**My Visit To Rio Carnival**

by erica18

*I managed to dance completely naked with the samba school in full view of thousands of people.*

This is my first time writing a story about my naked venture in public. Since the time I remember, I had been fascinated with showing off myself in public places. I hope people will like to read this account.

I was just eighteen then, still at school. I had taken a drop that year. So I was visiting my aunt in Canada. Since it was my first trip to North America, I also wanted to visit the USA and some countries in South America. After visiting the USA, Jamaica and Mexico, when I arrived back in Canada, it was the first week of February. I still had a few months before school and some money remaining.

I informed my aunt that I would visit France and some other countries. However, from Charles De Gaulle international airport, Paris I took a flight to Brazil, Rio De Janeiro’s International airport Galeao. It was just two weeks before carnival time.

I got accommodation in America’s Grand Hotel guest house at very low payment. The guest house was just an integral part of the hotel with all the affiliated facilities of the hotel. I joined the short lessons for Samba Dance which I could master reasonably well within the first three days; then it was only a matter of little more practice.

I wanted to see the carnival parade and in particular, I was interested in watching those girls dancing almost naked and sweat covered toned almost naked bodies of young boys dancing with girls in the parade on the streets. Actually, I had a deep desire to participate like those girls and dance completely naked on that street.

I had quite sufficient time available to visit other places of interest. The Copacabana and Ipanema beaches were just less than three kilometers from the hotel. With a local map in my hand, I could easily follow the streets leading to the Copacabana Beach. I made it my routine to go walking or jogging to the Ipanema beach by ten in the morning; play some volleyball in the sand followed by a swim. That way I got a tan and my body became tighter and toned. Within the first five days, the effects were quite noticeable.

The Ipanema beach is really beautiful though crowded. On the beach, there are many volleyball courts. Usually, girls are seen playing volleyball wearing very skimpy bikinis. A lot of boys usually stand there to watch girls' sweaty bodies full of sand in various erotic stages displayed while playing.

I selected one such volleyball court and started playing there wearing one of the smallest bikinis. The crowd is full of hundreds of young girls wearing Brazilian tiniest bikinis. I had two or three different sets of my small bikinis. On that morning after reaching the beach at the end of the beach, I laid my towel on the sand and changed into my tiniest sheer micro bikini which did not cover my naked body at all. It had tiny fabric pieces barely covering my diamond hard tits and pussy slit.

The seawater was nicely warm. I entered the water and noticed that my micro bikini was completely sheer. While coming out from the water, I saw some boys staring at me. I was looking like a completely naked girl. I liked the attention I was receiving.

I entered the water many times and took long walks along the beach through the crowd. I was having nice fun walking like that wearing a water-soaked completely sheer micro bikini and receiving attention and compliments from the people about my naked appearance.

The local people at the beach approached the beach visitors serving fruit juices, some food, and offering even massage services. The items are quite cheap and service very reasonable.

At that moment I was walking along the water when this young man approached me complimenting about my micro bikini, ”Seems you love wearing smaller bikinis!!” I just smiled at him.

“I am Jeff. Nice meeting you!!” he introduced himself. “I have many unique bikinis, you may like to buy!! I will bring them to you if you like."

I agreed and indicated to him my spot. He came back with a large bag full of numerous pretty designs and patterns of many bikinis. Actually, I liked Jeff’s slightly feminine face. He had a nicely toned muscular body and appeared almost my age. I selected two asymmetric bikinis which were very skimpy. Jeff suggested me to try the new purchase.

I wore that bikini. Oh My God, the bikini just did not cover anything at all. I was like completely naked. There were no fabric pieces to cover my nipples and pussy. It was an only string running over my nipples and getting buried deep in my pussy slit.

The boy looked at me and said appreciatively,” You look so very hot and sexy wearing that!! Only you need to shave down there.” He pointed at completely exposed pussy hair.

I said, ”Mmmm yeah. But I do not have a shaving kit with me."

He smiled and offered, ”If you agree, I can shave you quickly.”

