

# Thy Code De Chivarly (lgbt edition)

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Garret and Paul had wealth, title, and good swordsmanship. Christian was a magician with horses of all kinds and was an expert with a bow and arrow. Terence? He had none but a mystery on his side.



Published on  
**Booksie**

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## Chapter 1: Thy Code De Chivalry (lgbt edition)

Terence was Lord Raoul and Lady Catherine's son's servant. Terence has served Master Garret ever since he was a lad of eight.

His mother died a few months after giving birth to him and his father was once lost at sea now presumed dead by many. Terence's only friend out of the whole mansion was Christian. He was orphaned like him.

His mother died right after giving birth to him and his father died a hero's death. His father was one of the King's best archers so Christian has a sharp eye which helps around the stables in which he works in.

But even Christian knew his mother because of his father and the King. They were friends, close friends.

Paul was Duke Gerald and Duchess Ainsley Ashcroft's son. A long family friend of Lord and Lady Evergreen. Paul and Garret have been friends since the beginning of their time, always getting Terence and Christian in trouble.

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Helping Christian load up the last batch of hay, Garret and Paul Ashcroft, a family friend bellowed out to Terence.

"His highness awaits for you again Terence." Christian said in a reluctant tone as he pet one of the beast's mane. The white one was Lord Raoul's but even this beast has his fair share of disliking the Lord.

Sighing heavily, Terence quickly finished up with his last horse and quickly ran towards the small castle. He ran into Lady Catharine, wife of Lord Raoul, mother of Garret.

"What is it boy?" She asked her tone cold as an icy winter's night.

Terence quickly bowed and told her Master Garret and Master Paul summoned him. Lady Catharine nodded and told him to be on his way quickly.

Once Terence got to Master Garret's door, he caught his breathe and dressed his hair a bit. When was about to knock, the door flew open and the two roughly pulled Terence into the room and locked the door.

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"Would you say he was slow today my friend?" Paul asked with a smirk, his arms crossed over his broad chest.

His friend nodded in agreement. "He was indeed my dear friend. He was indeed. Oh whatever shall we do to him? Look, he's getting fatter." Garret stated with a mock horror as he hit the back of Terence's back hard with a wooden sword.

The two laugh as Terence fell onto the ground and groaned in pain. Terence tried to get up but Garret kicked him back to the ground.

The laughter and abuse continued until Lord Raoul called out for the boys plus Terence.

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They all ran out, Paul and Garret roughly pushing Terence to the side so they were first. Once they were all outside, they stopped and looked up, two knights from the castle right in front of them, real and in plain view.

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Terence went over and stood by Christian's side who had a nasty bruise from the stable's master who had been a father to him even though he had a temper.

"Who are you people?" Christian asked meekly, hoping he didn't anger them.

One of the knights looked at him, there was three total and seemed that he was the leader of the small group.

"I am Sir Lucas, and these are my companions Sir Kayden and Laird Ewan of Edinburg Scotland." Sir Lucas said gesturing to each of his companions.

Sir Lucas and Sir Kayden were two of the King's most trusted knights while Laird Ewan was the laird of his own land and of course childhood friend of the King.

"What brings you here into our humble place and may we invite you in for some wine?" Lady Catharine asked with a small curtsy.

Laird Ewan got off his horse and stared at the Lady. He had a hard glance that would bring a mighty army down on their knees.

"Nay my lady. We are here to invite these young lads to the castle. The King demands every young lads to join him within the castle to be trained as knights, archers, and other things." Laird Ewan said with a strong Scottish accent.

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Everyone looked up at the Laid in both terror and dumbstruck. Terence was the first to notice Ewan saying "all lads" which meant he and Christian can go as well.

"You say "all lads". So does that mean Terence and I may go along with ye?" Christian said in a Scots accent. Everyone turned to the stable boy taken aback.

Ewan nodded with a broad smile, "aye lad."Tis seems to me ye has that bit of Scots in ye".

Christian bowed with a small smile, "aye, me father was a Scot and me mum was English as was told by my father and the King".

Sir Lucas got off of his beast and strolled towards the stable boy, "indeed, I do remember you now. You have the same eye color as your father. Quite the archer."

Sir Kayden turned to Garret and Paul, getting off of his horse as well.

"And you two must be Paul and Garret. Heard much about you, Paul, you're the Duke and Duchess's son and Garret, you are the master of this abode but who is the other boy? I never seen nor heard of him."

All eyes from the two knights and Laird turned to Terence.

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Terence lost his voice for a moment when Sir Kayden asked who he was.

"Sir, my name is Terence; my last name is very much unknown. Never knew my mum or dad. My mum died few months after birth and my dad was once lost at sea now presumed dead." Terence said, his voice shaking a little.

He was nervous and was trying not to show it visibly but with two broad knights, a Laird of Edinburg Scotland and his Lord and Lady, he was downright nervous.

Sir Lucas nodded, his impression grim, "well, I am very sorry to hear that my boy. Now Lord Raoul, like we all said before, we would like to take these boys up to the castle and learn their place in the future," He then looked at the two serving boys. "And we mean all, servants included."

This greatly surprised Lord and Lady Evergreen as well as their son and his friend.

Lord Raoul tried to protest but Sir Kayden raised his hands, "it was in fact, by order of the King himself, would you dare defy his majesty?"

Lady Catharine did a quick curtsy, stating they dare not to defy his great lordship. She commanded the four boys to grab whatever things they need necessary for the trip towards the castle.

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"Ye cannot believe we're getting out of this hell hole!" Christian exclaimed, no longer afraid of expressing his Scottish accent.

Terence couldn't help but chuckle, Christian even washed his mud hair well to reveal a dark red hair, a bit darker than the Laird but still red.

After the two were down packing, they went to Master Garret's room to get his belongings and head outside to join in with the others.

