

Ron's Boy

Spend a moment thinking about it. It's a South London council flat, halfway up a block in Stockwell, Sunday, late summer, late in the afternoon. The living-room looks west, more or less, so the sun's been on it and it's warm and comfortable. There's two of us here. Terry's my dad. Well, no he's not, but he adopted me, so he's my old man. Also, if you've read the rest of our family history, you know he took me to the Doc and got me circumcised. I'm Darren. I'm eighteen.

Anyhow, we've been to the pub near the foot of the block - pie and chips with peas, if you must know. And some beer, not a lot, we're not a drinking family. Kev, my Uncle Kevin, he's gone out somewhere when we were done. And now Terry and me, we're back upstairs. A spliff, not a big one - look at us, you can see we're all relaxed and happy and warm in the sun. Terry's in an armchair, I'm on the sofa. And if I'm honest, I'm beginning to know what I'd really rather like, and if you're honest, you know too.

Now, you have to understand, Terry really is my old man. I admire him. You just don't know the way he's looked after me. And he's kept his hands off. I know he thinks I look good. I know he likes my cock, well, cummon, he got Doc to fix it that way. But I also know he wants to play it as if I really was his son. And so does Uncle Kev, although you could forgive him if he didn't. I mean, he's a straight guy, mostly, and I made him suck my cock and then I took him to Doc to be circumcised. Only, see, that was what he wanted, both times. Course, it came as a surprise, both times, and he didn't know he wanted it till it was happening, really. But afterwards, let me tell you, Kev's a happy man. See, he's back with family, Terry got him a decent job, he's got a roof over his head. He's shot of Linda. Now don't get me wrong, I've not got anything against her, I never met her. But she was right to get out, and he was lucky she did. He hasn't said much, but they were *not* having a good time.

Anyhow, all this was floating round my mind, in the warmth, with the television on low. I looked at Terry and I thought, good-looking guy, and that wasn't the first time I'd thought that. Fair hair, cut short but not skinhead, good body, not body-builder stuff, that's not for me, but well, let's put it this way. We've been on the bus or the tube together. I've noticed who looks at me, but I've noticed who looks at him. He scores twice what I do, at least amongst the ones I fancy, ladies or gents.

I'm sitting here in our living-room with a good-looking guy. And I thought again, I'm eighteen. Take my point?

Understand, I wasn't going to start anything, no really, but if anything did start, I wasn't going to mind. And what do you know, I began to get, not a hard-on, not really, more sort of a *soft-on*, cummon, you've had one, cock just begins to fill, slight stir, slight bulge in the chinos.

Everything began to feel rather pleasant. I settled back on the sofa, and just dropped my eyes to Terry's crotch. It wasn't sex, not yet, and maybe it wasn't going to be, I was just enjoying feeling slightly sexy, slightly randy. And from the very, very slight bulge I noticed, I thought my old man was feeling the same way. Which was nice.

I looked back at my own chinos, and I could see the way my helmet was making a nice shape under the cotton. Since I was circumcised, the rim has been sort of, well, more visible. There was really quite a noticeable line there. Out of the corner of my eye I thought I saw Terry looking at it, so I just stroked it gently, not to be obvious, not to break the mood.

'Daz, you are a dirty little bugger.' But Terry didn't sound annoyed.

'Not so much of the "little"', I said.

'Suppose not.' He grinned. At first I thought it was kind of a shy grin, but then he reached over and stroked the same place I'd been stroking. He was very gentle. I still wasn't hard, I didn't want it hard, yet. Nor did he, I could tell, 'cause when he gets a stalk on, well, let's just say it shows. And what he had was like mine, sort of a *dream* about a hard-on. So I stroked his, too, very, very gently. Then I took hold of his left arm, just below the shoulder and kneaded the biceps. Terry moves sacks of fruit and veg for a living. That's real muscle. The air in the room was still heavy with the scent of the spliff. Terry took hold of my left arm, too. I looked him in the eyes, gentle-like.

