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As the guys gathered in the park for another afternoon of fun and training, the familiar routine began to unfold. Tyler, settling in for his ride on Bob's face, enjoyed the anticipation of the upcoming training session. Meanwhile, Frank's attention was drawn to Mark. A mischievous glint in Frank's eyes hinted at a playful desire. Mark, sensing Frank's intent, inquired, What's on your mind, Frank?

Frank, with a smirk, admitted, Seeing Tyler having his fun on Bob's face makes me want to join the party, on someone else's face, yours to be exact. Mark chuckled, Frank, you can't just sit on me whenever you feel like it. However, Frank was not one to be easily deterred. With a playful gleam, he approached Mark and, in a sudden move, pushed him onto his back on the ground. The maneuver was both assertive and lighthearted, setting the stage for Frank to indulge in his desire for a different kind of seat.

Mark, finding himself on the ground with Frank above him, couldn't help but laugh. Alright, cowboy, you got me down. What's the plan now? Frank, with a mischievous grin: Just taking my turn, Mark. Tyler's enjoying his ride, and I figured I want a piece of the action too. Mark, trying to push Frank off: You can't just decide to sit on my face whenever you want! Frank, confidently maintaining his position: Oh, I think I can. And I know you can take it, tough guy. Mark, grinning reluctantly: Alright, fine, but just for a few minutes.

Frank settles comfortably on Mark's chest first, making himself at home. His weight exerts a firm pressure, and Mark can feel the dominance in the unexpected situation. Mark: You're really making yourself at home, aren't you? Frank, leaning back casually: Why not? It's a good spot, and I know you can handle it. Mark, chuckling: Well, enjoy it while it lasts. Frank: Oh, I plan to do so.

Frank, feeling the thrill of dominance, shifts his hips forward, letting Mark know that his face is about to become his seat. Frank, with a playful tone: Get ready for the landing, Mark. Mark grunts as Frank descends and settles onto his face.

Meanwhile, Tyler is watching Frank and Mark with amusement. He sees that Frank exerts his dominance over Mark and he is curious if Mark will submit to Frank's presence on his face. Tyler compliments Frank with his swift action to bring Mark under his control. Tyler, with a chuckle: Well, Frank, you sure know how to take charge. Mark seems to be under your control now. Frank, grinning: Gotta keep things interesting, you know? Mark needs a reminder of who's the boss every now and then. Tyler, grinning: Bob here is a pro at submission. He knows who's in charge, and I don't even have to remind him. Frank, smirking: Well, Mark's a bit more resistant. But, you know, I like a challenge. He'll learn to submit sooner or later.

Tyler, teasing: Maybe you need to show him the ropes, literally. A little hog-tying might do the trick. Frank, chuckling: I like your style, Tyler. But for now, I'll stick to using my weight to assert dominance. Tyler, nodding: Fair enough. It's a different experience with each guy. How's the cowboy hat treating you, by the way? Frank, adjusting his hat: Oh, it's the perfect accessory for a face-sitting session. Adds a touch of flair to the domination. Tyler, laughing: You really do take this to the next level. Mark's getting the full cowboy treatment, huh? Frank, proudly: Absolutely. Gotta make sure he knows who's the cowboy and who's the horse.

As Tyler and Frank continue their conversation, Bob and Mark remain under their control, each experiencing the unique dynamics of face sitting with their respective riders. Mark, muffled under Frank's weight, hears the banter between Tyler and Frank about the cowboy theme. Frank's confident tone and Tyler's laughter create a unique atmosphere for Mark as he struggles to find comfort under Frank's dominating presence.

Frank, grinning: You hear that, Mark? You're my horse today. A wild stallion, but I'll break you in. Mark, with a hint of resistance in his muffled voice: I'm not...some...horse, Frank. I...can handle...myself. Frank, playfully: We'll see about that, Mark. You're gonna learn to enjoy the

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ride. Tyler, chiming in: I think Frank's got a point, Mark. Surrender to the cowboy. It's easier that way. Mark, trying to assert himself: I'm...not surrendering...to anything. I can...take it. Frank, confidently: We'll test that endurance of yours, Mark. You might find yourself enjoying it more than you think.

As the banter continues, Mark can't help but feel the weight on his face, both physically and metaphorically. Frank's domination, coupled with the cowboy narrative, adds an extra layer to the face-sitting experience, making Mark question how much control he really has in this situation.

