Weekend Getaway

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A weekend getaway is more relaxing than expected.

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Linda and I were packing for our weekend getaway, one we were looking forward to for the past couple of weeks. Not only to get away from the worries of daily life, but we were meeting our daughter and son-in-law at the resort. Dawn and John lived about ninety miles away and we didn't see them as often as we wanted. Dawn phoned us a few weeks ago and invited us to share a weekend with her and John at a luxury beachfront resort about two hours drive from our house. Linda and I didn't need to discuss it for very long before we eagerly accepted the invitation.

It was a beautiful Friday afternoon as we set out for the resort. It was late spring and the temperature was a balmy 78 degrees. I decided to drive my silver two-seat convertible. It was a favorite of Linda's and she always enjoyed having the top down. As we drove along the interstate, I looked over at Linda and was taken aback by the scene. The wind was gently blowing through her shiny shoulder length auburn hair as the sun's reflection brought out her reddish highlights. Linda's sleeveless yellow sun dress was buttoned low enough to expose a hint of cleavage while the color seemed to contrast her tan giving her soft skin what appeared to be a darker hue. She wore a pair of sunglasses and all this combined with her petite five foot one inch, one hundred pound frame gave her the look of a Hollywood movie star. I was enamored by the moment and wanted nothing more than for Linda to have the best time she could this weekend.

Linda and I met in high school and we subsequently fell in love and married as soon as we graduated. Linda had our first child, Dawn, at nineteen years old. That was twenty three years ago. Dawn married John, a very energetic and successful pharmaceutical company sales representative. I, on the other hand, was a construction worker specializing in kitchen cabinets until I was lucky enough to pass the contractor's license test. I started my own kitchen remodeling company and have lived pretty comfortably ever since.

As we arrived at the resort I pulled into the porte cochere where a strapping young man wearing a valet uniform greeted us and opened Linda's car door. Another opened my car door then assisted in removing our bags from the trunk. It was now early evening and the sun was beginning its decent behind the ocean's horizon and everything took on an orange glow. Linda and I took several

moments and watched the sunset before checking in. It was truly a romantic moment.
We received our room keys and discovered that Dawn and John were in the room next door. We made our way into the room and stepped into a beautiful one bedroom suite. The sliding glass doors opened to the pool and just beyond the pool was the beach. Linda's jaw almost hit the ground, as did mine. We felt as if we were in paradise! As we looked at the pool, a knock came from the door that separates the adjoining room. It was John.
"Welcome! I hope you had a good trip," John said with a smile in his usual upbeat manner. He was wearing a t-shirt and a racer-type swim suit which didn't leave much to the imagination. "Dawn's in the bathroom. She'll be right out."
As we talked about the drive to the resort, Linda glanced at John's pronounced manhood more than a few times. I'm not sure if John noticed she was looking, but I did. Yet, I didn't really mind. Linda and I determined long ago that there was a difference between emotional love and physical love. In fact, our marriage is stronger today because of our, shall we say…arrangement. Linda and I have what most people refer to as an open marriage. We believe that there are times when physical cravings cannot be satisfied by one's partner. It is during those times that we have agreed to not get jealous. So far, it's worked perfectly. Variety, as they say, is the spice of life. Who says you cannot share that spice with the one you love?

As we stood in the doorway between the two rooms I glanced over John's shoulder and saw my beautiful daughter Dawn exiting the bathroom. Dawn reminded me of Linda when Linda was in her early twenties. They resembled each other not only in facial features but in physical stature as well. Dawn stood five feet even and couldn't weigh more than one hundred pounds soaking wet. She also had the same auburn hair as Linda, except Dawn's hair was a little shorter in that it did not exceed her mid-neck. This evening Dawn wore an oversized tank top and bikini bottoms. The sides of the tank top were so baggy I could see the side curves of her firm braless B cupped breasts. Her nipples were hard and her breasts jiggled ever so slightly with each step she took.
Dawn looked toward the door and her eyes opened wide with excitement when she saw me and Linda talking to John.
"Mom! Dad! I didn't know you were here!" Dawn shouted as she ran toward us with her arms outstretched. Dawn ran to her mother first and they held each other in a loving embrace. It looked like two sisters hugging instead of mother and daughter. Linda is forty two years old, yet most people estimate her to be no older than 35, and for good reason. Linda doesn't look any older than thirty five. On the same token, Dawn is a very young looking twenty three year old. She routinely passes for seventeen and is always asked for identification to prove she is of legal drinking age.
When mother and daughter released their embrace, Dawn came to me and wrapped her arms around my neck and held me as if she hadn't seen me in a few years. This wasn't the case because we visited them about six weeks ago at their house in the desert. I hugged Dawn in return and to be quite frank I enjoyed holding her tightly. My arms reached around her back so far that my fingertips touched the sides of her breasts. Her skin was so soft I found myself gently stroking her breasts as we hugged. In retrospect I believe this is why she hugged me for so long. Perhaps she enjoyed it, or was

