

I am Mira. I am 43 years old. Even at this age my body turns a few heads if I dress right. My curves are like a mountain range, inviting and intimidating at the same time. I have four sons from my gentle husband Bob. They're all in their late teens, a wild bunch that keeps me on my toes. This is not a love story.

We've arrived at our beachside resort, a place we come to every summer to let loose. It didn't take long for the boys to start a ruckus in the living room of the villa. The eldest, Jack, 22, was wrestling with the middle two, Mark, 20, and Larry, 19. Their laughter and grunts filled the room, while the youngest, Steve, 18, sat in the corner, watching with a smirk on his face. Bob looked at me with a resigned smile. "Well, at least they're getting along," he said, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

"Alright kids. Enough with the fighting. It's way too hot for me to deal with your bullshit right now. Go to your rooms, change into swim trunks. I'm not gonna tell you twice." I say firmly.

Jack, the eldest, rolls his eyes, "Ah, come on, mom. It's just a bit of fun,"

"I don't care if it's a bit of fun, Jack. This place isn't built to handle your 'fun'. And if you break something, you're paying for it," I reply, crossing my arms. My racks pushing upwards.

Mark laughs, "You heard her, bro. Let's go before she gets her hands on us," he says, nudging Larry, who is now pinned beneath him.

"Fine, fine," Larry grumbles, getting up and dusting

himself off. "But this isn't over," he calls back as they all troop out of the room, still shoving and laughing.

"This kids will drive me crazy one day." I say to Bob, who just chuckles and wraps an arm around my waist.

"If that hand of yours is thinking of doing something then I will break it off. Go get changed." I say sternly, trying to hide the smirk on my face.

Bob just laughs, "You're the only one who can handle them, Mira. They're just letting off some steam,"

"Yeah, I know. Why don't you get the boys and yourself ready? I will slip jnto a bikini as well. Meet me at the beach." I say, giving him a peck on the cheek.

Bob nods, "You got it, love. I'll get the sunscreen," he says with a grin, and heads off to the bedroom.

I make my way to the walk-in closet and pull out my favorite red bikini. It's a bit snug, but it does wonders for my figure, especially when the strings are tied in a bow around my neck and back. I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror and can't help but smile. I still got it.

I make my way to the beach. The boys will come soon, I think to myself. They know better than to keep me waiting. As I lay out the towels, I notice a young couple not too far from where I plan to settle down. The girl whispers something to her partner, and they both glance over at me, their eyes lingering on my body. I roll my eyes and lay down on the towel, placing my sunglasses over my face.

Bob was supposed to bring the sunscreen, where the hell is he, I think to myself. But before I have a chance to call out for him, I feel a shadow loom over me.

"Mom, seriously?" Jack says, standing above me with his arms crossed over his bare chest. He's got a smirk on his face that tells me he's not happy with my attire.

"Sweetie. Just go play in the sand with your brothers. Don't bother me. I get very little time to relax because of you boys.", I sound slightly annoyed but trying to keep my cool.

Jack's smirk widens, "But mom, you're practically naked. What if someone sees you?"

"If someone looks at my old body and likes it then I will take it a compliment sweetie. No one will look at me honey, don't worry. Go play.", I say caringly while trying to push him away.

Jack laughs, "Oh, come on, you know you're still hot." He says with a cheeky wink.

"Thanks honey. Now gooooo.", I say as I try to push him away playfully.

"Alright, alright," Jack says, chuckling. "We'll just be over there if you need us," he points to where Mark and Larry are setting up a beach volleyball net, and Steve is eyeing the ocean.

I finally get a chance to relax. Slightly annoyed because Bob isn't back with the sunscreen yet. I

decide to let it go and enjoy the warm sun on my body. The sound of the waves crashing against the shore is music to my ears.

"Hey, Mrs. M, you need help with that?" Steve says, sauntering over with a coy smile. He's holding a bottle of sunscreen.

"Oh honey, sweetie. Thank you so much for bringing me that." I hold my hand out asking for the sunscreen, "Bob took his sweet time as always. And don't call me Mrs. M, you're not my student, you're my son," I tease him gently.

Steve chuckles, his eyes flickering down to my chest, "Sorry, mom. I just wanted to help," he says, his voice cracking a little.

"You wanna rub the sunscreen on my back?", I ask him gently trying to get him in a cheery mood.

Steve swallows hard, "Uh, sure, mom," he says, taking the sunscreen from me. His hands are slightly trembling as he squirts out a glob of the lotion into his palm. He hesitates for a moment, then starts to spread it over my back, his touch surprisingly gentle despite his nerves.

"Good job, sweetie. You are the best at it." I compliment his gentle touch. His hands glide over my skin, leaving a trail of coolness in the wake of the sunscreen.

"It's...it's nothing, mom," Steve stammers, his voice a little shaky. The silence is filled with the sound of waves and the distant laughter of Mark and Larry playing volleyball.

"Thanks a lot sweetie. Why don't you go play with your brothers. I can do the rest myself." I say caringly as I sit up and start to apply the sunscreen to my legs.

Steve nods, "Sure, I'll go check out the water," he says, trying to play it cool as he heads back towards the ocean.

I watch him go, his board shorts riding low on his hips, revealing a hint of the V-shaped muscles he's been working on. He's been growing up fast, I can't help but think.

I apply sunscreen all over my body and relax under the sun. It is so relaxing. I fall asleep promptly.

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When I woke up, Bob was standing over me, looking down with a concerned expression on his face. "Mira, honey, you've been asleep for hours. And you're burned," he says, his voice a mix of worry and gentle scolding.

I wake up with a start, "What? Oh my god, I fell asleep!" I exclaim, sitting up quickly and looking down at my reddened skin. "Shit, I forgot to reapply!"

"Oh fuck," I exclaim as I feel the sting of the sunburn. "I told you to come get me if you needed anything," Bob says, his gentle eyes filled with concern.

"How can I come get you if I fall asleep," annoyed I reply, trying to stand up. The pain in my skin makes me wince.

"Will you at least get me up, Bob. Are you gonna just stand there?", I say with slight anger.

Bob nods, "Sorry, love. Here, let me help you," He says, offering his hand to assist me.

I take it gratefully, his grip firm and steady as he helps me to my feet. "Thanks, honey," I murmur, feeling the burn of the sun on my skin as the coolness of the shade wraps around me.

"Let's go to the resort. I need to get inside. It hurts like hell," I say, my voice a bit shakier than I'd like.

Bob nods, "Alright, let's go. Maybe some aloe will help," he suggests, taking my hand and leading me back towards the villa.

As we walk, the coolness of the shade is a relief, but every step feels like I'm walking on hot coals. "Ouch, shit, fuck, it burns," I mutter under my breath.

"Hold on, Mira. We're almost there," Bob says soothingly, giving my hand a gentle squeeze.

"I know, honey. It's just... it really stings," I reply through gritted teeth.

"Well, we're here," Bob says, opening the door to the villa. The cool air-conditioned air kisses my skin, providing sweet relief from the torturous sunburn.

"Thank god," I sigh, limping into the shade of the villa.

"Here, let me grab some aloe for you," Bob says,

disappearing into the kitchen.

I nod, collapsing onto the couch. "Thanks, babe," I call out.

Jack, who's been lounging on the couch, looks up from his phone. "You okay, mom?" He asks, noticing the pain etched on my face.

"Clearly not," I reply, wincing as I try to get comfortable. "Bob's getting some aloe for me."

Jack frowns, "What happened?"

"I fell asleep on the beach, and apparently, my family decided it was a great time to leave me to burn," I reply, trying to keep the sarcasm out of my voice.

Jack looks over at me with a mix of guilt and concern, "Seriously? Fuck, mom. We're sorry. We didn't mean to leave you out there that long," he says, jumping up from the couch.

"You're sorry is meaningless right now. Go get the aloe," I say, my voice tight with pain.

Jack nods quickly and runs after Bob. "Yeah, sorry mom. We'll get you fixed up," he calls over his shoulder.

Bob emerges from the kitchen with a bottle of aloe vera gel and a soft cloth. "Here, let me help you with that," he says, kneeling beside me and gently beginning to dab the cool gel onto my sunburned skin.

"Thanks," I murmur, my eyes fluttering shut as the

soothing liquid soothes the pain.

"This should help," Bob says gently, his touch tender as he applies the gel. "What happened?"

Jack comes back with a towel, looking slightly embarrassed, "We got distracted by some girls playing beach volleyball. We didn't mean to leave you out there that long."