Under Tyler's weight, Bob feels a sense of familiarity and comfort. Tyler has been his regular rider, and Bob has grown accustomed to the quarterback's dominating presence. Memories of his journey into submission flash through Bob's mind as he contemplates the current scenario. Bob vividly recalls the initial stages of his submission, starting with Tyler's gradual assertion of control during their endurance training sessions. At first, it was a physical challenge, but over time, it evolved into something more. Tyler's weight on his shoulders became a symbol of authority, and Bob found himself willingly surrendering to the quarterback's dominance.

The transition from Tyler to Mark brought a different dynamic. Mark, asserting his desire for dominance, pushed Bob's limits further. The struggle between submission and resistance marked this phase, as Bob found himself torn between the comfort of familiarity and the thrill of embracing a new level of control.

And then came Frank, the heavyweight wrestler whose dominance was both imposing and exhilarating. Bob vividly remembers the first time Frank sat on his face, the initial resistance, the overwhelming pressure, and the ultimate submission. Frank's weight became a formidable force, and Bob learned to navigate the fine line between discomfort and pleasure.

Now, as Tyler continues to ride on his face, Bob reflects on the diversity of experiences he has had with each rider. The familiarity of Tyler's weight contrasts with the memories of Mark and Frank. Bob understands the unique journey of submission each rider has taken him on, shaping him into the accommodating seat he is today.

In the present moment, Bob revels in the complexity of his submissive role, knowing that his endurance and submission are key elements in the intricate dance of dominance and control that unfolds with each rider.

Tyler directs his attention to Frank, inquiring about Mark's resistance to the wrestler's weight. With a knowing look, Tyler acknowledges Mark's resilience, recognizing that submission doesn't come easily for him. However, he also understands Frank's determination to assert dominance and make Mark yield to his control.

Tyler: Frank, how's it going with Mark? Is he still putting up a fight under your weight? Frank, sitting confidently and enjoying the ride on Mark's face, responds with a chuckle. Frank: Oh, you know Mark. He's a tough one to crack. But I'm patient, and I've got all the time in the world. He will submit eventually.

Tyler engages in a conversation with Frank about the dynamics of their respective rides. He's curious to know how Frank feels riding Mark's face compared to the experience of sitting on Bob. Tyler: Hey, Frank, how's it going over there? Is riding Mark's face different from riding Bob's? Frank: (grinning) Oh, it's a whole different experience, Tyler. Mark's putting up a fight, but I can feel him gradually submitting to the weight. It's a power play, you know?

Tyler: Yeah? What's the difference? Bob here is like a rock, solid and reliable. Frank: Mark's got a bit more fight in him, but that's what makes it interesting. You can feel the struggle, the gradual acceptance. It's like breaking in a wild horse. How about Bob? He still the same

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reliable seat? Tyler: Absolutely, Bob is like a seasoned seat. Takes the weight without a fuss. But it sounds like you're having fun with Mark over there. Frank: Oh, you bet. It's all about the power dynamics, my friend. How about you and Bob? Everything still smooth sailing? Tyler: Couldn't be better. Bob knows his role well, and he's as reliable as ever. We've got our own little game going on here.

Finally, Mark submits to Frank's weight. Frank, satisfied with Mark's submission, leans back in his seat with a triumphant grin. Mark, under Frank's weight, breathes a sigh of acceptance. Frank: Well, well, Mark. Looks like you've finally surrendered to the inevitable. Good job, buddy. Mark: (muffled) Yeah, yeah. You...win, Frank. Frank: (smirking) That's what I like to hear. Now, since you're under my control, I think we'll extend this ride a bit longer. Make sure you keep me comfortable, and we'll get along just fine. Mark, resigned to his fate, nods as much as he can under Frank's ass. Mark: (muffled) Fine, Frank. Just...try not...to crush...me completely. Frank chuckles, enjoying the sense of dominance. Frank: Don't worry, Mark. I'll make sure it's a comfortable ride for both of us. Now, follow my instructions, and we'll see how long you can endure it.

As the conversation continues, Mark settles into his role as Frank's submissive seat, knowing that he'll be carrying Frank's weight for a while longer. The power play between the two friends adds an extra layer of excitement to their secluded spot in the park.

Tyler, curious about the dynamics between Frank and Mark, breaks into their conversation. Tyler: Hey, Frank, now that Mark has surrendered, does it feel different for you? Does his submission make your seat more comfortable? Frank, grinning, responds to Tyler's question. Frank: Oh, absolutely, Tyler. It's like a whole new level of comfort. When your seat submits and accepts its role, it makes the ride so much smoother. Mark's doing a great job now that he's embraced the fact that I'm in charge. Tyler chuckles, understanding the dynamics between the two. Tyler: Glad to hear it, Frank. It must be quite the experience for both of you. How's Mark holding up under there? Frank: He's learning. It takes a bit of time for them to adjust, but once they do, it's a whole different ride.

