



Thy Code De Chivarly

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# **Thy Code De Chivalry (Edit/Update)**

# Chapter 1

## PROLOGUE

Welcome to the Medrikarne, a kingdom ruled by a just king and his good nature wife, the queen and three children, two princes and a princess; but we are not here to talk about the royal people in the palace, we are here to talk about a boy, a mere servant boy, a boy with a mystery and his name, is Terence. Terence is Lord Raoul and Lady Catherine's son's servant, Garet, and has been his servant since the day he could walk and talk.

The boy's mother died a few months after giving birth to him and his father once lost at sea now presumed dead by many people of the kingdom. Terence's only friend out of the whole mansion was Christian. He who is orphaned like him, the other boy, Christian, he knew his mother so the grief of losing her weighed on him as a young boy but he never really knew his father only that his father was the king's archer and the best one ever to lived.

Not much is known about the boy Terence only that his name is such. The boy he serves, Garet, as you may already know, is Lord Raoul and Lady Cathrine's son and a spoiled one at that, his friend, Paul Ashcroft, Duke Gerald and Duchess Ainsley Ashcroft's son, is 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 but even with various lashes given to those two poor boys they still keep their spirits high and their eyes open for adventure.

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## CHAPTER 1

"Well, that is the last of it." Terence stated helping his friend load up the last batch of hay. Wiping the sweat from his brows, Christian place his hands on his hips and exhaled a heaving breath before whistling, but before he could say anything else, Garet and Paul bellowed out for Terence and only Terence.

"His highness await for you again Terence." Christian said in a sorrowful tone as he pet one of the beast's mane. The white one was Lord Raoul's but even this beast had his fair share of disliking the Lord which made Christian love him even more, well to be fair, he loves all horses equally, he could never pick his most favorite.

Terence nodded his head in agreement before rushing off towards the mansion before they become too angry with him, as if they were never angry at him. along the way, he nearly made contact with Lady Cathrine, sending them both the ground, luckily he manage to stop.

"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 he got to Master Garett's door, he caught his breathe and dressed his hair a bit. When he 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. Paul, slightly taller than Garett was no older than him either. He had dirt blonde hair, very, very light brown to say the least, he is as muscular as his friend but when it comes to brawns and brains, he takes the brawns, letting his friend be the brains.

His friend and Terence's master, Garett, nodded his head in agreement. Garett has black hair much like Terence's but unlike Terence's, his doesn't shine a dark red under the sunlight, Garett's hair is merely black. "He was indeed my dear friend. He was indeed. Oh whatever shall we do to him? Look, he's getting fatter." Garret stated in a mock horror as he hit the back of Terence's back hard with a wooden sword, he uses for practice.

The two laugh as Terence fell onto the ground and groaned in pain, the poor boy did try and gather himself up but the two beat him down.

The laughter and abuse continued until Lord Raoul called out for the boys, Terence as well. Everybody stopped what they were doing and all ran out. Paul and Garret roughly pushed Terence to the side so they were the ones to arrive first. Once they were all outside, they stopped to look up in awe, two knights from the castle Medrikarne, 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 his temper moments. Terence knew it must be something about the horses or Christian forgot to wake him up, either way, the stable master's handprint is indeed plastered onto his friend's face.

"Who are you people?" Christian asked meekly, hoping he didn't anger the knights and one Scottish man with his tone of voice and filthy appearance.

One of the knights looked at him as did the others. There were three knights total and one Scottish man. While the knights wore their armor, the Scottish man wore nothing but a shirt and a kilt symbolizing his clan name. One of the knights began to step forward with his horse.

"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 are two of the King's most trusted knights while Laird Ewan is the laird of his own land and of course childhood friend of the King but much younger. Christian couldn't help but awe at the Laird as the rest of the people awe at the knights of chivalry.

"And pray tell, what brings you here into our humble abode and may we invite you in for some wine?" Lady Catharine asked with a small curtsy that went towards the ground below her. Her family bow down as did Terence and Christian.

Laird Ewan got off his horse and stare right at the Lady whose head is

bow down to the ground, looking at their feet. The man indeed had a hard glance, his muscles showing through his shirt and his kilt went to his knee cap, even his smile could bring even the toughest man to his knees but his smile as of now, was a kind, sencere smile.

"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 awe. Terence became the first person to notice Ewan saying "all lads" which means he and Christian can go as well. Anxiety and excitment fill the boy's spirits, both he and his friends were able to go by order of the king and his master and mistress are not allow to defy any of the king's orders.

"You say "all lads". So does that means Terence and I may go along with ye?" Christian asked, wanting to make certain of the Laird's statement. Everybody took notice of his Scottish accent, all were taken aback.

Ewan nodded with a broad smile and spoke with his accent, stronger than before, "aye lad.'Tis seems to me ye has that bit of Scots in ye".

Christian bowed his head slightly low with a small smile, "aye, me father was a Scots and me mum was French as was told by my father and the King".

Sir Lucas, too, got off of his beast and strolled towards the stable boy, "indeed, I do remember you now. You have the same eyes as your father. Quite the archer I dare say, miss him terribly."

Soon, Sir Kayden got off his horse and turn to Garret and Paul acknowledging them, "and you two must be Paul Ashcroft and Garet Evergreen. Heard much about you, Paul, you're the Duke and Duchess's son and Garet, you are the master of this wonderful abode but, pray tell, who is the boy? I have ever heard nor seen of his blood line.

All eyes turned to Terence who had no words to say for what can he say? He doesn't even know it himself.

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Most for words, an eyebrow raised from the Laird and finally, Terence found his voice, "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, once lost at sea now presumed dead."

He began to feel nervous under the presence of being the center of attention, he did not like it and neither did Gareth, in Gareth's eyes, he should be the center of attention not the boy. Terence who could feel himself shaking.

