**Rio Carnival**

by Harry Perry

**The Journey Begins**

As long as I can remember, my parents went on vacation every March for about a week.  My little sister and I actually looked forward to their leaving.  We had a nice enough babysitter, so we got to watch a lot of TV and spend time on our computers.

All that changed the year after Ashley had her 15th birthday.  We didn't know the significance of her age until January the following year.

"This year, you both get to go with us," Mom announced one morning when we were discussing their upcoming vacation.

We both groaned as we continued to eat our cereal.

"Oh, don't be like that.  It'll be fun, I promise."

*Yeah, right, Mom,* was all I could think.

We brightened up a lot when we heard we were going to a carnival, but then we were disappointed to learn it was in another country; Brazil.  It's not like either of us wanted to go to a country that didn't speak English.

On our plane trip down to Rio, Dad explained to us a little bit of what to expect.  I doubt we would have believed him if he had been more informative than he was.  Basically, he just told us the bare minimum and left out all the really interesting stuff.

"Every year, the people of Brazil have this wild party," he explained.  "Everybody gets dressed up in crazy costumes with lots of colors, feathers and jewelry.  Then they have this big parade, and some people dance along with the floats, some ride on the floats, but most of the people stand along the sides and watch.  The floats are wild, too, and it's a lot of fun."

Ashley later confided in me that she couldn't imagine "fun" with a bunch of adults, but the wild costumes sounded interesting.  I was curious about the floats, picturing the floats in the Tournament of Roses Parade.

"In Rio, a girl is considered an adult when she is 15," Dad continued.  "That's why we couldn't bring you along until now."

Okay, that explained the timing.  My mind immediately went to, *why does Ashley have to be an adult?*

"Each year, your mom and I have been regular participants of the parade, and we've earned the right to ride on one of the floats," Dad said.  "Because you're our children, you get to ride in our stead.  We will probably walk along side."

Wow!  Now that sounded interesting.

"Since we're all going to be associated with this float, we will all have to get dressed up in costumes.  We will have makeup and our skin painted to coincide with our costumes.  It's a lot of fun.  The parade starts in the morning, so we'll have to get up really early to get ready."

I could see Ashley's eyes light up when Dad mentioned us wearing costumes.

"But we don't have any," Ashley said.

"Oh, don't worry about that, Ash," he said with a smile.  "The organizers of our float will take care of all of us."

We got to spend a few days in Rio before the parade day.  It helped to get us over the jet lag and to feel a little more comfortable with being in a foreign country.  Neither Ash nor I spoke any Spanish, so we pretty much relied on Mom and Dad to communicate with the locals.  Apparently, our parents didn't speak much, but they could get by.

The days before the parade were nothing special.  We did a little sightseeing and visiting of shops, but nothing out of the ordinary.  It actually made me feel a little more comfortable with being there.  The country wasn't as backward as I expected.  We ate lunch at a McDonald's and went to a really nice mall.

The one thing that did stick out in my mind was how pretty all the girls were.  It didn't seem to matter whether they were 12 or 40, the female gender down there seemed to be amazing.  All were in great physical shape; none showing the obese tendencies of American women, and all had the most amazing clear tan skin and dark, almost black, eyes.  Most of the women wore their hair long.  Some had silky hair, some thick, but all of them looked beautiful.  The girls being so pretty added to another thing I sensed but couldn't put a finger on.  The whole city had an erotic sense that really heightened my already burning teenage hormones, and I wondered what my odds were at meeting a girl with more open morals than the ones at my school.

We were awakened at 4:00am on the day of the parade.  Neither Ashley nor I had any idea what to expect.  All we knew was we had to shower, eat some breakfast, which had been delivered to our room, and get dressed.  We were out of there in about an hour.

The float was in a huge warehouse at the end of town.  It was dark outside, but there was a lot of light coming from inside and a lot of noise as people were barking out orders and hustling around.

Things turned surreal as we walked into the building.  It was extremely bright, and it took a few seconds for my eyes to adjust.  The float was in the center of the warehouse, and there must have been a couple hundred people hustling around with various tasks.

The first thing I observed was the float itself.  It was hard to ignore considering its size.  It had to be 80 feet long and stood at least two stories high.  I stared at it for a good couple of minutes before I figured out what it was.  Maybe I couldn't believe what I saw.

In the front of the float was what appeared to be two very tall reddish-pink cushions that were standing on end.  They were shaped oddly; pointed at the top and bottom and thick in the middle.  The outside edge of each cushion was thick and a strange pink color, almost tan.  Between the two cushions were thin folds of a deeper red-pink, sort of like the material covering the cushions hadn't been tacked down properly.  At the very top of the cushions, sticking out from between them, was a large red knob, about the size of a spotlight bulb.

On the back of the float was what appeared to be a giant penis.  The huge balls were about ten feet high and were covered in a crinkly light tan material.  The penis rested above and between the balls and had a tangle of black curly wire to represent pubic hair resting above it where it attached to the balls.  It appeared to be flaccid as it drooped down and rested on the carriage of the float, but it was unmistakably a penis.  Large purple and red veins zigzagged down the length of the shaft, and a huge pink padded end was obviously the circumcised head.  I stared in disbelief.

"Oh, my God!" Ashley breathed.  "That looks like a... uh... a...."  She couldn't finish her sentence.

"I know," I whispered back.

We were ushered over to one corner of the warehouse where people were being dressed and prepared for the big event.  Just the walk over had my heart throbbing in my throat.  The sights apparently affected Ashley, too, because she actually grabbed my hand and held onto it as we were led along.