"Well, your mother's skin is more important than flirting," Bob says, not looking up from his ministrations.

Jack sighs, "You're right, dad. We should've checked on her sooner,"

"Both of you idiots, stop talking. Let me relax", I say as my eyes are draping. The aloe feels heavenly on my skin.

"Alright, alright," Jack says, sitting back down on the couch, his eyes still flickering towards the kitchen where Mark and Larry are doing something noisy.

Bob continues to apply the aloe, his touch soothing and gentle. "You know, Mira, maybe we should get you to a doctor if this doesn't help," he says, his voice laced with concern.

"Shut up, Bob. I'm trying to sleep." I reply, my voice muffled by the pillow.

Bob sighs, "I know you're in pain, but we can't ignore it. Maybe we should get some painkillers or something," he suggests, his voice still gentle.

"Give me some. It'll help me sleep." I mumble into the pillow.

"Alright, love. I'll grab some," Bob says, standing up. He heads into the bedroom and returns with a bottle of painkillers and a glass of water.

"Here, take these. They should help with the pain," he says, handing me the pills and the glass.

"Thanks, Bob," I say, taking the pills with a grateful gulp of water.

"You're welcome, Mira. Just try to get some rest," he says, stroking my hair gently.

I fall asleep with the sound of the TV in the background, the pain in my skin slowly fading away thanks to the medicine.

I wake up to a horrifying scene. Bob was lying senseless on his chair. My four sons, naked. Mark and Larry playing video games. Jack is watching me intently. Steve looking at the game with a hollow stare. "What the fuck is going on here?" I ask, my voice groggy from the pain and sleep.

I look down, my body is completely nude now. Not even the bikini. "Who took off my clothes?" I demand, trying to cover myself with the towel that was laying next to me.

Jack, looking slightly embarrassed, says, "Mom, we had to. You were burning up. We didn't want the fabric to stick to your skin. It's okay, we didn't do anything, promise," he reassures me quickly.

"Why are you all naked?" I ask in a scared voice as I see their hardened cocks.

"Mom, we were just trying to cool off," Mark says, not looking away from the TV screen, his hand working a controller with fervor.

Jack gets up and sits on the couch where I am laying down. He says in a low voice, "We didn't want to start anything while you were asleep."

I look around the room, taking in the scene. The curtains are drawn, the room is cooler than before, and the TV is playing some mindless sitcom. "What's going on? Did something happen?" I ask, feeling a sense of unease creeping in.

Mark and Larry puts down their game and makes over to the couch as well. Mark says laying a hand on my stomach, "We want to make you feel loved mom."

I swat his hand away, "What the hell are you doing?" I ask, my voice rising in panic.

"Mom, we were just trying to help you feel better," Larry says, his voice filled with innocence that doesn't quite reach his eyes.

"By taking off my clothes and getting naked yourselves?" I ask, my voice laced with sarcasm and a hint of fear.

Steve joins in, "Dad's long asleep, we can have all the fun we want." His eyes filled with mallice.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I ask, my voice shaking as I try to sit up.

Jack leans in closer, his hand moving to my shoulder, "You know what we're talking about, mom. We've all had... thoughts. And with you lying there, looking so... tempting," he says, his voice trailing off.

"What? What are you even saying?", I am genuinely scared now.

Jack whispers, "Mom, don't act like you don't know. We've all noticed how you look at us. The way you bend over when you're wearing that tight yoga pants. The way your tits bounce when you're cooking dinner. We're not blind. We're not stupid,"

I am mortified. "Jack, it was never my intention. I don't know how you got that vibe. But that is not what I was trying to do at all." I reply, trying to keep calm.

"Mom, we're not little kids anymore. We know what we want, and we've seen how lonely you get when dad's not around," Mark says, his hand now resting on my thigh.

I push his hand away firmly, "That is not what I want. I want you to get dressed and leave me alone." I try to keep my voice steady, but the fear is clear.

Jack's expression turns serious, "Mom, we're just trying to make you happy. You're always stressed out, always taking care of us. It's time we took care of you," he says, his hand sliding up my thigh, his fingers brushing against the edge of the towel.

"Jack, please. This isn't right," I protest, trying to push his hand away, but it's like he's got a mind of its

own. His fingers dig into my skin, and I can feel the heat rising in my cheeks.

"If you are not going to do it willingly, we can force you to do it too.", Steve says, his voice cold and calculating.

"What? No! What kind of monsters are you?" I scream, pushing myself away from them as much as the pain from the sunburn allows.

Jack's grip tightens, his eyes dark with something that scares me. "We're your sons, mom. We love you. We just want to show you how much," he says, his voice low and insistent.

"That's enough. Get your hands off me. This is too much." I say, trying to push him away with all my strength.

Jack's grip tightens further, his eyes now dark with determination. "Mom, just relax. We're going to make you feel so good," he whispers, leaning in closer.

"Get off me!" I struggle against him, but his brothers, Larry and Mark, jump off the couch and move towards me.

"Mom, it's okay," Larry says, his voice soothing but his actions anything but. He grabs my wrists and pins them above my head, his grip surprisingly strong for his age. Mark follows suit, straddling my legs and holding them down firmly.

"Let me go, right now!" I demand, trying to buck them off, but their weight is too much for my

sunburned body to handle.

"Mom, just let us show you how much we love you," Larry says, his grip on my wrists unyielding. Mark's eyes are dark with a hunger that I've never seen before, and Steve stands by the side, stroking himself slowly.

"What are you doing?" I scream, my heart racing as I struggle against them.

"Shh, mom. Just let us love you," Jack murmurs, his eyes locked on mine as his hand moves to the edge of the towel, his fingers inching closer to my pussy.

"Jack, no! Stop it! This isn't right!" I protest, my heart hammering in my chest.

But Jack ignores me, his gaze intense as he leans in closer. I feel his breath hot on my skin, and then his tongue touches my sunburned thigh, making me gasp despite the pain. "Mom, we're going to make this good for you, I promise," he whispers, his voice thick with lust.

"Jack, no!" I try to protest again, but Larry puts a hand over my mouth, muffling my voice. "It's okay, mom," he says, his voice a strange mix of comfort and excitement. "We're not going to hurt you."

But the panic in my eyes doesn't seem to register with them. Jack's tongue traces the length of my thigh, teasing the edge of the towel. The fabric is the only thing separating me from their hungry gazes, and the anticipation is almost too much to bear.

"Jack, no," I murmur, my voice muffled by Larry's

hand. But Jack is insistent, his tongue flicking out to catch a droplet of aloe that's trickled down from my stomach to my pussy. My body responds against my will, a shiver of pleasure running through me.

"See, mom? You like it," Larry whispers, his eyes gleaming with victory. I try to shake my head, but Jack's tongue is already pushing aside the fabric of the towel, lapping at my clit with surprising skill.

I whimper, my body betraying me as it responds despite my protests. "Mmph," I manage to murmur against Larry's hand.

Jack's eyes light up, "You see, mom? You're enjoying it," he says, his tongue swirling around my clit, sending waves of unexpected pleasure through my body. Mark and Larry exchange glances, their grips on me tightening slightly as they watch Jack's ministrations with a mix of envy and excitement.

"No, no, please," I protest weakly, my voice muffled by Larry's hand. But even as I say the words, my hips buck involuntarily, pushing against Jack's mouth. The pain of the sunburn is forgotten in the face of the new sensations, my body responding to his touch despite my fear and confusion.

"Look at her, she's loving it," Mark says, his voice thick with excitement. His hand releases my wrist and moves to my breast, giving it a rough squeeze. "You're so fucking hot, mom," he adds, his thumb flicking my nipple.

"Mmph, no, stop," I mumble against Larry's hand, my body squirming under the assault of pleasure. But my protests are weak, my resolve crumbling as

Jack's tongue works magic on my clit.

Jack looks up at me, a wicked smile playing on his lips. "You don't mean that, do you, mom?" he asks, his eyes gleaming with a mix of lust and challenge. "You're so wet for us," he adds, his voice a low growl that sends a shiver down my spine.

"Jack, please, stop," I whimper, my eyes darting to Steve, who's still standing by the side, watching the scene unfold with a look of pure hunger.

Jack chuckles against my skin, the vibration sending a jolt through my body. He pulls back, licking his lips. "But you taste so good, mom," he says, his voice filled with a dark desire that sends a shiver down my spine. "Don't you want to share this with Steve?"

I look over at Steve, his cock standing tall and proud, a bead of precum glistening at the tip. His eyes are locked on my exposed pussy, his expression a mix of lust and uncertainty. "Jack, no," I murmur, trying to shake my head, but Larry's hand holds it in place firmly.

