

The Philosopher's Tool

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The oars struck the water in unison and with a monstrous heave were pulled up and out and propelled the ship forward. In time to the rhythm beaten out on the huge oxhide drum, the rowers once again followed the same cycle that ensured that even when the wind was low the business of sea-trade continued.

Chitineus watched the merchant ship with fascination as it sailed out of the harbour. Just as the tool of the musician was his instrument, in this case, the drum, the tool of the seaman's trade was his muscles. And what muscles! Chitineus relished the sight of the lithe muscular sailors, naked of course, who either rowed the ship or managed its sails. Such bodies. Such masculine pride. Those limbs and loins tuned by the rigours of the sea and the daily exercise of their profession. They were tools to be proud of. Just as in a philosopher such as Chitineus the chief tool was the brain. And, of course, his five sensual organs: the most important being his eyes and the sight they bestowed on him.

But the sensual organ most enjoying the sight of the naked sailors was that between his legs. It twitched and jerked beneath the woven wool of his chiton. Of course, this was also a tool of value but for a philosopher it was more of a distraction from the task of understanding the world and its intrinsic truths. There may be no harm in gaining pleasure, as do all spirited men, from the sight of the naked bodies working on the ships. Indeed, what man would not be aroused by the sight of the muscular fellows on the docks lifting the huge baskets, gourds and amphorae?

There was one workman that caught Chitineus' eye. A bundle of taut hard muscle and noble aspect, who carried not only a huge amphora over his shoulder as he strode over the plank to the ship but swinging free between his legs was a penis that was the envy of all sea-faring folk. Still flaccid but prouder than that of most men

when erect and one which directed most men's hands to their own organs which they would rub and pummel with excitement at the sight of this proud organ on such a magnificent body. Was anyone else so blessed?

Well, thought Chitineus, there indeed was one other and that was himself.

His desire for male flesh had become overwhelming and, notwithstanding that where he stood on the dock-side he could be seen by slaves and plebeians, he parted his garments to expose his huge erect penis to the elements. There was only one thing to do with his proud manhood when faced with such absolute temptation and that was to hold it erect and belabour it with wrist and fingers until the proof of his virility poured forth on the marble pavement.

However, before his seed was spent, he felt a second hand clasp his penis and from behind him a beard brush his neck and shoulder. It was Phoenictetes, a fellow philosopher, whom Chitineus often fucked in the company of friends.

"Which fellow catches your fancy?" Phoenictetes asked his friend, sliding his grip up and down the penis in long confident strokes.

Chitineus looked towards the fellow carrying the amphora but all that could be seen of him was his arched back and tight buttocks as he arranged the goods on the deck of the ship. He chose to evade the question. "Why they all do," he said. "It is a splendid sight indeed to see the workman at his toil..."

"...Just as it is to fuck him at his play," laughed Phoenictetes. He clasped his friend's penis firmly. "And this is also a splendid sight. It would be a shame for you to waste the juice of your endeavour on the bare stone upon which we walk." He grabbed his friend around the waist. "Let us disrobe and fuck. And then afterwards we may contemplate the beauty of labour without the distraction of our lust."

“Well said, my dear Phoenictetes,” laughed Chitineus. He pulled off his chiton and handed it his slave, Dunderopolos, and stood in the street naked but for his sandals. The philosopher was a handsome man in his prime, with just a few hairs turned grey and a body kept lithe and fit from frequent sex with his slaves and peers. “Against the pillar, my friend, and I shall release the seeds of my desire inside you.”

“There is no better place!” agreed Phoenictetes who handed his clothes to his own slave, Psymnopides, and leaned forward against the pillar, his arse proffered ready for the pleasure of penetration.

Of course, when two noblemen, especially scholars, should wish to fuck each other, their slaves are as important as anyone else. Dunderopolos helped part Phoenictetes’ anus with Psymnopides’ assistance and with his spit lubricated his master’s penis so that the ingress would be the more pleasurable for both partners. And during Chitineus’ thrusts, he attended to his master’s satisfaction by licking and stroking his hard testicles. It was clear that he enjoyed his labours, as his penis was as stiff and proud as Phoenictetes’, although nowhere near as heroic or vigorous as his master’s. However, Dunderopolos’ phallus was not assisted by any other hand in coming to a spasm of ejaculation, as Psymnopides was engaged in sucking his master’s penis while Chitineus thrust steadily and rhythmically into him.

