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Loyal To His King

By Sabb

I was very proud of my fighting ability, and of my weapons and my armor. They had cost my family a great deal, but it meant that I had presented myself to the king in as fine a state as any man of noble birth could hope. And the king had looked on me with pleasure and had now placed me in the front line on the field of battle, not far from his own place. And many men had looked at me enviously, because I was a tall, good-looking young man, which made the armor look even better on me. And I had high hopes of pleasing the king and rising high in his admiration.

But once we marched across the field of battle and came up against the Hittites, it was not a noble fight at all, and before we even made contact, things began to go wrong. The king's brother had trouble keeping his men aligned with the rest of us, which looked slovenly and meant they were a few paces behind us. Then, just before we came upon our enemies to begin the fight, I was aware that the Hittites swung their left flank toward our center, that weak spot where the king's brother's men were behind the end of the king's own line, and the Hittites broke through the middle of our lines. This did not seem to be a disaster at first. It seemed like an odd strategy, for their right flank was now upon us and the king's brother could come up behind the soldiers of the Hittites left flank. But the men of their left flank, having broken through the center of our lines, then turned again to squash our left flank, with me and all the king's own loyal men trapped between them and their right flank.

And our right flank? The men commanded by the king's brother and who could have crushed our enemies? They were fleeing the field as we were battling a whole army alone. The king's brother was apparently known to have an eye on the throne for himself.

But I did not know of that till later.

All I knew as the battle began and as I worked my sword on the Hittites who came at me was that there seemed to be an endless supply of them, but there seemed to be fewer of my own countrymen standing and fighting about me each time I had time to look. I quickly came to the conclusion that the battle was not going well, and I tried to move in the last direction I had seen my king, hoping that there were enough soldiers about him to drive off the Hittites, or at least drive them back enough so a truce could be negotiated before he or I was killed.

Going into battle had seemed to be such a great and noble venture until it was clear that things were turning against us badly. And suddenly I could hear all the warnings of the old men, and of my father, warnings I had ignored when I made my preparations to join the king.

I was still surrounded by a seething mass of slashing, shouting men when I was suddenly on the edge of the fighting and saw a way to escape. But I hesitated; I was not a coward. But I was not a fool either, and I could see no sign of my king or any chance of victory. So, after that brief hesitation, I began to run toward the low hills where I could see many other men fleeing before me.

But I had not gone far when I heard men running behind me and voices crying, "catch him," and "let's have his armor, its worth gold," and suddenly my expensive armor and my weapons were no more than a hindrance, slowing me down, and a temptation to desperate thieves. So I threw my sword and my helmet aside and ran harder. But it was useless. In not many more spans, a hand grabbed at my flying tunic and I tumbled to the ground. But I did not lie there. I struggled to rise up and keep

running until many hands suddenly were grasping roughly at me; the strong fingers biting into my flesh where they grabbed me.

I struggled and rolled about, but still I was trapped as four men surrounded me. Soon my armor and clothes were stripped from my body and then their frenzy turned to lust and to my body, and their rough, strong hands were grabbing my ankles and wrists and pulling at them. I struggled still as my body was lifted from the ground by being pulled apart. But to no avail. And a bearded giant stepped between my legs and grasped my balls and tugged at them, and I had to stop struggling and hold my hips steady and lift them as high as I could to ease the pain of his grip.

“Have at him, Hassap.” “Get him ready for us.” “Fuck him hard.” “Me next.” “No me.” “No me.” They were shouting and arguing as my arms and legs were pulled back and forth and further apart holding me off the ground, and the giant took his own massive rod in one fist and was poking it at the entrance to my channel. With little more than a few gobs of spit, he forced his way into me, still holding my nuts tight as if lifting my hips up higher by them.

“Aaaaaaaaargghhhh!” I screamed.

I don’t know what hurt more, his fist on my balls or his cock entering my ass. I screamed at the pain of his first entry and again as he pushed in. And I kept up a loud wailing as he began to pump me, his hands now wrapped about my hips, holding them steady with the force of his thrusts and sending my body up high to fall back when he almost withdrew. My wails had turned to loud moans as my poor passage began to adjust to him, and the movement of the helmet cap of his tool along my channel sent

waves of a strange pleasure through me. I had never before taken anything so thick and long, and I soon came with a loud moan and a round of cries from my tormentors.

Then suddenly I was dropped, my legs and arms let go of, and the giant's pole was pulled from my ass as I fell to the ground. I looked about to see my attackers fleeing. The giant with his huge erect cock flapping about his hairy thighs and belly as he ran.

But it was not my screams or my spouting that had sent them fleeing. Because I also saw that looking down at me from his chariot was a finely dressed Hittite of noble appearance, with a group of well-turned-out foot soldiers in attendance, several of whom were now in hot pursuit of the fleeing men. The nobleman looked down at me for a few moments, and I tried to gather my wits but could do no more than lie there panting and naked, and looking helpless.

* * * *

"Take him to my tent," the Hittite noble cried as his driver flicked the reins and his chariot moved off, while several of his men stayed behind to carry out his wishes. I remained naked, my linen tunic in shreds on the ground and my armor mostly gone in the hands of the fleeing men, but my wrists were tied, and I was led off to the enemy camp. In spite of my condition I tried to walk with pride, and fortunately I had been left with my sandals, but even so, on the rough, stony ground, I was occasionally staggering.

We did not cross the battlefield itself but skirted it at some distance to reach the Hittite's camp. But even so I passed many of my fellows lying dead, as well as Hittite soldiers. All so young and brave and their lives cut so short, and I could have shed tears for all of them, but I tried not to. I had my own problems to worry about just then.

The soldiers talked and laughed among themselves as they marched me along, and I had little idea what they said. At the Hittites camp I was marched past the lines of battered prisoners, my own people, now captives and the spoils of war, tied up and waiting in the hot sun to be taken into slavery in the Hittite lands by the victors. But I was taken to the area set aside for bathing and ordered to clean myself, which I did not hesitate to do, glad to cleanse my body of the dust and smell of battle and defeat. I poured water over myself and scrubbed hard, and I'll admit that once the worst of the dirt was washed away, I noted several of the soldiers with their hands under their long skirts beating their own flesh while they watched me, and my own manhood swelled and stiffened from seeing their attentions. But none touched me. When I was thoroughly clean and had dried myself on a soft linen towel I was handed by one of the soldiers, and had rubbed some scented oil over my skin so that I glowed, I replaced my sandals and wrapping the damp linen about my hips I was led off to a large tent.