"Come on, Steve. Mom's all warmed up for you," Jack says, his voice a low purr as he looks over at his brother.

Steve's eyes widen, and he takes a tentative step forward, his hand shaking as he reaches for my thigh. "Mom, are you sure?" he asks, his voice quivering with need.

"Steve, please, no," I beg, my voice breaking as the reality of the situation hits me fully.

Jack's hand leaves my pussy, and he looks over at Steve with a knowing smile. "It's okay, Steve. She's just playing hard to get. Mom, tell him it's okay," he says, his eyes never leaving mine.

I shake my head, my eyes wide with fear. "No, it's not okay," I whisper, but the words seem to fall on deaf ears.

Steve's hand shakes as he touches my thigh, his gaze flicking between my pussy and my face, looking for any sign of consent. "Mom, please," he begs, his voice a mix of need and uncertainty.

I struggle against my other two sons, "No, Steve. This isn't right," I say, my voice trembling. But the pleasure from Jack's tongue is still pulsing through me, making it difficult to think clearly.

"Mom, we're just trying to make you feel good," Steve says, his voice shaky as he moves closer, his hand sliding up to my pussy. His touch is tentative at first, but as he feels my wetness, his confidence grows.

"No, no," I murmur, but the protest lacks conviction. My body is a traitor, responding to their touch despite my fear and confusion. Steve's eyes meet mine, searching for permission, and when I don't resist, he takes it as a sign to continue.

With a trembling hand, Steve parts my folds and aligns his cock with my entrance. His eyes never leave mine as he pushes in slowly, inch by inch, his girth stretching me wide. "Mom," he whispers, his voice filled with a mix of awe and lust as he penetrates me for the first time.

I feel myself tightening around him, my body fighting against the intrusion even as a strange sense of arousal floods through me. "Oh, fuck," I murmur against Larry's hand, the sensation of being filled by my own son overwhelming.

"You see, mom, it's okay. You like it," Jack says, his voice smug as he watches his brother claim me. "Let him in, mom. Let him make you feel good," he urges, his thumb circling my clit, sending sparks of pleasure through me that I try to ignore.

"Mmph, no," I whine, my body betraying me as I arch my hips to meet Steve's slow, gentle thrusts. His eyes are wide with shock and lust, and I can see the desperation in them as he tries to be as gentle as possible, not wanting to cause me any pain.

"It's okay, mom," Steve whispers, his voice trembling as he continues his gentle invasion, his cock sliding deeper into my pussy. "We're just showing you how much we love you," he says, his eyes never leaving mine, searching for any sign of acceptance.

I whimper against Larry's hand, my body responding despite my protests. Mark releases my legs, allowing Steve to take over, and he moves to sit on the couch, his own cock still hard and standing at attention. "See, she's okay," Mark says, his voice filled with excitement. "We're all going to make her feel so good," he adds, his hand moving to stroke his erection.

Jack's thumb keeps circling my clit, his eyes never leaving my face as he watches me succumb to their advances. "Mom, you're so beautiful," he murmurs,

his voice thick with lust. "Let us love you," he coaxes, his own cock straining against his shorts.

I try not to moan but Steve's thrusts paired with Jack rubbing my clit, I can only moan into Larry's hand.

"Mmph, no, please, stop," I whisper, but my hips betray me, moving in sync with Steve's rhythm.

"Mom, you're so tight," Steve groans, his eyes never leaving mine. His strokes grow faster, and I can feel his tension building. "I'm gonna cum," he says, his voice strained.

I shake my head, my eyes pleading, "Steve, no, not in me," I beg, my voice muffled by Larry's hand.

"Mom, it's okay," Steve whispers, his breath coming in short, ragged pants. "We're just showing you love," he says, his eyes filled with a desperate need that I can't ignore.

I whimper, my body responding in ways I never thought possible. "Please, Steve, not like this," I manage to get out, my voice thick with unshed tears.

"Mom, it's okay," Steve says, his voice strained with his effort to hold back. "I'll pull out," he promises, his eyes never leaving mine. But the intensity of his thrusts belies his words, and I know he's close.

"Steve, please," I beg, my voice a mere whisper. But his hips are moving with a mind of their own, and I can feel him growing even thicker inside me. His eyes are squeezed shut now, his breath coming in harsh gasps.

"Mom, I can't," he says, his voice tight with the effort

of holding back. "It's... it's too much," he admits, his strokes growing erratic.

"Please, Steve," I plead, my body taut with the anticipation of his release. The fear of what's happening mixes with the unexpected pleasure, and I feel a strange mix of emotions swirling inside me.

"Mom, I'm so sorry," Steve says, his voice filled with a mix of regret and desperation as he starts to come, his cock pulsing inside me.

"Nngh, no," I moan, my eyes squeezed shut as the first shot of his cum fills me, the sensation strange and unwelcome. My entire inside warm and gooy.

"It's okay, mom," Steve whispers, his cock still pulsing inside me, his release subsiding. His eyes are filled with a mix of apology and satisfaction.

Jack pulls my towel away completely, revealing my bare body to the room. "Look how much Steve loves you, mom," he says, his voice thick with desire. "Now it's my turn," he adds, his own cock bobbing eagerly.

I open my mouth to protest, but the words die on my lips as I look into Jack's eyes. The need in them is undeniable, and I realize that fighting them is futile. With a resigned sigh, I nod, my body already preparing for the next round of unwanted pleasure.

"Good girl," Jack whispers, his hand sliding down to grip the base of his cock. He lines himself up with my pussy, the head of his cock nudging against my opening. "You're going to love this," he says, his voice filled with a confidence that sends a cold shiver through me.

I force myself to lie still, my eyes darting around the room as Jack's brothers watch with rapt attention. Larry and Mark are both stroking themselves, their eyes glazed over with lust. "You're going to feel so much better," Jack murmurs, his hand still playing with my clit. "Just let me love you, mom."

I don't have the strength to protest anymore. I lay there with my eyes fluttering I don't tell them to stop anymore. Just waiting for whatever they want to do. Maybe it's the painkillers or the sunburn, but I can't find the will to fight them anymore. Steve's cum is still leaking out of me as Jack presses the tip of his cock against my entrance. "It's okay, mom," he whispers, his eyes never leaving mine as he pushes into me.

"Mom, you're so tight," Jack groans, his grip tightening on my thighs as he sinks into my wetness. "We're going to make you feel so good," he promises, his voice filled with a hunger that sends a shiver through me.

Jack picks my legs up and puts them on his shoulder. He's so deep inside me, it feels like he's touching my soul. "Oh, mom," he says, his voice filled with amazement. "You're so warm and wet for us." His strokes are deep and slow, his cock filling me completely.

"Jack, you're so big," I murmur, my voice filled with a mix of pain and pleasure. It's a strange sensation, having my own son inside me like this. But I can't deny that his experience shows. His movements are practiced and precise, his body moving in a way that makes me feel both used and adored.

"You're so tight, mom," Jack groans, his eyes never leaving mine. "You're making me feel like a king," he says, his voice thick with lust. His hips move in a steady rhythm, his cock sliding in and out of me with ease.

He picks up the pace, his cock hitting me deep inside. "Jack, you're going to break me," I murmur, my voice a mix of pain and pleasure. But he doesn't slow down, instead, he speeds up, his strokes growing more forceful with each passing second.

"You like that, don't you, mom?" he asks, his voice a low growl. "You like being fucked by your own son?"

I say nothing just close my eyes. I try not to think them as my son for now. They are just men who are using me.

Jack's cock is very thick paired with his insane speed, it feels like he's splitting me in half. "Mm, yes, Jack," I whimper, my eyes screwed shut as I try to focus on the feeling of his cock inside me rather than the reality of the situation.

"Look at her, guys," Mark says, his eyes glued to the sight of Jack's cock disappearing into my pussy. "She's loving it."

Larry nods, his hand still over my mouth, "Yeah, she's begging for it."

Jack's strokes become more vigorous, his breath hot against my skin. "You're going to make me cum, mom," he says, his voice strained with effort. "I'm going to fill you up just like Steve did."

I take a deep breath and hold it. The feeling of cum shooting in my pussy is too obscene to handle. But the pleasure is overwhelming. "Oh, Jack," I moan despite myself, my body arching to meet him.

"That's it, mom," Jack says, his voice strained. "Take it all."