At least half of the women in the warehouse were topless.  Some of the older women, meaning women over the age of 20, had pretty large breasts, while the others, some of which didn't look to be much older than me, had more moderate sized breasts.  Even the larger pairs didn't sag much, but to my young, teenage eyes, they all looked amazing!  Most of the women had their bodies painted with wild colors, and some had headdresses or pants with huge brightly colored feathers sticking up three to five feet above their heads.  I had never seen a real naked breast before, and now I was seeing dozens all around me.  Most of the women there were various shades of tan, which seemed fairly common for the region.

"Okay, here we are," Dad said, guiding me to a couple of really cute girls that looked to be high school age.  "They will get you ready for the parade.  Do whatever they say, and whatever you do, don't be embarrassed or shy.  I promise you will have the time of your life.  This week, you and Ashley can say and do things that you can never do at home.  It's a free week, because things go back to normal when we return."

I was in shock.  Dad just walked off and left me there with two strange girls who didn't speak English while Mom pulled Ashley over to another part of the warehouse.  I was definitely overwhelmed by everything that was going on, but there was a part of me that was seriously distracted by all the naked breasts.

"іDesnúdese!" one of the girls said.  I had no idea what she was saying.

The other girl repeated, and they both started picking at my clothes.

Both girls looked like they could have been sisters.  I doubt they were older than 16, and they were amazingly cute.  Like most of the women in the area, they had dark, smooth skin, long dark hair and the darkest eyes I've ever seen that seemed to sparkle when they looked at me.  Both were dressed in a typical tee-shirt and hip-hugger jeans, exposing just a hint of their flat bellies.

Looking around, I realized the girls were telling me to get undressed.  Other people were being painted and dressed in wild costumes, so I had to guess that's what they wanted to do to me.  Unfortunately, I was a bit shy and not real comfortable with getting undressed in front of two strange girls.

I took my shirt off, which seemed to let them know that I'd gotten the message, but then they pointed to my pants to tell me to remove them as well.  One of the girls actually squatted down to help me remove my shoes while the other started unbuckling my belt.  Their focused attention to get my clothes off was turning me on, but my modesty flared up to keep me from having an erection.

A few seconds later, I was standing there in just my jockeys, feeling very embarrassed.  The girls were not satisfied, though.  I couldn't believe how boldly they scanned my body with their eyes, and when one of them locked onto the bulge of my briefs, I must have turned a dozen shades of red.  She said something, which brought the other's eyes to the front of my briefs, and the two of them giggled.

They stood on either side of me and grabbed the elastic of my underwear and started to pull it down.  I tried to grab the front to stop them and maintain a little modesty, but they just giggled and yanked them off.

Suddenly, I was naked as the day I was born.  It was such a weird feeling standing in this crowded warehouse with two very pretty girls looking me over.  I had my hands cupped over my genitals in my last effort of modesty, but I was still feeling very exposed.  The fact that the two girls were staring at me and giggling didn't help.

For the next hour, the girls painted my body with very bright colored paints while I continued to protect my modesty.  I presume they were paints, but they may have been temporary stains because it didn't rub off for days.  The designs could have been flames or bright leaves of a plant or something, but they added sparkles to the edges and ribbing to some.  They painted every inch of my body, front and back, leaving my genitals alone as they remained hidden by my hands.

When the girls appeared finished, they then focused on what I was hiding.  Again they giggled as they tried to tell me to move my hands out of the way.  I didn't want them to see what was under there as I'd become somewhat aroused, but they were insistent.  The fact that they both were showing hard nipples through their tight-fitting tee-shirts didn't help.  Maybe they were cold, which I doubted, but their nipples weren't hard when we first started, so I had to wonder if they weren't a little turned on.  I hadn't noticed that they were bra-less when I first met them, but after watching their breasts jiggle and sway as they painted my body, I was now quite aware.

After both of the girls grabbed my wrists and tugged at them, I finally moved my hands out of the way.  Actually, one of the girls literally yanked my arm away, which made the other arm easier for the other girl to move.  I was mortified as I stood there with a semi in front of them.  The girls didn't move for a good minute as they stared and talked back and forth in Spanish.  Their grins told me that they were enjoying themselves at my expense as they watched my cock slowly inflate right before their eyes.  How could I control it?  Like I said, they were extremely cute, and their unwavering stare and magnificent smiles didn't help.

Suddenly, one of them said something, and the other one grabbed my arm to raise it in the air while the one grabbed shaving gear and went to work on my armpits.  In a matter of minutes, both my armpits were completely shaved, and the girls were completing their design under my arms.

Then, before I knew it, they started shaving my pubic hair.  I was in shock.  I was proud of the small tuft of light-blond hair I had growing down there, but in a matter of seconds, it was all gone.  The girls acted quite indifferent as they passed the razor back and forth and took turns shaving around my pubic region.  They seemed quite unimpressed as my cock rose to full erection while they did their work.  Other than a comment now and then and the cute grins on their faces, they were quite dispassionate as one would hold my cock and balls to one side while the other shaved what was exposed.

When they were finished, I was bald as a cue ball and feeling like a little boy again.  The two girls stared at their work for a moment before they went back to painting.  One made some comment in Spanish that made the other giggle as they painted around my throbbing cock.  I was horribly embarrassed being naked in front of them, and it was even less comfortable with this steel rod sticking out from my groin.  I wondered if I would have been more comfortable if the girls were naked, too, but it wasn't like I was going to find out.

Their painting was just a continuation of what they had started, but now their brush strokes were all around my freshly shaved groin.  It felt amazingly erotic, and my cock seemed to grow even stiffer, which I swear my two artists could sense.  The girls didn't even pretend to preserve any sense of modesty for me as they painted my balls and cock with the same diligence they had shown the rest of my body.  At a number of points, I thought I might embarrass myself by ejaculating when one or the other of them grabbed the head of my cock with her fist and held it steady as the two of them painted the shaft.  I don't know if they were aware of my pending climax or it was just coincidence, but their attention would suddenly change just before I reached the point of no return.

