

Arden by dnrock (dnrock@rock.com)

This is a narrative. It is a work of historical fiction. The operative word in that sentence is fiction. The modern Greek city of Parga is related to this story's City State of Parga, the setting of this story, by geographical proximity only. A list of characters will be provided (Separate File) as some come and go and the time span may be lengthy between appearances; in the serialized presentation, I thought it might prove useful. Sex between males (men and boys), males and females, between females, of both contemporaries and intergenerational is common. I am sure, not common enough for some and too common for others. Some of the descriptions are graphic, others not, still others are only statements of happening or just illusions to occurrences. The main protagonists are male and most of the sex is between them. Most of these characters are bisexual or think of themselves as such.

If the sexual nature is offensive or you are disqualified due to age or location, don't read it. You must be your own censor. You have been warned. I hope you like what you read and find the characters and their exploits/adventures interesting.

Nifty holds the posting license and I hold the copyright, so posting it or making money from it without permission or sharing, is unethical. That said, if you wish to quote reasonable length passages

please be kind enough to sight them. You will find a few quotations or only slightly edited passages in some chapters. References are provided in the text.

Your author found the following picture on the Astronomy Site of The Day. It shows where Parga is, he thought it was worth including here. Nifty does not support images at this time. Interested see: Space Station Over the Ionian Sea — Credit: STS-118 Shuttle Crew, NASA. at spaceflight.nasa.gov/gallery/images/shuttle/sts-118/ndxpage1.html

1. Prologue and Introduction

The following has been abstracted from journals kept by a boy and later young man, named Arden. The journals were found, often in parts and came from numerous volumes and times. We are sure it is not complete, since long gaps occur or he tells us it is not. Translated from the original Greek, Italian and Latin. Your translator has taken the liberty to modernize the language, but retained many Greek spellings as that was how they were written. He attempted to be consistent in this but that was not always successful. The Greek, as written, is high Attic-Ionic. In his writing Arden only rarely used the vernacular, pet names, or the informal, which he must have used in every day life. The translator has also added notes from time to time, marked (TN:).

The dates given are in the Gregorian Calendar; however, on inspecting them they do not seem to suffer from the problems that caused it to be replaced by the Julian Calendar in 1582 and are good numbers. Arden does not use months or days by name although the Greeks of his day and long before had them. It appears that calendar adjustments must have been made on an annual basis. Those adjustments are related to the solstices. He is quite clear in telling us of their importance to the culture of Parga.

It is the year 1312, 7th month, 1st day

I am Arden, Arden son of Abrith. I have learned to read and write, as all citizens are expected. I can record what is happening and what my thoughts on that are, for myself. My father is both a farmer and a minor state official. I am the youngest child with two older sisters and one older brother. I was born in 1300. My mother has taught me my book lessons and music. My father the skills for agriculture. Mother gave me this journal on my birthday, a week ago. My sisters will soon marry, my older brother Abernath, is father's apprentice.

For them life is simple and well laid out. They have duties to the family and to the community. I have no

illusions about my future, nor do I have any fixed ideas about it. Being a second son, I must either leave home or become a farm hand under my brothers protection. I think leaving home would be best, since I do not like taking directions from Abernath. He is not mean or difficult, just my older brother. It is much easier to take directions from strangers. When possible I play games and swim with the other boys in the village. I have several friends, some are first born but most are like me, second, third or forth.

We know that in the near future our faiit will be decided, mostly by our families. Some will go off to be soldiers. Some perhaps apprentice in a trade, like smith or potter. I am not interested in that. I would like to be further educated but have no calling to the religious side. My script is clean and clear and I know my sums and can figure reasonably well. We have very few books in the community and I think I have read all that exist. I read and write Greek and Latin. I am not, in any way, sure what I want in the future; I do know I am of an independent mind and will. I am comfortable being me, Arden.

I do not like clothing if it can be avoided. I swim and play games well, although I am not large for my age, I guess about the same as the others. I am a very strong, some say a gifted runner and archer. Mostly I thirst for knowledge and I think, adventure.

All the women in the village say I am beautiful and so

do some of the men. I have long light brown hair on my head but almost none on my body. I keep my hair tied back with a leather strip. My boyhood is developing a little faster than some of the others my age, I can not yet ejaculate. I see the older boys masturbating and ejaculating, I know my time will soon come.