I was shocked for a moment but then was thrilled more with the anticipation about this young stranger shaving my pussy in full view of people walking around me at the beach. I agreed and let him shave my pussy. It was quite an experience to stand there with my legs spread and letting this young guy shave my parted pussy lips while other people were passing by.

One or two girls even halted to watch me getting my pussy shaved. He asked me to lift each leg one by one and rest it on his shoulder so that he could spread my pussy lips fully and shave inside of my pussy nice and clean. He also shaved around asshole and butt crack.

He liked that I was not shy at all while letting him shave my pussy lips and butt crack in full view of many people. After shaving my pussy and butt crack, he smiled at me and said that shaving was complimentary. Saying, “Bye,“ he continued his sales business along the beach.

After noon, about two-thirty, Jeff still saw me there at the beach and suggested that he could be my guide at a very reasonable amount for the duration of my stay. I agreed and felt it was a very good arrangement.

Jeff helped me to get around the city for the next few days and also introduced me to various clubs and Samba schools. I had expressed my desire to participate in the Samba Parade; though he informed me that prior registration usually is mandatory for which they take lots of money.

It was Friday and the carnival parade was to start next evening. I just wanted to visit the location of the parade area. It was already six in the evening. The weather was hot and humid; there were chances of scattered showers. People were hoping that it should not rain the next day during the parade.

I selected to wear a simple sheer cotton short tube dress which was a little oversized to me. Due to extremely humid conditions, I was feeling very sweaty. So I removed the inner lining of the dress and decided to go without wearing panties and a bra under it. It felt quite comfortable wearing that slightly oversized mini tube dress like that.

I reached the location before eight. It took me a few more minutes to reach the starting point of the parade. It was going to be the final rehearsal. Some distance away, the dancers were getting ready. There I saw Jeff looking for me. He knew some people there and could take me to the area where Samba dancers were getting painted and dressed.

Jeff and I stood watching the dancers getting ready. Mostly all girls were completely naked and the artists were painting their naked bodies. For some girls, the artists were basically covering only pussy slit with the smallest piece of pasty and painted over it. Mostly the bottom costumes were very skimpy and while dancing portions of painted pussy were getting exposed to the view of people.

Some girls preferred to be completely naked and getting their bodies painted; however, it did not appear like they were naked. I was amazed by the extent of nudism and the overpowering display of female nudity there. I was getting horny and dripping wet imagining myself in their position. Actually, my mind was prodding the possibilities for me to participate in the parade by any means. Though there seemed to be no chance for me.

At one moment, Jeff went to get something for me to drink and I was standing there alone looking at dancers getting ready. Suddenly somebody mistook me to be a dancer and asked me to get ready quickly. The person thought me to be a dancer from the group that just walks at the tail of the school's dancers. I quickly moved to the location indicated by him and joined other girls standing naked to get their bodies painted.

After a few minutes, Jeff located me standing there naked and asked what was going on. I told him what happened and he gave me thumbs up. Someone started painting my naked body. After that, he started painting my pussy and butt crack. It was an experience similar to getting shaved in public. I could feel his fingers and painting brush all over my pussy and even inside the pussy slit. The movement of brush over the clit and inside the slit gave me shivers. It was quite turned on.

I was almost ready except the pasty to cover my pussy slit. Someone else was to get the pasty and stick on my pussy. Meanwhile, I started talking with other girls. One of the girls asked me who I was and that she had never seen me before. I just explained that I was spare and the other girl was unable to come anymore.

I asked about what exactly we were supposed to do. She informed saying that we just had to walk along with the group while swinging our body to the music and might sometimes talk to the people watching the parade and also shake hands with them. We just needed to perform some basic moves of the samba dance as necessary. We were chatting for more than thirty minutes.

Finally, the man who had gone in search of the pasty for me came back just to inform me, that the person possessing pasties had left and there was no pasty left for me. He then just applied one more coat of thick paint and cleared me as ready for dancing.

