**Adventure in South America**

by judy511512

**Adventure in South America 1**

I was a newly qualified doctor who sought adventure and work overseas. Months after qualifying and internship I had completed the long process and found myself working in lima. The first weekend there we went to Asia beaches. Yes Asia beach in Peru! The local language was mainly Spanish which I could not speak. There are many beaches and some are posher than others. We took a 5pm bus and got there by about 7.30 or 8, then checked into a hotel, had a bite to eat and then went clubbing.

The 2 nurses I went with, warned me the cheap buses (which we took) would be crowded and most guys will touch us all over and we would need to be firm but not rude or get angry or encourage or indicate that it is welcome, as it could get nasty.

The bus sure was crowded, and it was not possible to sit and we were standing close to each other but not next to each other. The guys managed to get between us. I was the only white girl on the bus and like they warned me, a jewel to be picked. There are many light skinned Peruvian girls but my whiteness was much paler and pronounced and some of the blondes I saw did not appear natural blondes like me. I took care of my body and was hooked on regular exercise and although I may say so myself, even at home I seldom fail to turn heads when I enter a bar, restaurant or public place. I come from an affluent country and I wanted to help in a less fortunate country. But it was not all altruistic as I also sought to have fun.............. extreme fun and excitement. I worked hard and I wanted to party hard too. And I wanted to have extreme fun where most around would not know me! My view was if I did not know those around I would have less inhibitions and feel free to go much much further..................

Within minutes of getting on the bus I could feel someone or other touching my hands, legs, bum etc. A few stops later a big crowd got on and it got even more crowded. It was a little but not super noisy. Now I could feel wondering hands on my breasts and squeezing my bum. I think one of the guys was so daring that he put his hands on my breasts and starting squeezing one of my nipples. I think he knew what I meant by my glaring and shaking my head but I had to push his hand away. I think it did not take ten minutes before another guy worked his way right next to me. He was good looking and smiled at me and I made the mistake of smiling back. The previous guy touched and squeezed me through my clothes. Not this guy. he put one of his hands inside my blouse and on my bra holding my boobs . I am petite and don't have large breasts. He must have had big hands as it fully covered my one of my boobs and when I tried pulling away he pulled me closer by my boob. I had to follow his "pull". I also said please it hurts. He smiled and replied in English you stay with me let me touch I no hurt..... or something like that. I tried pulling away again and this time he squeezed my boobs much more firmly and it was much more painful and I just had to go closer to him. Again I said please don't hurt me. He said don't try that again. He stopped squeezing and I gave a smile of relief. But that may have encouraged him as his other hand reach my back and undid my bra at the back within seconds my bra was pushed up and his other hand was soon fondling the my rather sensitive boobs and my nipples were getting harder and in a crowded bus. He was a large and solidly built guy and it was not possible to resist and this sort of behaviour was normal on buses there. He kept fondling my breasts and then move to the other and back and forth between each boob. The bus was travelling long distance and no one was getting on or off although one or two guys were staring enviously others did not seem to care. I could not see the other nurses who had been pushed to the front of the bus. I was also getting turned on and he was not at all unattractive. It was maybe thirty minutes to an hour and guess he was getting bored. The bus stopped, some got off and his hand moved from my breasts to my hands which he held tightly as he manoeuvred me toward 2 empty seats. I may have been able to get away from him soon after seating but I now liked his attention and did not try. We were seated with one of his hand round me. the bus filled again and it was again crowded. his hand now reached inside my skirt and inside my panties but I did not lift my bum and he was not able to take them down etc. so he reached inside again and then searched and found my arse. he started fingering me. I did not like that at all, and soon got an opportunity to walk away from my seat toward my friends.

I actually enjoyed the latter part of the encounter until he tried fingering my arse. I did not realise that the bus trip was only an appetiser. We eventually got to the place checked into our cheap hotel and went clubbing. We enjoyed ourselves but although a little more attention and more daring touching nothing to write about until maybe after a few more trips.........................