The whole ordeal was quite embarrassing, but it was strangely erotic, too.  These sexy young girls were very good at their jobs, and they seemed quite focused at making me look good, but I could tell they were enjoying my situation as well.  Throughout their work, they were giggling and talking, and I knew they were talking about me just by the way they'd look up at me.  A couple of times, one or the other would point at or flick my hard penis as they were jabbering away to the other.  I really didn't want to have an erection while they were preparing me, but I don't think I had a choice.

When the girls were done, I got a chance to look down at myself.  What I could see was that I was painted with deep blues and bright golds.  My cock had been painted a solid blue with the glans painted gold.  The veins on my cock and my testicles had also been painted with the gold, giving it a rather eerie look that seemed to be rather gawdy.

One of the girls went over to some shelves at the end of the warehouse and grabbed some of those huge feathers.  She found feathers that matched the blues and golds of my paint.  They were attached to a shoulder harness that she had me put on.  A few adjustments, and she had it attached so it fit me properly and wouldn't fall off.  It also had the side effect of pulling my shoulders back and making me stand up straighter.  The feathers were rather heavy, but not unbearable.  What was a bit uncomfortable, though, was that as she and her friend were adjusting the harness, they kept bumping into my hard-on.  Each time it happened, they would both giggle, and I couldn't help but think that they were doing it on purpose.

I was convinced that the girls were intentionally teasing me.  One continued her inadvertent brushing against my erection as she "adjusted" the shoulder harness while the other girl brought over a headdress for me.  The fact that she *had* to press her leg against my groin, trapping my erection between us, or move her thigh so it scraped back and forth against my cock was just too coincidental.

Like the shoulder harness, the headdress was colored to match the blue and gold of my body paint, and it had long, thick feathers on top.  The headdress went over my scull and had a mask that went down to my nose, leaving eye-holes through which I could see.  As the girl stood in front of me and adjusted the mask part, she made a point of straddling my erection and squeezing it between her thighs.  I couldn't believe how bold the two of them were.  As the girl stepped up in front of me with the headdress held high, her friend actually reached between us and guided my cock between her friend's thighs as she stepped in close.  Again I was so close to the edge that I thought I might embarrass myself, but I managed to hold back.

Once the headdress was situated and secure, the girl in front of me said something to the other girl, and the two of them giggled.  The one in front of me started humping her hips against me, literally stroking my cock with her denim-covered thighs in the process.  She only did this for a half dozen strokes before she stepped back, and the two girls laughed hysterically as they watched my cock bounce up from between the one girl's legs.  They then both leaned down and inspected my cock.  I didn't know what to do, and they were not at all shy about slapping my hands away when I tried to cover myself.  I can only guess they were checking to make sure the girl hadn't damaged the paint job in any way, but that should have been immediately obvious.  For whatever reason, each of them had to grab my cock, squeeze it and give it a couple of strokes before they were satisfied.

Finally, they were finished.  At least that's what I think they were telling me when they both stood up.  The girls were both still laughing and giggling as they sent me over to another station in the warehouse.  One of the girls gave my bare butt a gentle slap, like she was encouraging a horse to step lively, and the two of them laughed again.

**The Parade**

Walking naked like I was through this huge throng of people was very embarrassing, especially since I had a boner that almost hurt.  I'm sure the girls were doing their level best to keep me fully erect so that I would have to walk through the crowd like that, and I could hear them laughing and babbling away at each other behind me.

It was during that short walk that I looked around at some of the other people there.  I realized there were quite a few other guys who were also being prepared for this event.  They were all much more comfortable with what was going on than I was, and it appeared that most of them had done this before.  Of course the fact that they spoke the language and could carry on conversations with their preparers helped.  I was a bit relieved to see that every one of the guys had an erection.  I wasn't the only one naked and aroused, but they didn't seem as weirded out as I felt.

Since no one seemed to care who was looking or what was going on around them, I took the opportunity to compare myself against the two or three dozen hard-ons around me.  I was pleased to see that I was definitely on the larger side.  Most of the guys around my age had erections that were a good inch shorter, and many of them were uncircumcised.  The fact that I was circumcised made me feel just a bit more naked than they were, but for some reason, it caused me to feel more aroused.  The half dozen or so guys that were older than me didn't have cocks that were significantly bigger than mine, except for one guy that must have had eight or nine inches.  He was definitely getting a lot of attention from the girls around him, and he seemed quite proud of himself as he used his pelvic muscles to make his cock flinch for their amusement.

This large Hispanic man saw me and immediately guided me over to the float.  He had me climb up near the front to stand near the large pink cushions.  In broken English, he explained that I was to stand in this one spot for the duration of the parade.  Before the parade, though, I was allowed to get down, sit somewhere or do whatever I needed.  He was adamant, though, that I needed to be in my spot in 20 minutes.

Looking at the float, I noticed I was situated on the side of the float but adjacent to the space between the giant penis head and the cushions.  To help me balance while the float was moving, there was a metal pole behind my spot.  The man showed me how I could hang on to it and recommended that I lean against it for support.

After he left, I got down and wandered around.  I had softened a bit by this time, so I was a little more comfortable.  I was amazed at all the naked and near naked people, both male and female.  By this time, most of them were completely painted, like I was, but in different colors and with different designs.  Some were wearing shoulder harnesses and/or headdresses much like mine, while others were wearing leggings with feathers, tiny gold or silver briefs or other strange garments.  There had to be at least twice as many girls as guys, and the ones that were painted up all appeared to be under the age of 20.  As a matter of fact, it looked to me like everyone that was painted up to be on the float was a teenager and as naked as the day they were born.  Boys and girls were being prepared or walking around with nothing on or just the shoulder harness and headdress, and all the boys were displaying hard-ons.

