**Karneval**

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Last winter I had a business presentation scheduled in Germany in a city where an old school friend lives, so I arranged to meet her. The timing was just before Karneval, the German equivalent of Mardi Gras. It's not celebrated in the entire country, but where it is, everyone goes mad.   
  
My friend had gotten free invitations for both of us to a costume party in the penthouse of a posh hotel on Rosenmontag, the height of Karneval. She was vague about where the invitations came from, and said only that they wanted more women at the party. I was able to check it out to make sure I wouldn't stumble onto any business associates, so I was game.   
  
People can spend ridiculous amounts of money on Karneval costumes, but I just went to a lingerie shop.   
  
That day my friend and I took in the parade. This always involves a lot of drinking, but my friend really got carried away, tossing back schnapps with beer chasers. It was tough getting her back to her apartment, where it became clear that she was in no condition to go to a party, but I decided to go anyway.   
  
I went back to my hotel room to get ready. After shaving my legs, trimming my bush and washing my hair, I was sitting on the side of my bed next to the window brushing my hair when I noticed a group of guys in the hotel across the street watching me. This was the perfect opportunity for a show, so I turned up the light and spread out on the bed to do the job.   
  
The group of admirers grew, crowding two windows, and binoculars were being passed around. I realize that this would upset and embarrass most women, but I liked the idea that all of these guys were going nuts just to see my body at a distance. I got carried away and slipped the handle of the brush inside me for dramatic effect, which seemed to please my audience but didn't feel good at all. Ouch - the things we do sometimes to please guys!   
  
I took out the brush handle and went back to simple manual labor. I parted my pubic hair, so that they could better study my intimate anatomy and began working my clitoris. I think I'm lucky to have a pretty big one. Once I got her warmed up, I put two fingers in my vagina to find my G spot and keep on it. (Don't try to tell me it doesn't exist.) I did maintain enough presence of mind to keep all of this under the brightest light and to keep an eye on my admirers.   
  
This was a lot of fun, and really exciting, but everything has to come to an end. My public climax was really nice, not exactly a thermonuclear blast, but wave after warm wave of lovely little orgasms with the knowledge that I was being admired by strangers. I enjoyed the after-glow with my privates spread out stroking my inner thighs. When I decided I had enough, I closed the curtains -- the beauty of this risk-free situation. Thanks, guys!   
  
At this point I was late. I washed and brushed my pussy again, and then put on my outfit. First a little lace thong, so narrow that I had to trim my bush a bit more. You could see it all through the lace, but better a see-through than a peek-out. Over that a really short nightgown, which just barely covered the essentials. To further protect my modesty I donned a longer night gown which buttoned down the front. It had no more substance than the short night gown, but covered a bit more -- just past mid thigh. I completed the picture with bedroom slippers. It all looked ridiculously frilly, but perfect as a Karneval costume.   
  
So I rode the elevator downstairs and headed out for the cold walk to the party hotel. I certainly got lots of stares and compliments on the street, but during Karneval you can get away with anything.   
  
My fashionably late arrival was warmly received at the party. They seemed to think my outfit was pretty daring, having no idea what I had in mind (unlike you, my beloved readers).   
  
I made the rounds, had a drink and accepted an invitation to dance. It was a slow number, but the next dance was fast. I was about to switch partners, but asked the gentleman to wait while I removed my "coat." I took my time unbuttoning it, and asked one of my admirers to take it to the coat check.   
  
We jitterbugged to the next number which of course made my short nightgown pretty useless. The thong under it did not cover my ass at all and the front of it was almost transparent, especially as it became moistened with a little perspiration. The circle of admirers around me was beginning to grow.   
  
When the piece ended I told my new friends that I wanted to dance alone and requested a particular song. That was passed on to the band, which obliged. I danced for a few minutes, then lifted up the nightgown to just below my boobs and danced on a bit before pulling it over my head. I asked no one in particular to hang onto it for me. I danced on in my thong which really covered nothing. I fooled around with it and as the song ended pulled it down and left it on the floor.   
  
When you are naked, your personal space seems to expand, as most people stand back. I walked through the group around me to go to the restroom, and the sea parted. I said that someone should get me a drink. When I came back from my call of nature, it was there. I do love attention!   
  
Many people also pretend not to stare at naked people and to be looking at something else. It's fun to engage them in conversation and break through the invisible walls. I tried to talk with lots of people that night, even girls. That can be hard -- a lot of women consider you a threat, especially if their guy has been admiring you. I think I danced with every guy at the party at least once. A few tried to touch me, which I allowed to an extent. On the first attempt I just explain the limits. It works pretty well.   
  
The time came to go, but I couldn't find any of my clothes except the slippers. I was offered several rides, which really didn't sound like such a good idea, so I began to reconsider if I could handle the cold. It's easier to stand the cold for a short while when you start off really warm. It was just a short ways, and I could always run if it started to get too much. I did worry about overly friendly Karneval drunks, so I asked four different trustworthy looking guys to go with me, trying not to pick close buddies. I made it clear that this was not an invitation to my room. So we set off.   
  
I strode through the lobby as though I were wearing a business suit with my bodyguards in tow and stormed out onto the street. It was late, but the streets were packed, and I got lots of attention including compliments on my courage and body (highly appreciated, of course).   
  
I had to stop several times to warm up with group hugs from my bodyguards. Actually I did this more than really necessary to feel the exciting bulges in their pants. I also let them touch more than a good girl should. It may have been cold, but I was overheating.   
  
Although it was crowded in this area, there was room to walk, and people stepped aside to let the crazy naked lady through. Only one guy seriously attempted to grab me. My bodyguards were too slow, but I shoved him in a friendly way, which landed his butt on the street. He was pretty drunk, so it probably didn't hurt much.   
  
Despite the help of my affectionate bodyguards, I was getting pretty cold by the time we arrived at my hotel, but I wasn't ready to quit. I treated my four heroes to a drink in the hotel bar, where I danced on a table.   
  
It was really one Hell of a night, and a wonderful memory.