Our house is small and I must share a bed with Abernath. He would very much like to have sex with me and is always kissing me and playing with my penis or my ass, when the household is quiet or we are alone. I like his touch and his tenderness but find it is I must do the work. While he treats me tenderly and lovingly, it is him that desires sexual fulfillment; I use my hands and sometimes my mouth but only if he has been swimming. He tells me how beautiful I am more often than anyone and with much more feeling. Abernath will marry in the next year and I will need to find a new sleeping place. I know my father is trying to arrange with a farmer just down the road, for him. Abernath is not that fond of the girl but she is not homely. We kiss often, him and I. I find it pleasant but so far have not allowed him to put his erection into my anus. I know it will hurt, the older boys all say so but they all say they like it. This is a paradox I must look into.

1312, month 8, day 4

Little has happened worthy of recording before today. I noticed when Abernath was kissing me last night my penis grew hard and stiff like his always seems to be. This drew his attention and he fondled it greatly but with no result.

Today one of the merchants that travels through our village asked my father about my taking an apprenticeship with him. My father was not keen on the idea and put him off. Later, father told me the merchant had offered only some of his goods for my services while praising my beauty and gentle manner. Father said, with my ability to letters and numbers as well as music I was a treasure, adding that with my beauty I should find more worthy employment.

I think, had the merchant offered several gold coins, father's attitude would have been different. I know he loves me and cares for me as much as my brother and sisters. If the merchant is unable or unwilling to give a fair offer for my service, he feels I will not properly prosper as his apprentice.

1312, month 8, day 20.

Much has happened. On the 6th day one of the King's officials called on my father. I did not see him, I was working in the vineyard behind our olive grove. Flavia, my oldest sister told me. Abernath also told me, complaining he had to do all his own work in addition

to father's, in the olive grove. Now this is not unusual, the King's people make frequent stops here, they don't usually spend more than a short time with father. In retrospect this meeting was of great importance to me. Something I would not know for several more days. I was unable to write any of this down until now, everything was happening to quickly.

Father sent me to the stable of the public house, to tend the official's horse. Horses are not common in this part of the country. Vineyards and olive groves don't need large beasts of burden and father arranges with another farmer to use his oxen to plow his wheat and barley fields. Donkeys are more common here and we have several, along with a few goats, sheep and foul.

The horse was the only one in the small stable, I went right to work. This was a fine animal with a fine saddle and other tack. He had the brand of the King, that is not unusual since he was the animal of a King's official. I brushed and polished until his coat was shinny black. The animal was huge and I had to find a short stool to stand on to reach his back. I quickly grew very hot and pulled off my shirt. The animal's hair tickled my skin. I liked the feeling. The horses seamed to like my attention. I don't know that much about horses and am not a skilled rider. None of the boys in this village are. We just don't have that many of these animals around. My sisters milk our sheep and goats and brother tends the donkeys, I don't have

that much interaction with animals.

It didn't seam long to groom him. The sun was setting when I came our of the stable, it must have been a while and I was very hungry. On leaving, I told the landlord how much I had fed the horse, all he did was nod and smile. I thought nothing more of it, but did wonder where its owner was and if I was ever to meet him. When I got home I took off my work tunic and my leather kilt, sitting in the kitchen naked. I like being naked and don't mind at all if people look at my body. I think it is a nice body. As nice as any other boy my age. I am very strong and my legs and upper body are beginning to show real muscles. Running and pulling the long bow are responsible.

The next day I was asked to tend the horse again. Father didn't ask as much as suggested I go and do it. My father is not one to demand. He just suggests and you know from experience what is required. My butt has suffered in the past for not. My dad is not a mean or difficult person, he is strict, I know he loves me and my sisters. He just has a rather gruff way of showing it. My mother, on the other hand, is quite openly affectionate to all of us.

I was so tired that I fell asleep as soon as I crawled into bed. I think Abernath was disappointed but he is capable of servicing himself, he has 16 years. The next morning I returned to the vineyard finishing my work close to mid day. I was quite taken aback when

my father suggested I go to the boys swimming place in the little river and wash my body. He jokingly told me, I smelled. I thought it odd, since my body odor has never bothered him before and he is not one to make jokes of this nature. My mother smiled and kissing my forehead, patted my leather covered butt to indicate I should do as suggested.