Inside was a welcome world of luxury and quiet, but one guarded by four very large and finely dressed soldiers. Several delicately worked chairs sat about a small table, in the center was a pile of huge cushions, and a large bed covered in bright coverings was set up on the far side and partly hidden by a curtain. On another side a bench supported platters of fruits and jugs of wine, and I realized I had not eaten since

early that morning. Water I had had at the bathing place, but wine would be most welcome to calm my nerves, I knew.

Unfortunately, I was not offered any food or wine; I was just told to wait there. Left standing, I dared not sit until told to, and the guards stood in silence also, keeping their eyes on me for what seemed hours, until the Hittite noble who had ordered me taken there arrived, sweeping into the tent accompanied by half a dozen finely set up soldiers.

I remained standing where I had been left, but slaves suddenly appeared and hurried about serving the noble and his soldiers mugs of wine, and the platters of fruit were taken about and they fed themselves quickly, occasionally looking at me, before the noble waved an arm and dismissed them, leaving only me and the four guards in the tent with him.

Finally he turned to me, and pulling the now dry linen free so it fell to the ground he circled me, examining me.

“Thank you for saving me from those men, lord,” I said in a quavering voice.

“Tell me your name and family. We have taken many captives and will be seeking a ransom for those of noble birth. If you are not of a good family you shall be taken back to Hattush as a slave and given to whichever of my captains has pleased me most.”

I quivered where I stood. The ignominy of being captured, the cost to my family of buying me back. I looked down in shame.

“I am Bahador, son of Ramos, the cattle breeder,” I told him.

But even as I said it I saw and felt his hand cup my balls and cock and weigh them and then gently squeeze them. And I moaned. I could not help it. He was a fine-looking man and his hand held me more than well.

“Hmmmmm,” he hummed, “I am Katuzili, brother to King Mursilis,” he added as his hand wrapped itself around my tool and fisted it briefly, making it grow.

Meanwhile, his other hand roamed about my body, the fingers running up my belly spreading across my chest and taking each hard nipple up in turn to twist and tug. And I moaned again, loudly, and arched my back.

“Here!” he ordered, and one of the guards, a tall, muscular man of great presence, stepped up to us. “Work this for me,” Katuzili ordered him, and the soldier took my growing manhood in his huge fist and moved his hand up and down my hardening length as I writhed and let out unstoppable gasps of pleasure, for he was not just running that fist up and down, he was also running a thumb across the slit in its head and pressing at the tiny entrance.

Meanwhile, Katuzili had moved behind me. “Are you the eldest son?” he asked me, and in my weakened state I could not stop from answering him honestly, as his hands parted my ass cheeks, “Yes, yes, I . . . am.”

“And how much ransom do you think your father, Ramos, will pay for a fine eldest son such as yourself, Bahador?”

I gasped, “Pay?” My mind was not working well as the two men’s attentions had heated me up so, my organ throbbing, my balls aching and my body writhing under their touch. “They are not so wealthy,” I stammered. “Ten Darics in gold, no more,” I whimpered.

Katuzili laughed. "You would be very cheap then. I may prefer to take you back as a slave and reward my generals with you. And if you please them, that will be worth far more than ten Darics to me," he added, laughing again.

"No, no," I stammered as the general worked a well-oiled finger into my ass and rubbed it about inside until he found the right spot in my channel.

"Arrhgg," I moaned helplessly. And the finger in my passage was joined by another, both rubbing, and I came. The big soldier laughed, a deep low rumble, as my seed spouted up his chest in strong bursts, even reaching his curled beard.

"Ahhhh, a fine spouting. Now, see what sort of sucking he can give your pole," Katuzili said.

Releasing my rod, the guard pulled my face to his and kissed me deeply before pushing my head down to his own long, thick, hard, and throbbing weapon and forcing himself between my lips.

And as he did that, Katuzili, behind me, pressed something hot to my ass and worked it in beside his fingers, stretching my entrance painfully, before he withdrew the fingers and sank his weapon to the hilt inside my now well-worked, and lubricated channel. He was of moderate size and length, and though there was pain, it was not great. As he pumped my ass and the guard worked his much bigger and thicker weapon in my throat, I adjusted, and my body joined the rhythm of the fucking.

Before either man spilled his seed, he withdrew, and I was led to the bed and half pushed across it, one foot still planted on the ground, my thighs spread, and the other foot bent up on the bed, opening me wide, as I rested my head upon the bright coverings.

Katuzili presented the guard's huge organ to my ass and guided it in as they kissed. He had difficulty penetrating me, and I was fearful of him managing to, because his organ was of a great size, as big at least as that of the bearded giant who had taken me so roughly on the battlefield. But Katuzili pulled my cheeks apart and pushed my kneeling leg out further, and I tried to relax, knowing I would take it, even if it split me.

The cap of the guard's tool finally made it past the first ring of resistance in my passage and entered me to my crying complaints and my great fear he would ruin me. But he was slow in making his entry deeper, giving me time to accommodate him, and Katuzili took hold of my manhood and stroked it also.

I was no longer crying with pain when the guard bottomed in me and I felt his pubic hair against my ass. I felt full—incredibly full—and weak, wanting to collapse on the bed before him while moaning for him to stay inside me, as my body melted to him. He grasped my hips in big firm hands and held me up as he began to pump me, and my body arched back and I moaned for more. Behind the guard, Katuzili was moving in for his own fuck, and soon, as I was almost completely lost in the pumping my ass was receiving from the big cock of the guard that I was moving my hips wildly in unison with his, I felt a change of pace and realized that Katuzili had stepped up behind the guard and was fucking him, as he fucked me, and I cried out as I came again.

The guard and Katuzili came almost together. And at last I collapsed on the brightly colored bedding as they kissed each other deeply.

I must have slept then, because I awakened to a hand lightly slapping my butt and found the guard looking down at me.