It amazed me that no one seemed at all uncomfortable with being naked in this crowd.  I did notice a few of the girls talking to boys, and they looked as casual as kids at school in the playground.  Although I did see one of the girls reach out and gently stroke the guy to whom she was talking, all-in-all, the conversations between these naked teenagers didn't look any different than if they were dressed.

I found Mom, and she was dressed up in a wild costume.  It barely covered all the essentials, and it was at that moment that I realized my mother was in damn good shape.  Her breasts and crotch were minimally covered by the costume, but her butt was bare as were all of her legs and most of her midsection and back.  Much like most of the costumes, she had huge feathers rising up from her headdress and attached to a harness over her shoulders.

"Hi, honey," she called out upon seeing me.  Her eyes quickly scanned my body, and I saw a half grin when she noticed my semi-erection, which was slowly deflating.  "Are you having fun?"

"Well, kind of," I replied, not really sure.

"You look fabulous," she said.  "Roger said that you had a couple of real cuties to get you ready.  From the looks of it, they did a great job."

"Uh, yeah, I guess."  What was I to say.  I didn't have a mirror to look at myself, and I wasn't sure I wanted to.  It made me a bit uncomfortable having my mother implying that the girls might have been attractive to me, and I wasn't sure why.

My cock was almost completely deflated.  As pretty as my mother might be, she was my mother, and I wasn't turned on looking at her, not that I was turned off, either.  I was also highly self-conscious about having an erection in front of her, so it was no surprise that I didn't maintain a hard-on.

"Oh, here's Ashley," she suddenly said, looking off behind me.

I turned around carefully (I had to move slowly to avoid losing my headdress) and saw a really sexy girl walking toward us.  Like the others, she was painted from head to toe and completely naked.  It wasn't until she was just a few feet away that I realized it was my sister.  Ashley had been painted with a wild red, yellow, and green design.  The colors were almost blindingly bright, and the design really highlighted her feminine assets, which surprised me.

My God!  This was my kid sister!  I was suddenly struck by the fact that Ashley was a hard-body, and I'd never noticed it before.  She was hot, and it kind of turned me on!

Unlike me, she didn't have a shoulder harness, but she had amazing posture anyway that made her breasts look impressive.  Like me, I could see that she had been shaven so there wasn't a lick of pubic hair on her pussy.  The bright colored design highlighted her breasts, which were painted bright yellow in contrast to the red and green on the rest of her body.  I was so taken by her tits since I'd never noticed she had any before.  *She actually had some,* I thought, and they were at least as big as any of the girls I ogled at school, and hers were bare!

Then my eyes were drawn to her pussy, which was also painted bright yellow to attract attention.  She was so slender that her pussy mound actually bulged out a little from her flat abdomen, and about an inch of her slit rose up from between her firm thighs.  Her crease was made more evident by the fact that it had been painted with the bright red color.

"What are you looking at?" she asked me when she was directly in front of me.

My eyes immediately looked up from her pussy and into hers.  I was totally embarrassed, and if I weren't all painted up, I'm sure the blush on my face would have shown it.  I couldn't respond and just sputtered.

Ashley was grinning from ear to ear.  "So, do you like what you see?"  She held her arms out like she needed to get them out of the way for me to see her better.

Again I couldn't respond, but I didn't have to.

My little sister let her eyes drop down my torso and rest upon my newly erected hard-on.  "Looks to me like you do," and her grin grew even wider.

Suddenly I remembered my mom was standing right behind me.  Did she see the reaction I had to my sister?  Would she kill me for getting aroused by her?  Oh, my God!  What did she think.

I turned around, and it was like Mom didn't notice I had become hard as a rock.  "My, don't you two look marvelous," she said, scanning up and down our bodies.  "Now remember, you are both to have fun in this parade.  Don't be embarrassed or shy.  No one knows you, so you don't have to be concerned or afraid.  This is a once-a-year event, and just about anything goes."

At this point, Dad walked up.  Like Mom, he was all painted up and wearing a wild costume that was basically a pair of bright silver briefs, a shoulder harness and a headdress.  In spite of the fact that he was covered, I could see that the silver briefs were quite form-fitting, and he was as aroused as any of the other guys who were naked.  The briefs were small and tight enough that his entire package was basically on display and little was left to the imagination.  I had to guess that he had been shaven, too, because the briefs certainly wouldn't have covered his pubic hair if he had any.  He leaned in to give Mom a kiss and then turned to Ashley and me.

"Wow!  You two look fantastic!" he said.  After giving Ashley an intense scan, he turned to Mom and said, "It looks like our little girl has definitely grown up, don't you think?"

"Oh, definitely," Mom agreed.  "I'm also quite impressed with our little Daniel."  Then, looking at my erection added, "Of course he's not so little anymore."  Both Mom and Dad laughed at that.

A loud horn went off, and the entire place went into high alert.  People started scurrying around in all directions.

"Okay, that's the warning buzzer," Dad said.  "Time to get in your places.  Do you both know where to go?"

Both Ashley and I nodded.

"We'll see you later at the end of the parade," Mom said.  "We've been assigned to walk on opposite sides of the float, so you might see one or both of us along the way."

Dad slapped me on the back and gave Ashley a peck on her lips.  Mom gave me a peck on my lips and one on Ashley's.

Ashley went one direction, and I went another.  We all disappeared into the crowds.