I like swimming and like to be clean. I do not like to smell offensively; I guess if you live with it all the time you don't know. I took a chunk of soap and departed. I ran to the river, which is about half a league. (TN: A land league used to be defined as an hour's walk. It's now defined as exactly 3 miles (4828.032 m.)) I like to run, in fact I can run all day long. I took my tunic off and continued at a strong pace. My sweat was so profuse it made my vision blurred, dripping into my eyes. I only stopped to pull off my boots and kilt before jumping into the river. After swimming around and cooling off I emerged to retrieve the soap when I saw him.

Sitting on the bank, under the shade of a tree was a very handsome, naked man. I guessed about mid 20's he had a very well trimmed beard, strong wide shoulders and what appeared to be a narrow torso. He smiled as I jumped, slightly startled. "Fear not Arden, I too have come here to bathe. Perhaps we can assist each other, I have no soap."

He spoke in a very cultured and educated accent, like

some of the government officials I had met in the past. I wondered if perhaps he is the man who's horse I have been caring for. On further inspection of the scene, I saw that very horse grazing a short distance away.

“By all means Sir, but you have my advantage, I know your name not.” He rose and upon doing so I saw the handsomest man I have ever laid eyes on. He was tall and lean, muscular, yet smooth. He moved toward me with grace and ease, yet full of purpose; neither fast nor slow, but steady. He extended his hand.

“My name is Karyakos.” I was dumb struck and momentarily unable to move. He took my hand and gave it a hardy grasp pulling me into his massive body. I did react to that and wrapped my arms around him as he did me. “Yes, Arden the same Karyakos they sing and tell stories about. As you can see, I’m just a man not a god or legend. Just a man who needs a bath.”

We released each other. “You have given my horse the best of care and for that I thank you.” Hearing us talk the horse wandered closer and studied us from the river’s edge. “I think he wants to thank you as well.” I was unable to speak but began to blush, despite my deep tan I know I turned bright red. “Let us do our business and then we can have a little fun, you boys use the tree over there as a jumping station I would imagine.”

I stuttered, “Yes, yes sir.”

“No, Arden, bathing together, naked in the afternoon sun, my titles are set aside, it is Karyakos.” I moved to get the soap and he moved to deeper water. I washed his hair and his body, being very gentle with his manhood, the soap is harsh. He rinsed himself off by swimming a short distance. Karyakos began washing me. Once in a while we boys would assist each other to bath but I was not accustomed to having someone so carefully cover every part of my body with soapy hands. Well not since I was a small boy and my mother would bath me. “Arden, you are truly the most beautiful boy I have ever laid eyes on.” He tossed the soap chip into the grass and began rinsing my body off. All the time he praised my looks, grace, strength and skills. We swam and chased each other, jumped from the tree branch into the water and laughed like small children. I had never seen a grown man play and laugh like a boy before.

I had not had so much fun for a long time. Karyakos' laughter was as great if not greater. His presence seamed to bring feelings I had never recognized before, within me. I could not quite explain it and still can not, but I felt so comfortable with him, like we had been friends for years instead of moments. His touch, which was frequent, was gentle, yet his body signaled little else but raw power.

He bid me come and lay in the long grass to dry in warm sun. Placing his powerful right arm around my shoulders he guided me to his chosen spot and we lay. I felt so good and so excited to feel that touch. He asked me many questions. I realized early, ones that he already knew most of the answers. Was this some kind of test perhaps?

He encouraged me to ask questions of him too. Mostly we got to know each other. It was some kind of examination but I had not yet realized its intent or purpose. His hand kept finding my crotch and he seamed pleased with what he found but he said nothing. I was in absolute awh of this man and not because he was the Kings Consort, the second most powerful person in the state but for his humility and genuine effort he was making to become my friend.

After we had dried and talk and even kissed a few times he meekly and quietly asked it I would share sex with him. I was surprised. Given his status he could command anything he wanted of me, he did not. His request was even more humble and solicitous than my brother. Like my father's, requests from the powerful, are in fact nothing more than polite commands. Karyakos' request was different in tone and repeated in the most humble terms, as a child asks for a sweet.