“Come,” he said, “you cannot sleep on the noble Katuzili's bed.”

Instead, he showed me to the pile of large cushions, and I lay among them and was immediately asleep again.

But not long after I awoke to the sound of voices speaking my own language and kept my eyes closed as if still asleep, curious to know what I would hear.

"If those chariots had not appeared so unexpectedly and forced my soldiers to get out of their way I would have won today. Instead we were forced back enough for Melek to leave the field honorably and I still have a war to win," a Hittite voice, that of Katuzili I thought was saying.

My mind was in confusion. I had thought us defeated. I had imagined my king fleeing for safety, or worse, dead himself. Now suddenly I felt the blood rush through my body with joy. My heart raced, and where a moment before I was resigned to making the best of my situation, suddenly I longed to escape. And my mind turned feverishly to thinking of a way to return to my king.

"He has returned to his camp, true, but not in victory. Luck saved him. And tomorrow I will take his luck from him," a new voice replied.

"He still has many soldiers, and his chariots. So I do not know that you can do what you say you can," Katuzili argued.

"Ha, I abandoned him and gave you the battle, Katuzili. If your men were too afraid of a few chariots to stand their ground, that is no fault of mine. Do not question my honesty or my ability to take the crown now," the other voice replied, angrily.

"If you take it, can you swear allegiance to me, though?" Katuzili asked, "and how far do I trust a man who has abandoned his own brother?"

There was silence for a moment, and even pretending to be asleep as I was, I could feel the tension in the air. And I slowly began to suspect who the other voice might belong to. But no, it could not be him, I thought.

“I have given you my word. If you do not take it, then I owe you nothing and believe nothing you promise, and there is no bargain,” the other replied coldly.

“Ah. Be clam. I have no choice but to take your word, Persus, and it serves no purpose for me not too,” Katuzili replied. “You are the key to unlock the door to your country for me. But now, let’s relax. I have a new toy here for you to enjoy. Telipinus and I have already worked him well, and enjoyed him very much.”

With horror I now discovered that the other man was who I had suspected. He was, Persus, my king's brother. Anger at his betrayal filled me and I was still trying to accept it and straining to hear more but there were only some murmurs and soft noises. Then there were footsteps approaching, and again a hand slapped my butt to waken me, and I pretended to wake up slowly, getting another friendly slap for my pretence. But I needed time to gather my wits and get over my shock.

“The noble Katuzili wants you to serve him,” the guard who had woken me and who I now knew must be Telipinus, said in a low voice, “Go as you are to him.”

I remained naked with the come from the earlier sex now dried on me. And I had little choice to do otherwise than stay naked, even if I had wished to, and did as I was told, getting up out of the piled cushions and stepping over to the small table at which Katuzili sat with a nobleman of my own people, who I now knew was, in fact, the king's brother, Persus, the betrayer of his brother, of me, and of all his people.

I looked down at the ground meekly and lay a hand over my manhood.

“A young countryman of yours, called Bahador, whom I saved from a group of scavengers intent on ruining him,” Katuzili said, beckoning me closer to him.

Persus peered at me and then threw back his head and laughed. “Ha, what an unexpected pleasure you have found for me,” he said, “This one, Bahador, had only recently come to the palace and quickly found favor with my brother, who raised him up high, though he had no experience of war, and put him at the front line of battle not far from himself. It will be good to plant my seed where my brother would like to be planting his this night.”

“Ah,” Katuzili cried, “then I have an unexpected prize, indeed. And what do you think your brother would pay for his safe return?”

“I will ask him when I see him,” Persus replied laughing, “When I see him exiled and alone, if not dead.”

Katuzili already had his hand wrapped about my manhood and was pumping while his other hand cupped my balls, but Persus roughly forced my head down to his lap and parting his fine robes, revealed his stiffening phallus and held it to my lips. I obediently opened my mouth to him and with my tongue guiding it, allowed him to push his still half soft dick inside me.

I made love to his stiffening weapon with as much eagerness as I had ever made love to a man’s organ. I had not had a great deal of experience, but I must have satisfied him, because he was rough but unable to stop moaning and moving his hips in a slow fuck of my face as I worked. And he grew hard and thick and longer, though not very long, and was soon throbbing in my mouth.

Katuzili stroked my own organ to hardness, and I was aware of him fingering oil into my asshole at the same time and adding fingers, opening me, and I vaguely wondered whose manhood would be the first to enter me this time. Persus was thicker, perhaps even as thick as Telipinus, but not even as long as Katuzili.

“Time to enter him,” Persus grunted, pulling my head off his throbbing weapon.

Katuzili pushed my butt sideways. “Across the table,” he said, still holding my engorged and now-throbbing tool.

Persus came up behind me, and hands pulled at my cheeks, parting them, as he slicked his weapon with oil. And then he was driving it into me, and I cried out at the thickness of him as he entered me. My cries continued until Katuzili moved around the table to present his engorged organ to my lips, silencing me as I sucked on him.

“And would you not like to be doing this to my brother?” Persus asked Katuzili between pants. “Fuck him roughly, as I am fucking this one? Even have your huge guard, Telipinus, take him?”

“You mean you will deliver him to me?” replied Katuzili, excitedly.

“Perhaps,” he said, his grunts now labored as he pumped me harder and faster. “And you can tie him down and do as you please with . . .” Persus pulled out and came across my back, “with him,” he finished as he spouted another stream of cum up my body.

“Telipinus,” Katuzili called out, and the guard came over and stepped into the place Persus had just vacated, and soon it was his huge pole I felt working inside me.

“Be rough with him, as rough as you want,” Persus cried as he sat back watching.

And Telipinus pounded me hard. Not long after, Katuzili came in my throat, and I swallowed him eagerly and licked all about his cock and balls, cleaning him up, having no desire to displease him.

Soon the guard left us, and we moved onto the bed and Persus took me again, trying to be rougher than before, pulling my head back and making it hard for me to breathe, as he pounded my ass fiercely.

