**Three Days' Sail from Adamantas**

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The gentle rocking of the boat had roused me from my sleep, and I snuggled up against your naked body next to me. Our third day of sailing on the Aegean Sea had brought us into this cove tucked into the leeward side of a small, rocky island south of Keros.

My mind raced with all we'd done since leaving port in Adamantas just a few days ago.

We'd hired a small crew of two able-bodied sailors for a meandering sail around the Greek Isles to take care of everything for us: navigating, anchoring, meal prep, clean up and housekeeping. We'd chosen wisely, as our two guys knew all the best mooring spots and the peculiarities of local winds which meant we were free from any and all responsibilities.

Our week's arrangement with the crew was to spend each day sailing and then find a mooring spot around some island with a couple hours daylight left for us to take a refreshing swim and maybe do some exploring on land. We'd return to the boat to freshen up and tuck into a dinner plated just in time for us to enjoy the sunset as we ate. Then, once we finished eating, the guys would clear off the table, clean up the mess and drop belowdecks to afford us some time alone under the stars before retiring to our own berth.

And so far, it was working out like a dream. Each day, our crew made sure our wine and water glasses were never empty and the fruit and cheese platter was constantly replenished. I loved being able to sit out on the deck next to you, listening to music, reading our books and dozing off in the sun. We wanted for nothing as we spent our days riding a wave of slight intoxication in the fresh air and copious sunshine reflecting off the bright blue sea.

In your buzzy state, you'd remarked, with increasing frequency I might add, how cute our sailors were in their crisp uniforms hanging smartly atop their athletic builds. Indeed, I caught you more than once with your fingers tracing your lips as you watched them move about the boat. In typical European fashion, their shorts and slacks were tight across the hips, affording you a good idea of what would be found underneath the fabric.

And, now in the darkness of the berth, as I reflected back on what happened earlier this evening, I knew tomorrow would be the day you got to see what they looked like out of their uniforms. As I spooned you, my cock started growing and pressing up against your ass while my head filled with visions of what might happen with our naked sailors. I felt you wiggle back into me to nestle me between your cheeks, as if you were sharing the same visions as you slept. I pushed up harder against you as I recounted our nights on the water so far.

Our first night after dinner, my inhibitions were down from the day of drinking and of sun and of seeing you ogling the crew. A few minutes after the crew finished cleaning up and we were left alone on deck for the evening, I decided it was time for a swim. I stripped naked on the deck and jumped in the water on my own before convincing you (pleading with you?) to do the same. You finally acquiesced, pushing the straps of your summer dress off your shoulders before letting the light material fall to the deck at your feet. Your tan-lined breasts were gorgeous and your nipples hardened as you peeled off your pink lace thong and jumped in with me.

You swam over to me with a bright smile on your face, confessing you hadn't skinny-dipped since you were in your teens back home on the shores of Lake Macquarie. Knowing you'd grown up in Australia beach culture, I still marveled at how few times I got to see you topless outdoors. Your body was simply fantastic, and as we kissed while treading water, I made sure to touch you in all the right places to show my appreciation.

The second night, under yet another sky bedazzled with so many stars, you'd been first to strip down as soon as the crew disappeared belowdecks. I don't even think they were out of hearing range as the buckle on your shorts hit the deck and you giggled as you flung off your bikini top.

I took in the beautiful heart-shaped sight of your bare ass as you dove overboard, and it was your turn to admonish me for taking so long to jump in with you. Knowing I had an audience (of one), I performed a slow strip tease to a silent soundtrack, feeling the blood rush into my member as I waggled it at you before jumping in the warm water.

We took a little more time that night touching each other underwater, and the thrill of being caught playing with each other should the crew reemerge from their berths meant I could feel the slickness of your excitement between your puffy lips. As you climbed the ladder back onto the boat I grabbed your hips from below and buried my face into you from behind, lapping up the sweet mixture of saltwater and your sex. You held that bent-over position and surprised me when you came quickly and not very quietly. I held my breath listening to see if you'd awaken the crew, but I heard nothing.