Paul was there with his mom and dad with his belongings. Garret ran up to him in a great bear hug until Paul stated he needed a breathe of air.

"I trust you have everything you need?" Sir Lucas said as al four boys nodded. "Good, Christian, you and Laird ride together, Paul with me, Garret with Kayden. Terence, you'll be riding with a very special person, Prince Thomas of the castle."

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As if on cue, Prince Thomas, eldest son of the King and Queen strolled up on his beast towards Terence but not too close so the beast wouldn't harm the boy.

He mounted his horse and jumped down with grace. He walked towards the load and kissed Lady Catharine and Duchess Ashcroft's hand and bowed at their husbands.

He turned to Terence who was the only one not one a horse.

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"You must be Terence, the mysterious boy," Prince Thomas said as he took the boy's hand and led them to his horse. "Hold on tight to me alright."

As soon as all the people who mounted on their horse, they all said their good-byes and galloped away on their long journey towards the kingdom ahead.

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They rested in the forest, not a day long to the castle. Christian, who rode with Ewan, went hunting. They returned with a good game.

"Ye should have seen this lad! 'Tis the best archer I've ever seen. A fine bull's-eye indeed." Ewan exclaimed as he and Christian demonstrated what they did a little further away in the forest.

Garret and Paul had titles and good swordsmanship, Christian had Scot's blood and archery, Terence...he had none but a mystery on his side.

"Well I don't know about the lot of you, but I am going to wash up," Sir Kayden said as he got up from his spot. But before he could make it to the waters, an arrow went flying and landed right in front of him. "We're under attack!"

Prince Thomas, Laird Ewan, Sir Lucas, and Sir Kayden drew their swords as Christian readied his bow and arrow.

They waited for the next attack in silence. A knife went flying but no one knew, the knife came directly towards Paul.

Using quick instincts, Terence pushed Paul who collided with Garret and the two fell onto the hard dirt wrinkling their clothes.

As the two complained, Terence fell on his knees. The commanding voice of Garret was dying down as the world began to spin and blacken in Terence's eyes.

Before he knew it, shouts were flying as if in a distant and the mysterious boy collapsed.

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"Is he alright?" Terence heard Christian said. He wanted to answer to his friend but his eyelids felt heavy as well as his body.

"The knife's plunged deep within his back. Poor boy. We must ride fast but must keep on our guard. Our attackers might attack any time of the day." Sir Lucas said, picking up Terence and gently handing him to the Prince.

They all rode hard and fast towards the castle walls were a small village was along with the castle and keep itself.

"Summon the healer now!" Prince Thomas commanded in a booming voice. The little girl curtsied quickly and dashed off to find a nearby healer.

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The Queen and her daughter, Zoe, showed up as her son, Zoe's elder brother rode up to them. He got off his horse and carried Terence.

"My lord above. What happened to the poor boy?" The Queen asked, her tone concerned and worried for Terence.

"Some 'tackers attacked us milady mother. We are in need of a healer stat. One girl has rushed to find a healer but I'm 'fraid he is dying most too quickly from all the blood lost." Prince Thomas said as they rushed a dying Terence towards his bedroom.

The healer finally arrived and shooed everyone while she did her work.

The Queen was the first to notice the look Ewan had when the healer came. It was not like any other, she wondered if the healer has captured the Laird's heart.

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Terence woke up with a massive headache. He touched and rubbed his temples as if a great headache formed which it did. The rest of his body ached from the long journey and encounter but none was worse than the headache.

"Wh-where am I?" He asked weary, the King chuckled. The King.

"You are in my son's chamber, Prince Thomas but you have yet to meet my daughter, other son, and the rest of the people." The King said with a smile.

Terence was about to get up and address to the King with respect but he pushed him back down on the soft bed gently. The feeling of a soft bed was nothing of his bed back at his master's home. Hard, cold, and with all sorts of insects.

He had seemed to be drifting off to a peaceful and comfortable rest for the king chuckled and spoke as he made his way to the door.

"Rest, you've had a hard day coming here and nearly died. Once you have been well rested, my servant will dress you and take you down to the dining hall son we may all have supper." The King said with a smile as he got up and left Terence alone to rest.

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When Terence felt he has had enough rest, he got himself up, stretched his muscles out and got himself dressed in the best outfit he could find and were his size before heading out.

Just before he made it to the last flight of stairs, the other prince saw him. His eyes glued on how magnificent the new squire was. The second prince of the king had seen nothing like him, there was something about him that made his heart jump like the last woman he met.

"Father, who is that?" The prince asked, pointing towards Terence who went to sit by his best and only friend. This caused a bit of jealous among the prince but he cooled himself.

"That my boy is Terence. No one knows if his father is dead or alive," The king replied, looking at Terence noticing the pants he wore were a bit too big for him. He cleared his throat and clapped his hands a couple of

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times, preparing his meal speech. "It gives me great honor, to welcome Garret, Paul, Christian, and Terence into our humble abode. Soon we will hear from my son, Thomas, about the Code of Chivalry, but now, let us feast until we fall."

As soon as the king sat in his place, the servants came in with plates of food and wine glass containers to pour in their goblets.

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"The meal was just terrific your majesty, thank you ever so much." Paul praised, bowing to the king but not before sending a sly smirk to Christian who silently scoffed in secret.

The king bowed his head in return and motioned with his hand for Paul to rise. "I am pleased to have satisfied your appetite. My servants shall show you each of your rooms, you all may wash up then have a tour around the castle grounds."

All four bowed their heads then all separated with a servant along to show them the way to their chambers to ready themselves for the night.

Terence followed the servant to his room and was surprised to see it was decorated with such fine fabric silk. Pure gold and silver with emerald jewels, diamonds and sapphires as well.