The guards had now extinguished all the lamps but for two by the bed, and only two guards remained on duty in the tent, and they seemed to have tired themselves out, stroking themselves off while watching us. Finally, Persus and Katuzili were spent and collapsed together on the bed and ordered me away as they murmured drowsily to each other of conquests and betrayals. I took myself off to the piled pillows, but by the slow route, and in the dim light carefully picking up some clothes on my way. The pile of pillows where I lay was in darkness now, and the guards sat almost invisible and half asleep by the entrance to the tent. This was my chance, and I took it. As the two nobles slept in the dim light of the lamps, I made use of the darkness of the pillows and hurriedly dressed in the clothes I had carefully collected.

Shortly after that, "Persus" emerged from the tent, grunting demands, and his chariot was brought and he took the reins and climbed up into it unsteadily, before flicking the reins and leaving the camp, alone. No one questioned him or asked where he might be headed. The common soldiers disliked him, knowing he had betrayed his own people and was no more than a pawn of the Hittite King Mursilis and his brother and general, Katuzili.

I was not used to driving a chariot, having had only a few quick lessons, and my ride was rough and unsteady as I tried to find my king's camp in the low hills some miles away, on the far side of the battlefield. Finally, I reached it, and I was let through the picket lines as the guards all recognized the chariot in which I rode and imagined Persus had returned. But when I arrived at the king's tent, I was recognized as myself, the king's recent favorite, and I hurried inside to stand before my king, as he rose up from his seat at the table with his generals and advisers

"My king . . ." I stammered.

"Thank the gods you are safe, Bahador," my king murmured, embracing and kissing me as I embraced and kissed him with great relief at seeing him well. "I thought you wounded or dead on the battlefield. But what is this, why are you dressed like this?" he added, holding me away from him to better look at me in the lamplight.

"My king, Persus is in league with Katuzili, the Hittite king's brother," I told him breathlessly, finding my voice. "They had planned it all together, the defeat on the battlefield. Persus deliberately held his men back and abandoned us. And . . . and Persus is planning to . . ."

My king pushed me away roughly, "Who has told you this? Why do you bring these lies to me? What do you seek to gain by it?" He demanded.

I suddenly felt helpless, seeing how my king, whom I loved greatly now looked at me, but I could do no more than tell the truth, for his sake. "I overheard it, my king. No one told me anything. I was there in Katuzili's tent, and overheard Persus and Katuzili talking of it," I answered him, suddenly realizing how wild my story must sound to him and the others at the table.

And the way my king and his companions looked at me, I felt fear wash over me, but my first thought was still to warn my king, “What I say is true,” I cried, “you must take care my king. He . . .”

“If you wish to set me against my brother, Bahador, and wear his clothes and use these lies hoping to advance yourself, you are mistaken,” my king said scathingly pushing me even further away from him, and so hard I almost fell.

Then Nazar intervened, “Melek, my king, do not be so harsh. Where was your brother when just half your army stood against the Hittites?” Nazar, his youngest and ablest general asked. “And why is he not here with us trying to form a plan to halt the march of the Hittites into our lands?”

“Persus has come to me already, Nazar, and explained there was a misunderstanding among his soldiers. And the ones responsible have been punished already. And he was too anguished at what had happened to remain. I have told you this already, so why do you question his actions again?” Melek replied angrily.

“And where is Persus now, Bahador?” Nazar asked me.

“He is with his men of course,” Melek interrupted him to say.

“When I left Katuzili’s tent, he . . . Persus, was in the tent of Katuzili, sleeping,” I answered, quivering in fear, but needing to answer honestly.

“So, have your brother, Persus, join us now, my king,” Nazir announced. “That will prove this young man’s story is a lie.”

“Bahador lies,” Melek said angrily, “ and I will not insult my brother by asking him here to prove it.”

“Then you are a fool, Melek,” old Sebouh said loudly, pushing himself up from the table. That Melek’s oldest and most faithful adviser would speak so to our king shocked me. “You are a fine leader, but in this one thing you are blind. Persus has always had his eye on your father’s kingdom and was not pleased when it passed to you. I will send your most faithful guards to fetch Persus here. If he comes, then this young man is proved to be some Hittite spy, and we shall deal with him appropriately.”

I stood there quivering with fear. I knew what I had seen and that I had told the truth, but I also feared some trick of fate might see Persus suddenly appear. I wondered how fast he could ride, as I knew I had driven his chariot very badly and slowly from the Hittite camp to ours.

“I rode here slowly,” I stammered, “I am unused to driving a chariot and Persus’s horses are strong . . . “

There was a moments silence in the tent as everyone turned toward me.

“ . . .and in the darkness it was difficult to . . .” I continued, before I was interrupted.

“Persus’s, Chariot? You drove Persus’s chariot back?” Nazar exclaimed.

“Yes, um, yes it’s outside, I . . .” suddenly there was a flurry of movement as the five other men in the tent rushed outside, “. . . rode straight here,” I finished, standing there alone and feeling foolish.

In a few moments my king returned. “If my brother is not with his men, it means nothing. There is still the possibility that he has been lured away and killed, so you could have his chariot and his clothing and bring this wild story here,” Melek said loudly, his expression one of such pent-up rage that it did nothing to ease my fear.

Not only I, but my whole family, would suffer; my parents, my brothers and little sisters, my cousins, all would be ruined if I was not believed. And a small part of me was now thinking that I might have been better off staying in Katuzili's tent, rather than trying to save my king.

There was a rush as the others also returned, but without old Sebouh. "And take off my brother's clothes," my king demanded, pulling at the fine linen I wore. The others remained silent as I stripped myself naked, and then we waited.

"Well, Persus is not in his tent, and the guards say he left camp just before dusk," old Sebouh said, when he returned.

"As Persus is not here, we shall do more than wait around to see if he returns. Give me his clothes Bahador," Sebouh demanded, and I took the fine linen garments up from the ground where they had fallen when I stripped them off and handed them to him. "I will devise a plan, Melek, so we may discover the truth," Sebouh said to my king.

"Until the truth is proven . . . Bahador must be closely watched," said Melek, looking very unhappy about what was happening.

"I shall see to that myself," Nazar replied, taking hold of my arm and leading me quickly from the king's tent to his own smaller one nearby. But Sebouh pulled him aside as we left and whispered in his ear, though I was unable to hear what he said.

