

Miho's First Time

By ForcefullGent

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Miho had asked for it

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When I was younger, I used to live in Hamburg and we would visit the jazz clubs on the infamous Reeperbahn. One of our regular haunts was a club called Sam's Brazil. One of the other regulars was an elderly Japanese woman who like me, did not speak German. She did have good English however. Miho (as I will call her) had grown up in rural Japan before WWII. She must have been at least 70 when I knew her. We talked about many things, usually politics but often sex. One night she told me how she had lost her virginity. This is a dramatization of that story. It was her own fault, she had asked for it. Not just metaphorically, but literally. And now there could be no turning back. She was alone. Well not quite alone, that was the issue. She could hear footsteps coming. Should she have waited? Her father had refused her first request. The second time he had told her she must not ask again until her sixteenth birthday. That was today and when Miho had asked again this morning, she had expected to be told she must wait again. Miho tried to turn to see him but the ropes wouldn't let her turn her shoulders and the man was standing right behind her. She could only see him out of the corner of her eye, a faint shadow in the moonlight. He was bigger than her: At least a foot taller and much heavier. A hand touched her shoulder: It had begun. She knew that the process itself would not be pleasant. Two years ago she had listened to her sister's scream after she had been tied. Only a pain that was beyond Miho's experience or imagination could have caused her sister to allow her tormentor that satisfaction. The process would not be pleasant but Miho must not complain or it would end. Her father was in the house listening. If Miho called stop, he would come and release her. Miho knew she must endure all, she had seen the change in her sister afterward, a change she liked. Keiko had become more confident, more submissive. Her body had changed too, her breasts had become fuller, her hips wider. She was no longer a girl: She was a woman. Miho wanted the same change and saw the ordeal to come as being the bridge she must cross to achieve it. The hemp ropes bit into her skin as Miho tried to twist her body away from the intruder: It would be no use: She was bound fast. Calm, calm, she must control her body. The man was checking the tension in the ropes that bound her arms and thighs to the posts. They must be tight but not too tight. Only Miho's arms and the part of her legs were bound but it was enough to render her effectively immobile. The roof that covered the open porch was supported by five massive wooden beams, a foot wide at least. Each beam was supported by a pair of posts about a foot apart, one on either side. Miho was bound

to the posts supporting the center beam, her arms laced vertically to the posts by hemp ropes that began at her shoulders and ran downwards to spread her legs at the thighs. As with all parts of Japanese life, there was metaphorical significance if it was looked for. The two posts might stand for the father and the mother and the ropes the ties that bound Miho to them. The two posts might also stand for man and woman, earth and sky; the list was endless. The two posts and the two ropes might stand for everything and for nothing. But regardless of their metaphorical significance, they held Miho fast. Two years ago she had watched as her father had bound Keiko with the same ropes to the same posts. That had been the last she was allowed to see of before she was shooed out of sight into the house by her mother. Should she have waited? Keiko had been two years older before she asked. Why had she screamed like she did? Keiko had refused explanation saying only that Miho would know in good time, a retort that was invariably accompanied with an infuriatingly knowing smile. The hand travelled down Miho's back, down to crack of her buttocks and between her legs to touch her sex. Miho bit her lip. The center of the world, her mother and the village women had called it that morning when they had shown Miko how to pluck and groom her sex to make it ready. Oil had been poured into the open parts of her body. She had been washed, massaged, stretched and trimmed, preparations that had done little to keep her mind off what was to come. The man was apparently satisfied with what he found as Miho saw clothes being placed neatly folded on the floor next to her. Miho heard the sound of the man stepping up onto the verandah but could only see his feet and ankles due to a crosstie connecting the two posts at her eyelevel. The man approached and suddenly Miho caught her first sight of his cock. The prick was short but very fat. Miho wondered how such a monster could ever fit inside her. The man pressed it to her lips and held her face against it. Miho complied. The cock swelled inside her mouth, almost choking her. Once he was stiff, the man withdrew and took his place behind her again. This time Miho could feel the stiffness of his cock pressing into her back as his hands devoured her body. No part of her was off limits, no part of her was forgotten. Miho learned that her earlobes and the nape of her neck were almost as sensitive as her breasts and her nipples. His hands ran over her body slowly, purposefully. He was in no hurry and knew how to let her know it. The hands began to focus on her sex. Fingers were slipped part way into the openings already made slippery by the oil and Miho's juices. Miho found herself trying to bear down on the fingers, impale herself on them but the unyielding ropes wouldn't let her. The timing of the process was outside her control. Miho could neither hasten or delay it. Her only choice, to continue or take the shameful choice of surrender. Something large and thick was working its way into her between her legs. Pushing, thrusting, twisting its way a little deeper each time. He worked her slit with his fingers, pushing and stroking in all the ways she had learned to pleasure herself. The cock was insistent, pushing, almost tearing its way inside her. He was too big for her! He would split her in two. He would rip her to shreds. There was a sudden pain between her legs. A pain like a slap, sharp but short. Suddenly the cock was slipping in and out of here smoothly and without resistance. Miho was elated. Miho had done it! Miho was a woman now! As the strokes became quicker and stronger, Miho smiled at the thought that she had borne the pain without the screams her sister had made. Such a trivial little hurt, what was the point of crying over such a little thing? The man

continued on. Faster and faster. Miho forgot everything but the hands clutching at her small breasts and the wonderful sense of fullness at her center. "Going!" It was the first word the man had said. The man's hips jerked lifting Miho right off her feet as his nails bit into the flesh of her breasts. The man let out a deep growl and was still. The man dismounted and Miho's feet returned to the floor. The circulation returned to her limbs making her arms and legs much more sore. The man returned to the verandah and presented his cock wetted by their juices to Miho's mouth again. Its not over , Miho reminded herself as the cock began to swell. Miho felt his finger probing her ass, slowly, methodically working its way inside her. I will not scream , Miho told herself as she braced herself for a pain that might prove unbearable. I will survive this , she reminded herself as the ropes reminded her that she had no choice. The fingers in her crack were joined by more fingers in her slit. Miho tried to focus on the pleasurable sensations from her clitoris and ignore the fingers probing her anus. But it was no use, there were no distinct sensations she could focus on, only a wave of pleasure connecting her body front to rear. Miho was not even sure of the exact moment the prick went inside her. There was no sharp slap of pain like the one that she had felt when her maidenhead was torn. Only a feeling of pressure and fullness and the pulsating pleasure coming rippling out of her clitoris. The fire at the center of the world grew hotter. The waves of pleasure kept flooding out from her center to the firey pain in her arms as her body twisted and arced against the rope's attempt to keep her still. The night air was ripped by the sound of a woman's screams: Miho's screams. Suddenly as the orgasm swept through her trapped body, Miho knew the reason for Keiko's scream those years ago .