When I got to my place on the float, there were a lot of other teens around me.  Most of them were girls, but there were other guys about six feet off to either side of me.  There were about a dozen girls sitting down on two rows of steps below where I was to stand and closer to the edge of the float, and there was one girl sitting on a seat beside my spot off to my left.  I noticed the girl to my left had an amazingly sexy body, and she was painted and dressed much like Ashley except in different colors.  Like my sister, she was completely naked, cleanly shaven, painted from head to toe and had impressive breasts.  This girl had only a mask to cover her face across her eyes; she didn't have the scull-cap like I did.  This allowed her beautiful dark brown silky hair to fall loose over her shoulders and down her back.

I was mostly flaccid when I climbed onto my spot.  All the girls in front of me and the one to my left giggled and checked me out as I made my way up.  The girl to my left said something to me as she pointed to my penis, but I didn't understand her.  I told her I didn't speak Spanish, which seemed to be funny to her.  I felt a little uncomfortable not knowing what she said, but the fact that everyone on the float was naked gave me the feeling that I wasn't alone.  Being surrounded by all these pretty, naked girls was actually quite exciting.

The other girls, who were all very sexy and pretty in spite of their body paint, were all chatting away in Spanish, and none of them seemed at all shy about scanning my body or even staring at my dangling cock as they continued their conversations.  It was especially obvious in the girls directly in front of me who looked up and back at me, pointed at my dick and giggled about something to the girls around them.  I realized that the masks we were all wearing helped to give us all the comfort that no one knew who we were, so we could look and point all we wanted.  Of course I had to presume that most of the people around me knew each other outside of this event.

The doors to the warehouse opened, and we suddenly started moving.  I grabbed the small post behind me to keep from falling and hung on as we rolled out of the building.  There was a bit of a squeal from the girls all around, and in a few short moments, we were on our way.

I was thinking about how this was going to turn out.  Were we all really going to be carried down the middle of Rio with nothing on but paint?  All these girls might get away with it where people wouldn't know for sure that they were naked, but it would be obvious that the boys were naked.  I wondered just how many people would be lining the streets to see us.  With the post behind me for support, this would force me to keep my hands where they couldn't protect my modesty; maybe that was the point.

It was surprisingly warm outside.  Even though it was just barely dawn, it had to be at least 80 degrees out.  It hadn't occurred to me before, but the light warm breeze made me thankful that I wouldn't be cold, especially considering I didn't have anything to wear.

We hadn't even completely exited the building when I felt a hand grab my flaccid cock.  I looked down and saw that the pretty girl slightly to my left had reached up to take hold of it.  At first I thought she grabbed me because she didn't have a post to hang on to, but then she purposefully started squeezing, massaging and stroking my cock.  I was about to slap her away when I just so happened to glance over at the guy to my left and saw that a similar girl, not near as pretty as the one beside me, was also working his cock.  Unlike me, though, he was already quite erect, so she was slowly pumping away and rolling her hand over his turgid tool.

I then looked off to my right, and I could see all up the length of the float that every guy who was on my level had girls who were working their cocks.  Every one of them was visibly stimulated and enjoying the ministrations of their "handlers."  It interesting to see the different techniques of each of the girls as they worked the guys' erections.

By this time, I was fully erect.  My girl definitely knew what she was doing, and I could tell that she was enjoying herself.  She didn't just stroke me; she was fully focused on my cock as she ran her hands all over it, feeling its thickness, sliding up and down the shaft, rolling over the glans, running her finger tips along the ridge behind the head.  She was driving me crazy.  I remembered Mom and Dad telling Ashley and me to have fun and not to be shy, but this seemed to be a bit extreme.  As much as I wanted to enjoy what this cute girl was doing, it was really strange that it was happening in such a public setting.  It took a conscious effort, but I resigned myself to enjoying the sensations.  I wasn't about to let this girl take me all the way to a climax, though.  That would be totally embarrassing.

As we slowly rolled down the street, I was thinking about this whole surreal situation.  The float had been designed so that my "handler" was sitting at eye-level with my cock.  This made it easier for her to fondle me, but it also allowed her to see what she was doing without having to turn around or look up.  The girls below me were also sitting, which made me a little jealous because they got to sit for the whole ride, and I had to stand and hang on to this post.  It made me feel even more exposed, like I was the main attraction or something.

Every now and then, the girl sitting to my left would release me, put some lotion in her hand and then continue her gentle fondling.  She was using some kind of oil that felt really good as she massaged it into my tool.  It had a warmth to it that was enhanced by her soft, yet firm, long fingers, and I wondered if it wasn't some magic potion that encouraged my erection.  I was especially aware of it whenever she released me for a moment, because the skin on my cock seemed to tingle as the morning air caressed it.

I looked down at her a few times, and she would look up and grin as she continued to stroke, squeeze and massage me.  Occasionally she would say something to me, but I had no idea what, so I would just shrug.  It seemed so odd to me that she was so skilled at her clearly young age, not to mention that she was obviously enjoying what she was doing.  I had to think that kids in this part of the world were much more sexually active and aware than in the States.

I was also surprised by the way this girl next to me sat.  Most girls I knew at the time sat with their legs held tightly together unless they were wearing jeans, but this girl had her heels up by her bare butt and her knees spread really wide.  People on the side of the road would be staring right at her bare, exposed pussy, and I wondered if she was sitting like that for that very reason.  Then I looked down at the girls in front of me, and they were all in poses that were equally open.  All were showing everything to anyone that might be along the parade route, and many of them were actually touching themselves.  A couple of girls were rubbing their breasts, and a few had their hands gently stroking between their legs.

We turned a corner, and we were suddenly on a street that was crowded.  Barricades had been set up along the sides of the road to keep the people off the streets.  The crowd was huge, and people were pressed against the barricades.  Loud cheering and applause erupted as we passed by.  The people shouted to us and threw flowers.  I don't think I've ever seen so many people or such an excited reaction.  Some of our audience were dressed up, some were casual, some were old, and many were young.  I was surprised at how many young kids were in the audience.  Many couldn't have been eight years old, yet, and the parents didn't seem to mind the erotic display to which they were being exposed as they rooted us on.