I feel his cock swell inside me, and then with a roar, he explodes, filling me with his seed. The sensation is too much, and I moan against Larry's hand, my body convulsing around Jack's shaft. "Fuck, yes," he groans, his eyes rolling back in his head.

"Now, it's my turn," Larry says, his voice a harsh whisper. He releases my mouth and stands up, his cock standing tall and ready. "You're going to love this, mom," he says, a wicked smile playing on his lips as he takes Jack's place between my legs.

"Please. Give me a minute." I speak, breathless.

Larry chuckles, his eyes gleaming with lust. "Don't worry, mom," he says, stroking my cheek. "We'll go slow." His hand moves down my body, caressing my still trembling thigh, before he lines himself up with my pussy, which is now filled with the cum of his two brothers.

"ungh", my voice breaks. I really needed the break which they are not giving me. My pussy is pulsing and gaping trying to push out all the cum but I don't get the break to do so.

"Mom, you're so hot," Larry says, his voice thick with desire as he watches my body's reaction to the

recent violation. "I can't wait to feel you around me," he adds, his eyes never leaving my pussy.

I open my eyes, looking up at him with a mix of fear and resignation. "Larry, please," I whisper, my voice hoarse from the struggle and the moans that were forced from me.

"Shh, mom," he says, his voice a gentle coo that contrasts sharply with the aggressive way he's handling my body. "I'll be gentle," he promises, his cock nudging against my cum-filled pussy.

"Mom, you're so wet," Larry says, his voice filled with wonder. "You really do want this, don't you?"

Before I can reply, he pushes into me, his cock sliding through the cum of his brothers with ease. "Oh, god," I murmur, my eyes squeezing shut again. The feeling of being so full is almost too much to bear, but there's a strange comfort in the familiarity of his touch.

"Mom, you're so tight," Larry groans, his hands gripping my thighs as he starts to move. His strokes are long and deep, his cock hitting places that make me gasp. "You feel so good," he says, his voice tight with need.

I was violated twice already but my pussy wasn't getting loose. For some reason it stayed tight for everyone. "Oh, Larry," I murmur, my voice a mix of pain and pleasure. "Please, be gentle," I beg, my voice strained.

Larry's eyes soften slightly, "I will, mom," he says, his strokes slowing down slightly. "But you're so fucking

tight," he adds, his voice filled with amazement.

"It's okay, mom," Mark says from the side, his hand still stroking his own erect cock. "We're all going to love you," he promises, his voice thick with lust.

"Mom, you're so beautiful like this," Larry whispers, his hips moving with a gentle rhythm that seems almost tender despite the circumstances. "I can't believe you're letting us do this," he adds, his eyes never leaving my face.

"I-I don't have a choice," I murmur, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Mom, you're so good at this," Larry says, his voice filled with amazement. "You're taking me so well."

He lays down on my chest, his cock still embedded deep inside me. "You're making me feel so good," he whispers, his eyes searching mine for any sign of approval.

"Larry, I... I can't," I manage to say, my voice shaky. But my body responds to him, my pussy clenching around his cock despite my protests.

He grabs one boob as he devours the other one, "Mom, you're so fucking sexy," he murmurs between kisses, his teeth grazing my sensitive nipple.

"Oh, Larry," I whimper, my body betraying me as I arch into his touch. Despite the fear and confusion, I can't ignore the spark of pleasure that his kisses and gentle bites elicit.

He keeps a steady pace with his hips as he eats my

breasts. "You like that, don't you, mom?" he asks, his voice muffled by my skin.

I nod my head, unable to form words. The pleasure is too intense, the wrongness of it all too overwhelming.

"Mm, yes, mom," Larry says, his voice filled with satisfaction as he feels me react to his touch. "You're going to make me cum soon," he whispers, his strokes growing more urgent.

I close my eyes shut again. This is the worst part of the whole ordeal. Feeling their cum filling me up. "No, Larry, please," I murmur, my voice shaking. "Don't cum inside me."

"Steve and Jack got to do it inside. Why can't I?" Larry asks, his voice a mix of lust and entitlement.

"Mom, just let him," Mark says, his own hand moving faster on his cock as he watches his brother fuck me. "You know you want it."

"Mom," Larry whispers, his hips grinding into me, "please, let me cum inside you. Just this once." His voice is desperate, his eyes filled with a need that I can't bring myself to answer.

Before I could answer, Larry starts to spill his seed into me, his body shaking with the force of his climax. "Oh, fuck," he groans, his eyes squeezed shut in pleasure. "Mom, you're amazing," he says, his voice filled with awe.

"Larry," I whimper, my body trembling with the aftershocks of his orgasm. The feeling of his cum

filling me alongside Jack's and Steve's is overwhelming.

"Mm, mom," Larry murmurs, his breath hot against my neck as he kisses me tenderly. He pulls out of me slowly, his cock glistening with our combined juices. "You were amazing," he says, a proud smile playing on his lips.

I lay there, my body trembling, trying to process the last few minutes. My pussy is still pulsing around the emptiness left by Larry's cock, and I can feel the cum of my three sons inside me, a thick, warm presence that fills me with a mix of revulsion and a strange, twisted arousal.

Mark moves closer, his hand shaking as he reaches out to touch my thigh. "Mom, are you okay?" he asks, his voice tentative.

I open my eyes and look at him, trying to find the words to explain what I'm feeling. "I... I don't know," I murmur, my voice barely above a whisper.

Mark's eyes are filled with a mix of lust and concern. "It's okay, mom," he says, his hand sliding up my thigh. "I'll be gentle," he promises, his voice soothing.

I nod my head slightly, unable to form words. My body is a mess of conflicting emotions, but the need for release is stronger than my protests. Mark's gentle touch is surprisingly comforting, and I can't help but lean into it.

"Thank you, mom," Mark says, his voice filled with gratitude as he positions himself at my entrance. His cock is thinner than his brothers', but no less eager.

He takes a deep breath, and then with a gentle push, he slides into me, his eyes never leaving mine.

"Mom, you're so tight," Mark groans, his voice filled with amazement. "It feels so good," he adds, his strokes slow and careful at first, as if he's afraid of hurting me.

His gentlemanly behavior ends quickly. His nails dig into my hip as he starts pounding at an insane pace, his cock sliding in and out of me with a wet, sloppy sound that fills the room. "Mom, oh fuck," Mark says, his voice strained.

"O..A....o...O...Aw...", only broken up sounds escape my throat. I can't form any thoughts because of his unrelenting pace.

"Mom, you're so hot," Mark pants, his eyes glazed with desire. "Your pussy feels like heaven," he says, his cock slamming into me without mercy.

He extends one hand and chokes me. My voice stopped, my breathing stopped, my eyes rolled back. "You're mine now," Mark says with a vicious grin. "All of you."

I can feel the rage building inside me, but my body is too weak to fight back. My eyes start to water and my throat burns as Mark continues his relentless assault. "Mom, you're going to love this," he whispers, his voice thick with malice.

"You're going to cum for me, aren't you?" he asks, his eyes searching mine for any sign of submission. But all I can do is gasp for air, my chest heaving as his grip tightens around my neck. "Say it," he demands,

his voice a harsh growl.

I can't speak but my body starts to reach it's limit, my hips jerking, my stomach sinking as begin cumming for the first time, despite getting violated by my own four sons.

"Mom, you're mine," Mark says, his grip tightening around my neck. "Say it," he demands, his eyes burning into mine.

I struggle to breathe, my body wracked with involuntary spasms as I try to form the words. "Yes," I finally gasp out, the sound strangled by his hand. "I'm yours," I whisper, my eyes filling with tears.

Mark's grin widens, and he starts to speed up his thrusts, the hand around my throat releasing slightly to allow me to breathe in shallow gasps. "That's right, mom," he says, his voice low and satisfied. "You're ours."

"You like that, don't you, mom?" he asks, his eyes never leaving mine. "You like being our little fuck toy?"

I can't speak. My eyes rolled back and my mind going blank as I cum again. "Mmh," is all I can manage, my body spasming around his cock.

"Fuck, yes, mom," Mark says, his voice filled with triumph. "You're going to make me cum," he adds, his strokes growing more erratic. His eyes never leave mine, watching my reaction with a mix of lust and possession.

"Oh, god, Mark," I whimper, my body no longer my

own as I climax around his cock. The sensation is too much, and I can't help but moan out loud, my eyes screwing shut.

"Look at her, guys," Mark says, his voice thick with lust. "Mom's loving it."

I try to protest, but my words are lost in the waves of pleasure that crash over me as Mark continues to fuck me hard. "Aah, yes," I gasp, my body responding to his every movement despite my mental resistance.