"I hope this room will be to your liking master Terence, there is a hot bath awaiting for you at this very moment, I would suggest you take it now while it is still steaming."

Terence thanked the servant with a bow and waited for the other to depart so he can undress himself and bathe while it was still steaming hot.

Climbing in slowly, Terence let the hot water sooth his aches and pains as he slid down further until his body was invisible due to the smoke. He found the soap and began to scrub himself, getting the dirt from under his nails and between his toes.

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Prince Phyllis, second son of the king made his way to the dining hall along with his siblings and the rest of the kingdom to hear his older brother speak of the Code to all the newcomers.

His brother had once been the heir to the throne but in moments time after he had fallen for a farmer's girl, he stepped down to let Phyllis himself rise to become heir after their father's pass. In truth he had never imagined himself being an heir after father.

He admired Thomas but also envied. Yes he had women swooning over just like his older brother but what Thomas had what Phyllis didn't was blessings. No matter what he did in his past life and now, it was never good enough; he had never received any blessings from father, the king.

He felt ashamed and took his frustration out in hard swordplay. No one except Valmont liked to hard duel with the young prince, it gave them both great satisfaction, pleasure, and release.

Prince Phyllis stopped in his tracks when he heard the sound of the water being drained. He stepped aside to take a peek at who was at the other side. He opened the door slightly and silently to peek, what he saw, he believed was sent from God himself.



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Terence had just finished drying himself when he thought he had heard a gasp. He shrugged and continued to dress himself. When he finished with the pants he went for the shirt, he slipped it on and looked at it as if something was wrong. He was right.

While wondering about the shirt, he heard a chuckle then footsteps approaching towards him. He looked up at the mirror and saw a young man with royal clothing and dirt blonde hair. He walked high and with posture, never slouched, never below.

"You've got it on backwards boy. Here, let me help you place it on properly." Prince Phyllis said taking the shirt off from Terence and turned it around to place it back on and tied the laces. The prince finished helping Terence dress then together; they escorted each other to the dining hall.

"I thank you my prince for helping a poor soul dress." He said as the prince nodded with a broad smile.

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When they have arrived at the dining hall, everyone was seated and waited patiently for them to arrive. They talked amongst themselves as to keep each other company until they presented themselves.

The king rose and clapped his hands a couple of times as a way of silencing the people. All turned their attention to the king then to Prince Phyllis and Terence.

"My son has arrived and so has the newcomer to the kingdom. Please, take your seats and we shall begin the feast. My son, Thomas, shall present the Code of Chivalry before he fulfills our famished stomachs." The king said as Thomas rose from his seat to take the center.

Thomas stood tall as any prince but his poster was of both royalty and a famer's. He had grown to love the farm-life as his wife had grown to love a royal's life; both had managed to work things together. A castle was built on her father's land and flowers forever bloomed her mother's grave. It was perfect for the two.

"I will now present the Code in which will be and shall be in first and foremost forever in our minds and hearts as well as the souls of each and every one of us. Let us began," Thomas said as his wife gave him a scroll tied together with a golden string. The eldest prince untied the string and unscrolled the scroll. "To fear God and maintain his church. To serve in the liege of the Lord in valour and faith. To protect the weak and defenseless. To give succour to widows and orphans. To refrain from the wanton giving of offence. To live by honour and for glory. To dispise precuniary reward. To fight for the welfare of all. To obey those placed in authority. To guard the honour of fellow knights. To eschew unfairness, meanness, and deceit. To keep faith at all times and speak truth. To persevere to the end in any enterprise begun. To respect honour of women. Never to refuse challenge of an equal. Never turn your back on a foe."

Everyone wait patiently until the eldest prince had seated himself next to his wife to applauded for the Code given upon them. The king rose from his seat yet again to announce the beginning of the feast.

## Chapter 2

After the feast had finished and everyone had satisfied their famished stomachs, all went out towards the courtyard for a good game to watch. The Laird and his brothers were there to demonstrate their high use and talent of a bow and arrow, other knights were there to joust, and the princes and princess were there to show off as well.

"There is Ewan!" Christian shouted out towards the crowd. He had grown to admire Ewan as both a father and mentor in his life. He had fallen for the Laird's greatness the moment they gamed together some time ago before they reached full view of the castle.

Terence chuckled at his friend's full excitement as the king silenced all of the roaring crowds. All seated in their spots and turned their heads to the king.

"To-day, our games will be for the newcomers of the kingdom who swore their lives to God and to the Code. We thank you all for your honest vows and may God and the kingdom bless you all. Now, let the games, begin." The king announced as the gamers below bowed low for the king and took their places.

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The Laird and his brothers were up first along with their most trusted comrade. All took their place in front of each target, set ten miles away from them. For every bull's-eye, the target shall be moved another ten until hundred was reached. An impossible shot.

Alistair, the second eldest next to Ewan was up first. His target was placed ten feet in front of him and his bow was given to him. He took his position and placed his arrow on the bow before he raised it up high. He took his time to examine the target and the wind before he fired. Bull's-eye.

The crowd applauded and the next brother, twins, Cormac and Caelen, took their places. The same was done to them as Alistair but they waited no moment too soon and fired. Bull's-eye.

Dalziel, Iain, Hart, Gowan, Keir, Luthais, Nairn, Ossian, Diromid, Seumas, Wyndham, and Mac all took their places in front of targets ten feet in front of them and all fired bullseyes. Last, but not least, was Laird Ewan who took his position and fired after seconds later.

All had fired their bull's-eyes until hundred miles approached. Ewan was up first but he raised his gloved covered hand.

"Wait, there is someone amongst the people I know I would like to see his attempt at the hundred yards," Ewan said for all to hear and looked straight up at Christian and with a gesture and a smile, Christian made his way down to the Laird. "Give the young lad his bow."

