

Ronnie's Birthday Gift

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You thought I would take you golfing? You know what you really want!

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Ronnie was 18, almost. He was looking forward to his birthday. Within weeks he would be done with high school and he was going away for university - not far, but far enough.

School was not fun. Sure, he got good grades and was something of a math wizard, but he had no real friends in school and his life was a fake.

He was particularly looking forward to leaving his girlfriend. Not that Annie was not a nice girl, but she was not *really* his girlfriend. She was for show. Everyone knew he was gay. His classmates, his girlfriend, everyone - except mum, dad and little brother Stevie. Especially Stevie. Stevie was gay too and quite open about it. Everyone including his boyfriend knew he was gay - except for his parents.

As far as mum and dad knew, Ronnie had a cute and smart girlfriend whose parents they were friends with, and poor Stevie was so into his sports and sports buddies that he never seemed to have time for girls. Ronnie would have Annie over for family meals and be shown off to the rest of the extended family as 'good as married already.' Stevie would bring his friend Nick and they'd hang out together in his room playing video games. Really, they did. Everyone knew Nick and Stevie got together, but nobody knew where and when.

For his birthday, there was the usual family event, a backyard barbecue with dad's famous ribs, mum's salads, a wide variety of non-alcoholic beverages and the usual family guests - mum's sister Elizabeth, her husband Dick and daughter Becky, all as square as a suburban home; her other sister Rose and her perennial boyfriend Pete, he of the famous handlebar mustache and the too-tight sweaters; dad's brother Mike with the glamorous and brain-dead ex-model wife Sandy, dragging their three daughters in their mum's choice of sexy outfits, each girl more depressed and dull than the next; his other brother Steve (inspiration for little Stevie's name) and his second wife Sally, she of the Mohawk and ridiculously short skirts; and his divorced sister Bonnie with her twins Hugh and Helena, brilliant minds but dull as caves.

The party carried on as usual. Nick and Stevie appeared and disappeared, up to his room to play, visited by mum with platters of food. Annie was there too, of course, hanging out with Sally to protect

her from Mike and Pete's too-invasive questions. Ronnie hung out with Sally too, avoiding the same overly invasive questions.

Presents appeared - the expected tools for university dominating the table. Pencils, paper, computer accessories, textbooks, preppy clothes and meal plans. Woo-hoo!! Mike's girls showed a sign of life, clubbing together to buy him a camera, and Steve brought his regular golf-related gift - shirt, cap, and sleeve of balls, along with the invitation to play golf with him over the summer. Sally wasn't so pleased with the gift, apparently, and bought a pair of headphones and an iTunes certificate. One condition, no Bieber. No chance of that!

With school over and 6 weeks to pass before leaving, with the job at the phone store occupying only a few days each week, with the prepared 'breaking up' with Annie in progress, Ronnie could only pass off Steve's golf invitations so many times. Eventually he had to don the gear and head to the range.

Steve was obsessed with the game (aren't all golfers?), a passion Ronnie did not share, though he didn't exactly hate the game. He'd played before and not completely embarrassed himself - the only sport he had ever played and not hated.

Playing with Steve was like playing scrabble against a dictionary, not a fair match. The joy and relaxation that Steve got from the game, though, rubbed off a little on Ronnie. Steve got time away from his nice but intense wife while Ronnie got to get away with someone who didn't constantly ask overly-personal questions about Annie.

One visit to the range and Steve declared that Ronnie was ready for the course. Not true at all, but whacking balls to nowhere didn't exactly excite Ronnie either. So, next Tuesday was the day.

He borrowed dad's once-used set and hopped into Steve's car for the ride to the club. They stopped off first at the drive through coffee joint and stopped in the lot to drink the coffee and eat the bagels. Something was up, Ronnie thought.

He was right.

"Ronnie", Steve started, pausing a moment before adding, "Annie's a nice girl."

Oh no, thought Ronnie, here goes again.

"Yeah, I like her," Ronnie replied.

"Not as much as Pete, you think?"

The comment took Ronnie aback. Was Steve suggesting something? Annie had mentioned hoping to get a real boyfriend when he left, but she wasn't thinking about Pete, was she?

Steve picked up on Ronnie's confusion. "Annie's a nice girl and I can see why you like her, but you don't *really* like her, do you?"

Ronnie did pick up on that one, but struggled for a response. Did he foresee the mock breakup? Did he know something about her he thought I didn't like? Did he know she was a fake? Maybe he wondered why we never really kissed? He doesn't know the real....

"Like I said, I like Annie and I think that you like her too, but she's not really your girlfriend, right?" He wasn't finished but took a pause before continuing, "you would rather she was a he, am I right?"

Ronnie could see from his face that Steve knew. Finally, someone in the family had caught on! But was he the only one? Did everyone else know too? Was he only fooling himself?

"Does anyone else know?" Ronnie asked.

"I don't think so," said Steve, suddenly more relaxed. "And I won't say anything." Then he added, "Let's get back to the house. You don't really want to play golf, do you?"

Actually, he had persuaded himself that it was not such a bad option, but heading to Steve's place was not a bad option either. Steve had the biggest TV in the family and, though not a big TV watcher, this piece was hard to ignore. Anytime he had been to Steve's before, everyone ended up either watching TV (or playing video games, of which he had two), playing on the sloping pool table in the basement or hanging out in the flash kitchen which he'd installed for Sally but which she rarely used.