"Mom, you're so fucking amazing," Mark says, his strokes becoming more erratic as he nears his climax. "You're going to make me cum so hard," he adds, his voice strained with effort.

I lay there, my eyes squeezed shut, my body trembling with the overwhelming sensations.

"Please, Mark," I murmur, my voice hoarse from the abuse it's endured. "Just... just finish," I beg, my body desperately seeking release from this twisted nightmare.

"Mom, you're so tight," Mark groans, his hips slamming into me without mercy. "You're going to make me cum," he says, his voice filled with excitement. His hand slides up to cup my face, his thumb brushing away the tears that are still streaming down my cheeks. "Look at me," he commands, his voice soft but firm.

I open my eyes, looking up at him through a haze of pain and confusion. "Mom, tell me you love it," he whispers, his eyes searching mine for any sign of surrender.

"I... I don't know," I manage to get out, my voice shaking. But my pussy clenches around his cock, betraying me.

"Come on, mom," Mark says, his voice coaxing. "You know you want it," he adds, his eyes never leaving mine.

Mark couldn't hold anymore, with one final, powerful thrust, he cums inside me. "Oh, fuck, mom," he groans, his cock pulsing as he fills me with his seed. "You're so perfect," he whispers, his body collapsing on top of me as he rides out his orgasm.

Mark's cum was the thickest. My pussy feels like it's filled with hot honey. I lay there, my body trembling, feeling utterly used and violated.

"Mom, that was incredible," Mark says, his voice filled with a mix of awe and satisfaction. "Thank you," he adds, his hand still cupping my cheek.

"I-I can't believe this," I murmur, my voice barely above a whisper. The weight of his body on top of me is suffocating, but I can't find the strength to push him off.

"Please get off me, Mark." I murmur, my voice weak. I need air, I need space, but all I get is a chuckle from him.

"Mom, don't be like that," Mark says, his voice still thick with lust. "You know we all love you." He kisses my cheek before slowly pulling out of me. I feel the warm gush of cum as he leaves my body, the sensation making me want to retch.

Mark gets off me and off the couch. I look around the room. Their eyes are still filled with so much lust. I look at Bob. What have they done to him? I think to myself. I feel even more ashamed. My husband is just out of reach as my sons raped me.

"Bob, what did you do to him? Why hasn't he woken up from all the noise still?" I ask, trying to sit up, but my body is too weak.

"Don't worry about dad, mom," Steve says, his voice filled with a casualness that chills me to the bone. "We made sure he wouldn't wake up. He's just taking a little nap."

I sit up. My body still sore from the sunburn, now the added violation. I ask, "Why did you guys want to violate your innocent mother?"

"Mom," Larry says, his voice a mix of defensiveness and lust. "You've been giving us signals for so long. We couldn't resist anymore."

"What signals?" I ask, my voice shaking. "I've never done anything to make you think...this was okay."

Jack shrugs, his cock still hard. "You know, the way you dress, the way you move. You're just so fucking sexy, mom. We can't help ourselves."

"I am sorry for how I dressed but my intention was never to get your attention in this way," I protest weakly, trying to cover my breasts with my hands, but they're sticky with cum.

"Mom, you're always dressed to kill," Mark says, his

voice filled with a smugness that makes my stomach churn. "And now, we've killed the last of your innocence."

"If you've rested enough then we will take you to the bedroom now. Couch is so uncomfortable to fuck in," Jack says, smiling like a predator who just caught its prey.

"What? No," I protest feebly, my voice barely above a whisper. "Please, no more," I beg, my eyes pleading with them to stop. "You all did me once already, even came inside me. I am done, no more."

"Mom, don't be like that," Steve says, his tone a mix of frustration and entitlement. "We're not done yet. We all need our turn," he adds, his eyes roving over my naked body with greed.

"Please boys. I am too old to even take one dick but I had to take four already." I say, trying to gather my strength to get off the couch but my legs wobble under me.

"Mom, you're not too old," Larry says, his eyes still filled with lust. "You're still so hot," he adds, reaching out to stroke my thigh. "We just want to make you happy," he says, his voice filled with a sincerity that makes me want to believe him.

"No," I murmur, my voice shaking. "I'm not happy. This isn't what I want," I protest, trying to push his hand away.

"Then how about only me. I will take you to the bedroom and you and me enjoy the rest of the night.", Jack says with a smirk, his eyes gleaming

with excitement.

"Jack, You are old enough to understand I can't take any more." I reply, my voice trembling with fear.

Jack laughs, "Oh, come on, mom. You're just saying that because you're shy. Besides, you're not too old for a little fun." He winks at me, his cock bobbing as he stands up.

"That's not fair. How come you get to fuck mom alone. Why can't we do it too?", Steve whines like a child denied a toy.

"Because I am the oldest, the strongest, and I have the biggest dick," Jack retorts with a grin, flexing his muscles.

"That's not fair," Larry protests, his expression a mix of anger and lust. "We all want a turn with mom."

"But I want her all to myself," Jack argues, his eyes glinting with challenge. "You guys had your fun. Now it's my turn to show her what a real man can do."

"So far, we only fucked her one on one. Should we gangbang her everyone all together?", Mark suggests, his voice filled with excitement at the thought.

"No, no, please," I beg, my voice shaking with fear. "I can't do this. Not all of you at once."

"Oh, come on, mom," Steve says, his voice a whine. "You're just saying that because you're scared. But we're not going to hurt you," he adds, his eyes

pleading.

"But I don't want to," I protest, my voice shaking.  
"Please, just let me go."

Jack nods, Larry also agrees, their thought now swirling around gangbang. "Let's gangbang her.", says Jack.

Everyone agrees, except me. "No, no, please. I can't," I beg, my voice breaking.

"Don't worry, mom," Larry says, his eyes gleaming.  
"We'll go slow."

All of them work together to pick me up and carry me to the bedroom, my legs still too weak to support myself. I feel like a rag doll in their arms, my body limp and lifeless. "Please, no," I murmur, my voice a bare whisper as they lay me down on the bed.

"Don't worry, mom," Mark says, his voice soothing as he climbs onto the bed beside me. "We're going to make this good for you," he promises, his hand sliding up my thigh.

Jack takes the leadership. He lies down on the bed and tell me to sit on his cock, "Mom, you know you want it," he says, his voice a seductive purr. "Just sit down on me and let me show you how much we love you," he adds, his eyes never leaving mine.

I don't want to do it clearly. Mark and Larry picks me and puts me on Jack's cock. "Oh, god," I whimper as Jack's cock stretches me open once again. "I can't," I murmur, my voice a mix of pain and pleasure.

I lay down on Jack's chest, his cock deep inside me. "Just relax, mom," he whispers, his voice soothing despite the situation. "You'll get used to it," he adds, his hands stroking my back as if trying to comfort me.

Mark approaches me from behind. Lining his cock with my asshole, he says, "Mom, you're so tight here too." His voice is filled with excitement, his breath hot on my neck as he presses into me. "Are you ready?" he asks, his hands gripping my hips.

I whimper, my body trembling. "I don't want this," I murmur, my eyes squeezed shut.

"Mom, just relax," Mark says, his voice gentle but firm as he pushes into my ass. "You're going to love it," he whispers, his breath hot against my neck.

Steve and Larry approaches me from the front. They simultaneously shove their cock in my mouth. "Take us both, mom," Steve says, his voice eager. "You know you want to," he adds, his cock twitching against my tongue.

I try to protest, but my words are muffled by their cocks. The taste of their precum is bitter, but I can't help but suck on them, my body reacting on instinct despite my mind's screams of protest. "That's a good mom," Larry says, his eyes gleaming with excitement as he watches his cock disappear into my mouth.

And then all four of them started pounding me, their hands roaming over my body, gripping my tits and ass as they fuck me in a frenzied rhythm. "You're doing so good, mom," Mark grunts, his hips bucking

against me. "You're taking us all so well," he adds, his voice strained with pleasure.

I moan around their cocks, my body betraying me as I start to feel the beginnings of another orgasm.

"Agh, yes," I murmur, my voice muffled by the flesh in my mouth.

"Look at her, guys," Jack says, his voice filled with amazement. "Mom's loving it."

I whimper, my eyes squeezed shut tightly. "Oh, please," I manage to say, my voice a mix of pain and desperation. "Please, no more."

Four way assault is unbearable. The fullness is too much. "Mom, you're so fucking tight," Mark groans, his hands gripping my hips as he thrusts into me. "It's like you're made for us," he whispers, his voice filled with awe.