Frank, reveling in his dominant position over Mark, decides to make the moment even more explicit. He lifts his ass slightly, giving Mark the opportunity to convey his submission. Frank: Alright, Mark, let Tyler know who's in charge now. Mark, with Frank's ass still covering his face, speaks in a muffled voice. Frank is the boss, Tyler. Frank sits back down with a big smile on his face.

Tyler bursts into laughter, thoroughly entertained by the scenario. Tyler: Well, well, it looks like Frank has established his dominance. Mark, how does it feel to be under the boss's control? Mark: It's... it is different, but I'm...getting used...to it. Bob, sharing in the amusement, adds his own commentary. Looks like...Frank's got the...upper hand...now, Mark. You're in...for a ride.

Frank, reveling in the control he now has over Mark, continues to enjoy the situation. He shifts his weight confidently, making adjustments to ensure his own comfort on Mark's face. With each movement, he commands Mark to follow suit, reinforcing his dominance. Frank: Mark, make sure you adjust to every move I make. I want that snug fit, you got it? Mark, now fully submissive to Frank's commands, responds obediently. Mark: Yes, Frank.

Now that there are two riders, each sitting on their own seat, there's no need for taking turns in the face sitting routine on Bob. Tyler asks Frank how long he wants to sit on Mark. Frank, considering Mark's endurance and the need for further training, decides to set a reasonable time frame for his current session on Mark's face. Frank: I'll aim for 30 minutes this time. We'll build it up gradually, but I don't want to push Mark too hard in one go. Tyler approves of the decision, understanding the need for a gradual approach.

Now that the timer is set, both riders relax in their seats, enjoying their positions of power and dominance over their submissive seats. Frank remembers Mark's appreciation for Bob's

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make shift saddle when he sat on Bob's face. Feeling a sense of authority, he decides to test Mark's ability to create a comfortable saddle, similar to what Bob did earlier. Mark, I want you to do something for me. Cup my buttocks and create a snug fit. Let's see if that enhances my comfort. Bob did it earlier, and I want to experience it for myself.

Mark, fully submissive, quickly follows Frank's command without hesitation. He cups his buttocks, creating a comfortable seat for Frank, who settles in, testing the effectiveness of Mark's makeshift saddle. Tyler watches the scene unfold, curious about how Frank is asserting his dominance and testing various seating arrangements. Tyler, observing Frank's experiment with the makeshift saddle created by Mark, becomes curious about Frank's experience. Frank, how does it feel sitting on Mark's face with the snug fit he created? Does it enhance your comfort, or is it just a new way to test his submission?

Frank, with a smirk on his face, responds to Tyler's inquiry, eager to share his thoughts and feelings. Frank: Oh, Tyler, it's an interesting experience. Mark's learning fast, and I must say, this snug fit adds a certain level of comfort. It's like customizing my seat, making sure every inch of my ass is well-supported. Quite enjoyable, I must say. Tyler nods, acknowledging Frank's explanation, as they continue to discuss the intricacies of their unique seating arrangements.

Bob, eager to please Tyler and appreciating the opportunity to contribute to his comfort, taps Tyler's thigh to signal his desire to speak. Tyler, understanding Bob's non-verbal communication, lifts his butt slightly to allow Bob to share his thoughts. Bob: Tyler, I was thinking... If you want, I could make you a saddle too. Like the one I made for Mark. You know, to make your ride even more comfortable. Tyler, with a smile on his face, appreciates Bob's offer and the initiative he takes to enhance Tyler's experience. Bob, that's a great idea! I'd love a custom saddle. You really take good care of me, and I'm proud to have you as my seat. Go ahead and make it, and let's see how it feels. Bob, satisfied with Tyler's response, cups his buttocks as he once did for Mark, preparing to create a custom saddle for Tyler's comfort.

Tyler and Frank, settled comfortably in their custom-made saddles, now have the luxury of 25 minutes to relax and enjoy the unique experience of sitting full weight on their respective seats. The atmosphere is filled with the sounds of contented moans and grunts as both riders revel in the pleasure of their dominant positions.

Tyler, on Bob's face, leans back, feeling the even support beneath him. The snug fit of the custom saddle enhances the connection between rider and seat, making the experience even more enjoyable for both. Tyler runs his fingers through Bob's hair, a gesture of appreciation for the support he provides.