Relief came suddenly for everyone except for Chitineus. His penis was still rampant when everyone else had ejaculated and Phoenictetes’ anus did not drip the pearls of semen that would announce that Chitineus had completely sated his amorous intent. However, so as not to embarrass his master, Dunderopolos smeared his own spilt semen on Phoenictetes’ buttocks so that those watching would believe that they had witnessed a proper consummation.

The two philosophers then walked towards Chitineus' villa arm-in-arm and naked discussing the issues of ethics and foreign policy that troubled them, Chitineus' still erect penis leading the way.

The philosopher tried to ignore the issue of his persistent tumescence, through which it was painful to piss and which only subsided in degree, not in totality. But try as he would, it was an unwanted distraction from his thoughts. It was difficult to follow the tortuous paths of logical discourse with Phoenictetes and young Grinopheles, who also chose to visit that day. His manhood intervened in his need to conclude his argument with a *Quod Eratum Demonstrandum* or a *Reductio Ad Absurdum*, which discussions continued unresolved over good olives and wine. And when he and his philosopher friends took each other physically, Grinopheles' penis inside his anus while he once again penetrated that of Phoenictetes, his exertions again failed to resolve themselves as they should in a satisfactory discharge of semen.

Indeed, even after fucking his favourite Galatian boy-slave, Phridistotlos, until his anus was bleeding, there was no release. Dunderopolos had to admit to his master that there was no viscous cream between the boy's cheeks. And this had before been the most reliable source of gratification for Chitineus who had a penchant for young flesh.

However, as he was able to continue fucking his friends and slaves after all other penises were spent, Chitineus was not sure whether his persistently erect phallus was a blessing or a curse. After fucking Grinopheles who was in turn plying at Phridistotlos' tight anus, he decided that now was the time to retire. The slaves helped him towards his bed, where tonight he chose to rest with one of the kitchen boys, Coutleros, whose arse he'd not fucked for several days. He bade farewell to

Grinopheles and Phoenictetes, who were too fatigued to make their way to their own homes and chose instead to accept the older philosopher's invitation that they should sleep in his home and to have the pick of any of his slaves should they feel inclined for further carnal pleasure.

Chitineus hoped that when he awoke the following day his penis would have at last deflated. However, he suspected otherwise after his failure from an hour or more of battering at Coutleros' anus for it to subside before sleep finally overwhelmed him. His penis remained stubbornly tumid and only blood and excrement trickled from his slave's embattled arse. It was not his wish to bring harm to his slaves, whom he treated well, much better than the average citizen of wealth, so he compensated loyal Coutleros with a day off, but he himself was to have no respite from the obstinately persistent erection.

Despite the bravest attempts from his friends, Phoenictetes and Grinopheles, who tried to bring Chitineus to ejaculation with the assistance of Dunderopolos, there was no end to the philosopher's dilemma: one which seemed the more urgent after the pain he suffered in loosing the urine that had built up inside him. It was worse even than the agony of having two men fuck him simultaneously, but that was a pain brought upon him to satisfy his desire not in the expression of it. Besides, so inured to penetration was his anus now it took more than two penises to cause him any lasting pain.

"What can we do?" wondered a frustrated Grinopheles, whose penis was now so worn out from his efforts that not even Cupid could have aroused him from his torpid indolence.

"We must seek advice from an oracle or a soothsayer," suggested an almost

equally exhausted Phoenictetes, who tugged desultorily at his flaccid cock and enviously admired Chitineus' unquenchable manhood.

"I would suggest rather a physician," said the philosopher. "This is a matter of physic and the physician is the best qualified for such matters. As you would consult a goatherd on the herding of goats, a merchant on the purchase of goods and a philosopher on mathematics and ethics, so a physician is the man who has the tools appropriate for physical affliction..."

"But might this not be a gift from the gods rather than an affliction of the flesh?" remarked Grinopheles, who at this moment would dearly like to have such an ailment now that he could see Chitineus' boy-slave Phridistotlos hovering in the background, naked as all slaves were in the private quarters, and walking with some awkwardness after the previous day's ministrations.