Steve and Larry are both holding my face in place, their cocks sliding in and out of my mouth in a synchronized rhythm that makes me gag. "Mmph, yeah," Steve moans, his eyes rolling back in his head. "You're the best, mom," he adds, his hips bucking wildly as he fucks my mouth.

Jack's thrusts are growing stronger, his grip on my hips tightening as he fucks me harder and faster. "Oh, fuck, mom," he groans, his voice strained. "You're so fucking tight," he says, his cock swelling inside me.

My body melts, I can no longer muster any strength, my legs are trembling, and my pussy is sore beyond belief. "Mom, you're taking it like a champ," Larry

says, his eyes never leaving my face as he watches my every reaction.

I feel another orgasm building, despite the pain. "Please, no more," I murmur, my voice barely audible. But my body seems to have a mind of its own, my pussy clenching around Jack's cock, begging for more despite my protests.

"Look at her, she's going to cum again," Steve says, his grip on my head tightening as he fucks my mouth with renewed vigor. "Swallow it, mom," he adds, his voice strained.

"Mom, you're so wet," Mark groans from behind, his cock plunging deep into my ass. "It's like you're made for us," he whispers, his breath hot against my neck.

As my boneless, motionless body lay there, my pussy gushes with my cum. "See, mom," Steve says, his cock sliding in and out of my mouth. "You're enjoying this. You can't help it."

"Mom, you're so fucking amazing," Jack groans, his hips pumping upward, filling me even deeper. "We're going to cum together," he promises, his voice thick with desire.

Before I could even mentally prepare, all four of them starts to cum at the same time. Mark cums in my ass, filling me with his hot seed, his body jerking with the force of his orgasm. Steve and Larry shoot their loads into my mouth, their cocks pulsing as I try to swallow everything they give me. And Jack...Jack cums inside me, his cock spasming as he fills me with his cum.

All my holes filling with so much cum at the same time sends me over the edge. I scream around their cocks, my body convulsing with an orgasm that's more intense than anything I've ever felt before. It's like my body is being torn apart from the inside out, the pleasure so intense it's almost painful.

Jack's eyes widen as he feels me cumming around his cock. "Fuck, yes, mom," he groans, his hips bucking upward. "Take it all," he says, his voice filled with triumph as he empties himself inside me.

Steve and Larry both groan in unison as they shoot their loads into my mouth, their eyes watching as I swallow each spurt of cum, my cheeks bulging with their seed. "So good, mom," Larry says, his voice filled with awe.

Jack's cock finally stops pulsing, and he collapses back onto the bed, his chest heaving. "Mom, you're...you're amazing," he says, his voice filled with wonder. "You took all of us," he adds, his eyes shining with a mix of lust and pride.

I lie there, my body trembling, cum dripping from my pussy and ass, my mouth filled with the bitter taste of my sons' seed. They all pull out of me. Leaving me lying there, feeling empty and violated.

"Look what you've done," Mark says, his voice filled with a mix of pride and lust as he looks at the mess they've made of me. "You're such a good mom," he adds, his eyes gleaming.

Steve asks, "What should we do with her next?"

Jack laughs, "Let's see if she can handle two at once."

"Jack, please," I whine, my voice barely above a whisper. "I can't take anymore."

They weren't asking for my permission any more. Jack got under me again and positioned his cock at my entrance, his hands gripping my hips. "Don't worry, mom," he says, his voice filled with excitement. "We're just going to have a little fun," he adds, his cock pushing into me despite my protests.

Next Larry approaches from behind. He lines up his cock with my propped up pussy. "Ready for me, mom?" he asks, his voice thick with lust.

I shake my head, my voice too weak to form words. "Mom, you know you want it," Larry says, his hands gripping my hips. He starts to push into me, his cock stretching me open once again.

"Oh, god," I whimper as Larry enters me, filling me up alongside Jack. The sensation is too much, and I start to cry. "Why are you doing this to me?" I ask, my voice barely above a whisper.

Jack says while laughing, "Oh my God. Look how much she can stretch. Two cocks at the same time. You're so hot, mom." His thrusts are strong, and I can feel his cock sliding against Larry's in my pussy.

They start thrusting in sync, filling me up so much that I can't even scream anymore. It's just a series of whimpers and gasps. "Yeah, she loves it," Larry groans, his eyes glazed over with lust as he watches me take them both.

Then their thrusts are no longer in synch. They start to compete, pushing against each other to get deeper. "Mom, you're so tight," Larry grunts, his face red with effort. "I can feel Jack in you," he adds, his voice filled with excitement.

Jack's eyes widen. "Holy shit, I can feel him too," he says, his hips bucking wildly. "It's like we're fucking each other," he says, his voice filled with a mix of amazement and lust.

"Yeah, mom," Larry pants, his thrusts growing erratic. "You're making us both so fucking hard."

"Agh, I can't believe how good this feels," Jack groans, his eyes squeezed shut in ecstasy. "Your pussy is like a fucking vice."

Both of them start throbbing at the same time, and I feel my body start to tighten around them. "N-no, please," I whimper, but my protests fall on deaf ears. They're too lost in their own pleasure to hear my pain.

"Mom, you're going to make us cum again," Larry says, his voice strained as he fucks me harder. "I can't hold back anymore."

I feel his cock swell inside me, and then he's filling me with his cum, his body shaking with the force of his orgasm. "Aah, yes, mom," he groans, his voice filled with pleasure.

Jack's thrusts don't slow, even as Larry's cock pulses inside me, filling me with his seed. "You're going to make me cum again," he whispers, his eyes never leaving mine. "You're so good at this," he adds, his

voice filled with amazement.

"Jack, please," I murmur, my voice a mix of pain and pleasure. "I can't take anymore."

Jack's eyes glaze over with determination, his cock still pounding into me. "Oh, but you're going to make me cum again, mom," he says, his voice a mix of challenge and need. "You're going to make us both cum," he adds, his hips moving faster as he nears his climax.

Larry's cock slips out of me, and he watches with a smug smile as Jack continues to fuck me. "Look at her, Jack," he says. "Look how much she loves it."

Jack's eyes are locked on mine, his expression one of pure, unbridled lust. "You're so perfect, mom," he whispers, his hips pistoning into me. "So fucking tight and wet," he adds, his voice strained with the effort of holding back his orgasm.

He couldn't hold back anymore, and with one final, powerful thrust, he cums deep inside me, his cock swelling and pulsing. "Fuck, yes," he groans. "You're so amazing," he murmurs, his breath hot against my neck.

"Look at the mess you made, mom," Steve says, his voice filled with amusement as he watches cum spurt out of my pussy with each of Jack's thrusts.

"Please, I beg you all. No more. My pussy has rotted. I can't even feel anything anymore", I whine, my voice barely a whisper as I try to push them away, but my body is too weak to even put up a fight.

Jack chuckles, his cock still buried deep inside me. "Mom, you're just saying that because you're being a tease," he says, his voice filled with a dark amusement. "But don't worry, we're going to give you a break," he adds, his hands gently easing me off of his cock.

"Thank you," I murmur, my voice barely a whisper. I feel like I've been run through a gauntlet of pleasure and pain, my body feeling like it's been used beyond its limits. "Can I get some water please?"

Jack smirks, "Water? Sure, let me get that for you," he says as he gets off the bed, his cock still hard and covered in cum. He walks out of the room, leaving me with Steve, Larry and Mark.

"Mom, you're so pretty when you cum," Steve says, his eyes glued to the mess between my legs. "It's like watching an angel fall," he adds, his voice filled with awe.

I look up at him through tear-filled eyes. "Steve, please. I can't do this anymore," I beg.

"What do you mean, mom?" Steve asks, his expression one of genuine confusion. "You're taking it so well," he adds, his eyes still gleaming with lust.

"I...I just can't," I whisper, my voice cracking. "Please, let me rest," I beg, my body feeling like it's going to collapse at any moment.

Mark, still watching with a mix of excitement and fascination, says, "But mom, we're just getting started. You can't expect us to stop now." He runs a finger through the cum that's dripping down my

thighs, bringing it to his lips to taste it. "It's like you're made for this," he murmurs, his eyes never leaving my face.

"You are all my sons. I gave birth to you. The same hole you guys are violating was once your home. Please have some shame", I beg, my voice cracking with desperation.

Larry chuckles, "Mom, don't be so dramatic. You're acting like we're hurting you," he says, his hand reaching out to caress my cheek. "You liked it," he adds, his voice filled with a smug confidence that makes me want to scream.

