



**LOYAL  
TO  
LUSH**

GRAPHICS BY CRAZYDIAMOND

Dear Teacher

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*In honour of one year since finding, and joining, Lush.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/dear-teacher.aspx>

This poem only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen, and the thief's Happy Bits will always smell of stinky cheese (not in a good way). You've taught me things I never dreamed, Created deepening urges, Lambasted deep within my heart, And called forth frightening urges. I've learned to suck a throbbing cock, And lick a swollen cunt; To go in search of what I want, Avoid those on the hunt. I know the way to rim a girl Or rub a fella's prostate; I know some people like it fast Whilst others like to frustrate. I know what scat is (not allowed), Why some like a wee shower; I know repeated questions oft Make other members glower. I know some like their knickers on, Whilst others prefer nude; I know that anal sex requires A large amount of lube. I've found that some folk have their kinks They use to have some fun, And that they like some strange objects, Like ginger, up their bum. I know that some like cum all over, And some girls can squirt; Some people like huge boobs like mine, Whilst others, small and pert. Some like dicks wide, long, or both, And most like a tight pussy, Whilst others just want any sex: They're really not that fussy. I learned more of relationships, Why some have them or not; I'm trying to learn what turns me on, Who makes me very hot. I use bad words, like "fuck" and "cum", And "cock", "pussy" and "thrust", I know which words make others stiff, I fair quite well, I trust. I've written things that make me blush, And cringe, and sometimes cry. I've found a world I can explore, That makes me wet, not dry. I've made some friends, lost one or two; This school has been enlarged. Some make my life a better thing, And some are best discharged. But in the year I've been on Lush, I've shared more of my heart. I've learned that some are glad I have, To those who aren't, I fart! For not all love my words or comments, That's okay, you know. We all have different attitudes And things that make us glow. For here, dear Teacher, we can learn (Or not, as we have found) About ourselves and others too, Whether straight, gay, bi, or bound. This classroom is not just for learning, Playtime is a joy! I need to practice all I know, I need a sexy boy! Perhaps one day, he'll want me and I'll not be scared to try, But 'til that time, Teacher, I know, I have no need to cry. For in this corner of the world, I'm free to be just me. I'll keep on writing, learning things, Both hot and giggly. Now, one year on, with dirty smut Pervading virgin mind, You've so much you must answer for, I must not get behind. I've stories of ridiculous, As well as quite chaotic. This next year, as it moves along, I'll try to be erotic. Dear Teacher, please know, I do try To make you proud of me. But if I don't, please love me still: You've made my mind feel free. This poem only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen, and the

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