Someone was playing Samba music and some girls were dancing while the crowd surrounded them watching their sexy naked bodies. I joined one other girl and started dancing to the tune of music. The people cheered for me and I easily picked up the steps to the tune. It was extremely sexy and horny being watched while I was dancing completely naked in open surrounded by many people watching me. Our turn to start came around ten at night.

Our group was one of the last groups. The main attraction and well- known samba school was leading ahead. This group comprised of small unknown Samba schools. All other girls dancing with me were painted and decorated like me with a pasty covering their pussy properly. I was the only girl completely naked just with a coat of paint on my body. Our group commenced its marching at a pre-decided time.

The girls were moving around from the edge of the marching lane to the center and then again walk towards the crowd for interacting. Due to shyness, for some time I remained in the center to avoid someone noticing my complete nudity.

However, soon I started approaching the people watching the parade and smiled at them or shook hands with them. It was very exciting and thrilling to dance completely naked on the street fully crowded. Many people noticed that I was completely naked and complimented me cheerfully. The photographers covering the event took my nude dancing video and someone also took the pictures.

I was dancing as per the teachings carefully, until our group crossed the main stadium. After that, I was dancing the way I wanted and mixed with the people without any inhabitation. Actually, I was sweating profusely and my pussy was flowing juices like a fountain which resulted in paint getting washed off between my legs and under armpits.

Just after thirty minutes of nonstop dancing up to eleven pm, my body paint was wearing off and people were becoming aware that I was dancing completely naked. They were either calling me or approaching me for a handshake or just to speak a few words or even take a selfy with them. I was incredibly excited sexually and loved to receive attention from the people.

At one point when I was exchanging compliments from the people watching my dance someone poured bottles of water on me washing my body paint almost completely. I was now really completely naked in the crowd dancing on the street and hundreds of people watching me. It was the most thrilling time I was having like never before.

By the time we reached the end of the marching route, it was almost one am. I was dancing completely naked in the huge crowd for almost three hours. I was by then exhausted and hungry.

Jeff met me at the end and asked me about my clothes. I told him that I left my clothes at the start point where the guy painted my body. He was shocked to hear that and said that it was just not possible to find the clothes now because people would have left with everything by now.

I was almost in a panic. I did not want to walk around the city buck naked and reach the hotel. Somehow, Jeff agreed to pull off his undervest and gave it to me to cover my nudity. By the time we reached the hotel, it was early morning at three am.

The next day, Jeff came at four pm and asked me how I was feeling and if I was going to dance in the main parade. I was more than eager to dance like last night. He informed that after the parade is over at about one am. Then the people of the group go for an after parade party. I thought it was a very good idea to join the party and we decided to meet there.

My name was already there in the dancing group and I was easily allowed to reach the spot where all the dancers were getting ready. After the same person as before painted my body, he applied the pasty on my pussy carefully and applied paint over it. The pasty was just seven centimeters long and two centimeters wide. It barely covered my pussy slit.

Actually, I did not want any pasty so I just made an unexpected movement of my hips. The pasty was stuck to my pussy slit more to the left leaving the complete right side of my pussy fully exposed. I pulled the pasty and repasted it correctly; though it did not stick properly. I tried again but the stickiness of pasty was gone and it was not sticking firmly. Anyway, I never wanted pasty to cover my pussy, so I tried as much as I could and left at that. I knew it would come off on its own at some point.

There was little change in the sequence of the dancing groups; our group was to march last. Our group commenced marching a little after twelve at night. There was no group following us. During the parade, I danced just like during rehearsal along the course until we crossed the main stadium area.

At some time, I realized that my pasty was missing and I was completely naked like last evening. Many people were taking my photos; some people were coming very close to get a close up of my naked body. I knew that I lost my pussy pasty and saw that people were noticing that I was completely naked; though I pretended to be unaware of my nakedness. Also, the sweat and pussy juices were freely flowing from between my legs. I was more forthcoming and dancing more freely than last evening.

Like the main Samba schools, our group did not have dedicated security walking along with us. So people were asking me to give them poses and take pics of me. By the time we crossed the main stadium area, the weather became quite cloudy and dark. At times I could feel the light drizzle here and there.

