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### Chapter 3

#### **Mother's Decision.**

Later that evening I was sitting in the family room by the fireplace while my wife, Pooja, was sitting beside me. She was recollecting what happened that morning.

Thank you Kapil, for helping me fixing Dev's dick by peeing in front of him.

Oh, that's okay.

But tell me, why his pee thing is so long and big and yours is small.

It is not called a pee thing; it is called a dick or cock. Also penis.

Okay, but why is yours smaller than his?

I don't know; I guess not all men are born equal.

Will yours grow bigger when you reach his age?

No; I don't think so. This is the maximum for me.

You are lucky, Kapil. You have a small protected penis. Poor Dev. His is so big and long. I bet when he is walking around his cock is getting hurt by slapping on his thighs or even bumping into furniture and cabinets. And his thighs are so hairy. I wonder if his cock will get all scratched.

Yeah, may be.

And he has to be careful with his hanging balls too. They might get caught in the holes in his charpai (traditional indian bed made of ropes).

Don't worry honey. There is no charpai in America. He left his in India.

Still.... but what was he saying about fucking my ass? What does that mean?

I think he wanted to put his dick into your ass.

You mean, my shit hole.

Yes.

Really! Why? Why would he want to do so?

I don't know for sure but may be his thinking was not straight at that time as he was embarrassed. You were making him to pee in front of us all. Or may be he was happy with you helping him and he just wanted to express what he could give you in return. Poor thing. He has no money; what else he can offer except his cock. And he has no education so these were the best words he could come up with. I apologize if you found him rude.

Mother, who was sitting close by on the kitchen table, was listening to our conversation, came over to join us. She brought cups of tea and put them on the coffee table. She put the little girl (she was named Raveena) in the play area, pulled her left boob out and hanging over the coffee table squeezed her boob to pour milk in the cups. Then she came over to me saying that I had become so weak from eating foreign food; she pulled out her other breast and asked me to suck on it. While I started feeding on her boob she sat besides me.

She explained to my wife: Sometimes men want to do this for a change. They just want to explore women's assholes. We in our family always try to help the needy, the poor and the ailing. If we could help someone, then it is good for everyone. I am glad what you did this morning. First you saved the flowers from Dev's pee and then educated him on how to pee in a civilized way. You also did a great job fixing his aching dick by sucking on it and on his balls. As far as my son's small dick is concerned, it runs in the family.

I continued to suck on mum's nipple.

Pooja: I feel so sorry for Dev. But I am glad at the end he felt better. I am afraid it might hurt his dick again if I let him put it in my ass. And I don't even know if it would go in. It is so big and I have never done this before. I don't know.

Mother: Don't worry; that is why I came with you. Dev used to work on the farms not inside our house in India, so I don't know him much. I don't know how much he likes fucking assholes or how many times he has done this in the past. But we will see.

Pooja turning to me: Kapil, I never knew these things before. Now that Dev wants to put his cock in my ass to express his gratitude, what do you think I should do? If I say no would I hurt his feelings?

Me: It is possible. He is new in this country and left his wife and kids back in India. In a sense he came all the way just to help us. And he is lonely here. All these things can make a person emotionally weak. Your "no" might disturb him to say the least.

Mother: We should try our best not to say no. This is against our family values of good will to all humans and living things. And plus there is no downside to having someone's dick in ass. Lots of people do it for pleasure but you, Pooja, will be doing it for a higher purpose.

Me: But Mommy she is my new bride and I have not even had any sex with her yet. And I too am worried about the size of Dev's cock. It might be very painful to have Pooja's ass stretched with that thing.

Pooja: I am not worried about my suffering. But I am concerned Dev's dick might feel squeezed and get hurt while probing into my shit hole.

Mother: My son, you will have your bride for you all your life. But the issue at hand is serious. We cannot afford to hurt anyone's feeling and Dev is our own and only servant. And if Pooja's ass feels a little pain it is still worth a good cause. And Pooja to answer your question, I am sure Dev would be able to stretch your ass enough to make things easy for this dick. And in fact many men feel happy when their dick gets squeezed in an asshole.

Pooja: Is that right? Kapil, will you enjoy if you put your penis in my ass?

Me: Hmm, I never thought about that before.

Mother: Every man is different, Pooja. Different things make them happy. Some of them like licking their wives' pussies. Some even like to see their wives suck other men's dicks.

Pooja: Kapil, did you like when I sucked on Dev's dick?

Me: It certainly was interesting.

Mother: He certainly liked it. He is just being shy. I can see it in his eyes. But at this time we should check on Dev to make sure he has healed well from this morning accident.

Then she shouted: Dev come here.

By now I had stopped sucking on mother's nipple and was snuggled close to her. I love her warmth.

Dev came and sat on the ground obediently.

Mother: Pooja told me what happened this morning. Are you okay now?

Dev: Yes, just a little redness and soreness on my balls but otherwise I am fine.

Mother: I need to check; ultimately I am responsible for what happens here.

Dev took off his sarong and stood in front of mum and me, for mum to examine him. Mother looked happy and worried at the same time. She held his massive meaty dick which was now limp. She closely examined it up and down and then resting it on her shoulder started to examine his balls. She fondled his balls, rubbed them and kept on pulling and releasing them for quite some time. Since I had my head resting on mum's shoulder, Dev's dick was right in front of me. It smelled of sweat and piss. It was twitching slightly in response to mother's examination.

Finally mum said, " On the whole he is okay however, there seems to be some early skin damage reflected by the redness of the foreskin. Pooja, did you suck a lot on the foreskin?"

Pooja: Yes aunty; I was just trying to help.

Mum: That is okay. Next time if this happens just pull the foreskin back and lick on the head of the dick. The head can sustain more trauma.

Pooja: Ok aunty.

By now my little sister, Raveena, had come over to us and was looking at Dev's dick with interest. Mum held her tiny hand and put Dev's cock in her hand. Mum said, " Raveena, take Dev to Pooja so she can see the damage." Raveena holding Dev by his dick led him to the other sofa where Pooja was sitting. It was quite a scene. My five year old sister holding our fifty four year old servant by his dick walking him across the family room to my wife so she can examine his hurt dick.

Pooja caressed the foreskin and apologized to Dev one more time. Raveena, copying my wife, started playing with Dev's dick.

Mum: In order to avoid further damage, Dev will not wear a sarong or trousers or underwear etc. In this way, fresh air will heal his dick. This is like his own home anyway and just like he is helping us with chores, we should help him too.

With this she tossed his sarong under the sofa.

to be continued...