

# Can You See Me?

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*Watch me as I show you how your stories affect me...*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/can-you-see-me.aspx>

Here I sit, cross-legged on my bed.  
The laptop is propped up on two pillows to bring me to your eye level.

I am here for you to see.

I put on just a pair of knickers  
And a short, cotton strappy shirt.  
They are both black and thin  
So that you can see the contrast against my pale skin  
And the shape of my soft, warm curves  
In the humming blue-tinted glare of the screen.

I am here for you to see.

I leave my hair hanging on either side of my face,  
The burnt umber tresses glowing with the kiss of that light;  
A soft-sheened curtain that spreads its whisper  
And shields me from your molten gaze,  
Or lets me peer out coyly at you from under my brow and my safe haven.

Do you think of me?

What goes through your mind as you watch me?  
Do you see me smile as I log in to your message?  
As I giggle and blush at you \*kiss\*ing me?

How do you feel as you watch me lean in  
And stroke your images in your private picture albums,  
Reading on my face the lust and desire to be touching you for real?

Do you want me?

What thoughts flit across your imagination  
As you watch me settle down to read your stories?

I wonder.

I settle myself more snugly before you,  
And I breathe in, relaxing my shoulders and stretching my arms.  
I wriggle my feet from under me  
And place my soles together before me in a kiss,  
In a pedestrian prayer that rests  
And waits for your words to take my soul on a different kind of journey to theirs.

Do you see me drinking in your words?

Do you see my finger flicker on the mouse pad,  
Scrolling my way through your desires  
And descriptions of what you want to do to me?  
Do you see my large, round, pendulous breasts  
Rise and fall as your stroking, teasing, squeezing words  
Massage my brain, making my outer flesh tingle with  
The hotness of your mouth  
Melting through my shirt  
Across the miles and dimensions,  
From fantasy to manifest reality?

Do you see me wanting you?

I read your desires on the screen  
And feel the hotness of your mouth  
Breathing hard and scalding upon my fleshy ribs,  
Down from the swell of my wanton breasts,  
Sending Sirocco fingers trailing down  
And bribing me to peel off my shirt before

You take the joy away from my heart.

Do you want to touch me?

I read more of your words,  
A master of eloquence leading my intelligence  
Down a path of delights into  
A world of longing and heated passions.  
I read what you would do to me if  
I were lying naked in front of you and spread ready for your welcome.

Shall I show you?

I reach the last of your words,  
Holding your final thrusts in my mind as I push you slightly away  
So that you may gaze upon me as  
I lay backwards, breasts parting outwards a little  
As if to welcome your cock,  
As if they were my arms spread wide to welcome you whole.

Do you want me?

I take my time and gaze at your words  
Through a lustful blur,  
As I slowly ease down my knickers,  
Down from my hips,  
Lingering over my plump, now juicy mound,  
And down, sliding out first one leg, and then the other.

Do you see me oozing slick with slippery juices for you?

I spread my legs for your gaze,  
Letting you roam and feast your eyes  
On the hot, melting hole that you have awoken.  
I lie back, legs far apart, feet flat on the bed  
And raise my hips level with the screen  
So you can eyeball my dripping, sodden pussy  
And watch as I smear and butter my lips with  
The sweet musky slickness

And spread them far so you can see  
The nub of delight that makes me  
Moan with desire when you paint your worded lips  
In a suction upon it and swirl your deftly clever tongue  
In the soft, sinking glory of my inner core.  
And I know you are staring as I slide  
One, two, three of my fingers  
Into that dark, sucking velvet hole that clamps  
On me as I think of it clamping on your hard, throbbing cock.  
And I think of you fucking me with your eyes and your heart  
Though your physical hands cannot touch me.

And the squelching and sucking and slick happy slidings  
Are all on display as I let you watch me circle my hips  
At your eye level as I think of your words and  
My breasts bounce and roll  
From side to side  
As I reach the final throes  
Of wanting your weighty load spurting into me  
And rolling out down my lips  
To my tight puckered hole that is winking with  
Thoughts of your story-before-last.  
And I know you enjoyed watching me fuck myself  
For sheer lust and desire and need of you to see me.

Did you see me with my fingers deep and panting your name?

I lie here and look at the ending of your words,  
Not sated, yet sated, and sleepily smile  
As you watch me fall deeply towards dreaming sleep.

And I wonder, did you like me to show you my finger fucking solitary evening alone  
With just your words for company?

Because I like it when I watch you fuck for mine.