the gate closed Father jumped down and embraced the Captain of the Guard kissing him many times. I took it they were very old friends.

The guards had surrounded us and began many apologies for not having recognized us, their comrades and brothers. Given the darkness and the quality of our discusses that was not surprising. We were immediately taken inside and give baths, fresh clean clothing and much desired food. As we sat in the great hall with steaming plates of lamb, with beans and lentils, flat breads, fruit and wine, much to much wine for me. I think I was getting just a bit giddy when Father cut me off.

The King, Crown Prince and dozens of others joined us as Father told his story. I know I was tired because the next thing I remember I was in bed with a strange boy, a strange man and Karyakos. When the fog cleared from my sleep eyes those strangers became less strange but no more unfamiliar. They were King Iason and Crown Prince Iason. That must be confusing in a family setting, dad and son with the same name. Father was kissing and tickling the prince and he was giggling and squirming around. I guess that is what woke me up.

As soon as my eyes opened the King began kissing me. I could feel his erection pressing against my side. I prayed, but not to any god specifically, he will not fuck me my ass, is just way to tender after that long ride. His beard tickles my neck and chest and I too began to giggle.

The men lean over and kiss passionately with us boys trapped between them. “Are you rested enough to face our duty?”

“Yes Iason, I am rested. I am invigorated by the prospect of solving this puzzle.”

“Daddy, daddy,” Prince Iason interrupted. Both men looked at him. “Now that Uncle Karyakos and Arden are safe and in our bed, can we not celebrate their return?” He reached out taking a firm grip on Fathers mroning stiffness.

“No son, affairs of state demand our immediate attention.” I could see he drew up his face, like my youngest sister often would to pout.

“I want you and Arden to go about getting to know each other, any celebrations will need hold until Iason and I have met with the council.”

“Are we confined to quarters or can I show Arden around the castle?”

“You may go anywhere within the castle grounds except to your mother’s quarters.” His face brightened right up and I could see he was planning some kind of mischief. I thought that exciting but in no way wanted to anger or up set my new Father.

While they went about dressing and preparing for their day, we boys snuggled under the

quilts. Iason wanted to know all about my adventures. I took it he had only rarely been outside the castle walls. We two naked bodies turned to face each other and with much giggling, some tickling and lots of laughing, I related my story of our journey from Koalhurst to the Southeastern Estate and on to the castle. I did not tell him how father found me or about that first meeting. He only asked if Uncle Karyakos had sex with me and if I liked it. I answered yes to both and he could see from the expression on my face I liked sex very much. He told me that his father, my Uncle Iason, well that solved one of my problems, had rescued him. Those were his words; from his mother's apartments on the same night and until yesterday had spent most of his days in bed together.

"You know they expect us to have sex too," he exclaimed.

"Yes I was told that." and I reached for his penis. He hesitated briefly and reached for mine. I knew all about this, having helped out my older brother many times. Iason was a very fast learner. We both gave up our fluid. I licked his from my hands and he did the same. "It tastes better than father's." I did not want to make a comparison to Karyakos. Iason realized this. He pushed me down and climbed on me. "It would be unfair for me to ask of Uncle Karyakos. I want so much to be your friend and I need you so much to be mine. Ever since I can remember everyone has told me of my duty. I know that I must prepare for that task. You too must prepare for yours. I think it will be a lot easier on both of us if we have some fun in the doing. I have never had a friend to have fun with, ever."

I kissed his cheek. "Iason, I will be that friend, that lover and that partner. I too want you as my friend and just like you, I need a friend. Living on a farm, on the edge of a small village, I never had that buddy, just people I knew well and played with from time to time. My mother told me the chore becomes a pleasure, when you enjoy the task. Let us not force it, let us let it happen."

He rolled off, "Our fathers think they must guide us through this process, part of our education and preparation for office. The bedroom part we already know, it will be fun to let them think we need instruction. Father told me sex, love, desire, lust are all part of us, no one need teach us how to fuck only when it is appropriate. How sore are you buttocks brother?"

"Greatly so I fear." He jumped up and through back the covers. I rolled onto my stomach. "Aye and bright red too. Oh, Arden you are most beautiful, red ass or not."

I smiled and rolled toward him extending my hand to his so to assist me up. "And you Iason are my equal."

"No not your equal, second maybe."

Just at that point Volos entered the room. "I see you are aroused." We looked at each other. It was clearly the case our boyhood's were fully aroused and we were out of the sleeping place and standing naked. We laughed. Yes fun at least, as much fun as is possible for us to make of it, I thought.

He escorted us to our privet rooms. Which is much more than that. It is a large room

with a large bed, chamber pot, table for writing, chairs for sitting and so on. It has two outer chambers both with beds and an area for sitting between. This space was for our guardians, those who would be with us constantly for the remainder of our lives or so it seemed to me at the time.

