

In My Father's Underwear Drawer

The day started much like any other one; I woke up, went to class, worked out, and came back home to relax and possibly jerk. But the sight of my room in his current state, made me place that on hold. My laundry basket overflowed with clothes, and my room was a mess but none of that was out of the ordinary. I threw my clothes into the washer and jumped into the shower. Happy to wash the sweat and grim from the gym off my body. And when I returned to my clothes, I realized that it wasn't just my laundry that was being washed but that of my father's. I tossed the load into the dryer and cleaned the rest of my room, readying myself for the nightly visitor, Shannon, that was had already scheduled early that morning.

When the clothes were cleaned I did the dutiful job of folding and hanging my clothes in the closet and did the same for my father. He small collected of boxers and socks were easy enough to differentiate from my own clothes. While mine were formfitting and stylish, his were brandless and large. They were probably one of the many reasons I saw no women ever coming from his room.

His room was just down the hall from my own in our small three-bedroom house. It was just the two of us, so it wasn't as tight as it was when my mother lived with us. My father's room was exactly as one would have guessed, seeing the freshly laundered clothes in my hand; bland, tasteless, and everything was beige. I opened the top drawer of his dresser, knowing exactly where his underwear was kept and was shocked by what lay a top the piles of beige boxers. A small stack of Polaroids.

"Oh you kinky fuck," I groaned as I lifted the stack of pictures from the drawer, eyeing the round juicy ass that was posed towards the camera. The lacy thong dug deep between the model's cheeks and was kept hidden from the photographer. I could already feel my cock grew hard at the sight of this gorgeous woman. I dropped the top photo back into the drawer and saw another image, but this time she was in a pair of stockings and a corset which only further stressed the roundness of her cheeks. I rubbed my cock through my shorts, happy that I had not put on underwear. My cock grew rigid as I flipped through the Polaroids the pictures got hotter and hotter; the juicy hairless ass pushed into the air, the wide hips spread apart, even pictures of her fingers in her asshole.

"Fuck so hot!" I grunted as I dropped my shorts beneath my cock and began to hurriedly rubbed my cock. I could see the Polaroids lessening, and that only made me jerk my cock harder. My tip was red and slick with pre-cum as my hand slid up and down my shaft. I was sad when I saw that only one

picture was left, and from the way the pictures increased in sexiness. Who was this in the picture? I racked my mind with how my father snuck in such a hot bitch without me seeing, and one who was dressed like a fucking slut none the less. My cock was rigid and ready to blow any second, but I was genuinely eager to see the last image. What would the secret model be dressed in; a naughty school girl outfit, maybe completely naked, or a slutty nurse? My cock was ready to explode when the last picture came into view.

I dropped the second to last Polaroid and eyes scanned the image; thigh high leather heels, a sexy black thong, a tight corseted waist, and the face – the face of the sexiest ass I had ever seen in my life was....IT WAS MY FATHER'S! I clenched the photo in shock at the realization that I was jerking to my father's ass the entire time, but my jerking was too far along. I grit my teeth and withheld a deep moan as my cock launched a load across his underwear and scattered Polaroids. I couldn't take my eyes off the image as my balls emptied onto my father's clothes. Why was he dressed like this, and who was taking these pictures? I didn't have time to register the mix of disgust and pleasure that radiated from my body because of the sound of the front door opening downstairs. I madly arranged the images back into a pile and shoved my father's underwear back into place, hoping that the fresh cum would dry before my father opened his drawers.

"Hey bud!" My father shouted from the front door. "You hungry? I bought pizza!" He called. "Come get it before I eat it all!" He threatened.

"One second! Just got out of the shower," I lied and ran back to my room, and slammed the door shut. It wasn't until I was behind the safety of my bedroom door I realized that the Polaroid was still in my hand, crinkled and splattered with cum. I wanted to through the photo away or bury it back within the rest of his underwear but as I stared at the image, I couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to fuck that ass. I folded the image and pushed it into my back pocket and reopened my bedroom door. "Where's the pizza?"