"I didn't like it," I whisper, my voice shaking with anger and humiliation. "You guys are monsters," I say, my eyes filling with tears as I look at them.

"Aw, come on, mom," Larry says, his tone patronizing. "You're just playing hard to get," he adds, his eyes gleaming with challenge.

Jack comes back with the glass of water but there is some kind of pill fizzing inside. "What's this?" I ask, my eyes narrowing with suspicion.

"It's just a little something to help you relax, mom," Jack says, his smile not reaching his eyes. "You're going to need it for the next round," he adds, his voice filled with a dark promise.

I stare at the water in the glass, my stomach twisting with dread. "What is it?" I ask, my voice barely above a whisper.

"This will help your pussy produce more wetness and

it'll be more fun to fuck you," Jack says, his voice devoid of any concern for my feelings. He holds the glass to my lips, and despite my protests, I feel the cool liquid trickle down my throat.

"What have you done?" I whisper, my eyes widening in horror as the pill dissolves and a strange warmth spreads through my body.

Jack's smile widens as he watches me, his eyes gleaming with malicious intent. "It's just a little something to make sure you're nice and wet for us," he says, his voice low and taunting. "You're going to love it," he adds, his hand moving to stroke my cheek.

Actually it was more than that, I would also make me hornier. My pussy is already itching, and I hate myself for it. "Jack, please," I beg, my voice a bare whisper. "What have you done?"

Jack ignores me, "Alright, what's the next thing any of you want to do? Any ideas?", he asks his brothers, his cock still standing at attention.

Steve smirks, "How about we get dad in on the action? Wake him up and let him watch how much she loves this"

"Steve, no. Please don't do that," I plead, my heart racing at the thought of Bob witnessing this depravity.

Jack looks at Steve, "Now, that's an idea," he says, his eyes lighting up with excitement. "Mom would love that, wouldn't you?" he asks, turning to me with a smug grin.

"No, please," I whimper, my body already starting to respond to the pill, my pussy growing wetter by the second. "Not Bob," I beg, my voice shaking.

Steve laughs, "Come on, mom. He's gotta know how much we love you," he says, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "Besides, think of how much he'll enjoy watching," he adds, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Jack says, "No. Not waking up dad. Remember our original plan? This is just a one time thing. We will enjoy this night to the fullest. If dad sees, then that'll be a permanent thing. We don't want that"

"But, Jack," Steve argues, "It'll be so hot seeing his reaction."

Jack continues, "No. We only have one 'Forget me' pill. We will feed it to her at dawn and she will forget all this. If dad finds out then we can't undo any of this."

Larry nods, "Jack's right. We've got all night to play with mom. No need to involve him yet," he says, his eyes glinting with excitement as he looks down at my trembling body.

Mark says, "Let's fuck her in jacuzzi. It'll be so hot," his voice is filled with lust.

Jack nods, "Alright, let's get her up," he says, his hand reaching out to help me off the bed. Despite my weak protests, they lift me to my feet and guide me outside, my legs still shaking.

"You're going to love this, mom," Mark says, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "The water will feel so

good on your sore pussy."

I look at them, my eyes wide with fear. "No, please. Not the jacuzzi," I whimper, my body feeling like it's on fire with arousal despite my protests.

"Don't worry, mom," Larry says, his voice soothing. "It'll feel amazing," he promises, his hand caressing my arm.

Jack smirks, "Come on, let's go. The water's perfect," he says, leading the way to the jacuzzi. My body feels like it's on autopilot as I follow them, my legs unsteady beneath me. The warmth of the pill is spreading, making my pussy ache with need despite my fear.

The jacuzzi is already bubbling, the water steaming in the cool night air. "Here, let me help you in," Larry says, his hands gentle as he helps me over the edge. The water feels like heaven against my sore, abused pussy, and I can't help but gasp as I sink down into it.

"Oh, that's right," Mark says, his eyes on my chest as my breasts bob to the surface of the water. "You're going to love this, mom." He winks at me, and I can feel my cheeks flush despite the horror of the situation.

All the cum inside me, washing away finally, I think. The water feels so good on my over-sensitive skin. "We're going to take turns," Jack says, his eyes never leaving my body as I sit in the water. "You just sit back and enjoy," he adds, his voice filled with a dark promise.

They set me up on all four. Sitting in the doggystyle,

my head bobs above water the rest of my body underwater. "First, Mark," Larry says, his voice filled with excitement. Mark's cock, still hard and eager, slides into my pussy with ease thanks to the pill. The water feels like it's caressing my skin as he starts to fuck me gently, his hands on my hips guiding me.

Meanwhile, from the front, one can mouth fuck me. Steve volunteers. He kneels before me, his cock at my mouth level. "Mom, open wide," he says, his voice filled with amusement. I do as told, my mouth enveloping his cock, the water making the sensation more intense.

"Oh, yeah, that's it," Steve groans, his eyes rolling back as I suck on him. The water laps at my chin as I bob my head up and down, trying to ignore the ache in my jaw. "You're so good at this, mom," he adds, his grip on my head tightening.

Mark giving punishing thrust from behind, his cock sliding in and out of me with ease thanks to the water and the pill. "Look how much she loves it," he says, his voice filled with pride. "Mom's such a good little slut," he adds, his hands gripping my hips tightly.

Jack watches with a smirk, stroking his hard cock as he waits for his turn. "You're doing great, Mark," he says, his eyes on my bobbing head as Steve fucks my mouth. "But don't hog her all to yourself," he adds, his voice filled with a hint of challenge.

"Don't worry, I'm almost there," Mark groans, his hips moving faster as he fucks me from behind. "Mom, you're so fucking hot," he says, his voice strained with his approaching climax.

The amount of cum they shoot is declining, Mark cums a very small amount inside me, his orgasm not as intense as before. Steve's cock in my mouth swells and starts to pulse as he cums, filling my mouth with his seed. "Swallow it, mom," he commands, his eyes never leaving my face. I have no choice but to obey, the cum sliding down my throat as I swallow.

Then the pair switches. Larry takes Mark's place behind me, his cock sliding into my soaked pussy without resistance. "Mmm, you're so warm and wet," he murmurs, his hips starting to move. Meanwhile, Steve sits back on the edge of the jacuzzi, his cock still hard. "Your turn, Jack," he says, his voice filled with satisfaction.

Jack doesn't hesitate. He steps in front of me, his cock bobbing in the water. "Open up, mom," he says, his voice firm. I do as I'm told, my mouth opening for his cock as he pushes it in. The water makes his skin slick, and I can feel the muscles in his thighs tensing as he starts to fuck my mouth, his eyes never leaving mine.

I am lost in a haze. The warm water, the feel of their cocks inside me, the way they're all watching me with such hunger. It's overwhelming, and I can feel my body responding despite my mind screaming no. "Look at her, she's loving it," Steve says, his voice filled with excitement. "Her pussy's practically begging for it," he adds, his eyes on my ass as Larry starts to fuck me harder.

In bliss, I don't know how long they went for. All I could vaguely remember is all four of them fucked

my mouth and all four of them fucked my pussy. The pill made sure I was wet enough, and the water made sure there was enough lubrication. I'm nothing but a cumdumpster for them. They're all so lost in their pleasure that they don't seem to care about my pain anymore.

I regained my consciousness when, they were carrying me out of the jacuzzi and into the villa again. "Where are you taking me?" I mumble, my voice hoarse from screaming and crying.

"Don't worry, mom," Larry says, his voice soothing. "We're just going to get you cleaned up," he adds, his eyes filled with a mix of pity and lust. They lay me down on the bed, the cool sheets feeling like a balm on my feverish skin.

Jack grabs a towel, his eyes raking over my body. "You're so fucking beautiful, mom," he says, his voice thick with desire. He starts to dry me off, his touch surprisingly gentle. "Let's get you clean," he murmurs, his hands moving over my skin.

A little red light is making through the curtains, it's dawn. "It's almost time," Mark says, his voice filled with a hint of regret. "We've got one more thing to do before we give you the pill," he adds, his eyes on the clock.

I look at him, my eyes wide with fear. "What do you mean?" I ask, my voice barely above a whisper.

"We just want one more thing," Steve says, his eyes dark with lust as he reaches down to stroke my thigh. "We're going to make a little video," he adds, his voice low and taunting.

"No," I whimper, my body tensing as I try to pull away, but Jack's hand on my shoulder holds me in place. "You don't have to do this," I say, my voice shaking with fear.

"But we do, mom," Steve says, his tone cold and calculated as he picks up a phone from the bedside table. "You've been such a good sport. We just want to remember this night forever," he adds, his thumb hovering over the record button.