Iason has never known different, for him this is normal. When we came into the apartment Volos stopped. "This is where Damao, Pyrros, Heron, and I live now. None but your fathers may pass this point without your permission. Prince Iason has been known, to find mischief; we, when younger pages willing accomplices. We can no longer engage in childish behavior." With this I could see and hear in his voice a small sadness.

"We promise Volos not to draw you or the others into any adventure for which our fathers would punish you."

"We do not promise to abandon mischief."

"Is your ass as red as mine?" I turned and flipped up my kilt. Iason of course was laughing at this. Volos blushed, turned and flipped up his kilt, "You judge my prince."

"Yes tis and I'm sure as tender." All three of us were laughing as Damao entered.

I thought it strange that our personal guards would be only 4 years older. Now I could see the reasoning. We were close enough in age to understand each other and to have completely bonded by the time we were old enough to face real danger and difficulty. The four guards had already four years of companionship, schooling and training. They were in fact a family and once completely bonded to us and us to them we would become a family of 6.

I wondered how all this worked. Everyone I encountered seemed totally dedicated to their duty and to each other. In some way it must work like the arranged marriages between men and women. I know that my parents had only met a few times before and never alone. They had told me this. My father had told my brother that like him, once you slept with your wife for a while you will learn to love each other. Well this sex stuff must be an important part of all this, I reasoned.

That night at our evening meal we were asked to help serve our uncles. Iason explained he had observed the young pages serving wine to them. He smiled. "You and I will be Ganymede, the two most beautiful boys in the kingdom." I was not quite sure what to do but figured someone would tell me. When we got to the great dining hall it was mostly empty except for Uncle Iason and Father. Several pages sat off to one side and both of their personal guards to the other. Volos and Damao joined the older guards and were directed where to station themselves. We moved to an alcove like place with a large round table. I don't know what happened to the pages but they seemed to disappear. Volos whispered they had been dismissed for their evening meal.

Uncle Iason had me sit at his right and Iason at Father's left. He whispered my instructions. When he wanted more wine or ale he would point for me and I was to rise and fill his cup from the large pitcher on a table behind me. When I had done so I was to

present the cup to him and sit down.

Damao came behind me and whispered in my ear, “the king has a fondness for boys your age, prince or no. When you present his cup be prepared for his hand to find its way under your kilt. It is a test. Do not spill the drink, do smile your appreciation of his attention.” I wondered if Father would do the same for Iason. I looked at him and could see his attention was focused on my new brother as was Uncle Iason’s on me. I was sure of it and as the meal progressed was not disappointed. Their hands made many trips under our kilts and we spilled not a drop. It is hard when you pore and your lovers hand drifts slowly and gently over your butt.

I wondered how and when our guards would sup since they did not join us at the table. At the Southeastern Estate we all ate together as a family but here things were more formal. During our meal, one at a time, the guards disappeared and reappeared in turn. The steward and several staff brought in jugs of wine and ale. He pored from a smaller jug something into Iason’s cup and then from another smaller jug into mine. He placed the smaller jugs on the table one at each end. While the servant departed the steward stood back as Uncle Iason gave me the signal. Father must have done the same for Iason and I rose as one and filled both cups, one with wine, one with ale. Uncle Iason smiled and signaled the wine. I took the cup and remembering the Ganymede legend kissed the rim and turned it in my hands and presented same. Uncle Iason took the cup with his left hand and slowly brought his right hand along my leg up to my boyhood. It was my turn to smile as he drank from the cup. He fondled me a bit and I sat down again.

I could see the steward leaving the room, satisfied we knew what we were about, I assumed. Uncle Iason engaged me in conversation but his hands seemed to find my legs, specifically that part of them between the hem of my kilt and my crotch, more interesting than my talking. Presently we could hear a couple of men enter the hall. I could see the guards stiffen at the first sign of a noise. I assumed that was their job. As soon as they could see who these men were they relaxed.

I did not know them but everyone else did. Everyone rose from their seats even the guards, Iason and I followed. I assumed he knew what was happening, I surely did not. Father and Uncle Iason greeted the men with embraces and hand shakes, pats on the back and so on. Their was not the ceremony I had expected. The men quickly greeted our guardians. Uncle Iason said, “greet your sons as befits a father.” That is when I realized these knights were Volos’ and Damao’s fathers. I could see the family resemblance now that I looked for it. They embraced their boys as fathers do to young sons. I could not hear what words they spoke. It would not be polite had I.

Father called to the knights, “Sir Isokrates and Sir Methodios, I would like to present the two most important princes of the realm.” They stepped forward. “Prince Iason you have met before but not in his official capacity as Crown Prince Iason.” In turn they bowed and kissed his hand, which he had the knowledge to extend for the purpose.

Sir Isokrates spoke, “You have given my family and me a great honor to have taken my second son as your personal guardian.” Iason smiled, “You have honored me and our house by allowing it.”