Tyler and Frank engage in a conversation about sports, sharing anecdotes and discussing the latest games. The topic of girls naturally comes up, becoming a favorite pastime for the two riders besides their sports-related discussions. Bob and Mark, diligent in their roles, work beneath them to ensure their comfort.

Tyler chuckles as he talks about a recent football match. Man, did you see that play? It was insane! he exclaims, shifting his weight slightly as he recalls the thrilling moments of the game. Frank nods in agreement. Yeah, football is full of surprises. As the conversation continues, Tyler and Frank occasionally shift their weight, prompting quick adjustments from their dedicated seats. The camaraderie among the four guys grows stronger, the unconventional training sessions fostering a unique bond that goes beyond the bounds of the football field or wrestling mat.

Tyler looks over at Frank and grins. You know, Frank, I'm starting to think these custom saddles are a game-changer. Makes the whole experience even better. Frank nods in

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agreement. Absolutely, Tyler. It's like they've taken our comfort to a whole new level. Bob and Mark are doing a great job.

Frank, feeling Mark's fingers now tracing the details of his jeans, asks him what he is doing and lifts his butt slightly to allow Mark to respond more comfortably. Mark, underneath Frank, speaks with a muffled voice, Just exploring the territory, Frank. Your jeans have some iconic features, and I can't resist checking them out. Frank chuckles, enjoying the playful interaction. Well, feel free to explore. It's not every day you get to inspect a pair of these Levi's up close. Mark continues running his fingers over the familiar details, describing each one as he goes. The label with the two horses, the red tab, the sturdy rivets. It's like a signature, Frank.

As Mark continues his exploration, Frank settles back into his seat, letting Mark enjoy the tactile experience. Frank orders Mark to recreate the custom saddle again after he's done. Mark responds with a muffled voice, Sure...thing, Frank, and begins to cup his hands, forming a snug seat for Frank's buttocks. As he settles into the familiar position, Mark continues the conversation, By the...way, that...large, shiny buckle...of yours, it's pretty...impressive. Adds a touch...of rugged charm...to your...whole look. Frank chuckles, Glad you appreciate it, Mark. It's a bit of cowboy flair. Adds a certain... masculinity, doesn't it? Mark, adjusting his seat to ensure Frank's comfort, replies, Absolutely. Shiny buckles...like that make...a statement. They're a...symbol of strength...and confidence. Frank, enjoying both the physical comfort and the banter, adds, Well said, Mark.

The riders are now sitting 25 minutes and Tyler glances over at Frank and Mark, his curiosity evident. Hey, Frank, Tyler calls out, how's Mark doing under your weight? Think he can handle the next 5 minutes too? Frank, proud and determined, responds confidently, Oh, he's doing just fine. Mark can take it, no doubt. We're building his endurance, right?

Mark, though muffled under Frank's weight, grunts and moans, indicating the strain he's feeling. Tyler, noting the sounds, raises an eyebrow, Well, Frank, he sounds like he's working hard down there. Are you sure about those extra 5 minutes? Frank grins mischievously, Absolutely, Tyler. Watch this. With a deliberate motion, he leans back in his saddle, applying more pressure on Mark's face. Mark's grunts intensify, and he squirms beneath Frank's added weight. Tyler, observing the scene, comments, That's quite a challenge you're giving him. Can he handle it? Frank, still grinning, replies, He's got this. Mark, my man, you can do it.

Mark made it to 30 minutes with the heavy wrestler sitting continuously on his face. Tyler, Bob and especially Frank are proud of his achievement and compliment him on his perseverance and endurance.

As Frank lifted himself off Mark's face, he couldn't help but point out the evidence of his weight with a playful grin. Look at that, guys! Left my mark, literally, Frank chuckled, gesturing towards the distinct imprints of the seams from his Levi's on Mark's face. Tyler and Bob joined in the laughter, with Tyler saying, Well, Mark, you've earned your stripes today, or should I say, denim imprints. Mark, a good sport about the whole ordeal, joined in the laughter, though muffled by the residual effects of Frank's weight. Guess I'll be branded by Levi Strauss today, he joked, rubbing his face. Bob, ever the supportive friend, assured Mark, Don't worry, those marks will fade away in no time. Frank, still reveling in the moment, clapped Mark on the shoulder, Great job, Mark! You took it like a champ.