"I believe your story Bahador," Nazar said when we were in private together and I had covered myself, "but the king needs proof, as do we all. Persus is the king's brother and has been a fine soldier and general in the past. If he has abandoned us, his people, now, when the Hittites seek to invade us . . . well the punishment will be terrible. For Melek is a just man and a good ruler, but he protects his family and places them high.

To have his only brother betray him will give him great grief and sorrow and his anger will be terrible to witness.”

“I am glad that someone believes me,” was all I could say as it was such a great relief to discover that Nazar did.

Nazar asked me to tell him all that had happened to me since the battle. And I told him about being attacked as I fled, though I hid my fleeing alone from the battle before it ended, implying I had been among everyone fleeing. I told about being saved by Katuzili and about being taken to his tent. I stumbled over the Hittite and his guard Telepinus, taking me, not wanting to admit it to Nazar, the king’s finest general, and a young god in my eyes. But he eased my mind by smiling and laughing at how my fortunes had gone up and down, that day. And I relaxed and told him in detail of all I had seen of Persus in the tent of the Hittite king’s brother, Katuzili.

When I was done he said, “I must leave you now and rejoin Melek and Sebouh as we await the return of Persus. You shall stay here and I will do no more than order you to remain, knowing that you will not break your commander’s sacred oath.”

“I shall not break my oaths,” I replied adamantly, knowing the dishonor that would come to me if I did. And Nazar left me there. And I admit I was quickly asleep, exhausted by the day though events of great importance to me were happening elsewhere. But my last thoughts were of how I had first lain with my king only a moon before and how all had suddenly seemed to be perfect in my life when I awoke the next morning.

He had smiled at me when I had finished taking my oaths of command, and the ceremonial symbols had been removed. There was only one other after me, and when

he had been sworn in, our king said to us, “now join me to celebrate your swearing,” and he led us into his tent, with Nazar and Sebouh and several other generals following him.

I had been full of pride and awed by my king’s noble appearance and manly voice. And I had drunk the fine wine offered quickly, and I admit become a bit unsteady. I had also looked about at him several times as we ate and drank in his tent and had seen Melek looking back at me. I had been pleased to be noticed but nervous and not sure why, and my manhood had also been making itself felt.

I had always admired well-made and important men, and I confess that there had been a time or two when I had taken another young man’s hard throbbing organ into my hand and mouth until he reached his release, and when another young man had taken mine up also. And it had given me great pleasure, and fueled my dreams and imaginings.

But it was frowned on in my family’s lands, and while it was understood a young man might need such release before marriage, it was not considered acceptable afterward. And if my eyes had followed my father’s younger sister’s husband often with improper thoughts and I had imagined him in the night as I worked my hands on my own manhood, well, nothing had ever come of it.

As the time to leave my king’s tent arrived, Melek came over to where I was talking to two young friends who had also just taken their oaths, and I flushed with excitement and felt my manhood lurch as he stood close to me. “You are Bahador, so tell me about your lands and your father.”

“My father, Ramos, is a breeder of cattle, sire. Fine cattle such as feed on the grass that grows on the banks of the river and the fertile fields beside it. My father’s cattle are the finest, and each year your provisioners come and buy them from us, saying what fine cattle they are and how they wished he had more to sell. Then when they have traveled to the places the army is camped, they are killed to feed your soldiers. But the finest, the finest bulls, they are sent to the temple to be sacrificed, for the gods look favorably upon my father’s fine cattle and are mightily pleased with such a gift.” I suddenly realized I had been giving the same speech almost that my father gave to any man he met and blushed with embarrassment.

But my king, Melek, was smiling at me and pretending to listen seriously.

“I . . . I am sorry, my king; my tongue . . . the wine . . .”

“No. No, Bahador. It is good to know that you are proud of your father and the fine cattle he has spent his life breeding. And that is a fine profession for a man to have. And will you follow him, Bahador, or do you have other dreams?”

I shrugged for an answer. “It is noble work, but . . . but I long to see the world, and to be a great soldier. And to serve you, sire,” I replied, blushing, for he was such a fine looking man and of such great nobility that my manhood was again reminding me of how much I admired him

He lay his arm across my shoulders, “And I find you a young man of honestly and intelligence who will have a future if you will serve me well,” he said and led me away from where we had been standing to the rear of the tent. I glanced back and saw with surprise that everyone else had departed and we were now alone in the tent. My king and I. And my pulse raced faster, and my manhood strained and grew, for I admit I had

heard stories about my king. Ahh, the wild palpitations my heart made then. And not without good reason.

When we were in the more private area of the tent, my king turned me to him and brought his mouth to mine, and I tasted such a sweet kiss as I shall never know again. Ah, my first real kiss from a man, and one I so admired. His lips were hot, and mine were hungry and undisciplined, so the first gentle kiss became a wild embrace and the melding of lips with the opening of my mouth to his tongue, which possessed me.

As we kissed I could feel his royal sword growing, pressing ever more firmly against my own growing manhood. Ahh, it was wonderful. I was lost to him, and there were few words. I wanted him and he wanted me, and we soon fell upon the bed and I parted his fine linen robe, seeking his cock and balls, and my lips fell upon his engorged and throbbing phallus. And my hand cupped his balls. For a few moments I was lost in sucking on him.

“No, no, too soon,” he moaned and pushed my head away. “I want to feel my organ entering and possessing you. Have you been taken before, Bahador? Entered by a man?” he asked me gently, as I lifted my face and gazed into his eyes.

“No,” I said, “no, my king, but . . .” I was sure I understood what he wanted, and I wanted it also, “. . . I willingly give myself to you.”

He kissed me again, gently and lovingly upon the lips and again possessed my mouth with his probing tongue. I moved my body beneath him and lifted my legs to wrap them about his hips, all my desire wanting me to pull him closer to me. To merge with him, two bodies skin to skin, becoming one.

He moaned and raised himself up and ran a hand down between his hip and my thighs, and I felt the tip of a finger touch my entrance. It spasmed at his touch, and I gasped. Then he reached out, and when his hand returned between our bodies to my ass, I felt it slip easily over me, and then a finger was inside me.

I looked down my belly and reached for his throbbing pole and saw his hand between my thighs as he pressed another finger into me and began to rotate them. I arched back and had trouble working him I was so overcome by what I felt.