"A gift this might be," said Chitineus sternly, "to those whose desire is merely to have carnal pleasure and whose destiny is to fuck as many people and as often as they can. Alas! I am not such a person. The tool I wish to refine is my mind and its mental acuity. It is a matter of little value to a philosopher to be able to bring sexual ecstasy to whomsoever he should wish to fuck, when what he most needs is to consider the ways of the world and the machinations of the divine. Thus I am truly afflicted and relief for me would be for my erection to subside so that once again I am no longer constantly distracted by the urge to fuck every man's arse and to have a man's hand clutch at my throbbing member."

"In that case, we should see Diderostocres," suggested Phoenictetes. "He has soft hands and a sceptical approach to the healing arts. He never chooses a course of medic until he is sure it is the right one. Furthermore, he has a very accommodating

arse.”

The three philosophers followed Phoenictetes' suggestion and walked together through the city streets dressed smartly in their chiton and himation to the physician's hovel on the outskirts of the town. Diderostocres was not a wealthy man. His parents had been slaves and he had gained his skill only through great study and dedication over the years, whilst also earning a living as a butcher, with which occupation he shared many of the same tools of the trade. The trudge to this part of the town took the philosophers past beggars and vagrants, many of whom offered their arses to the noblemen in the hope of a silver coin in payment for their services. However, no gentleman of means would ever be so desperate for manly flesh when there were so many willing slaves at their disposal.

The physician clasped Chitineus' erect penis and took its shining purple glans into his mouth. He ran his tongue over its tip and his hands up and down its length. As he continued his ministrations, he graduated towards taking as much of the penis as he could in his mouth and pushing it to the back of his throat, whilst at the same time lubricating it with saliva that streamed down the length of the shaft. The spittle trailed between the physician's hands and mouth and formed a lattice on Chitineus' proud thicket of pubic hair. Occasionally, the physician would pull the penis out of his mouth and chew gently on the philosopher's testicles whilst vigorously pumping the penis with his hands.

While Diderostocres continued to give succour, Phoenictetes and Grinopheles sat on two chairs that had been politely vacated by two patients of lesser status who had politely departed when the philosophers arrived. One of these had been a man who had been bleeding profusely from a wound inflicted by a bronze axe-head and

had left a puddle of blood on the floor. The two men felt uncomfortable in the small hovel, surrounded by the hanging carcasses of field-fowl and hare, while their slaves sat outside in the muddy unpaved track in the company of swine and domestic hens. Very rarely did a man of letters and learning ever need to walk down roads such as these that stank of sewerage and where most men wore no clothes, not from pride in their masculinity but to spare their vestments unnecessary wear and tear.

At last, the physician had to admit defeat. He held Chitineus' penis in his hand, the trail of saliva falling like a damaged spider web between his arm and the length of stubborn virility, and smiled weakly at the philosophers.

"I have done what I can short of surgery," the physician told his venerable company. "And it has all been to no avail. There are few better men than I at the skill of bringing a man to ejaculate. I have been known to bring three men off simultaneously with my hands and mouth whilst fucking a fourth. There are many in the city that can vouch for my skill in this matter, either as patients or witnesses. But I confess that in this case I have been defeated."

"It is no matter," said Chitineus, handing the physician a splendid silver decadrachm. "You have done well, but unfortunately my affliction is too great for even your tonsils to alleviate."

Whatever Chitineus' affliction was called nobody knew. The physician had no name for it, nor did any of the other experts the philosophers consulted on this and the following days in their attempts to bring an end to a curse that many might initially think was a blessing. And that was perpetual tumescence on an already well-endowed man. A superabundance of masculinity when abundance alone would have been quite enough.

Chitineus was persuaded to see oracles, soothsayers, mystics, leeches, priests and other physicians and although each consultant addressed his affliction with different words and different descriptions, there was a remarkable congruence in how they treated it. Chitineus' penis had never before been so sucked, licked, pummelled, massaged, beaten, flailed, chewed or manhandled. Saliva dripped from it. The skin was red and raw. The glans shone but weakly after so much tongue and throat had been applied to it.