The riders grant their seats a long break and tell them that they might want to ride them later again. Mark is not sure about being Frank's seat again. Frank says he will take care of this issue later. As the seats enjoyed their well-deserved break, Tyler and Frank decided to engage in a friendly wrestling match on the grass. Bob and Mark, watched with amusement, their faces still bearing the temporary imprints of their recent rides.

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Frank, with a playful glint in his eye, said to Tyler, Come on, quarterback, let's see if you can handle the mighty wrestler! Tyler grinned, accepting the challenge. Bring it on, Frank! Let's see if I can outmaneuver the heavyweight champion. The two friends circled each other on the grass, occasionally exchanging taunts and laughs. Bob and Mark, still recovering from their face-sitting adventures, exchanged glances and chuckled at the spectacle unfolding before them.

Frank, attempting a sudden move, grabbed Tyler's leg and tried to take him down. Tyler, displaying agility worthy of a quarterback, managed to evade Frank's grasp and counter with a swift move. Frank, laughing, admitted, You've got some moves, Tyler! But let's see if you can handle this! He attempted another maneuver, and the friendly wrestling match continued with both men showcasing their athleticism.

As the wrestling match progressed, Mark turned to Bob, who was lying beside him in the grass. Well, this is a different kind of entertainment, isn't it? Bob chuckled, still feeling the effects of being Tyler's seat. Definitely, I guess our riders need a break from sitting, but they sure know how to keep things interesting. Mark nodded in agreement, enjoying the lighthearted atmosphere. The seats continued to watch their riders, grateful for the break and curious about what the rest of the day held for them.

Mark, enjoying the wrestling match between Tyler and Frank, decided to have a bit of fun with Bob. He approached Bob, who was lying on his back in the grass, and without saying a word, straddled his chest in a reversed sitting position, facing the action happening around them. Looking over his shoulder at Bob, Mark grinned and said, Get ready, Bob. It's time for a short face-sitting session. Bob, always ready to submit to Mark, chuckled and replied, I'm ready, Mark. Take your seat.

Mark adjusted his position, making his way to Bob's face. Bob looked up at Mark's ass, clad in snug football pants and prepared himself for the upcoming experience. As Mark settled in, he continued to watch Tyler and Frank wrestling, occasionally commenting on the match. Bob, being a willing seat, felt the pressure on his face but took it in stride, knowing that it was all in good fun.

Tyler and Frank, observing Mark's playful move, exchanged amused glances. Tyler commented, Looks like Mark is getting himself a comfortable seat. What do you think, Frank? Frank chuckled, Well, he's definitely making Bob work for his pleasure. It's all in good fun, right? As Mark continued to sit in the reversed position on Bob's face, he joined the conversation, Oh, absolutely! Bob here is such a good sport. Right, Bob? Bob, muffled under Mark's ass, managed to reply with a playful tone, Always ready...to serve, Mark. You...know that.

Tyler, enjoying the banter, added, Seems like Bob has become the go-to seat for the day. What's next, Mark? Any more surprises? Mark grinned, Who knows, Tyler? We're just having some fun. Right now, I'm enjoying the view and making sure Bob earns his keep. Tyler and Frank watched with amusement as Mark continued to ride Bob in his creative ways. Frank chuckled, Mark, you really know how to keep things interesting. Bob seems to be handling it well. Mark, enjoying the attention, replied with a grin, Oh, Bob is a trooper. He's used to it by now. Bob, underneath Mark's weight, added, Yeah, I'm getting...the hang ...of it. Mark is not...too bad...as a seat.

Mark, feeling in control, decided to add a playful twist, Bob, let's switch it up a bit. Create that saddle for me again, and this time, throw in a little massage for good measure. Bob, a bit surprised, mumbled, Massage too? Allright..., Master Mark..., you got...it.

Frank and Tyler exchanged amused glances, and Tyler commented, Bob, you're becoming quite the expert at this. Bob, as he began to cup Mark's buttocks to create the saddle, replied with a chuckle. Mark settled into his makeshift saddle, enjoying the added comfort, and teased, Bob, don't forget the massage. I want the full package.

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Bob, still grinning, started to gently massage Mark's buttocks, creating a unique and playful scene in the park. The guys continued to banter and enjoy the camaraderie, making the most of their time together.