Once more I moaned, and his mouth met mine again, and I opened to him and sucked on his tongue as he added another finger to my ass, his kiss blocking the pain I felt at that stretching.

Then he raised himself up and lifting my legs away from his hips he spread them wide and then bent them back to me and told me to grasp them and hold them there, which I did, though I was trembling and my cock throbbed for release.

Now I saw his own tool, which was a good long one and looked very thick, guided to my hole. "Now I make you mine, Bahador," my king said as he pressed his fingers at each side of my hole to spread it wide and his tool entered me. I was overcome by the sight and feel of what was happening to me and arched back and felt him move further into me, before I looked back again. Oh! That first sight of his tool entering my ass and the feeling of the fullness it gave me. It had me throbbing again and with little pain he pushed in deeper and hit some spot that made me groan and arch and come again. He sighed and ran a hand through the cum that now lay up my belly to my chest. And his hand found my nipples and played with them, making me moan more and ache for him to fill me deeper.

And fill me deeper he did, until all I could see when I looked down my belly was my own organ seeming to lie against the dark hair between his thighs. Then he began a slow pumping in and out, and I moaned and reached for him and ran my fingers up and down his body as he moved inside me.

Ahh, it was a long night of discovering the pleasures of the flesh, and in the morning I awoke to another plowing. Ahh. That strong stroking inside me. Being possessed by a man as powerful and handsome as my king. And I shared his bed from that night on, until the fateful battle against the Hittites, and my capture.

* * * *

“You understand what you must do, Eilmar,” Sebouh asked, he and two others—the young general Nazar and a soldier Eilmar, sitting with the king, in the king’s tent.

“You know all that we could learn from Bahador,” added Nazar, “Your task is very important, and very dangerous.”

“Hurry now, while there is still night enough,” Sebouh ordered, pushing the wiry warrior Eilmar away.

Eilmar was dressed in the fine clothes of Persus that Bahador had worn back from the Hittite camp. And as the three men watched, he boarded Persus’s chariot and whipped the horses, and the chariot quickly disappeared into the darkness.

“May he not come to harm,” Sebouh said to the moon goddess in the sky above them. “Keep him safe.”

“Yes. Keep him safe,” Nazar echoed, knowing that all their futures, and especially Bahador’s, rode upon the success of Eilmar’s mission.

* * * *

Eilmar arrived at the Hittite's camp, and having seen Persus many times, he was well able to act like him in manner, though again the guards gave him but a brief glance as he passed them. Finding Katuzili's tent was not as easy, though, as Bahador's description, as passed on by Nazar, was vague, and not surprisingly. But Eilmar had been in many military camps and had a good idea where the King's brother, Katuzili, would have his tent. He found it well before the sun was ready to rise, and leaving Persus's chariot with the guards outside, he slipped into the tent, his head down and his pace rapid. It was almost dark inside, but a glance showed him where the pile of cushions was, and the bed. And he also saw that the guards inside the tent, having been awakened and seen "Persus" return, had now slumped back onto their stools.

Eilmar collapsed into the pile of cushions and quickly stripped off Persus's clothes, before crawling across the floor out of sight and leaving them about nearer the bed. Only one small lamp still burned near the bed, and in the very dim light, he saw little more than two pale figures lying tangled together on the covers. They could have been any two young men, but he wanted to know for certain if one was the man he sought, and crouching down he crept closer, until he was enraged to see that, indeed, one of the sleeping men was Persus.

If he could have, Eilmar would have taken his knife and killed the traitor, Persus, right then, with no regard for the consequences. But he had Sebouh's instructions, and with great reluctance and a heart filled with anger, he turned away to leave the tent and escape. Unfortunately, before he could move further Katuzili woke, and Persus stirred, and a hand was flung out and would have landed on Eilmar's chest had he not dropped to the floor immediately.

Persus had woken from a dream that had him hard, and he was reaching for his thick tool, and taking that in one hand while he was groping for Katuzili's organ with the other, and then stroking both while moving his mouth to kiss the Hittite general's.

Soon the two men were locked in an embrace, rubbing their erections together and running their hands up and down each other's bodies.

Eilmar wondered if it was safe to move now but, "Guard," a Hittite voice cried from the bed, and both of the guards jerked awake. Eilmar shrunk back into the shadow below the bed as the tallest guard looked at his companion, who just shrugged sleepily. The tall guard got up and headed toward the bed, and Eilmar tried harder to disappear into the mat covered earth of the floor, sliding further under the bed and out of sight.

The guard stripped off his linen skirt and was beating himself to hardness as Katuzili pulled him roughly onto the bed.

"While you fuck him, Katuzili, my friend, I think I will fuck that Bahador, my brothers favorite again," Persus mumbled, just loud enough for the hiding Eilmar to hear, and the traitors two feet landed on the floor beside the bed.

Eilmar came to a quick decision, and rising up he turned, so his ass was toward Persus and in the dim shadowy light of the single lamp the still drowsy, well aroused and throbbing Persus parted Eilmar's conveniently appearing ass cheeks, thinking they were Bahador's, and shoved two fingers roughly into the puckered entrance before him, still thinking it was his brother's lover he was attacking.

"Melek's favorite," Persus chuckled as he worked in a third finger, and Eilmar let out several cries of pain, his virgin ass being quite unused to such treatment. "That's

right, cry out. You wont forget me as fast as you forget my weak brother,” Persus laughed, trying unsuccessfully to force in yet another finger.

Eilmar wailed now, knowing what was coming and did his best to take it as if he were willing, as Persus pulled him roughly into his lap and down onto his thick, though short, manhood. Persus pulled Eilmar’s face about and possessed his lips, and filled his mouth with his tongue. And Eilmar sucked on that tongue as he was watching in amazement as Katuzili quickly entered the asshole of the guard on the bed, the big guard taking it with little more than a grunt and a moan, and then seeing how Katuzili began to roughly plow him.

Eilmar writhed and moaned and, understanding Persus liked to give pain, cried out and whimpered with little need for acting as the invasion of his virgin ass by the rough and thick Persus’s dick was more than painful enough.