**Adventure in South America 2**

I enjoyed Friday and sat nights dancing and sat and sun mornings and afternoon on the beach etc. got chatted up on and off but nothing progressed etc. after the first weekend in Asia beach we took the bus back on Sunday. the locals bus is the cheapest transport and it is really cheap. so it packed and stuffy. I gathered by now how to avoid unwanted hands etc..... try be front of the queue. getting a seat makes one 60% safe from groping hands. or try manoeuvring a place in the queue next to a guy I fancied, so groping would be entertainment etc. as I had no action that weekend I managed to get into the bus next to a guy I found attractive. we brushed against each other and when the bus went round a corner I grabbed him to steady myself. he smiled, was friendly but did not grope. someone on the other side of us tried to grope but not very successfully.

It was thursday night again. If I didn't have to work tomorrow morning I would have hit the club scene and hook up for some fun so I did the next best thing..... had most of a bottle of red wine and got myself in the mood to write something to turn myself on and then do some self relief. I had a full load for Friday and was glad to catch the local bus to Asia beaches with my usual 2 nurses.

Same sort of thing next bus trip and I then opted for sitting down rather than standing all the way. then on one of the trips I stood between a guy I fancied and who had wondering hands but not quite like my first trip. so on and off I was groped......my breast pressed and my buttocks squeezed and attempt to touch my crotch etc.....

I had some nice experiences on some of the bus trips that I wanted to write about, but I don't seem to be able to remember enough of those incidents to write in detail and I don’t feel the need to bully my brain to extract that information. But I can remember some experience on the beaches and the clubs and in my next episode I will share an experience which made my fun seeking worthwhile!

**Adventure in South America 3**

I think the 2nd Saturday I was getting less defensive and more casual. We went to a new club, slightly more girls than guys. We all wanted to have fun and let our hair down, after long hours of work during the week. An unaccompanied (by male) white blonde girl was a magnet! At this club too, I got a lot of free drinks, many of which I just sipped and not finish. But as time passed I consumed more part glasses of pisco sour (the local drink) and I think nearing my limit. I was getting less inhibited, keeping less of a distance, more touching and some kisses (on cheek). I danced freely with quite a few guys, not sticking to anyone in particular. The 3 of us were having a great time, and would see one another dancing with some guy or other.

The club had a few serving counters.. At about 1am, music stopped for about 5 minutes. Service at one of the serving counter stopped, where there was some rearrangement etc. 2 guys got on top of that non-service counter and the music restarted with these 2 guys dancing on the counter. One by one the two guys managed to get 2 girls up on the counter to dance. The dancing on the counter got rather intense and soon about half the crowd started to gyrate around the counter to watch. I kept dancing with the other half. The dancing progressed to more X-rated stuff with the guys starting to remove clothing from the 2 girls dancing with them. The girls were dancing and responding and it was really tasteful and sexy and I joined the watching crowd. By the end of a song, some girls were in their underwear, a pause, then 2 new fully clothed women were led onto the counter and it went on. I think the guys on the counter also changed...... not sure. The guys tried removing the bras and panties but most girls held onto them with their hands etc. One or two did lose their bras and I think maybe one her knickers too. It was fun to watch.

After every song 2 new girls near the front of the counter got invited and lifted to dance on the counter etc. With each dance I was getting nearer the front. After another pause, one of the guys got onto the floor and came and invited me (although still far from the front) to the counter. By then I must have consumed at least the equivalent of 4 or more glasses of pisco sour (the local drink) and I was way over my limit. I was much less inhibited, and was really in the mood for going onto the counter too, and let him take my hand and obediently walked with him towards the counter. He lifted me onto the counter. Another really attractive looking man was on the counter and held his hand out to guide me onto the counter and the music started. I danced with one guy and the other girl danced with 2 other guys on the counter. By the end of the song the other girl was almost nude and I had managed to keep all my clothes on. Not bad I thought being over my limit in drinks. The next song started straight after the other girls and a guy got down. I was now dancing with 2 guys on the counter. No other girls were with us.

