平常的一天，布鲁斯王从寝殿的床上醒来。
签订和平协议之后，他把大部分政务交给大臣，自己则每天都睡到自然醒，随心所欲地赖床。

大概是觉得维持同一个睡姿太久有点疲劳，于是他侧身抱住了抱枕。
米罗是他最喜欢的抱枕，皮肤光滑手感细腻，柔韧性好到可以随意捏造形状，而且嗓音也很助眠。
早安，王。

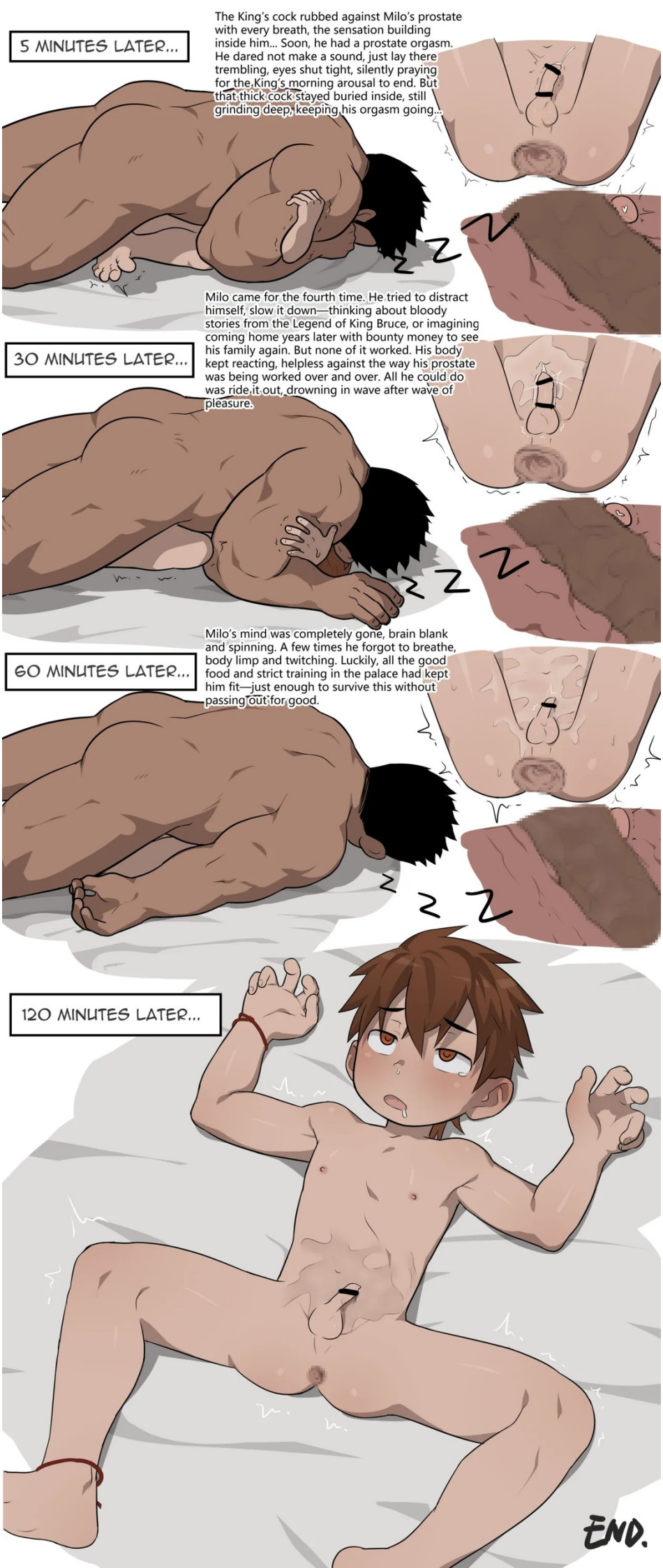
在半梦半醒之间，王凭借肌肉记忆本能地寻找着那个温暖的洞口……
好重……我快要喘不过气了……！！
顺利插入后，感受着下体被包裹的感觉，王很快就再次沉睡。长年的征伐让他养成了随时随地快速入睡的习惯。
在王醒来之前，可怜的Milo需要安静地忍受来自身体上方和来自身体内部的双重压迫。这可能会持续1-2小时。

5 MINUTES LATER...
插入的肉棒随着王的呼吸起伏反复摩擦着Milo的前列腺，Milo感觉到下体的快感在逐渐攀升……很快，他就达到了高潮。他不敢出声，只能闭着眼颤抖地忍受着快感，祈祷王的晨勃早点结束。然而王的下体仍然像一根铁棒一样插在里面，不停碾压着前列腺，这使得他的高潮无法停止……
30 MINUTES LATER...
Milo 第四次高潮了。他试图转移注意力、减缓快感的累积——想着《布鲁斯王传》里的血腥故事，或者幻想几年后带着赏金回家，与家人团聚。但这些努力全都无效。他的身体不断做出本能反应，根本抵挡不住前列腺被反复刺激带来的快感。他只能一次又一次地被高潮吞没。
60 MINUTES LATER...
Milo的精神已经彻底涣散，他的大脑一片空白。他几度由于脱力而忘记呼吸，好在王宫里的优质饮食和严格的身体管理让他维持了健康的体质，使他没有性命之忧。
120 MINUTES LATER...
END.

On an ordinary day, King Bruce awoke in the royal chamber.
After signing the peace treaty, he left most of the state affairs to his ministers. So he could sleep in every day and lazed around in bed as he wanted.

Feeling a bit tired from the same sleeping position, he turned to his side and hugged his body pillow.
Milo was his favorite pillow—smooth-skinned, soft, and so pliable that it could be molded into any shape. His voice is soothing and good for sleep.
GOOD MORNING, MY KING.

Half-asleep, the King's body moved on instinct—his hips slowly grinding forward, cock nudging between Milo's cheeks, searching for that warm, familiar place...
IT'S SO HEAVY... I CAN BARELY BREATHE...!!
Once inside, feeling himself being enveloped, the King quickly drifted back to sleep. Years of battles had made him accustomed to falling asleep quickly, anytime and anywhere.
Before the King woke up, poor Milo had to quietly endure the dual pressure from above and from within. This could last for 1-2 hours.


5 MINUTES LATER...
The King's cock rubbed against Milo's prostate with every breath, the sensation building inside him... Soon, he had a prostate orgasm. He dared not make a sound, just lay there trembling, eyes shut tight, silently praying for the King's morning arousal to end. But that thick cock stayed buried inside, still grinding deep, keeping his orgasm going...
30 MINUTES LATER...
Milo came for the fourth time. He tried to distract himself, slow it down—thinking about bloody stories from the Legend of King Bruce, or imagining coming home years later with bounty money to see his family again. But none of it worked. His body kept reacting, helpless against the way his prostate was being worked over and over. All he could do was ride it out, drowning in wave after wave of pleasure.
60 MINUTES LATER...
Milo's mind was completely gone, brain blank and spinning. A few times he forgot to breathe, body limp and twitching. Luckily, all the good food and strict training in the palace had kept him fit—just enough to survive this without passing out for good.
120 MINUTES LATER...
END.