"You won't have to do anything. We will just ask you a few questions and you will answer truthfully. and take our cock in your mouth for a couple of seconds. That's all," Jack says, his voice calm but firm. "It's just for our memories," he adds, his eyes never leaving my face.

"Okay, mom," Steve says, turning on the camera. "First question," he says, his voice taking on a professional tone. "How does it feel to be used by all your sons?"

My voice cracking, I am about to cry again, "It was horrifying," I whisper, my eyes on the floor.

Steve chuckles, "Come on, mom. You know you liked it," he says, his tone mocking. "Tell us how much you liked it," he adds, his voice taking on a more demanding tone.

"I didn't like it. Anyone's body would respond even when they are forced," I murmur, my voice filled with sadness.

Jack leans over me, his cock still hard. "But you

came," he says, his voice a mix of amazement and triumph. "You enjoyed it," he adds, his hand moving to my pussy, his fingers brushing against my clit.

"It's just...my body," I murmur, my voice filled with defeat. "It doesn't mean I liked it," I say, my eyes filling with fresh tears.

Jack's expression softens slightly, "Okay, mom," he says, his thumb gently circling my clit. "But just for the video, tell us how much you enjoyed it," he adds, his voice coaxing.

"When I came, it felt good.", I say fidgeting. "But other times it was horrifying"

"That's a good start," Steve says, his eyes on the phone's screen, making sure to capture every moment. "Now, tell us about your favorite part of the night," he says, a wicked smile playing on his lips.

"The Jacuzzi. It was warm and soothing," I reply, my voice hollow. The memory of their hands on me, their cocks inside me, fills me with a mix of revulsion and unwanted arousal.

"Good, good," Steve says, nodding. "Now, Jack, let's get a close-up of her pussy. Make sure she's still wet for us," he says, his eyes glinting with excitement.

Jack smirks, moving his hand down to spread my folds with his fingers. "You're right, Steve," he says, his voice filled with satisfaction. "She's still so fucking wet," he adds, his thumb sliding through my cum-soaked slit.

I hold his wrist, I regained some strength so I am

able to stop him at least a bit. "Jack, please," I whine, my body betraying me once again as my pussy clenches around his fingers.

Jack's smirk turns into a full-blown grin, "Don't worry, mom. This is just for the video," he says, his voice filled with a dark amusement. "Now, tell us, on a scale of one to ten, how much you enjoyed being our little fuck toy," he adds, his thumb continuing to rub my clit.

"One, I hated it" I say, my voice trembling.

They all laugh, "Come on, mom. That's not what your pussy's telling us," Larry says, his hand joining Jack's to tease my clit. The dual sensation sends a bolt of pleasure through me, despite my protests.

Mark says, "Ok. Next Question. If you could pick one of us to marry, who would it be?" His voice is filled with mischief.

"No one. You are my sons. Please finish the video. I want to rest. I can't do this anymore. I can't think straight," I reply, my voice shaking with exhaustion.

"Ok then. Let's do the cock sucking now. Ok mom. Before you suck one of us, you are gonna say your name, then who you are sucking. Then you will suck the cock for 10 seconds. Easy peasy," Steve instructs, his tone cold and demanding.

First, Jack stands in front of me, his cock already erect. "Ok, mom," he says, his voice thick with lust. "You know what to do," he adds, his hand guiding my face closer to his cock.

I look at the camera with sad eyes, "My name is Mira," I murmur. "And I am being forced to suck my son, Jack's, cock," I say, my voice trembling. Despite my words, my mouth opens, and I suck his cock for the required ten seconds, my eyes never leaving his. The taste of chlorine and cum fills my mouth, but I don't protest. I've lost the energy to fight anymore.

Then, Larry, still smiling that twisted smile, takes his place. "Mom, don't worry," he says, his voice gentle despite the situation. "We're almost done," he adds, his cock in my face. "Say it," he prompts, his hand cupping the back of my head.

"My name is Mira," I repeat, my voice a broken whisper. "And I'm about to suck my son Larry's cock," I say, the words feeling like acid on my tongue. I obey, my mouth opening and taking him in for the required ten seconds. The salty taste of cum is all I can focus on as he pulls out, his eyes never leaving mine.

Then, Mark, takes his turn. "Come on, mom," he says, his voice filled with excitement. "You know you want it," he adds, his cock bobbing in front of me. I force a smile through my tears, "My name is Mira, and I'm going to suck my son Mark's cock," I murmur, trying to keep the disgust out of my voice. I manage to get through the ten seconds, my teeth gritted the whole time.

Steve hands the camera to Jack and then stands in front of me. "Alright, mom," he says, his voice filled with excitement. "You know the drill," he adds, his cock already hard. "My name is Mira," I repeat, feeling like a broken record. "And I'm about to suck my son Steve's cock," I say, my voice devoid of any

emotion. I take him into my mouth, his taste the same as the others. The only difference is the smug look on his face as he watches the camera.

"Mom, you're doing so good," Mark says, his voice filled with a strange mix of pride and lust as he records the scene. "We're almost there," he adds, his eyes never leaving the screen. I suck Steve's cock, counting the seconds in my head. Just as the ten seconds are up, Larry says, "Mom, tell us how much you're looking forward to forgetting all of this."

"What? I would never forget this. I would never forgive any of you either. You are monsters," I spit out, my voice filled with a mix of anger and pain.

"Now, now, mom," Jack says, his voice soothing despite his erection. "You're going to forget everything," he promises, his hand stroking my cheek. "It'll be like it never happened," he adds, his thumb brushing away a tear.

Mark hands me a glass of fuzzy water. I was thirsty beyond imagination. I gulped the water without realizing what it was. The pill's effects were already starting to wear off, and I felt a pang of dread as I swallowed. "What is this?" I ask, my voice shaky.

"It's the 'Forget me' pill, mom," Steve says, his voice gentle. "You'll forget everything that happened tonight. It'll be like it never happened," he adds, his eyes filled with a strange mix of pity and excitement.

Before I can comprehend what he said, I collapse backward and fall asleep. It's like someone flipped a switch and turned off all my thoughts. The world goes black, and I'm lost in a sea of nothingness.

I wake up at Noon. My head feels a little hazy. I get up but I feel a sharp pain in my knees and thighs. Why does my pussy feel so sore. My back hurts too. I don't know what's going on. I sit on the bed, trying to remember the events of last night. Bob gave me aloe, it was cold. I fell asleep. I remember nothing else. Must've been a good night sleep.

I get dressed. I found a white sundress. Soft and soothing. Just what I need today. I go out to the kitchen and see the boys sitting around the table, sipping juices and munching on toast. "Good morning, mom," they chime in unison, their faces a picture of innocence. "How's the sunburn?" Jack asks, his eyes on my body, scanning for any signs of the night's depravity.

"Oh it's much better. Your dad's aloe really helped." I say with a happy smile. They all exchange a knowing smirk. "Why are you all smirking? What were you up to last night? I slept like a baby. My whole body is sore.", I add with a smile.

"Yeah, we had a wild night," Larry says, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "We threw a little party. Got pretty wild," he adds, his gaze flicking to the others.

"Oh, really?" I ask, trying to keep my voice light.  
"What did you all do?"

"We played some games," Mark says, his voice casual. "You know, typical brotherly bonding stuff," he adds, his eyes not meeting mine.

"Yeah, just some harmless fun," Steve says, his smile not quite reaching his eyes. "But it got pretty late,"

he continues, his gaze lingering on my breasts, which are slightly visible through the loose fabric of the dress.

"Did I miss out on something?" I ask, feeling a strange sense of unease. The haziness in my mind isn't just from the pill, but from a deep, gut-wrenching feeling that something's not right.

Jack laughs, a little too loudly, "Oh, you wouldn't remember. You were out like a light," he says, his hand brushing against my leg.

"Well. Whatever you did, I am happy for you guys. It's good to see you all bonding," I say, my voice filled with forced cheerfulness.

"Thanks, mom," Larry says, his eyes glinting with something unreadable. "We're just happy you're okay," he adds, his gaze lingering on my face.

"Well. I will sit in the jacuzzi for a while. See you boys later. I need to get my energy back," I say, my legs feeling like jelly as I stand up.

"Bye, Mom" They all greet me together and break out into laughter as soon as I leave the room. The sound of their laughter sends a cold shiver down my spine. I walk to the jacuzzi, my mind racing. Did something happen last night? Why do they seem so...different? I shake my head. It's just my imagination, I tell myself.