The drive took half an hour but little was said except to talk about university and complain about other drivers.

At the house, they repaired to the kitchen. Sally was working at her lighting store, inherited from her parents (Steve worked from home, but never seemed to do anything to justify the good money he made selling ad space for a family of magazines.) Breakfast was served - cereal with a banana sliced into the mix.

There the conversation got personal. "Have you ever had a boyfriend, Ronnie? he asked.

"No," Ronnie replied, surprisingly relaxed at this - yet another overly personal family conversation.

"Those that know aren't interested, those that don't I haven't wanted to ask." He wanted to continue but, while thinking of the words, Steve interrupted.

"Do you hope to meet someone at university?"

"I think it is 50-50 whether I meet another Annie or find someone. Somehow, I think I might end up taking the easy route, another Annie." He was being honest. He wanted a boyfriend but didn't want all the baggage of a public boyfriend. Honestly, he'd wish for another Annie and a secret guy, but wasn't sure about that either. He liked guys, but never really found a guy he liked.

Steve started to wonder. "Have you ever been with a boy. Like, ever dated one, or anything else?"

Ronnie started with a story he had embellished in his mind, but soon decided not to lie: "When I was sixteen there was a guy David who I used to hang out with and we used to hang out in the woods behind the hospital - there's an old fort someone built there which is ruins now but gave us somewhere to sit. One time we were there he and I.... well, I really wanted to kiss him and I made up this story about a girl I had kissed and how we had french kissed and fondled her and she had... and I kissed him.

"He liked it and we kissed for quite a while. I was really excited and had a big erection so, since he seemed so into it, I tried to open his trousers. He resisted so I carried on the story about how she had done this to me and he relented, spreading his legs so I could open his trousers and pull out his cock. We were still kissing and he still seemed into it so I went to suck his cock.

"He froze at first but then let me carry on but when I said, "I love your cock," he shot up, did up his trousers and declared, "I am not some kind of faggot," and left. I was scared he was going to tell people but then soon realised he wasn't going to admit he was kissing a guy and nothing more was said. He avoided me like the plague from then on!"

As he spoke, Steve sipped his drink and smiled. "Were you disappointed?" he asked.

"I suppose I was as he left, but I knew he wasn't really into me and I realised I only liked him because I had the opportunity. I did try to entice him again a few times anyways but, like I said, he stayed a million miles from me and I soon gave up. I think everyone knew I was kind of attracted to guys but nobody wanted to say anything so I let it be, eventually hooked up with Annie - who knew, of course, that's why she hooked up with me, so boys wouldn't bother her - and that's the end of it."

"Let's go upstairs," said Steve. It was rather direct but didn't shock Ronnie as it probably should have. In telling his story, Ronnie had seen the bulge develop in the front of Steve's pants and he now

realised that Steve had never been fooled by Annie. So, what's to lose.

Rather than the master bedroom, they went into the spare bedroom. The third bedroom was his office. Ronnie had stayed here when his parents had gone to his granny's funeral. It was a spare bedroom - bed, dresser and mirror nothing else significant.

"You can continue now," said Steve, as he sat on the edge of the bed and signalled for me to sit beside him. He spread his legs and Ronnie took the cue, undoing the belt, unclipping the trousers, opening the zipper and (with assistance) pulling out the erect penis.

Ronnie immediately put his lips around the cock, taking in a few inches then pulling back and, half-laughing, said, "I love your cock!"

Steve got the joke and replied, "I am not some kind of faggot," but, rather than leave, he laughed and patted Ronnie's head, encouraging him to get down onto his cock.

For a few minutes, Ronnie worked on him, taking in as much as he could and working his lips and tongue, hoping to get Steve to come. He knew that if the roles were reversed, he'd have come already.

He took a break and Steve assisted Ronnie in removing his trousers, removing the rest of his clothes as Ronnie got back to work on Steve. Nothing more needed to be said.

Still unsuccessful, Ronnie took another break. Steve got up, and his eyes indicated for Ronnie to undress, as he did. Good boy.

Ronnie went to bend down and continue his work but Steve held him up, took a hold of Ronnie's cock and, cautiously, they kissed. Steve wondered if this might be too much but, after the initial shock and a little gagging, Ronnie and Steve relaxed and kissed, playing with the other's cock and getting a first feel of each other's body.

Again, Ronnie started to move back down but Steve had other plans.

"Hop on the bed," he said, "I'm ready."

Ronnie soon realised what that meant and, excitedly, crawled onto the bed on all fours, butt facing his uncle and looking back to watch the preparations.

Clearly, this had not been a spur of the moment idea for Steve, as Ronnie realised when Steve pulled

a condom and lubricant from the dresser drawer. Suitably prepared, Steve crawled up on the bed behind Ronnie, spread his cheeks and, telling Ronnie to speak up if he wanted, pushed his cock against Ronnie's virgin hole.

No great effort was required. Excitement, widely spread cheeks and lots of lubricant opened Ronnie's ass in an instant and quickly swallowed Steve's cock. Though he took it easily, Ronnie still felt light-headed from the sensation of being filled and had to take a couple of deep breaths to regain his senses.

Steve paused as this happened then, comfortable that Ronnie would not faint on him, began a slow fuck, building up slowly to Ronnie's beat and headlong into a deep release.

Ronnie knew it had come, but was disappointed not to really feel the cum. He loved the feel and was glad that Steve was in no hurry to withdraw. So, thought Ronnie. I am going to like golf.