Then I looked at Terry's jeans again. Course, Levi's don't show an edge like my chinos but I could imagine the rim underneath that bulge. Not as neat as mine, but, um, well, bigger. In fact, well bigger is exactly right! And I don't

have to imagine it. I've seen it, before and after. But I haven't really felt it, so I thought I'd just get a little bit better acquainted. I put my hand on his dick and kneaded it gently, the way I had his muscles. And let's say, there was a response. Only, at that point, there was the noise of a key in the lock. Uncle Kevin was back.

And not only Uncle Kev. With him was a guy, fair hair, dark eyes, maybe a couple of years older than me. Now, you have to understand. Terry and me, we don't do looking guilty. So, there was no jumping apart and turning bright red. Terry in particular, he doesn't want to embarrass anyone, but then, hell, what was to be embarrassed about. OK, when I stood up, anyone who looked at my crotch would have noticed the bulge. And anyone looking at Terry, well, *no* mistaking it. And the new guy was looking at us both. Uncle Kev, on the other hand, was behaving as if he'd brought in a priest and caught us fucking like bunnies. Which, if he'd been ten minutes later, it's more than possible he would have done, because I won't tell you I haven't wondered what that would be like.

'Oh, sorry Daz, sorry Terry. I didn't realise we'd be intruding, we'll go now, shall we?'

'Nah, nah.' Terry has style. 'Come on in, both of you.' He looked at the young guy. 'This a surprise then, Kev?'

And I looked at the guy, and thought he was quite a looker. I'd never seen him before, and still, somehow I recognised him and I looked from Terry to Kevin and back to the guy. Terry was looking at him, too.

'I think I know who you are, son,' he said. 'Don't I, Kev? I think you're Colin. I think you're family.'

And I thought he was family, too. Just looking at him - Terry's hair, Kevin's eyes, same jaw-line as both of them. So I held out my hand and shook his. Now I think about it, that was a little bit strange, but it's what I did. He still hadn't said a word.

Then, 'Yes.' he said. 'I'm Colin. And if it's OK by you, yes, I'm family.'

'Family's family,' Terry said. 'So I'm Terry, and this is my son Darren.' Colin seemed a bit surprised at that, but I suppose when you come into a room and the atmosphere is kind of heavy with the idea of guy-on-guy sex, it's a surprise if it's father-on-son, maybe more if it's son-on-father. 'And this, Darren, is Colin, Ron's boy.'

Ah-ah. *That* bit of the family. *Bad* Uncle Ron.

So. I got some beer from the fridge, and we all sat round, a bit awkward. Course, Kev's a bit awkward, anyhow, but Terry and I sort of prised the story out of him. Colin just sat there while Kev explained.

'See,' he said, 'I don't really like that pub down there. But just down the road, Thornton Heath, there's still a couple of real Irish places. You know, they're like us, run by guys whose family came from Ireland.'

I listened to him talk. Kev talks South London, so does Terry and so do I. We were born there, all of us. And I expect Ron was, too. But we're all Irish, in a way.

'So when you guys go to the Rose, I sometimes go down there. And Colin was behind the bar. And...' there was a lot of "sort of", "kind of" explanation here. I read it like this. Uncle Kev, the straight guy in the family, and he is, saw this young, good-looking guy that looked like him and his brothers. This guy who sort of listened to him. And one day, he'd been in there earlier than usual, and it had been more or less empty and they'd got into conversation, and he'd asked the guy what his last name was. And then his father's Christian name. And oh, look. A family member. Now, if you recall our story, our family members have one thing in common.

Anyhow, cut to the chase. Terry looked at Colin. 'It's good to see you,' he said. 'Like I said. Family's family'.

Then Kevin broke in. 'See, I was wondering if we could put him up for a while. See, there's been a bit of a difficulty.'

Do you know, Terry and I had known that ever since Kev walked in the door, let alone Colin. First time Uncle Kevin walked in the door there'd been a bit of a difficulty, too.

'Wait on,' Terry said, 'what about Darren? He's got his studies, he's going to College.'

'Dad,' I said. 'I did the exams. We're waiting on the results. There's a spare bed in my room. And like you said, Colin's family.' And under my breath I said to myself, 'I'll have his dick checked out by this time tomorrow.' And I looked up,

and I noticed two things. Terry was grinning like he always does when I call him Dad. It's the same grin I have when he says I'm his son. And Kevin was looking a bit shy, and maybe that said he read my mind.

