

# Invisible

By Warlock

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*Voyeur, fantasy*

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I am you know. This power given only to me. Blending and darting from shadow to shadow. All of those places where light doesn't reach. No one sees me. I go where I want. I walk through walls. Locks won't help. Turning the lights out just makes it easier. You can't hide. You can't escape. I see everything. Those moments in the car when your skirt rides up your thighs. Your legs spread apart. Your white lace panties exposed. When your fingers trace and tease unconsciously out of sight from others. Or those times when you think you are alone at work. When you lean over your desk and your blouse flairs open and exposes you. Your breasts swaying and your nipples swelling from their freedom. It is my eyes that look. Watching you in your unguarded moments. Everywhere you go I am there. When you do laundry and press your hips against the washing machine for that instant longer as it vibrates. The phone calls to your girlfriends when you compare dates from the night before. I watch as you become aroused telling her the details of you being fucked by your date. And slowly touch yourself as you secretly want your friend to join in. Those evening showers before bed. The slow evacuation from your clothing. The pause in front of the mirror to admire your naked body. Even the long slow lathering of your breasts and groin. The pauses with your fingers and the low moans and whimpers as you explore. I see everything. My eyes never leave you. The men you bring home. The gnashing and grinding of their mouths on your flesh. Your body urging them for more. When you moan and plead for them to go farther and deeper. Begging them to explode inside you. Then wanting them to leave as soon as possible. I was there when you went home from the bar with your best friend. You pretended to be drunk as you pressed your body to hers. Letting your hand brush against her breasts. Your fingers resting in her lap as if you didn't know. Until that moment when you straddled her. Your lips upon hers. She tried to pull away but you wouldn't let her. Pressing her tightly against you she finally gave in to her desires. I watched as you led her to your bedroom for the first time. And probed and tasted the peaks and valleys of her body. Making your best friend your lover. I am there when you shop. Trying on clothes. Standing in only a lace thong as your tanned body filled endless satin and silk garments. When you left the door to the changing room slightly open so others walking by could see you. Or when you walk down the street. Your body bouncing and swaying lasciviously. Knowing your long firm nipples are swollen and hard. Your blouse purposefully molding around each peak for the fullest visibility. Smiling as you watch heads turn to look. Yes. I am always

there. Just out of sight. I see you and all that you do. So look to the shadows when you undress. Or touch yourself. Or answer to your desires and fantasies. For it will be my eyes upon you in those moments you thought private. It will be me who shares all your secrets. I am invisible.