Actually, when we reached the endpoint of parade we suddenly had a heavy shower. We all got drenched by the shower. Many girls' costumes got wet and body paint washed off. The girls who only had painted bodies looked completely naked. I, too, was completely naked like others.

I did not have even a pasty covering my pussy slit and everyone around me was aware of my complete nakedness. It was extremely thrilling to be dancing and mingling with people when I was completely naked and people were openly ogling intimate parts of my naked body.

All the people from our group went to the spot where there was a small hall with the stage. The loud music with erotic songs filled the air in the party hall. Drinks and food were free for all the dancers. I tried to look for Jeff, but could see him nowhere.

I continued dancing on my own on like some other girls. Due to the movements of the groups, I must have moved to the corner of the stage. I noticed a face of really a cute young man staring at my body movements, he was the same age as me and Jeff. His body was more toned and sweaty like mine. When our eyes made contact, I waved and smiled at him.

The next moment, I saw him approaching me. He looked like one of the dancers from some other group, because I hadn't seen him earlier. He was wearing a very skimpy costume covering his waist. It barely covered his genitals; his backside was completely naked. Smilingly he held my hand and asked me if he could join me dancing.

I smiled and held his hand pulling him closer. By then the music had picked up in fast beats and volume. We were dancing all over the stage holding each other. Our sweaty bodies held like glue together; my body paint had come off almost from all over my body except a very few areas. It was pretty clear that I was dancing purely naked in the crowd. I noticed some other girls too dancing naked like me.

The movements were so quick and fast that the dancing pairs were colliding with each other; no one was feeling offended or saying sorry to anyone. Now the pairs were changing the dancing partners and reuniting in moments. Male dancers were openly and freely feeling the nipples and breasts of their female dancers. Girls were erotically hugging their male partners.

While I was adopting an extremely erotic pose with my dancing partner, I felt his hand squeezing my pussy and fingering in my pussy slit. I opened my legs wide for him to finger my pussy. It was really fun dancing completely naked and letting an unknown stranger finger my pussy in full view of many other people. After a few minutes, when I was hugging my dancing partner most erotically I noticed he was naked like me.

When I whispered in his ear about it, he said he did not know when he lost his costume while dancing. Somehow in those movements, we moved right in front of the stage. At that moment he lifted me above in his arms. When I started sliding down over his sweaty body I felt his penis penetrating my pussy. I was expecting this. But we both were naked right in the front edge of the stage and in full view of hundreds of people. His penis was inside me performing the fucking act.

It was extremely erotic and horny for me. My body and mind were out of control and I joined in willingly to let him fuck me in full view of hundreds of people. I was riding his hard cock to the tune of the music. People were cheering us and many dancers joined us in our sex performance on the stage. I was so completely engrossed in my sexual dream that I did not know how much time had gone.

At some point in the music, my partner changed. This partner was touching me all over my naked body and feeling my pussy and butt hole all the time. It was a new and very pleasurable feeling for me.

Jeff must have seen me and approached me. Holding my hand, he kissed me and complimented my wonderful performance. He held me in his arms and asked if I liked the party after the parade. This time he did not offer me anything to cover my naked body.

Jeff said it would be fun to walk naked with me all over the city and travel by the sub train. Holding my hand, he took me naked from the party club to the substation and on the train. I was receiving many compliments and appreciations from people. Some young curious people wanted to touch and feel my breasts, nipples and pussy. Jeff looked at me for my concurrence and I nodded positively letting people feel my naked body at the substation and even on the train.

While coming back to the hotel he was holding me in his arms all the time. I was feeling drunk and exhausted. That night I slept naked with Jeff and we had sex repeatedly till we could not cum anymore. He loved to eat my pussy like a wild dog while I was sucking his cock like a lollypop.

He was tearful when we said good-bye at the airport. We promised to see each other again soon and kissed passionately before crossing the security checkpoint.

This was the most memorable visit during my entire trip. I don't know if I would be really coming back to see Jeff.