My "handler" changed her technique as we passed our audience.  She no longer stroked and massaged the entire length of my cock, focusing on the head like she had been doing until then.  At this point, she almost ignored the better part of the shaft and glans.  Instead, she now massaged my balls, rubbed lotion into my pubic area around my cock, and only wrapped her hand around the shaft at the root.  As the crowd waved, my girl would waggle my cock as if to wave back, and it seemed that the crowd cheered even louder.

For some strange reason, I felt compelled to wave at our audience as well.  I had to hang on to the metal post for balance with one hand while I waved with the other.  Again I was keenly aware of being so exposed while having a girl fondling me in front of thousands of strangers, but it was the most erotic thing I'd ever done.

I looked down at the girls in front of me, and I saw that they all were fingering themselves for the audience.  All were massaging their breasts and giving the crowd the most erotic show they could.  Even my handler was now rubbing her own pussy as she maintained constant attention on my cock.  Whenever she would wave with my cock, flapping it up and down, she would also use two fingers against her labia to spread her lips apart and expose herself further.

We rounded another corner, and we were now in the main part of town.  Stores lined the streets, and people were pressed on the narrow sidewalks.  There had to be hundreds of thousands of people.  The noise was deafening as they cheered our arrival.

As soon as we were around the corner, my "handler" shifted her position.  She oiled her hands again and became suddenly more aggressive.  No longer did she avoid my cock shaft and head.  She didn't even go back to gently stroking me as she had done in the beginning.  Now she started pumping my cock with earnest.  At the same time, I heard motors under the float fire up.

It was now bright daylight, and there was no way that I wanted this girl to make me climax out in front of everybody, but I could swear that's what she was trying to do.  She started talking to me, apparently urging me to an orgasm, but I didn't have a clue what she was saying.  The thought of spewing my load in front of all these people would be so embarrassing, but I knew I wasn't going to be able to hold back at the rate she was going.

We stopped, and the crowd went wild.  The motors under me were groaning, and I had to look in the reflection of the store windows to see what was happening.  I could see the entire float with all the girls down in front with their legs spread and rubbing their pussies.  The guys standing on my level were all being stroked with vigor by their girls, and many of them were pushing their hips forward in anticipation of their pending climax.

Then I noticed the giant flaccid penis was no longer flaccid.  It had extended out about four feet and was looking considerably harder.  As I watched, it got longer and harder, lifting off the bed of the float.  As it rose, the cushions moved toward it, and the head of the penis slid up between the two cushions where the folds were.

Suddenly I realized what the float was.  It was a giant penis and pussy, and we were now witnessing sex.  The penis got hard and extended, and the pussy rolled back and penetrated itself on the "glans" of the erection.

The attention to my cock was getting the best of me.  I looked down at the girl to warn her to stop because I was close to cumming, but she just looked up at me and smiled, saying something sexy in Spanish and then licking her lips.  She had to know what would happen if she didn't stop.  The other girls below me were all looking up to see what was happening to my cock, and then it happened.

BLAM!  My cock exploded!  I had masturbated before, but this was like nothing I'd ever done.  Having someone else bring me to climax was so much better, and it had been almost a week since I'd had the opportunity to empty my balls.  My hips jerked forward, and I swear a cup of sperm jettisoned from my cock in eight ball-wrenching spurts.  White cum sprayed out toward the audience, raining down on the girls sitting below me.  The crowd cheered and the girls squealed and raised their hands in a futile attempt to cover themselves.

As soon as the first spurt ejected from my cock, my handler stopped stroking my entire cock and focused her attention on just short, staccato strokes along the root of the shaft.  This left a good four inches of my shaft and the head completely exposed as my sperm sprayed out.  She never slowed her pace as she directed my cock in an effort to spread my seed evenly among the girls below.  The grin on her face only proved that she was enjoying the ruckus she was causing and that she knew exactly what she was doing.

The crowd was going wild as they watched me cum.  Cheers and whistles could be heard as more flowers flew onto the float.  I couldn't believe what was happening, and it felt so good!  Even the girls below who had been sprayed were laughing, cheering and clapping.

My girl didn't release me after I stopped spurting.  Her ministrations returned to just a gently squeezing and massaging, except that she would flick the occasional glob of cum toward one of the girls below us until I was completely drained.

As the girls below me settled back down, fingering themselves for the crowd, my handler also returned to fondling herself while maintaining attention on my drooping dick.  I looked at the guys on either side of me and realized that they, too, had all achieved a climax.  Just like me, their handlers had gotten them off, spraying the girls below them and giving the crowd an amazing show.

Looking in the reflection again, I saw that the giant penis had achieved its own orgasm.  White foam had sprayed from it's tip and was currently lying on the street in front of us, and the giant penis was slowly pulling back.  The bulb at the top of the giant pussy was blinking bright red, implying the pussy had reached a climax as well.

The float started up again, and we continued down the road, driving over the white splooge in the middle of the street.  I didn't know how to think of what just happened, but I know I enjoyed it.  The girls sitting below me had to know this was going to happen.  It was clearly planned, and now that it was over, they were back to openly masturbating for the audience.  I was now realizing that this was part of the fun my parents were talking about, and the girls around me had actually wanted me to spray my cum all over them.

We had barely moved half a block when one of the girls below me suddenly let out a shriek.  I thought she had gotten hurt until I saw her frantically pumping her fingers into herself.  With her legs spread wide, she had the most intense orgasm I've ever seen.  Her body went into convulsions, and her hips raised up as her climax swept through her.  I could actually hear her fingers sloshing in her wet pussy over the clapping and cheering.