I knew the old stories of the gymnasiums of ancients and the relationship between man and boys in them. I

know too that in our modern state this was no longer practiced in the same way. Public baths and sports centers are common but boys do not live in them any more. Masters would often share sex with apprentices but not always. Boys and men often shared sex with each other and some even shunned women in favor of males.

He did not demand, he did not beg, he quietly kissed my ear, nibbling on it lobe and whispered how beautiful I was, how much he admired me and asked if I would share my charms with him. “Yes, yes Karyakos, you have my body and my mind on fire, yes.” It wasn’t until later that I realized he said share. He did not say give, take, yield, but share. Now writing this in retrospect I understand he is in love with me. I now understand this whole adventure had been contrived by him to test both his love and my willingness to be loved.

By this time we had been sitting next to each other facing. He gently pushed me to my left, his right and at the same time leaned to his left, my right and as he lay, he adjusted his hips so our crotches were opposite each other mouths. He whispered, “Just follow my lead, do unto me what I do unto you.” Why he whispered I have no idea for we were quite alone, except for his horse, who came closer to us but still kept about 2 orgyia (TN: 1 orgyia = 1.854 m) distance.

His mouth engulfed my penis which was hard and throbbing, it was almost hurting and his hand ever so gently played over my buttocks and with my scrotum. I knew what to do and took much of his huge penis into my mouth, letting my tongue play around the head and along the underside. His smell was overwhelming. Not in a bad way, we were both quite clean, in a good way. It was like the fragrance of wild flowers to my nose. His penis is long and fat. He has a bush of light brown pubic hair at its base and my nose was treated to his sweet scent as it approached with each in and out movement.

His action on me were more stimulating than I had ever imagined anything could be. I suddenly understood why Abernath liked this so much. I suddenly realized I was building to some kind of emotion I had never yet experienced. I was writhing with excitement, so much so Karyakos had to hold me down. My hips were beginning to thrust, involuntarily into his mouth and soon his were into mine. I could not take his full length but he could me. I reached that magic moment in a boy's life when he becomes a man. I experienced my first ejaculation. Right into my lover's mouth. He followed into mine a few moments later. I could feel his penis swell up slightly and then my mouth and throat were flooded with a warm, slightly salty, slightly bitter substance that has the texture of egg whites. I knew this stuff, I grew up on a farm and I had extracted it from my brother. This was not the first time I ever tasted it. Not something

like honey or fine olive oil but not offensive either.

Shortly we were embraced and he was kissing my mouth, pressing his tongue into it. I had never experienced this before either. Kissing my brother was never like this. Good and meaningful but not like this. This I liked more than anything. It made me tingle all over. I kissed him back. I had seen lovers kissing before, that is what they do. I wondered if this makes us lovers.

Karyakos declared his love for me and I for him but again on reflection it was lust. He told me he had only ever experienced such passion with another person, like he with me, once before. I took that to mean our king. Since he is the King's consort and in this culture his male lover, partner, friend, closest advisor and so on. The king will also have a wife. That union is expected to produce children, male children are hoped. I knew the King had several sons, his first born is just about my age, a few weeks older. The Crown Prince at 12 would now be part of his Court.

After a short refractory of kissing and folding Karyakos rose and extending his hand assisted me to stand. "We must go now Arden, our duties await us. First we must dress. I fear between to two of us, the combined beauty would devastate our loyal subjects." He raised his eyebrows several times and I just turned red again. I went to the river's edge to collect my soap chip, kilt and tunic. Karyakos and the horse

followed me and before I could wrap my kilt he spoke.

“I think you need to dress appropriately to your station.” I turned to see him holding a bright, blue, kilt of fine cloth and a blue and red tunic with the Royal Coat of Arms on the front.

“But I...” he cut my words off with another kiss. I dropped my clothing and he assisted me in fixing my new kilt and tunic. He knelt down and assisted me with my boots. I couldn’t believe this was happening but it was. I assisted him as he had me. His boots were of the softest leather, I hoped to someday to have ones like them.

His kilt and tunic were the same colors but his was clearly marked to indicated this was a Knight of the highest rank and a part of the Royal house not a vassal of it. I was dumb struck again. Why had he given me royal colors? “Collect your things and let us mount up.” I was not sure what he was talking about I had no horse. I collected my old kilt and tunic wrapping them around the soap chip and he placed them in a saddle bag. Karyakos swung into the saddle and taking my hand lifted me in one smooth motion up and seated me in front of him. Placing his arms around me he pressed my chest back so my back pressed against his chest and head against his shoulder. The horse moved at a slow walk, I’m sure not accustomed to the extra weight. Plodded along the road his left hand slowly moved along my leg,

under my kilt and came to rest on my boyhood. Oh was this nice, oh was this good, oh was this what I was to look forward too?

