The busker

By magentalips

Published on Lush Stories on 27 Aug 2008

copyright magentalips.com

The mysterious painted market busker goes home with Ouan.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/the-busker.aspx

The statue of a lovely young woman is standing there in front of big Bo tree near the gate to a temple, as Buddha may have done.
Her shaven head and entire body is white. She may be made from cement but more likely plaster.
Her eyes are shut. Her beauty is stunning. Her small shapely body is a vision of perfection in white.
There is a white top hat on the ground in front of the statue.
The busy Chiangmai Sunday market throngs around her, getting into full swing as the sun sets.
A group of young boys gathers close to the statue, almost leering. A boy pokes a finger into its arm.
The beautiful white face suddenly sprouted two eyes with jet black pupils looking directly at him. At the same time, the right hand flicks up, white palm facing towards him.
The poor boy jumps back, to the loud laughter of his friends. The boys return to approach the busker again but not touching her, all peering closely at her face and eyes that stare straight past them into the distance. The boys shake their heads, drop some coins into the bowler hat and stroll away chatting.
Ouan too is fascinated. He often comes to the market but has never seen her. He can’t take his eyes from her. She is like one of his computer models that he can make strip naked and do whatever else with a few clicks of his mouse.
He sits now at a coffee shop where he has a full view of her. He orders a favourite cake and coffee. Ouan means fat in Thai, and he is.
The busker looks in his direction.
Later he strolls up to her, slipping a 100-baht note, a big tip, into her hat. The busker is looking directly at him, her face expressionless.
He takes this chance to pretend to examine her face, being so close that he feels her expelled breath.
He looks down the opening of her white blouse at her white-painted breasts. He looks at her perfect round bottom in her white denim shorts and her perfect thighs and legs.
He looks at her hand. An index finger moves, ever so slowly. It points discreetly to him, then herself then to the side along one of the streets.
As the market winds up late in the night, Ouan stands where the busker’s finger had pointed. Then

the white statue approaches from the darkness, walking slowly, carry her top hand, heavy with coins and notes.
She looks at him and points to her mouth.
“You can’t speak?,” he asks.
She shakes her head.
“Come with me? You must be very tired,” he asks.
She nods.
He carries her top hat. They walk slowly to his house not far off in the silence of the night.
He gives her a big glass of Coke with ice. She rests awhile in his armchair then points to the bathroom.
Ouan hears her running the bath tub then the sound of her getting in. Soon she knocks on the inside of the door.
“You want something?,” he speaks into the door. Silence inside.
“May I open the door a little?,” he asks.
He opens and peers in the crack. There is a new woman sitting up to her waist in milk, her wet and shiny torso and pert pointed breasts the colour of rich dark chocolate.
She smiles and beckons him in. She mimes wiping herself with a towel. There isn’t one hanging on the rail.
When he hurries to bring one back, she beckons him to soap her back, again with such a delicious smile.
Ouan hesitates, overwhelmed by the whole thing. Then he takes the soap and begins. The woman leans back his hands, her eyes shut, her breathing deep. She opens her eyes and indicates that her should do her front as well.
Ouan’s hands have never felt anything like the firm softness of her body. His hands, inflamed and hot, rub and squeeze her round breasts, slide down her stomach and down between her legs.
The woman opens her thighs so that Ouan can soap down below, rubbing for the longest time.
She is bald down there as well as her head, smooth and slippery as an eel.
The woman at last hisses out a long breath with her eyes tightly shut.
She now pulls the plug and stretches out in her bath on her front. The thick milky water drains away, gradually baring an earth-coloured island of her body with the round hills of her buttocks prominent.
Ouan rubs and caresses them to wash off soap suds, his hands trembling. Finally she stands up and waits for him to dry her with his towel.
Ouan will see this picture of her standing there in his bath tub, over and over again. This is no ordinary human being. She is an angelic being, a spirit of the brown earth.
He goes to hang the towel on his balcony to dry.
The girl has become a statue again standing bare in the middle of his bedroom, bent forward with her hands on her knees, so that her ample muscular bottom sticks out an invitation. She is looking in his direction but her eyes are unseeing again.
Ouan eventually catches on.

He fumbles with his zip and drops his pants. He throws off his shirt, worried as usual about his extra flaps of fat as he waddles forward.

At her bottom, he is in a terrible hurry, shoving and first missing then sweetly inside her, to his own consternation. The girl remains a statue despite his hustle and bustle then noisy and too-quick finish.

The only response from her at about the same time as his blustery orgasm, is a loud powerful hiss of long breath from her mouth, not unlike a car tyre deflating.

The chocolate statue remains standing still afterwards as Ouan finds tissues to wipe her rear and goes to dispose of the paper.

When he comes back, the statue has gone on to his bed, laying on her back, her legs open in a wide invitation. Her arms rest at her side, her forearms standing up and her palms outward, welcoming him.

Ouan loses no time crawling to her. Again the statue remains fixed in that welcoming pose all through his clumsy humping, her unseeing eyes open wide.

As he finishes this time, she again also only lets out a loud hiss of wind from her mouth.

Ouan is soon asleep on top of the woman who is still inert in her fixed posture. When he wakes again in the night, his chocolate statue has vanished.