In between these therapies, Chitineus sought relief in the arses of his fellow philosophers, his slaves and his friends. In all this, although he was exhausted—perspiration blinding his eyes and pouring off his nostrils onto whoever's back or chest was beneath him—his penis remained forever steadfast, ready for more and thoroughly insatiable. And, as his misery persevered from one day to the next and all remedies tried, the advice given him became more and more outlandish and bizarre.

“Perhaps you should have chosen to father a child,” remarked a priest whose beard tangled in Chitineus' pubic hair as he sucked and gobbled at the stubborn tumescence.

Chitineus shuddered. “That is a supplication too far,” he remarked and pointedly paid the priest only the minimum agreed fee. Philosophers were born for higher things than to pollute their bodies by the too-close proximity of a lesser kind. Only in the company of other men could one hope to aspire to pure thought and contemplation.

The philosopher tried remedies to his predicament that did not involve his penis being used for sexual gratification based on the evidence that since sex did not appear to lessen his penis' vigour then other activities might do so. He dipped his

penis in the cold water of a running stream. He ran naked through the open plains. He swam across rivers. He sat to his waist in olives and fish-heads. But his penis remained as it always was: ready and poised for action and more than capable of taking any man's arse.

"This is ridiculous!" complained the philosopher. "I can get no work done. My studies on geometry, aesthetics, politics and metaphysics have come not one whit further forward."

"Perhaps someone has cursed you!" remarked one of his friends, who was not a philosopher but retained many superstitious beliefs.

"Even those who believe that to be true had only one remedy for my predicament," Chitineus said. "And that is the same as those who did not believe in demonic possession. Whatever has taken control of my penis has not told anyone how it should be dispossessed."

Chitineus was almost resigned to a lifetime of unwanted tumidity when he happened to pass by the harbour again, arm-in-arm with Phoenictetes.

"Wasn't it here that I was first struck down by this bane?" he remarked to his friend.

"Indeed, I do believe it was," said Phoenictetes.

Chitineus looked about him at the seaman on the ships and the hands on the dock carrying baskets of olives, sacks of wine, nets of fish, and exotic furs. He had endured so much carnal attention from his friends, slaves and consultants that even the bronzed lithe muscular frames of the naked men made him feel weary, but not so much that it lessened the erection he sported under his chiton and which was plainly visible from the tented hood that protruded ahead of him. In fact, the more he

contemplated the landscape, rather than lose its vigour it began to jerk with new excitement.

“I have a thought,” he said to his friend, parting his clothes to let his penis swing free in the warm air. “When I became so fatally aroused on that day, it was at the sight of a dock labourer of most proud proportion. He was truly an Adonis. He aroused my penis with a liveliness that hasn’t deserted me. Perhaps this man by being the proximate cause of my dilemma might also be the means to its end.”

“A mere labourer!” gasped a scandalised Phoenictetes. “When the best physicians, medics and mystics have foundered? When your equals in learning and culture have failed? This does not make sense.”

“I am a desperate man,” said Chitineus, taking Phoenictetes’ hand and placing it on his erect member, so that he could feel the twitching of fresh blood along its engorged veins. “And such is my desperation that I shall resort to desperate measures.”

It was a matter of many hours investigation conducted by Chitineus’ slave, Dunderopolos, which led at last to the worker who had first aroused the philosopher. His name was Chorazineus, a fellow whose family had been many generations in the city of his birth. Close to, he was an even more splendid fellow than he seemed from the distance, and not just because he bore such a large penis, which although flaccid promised to gain at least the same dimensions as the philosopher’s when fully aroused. His face had a truly noble aspect not at all in keeping with his lowly birth. His jaw was square, his eyes penetrating, his forehead high and his nose straight. He was undoubtedly the chosen model for many a sculpture.

“So, what is it that I should do?” Chorazineus asked when presented to the

philosopher and stared directly at the erect proof of masculinity that was so proudly displayed.

“I don't know,” Chitineus admitted. “My penis has been fellated as none has ever been fellated before. I have fucked the arse of every nobleman and slave in this town who will have me. I have consulted with all but demons and witches.”