While we made our way to my father's house, Karyakos started to tell me of my future. "Are you happy Arden?"

Oh yes very, but I am also confused. Confused about my feelings and confused about, about everything.

"You Arden are now my son, I have adopted you and you will go with me this day to my home." All the time he was kissing my neck and cheeks and ears and head and fondling my boyhood and I was on fire with desire. I desired this man, his touch, his kisses, his smell, his everything. How could this be, how could I have scrummed to anyone's influence so quickly?

I don't understand, you mean I am not your employee or servant but your son?

"Yes, my one and only non bastard son. That does not mean you do not have obligations and responsibilities and duties, they are now much different than you ever imagined. You are Prince Arden, son of Karyakos, Consort to the Crown Prince and 6th Page in the Court of King Iason the 7th. I will explain all of this in detail over the next fortnight.

But how did you find me and why me of all the other

boys in the kingdom, why me?

“Ah that is long and complicated. First of all I learned of your beauty, skills as a worker, mastery of letter and numbers. My people have been watching you and about 15 others for over a year now.” He further told me that when he saw me working in the vineyard he was instantly taken by my beauty. He then approached my father; who drove a hard bargain on my behalf.

“Your father loves you very much Arden and did not want to let you go. In the end he relented knowing your future as my son would be 100 fold more than Koalhurst could ever begin to offer.” He began kissing my neck again sending little shivers down my spine. “He made me give my word that above all you would be loved, no less then if you remained in his household.” So far anyway it his been even more but then only for a few weeks. The work I had done taking care of his horse was, as I had thought, a test. But not a test of my animal husbandry skills or knowledge, as I had thought. It was a test of wit, problem solving, pride of accomplishment and discharge of duty. I passed.

At the river, it came about, that both he and I were pleasantly surprised at how quickly we made friends. It took courage and judgment for me to accept a stranger. Once our lips met he was convinced I was the right choice. I was not sure how the role of lover

and father would be played out or the role of lover and son for that matter.

He told me, “When we stop at your now former home, for your belongings and your good byes, you should not call me father but Prince Karyakos. It will be easier on Abrith and your mother if you are respectful of your first 12 years of life with them.” He did not say how much gold he had to give my family but I was sure father extracted a good price for me, a valuable worker who had letters, music and beauty.

I pressed my head against his chest and asked, “Father, may I know the price you paid?”

“No my son, you may not know what, if anything, besides my word and assurances for your welfare was given. Think that what ever it was as a dowry, a small token that binds two families together. It is not that you give up one father for another, it is you gain one. All will be explained in the fullness of time, little one. My advice is to enjoy being a child for the limited time that remains for you.”

I was suddenly filled with sadness. It is exciting to contemplate all the wonders of the Court and having riches and attendants. It was frightening at the same time. My first true adventure. I think it more the unknown than the known that upsets us mortals. I knew I would not see my brother and sisters mother and sire for long periods of time. I would not see

Koalhurst and my friends either. I was being pulled asunder by the comfort of the known and excitement of the unknown and the touch of my new father.

When we arrived father lifted me down to the ground. My sisters came pouring out of the small house. They had never seen anything like me or Prince Karyakos. My sisters lead me in leaving the Prince to fetch my old cloths and find his own way. My mother was horrified that they would do that to such a distinguish guest. Karyakos laughed, “children are limited on ceremony and pretension, their simplicity is refreshing.”

I was expecting the entire situation to be awkward, Karyakos made light of it without offense. He announced to all that “Arden has graciously accepted my offer of sponsorship and has been appointed as Prince and the 6th Royal Page. I might add that it has taken these many hours of my most earnest persuasion. Arden’s heart is heavy to leave such a good and loving family.”

My mother was beginning to cry. I embraced her. I knew she too was being pulled in two ways. I was her youngest child, the baby of the family was being torn from her side; however, that same child was entering a future that held grand and wondrous prospects she could not quiet imagine.