The intoxication of being caught in flagrante delicto was overpowering, yet I restrained myself from doing anything more with you so as to keep the lust simmering into today. We fell asleep with my hard cock throbbing between your legs, anticipating the pleasures to come.

I was handsomely rewarded for this restraint. You were flirty with me and the crew all day long as we sailed in light winds to tonight's anchoring.

When we got back from our swim and climbed onto the boat, your left nipple popped out from underneath your bra top, and you just let it stay visible as you slowly turned around, eyes closed, under the rinse of the fresh-water hose held by the crew. When you did open your eyes, you looked right at me to show you knew how much that turned me on. By the time it was my turn to rinse, my hard on was creating an unmistakable bulge in the front of my trunks. You stood there, watching the crew rinse me off, staring at my trunks as you bit your lip.

Recognizing the sun was getting low in the sky, you grabbed my hand and dragged me down below to get ready for dinner. After all this time onboard, you still hadn't adjusted your top, and your exposed nipple was the hardest I'd ever seen it. Given our excited states, I thought we'd get in a quickie before our meal, but you insisted with a devilish look in your eye that we wait and eat first. Then we'd have dessert.

We dined sumptuously, and the feast wasn't just on the table. You'd chosen to wear that shiny pink silk party dress that draped loosely across your pointy nipples. I knew that each time the crew approached the table, they'd get an unobstructed view of the side of your breasts, and, if you twisted just the right way, a glimpse of your areola and nipple. And at every approach, you uncrossed and recrossed your legs to show off the fact you had not a stitch of clothing on underneath. Every time you flashed that matchstick thin line of blonde pubes, I gained confidence in my decision to take things a step further tonight.

After our dessert plates were cleared, I rose from the table and took your hand to bring you to standing. I stared into your beautiful blue eyes and nudged the straps of your dress off your shoulders. You didn't break our gaze as the material briefly hung up on your hard nipples, and then dropped and pooled at your feet on deck, in full view of the crew as they were still cleaning up.

In my periphery, I knew they were doing their best not to stare, but, in all honesty, they were failing miserably. What had been a quick cleaning ritual the previous nights seemed to take forever as they double- and triple-checked to make sure everything was sparkling clean and in its proper place. Their tight shorts grew even tighter the longer they took to finish up.

It thrilled me that you were showing yourself off like this, and I couldn't wait to get back in the water with you.

You were in no hurry to jump over the side, however. In fact you were taking an unusually long time to fold and refold the pink fabric of your dress so it would drape in just the right way across the back of your chair.

By the time I pulled my own shorts off, I was already engorged at the thought of our being seen as we groped each other in the warm water waiting for the decks to clear. You reached out to grab my growing cock and led me by it, like a leash, to the back of the boat. As we passed by, you smiled at the crew in a silent invitation to stay and watch as we slid into the warm Aegean sea.

The crew accepted your invitation, as they took their time checking all the sheets and lines and sails were stowed properly, and they even turned on the underwater light, offering a weak excuse for their sudden need to check that all was right below the waterline.

I knew they were taking every opportunity to stare at your beautiful body and you were thrilled to know they could see you holding my stiff cock in your hand underwater. We ran our hands all over each other, earnestly kissing deeply as our bodies twisted around each other in full view of our admirers.

After a few more minutes of examination, the underwater light went off, and the crew finally went below deck calling out their goodnights to us.

You told me it was my turn to climb out first, and as my hips cleared the water line, you spun me around to take me in your mouth. I was already on edge from the multiple days' build up of tension and the feel of your tongue circling my cockhead as you jacked the base took me right up to the edge.

You backed off momentarily, letting my cock pop out of your mouth and grinned the biggest grin I'd seen in some time.

"Let's not wear clothes tomorrow," you announced, lazily stroking my cock with your right hand. "In fact, I think we should make this a clothes-free boat for everyone."

The vision of you naked on the deck with two naked sailors serving you was overwhelming, and within moments you were eagerly swallowing my cum as I convulsed in your mouth.

I half-heartedly attempted to bring you up on deck so I could help you find your orgasm, but you pushed me away, insisting you wanted to save your fun for tomorrow. We barely made it to our cabin before I fell into a deep satisfied sleep embracing you in my arms.