If Persus got a good look at him Eilmar knew there was little similarity between him and Bahador even in the dim light and satisfying Persus well was the only way he could hope to escape. So he moved about on the cock buried inside him and bounced up and down in short movements as he stroked his own long thin, manhood, which was, in fact, quite similar to Bahador’s, so that when Persus grabbed it in his fist, he felt nothing odd.

Soon Persus filled him with a spouting of his cream and pushed Eilmar off and onto the floor as Persus himself fell back on the bed and watched Katuzili work the guard’s ass, while he drifted back into a doze.

Eilmar didn’t hang about then and quickly did as Sebouh had told him to, finding a spot away from the tent’s entrance and the guards, where he could slit a hole in the

wall of the tent and escape. Doubly glad now to be out of there, and wondering slightly at what men such as Bahador and his king enjoyed in such activity, because in spite of the pain, he had also grown hard and been close to coming as Persus fucked him.

* * * *

When Persus and Katuzili awoke at dawn they discovered that Bahador was gone.

“How could he cut a hole in your tent and walk out with your guards on duty,” Persus asked pompously.

Katuzili shrugged and lay back upon the bed in the arms of the big guard.

“I think we were all too busy Persus, and I shall have him caught if he is not already tied up somewhere. Enemies do not roam this camp freely at night. He will be mine again, to use as I choose. But you, you now have to give me your brother, and I will give you his kingdom. Because today we prepare again for battle.”

Persus made a noise, “Ha! It is I who will bring my kingdom to you Katuzili,” he said proudly, “And my brother, Melek.”

While Persus dressed, he had his chariot and his driver summoned.

They came slowly, and if the driver, Dasus, had been able to speak, he might have said that the horses seemed exhausted, but the priests had had his tongue cut out when he was heard cursing the gods on a sacred day. And Persus kept him about because of his silence, as well as his fine chariot driving.

As they left the Hittite's camp, though, Persus himself noticed that the horses were able to do little more than canter, and he cursed them loudly and grabbed the whip

and used it frequently. He wished to be back in his own tent before the camp was fully awake for the day, and that was not going to happen at the speed they were traveling.

Looking about, he spotted a treed area between two low hills and directed his chariot toward it. "We shall kill some game, Dasus, and I will claim to have been out early hunting," Persus said.

He pulled up beneath the first trees, and, jumping down from the chariot, he took up his own quiver and bow and set an arrow at the ready and walked into the trees as the mute ran around in a circle and frightened whatever was near toward his master. Persus was a fine bowman and soon had two birds and a small deer, which they slung across the front of the chariot. Persus smiled and, with the game to support his story, was at ease as they entered Melek's camp.

But as he reached his tent, Persus was met by Melek's old adviser, Sebouh, who he had never liked or trusted. "Welcome Persus, your brother, King Melek, wishes you to join him in his tent," Sabouh said to him, in a proper manner.

"Tell my brother I shall join him when I have bathed and changed. I was out hunting early this morning and am sweaty still."

"There is urgent need to come now Persus; there is a plan to attack the Hittites again, and the king wished to have you present to discuss it."

Persus was annoyed, "Then I am there," he cried, whipping his tired horses on and riding the chariot to the door of his brother's tent, leaving Sebouh behind. Persus was annoyed that he already had to deal with a problem, not wanting Melek to do anything that might spoil his position with Katuzili before he could find some way to unseat him, or have him die in battle.

When he arrived, Persus jumped down from his chariot and waved the mute to take it away, then entered the tent of his brother, the king. Where the first person Persus saw was Bahador, and he stopped dead. Then he looked about warily. They were alone, and he knew it was probably a trap and quickly left the tent, hoping to get to his brother and discover what had been said against him so he could explain it away. But outside the tent he found a dozen of his brother's finest soldiers had materialized, with his brother, the king.

"So all is true," said Melek, looking at Persus with both pity and anger. "You have betrayed me, brother, and my people. Brave men died because of your scheming. And now justice will be done."

Persus was trying to interrupt him, "Do you believe that lying boy? Why do you doubt me? Me. Your brother," he cried, but was drowned out by a Melek determined to say what he intended to say.

"What has he told you, brother?" Persus cried as soon as Melek stopped speaking, pushing aside the guards who moved to hold him, but who fell away uncertain what to do as Melek now stood there silently listening. "What lies has he made up? He came to my tent last night and I took him with me on the hunt early this morning, when it was still dark. He begged to satisfy me and after that we fell asleep in a valley not far from here. When I awoke this morning he was gone. If he has told you anything else he does it to turn you against me, brother," cried Persus, seeing Melek's indecision and knowing his life hung on convincing his brother that Bahador lied.

Melek wanted with all his heart to believe Persus, his only brother, but could not deny what he saw. For Persus stood before him in the very clothes he, Melek, had

ordered Bahador to strip off the night before, and had then watched Eilmar put on in his tent. And Melek had seen Persus arriving in his chariot; the same chariot Bahador had ridden back the previous night and which he had seen Eilmar ride off in not long after. No. However much Melek wanted to believe his brother was loyal to him, he could not. His heart was heavy, as he knew that either his brother lied or his own eyes had lied to him, and he knew his eyes had seen the truth. Inside him was a turmoil of emotions.

“He is a schemer, brother, let me take him away and punish him before he turns you against me,” Persus added, seeing in Melek’s eyes a longing to believe him. And hurrying back into the tent, Persus grabbed Bahador roughly by the arm and slapped him hard across the face. Nazar suddenly appeared from behind the bed at the back of the tent and moved to rescue Bahador. But Persus pulled a long knife from his belt and waved it about, as if he were deranged and might use it on Bahador, and Nazar held back.

“You liar. You schemer, trying to turn my only brother against me,” Persus cried as he pulled Bahador to the tent’s entrance.

“Tell my brother you lied to him,” he cried loudly before hissing in Bahador’s ear, “or you die, and all your family die with you,” just before they emerged from the tent.

As Persus pulled Bahador out into the camp and into Melek’s sight, he cried, “Tell my brother you lied,” again, now shaking Bahador and hiding the knife.

“I do not lie. I do not lie,” cried a frightened Bahador, seeing his king and knowing he must save him, fearful for his life but resigning himself to whatever fate the gods held in store for him.