Now, if you remember, Terry works at Nine Elms, the New Covent Garden Market. And when Uncle Kev turned up, out of the blue, sort of, he got him a job there, too. And that means we eat early in the evening, and the two of them are out of the place in time to start work well before nine. Which means we had a slightly edgy meal, which I cooked, and then the two of them get into their working gear, and they go off to earn the money which keeps us, and don't for a second think I don't know that, and Colin and I are sitting in front of the television. He isn't saying much.

So I have to.

'Good to meet some new family'. It sounded really lame. 'Kev said there was a difficulty?'

'I hit a guy. I got fired.' Well, that was straight up. I've never been a barman, but I've seen the customers in the White Rose. I could imagine hitting some of them.

'Why d'you hit him.'

'He was out of order.'

'So why did they fire you.'

'Landlord's ex-wife's cousin. Or something.'

'What did he do?' Then I thought - blond hair, good looking, young? How does some inadequate try to put you down. 'I bet he called you a pouf?'

'How did you know?'

Now this is sort of a difficult one. Only, in for a penny, in for a pound. So,

'Colin, what were Terry and I doing when you and Kev came in?'

'Er, nothing.'

'If you'd come in five minutes later, what would we have been doing?'

'Same again, I suppose.'

'Then why did you look at my crotch. And why did you look at Terry's? 'Cos, don't think I didn't notice.'

'Oh.'

'Colin, how much do you know about this family? How much has Kevin told you?'

'He told me what my old man did to Terry.'

'Terry's my old man. Ron was yours.'

'OK, he told me what my old man did to your old man. And I didn't want to come here, honest, Darren, but I don't have a choice. The room went with the job. I'll get work, Kev says he'll look after me, only,' he looked at me, 'I've listened to him in the pub. Can he?'

'He and Terry can. As long as you're clean.'

'Oh. How d'you mean?'

'Saw you sniffing when you came in. That's as hard as it gets.'

Then, he knew what I meant. He stood up and peeled off his sweatshirt and held out his arms. Clean, no needle marks. And nice, nice chest and abs. I let him see me look.

'You'll let me stay?'

'Not my choice. Not Kevin's, either. All Terry's choice.'

He looked at me. 'Is that true?'

'You said you knew what Ron did to Terry. Ever since then, no-one makes Terry's choices.' Except maybe Doc, I thought. Except maybe Doc.

I didn't quite know what to do. I didn't want to rush things. I noticed he didn't put his sweat back on. Still, warm evening and all that. 'What else did Kevin tell you?'

'Not a lot. He said you'd looked after him when he broke up with Linda.'

'Did he tell you exactly what your old man did?'

He took a deep breath. 'Not details. Not exactly.'

I bet you didn't, Uncle Kev, I thought. I just bet you didn't. 'Did he say anything else?'

'Not really.'

I grinned at him. 'He didn't tell you not to drop the soap in the shower?'

Colin was embarrassed, I could see. 'Well, he said you and Terry swung both ways. I'm OK about that.'

'And that's why you checked our flies when you came in? Checking for a hard-on?'

'Was I right?'

'You were close.'

'I could smell the draw. And you guys looked, sort of relaxed.'

'Yes. Exactly. Relaxed.' Then I reached over and started to massage his shoulders, kneading the muscles. 'You should relax, too, Colin.'

'I don't think this is happening,' he said.

'I don't think you knew you would enjoy it.'

He gave a sigh. 'You're right, there. I hit a guy this afternoon. You were right, he called me a pouf. And now, here I am, and it's him was right.'

'Nah,' I said. 'This is family. You're not a pouf if it's family.' I took him by the shoulders and turned him round to face me. 'And me,' I said, 'I think we could be, sort of, close family.' And I pulled him towards me so our hips met and I rubbed up against him. He could feel me begin to get hard, a real hard, this time, and I could feel him. I moved my hands lower and gripped his butt, pulling him harder towards me. Then I thought, OK, no more subtle, I don't really do subtle. So I ran my hands round his belt to the front, and undid it. He didn't stop me. I undid his pants and they slipped to his knees. He still didn't stop me. Instead, he shuffled a little backwards, stooped and shucked off his trainers and socks, and stepped out of his trousers.