Now it was my turn and I was almost terrified. No one told me about any of this custom. Uncle Iason spoke again, "It is my pleasure to present Prince Arden, son of Prince Karyakos." He assisted my hand forward and Sir Isokrates kissed it. Sir Methodios stepped forward and I extended my hand which he kissed, however he also took in his and dropped to his knee kissing it again.

"Prince Arden you have honored this humble knight, my son assures me you have so completely captured his heart, that for the first time he feels a complete person. No father can wish his son a greater reward." He kissed my hand again. I did not know what to say. The silence hung heavy in the air. "Thank you Sir Methodios for Volos has captured my heart as well, he is now one of the brothers my father will never be able to sire for me." With that Uncle Iason broke out laughing as did all of the older men.

Iason and I looked puzzled, I didn't intend this to be humorous and I truly was sincere. Father came to my rescue. "The reason they are all laughing, of the group here including Ouranos and Thanatos, I have sired more boy children among the palace females than all of them combined. Now we were all laughing even us twelve year olds knew what that was about. At that point all formality seemed to melt and we took our places at the table. Damao and Volos were invited to sit next to their fathers and Thanatos and Ouranos came close to the table to join in the conversation but still be ready for duty. I wondered where Uncle Iason's personal guardians were. It occurred to me that having served together for so many years all four would be so close that it would not matter. I wondered if our four will be that close by the time we are introducing our sons in their twelfth year.

The food and much drink was brought in and everyone began eating except Ouranos and Thanatos who had recently finished. They did not drink much, only a small amount of our "child's" wine as can be said for Volos and Damao. Iason and I were kept busy keeping our men's cups filled. Each time we would kiss the rim and turn the cup to present the kiss part to him. Each time Uncle Iason managed to feel up my kilt and as the wine flowed his actions became more and more overt. Each time I grew just a little more stimulated until I was sitting in his lap and Iason on Karyakos' and they were both feeling us in the lewdest of ways.

I could see Sir Isokrates and Sir Methodios were making like moves on their sons. These boys were a bit too large for laps, that did not seem to slow the fathers down. Before long I was kissing Uncle Iason's lips in addition to the cup. The knights and older guardians told and retold story after story of their adventures as Pages, Squires and young Knights. I gathered that while Father may have sired more boys than all the them combined, it was not for their lack of trying or skill at winning the ladies. Having all grown up together most of the stories involved all or most. We boys and I include Volos and Damao, were wide eyed and open mouthed. About half way through the evening Volos and Damao traded fathers. I could see the interactions between the couples becoming more intimate after the trade.

Sir Methodios proposed a last toast. "to the most beautiful prince in memory, truly Ganymede reincarnated, Prince Arden we welcome you." All including Iason drank to me. I was mildly embarrassed but had by then consumed enough child wine not to care.

As we went up to our bedchambers I told Volos that he and Damao should take their fathers to Iason and my chamber since we would not be using it. I was sure of that, Uncle Iason had been whispering not so subtle hints in my ear about what awaited me, now that my bottom was healed.

I did not realize, although I had been told, until we got to the royal chambers, I was not to have sex with Father that night but the Uncles were set on nephew sex.

We prepared for bed. Iason and I completed our tasks quickly, the men were much slower. I think it had to do with their almost continuous kissing and fondling of each other. It was made clear to us, over and over by their actions and interactions, how deeply devoted they were to each other. They had fallen in love as young princes and were still in that state. We boys knew the drill and quickly turned back the covers, laying in the middle of the huge bed, kissing and fondling each other. It was fun and it was good and besides we both knew it was what our fathers wanted us to do.

The candles were snuffed and Uncle Iason got in next to me and Father next to Iason. It didn't take Uncle Iason long to get started and get me excited to a state of total readiness and submission. I was this man's boy, his Ganymede, and he would give his boy a full to overflowing measure of pleasure and love. By morning he had fucked me several times and I was in a state of extended ecstasy. My father had been kind, gentle, loving and instructional. I had no doubt in my mind I was loved, respected and wanted. Uncle Iason had added a new dimension to this.

He was the most powerful man in the kingdom but he was the most considerate, kind, unselfish and tender of lovers. He had the power to have any man or woman in his bed yet he chose me. I realized my being here was not so much duty or acquiescence to his power but my gift to him. He returned that gift with unlimited pleasure and devotion to his duty. I became his Ganymede. Like the mythical boy I went to the bed of Zeus and fell in love. The mighty king paid homage to me, worshiping my body and my mind. I became his exalted. In that one short night I gained a lover/mentor and gave up little but my devotion.

Father seemed to have the same effect on Iason. He was as enthralled with him I was for his father. Had anyone even suggested a few weeks ago that I, Arden, would become a prince, have a new and powerful family and be the boy lover of the king, I would have thought them mad and probably said so.

Beginning that next morning I would be the constant companion and personal aid of King Iason the 7th. Crown Prince Iason would be the constant companion and aid of Prince Karyakos.

Iason and Arden would be together, as one for ever.