There was suddenly a scuffle behind Bahador, and Melek cried, "Take my brother."

In a moment the guards had grabbed Persus and he lay on the ground with Nazar behind him panting from the brief struggle and looking at Bahador with deep concern before bending and pulling the long knife from Persus's hand. "He threatened to use this on Bahador," Nazar said, holding it out to Melek.

"Bahador has told the truth. And Persus will be punished," Melek said sadly and entered his tent followed by Nazar, while Persus was dragged in behind him. Old Sebouh arrived just then and followed them inside. With a still shaky Bahador behind him.

* * * *

It had not taken Melek long to decide on Persus's punishment, and then they prepared their plans and weapons for another battle against the Hittites the following day.

But that evening all the soldiers who had stood with the king against the Hittites were assembled, and the king's brother, Persus, was dragged out to a place outside the camp where a thick post had been sunk into the ground. There he was stripped naked and his hands were pulled above his head and tied to an iron ring at the top of the post and his legs were pulled apart and tied to pegs hammered into the ground at either side.

Melek looked on grimly, and when Persus was fully secured, he nodded to Bahador, but never took his eyes from his brother's body.

As Bahador stepped forward the only sound to be heard was the breathing of the assembled men and Persus's curses, and shouts, as he still protested his innocence.

Bahador dropped his linen robe and grasped his manhood in one hand and began to stroke it as he cupped his balls in the other and rolled them gently.

Soon he was hard and ready and again he stepped forward, but now right up to Persus's ass, where he parted the traitor's cheeks to reveal his hole and directed his erect manhood to it. There was great resistance to his entry, and Persus pulled his hips this way and that, moving about, trying to avoid what was going to enter his hole. But to no avail. Bahador planted a hand firmly on Persus's belly and pulled his hips back and guided his organ to Persus's hole.

Bahador had oiled his own organ, and once he had managed to get it in past the first resistance, he closed his eyes and thought of what Persus had intended for his king and pushed, forcing himself in. Then he was crying out at the tightness, his cries joining Persus's howls as he bottomed in Persus's rarely used channel. The tightness made Bahador harder and larger as he began to plow the traitor roughly, increasing Persus's wails and curses.

Then the soldiers began to chant a rhythmic call of "In, in, in, . . ." and their chant stirred everyone's blood and Bahador became lost in the throbbing of his tool and the solid sound of the chant and forced himself into Persus repeatedly, no longer hearing his cries. As Persus opened to him Bahador pumped him faster and as he felt his seed rising in him and pressing to escape, he pounded him wildly until with a great cry he released his cream deep into Persus's center.

When Bahador withdrew he stepped back and put his linen robe on again as a tall soldier stepped up to take his place. The chanting continued as Bahador turned away and moved behind Melek and Sebouh, who were watching as the fathers and

brothers of all those warriors slain in the battle with the Hittites, that Persus had made sure they lost, had taken their revenge. Then the men went quiet and Persus was cut down, his body collapsing to the ground, and at Melek's signal, they left him there and returned to their camp to ready themselves for the battle the following day.

In Melek's tent there was wine and food and the king and Sebouh, Nazar, and Bahador and several other generals ate and drank in silence before they quietly slipped away, leaving only Melek and Bahador there, standing some distance apart.

There was a moment's hesitation before Melek moved to embrace Bahador.

Bahador's lust rose and the worry and fear of the last day fell away from him as he felt the king's arms encircle him and he in turn embraced his king. Their lips meeting in a long sweet kiss.

"I owe you much, Bahador," Melek said quietly, looking Bahador in the eyes as they pulled apart.

Bahador fell to his knees and parted the king's robe, taking his soft organ in his mouth as his king rested his hands upon his hair gently. But however much Bahador sucked and ran his tongue about its length, the king's organ failed to harden to its usual strong upright state.

The young warrior looked up at his king worriedly and the king looked down at him sadly. "I'm sorry, Bahador. I owe you so much and value your honesty and courage, as I have never valued another mans. Perhaps . . . if you continue," Melek added with a smile.

Bahador returned his mouth to his king's phallus in confusion. But the king quickly pulled him up. "I cannot lie to you, Bahador, my body cannot lie. When I look at

you, I see my brother, my only brother who I loved, who is now lost to me forever. And . . . and that fills my heart with an aching sadness.” The king kissed Bahador gently on the lips.

Bahador understood well his king’s loss and could say nothing in his own favor.

“It’s time to sleep,” Melek said, “and tomorrow there is a battle that we must win. And in battle men die and men live, and afterward. . . well after the fighting, the blood rises in celebration at being alive, and desire runs hot. Perhaps after the battle I will be able to forget my brother when I am with you and love you with more than just my heart, as you deserve. But whatever happens, you shall be rewarded and always loved above all other men for your loyalty and courage, Bahador,” Melek said.

Melek put out the lamps and gently led Bahbdor, now full of confusion and tears, to his bed and lay there with his arms about him, as his young lover held him tightly to him, wondering what tomorrow might bring.

“My only wish is to serve you, my king,” Bahador whispered in the darkness, afraid to say more.

The End

ABOUT SABB

Sabb, once an accountant and sometime property developer, is a wild barbarian at heart, who knows that love is out there if you're lucky enough to find it. He also writes in collaboration with habu under the pen name Shabbu.

If you enjoyed LOYAL TO HIS KING, you might also enjoy:



SHE IS HE

By Sabb

Sex has a million variations in our secret lives, and these are just two stories from the secret lives of men.

Here are two stories of a transsexual sex worker and her clients. One is a man wishing to be dominated by the male/female, and the other is of a cross-dresser wanting to be taken long and hard.

Warning: This title contains graphic language, crossdressing and shemale sex.

Excerpt From SHE IS HE:

Sweat. He's sweating. He wanted to be here, has told her what for, wants it, wants to be afraid.

She returns. Sways in with lube and condoms. Sets them down by the chair, convenient. Handy.

She moves in on him, erotic movement to her body, her husky sex-filled voice.

“Do you want to see my breasts?” she asks.

He nods, dumbly. She moves them close, lifts off her T-shirt, arms up, stretched out, lacy bra exposed. Lovely tits. She bends to him, lovely tits swelling in lace in front of his face.

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