Sir Lucas nodded his head, his impression grim with sorrow and pity, "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, male servants of the household included."

This greatly surprised the Lord and Lady Evergreen as well as their son and his friend. Lord Raoul tried his best to protest but Sir Kayden raised his right hand immediately stopping the Lord's protest, "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 turned and commanded the four boys to grab whatever things they need necessary for the trip toward the castle. Terence couldn't believe his ears, finally, he and Christian were off on an adventure.

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"Ah cannot believe we're getting out of this hell hole!" Christian exclaimed, no longer afraid of expressing his Scottish accent ever since he had met the Laird who told him not to be afraid of who his bloodline kin is.

Terence couldn't help but chuckle, Christian even washed his muddy hair, which he hardly ever did and why should he if he was going to get filthy again. After the wash, his hair revealed to be red hair which shined under the sunlight rays, it was indeed a darker shade than the Laird's but still red enough to tell he's indeed a Scotsman.

The two friends came rushing down with bags over their shoulders which contained their clothing, books, food, and water for the journey to the kingdom. Paul was there with his mum and da with his belongings as are Gareth and his family, no families nor friends are there to greet Terence and Christian farewell.

"I trust you have everything you need?" Sir Lucas asked as all four boys nod their heads in reassurance. "Good, Christian, you and the Laird will ride together, Paul with me, Gareth with Kayden. Terence, you'll be riding with a very special person," Suspense filled the air as everybody practically, literally, leaned over to know who Terence will be riding. A grin appeared on the knight's face, "Prince Thomas of the Kingdom, Medrikarne."

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As if on cue, Prince Thomas, eldest son of the King and Queen strolled up amongst the group on his beast towards Terence but not too close so the beast wouldn't harm the boy. The prince mounted his horse then jumped down with grace and poise. He walked toward the lord and kissed Lady Catharine and Duchess Ashcroft's hands and bowed at their husbands who all bowed back.

"You must be Terence, the mysterious boy," Prince Thomas said, turning his attention towards Terence, as he took the boy's hand and lifted him up on his horse before he came up and took the reins. "Hold tight boy."

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



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As night begins to fall, the group of men settled down in the forest, they are not far long to the castle, half day's ride. The Laird invited Christian to join him for hunting game to see if his archery skills were just as fine as his father's. They returned with a large stag filled with juicy meat inside and laughter.

"Ye should have seen this lad! 'Tis the best archer I have ever seen. A fine bull's-eye indeed, just like his father. He would have been proud of you just as I am" Ewan exclaimed as he and Christian demonstrated what they did a little further away and back in the forest.

Garret and Paul already had titles as Lord and Count as well as being good swordsmen, Christian had Scot's blood and archery due to his father, but Terence on the other hand, had a mystery, a mystery everybody wanted to solve, including Terence himself.

"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 river, an arrow went flying and landed right in front of him. His eyes widen as he turn to his group, "We're under attack!"

Prince Thomas, Laird Ewan, Sir Lucas, and Sir Kayden drew their swords as Christian ready his bow and arrow. They all wait edfor the next attack in silence until a knife went flying but no one knew by who, the knife came directly towards Paul. Using quick instincts, Terence pushed Paul away who collided with a surprised and wide eyed Garet, the two fell onto the hard dirt wrinkling their clothes.

As the two complained about being dirty in thier fine clothing, Terence looked down at himself to see where the knife landed and fell on his knees, not uttering a single word. The commanding voice of Garet was dying down as the world began to spin and blacken 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 ask. He wanted to answer to his friend but his eyelids felt too 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 handed him to the Prince.

They all rode hard and fast toward the castle walls where 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 dash off to find a nearby healer of the kingdom. The Queen and her daughter, Zoe, showed up as her other son, Zoe's brother, the second prince of the kingdom toward the group of men who have the near unconscious boy on the Thomas' horse.

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

"Some bandit 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 rush a dying Terence towards the Prince's bedroom.

The healer finally arrived and shooed everyone while she did her work. The Queen became the first to notice the look Ewan had on the healer when she came to the rescue. It was not like any other, she wonder, if the healer had captured the Laird's heart so long ago.

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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 is worse than the headache.

"Wh-where am I?" He ask 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.

As Terence began to sit up and address to the King with respect he is suddenly pushed back down on the soft bed gently. The feeling of a soft bed is nothing compared to his old bedding of hard good back at "home".

"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 to leave Terence alone to rest.

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Waking up once again, Terence could feel the energy in his body once more as he got out of bed. Rubbing his eyes, he yawned, got himself all dress up and head down the stone stairs of the Keep.

As Terence entered the dining room where everybody was, the other prince saw him as Terence was walking in. His eyes glue upon on how magnificent the new squire is. 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 cause a bit of jealous among the prince but he cooled himself as he sip his wine.

"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 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 whine 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 returned and motioned with his hand for Paul to rise. "I am pleased to have satisfied your appetite. My servants shall now show you each of your rooms, you all may wash up then have a tour around the castle grounds before we meet back here, at the dining area of the Keep."

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 who was assigned to him toward his room, to his surprise, he saw it to be 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 everyone arrived back at the dining hall, all were seated and all waited patiently for the royal family to arrive. They talked amongst themselves and a few soon-to-be chivalry knights to keep each other company until the royal family presented themselves to the people

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 farmer'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 begin," 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 despise pecuniary 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 waited 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 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 it's 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 it's 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.

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. Garet 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 Garet 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.

"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 Garet 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 Garet 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 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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Archery was taught by Laird Ewan and his brother, Alistair. Christian was in total awe with the two Scots brothers but there was more to the brothers than what meets the eye. Ewan instructed us on what we shall be doing and we mimicked the position Alistair demonstrated with his bow.

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 them 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.

"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.

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