“Then, the only thing I can suggest is a length of cock up your arse that is longer than any cock you've ever had the pleasure of accommodating there before,” said Chorazineus roughly, grasping the philosopher's penis with one hand and stroking his own huge member to life with his other hand. “I have fucked many a man and boy, from here to the furthest reaches of the Hellenic world, and no one has yet been unsatisfied. My spunk has dripped over the eyes and mouth of scholars, kings and tyrants. I have impaled arses of every colour and consistency. It is a bad day when there are not three or more souls who have known my prick inside them.”

“And where will you fuck me?” Chitineus asked, looking around him at the uneven ground and most of all at Chorazineus' penis which, true to his word, was now as long and erect as the philosopher's own.

“Here,” he said. “And now.”

And with that, he grabbed the philosopher and pressed his stubbled cheeks against the philosopher's more carefully sculpted beard so their tongues crashed together whilst not relinquishing at all his grip on Chitineus' penis.

In all the philosopher's years of love-making he had not yet been fucked with such roughness and such tenderness in equal measure as he was now. Never before had his arse entertained a penis that pushed so deep inside him—way beyond all previous limits of penetration. His penis was gripped firmly by the dock hand and

there was no intercession from any of his servants. His skin became so moist from perspiration and effort that there was no need to lubricate his penis or anus with spittle to facilitate a painless penetration. And Chorazineus was relentless and tireless in his thrusting that endured far beyond the normal span of manly intercourse into a new realm of love-making that Chitineus had never before imagined. Even he, with his permanent erection, had not managed to prolong his love-making so much without abandoning it through fatigue or, in former days, by a welcome release of semen.

To Phoenictetes and the others who watched with fascination, this was a new kind of fucking where a swarthy man of the earth sported his manhood to such an extent that he unmanned them all. Phoenictetes considered himself a man who knew how to fuck and was proud of his expertise in bringing pleasure to the most effete youth, the coarsest oaf and the most cultured sophisticate. But this man was a fucker of rare skill, a lover who was playing with Chitineus as a musician might a lyre.

The other hands and sailors had seen all this before. Most of them had already had the pleasure of sex with Chorazineus, separately or together, and knew what he could do. Several of them openly masturbated as the lovemaking continued and sprayed their semen, as was traditional amongst superstitious sailors, on their boats, believing that a coating of sperm would bring them good luck. And so it was that every now and then, another sailor would disengage from the crowd clutching an erect penis twitching with the spasms of ecstasy and then stand by the waterside, sometimes actually in the water, and splatter the sides of the ship or boat in which they would next set sail.

When Chorazineus finally ejaculated, which he did with vim and vocal passion, a seemingly endless volume of semen spurted forth from his penis and

sprayed on Chitineus' chest, face and arse. It was a miracle, of course. But the true miracle was not Chorazineus' prodigious virility, but rather the almost simultaneous release of semen from Chitineus' penis that spurted in almost the same volume, uncontrollably and everywhere. An arc of it rose into the air and fell neatly onto Phoenictetes' cheek.

As he wiped the semen off his face with his fingers and relished the familiar taste in his mouth, he could see that the medicine dispensed by this uncommon commoner had been an unqualified success. Where before a huge protuberance had stood out from Chitineus' groin, there was now a smaller nutmeg of a thing: still larger than most men's but now more modest and less of a hindrance to the free flow of urine.

And this, of course, was what next followed from Chitineus' organ, which he directed at the water, careful not to splash the boats, as this would surely undo the good of pasting them with semen, of which pale streaks could still be seen.

"And what does this prove, my dear Chitineus," asked Phoenictetes of his philosopher friend.

Chitineus gasped and coughed, still bathed in his own perspiration and wearier than he would have been had he ran from Marathon to Athens. "What did you say?" he asked.

"What theory has this exercise demonstrated?" Phoenictetes asked. "What lessons can be drawn?"

"Lessons?" wondered the philosopher, who didn't look like he was in an especially contemplative state.

"Have you drawn conclusions relating to the tools of one's trade? Have you

divined insights into the need to release one's carnal desires? Have you arrived at any profound theories from which we can all learn?"

"I really don't know," said Chitineus, rubbing his face with his hands and puffing with fatigue. "The only thing I can think of is that if you want to fuck someone, whoever that man might be, then do whatever possible to fuck him and don't fuck somebody else."