While Bob supported his weight and provided a comfortable seat, Mark enjoyed his buttocks being gently massaged. He leaned back in the saddle, making Bob grunt softly. Tyler and Frank see Mark relishing in the comfort of his seat and encourage him to make Bob work for his comfort. Frank, watching Mark's enjoyment, chimed in, Bob, take notes from Tyler here. Make sure Mark is as comfortable as possible. I want him to relax. Tyler, smirking, added, Yeah, Bob, be a good seat. Mark deserves some relaxation after all the riding. Bob, continuing the massage and supporting Mark's weight, nodded, Got it..., guys. Mark, let me...know if there's...anything else I...can do for you. Mark, reveling in the attention, replied, You're doing great, Bob. Just keep it up. And maybe a little more to the left.

Frank, amused, teased, Bob, I think you're getting the hang of this. Maybe you should consider a side job as a personal seat. Tyler chuckled, You might be onto something, Bob. Mark, you're lucky to have such a dedicated seat. Mark, still enjoying the massage, added, Indeed. Bob, you're doing better than expected. Maybe I'll keep you around for a while.

Mark, comfortably seated on Bob's face, began to provide a play-by-play of the wrestling match between Tyler and Frank. Bob, Tyler is showing some impressive moves there. He managed to get Frank into a tight hold, but Frank is countering with his strength. It's quite a show! Bob, moaning and grunting beneath Mark, tried to convey his understanding and interest in the match. Mark continued, Oh, and now Tyler executed a quick reversal! Frank seems surprised, but he's not giving up. They're both putting on a great performance.

Bob, feeling the pressure of Mark's weight but still determined to serve as a comfortable seat, moaned louder to express his enthusiasm for Mark's commentary. Mark chuckled, I wish you could see this, Bob. It's quite the spectacle. Frank is now attempting a powerful takedown, and Tyler is resisting. The struggle is real! Bob, feeling the vibrations of Mark's voice through his seat, continued to respond with moans and grunts. Mark, enjoying both the wrestling match and the comfort provided by his seat, playfully teased, I hope you're enjoying the commentary, Bob. You're doing a fantastic job as my seat, keeping me well-supported.

As the wrestling match unfolded, Mark and Bob maintained their unique communication style, with Mark narrating the action and Bob expressing his reactions through sounds of approval or discomfort. The park became a backdrop to the playful dynamics between the friends as they enjoyed their time together.

Mark, comfortably settled on Bob's face, issued his commands with a playful tone, Bob, my man, keep those hands working on my butt. I want a nice, relaxing massage while I enjoy the view up here. And don't forget to keep my ass well supported, I love that snug and cozy feeling. Bob, feeling the strain on his arms and hands from the extended massage, tapped Mark's thigh to signal that he needed to speak. Mark, lifting his ass slightly to allow Bob to communicate, listened to Bob's plea, Mark, my arms and hands are getting really tired. Can I stop with the massaging?

Mark, not entirely satisfied with the massage yet, considered Bob's request. After a brief moment of contemplation, Mark decided to sit back down on Bob's face with a playful thud. As Bob grunted under the weight, Mark responded, Alright, Bob. You can take a break from the massage, but I still want that snug fit. So, reestablish that connection between my ass and your face. Bob, recognizing Mark's authority, groaned in acknowledgment and worked to ensure that Mark's request for a snug fit was met. Mark settled comfortably back into his seat, enjoying the continued support provided by Bob. The dynamic between the two friends showcased the balance between pleasure and endurance in their unique arrangement in the park.

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As Tyler and Frank finished their friendly wrestling match and settled in the grass to catch their breath, Mark, still seated on Bob's face, felt the need to release some gas. Despite Bob's protests, Mark decided to stay firmly seated, not willing to break the snug fit with his loyal seat. Bob: Mark...come on...man! I need...some fresh...air here. Mark, chuckling, responded, Sorry, Bob, but I don't want to ruin this perfect fit. You're doing a great job down there.

Frank, laughing heartily, turned to Mark, Did you really let one go while sitting on Bob's face? In the reversed position, no less! Tyler, glancing over at Bob with a grin, asked, How's my guy doing down there? Did he faint from the surprise? Mark, still seated on Bob and finding the situation amusing, replied, Oh, he's fine. Just a little surprise to keep things interesting.

Tyler and Frank, catching their breath after the wrestling match, began discussing the possibility of resuming their seats for some more face-sitting fun. Frank, feeling the desire to ride once more, expressed, I'm in the mood for another round. I want to keep training Mark, get him used to my weight. Mark, overhearing the conversation, wasn't thrilled about the prospect of serving as Frank's seat again. He mumbled to himself, Can't catch a break.