A squire ran to the court to present Christian his bow. The bow given days ago by Ewan himself. He took his time to admire and felt he bow before he took position. All murmured and shouted "impossible. The boy couldn't possibly be able to succeed the in hundred yards target. None has been able to in years".

Christian raised his bow after placing the arrow in place and pulled back on the string. He examined how the wind was blowing and squinted his eyes to view the center of the target and fired after moments later.

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The arrow went flying out from the bow and his hand. As it flew into the wind and towards its target, everyone waited ever-so anxiously for where the arrow might strike.

The man over at the other side of the yard, next to the target was amazed when the arrow finally arrived at the spot. He lifted the target and ran hundred yards towards the waiting crowd.

Everyone waited for the young man to come back with the result of Christian's archery. When the man returned, he stopped for a moment to breathe before he raised the target for all to see.

Bull's-eye.

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"Lad, that was astonishing. Absolutely amazing och aye." Mac exclaimed as all nodded and murmured in agreement.

The jousting went on next followed by the performance of the princes and princess themselves. They danced with each other and performed the crowning of their father before they all set in back towards the castle.

Terence went up the stoned stairs and up to his room not knowing he was being followed. He continued to walk up the steps then stopped when the man behind sneezed.

"I bless you, Gareth." Terence deadpanned then turned around to face his master but not in a way a servant would anymore. For he was no longer a servant, but a loyalty to the king, the kingdom, and to the Code itself.

"I beg your absolute pardon peasant but you are my servant, I expect to have a bath ready for me and my clothes laid out immediately." Gareth spat but instead of the usual "yes sir" he always got in the past, Terence stepped down to face him harder.

He smirked and shook his head. "No longer am I your servant Gareth but a servant to the king, kingdom, and its Code. 'Tis a servitude I will forever bestow in my heart forever".

Terence left a confused and angry Gareth with a silly grin on his face as he continued on his way up his room for a good, pleasing rest before first day of duty with the Knights of Chivalry and every other seniors of the castles.

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Terence felt proud of himself, never felt any better after he talked back to his mas-former master. He threw himself on his bed and stared up at the ceiling with a huge grin on his face until his eyes gave up on him and he drifted off to a peaceful sleep, the best sleep he's had in years.

While in his dreams, the sound of the horn woke up from his slumber and his comforting bed. Terence groaned and rubbed the back of his neck before giving it a loud pop.

He got up and washed his face and hands before he joined in with the others walking down the stone steps of the castle. Dinner was about to be served.

Murmurs from others were being spread about the boy who hit the impossible hundred yards target, Terence couldn't help but smile in full praise for his beloved friend but soon his smile turned into a frown. Now with Christian as famous as a knight of chivalry, he wondered if their friendship will still be bonded.

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He saw Christian amongst the group of Laird Ewan and his brothers along with two boys and two girls. Sons and daughters of three different brothers. Cameron was Seumas' son and Iver was Laird Ewan's son as well as Mairin, his daughter. The last boy was Mackenzie, son of Corma.

All boys were seated by their fathers and mothers patiently waiting for the food to arrive at their place. All boys and girls of the McIntosh clan all sat tall and with pride just like the elder, senior men. Terence had never seen so much pride such as a Scot's.

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When dinner had finally been served, the king announced the duties of the newcomers will began at first sunrise. All would be expect to be up and ready for their duty and not a minute late. All bowed in respect of the king, queen, and his family before they all retire to their homes and beds.

Terence laid down on his bed and stared up at the ceiling before he was interrupted by a loud banging noise. He groaned and slid himself off the warm bed before he opened the door, to his surprise, Christian jumped him.

"Terence! I'm rooming in with you. Oh and this is Rohan, son of a duke overseas from here. Travelled long and hard to get here. His father is the best weapons master, makes a lot of swords even though he is the duke himself!" Christian exclaimed gesturing to the dark haired boy who had a grim look settled upon his face.

Something about Rohan stirred Terence, he didn't know why or how but he knew to keep his guard up. He straightened his back and bowed in respect of Rohan who bowed back, saying but not one word before he claimed his bed by placing his bags on it.

"I like him." Christian said, not realizing someone had been listening, watching.

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Paul heard all, seen all and didn't liked it one bit. He huffed and turned his heel towards his room. Gareth had requested that he and Paul should be the ones rooming together. Valmont was also in with them. Paul hated Valmont but must pretend to admire him for Gareth admired him.

He opened his door to reveal Valmont undressing from his tunic into comfort bed-wear for a good night's rest. The older, taller boy grinned and bowed his head in one quick motion Paul thought for sure he could catch a bit of sickness doing so so fast.

Paul did the same as the older did and climbed into his bed and closed his eyes, hoping he would fall asleep. It has been true, he had some troublesome with sleep. Medicines were took and visits from Priests but none worked. Something was missing in his life and he's out to get it.

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Morning sunrise appeared and everyone in the castle scrambled up to get ready for breaking of fast before their first duty of Chivalry. All were both nervous and excited for the event that was about to happen in just moment's time.

Terence noticed Christian come towards him through the crowd until he caught up to him. Christian wrapped his arm over Terence's shoulder and grinned widely, his yellow teeth showing.

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"Can you believe your eyes Terence? We're going to be soon, Knights of Chivalry just like Sir Kayden and Sir Lucas. I cannot wait till. 'Tis a good thing Laird Ewan has got me back otherwise, oh. No matter, good luck with your side of ye training. I'm off for food." Christian said making Terence laugh.

Ever since they had arrived, Christian had thought of nothing but the food served for him. It was nothing like they had before. Stale bread, water, and leftover meat from the plates of their lord and master. This was indeed a great time for them both.