I hooked my left thumb into his boxers. Time for bed. We went into my room, um, our room.

And I sat on the bed, and I pulled down his Calvins, and I leant forward and took his cock in my mouth. And it was very nice. So I got my kit off, and we played lots of little games together, there on the bed. He was a bit shaky, at first, not sure this was right. From time to time we got a beer from the fridge - nah, don't think I got him plastered so he'd do it. He wanted it, I knew that when he didn't put his shirt back on. He didn't think it was right. But he knew it was what he wanted.

After a bit, after I'd brought him off for the second time, and he was lying there, all comfortable, he took my cock-head between his finger and thumb and said 'So that's what it's like.'

'How d'you mean, Col?'

'Circumcised.'

'You didn't know?'

'I never looked. Not up close, anyhow. See, looking made me a pouf, didn't it? So I knew it meant they took the skin off. I'd just never looked.'

'You like it?' I didn't think he'd have mentioned it, else.

'I don't know, exactly. I think so.' I knew so. He couldn't keep his eyes off it.

'Looking doesn't mean you're a pouf. Worrying about looking might mean you like guys.'

He went a bit red. 'Well, if I don't, what are we doing here?' A better question than I'd expected.

'Well, we're enjoying ourselves - cousin to cousin.' And we were. 'Cos, frankly, the guy who doesn't like getting his dick sucked is a sick guy. And we did that.'

'Well, you said family was OK. And you sucked mine.' Yes, and I enjoyed it.

'Col, what do you know about this family?' I corrected myself. 'About *your* family?'

'My old man had it done to your old man.'

'Yeah, Ron had it done *to* Terry. Terry had it done *for* me, Col.'

'Oh.'

'I wanted it. He didn't know that, but I did. And *I* had it done *for* Kevin. I bet he didn't tell you that.'

'No.' Maybe not the sort of thing a respectable, straight, Irish guy talks about to his nephew.

'He's shy, Col.'

'I knew that. I think I am, too.'

'And he is a straight guy, really. Except, no-one in this family is totally straight.' I looked him in the face. 'Not even you?'

'Not even me.' He looked away from me. 'That's a bit of a surprise, Darren.'

'Daz,' I said.

'Daz,' he said. And I knew I really liked my new cousin. Do you know, it was well after midnight before I turned the light out.

The guys work all night at the Market. Sometimes I used to be off to school before they got home, but there's no more school, now. So when they got back, round 7:30, I did breakfast, sausage, egg and tomatoes. Colin was still in bed. Terry looked at me and grinned. 'You guys get to know each other, then?'

I grinned back. 'You could say that. Yes, you could say that.'

I have to tell you, Kev looked a little shocked.

'And?'

'And I don't kiss and tell, Dad.' But I said it softly, and he didn't take it wrong.

'Not even whisper?'

'Not even whisper.'

Terry and I, we know each other. Kevin, well, let's call him a bit clumsier. 'You didn't do anything, did you? I mean, I told him you'd be OK.'

'Kev, you told him Terry and me, we like guys. You told him to watch out for himself. Well, I do like guys.' Then I looked him straight in the face. 'I especially like guys who suck my dick. Ring a bell, Kev?'

'That's not fair, Darren.'

'Perfectly fair, Kev, *perfectly* fair. Tell me I'm wrong. If I dropped my pants, you'd be on your knees.' He couldn't deny it.

'Fair's fair, Daz.' Terry doesn't like me teasing Kev. And he's right, I shouldn't.

'Anyhow, Kev, I'll tell you for free, he watched out for himself. Don't worry about cousin Col.'

'Straight up, Daz?' I could tell he was sort of relieved.

Now look, I like jokes as well as the next bisexual, circumcised teenager. But I thought we'd rather hit the end of that one. So I filled his mug with tea again. We listened to the news on the radio, and then he crawled off to their room and hit the mattress while Terry gave me a kind of old-fashioned look.

'Don't be nasty to Kev, Darren. See, he's my brother, and I don't want to lose him. And he doesn't always like what we are. He was the real Irishman, he still thinks a lot about Ma. And whatever they did to me, he and Ron were my brothers.'