Tyler, always one to come up with creative solutions, suggested, How about we switch things up? You ride Bob, and I'll take Mark. That way, Frank, you can have your ride, but Mark won't have to support the full 110 kg. He'll get a break. Frank considered Tyler's proposal but ultimately decided, Nah, I want to train Mark myself. Make him my personal seat. He needs to get used to the full weight. Mark sighed, realizing that his break would have to wait, and said, Guess I'll be getting familiar with those Levi's again.

Tyler, always up for variety suggested to Frank, How about we switch it up this time? I'll ride reversed on Bob, and you do the same with Mark. Frank considered the idea and agreed, Sure, why not? Let's see how Mark handles it.

Tyler wasted no time and commanded, Bob, get ready. I'll be riding reversed this session. Bob, accustomed to following Tyler's instructions, quickly adjusted himself for the upcoming change. Frank, however, had a bit of trouble persuading Mark to lay down next to Bob. Mark, reluctant and still a bit sore from the previous rounds, hesitated. Frank, not one to take no for an answer, firmly said, Come on, Mark. Time to get on your back. I want you to experience the full weight. Mark grumbled but eventually complied, laying down next to Bob as Frank straddled his chest. Frank, enjoying the opportunity to assert his dominance, made sure Mark got a good view of his ass before settling in. This deliberate display was meant to intimidate Mark and establish a more submissive dynamic.

Mark's view was now dominated by the unmistakable sight of Frank's Levi's-clad butt, just inches away from his face. The denim fabric stretched tightly over Frank's firm buttocks, accentuating every curve and contour. Mark's eyes were drawn to the iconic Levi's back patch and the red tab. The sight invoked a mix of emotions in Mark. On one hand, the rugged masculinity of Frank's jeans, coupled with the precise measurements, evoked a sense of dominance and power. Mark, though reluctant, couldn't deny the allure of the Levi's-clad seat that was about to settle on his face later.

As Frank lowered himself onto Mark, the weight pressing down on his chest was a tangible reminder of the dominance Frank held. The snug fit of the denim against Mark's face would add a layer of intimacy, albeit one with a distinct power dynamic. Supporting Frank's weight on his chest, Mark felt the controlled force of the wrestler above him, and the Levi's became not just fabric, but a symbol of his temporary submission.

As Frank settled in, his cowboy boots flanking Mark's head on either side, Mark's gaze was drawn to the rugged charm of the footwear that perfectly complemented Frank's natural masculinity. The details on the leather, the worn-out patterns, and the sturdy heels all spoke of a well-traveled journey, adding an extra layer of authenticity to the cowboy mystique. From his vantage point, Mark could appreciate the subtle scuffs and marks that told a story



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of countless adventures. The boots, with their weathered appearance, became an extension of Frank's personality, embodying a tough and resilient spirit.

Despite the admiration, there was also a hint of intimidation. The proximity of the boots to his face emphasized the power dynamic at play. Frank's choice of footwear, with its undeniable masculinity, added to the overall aura of dominance that Mark was feeling. It was a visual reminder of the control Frank held in this situation, creating a mix of awe and submission in Mark's mind.

Tyler, already seated on Bob's face, asks Frank when he is going to take his seat on Mark's face. Frank moves his hips backwards, ready to let Mark take his weight again. Frank, feeling the anticipation in the air, carefully adjusted his position, hovering over Mark's face. His intention was clear – to continue training Mark to bear the weight and become his personal seat tailored to his preferences.

As he settled into this position, Frank couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. Training someone to endure prolonged periods of face-sitting required a delicate balance between pushing their limits and ensuring their comfort. Frank had become adept at reading the signs of resistance and submission in Mark.

The prospect of having Mark as his dedicated seat brought a sense of empowerment to Frank. It was not just about the physical aspect of the weight but also about the mental submission, the acknowledgment of Frank's dominance. Every time Mark yielded to the pressure, Frank felt a surge of control, reinforcing the dynamics of their relationship.

The challenge for Frank was to find the right balance, pushing Mark to new limits without causing discomfort beyond what he could handle. It was a delicate dance of power and submission, with Frank orchestrating the movements, ensuring that each session brought Mark closer to becoming the perfect seat – custom-made to fulfill Frank's desires.

As Frank leaned back, prepared to descend onto Mark's face, the anticipation of the training session ahead filled the air. The subtle shift in power dynamics was palpable, and Frank was ready to guide Mark through another round of endurance training, shaping him into the seat Frank envisioned.