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"Alright, I am Sir Kayden as you all may know well. This is defense class where we learn not to strike our enemy but to defend," Sir Kayden said, walking up and down the line full of young boys who stood tall and proud, ready for anything. The seniors soon came and stood opposite of all of us. Once we were assembled, Sir Kayden nodded then walked across the yard going up and down as he spoke again. "Your first task, is to disarm your opponent in front of you, they will go easy, as you progress, it will become harder. You may begin when after, you shake the hands of your opponent."

I walked over to my partner and extended my hand out to him for a solid handshake. The older did not take my hand but bowed to the waist then took my hand in his for the shake before he took his position. From the corner of my eye, I saw Gareth scoff in amusement of my poor structure as he bowed then shook his opponent's hand.

I quickly bowed back before I draw my wooden sword just like the others did and waited in position for Sir Kayden to say "go".

Sir Kayden strolled through the yard and examined our footing position. Like always the second years position were excellent including the richer like Gareth and Paul. I, Paul, and another were the only one's whose footing was off balance.

He repositioned all our footings and gave us advice that by staying in a position such as that in a duel we would be struck down in one blow and have no time to dodge or put in a counter attack.

The knight held his right hand up for a moment; it was a signal to get yourself ready, to brace your self before we start the training.

"Go!" He shouted as we all charged against each other. Each and every one of us did our best to unarm our opponent as we proceed to progress into harder stages.

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They all sat down on the grass either next to their friend or opponent. Terence sat in-between his friend and opponent who gave him pointers during the training duel. Only one from each side remained. The opponent who was more brawn than brain no doubt and a much much smaller knight in training.

"Better quit now while you're at it," The opponent, whose name was Badrick, taunted the younger receiving whistles and shouts of agreement. The short knight in training shook his head for an answer and braced himself, his sword above his head in a thrust position. "Suit yourself."

As Badrick raised his sword and charged at the younger the boy stood perfectly still like the stone walls of the Keep before...he dodged the swing, went down on one knee and cut near the ankle of Badrick's left leg causing him to stumble. That gave the mysterious younger time to disarm his opponent, he took a mighty

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swing making the sword fly from Badrick but quickly he regained his balance and went after his sword. The two continue to duel until it ended with the small knight in training's sword at the base of Badrick's neck.

All were shocked; the most buff opponent has been defeated by a much smaller knight in training! Who was this boy? All went in closer to see who it was. The smaller knight gave back the sword to it's owner before he placed his sword back into it's hilt and took off his helmet...

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"Princess! My apologizes, I have been unchivalrous to you and to your honorable blood. I hope you can forgive my foolishness." Badrick bowed low when he realized it was Zoe he was fighting against during the training.

Whispers and murmurs settled all around. Everyone was all taken aback but Sir Kayden was the only one not taken aback and in awe like the rest, instead his face was red with anger and embarrassment. He strolled down to the two, glaring at the princess.

"What were you thinking? Have you any idea of what could have happened? You could have been injured, killed. God I should have called off when I had the chance," Sir Kayden scold both the princess and himself. He rubbed his temples, a headache forming inside.

As soon as he called he turned to them. "Go wash up, you all smell like filthy pigs. As soon as each of you are well cleaned, noon meal will be hosted then archery will commence."

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Christian was more than excited with the archery training and Terence knew and Roland knew that Christian had the keenest eye in the kingdom. Terence knew he was the first to shoot a bull's-eye from one-hundred yards away.

During lunch, gossips were being spread about Zoe and Badrick. All stated that Badrick went easy for Zoe, others were saying he got his arse kicked by Zoe and Terence knew the truth of it all.

"Terence isn't it?" Terence looked up to meet face to face with his opponent. He was still a bit wet from washing but dried enough. He had a smile on his face, his hair was golden brown and his eyes were like gold coins with a bit of coal. I nodded in response, food stuffed in my cheeks. "I'm Lander."

Terence swallowed my food and motioned for him to sit with them. "This is Roland and my friend Christian". Lander nodded and congratulated Christian on the hundred yard shoot and asked Roland how his father was. Terence felt alone once again, all these people were now so recognized and well known even though they have not been knighted yet.

Terence was not rich or of some royal bloodline like Roland, Garet, and Paul, he was not a archer like Christian, and certainly not the cousin of one of the knights like Lander was. No, he was nothing so far but he'll be something soon... Hopefully.

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Terence positioned his arm just like Alistair's and waited for the two brothers to gaze at our arm structure. He nodded in approval and he let his arms fall. Terence looked over at Christian who shook his head towards Paul who scowled.

"Paul, shoot an arrow like that and the only thing you'll snap, is your arm," Christian said repositioning Paul's arms from behind. "There, how does that feel? Better right?"

Paul said nothing but scoffed and let his arms fall. His face was red. His impression read, how dare you. Terence watches Paul stalk off from the court-yard and mentally shook my head.

"Alright lads, pick up an arrow and have at it with ye." Ewan shouted as we rushed to grab an arrow. They soon all came to realize, it neither was not easy pulling the string back with the arrow than alone nor is hitting the target on first try but we all soon managed to pass.

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After archery ended, we all went back inside the castle for philosophy, mathematical, medicine, and other things that doesn't require much physical but more mental. It was boring, mathematical and philosophy, medical was fair and thrilling. But, what set off above the rest was Chivalrous learning skills. Bowing to different classes' men and women, dancing, challenging duels and what to do if challenged.

Never, has he ever, bowed so much in one evening morn. Terence felt like a crippled old man in need of a staff in order for him to straighten his back up.

"I hope to never bow again for the day." Christian complained, as Roland, Lander, and Terence nodded in agreement as they followed him out to the King's stables. It was off limits but since we had a senior, Lander gave us leave but without escort, punishment must be held.