Most of the crowd were now round the counter and watching us dance. The song started with us dancing individually but soon one of the guys took my hand to guide me to dance as a duo, and I was dancing with one then another of the men. The men made moves like the missionary, doggie, greek etc. and I was feeling confident and uninhibited and responded making all sorts of similar moves too etc. The crowd were cheering us and screaming. One of the guys tried removing my top which I hung onto with my hands but kept dancing. The other guy skilfully removed my skirt. He tired pulling my panties down but I quickly grabbed hold of it. I guess it was inevitable. With persistence the other guy finally took my top off. I was now in just my bra, panties and heels. The crowd was electrified and were screaming at us and guess I did not realise they were screaming for the guys to remove all. The guys tried to remove my underwear, but I manage to hold onto them until a dual attack resulted in my bra being ripped......... yes ripped off. I covered my breasts with one hand and held onto my panties with the other. The other guy then ripped my panties off my body and I was holding onto a ripped and useless panty. I was now fully exposed on an elevated counter in the middle of 300 to 400 people, all getting what they screamed for. I was really embarrassed but at the same time quite aroused. I just danced with the men for the rest of the song with me facing the men hoping their bodies would cover most of my private parts, with just my bum exposed. The song finished, but I was not allowed to get off. I was lifted and put over back of the big guy with my legs over his shoulders on the other side of him. My naked arse was exposed to the audience. The other guy opened my cheeks and the one carrying me rotated me for all to get a look inside between the cheeks. I was getting dizzy and was not sure what was happening and tried protesting. My two nursing friends also protested and tried to get to the front to help me. But the crowd was in a frenzy and prevented them from going to the front. The big guy then put me down then lifted me again this time by my legs and another song started and I was hanging upside down from his hands helpless and fully naked. He slowly put my head down on the counter and let my back slide until I was stable and then spread my legs wide to expose my pussy. He then rotated me for the whole song. I cannot remember exactly what happened about that time but both the nurses who came with told me later that they and everyone else a good look at my pussy and the way they displayed me my pink insides were clearly visible too. My 2 protesting friends were warned and a couple of burly men escorted them out. I was now alone.

After that song I was allowed to get down from the counter, but I was nude and could only find my useless ripped bra and panties. My top and skirt had vanished. I was humiliated, frightened, shivering and embarrassed. I was in a very vulnerable position and was in big trouble. Despite my fear, 2 men's domination of me and being under their control and being displayed nude to a big crowd had surprisingly greatly aroused me. My nipples were so hard I felt them stretching my skin. Although I was highly aroused and a little drunk, I realised I had to cover myself quickly especially to ensure no one noticed what I would feel. My pussy was dripping wet. I wanted a man in me but safety first!

I was now alone, naked, frightened and vulnerable on the dance floor easy pickings and at a loss what to do. Before long the attractive man who danced with me on the counter walked toward me. I was relieved to see a familiar face, although he was the guy who stripped me. I smiled and hurried towards him. He took off his shirt and put it over me and I gladly wore it and grabbed his hand and I was not letting go. My reaction brought a big grin to his face and a cheer from the crowd. He started walking toward the exist. I obediently followed him and the crowd cheered again as we left. I was no longer frightened. I only had my heels and his shirt. He was shirtless but had a singlet on. He did not have a car, but had a rundown truck. He lifted me to the passenger seat, then pushed my legs apart and examined my wet pussy. In broken English he said "I dance no see your pussy so I see now. Now we go my house and I fix your water pussy." It was not a romantic proposition, but he was attractive and I still wanted his manhood inside me and I just smiled and held his hand and nodded to signal okay. Although more than likely he was the one who stripped and exhibited me on the bar, I was reassured having him with me and did not care that I had little clothes on me, and was ready to go with him wherever he took me and do whatever he thought we should.