Again, the crowd went wild.  Whistles and horns went off in encouraging recognition just as a second girl brought herself to an orgasm.  Although the second one wasn't as animated or loud, it was definitely as erotic to watch.  Like the girl before her, this one raised her hips up and held her legs apart as she jerked through a climax for the appreciative audience.

It was after the fourth girl had her climax that the girl fondling my cock suddenly grabbed me like she was about to fall off a cliff.  It actually hurt a little as she squeezed my cock.  She let out a loud moan and went through a climax that must have lasted three blocks.  Like all the others, she was obviously getting off on being watched as her legs were wide apart through the whole thing.  Needless to say, I was fully erect by the time she was finished.

It was about then that I saw Mom.  She was half walking and half dancing along side of the float.  I have to admit, she looked hot.  I waved at her, and she waved back.  Damn!  What a strange thing to be naked with a beautiful girl stroking me and waving at my mother.

Mom stayed with us until we came to another stop.  Again my handler was stroking me vigorously a few feet before the float quit moving.  This time I knew what she wanted, and this time I was going to give it to her willingly.  The girls below us were ready, watching and encouraging me on in Spanish, and the audience noise was increasing as the giant penis behind us started to rise.

Just as I felt myself go past the point of no return, I noticed Mom dancing off to my right and watching me get off.  I had a moment of embarrassment, but it quickly subsided as one of the girls below me brought herself to a screaming climax at the same moment.  This time I pumped out only five loads of cum, and these were more long ropes rather than the spray I did the first time.  Again the girls giggled and squealed as my cum landed in their hair, on their bare bodies, wherever.  To my surprise, my handler actually brought herself to another orgasm just as mine was finishing up.

We stopped one more time before the end of the parade.  From our first stop to the end, the girls all over the float were bringing themselves off to the delight of the fans along the sides of the streets.  I was surprised that my handler was able to keep me erect right up to the end, even though I think I was pretty cummed out by then.

"Hasta!" was all she said as we climbed off the float.  I never found out who she was, but she seemed quite pleased with herself as she ran up to her parents.  A couple of the girls who received a rain of cum said, "Gracias," before they turned and ran off to their parents.  I don't know what they were thanking me for, but I did know how to say, "De nada," to which they both giggled.

**After the Parade**

"Hi, son," my dad said as I found the family.  "Did you have fun?"

"Wow!" was all I could say, and Mom and Dad understood.

"You looked pretty impressive up there," Mom said.  "The girls looked like they were pretty proud to be under such a handsome boy."

I didn't know what to say, but I could feel my face blush.

We returned our garb and were given our clothes back.  I was about to put on my things when Dad said, "You don't have to get dressed if you don't want.  After the parade, most of the participants like to remain dressed as they were.  Your mother and I will remove the feathers but keep our costumes.  Sometimes we're recognized by people, and it's more fun to stay in costume."

"But I'm naked," I said.

"And completely covered by paint," he pointed out.

"Honey, there's an unspoken policy here in Rio," Mom explained.  "Every night after the parade until the end of the week, there are parties up and down the streets.  Everyone goes to these in costume, but those that ride the 'Lust Float,' which is what they call the float you two were on, are expected to go to these parties naked.  As a matter of fact, most people return to normal during the day and only get dressed up for the parties.  Riders of the float, on the other hand, are expected to remain naked at all time until Saturday night at the end of the celebration."

"Cool!" Ashley exclaimed excitedly.

"It's actually a part of their ideology," Dad added.  "They believe that being in the presence of young people like you who exposed your lust to the public bring them good luck in sex.  If you show up dressed, this can be viewed as bringing them bad luck.  Of course most riders wear something during the daylight hours, especially if they go shopping or to a restaurant, but they are expected to be naked by dusk."

"No one will mind if you two remain naked until we go home on Sunday," Mom continued.  "The paint won't wear off for at least two weeks, so everyone will know that you were part of the 'Lust Float.'  Like your father said, it would actually be considered a blessing if you don't get dressed."

I looked over at Ashley to see what she thought.  She looked especially sexy painted the way she was and with her long blond hair flowing down to the middle of her back.  This had been hidden by her headdress but now showed off her non-Hispanic background.  I swear my little sister was enjoying this even more than I was.  She appeared to be walking taller and held her hot little body with much better posture.

"Works for me," she said, and we both just left our clothes in the bag as we all headed for the parking lot.

Ashley and I sat in the back of the car as we were taken to dinner.  Mom and Dad thought we should go to a particular club for dinner as many people who had been to the parade would be there.

"So, where were you on the float?" Ashley asked me.

"I was near the front, next to the giant pussy," I replied.

She giggled at my reference to the big cushions. "Were you one of the boys that had to spray at each stop?"

"Yeah," I said, smiling with the memory of it.

"You really liked it, didn't you?" she said as she pointedly watched my cock twitch.

"It was amazing and a super turn-on," I admitted.

"Yeah, I know what you mean.  So, how many times did you get off?" she asked.

"Three, like everyone else," I said, wondering why she would ask.

"The boy I was doing got off five times," she said.

"You were one of the girls who jacked off a boy?" I asked in surprise.  I guess I thought she would be just one of the girls hanging on the side.

"Yeah, and it was so much fun.  I've never jacked off a boy before," she said.  "I was surprised at how much came out.  Health class said only a couple of tablespoons are supposed to come out, but the boy I was doing shot what seemed like a lot more than that."

I thought about her sitting somewhere on the float much like my handler had and stroking some strange boy to climax.  She probably didn't know she was only supposed to do it at the stops.  My guess was that the girl who did me had done this before, and she knew not to overstimulate the boy so that he would be ready at each stop.