When we made to the stables, one of the horses was going berserk. Two men who worked the stables were doing their best to restrain the horse from hurting anyone or anything but to of no avail, they failed and the horse managed the flee from their tight grip.

Christian was the first to react. Lander, Roland and the two men shouted out their protest for my friend to stop. Roland glanced over at Terence to see a smile form, from the corner of Terence's eye, Roland's impression must have thought he has gone mad.

"Whoa! Easy there boy, er, girl," Christian stood in front of the mare, waving his arms to catch the reins. He finally caught it and jerked it down towards him so the mare's head was bearing down on him. "Easy there girl. My you have a big tummy....oh..."

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"So the Queen's mare is birthing? At this hour?" Mavis, one of the caretakers of the beasts asked, feeding the other horses while Silas, his partner, and Christian tended the Queen's mare.

"Aye, this beauty of a beast's going to give fine strong horses...well after strength develops on them." Christian explained stroking the mare's nose.

The rest of tem watched in awe as his friend worked his magic touch with the horses. Terence explained to Roland and Lander that there hasn't been a horse in the world that is not affected by his friend's stern look, courage, determination, and kind gentle movements.

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"Alright! Let's get to birthing the beast!" Christian shouted out in sheer excitement. Everyone all laughed as they crowded around to help in any way we can.

\*\*\*

Prince Phyllis had been watching...watching their every movement and where ever they went. his cold eyes matching his coldness of his heart. His arms were crossed over his chest as he waited for a few companions to join him.

"You summoned us milord?" A young man with gold hair asked with a bow. Two others joined in standing on either side of him. One had black hair the other light almost nectar hair color.

The prince eyed them before he turned his full attention to the three with a grin on his face as he walked towards him and placed a hand on the taller man's shoulder.

"Yes, I need you to keep an eye on the boy, Terence. There's something about him that sets him off above the rest. Reminds me of someone I once learned, heard about. See what you can find out about. Go. And be sure you are not seen." Prince Phyllis announced, waving his hand to let them take leave.

The three bowed and made their way out of the castle to spy and learn everything they could about the boy. Terence.



## Chapter 3

We all sat down on the grass either next to our friend or opponent. I sat inbetween my friend and my opponent who gave me pointers during our training duel. Only one from each side remained. The opponent who was more brawn than brain no doubt and a much much smaller knight in training.

"Better quit now while you're at it," The opponent, whose name was Badrick, taunted the younger reciveing whistles and shouts of agreement. The short knight in training shook his head for an anwser and braced himself, his sword above his head in a thrust position. "Suit yourself."

As Badrick raised his sword and charged at the younger the boy stood perfectly still like the stone walls of the Keep before...he dodged the swing, went down on one knee and cut near the ankle of Badrick's left leg causing him to stumble.

That gave the mysterious younger time to disarm his opponent, he took a mighty swing making the sword fly from Badrick but quickly he regained his balance and went after his sword. The two continue to duel until it ended with the small knight in training's sword at the base of Badrick's neck.

All were shocked, the most buff opponent has been defeated by a much smaller knight in training! Who was this boy? All went in closer to see who it was. The smaller knight gave back the sword to it's owner before he placed his sword back into it's hilt and took off his helmet...

\*\*\*

"Princess! My apologizes, I have been unchivalrous to you and to your honorable blood. I hope you can forgive my foolishness." Badrick bowed low when he realized it was Zoe he was fighting against during the training.

Whispers and murmurs settled around all of us. We were all taken aback but Sir Kayden was the only one not taken aback and in awe instead his face was red in anger and embarressment. He strolled down to the two, glaring at the princess.

"What were you thinking? Have you any idea of what could have happened? You could have been injured, killed. God I should have called off when I had the chance," Sir Kayden scold both the princess and himself. He rubbed his temples, a headache forming inside.

As soon as he called he turned to us. "Go wash up, you all smell like filthy pigs. As soon as each of you are well cleaned, noon meal will be hosted then archery will comense."

\*\*\*

Christian was more than excited with the archery training and I knew and Roland knew that Christian had the most keen eye in the kingdom. I mean he was the first to shoot a bullseye from one-hundred yards away!

During lunch, gossips were being spread about Zoe and Badrick. All stated that Badrick went easy for Zoe, others were saying he got his arse kicked by Zoe. I knew the truth of it all.

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## Chapter 4

Ignitas. Ignitas was his son. His lost son. He had been sailing around the seven seas in search for him but to of no avail, the mission was unsuccessful.

Davis's heart began to weaken at the thought that his only son might be long dead or worse, suffering with nothing but the clothes he's wearing and the scraps of food thrown at the ground by other people higher than him.

"Captian, where now shall we land?" First mate Howell asked, the cool breeze hitting their faces, the smell of the ocean and rum filled their senses.

Davis looked at this first mate then the ocean blue before he took a few gulps of his rum. He took out his telescope and looked over at the horizon; they were approaching the Kingdom, Medrikarne. He lowered the telescope and pointed towards the horizon.

"We land their Howell," He instructed as his first mate immediately started to give orders. Shouts and sounds of feet were heard among the crew as they sailed towards Medrikarne. Davis took another gulp of rum before he muttered to himself. "I hope you are here my son."

\*\*\*

Kingdom Lotharingia was coming in for a visit for its Thomas' day of birth. He was now a grown man of thirty-eight; his wife and he were now also expecting their first child to approach. All in the kingdom of Medrikarne and Kingdom Lotharingia couldn't wait. Why Lotharingia?

Thomas once had a friend who was transported their after a terrible war against Mortimer of Kingdom Darkethonion. Mortimer was indeed alive and his fatal wound, most likely healed. Legends have said Mortimer's only fear was the pirate king.

No one knew what his name was; only what he looked like. Knights who told us the tail of the war said the pirate was grim and even by glancing a daring glance you could feel the coldness miles away.

