

# I Know What You Want

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Published on Lush Stories on 26 Jun 2012

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*You want me...*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/i-know-what-you-want-1.aspx>

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I don't need to look into your eyes to see your soul, boy.  
I close my own.  
I hear your words oozing into me,  
The hot, sticky pre-cum-laden juices  
Overflowing from me with hot passions.  
Deep words thrust deeper  
Into my aching pussy  
And make me moan and scream  
With the pleasure you plunge into me,  
Your hands sliding over me,  
Kneading my breasts and  
Your hot, panting mouth  
Sucking my rock-hard nipples.  
Our sweat mingles and trickles between us,  
Streams and rivulets of pure lust soaking the sheets.  
I know you want me,  
To stare at my hot, naked form  
Writhing on the bed, the floor, the table,  
Everywhere you want me;  
Any way you want me;  
Every hole I have is gaping for you to fuck me.  
I hear you scatter starry words of intimate splendour  
Like the beads of my sweat that you lust to see me shine with

And I know what you want.  
You want to fuck me hard and deep and fast.  
You want me on my knees before you,  
With your cock pumping deep in my throat,  
Your hands pulling my hair and forcing yourself in  
So that I can barely breathe with the joy  
Of choking on your hard, pulsing dick.  
You want me flipped over with my ass in your face,  
Tonguing my holes and grabbing  
Handfuls of my sweaty, juice-slick flesh.  
You want your face pushed into my cunt and  
All your words of beauty and depth and spiralling whispers  
That melt my soul and spin it up into the velvet stars  
Tell me that you want this.  
You want me and I will pursue you until you give me  
What I know you want to pump me full of.  
You.  
Fuck me, boy, because I know it's what you want,  
And I want it badly.  
I know it's what you want because I read it in your words.

And then I open my eyes,  
And I look into your soul,  
And suddenly..

I

See

You.

And all you wanted was to touch my heart,  
And maybe hold hands for a while,  
And keep your distance.

I missed seeing the heart of a man  
Because I dreamed of the lust-ridden boy that doesn't exist.

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