"It really got me worked up," she half whispered to me.

It occurred to me that Ashley probably didn't touch herself while on the float.  I couldn't imagine her being bold enough to do that, and if she didn't understand the instructions given by some Spanish-speaking instructor, she'd never know it was okay and probably expected.

"I think you were allowed to take care of yourself if you wanted to," I whispered back.

"Oh, I know," she said with a big grin.  "I figured that out at the first stop when two of the girls right near me fingered themselves to climax.  At first I was so surprised.  I couldn't believe these girls would do that, especially with everyone watching, but then I heard how excited the people got.  It never occurred to me that anyone would want to watch, but the people really went crazy.  It was such a turn-on seeing them do that for the crowd."

"Then... did you... you know...."  I wanted to ask her if she got herself off while on the float, but for some reason, I was uncomfortable asking.

"Yeah," she said wistfully.  "I was so turned on by that time, it didn't take much to get me off.  I think I was orgasmic for the rest of the ride.  I was so worked up, I just couldn't stop.  If it weren't for the crowd's reaction, I might have been a bit more modest."  She paused for a moment and then added, "I think it had something to do with why my boy had five climaxes.  He was only supposed to cum when we stopped, but he got back to ready so quickly afterward that I was able to get him to spray halfway between, too.  It really caught the other girls by surprise, but they seemed to like it."

"I'm impressed, sis," I said.  "You must be pretty good."

"Thanks, bro'.  I learned a lot about myself, too.  See, look!"  She leaned back and pointed to the top of her pussy lips.  It was clear as day, even in the subdued lighting of the car.  Her deep red clitoris was sticking out from between her young pussy lips about a quarter inch.  The fact that her pussy had been painted bright yellow with the red stripe up the slit really exaggerated her dark pink swollen folds.  "I learned that when I'm really turned on, this gets really hard, and I can make it stick out where everyone can see it."

"Wow, Ash!  That is so sexy!" I said.

Her face beamed.  "Do you want to see me cum?  I could probably do it in just a few minutes."

Was she serious?  Was she going to masturbate right here in the back seat in front of me, not to mention with Mom and Dad up front?

"What about Mom and Dad?" I whispered.

"Hey, they said to have fun and not to be shy," she said, "but if you'd be embarrassed...."

"You're right, and, no, I wouldn't be embarrassed," I said, remembering their words.  "Yeah, I'd like to watch you."

Again her face lit up.  She leaned back into the corner of the back seat and put one foot on the seat between us.  This allowed her pussy to open up more toward me.  Then she used one hand to reach down between her legs and started massaging her outer lips.  Her other hand wrapped around her tit and pulled on her nipple.

She was right.  It only took a couple of minutes before she was moaning.  Her one hand quickly dipped between her lips and was soon twirling her clit.  Then she groaned loud enough to get Mom to look over her shoulder and Dad to look in the mirror.

Just like the girls on the float, my little sister lifted her butt off the seat and spread her knees further as she brought herself to an explosive climax.  Her fingers sloshed in her pussy, and the musky smell of her vagina filled the car.  She moaned and jerked beside me for a few minutes before she finally lowered her butt and relaxed.

"That's exactly how she did it when she was on the float," my dad said over his shoulder.  "It got a rousing applause from all the people along the parade route."

The smile on Mom's face told me that she was impressed.  I was amazed.

When Ashley had her senses back, she sat back up and slid over to be closer to me.  "You really liked that, didn't you?" she asked.  "I can tell by how hard you are."  She was staring at my hard-on with a big grin.  "Would you like me to jack you off?"

"I don't think that's a good idea," I said, picturing my cum flying around the back seat.  I was also a bit concerned about what Mom and Dad might think about my sister beating me off.

"Aw, come on," she whined.  "How else can I show you how good I am at it?"

"She has a good point," my mom said.  "Why don't you let her do it?  We've still got a few miles to go, so you should have plenty of time."

Time was not a concern.  After watching my cute little sister get herself off right next to me, I was sure I'd cum in a matter of seconds.  The whole taboo of it being my sister jacking me off was surprisingly hot, too.

I leaned back and let Ashley have access to my turgid tool.  She reached for it like she was afraid it might jump from her grasp.  Her hands were still quite slick from the oils she'd used on the float, but I think some of it was from her pussy as well.

To be honest, I'm not sure she was that good because the girl who had done me on the float was better, but Ashley's exuberance made up for her lack of skill.  You'd think this was the most exciting thing for her that she'd ever done as she put her all into jacking me off.

When she used one hand to also massage my balls, I lost it.  Right there in the back of the car, I started cumming.  My sister squealed when the first jet of sperm exploded from my cock to splat against the back of the front seat.  She used both hands to jack the rest of my cum out, and she continued to stroke me until my cock was completely flaccid.

"See, pretty good, aren't I?" she giggled as she sat back in her seat.  Her hands were covered in my cum, and she held them out as if she wasn't quite sure what to do with them.

"Yes, you are fantastic, sis," I said.

I couldn't believe it when Ashley started licking my cum off her hands.  She must have seen the look of shock on my face.

"It's kind of sexy," she said.  "It doesn't taste all that good, but for some reason, it makes me hot when I eat it."

I looked down at the floor of the back seat and wondered about the mess.  Should I clean it up?  What with?  I looked around for a tissue or something to wipe up my sperm, but there wasn't anything.

"Don't worry about it," Dad said.  He must have been watching in the rear view mirror.  "It's a rental.  They'll clean it up when we return it."

Okay, that was gross.  I was surprised by his attitude, but then he said, "Anything goes."  Considering the day so far, he wasn't joking.

More to come in the sequel.