"But, I must say, Terence, you looked exactly like the Pirate King himself," Sir Ackerley, brother of Sir Havelock said, looking at me with great curiosity. Terence was confused, how could he look like someone when he had never even met, let alone know until now. "Must be my eyes playing tricks, forgive me young one."

They bowed at one another and shook hands before they took leave for their last meal before night settled and off to their chambers they went.

\*\*\*

The Kingdom Lotharingia had once been an enemy to the Kingdom Medrikarne until an unfortunate event with their king. He had been wounded severely by Mortimer and the men of Lotharingia were just about to surrender to Mortimer and his kingdom Darkethonion until former King Aros of Medrikarne and his men came to aid and defeated Mortimer. But they both knew, he would return and it would take both kingdoms and may be more, to send him down.

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King Aros rest in the boarders that tie between the two kingdoms, as an honor to him for placing the two kingdoms and together as once defeated Mortimer. Now, King Duncan rises in King Aros' place.

"Come on Terence; let's practice our swordsmanship before we must be ready to meet the Lotharingia kingdom." Roland called out to me. He was still in a trance of how could he look like the pirate king.

"Coming!" Terence shouted back, running towards him, his friend, and Lander who introduced us to his roommate, Cederic. Cederic nodded in respect of us younger and we bowed our heads in respect of him.

\*\*\*

The Kingdom Lotharingia was to arrive at high noon, the servants rushed here and there, preparing the kingdom for the welcome. Chefs and other servants of the kitchen were making their best meals and deserts enough to feed both while the brewers and younger boys who aren't going into knightly hood are out help making wine.

"I just hope the meal will be enough and everything is perfect for Lotharinga." Her majesty, Queen Reginia said as her lady-in-waiting followed closely behind.

Terence looked over at the Queen and smiled in reassurance. "But of course everything will be perfect and their will be enough food so don't threat" she smiled a genuine smile and placed a hand on my shoulder before she curtsied and he bowed. It was kind of awkward to see a Queen bow to someone low as him.

"You best get ready, they shall be arriving any time soon and we would want to make a good impression right?" She smiled, her perfect teeth showing. Terence nodded and bowed at her once more before he walked pass her to ready myself.

\*\*\*

"Your highness, we have arrived at Medrikarne." A servant of King Marth stated with a bow. King Marth of Lotharinga nodded his head in acknowledgment before he looked straight on forward. He remembered well about the kingdom in which they were visiting, how they were enemies turned allies by former King Aros.

He had never really met Duncan, the new, recent king of Medrikarne but he had heard so much stories of him, he just had to visit him. The stories of which he had been told were naught but of good and honor, Marth respected and admired that.

Finally, they have arrived at the gate entrance.

\*\*\*

"They're here! They're here!" A servant from our kingdom shouted, Terence was ready finally. He rushed out of my room, nearly tripping on a flight of stairs. Terence stood amongst of the crowd next to Christian who was next to....a flushed Paul?

King Duncan was right in front with his wife, Queen Reginia, and their children, Prince Thomas and his wife, Celestia, Prince Phyllis, and Princess Zoe who was also beside her guard, Fredrick, a man of nearly nine years her senior.

A smile formed on King Marth's face when he hopped out of his horse and went to embrace King Duncan for the first time. King Duncan embraced back with the same kind smile before they broke the embrace and he

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introduced the kingdom Lotharingia to the Medrikranes.

"Now, let us feast!" King Duncan exclaimed as they followed him into the main dining hall where a great feast was to be held.

\*\*\*

After the feast, the kingdom of Lotharingia gave us all a show. A show to show us their skills in hunting and battle. Terence was taken aback, they fought nothing like us nor of Laird Ewan's brothers, they fought in teams, when one's down, two more step in his place.

Both kings and queens clapped their hands including their children. Prince Armando of Lorthingia glanced over at our princess and gave her a slight wink. Being a lady, she looked away, biting her bottom lip but when her gaze moved towards her guard, her blush was furious.

As he continued to watch alongside with my friends, Terence could not help but feel someone was watching him at the same time.

But who?

\*\*\*

Prince Phyllis could not take his eyes off of him. He wanted him. He needed him. Desired him. He was going to have Terence one way or another but how? Terence never noticed him unless they bump into each other, at meal times, or training practice and at those times, their people and now the amount of people have increased and Terence is befriending loads more people, too many witnesses.

"Father, your highness, May I be excused?" He asked, standing up from his seat. The king eyed his son for a moment before he nodded. The prince bowed before he excused himself from the tent and into the castle and up his room.

Prince Phyllis paced back and forth, wondering how he was going to get Terence alone but first, he must see who stands in his way of him, Terence. Right now, it seems that everyone is, he cannot arrest nor banish them all, no. He needed to banish only one.

But who may that be?

\*\*\*

Terence noticed the prince take leave from the tent where both kings, queens, and royal children sat. He turned over to Christian who shrugged, not knowing either.

"Something is off about the prince and it's not in a good way." Christian stated. Terence nodded back, Cederic over heard and nodded his agreement.

"I daresay, he has been acting secretive, strange ever since you have arrive Terence. I bet he fancies you." Cederic teased with a smirk. Terence grinned like a fool and playfully punched his large friend who took the blow like a boy begging for mercy.

A roar of laughter filled the three's ears as near tears started to fall down from their eyes to their cheeks. They stopped laughing/crying when a roaring of cheering filled the atmosphere. The kingdom Lorthingia was done.

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"Wonderful!" A shout from both kings from both kingdoms as applauses and claps continue to roar as the men of the Lorthingia kingdom took their salute and bow.

\*\*\*

Christian made his way to his chamber for the night, he was to room with more people, he had wondered who will be rooming him, Terence, Rohan, and Cederic. He could not wait, maybe it was one of the Lotharingia boys.

