



It is impossible to say how the idea first entered my brain, but once conceived it haunted me day and night. I loved the old man. He had always treated me with kindness, and he had the most gorgeous steely blue eyes—they were the cool color of the backdrop on the cover of *Fifty Shades of Grey*. The restraint he must have possessed to not hit on me, his nineteen-year-old female boarder! I, however, had no such hangups. Whenever his eyes fell upon me, my pulse quickened; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to seduce the old geezer.

You fancy me mad, but you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what determination I went to work! His shrew of a wife was away, and every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh so gently! I thrust my iPhone into the room and shined it, using a flashlight app I downloaded for ninety-nine cents from the App Store, upon my sleeping beauty's face. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found his eyes always closed. It was impossible to come onto him, for it was not the old man who hexed me—it was his Bedroom Eyes. Every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into his bedchamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very vain old man indeed to suspect that every night, just at twelve, the hot, young community college student renting a room in his home looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own seductive powers. I could scarcely contain my feelings. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even dreaming of my secret deeds or thoughts! I fairly giggled at the idea; perhaps he heard me, for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the blinds were shuttered, through fear of peeping toms). I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and so I kept pushing it further open steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to shine the iPhone, when the old man sprang up in bed. “Who’s there?” he cried.

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He

was still sitting up in the bed listening—just as I had done, night after night.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of ecstasy. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with pent-up sexual desire. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it had welled up from my own bosom. I knew what the old man felt. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His desires had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—“It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor,” or “It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp, surely it could not be the nubile young woman we rented our spare bedroom to trying to sneak into my room at night to offer herself to me.”

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, I finally turned the iPhone on and found his blue eyes open. They were open—wide, wide open—and my need swelled as I gazed upon them. I could see nothing else of the old man’s face or person: for I had directed the light’s beam as if by instinct, precisely upon his beautiful orbs, those windows to the soul.

Now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as the noise an iPhone makes when it buzzes. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man’s hardon, the pumping of the blood through its massive length under the covers. It increased my desire, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the iPhone motionless and made no move to disrobe and expose my smooth, naked skin to the air. I tried how steadily I could to maintain the ray of light upon the old man’s unblinking eyes. Meantime the thumping of his hardon increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man’s lust must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable appetite. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the hardon must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man’s hour had come (so to speak)!

I threw open the door and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only—as I fell on top of him on the bed. “I’ve wanted you for so long, Brytneigh,” he said, his hands hungrily groping for my pert breasts, which were hidden within the folds of my robe.

“Shhhhhhh,” I said, placing a finger on the old man’s lips. “I know.” I pulled the sheet off him, exposing his frail body to the air. His erection pulsated beneath his boxer-briefs, begging its master to be set free. “What have we here?” I said, teasing his cock-and-balls with my fingertips. I pushed the old man onto his back and stripped him of his underwear. His engorged member sprang free, thumping in unison with each beat of his heart onto his stomach. Although I could barely see it, his cock made its presence felt in the room—heat radiated off it. To call him well-endowed would have been the understatement of the century. I tossed his boxer-briefs over my shoulder and knelt at the bottom of his bed. I slowly felt my way up his long, limber legs toward the source of the thumping sound. His legs were hairy and devoid of muscle—they were the legs of an old man, but I could not have loved him any less for being what he was than he could love me for being such a naughty sex fiend. Although I could not see his blue eyes in the darkness, I was compelled beyond all human sense to make love to this old man nonetheless.

I crawled up his legs toward his groin, which was the gold at the end of my rainbow. When I brushed his tightened scrotum with the back of my fingers, the old man groaned. His entire body was now pulsating to the beat of his heart; the sound of the blood pumping through his cock filled the room. I can only imagine what the blood sounded like rushing past the old man’s eardrums! Even for someone who had lost most of his sense of hearing years ago like the old man had, it had to be deafening. And maddening! Oh how we were both on the verge of going mad with lust.

I ran my tongue up and down his length as his body shivered in ecstasy. He was on the edge of madness, the very edge that his beautiful blue eyes had driven me to for the past week while his wife was gone. A low moan escaped his lips as I took him completely inside my mouth. I tried to trap that mighty, bleating beast of his as he neared his breaking point. It was like trying to hold onto a train chugging at full speed toward a damsel-in-distress! No one would rescue her, though, and the old man fired himself into the back of my throat with the force of a thousand trains. I held onto the base of his cock for my

dear life as the aftershocks racked my mouth. Then, finally, he stopped spasming.

I smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. For many minutes, the old man's hardon continued to beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. He fell over onto his side and lay there in silence. I placed my hand upon his limp cock and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. I put my ear to the man's chest and heard nothing. The old man was dead; his heart had stopped in the afterglow of our rutting.

Disposal of his body was of the utmost importance, since his wife would return home from abroad the next morning and would be none too pleased to find that I, their lowly houseguest, had fucked her husband to death.

I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs. I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited the body, the cum-stained bedsheets, and the handsaw below the floor. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out of the woodwork—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot or cum-stain whatever. I had been too wary for that. The bathroom tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I threw my robe back on and went down to open the door with no worries—for what had I now to fear? There entered two uniformed police officers. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been dispatched to search the premises.

I smiled, for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man and his wife, I mentioned, were absent on vacation. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his wife's jewelry, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the master bedroom, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the old man's lifeless body.

The officers were satisfied; my schoolgirl manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears, but still they sat and chatted. The ringing became more distinct. . . . I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling, but it continued and gained definiteness—until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale, and I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much like a distant clock ticking nearly out of earshot. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mockery of my horror! But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

“Villains!” I shrieked, throwing myself on the floor. “Dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks! here, here!—It is the beating of his hideous hardon!”

The cops looked at each other. “What the fuck is this bitch on?” the taller one asked his partner as I writhed on the ground. Any moment, they would arrest me for my landlord’s murder!

“Beats me,” the other cop said. “Rolling around on the floor, talking about a hardon . . . Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

“Hell yes,” the taller one said, undoing his belt. “Better call dispatch. Code three-eleven.”

“What’s a code three-eleven?” I asked.

The other cop began unbuttoning his shirt. “Three-way in progress,” he said with a smirk.

Three-way? What about the dead body rotting under their feet? “Can you not hear it?” I said, astonished. “Can you not hear the telltale sound of the beating hardon?”

The taller cop dropped his pants and boxers to the ground. “You mean this one?” he said, standing tall over me as his throbbing pulsed rhythmically. I had not gone crazy! It was the police officer’s erection that had been penetrating my ears, so to speak. I pulled myself up off the floor and onto my knees. I grabbed at the cop’s pink nightstick and started sucking hungrily. Freedom had never tasted so sweet—or so much like a penis, for that matter.

Read more *Perverted Poe* mash-ups from Edgar Allan Pole at:

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About the Authors

Edgar Allan Pole has a sixteen-inch cock.

Edgar Allan Poe is dead.

Published worldwide by Order of St Nick

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