'I know.' I sighed. 'And he's been good to Colin.'

'You like him, don't you?'

'Yes. Will you look after him? Even after what Ron did?'

'Family.' Well that's the answer. 'As long as he's good to you.'

'Dad,' I said, 'it's not going to happen, is it?'

'What?' But he knew.

'It might have happened yesterday.'

'It might.' He looked sad. 'But it wouldn't have been right, would it, not really.'

'You know I don't kiss and tell. Not even whisper.'

'Still, Daz.' Then he kissed me. 'You can tell about that. I'm proud of that.'

Which left me thinking about Colin, who surfaced about twenty minutes later. He sort of drifted into the kitchen.

'Morning, Col. Sleep well?'

'Great,' he said.

'Coffee? Sausage and tomato? Sorry, they ate all the eggs.'

'They asleep?'

'By now? Dead to the world, Col. They'll be up for supper same as last night, well, a bit earlier.'

'Can we talk?'

'Sure.' I put the sausages and the tomatoes under the grill. 'What about.'

'Daz.'

'Col?'

'Nah, don't play games, Daz. Not fair. Maybe you know what you're doing, but I don't.'

'Right,' I said. 'I'm making breakfast for you. Then we're going to sit down while you eat it, and you're going to ask me what happened last night. Right?'

'Not quite, Daz. See, I know what happened last night. I could tell you exactly. Give you a blow by blow account?'

It was a big, big smile. I really knew he and I were going to get on.

'Course, I don't believe I really did that. I mean, *swallow*?'

'Twice.'

'Jesus. I did, didn't I. And you did, too?'

'Also twice. And I bet your dick's a bit sore this morning.'

'Well, tender. I've never been sucked like that.'

'Col, you've never been sucked, ever.'

He dropped his eyes. 'That obvious?'

'You gave me a good time. Same good time Kev gave me.'

'I saw your cock. I wanted it in my mouth.'

'I saw yours. Same exactly.'

'You're right. Never.'

'Thought so.'

'Er, Kev? Kev sucked you?'

'If you dropped them, I'd suck you now, wouldn't I?'

'I guess you would.'

'And if I dropped them?'

He shook his head. 'You know the answer.'

'So does Kev. Our Uncle Kevin is a straight guy, trust me. But he and Ron had Terry cut. I don't know what Ron felt after that. I do know that Kev came here one night and he needed, *needed* to see what he and your old man did to Terry. Only, he didn't really see it, because Doc had fixed it so it looked good. You haven't seen it, have you?'

He shook his head.

'And I'd put good money on it, you haven't seen Kev's?' But it was a question. He shook his head again.

'And you liked mine?'

He nodded.

'Theirs are even nicer.'

I could see he was shaking. Then he said 'Uncle Kev said you'd do this. He said you're gay and he said you'd want me to suck you and he said you'd try and get me cut. I wouldn't have come here if I'd had the choice. Only, last night ... '

'Last night?'

'I took your cock between my fingers, remember that?'

Of course I did, Colin. I shall remember that. For a long, long time.

'And I said I wasn't sure but I thought it looked good. And it does, Daz, it looks great. And you're right. I'd never been sucked and I'd never sucked a guy. And I still think it's wrong, only I want it again.'

'And?'

'And,' he was holding himself in, he was suddenly very determined. 'You know what I want.'

'Tell me. Use the word.'

'Daz, can you get me circumcised?'

'Family's family,' I said. 'I should think Doc would add you to the list.'

Well, I was right. I knew I would be. Doc is mostly retired these days, but he still does two days a week at the practice he set up. It keeps him registered, he says, and keeps him legal. Col didn't get the slashing cut I got, more like Kevin, with the forceps guiding the blade. Afterwards Doc said he was getting old. He still wanted a perfect cut, so it needed a careful straight line. We've got it on DVD.

Col's still with us. He still sleeps in my bedroom. Sometimes I take his cock between his fingers, and he gives a sort of lazy smile. I got my results and a place at University, just up the road at South Bank. Did you think I'd go somewhere else, where I'd have to live away? Nah, family's family. But I still haven't made it with Terry.