My brother took me aside and gave me a leather bag

which held my personal possessions, including this journal and my bow. He held me tightly and long. I knew he would miss my presence in our bed. I knew he would miss his object to teasing. Most of all we would both miss our friendship. My father was next. While Karyakos reiterated his promises concerning my welfare and well-being to mother, sisters and brother my father and I shared our parting.

Father was pretending that he was happy for me. I could see he was struggling not to cry himself. He admonished that I should try and be as good a son for Prince Karyakos as I had been to him. I know my eyes were filling with tears too. And when father kissed me they broke and ran down my cheeks. Karyakos shook my father's hand and promised again to care for me as he would and love me as he does. Father replied, "no man can ask more of another."

It was at this point that Karyakos completely surprised me. He knelt on both knees pulling me down beside him. "Sir, your blessing on our journey." Father smiled, placed his hands, one on my head the other on Karyakos and spoke in what I thought was Greek but in vocabulary I did not completely understand. Karyakos later told me it was Greek from a time before Homer. We thanked him, each of us kissed my mother and we departed. On thinking about my father's words I realize he was giving his blessing not only to our journey from Koalhurst to Karyakos' residents but on our passage into the

future.

How did you know exactly what I was feeling, I asked?

“I knew because I felt exactly the same when my father adopted me. He knew how I felt because he too had been adopted in like circumstances. As you will know when it is your turn to adopt your son. The King’s Consort is his lover, he is betrothed to him at 12 when he is still Crown Prince. The Consort has no wife or children of his own blood. The Crown Prince, when of age must wed and lay with a women selected by his parents, council and advisors. That union is to produce one or more Princes and Princesses. If the first union is unsuccessful in producing a Prince, the king will have others until it is successful. That is his duty to the people and the state.

The Consort’s duty is to be the true lover of the King, train the Crown Prince in his duties and provide a son to be the Crown Princes’ Consort. It is the King’s duty to train the Consort’s son. It is the Consort’s and his son’s duty to the state and people to do this well and faithfully.” This all sounded well and good but I am not sure I understand it or its implications. What is this betrothed to the Crown Prince business. I understand arranged marriages between men and women, I never heard of them between men. I sure don’t understand why the king teaches the Consort Apparent and the Consort the Crown Prince. I would think a father would teach his son like my former

father taught me and my brother the arts of agriculture.

When we got to the little public house and inn we were met by four knights, who were dressed not unlike us, with the markings of the Royal Guard. Father whispered, when you are introduced to these men or any others, except the King himself, “remember you are his social equal. You should willingly give respect and honor for a man’s, age, skills or accomplishments if they exceed or differ from your own but you should never bow down to any man. Nor should you expect any other to bow before you.”

He lifted me down and dismounted, greeting each man as a long lost friend suddenly returned. They embraced each other and kissed several times. I was not quite sure about this and hung back just a step or two. These were big men with long swords and daggers. Several had small scars, the obvious result of battle. “I wish to present my son Arden. This is Ouranos and Thanatos first and second captains of the Royal Guard and my personal body guards.” The two stepped forward and with a suddenness I had never experienced before, acting as if one, swept me off my feet, crushed me between them. Each man had me by a leg and I must say their hands were immediately up my kilt and feeling my manhood and smooth boy skin. It tickled and I giggled realizing them meant me no harm. “Oh Prince, Ouranos said to my father, he will grow to be as fine a man as you.”

Father smiled that kind of what else would you expect, smile.

They set me down and Thanatos turning to the other two. Prince Arden these two, Pyrros and Volos, are your personal guards. Pyrros and Volos stepped forward, both knelt down before me as Karyakos and I had done before my father. Karyakos whispered you must say you accept their service and kiss each one on each cheek. I did that but managed to kiss them both on the lips as well. This brought wide smiles to their faces. I was a bit taken aback by what happened next. All the villagers had gathered not far way and when my guards rose they sent up a mighty cheer to Prince Arden. They all knew me, they knew who I was. Well they knew who I had been, but that didn't matter, the guards had called me Prince and I was now their Prince too. I know I turned red.

Father told us that we must go and greet my friends. Which we did. All the local boys were surprised and everyone wanted a thousand questions answered. I did not notice at first but became aware that Volos and Pyrros were never more than a pace behind me or at my side and they had a steady hand on their saber handles.