she allowing her daddy to get a thrill? In any event I'm happy she didn't pull away any sooner.
Dawn knows about the marriage arrangement Linda and I have. She's very smart and at about fifteen, Dawn figured out that something seemed different in our marriage than what she saw in the marriages of her friend's parents. Dawn also saw that we were happier than most parents she knew and one day she asked me why. As discreetly as I could, I explained our stand on physical love versus emotional love. It was a tough discussion to have with my fifteen year old daughter, but she eventually understood the differences between the two types of love and even commented on how she wished more parents could be as happy as we seemed to be.
Dawn released her hug and after a few minutes of small talk we all agreed to meet in the resort's restaurant in one hour for dinner. Dawn and John returned to their room but didn't close the adjoining door. Linda walked right past the door as she unbuttoned and began to slip her dress off. She didn't close the door either. I looked into John's room and saw him removing his swim suit and he exposed his rather ample penis. I looked over my shoulder and saw Linda taking the opportunity to watch John, too. I grinned at her and she winked and smiled as she turned to walk into our master bedroom. All in all, everyone seemed very comfortable with the door open so I left it as it was. As I turned to walk away I caught a glimpse of Dawn's nude body as she briefly stepped out of her master bedroom to retrieve a toiletry bag that was on the floor next to the sofa. As she picked up the bag she glanced toward the door and saw me looking at her. Seemingly undaunted, she grinned, waved and returned to the bedroom. I then turned and got into my shower and I must admit I was somewhat aroused at seeing my daughters firm, toned body. Linda came into the bathroom moments later
"John is quite impressive," Linda said having to raise her voice over the flow of the shower.
"So it seems," I replied from the shower. "Do you have any plans I should be aware of?"
"We'll see," was Linda's reply.
When we were done getting dressed, Linda and I went to the restaurant where we met Dawn and John in the lounge. Dawn looked as beautiful as ever, as did her mother. John wore a pair of denim jeans that fit quite snuggly. Again, Linda took notice of his penis and made a point to sit next to John. Dawn, without missing a beat, sat next to me. She wore a black cotton ribbed tank top. Of course she wore no bra beneath it and her pert breasts continued to jiggle ever so slightly as she moved. As the night progressed, the alcohol flowed and Linda was beginning to get very friendly with John. She giggled at every joke he made and on a few occasions she placed her hand on his leg, inches from his large cock. John didn't seem to mind and I noticed that Dawn was watching what her mom was doing. To my surprise Dawn didn't seem to mind.
As dinner near its end I suggested we all go into the dance club on the premises. Everyone was in agreement so we left the dining room and walked down the hall toward the DJ music. Once inside we each purchased a drink and John immediately took Linda's hand and escorted her onto the dance floor. I watched as my wife and son-in-law did some dirty dancing moves. Dawn sat next to me and she was also watching.
"Are you OK with mom and John carrying on like they are?" I asked Dawn who was sitting so close that her shoulder was touching mine.

“I have no problem with it at all, daddy. What about you? Are you OK?”
“You know how your mom and I are. I just don’t want….” I was suddenly interrupted by Dawn.
“Yes, I know how you and mom are. John and I see how happy you guys are so we decided to try a similar lifestyle,” Dawn said.
Dawn went on to say how they’ve swapped partners with a work friend of John’s and they loved the excitement. Their marriage seemed to get stronger and the spark in their marriage got brighter.
“Thank you for telling me about how you and mom stay happy. I think it will work for us, too,” Dawn said as she hugged me.
We talked for about twenty minutes and realized Linda and John had not returned from the dance floor. I looked around and did not see them anymore. Dawn said, “I think they left about ten minutes ago while we were talking.” She smiled and took a long drink of her cocktail. “I hope their having fun,” she said as she put the empty glass on the table.
After a few more minutes I suggested that we return to our rooms for the evening. Not knowing where Linda and John had gone, I thought it best to return to the rooms. Dawn agreed and we slowly walked back to our respective rooms talking about the weekend and the inherent beauty of the venue.
“Daddy, I know you don’t mind that John is with mom, but to be honest, I find it very exciting,” Dawn said as she put her arm in mine as we walked.
“Baby, I find it exciting, too,” I said as Dawn put her head on my arm as we continued to walk.
Once we arrived to the rooms, Dawn realized that John had the key to their room. This was not a problem because the rooms were adjoining. I would simply let Dawn into her room from mine. We entered my room and I saw the adjoining door was open. Before either one of us could say anything we heard giggling and slight moaning coming from Dawn’s master bedroom. Dawn looked at me and put her hand over her mouth trying to stifle her giggles. We peeked into the room and saw that the living room was empty. Both Dawn and I smiled mischievously and without a word slowly walked toward the bedroom. The moans were getting louder and we could recognize them as being Linda and John.
As we neared the open bedroom door I realized my dick was hard and was pushing against the fabric of my pants. I looked at Dawn and saw her looking at my erection. Within a few short steps Dawn and I stood at the open doorway and clearly saw what was happening. Linda was straddling John and appeared to be giving him the fucking of a lifetime. Dawn and I watched silently for several minutes as Linda moved her hips back and forth as she took every inch of John’s thick cock into her. Neither of them knew we were watching. As we watched, I heard Dawn’s breathing become heavier. I looked at her and she had a hand on her breast and was pinching her nipple. I removed my shirt and pants and Dawn, after gazing at my erection, followed suit. Now we stood naked as my wife fucked her son-in-law. I stood behind Dawn and reached my hand around to her breast and continued to pinch her nipple. She seemed to like that immensely as she reached her hand behind her and began to stroke my rock hard cock.
After several moments, I motioned to Dawn that we enter the room and join in the fun. We made our way to the bed where Dawn bent down to kiss John while I began to suck Linda’s nipples. Linda’s