As he opened to see who was also rooming with him, his world collapsed and he stood still. Frozen. He could not believe who was rooming with him. It was a Lorthingia as he hoped but also....

Paul?!

Paul shot up when he heard the door open, he was nearly unpacked. He turned to Christian's gaze and a smile, not a sinister smile, but a warm welcoming smile. Paul dropped his clothing and walked towards him and embraced him, holding him there.

"Paul?"

\*\*\*

"Paul?" Christian asked, not daring to believe what his sight was seeing. He took a few steps back as Paul took a few steps forward. Being a personal servant to Paul whenever he came into Garet's house-hold, he knew that Paul can be even more ruthless than with Garet.

A ghost of a smile appeared on Paul's face as he finally cornered Christian with the door. Both had forgotten about Rohan, Cederic, and Terence being in the same roof as them. Paul pinned Christian's wrists above his head with only one hand. Christian struggled but Paul just smirked. The next thing he did was absolutely out of the ordinary.

He kissed Christian.

\*\*\*

Everyone's eyes were wide including Christian's. When Paul removed himself from Christian, he grinned and went back to his bed which was formally Christian's own. Terence's friend stuttered, trying to make out what had just happen not so long ago. Homosexuality was a sin, more-so than Hersey.

"W-What...What did you just do?" Rohan exclaimed, asking the question that ran through everyone's mind. Paul chuckled, his back remained towards their faces as he finished setting his books and other things he had to collect from his old room. When he finally turned, he was facing them all but his eyes were on Christian.

"I did it because I love him." Was all that he said. Everyone's jaws dropped to the ground as they watch their new roommate go out of the room, all eyes wide. But the one who was most shocked, was Christian.

\*\*\*

Prince Phyllis descended from his room and down the cold stone steps of the castle. As he made a turn, he ran into the stable boy, Daniel, the prince scowled as the boy bowed over and over stammering his apology. The prince rolled his eyes and pushed the poor boy to the side and continued on his way.

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"No, I do not believe that is so. Barack has been within the family of Raoul's for generations as far as I know. Why would he be joining the Darkethonions?" Sir Thomas, former heir to the throne of Medrikarne asked pacing back and forth in the throne room where the two kings were and a few of their soldiers for protection.

Prince Phyllis stopped in his tracks and looked in through the slight opened doors to oversee and overhear the conversation. A smirk formed on his lips as he continued to hear more and more about this man named Barack. No sooner than later did he hear the sound of footsteps and farewells. Prince Phyllis quickly moved away from the door and strolled along as if he hadn't heard a thing.

A smile formed from his smirk

\*\*\*

Terence still couldn't believe what Paul had said. What he had done. Paul had just committed the ultimate crime, more hideous than hersey and that's a crime worthy of death. This crime is worthy of torture, pure humiliation, and death all together. Christian was still in shocked about Paul's confession and his deadly kiss of pure sin.

"Wh-what...why?" Christian stammered. Paul didn't look up from his reading but still, Christian felt exposed, as if he was wearing no clothing and Paul was looking through the book. A smile crept up on Paul's face as he placed a piece of paper at the spot where he's been reading. Placing the book gently down on the bed, next to his pillow, he walked up towards Christian and carressed his cheek with affection.

"Because I wanted to, you've had no idea how much I want to hurt Garet for hurting you. The moment I saw you tending the horses with pride and gentleness, I knew, I wanted you, forever." Paul said. Cederic scoffed a laughter, Terence looked completely shocked still, and Rohan stared at a shield which was placed on the wall, wanting to take no part of this.

\*\*\*

As Terence descended down the stoned stairs, he was stopped by one of the Lotharingian knights of Chivalry. The two were eye to eye nose to nose. The Lotharingian had sweat coming down from his brows and was breathing heavily, he must have been either sparing or training since his sword was in it's hilt and at the right waist of his hips. A left-handed knight.

"Pardon me Terence." The knight bowed and stepped to the side to walk up, most likely to wash off the stench and sweat off his body. Terence whipped his head to watch the toned built shaped knight made his way up before he disappeared out of Terence's sight.

Since when did Terence, a Chivalry knight-in-training, decide to look upon another man? He shook his head and walked into the kitchen, perhaps a little refreshment would soothe his mind. He was rather famished, yes, that was it, his hunger had made him go crazy and look on another man but what of Paul? Not only he kissed Christian, his best friend, but Paul also confessed, as if there was no one there.

Walking into the kitchen, he saw the cook stirring up some stew for tonight's dinner. there were three large pots on three different brick stones, a fire was lit on the bottom of each one as steam filled with Terence's nostrils making them flair up anxiously.

"Mmm smells so good cook." Terence complimented, capturing the attention of the cook who turned her attention to him and smiled. The cook was a chubby short woman with messy blond/grey hair, as she continued to stir the stew, she pointed at a wooden stool for him to sit on.



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Sitting down, he waited patiently as the cook called out for one of her scullerly maids. The scullerly maid came down and retrieved a small wooden plate and set some grapes on a steam, bread with butter, and a single scoop of the stew in a small silver cup/bowl and gave it to Terence.

"Eat up boy, it'll be a long day before dinner arrives. Be sure not to waste a single bit, I will not have my food wasted and thrown away." The cook said, putting the dough inside the stoned oven and covered the entrance of the oven.

Terence nodded as he ate his plate, his mind wandering about many things, his main concern, Paul and Christian's kiss they shared together.

## Chapter 5

The cook was right, the day has been going awfully slow, it was just a mere hours later after having his snack did his stomach growled again but the king had not called everyone in the dining for a dinner feast with their guest. Deciding to go out to try and take his mind off of food before he goes crazy, Terence went by the ocean and watched the waves come and go, touching the sand and his feet.

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