kiss was passionate and she moaned even louder. Dawn had straddled John's face and he was licking her clit. Dawn was pinching her nipples with vigor and was now moaning louder than anyone. Linda also liked to have her nipples pinched and sucked so I began to do so. She reached her hand to my hard cock and began to rub it with fervor. It wasn't long before I felt my orgasm ready to explode. Linda could tell I was ready to cum so she bent down and began to suck me off until I shot my load into her mouth. I must have moaned loudly because I opened my eyes and saw Dawn watching. Within moments, Dawn was cumming as John continued to lick her clit. Linda took my cock out of her mouth after swallowing every drop of my load and began to ride John's cock with a vengeance. Her face grimaced as she ordered John, "Cum for me, baby! Show your wife how good you fuck her mother!" At that Linda and John each let out loud moans as they came simultaneously.
The four of us laid on the king sized bed and rested. Several minutes went by and I heard John's heavy metrical breathing. I lifted my head and saw he was sleeping. Linda had her head on his chest and also appeared to be dozing. Dawn had gotten up for a glass of water and laid next to me when she returned to the bed, putting her head on my shoulder. Her hand rested on my lower abdomen no more than an inch or so above my cock.
The feeling of her soft hand so close to my tool made me become erect again. My cock eventually got hard enough it rested on my lower abdomen and subsequently atop of Dawn's hand. Neither one of us said anything and the silence continued as Dawn slowly grasped my cock and began to stroke it. She felt so good and the excitement of the moment was like none other. Perhaps it was because I was experiencing my daughter for the very first time. Perhaps it was watching my wife ride her son-in-law's hard, ample cock. Perhaps it was a combination of it all. What I did know was that I wasn't about to stop what was happening.
Dawn continued to stroke my hard cock and slowly moved her head toward it. Her lips found their prize and she gently parted them to allow her tongue to masterfully lick the tip of my cock. She licked in circles that were increasing in circumference and without warning she slid my cock into her open mouth. I gasped as I felt her warm, moist mouth envelope my hardness. As she moved her head up and down, her tongue seemed to never stop licking and stroking my shaft. I felt my load begin to build at the base of my cock. Dawn felt my cock become harder as my load was preparing to shoot from its barrel like a cocked pistol waiting for the hammer to fall. I lifted my head and saw my daughter working my cock with a raging appetite. Seeing my daughter with her daddy's cock in her mouth was all it took for my load to explode into the back of her throat. String after string of hot cum poured out of my cock while Dawn deep throated me and savored every drop.
Dawn licked my cock clean and placed her head on my shoulder, the same position she was in before she sucked my cock. Still silent, we lay holding each other for at least thirty minutes and I caught myself dozing.
"I better wake your mom so we can go back to our room," I suggested to Dawn.
"Awww. O.K., daddy," She replied dejectedly.
I reached my hand to Linda's shoulder and gently tapped her. She raised her head, her eyes were red and clearly she was fast asleep.

“Come on,” I whispered. “Let’s go to our suite.”
Linda put her head back down on John’s chest and slowly waved her arm as if to tell me to leave her alone. Seeing that she was quite comfortable where she was I didn’t see the need to wake her just so she could go back to sleep. I turned to Dawn and told her I was returning to my suite.
“Do you want to sleep in a bed with two other people or just one other person?” I asked her.
“I’d be more comfortable sleeping in a bed with only one other person,” she wearily replied.
We both got out of bed and started toward my suite, picking up the clothes we dropped along the way. Once in my bedroom, Dawn pulled the covers back and climbed into the king size bed. I slipped into the covers and we fell asleep, our naked bodies resting against each other. I wondered what tomorrow would bring.