As Frank's ass descended onto Mark's face, Mark's world was enveloped in darkness. The snug fit of Frank's Levi's-clad buttocks pressed against his face, creating an intimate connection that emphasized Mark's submission. The denim fabric clung tightly to Frank's muscular form, amplifying the weight Mark was about to bear.

Mark felt the pressure building on his face as Frank settled into his position. The weight on his face increased gradually, making each breath a conscious effort. The denim-covered contours of Frank's buttocks molded to Mark's features, creating a snug and inescapable seal. It was a sensory overload that heightened Mark's awareness of his role – the dedicated seat beneath Frank's dominating presence.

Mentally, the darkness and the weight combined to induce a sense of vulnerability. Mark's mind navigated a complex mix of sensations – Frank's scent, the texture of denim, the pressure on his face – all signaling his submission to Frank's desires. The intimate connection between their bodies reinforced the power dynamics at play, as Mark willingly accepted the role of Frank's seat.

Frank, fully aware of the impact of his weight on Mark, settled in with a deliberate intent. He could feel Mark's reactions beneath him – the subtle shifts, the restrained grunts – all indicators of the training taking place. As Mark adjusted to the weight, Frank's movements became a form of communication, a silent dialogue between dominant rider and submissive seat.

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The training session had begun, and in the darkness beneath Frank's Levi's, Mark was forced to embrace the physical and mental challenges, each moment reinforcing his submission to the weight above.

Tyler, settled comfortably on Bob's face, looked over at Frank, who had positioned himself fully on Mark's face in a reversed sitting style. Tyler initiated the conversation.

Tyler: Frank, how's it feeling sitting reversed on Mark's face again? And what's the deal with the training? Is he starting to submit to your weight? Frank, feeling the snug fit of his Levi's on Mark's face, chuckled before responding, Oh, it's a whole different experience this way. Gave him a closer look at my ass and, you know, it adds a bit of extra challenge. Tyler, curious about the progress in Mark's submission, inquired further, And the training? Is he embracing it, or is there still some resistance? Frank, appreciating the opportunity to share his perspective, replied, He's coming around, Tyler. It's a process. The reversed sitting definitely adds a layer of dominance. He's squirming a bit, but he's adjusting. Tyler nodded, understanding the dynamics at play, Interesting approach. The reversed position does make things a bit more intense. How does it feel for you, though? Training him this way? Frank, feeling the control and dominance in his position, answered, It's empowering, you know? Knowing he's right there, under me, and he's got no choice but to take it. It's a different kind of submission.

Tyler, as he settled back into his seat, remarked, Well, as long as it's working for both of you. It's all about finding what clicks in these training sessions. Frank grinned, Absolutely, my friend. Gotta keep things interesting and make sure he knows who's boss.

Mark beneath Frank, feeling the full weight of the wrestler on his face as Tyler and Frank conversed about his training. Though muffled by the pressure of Frank's ass, Mark strained to hear every word exchanged between the two dominant figures.

Frank: He's coming around, Tyler. It's a process. The reversed sitting definitely adds a layer of dominance. He's squirming a bit, but he's adjusting. Mark couldn't deny the truth in Frank's words. The reversed sitting position did intensify the experience, and he squirmed beneath Frank's weight, trying to find a comfortable spot for his face.

Tyler: Interesting approach. The reversed position does make things a bit more intense. How does it feel for you, though? Training him this way? Mark, caught between submission and resistance, felt a mix of envy and admiration for the two dominant figures above him. He longed for the control and authority they wielded, yet a part of him resisted surrendering completely to Frank's weight.

Frank: It's empowering, you know? Knowing he's right there, under me, and he's got no choice but to take it. It's a different kind of submission. Mark's thoughts raced as he grappled with his position. He wanted to be in control, to assert his dominance, but the weight on his face served as a constant reminder of his submission. Envy mingled with the struggle to please his rider.

As Tyler settled back into his seat, Mark pondered his role. He knew that supporting Frank's weight was part of the training, a test of his submission. The challenge lay in embracing the discomfort, finding solace in the moments between squirms, and proving to Frank that he could endure the prolonged weight.

While Mark wasn't fully prepared to become Frank's personal seat on demand, he understood that these training sessions were shaping not only his physical endurance but also his mental submission. The struggle continued beneath Frank's ass, and Mark's journey toward complete submission unfolded with each passing moment.

Nevertheless, Mark couldn't shake the simmering frustration that coursed through him. His face served as the unyielding foundation for Frank's comfort, bearing the brunt of the

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wrestler's imposing weight. As he lay there, Mark couldn't help but feel a tinge of anger toward Frank. The disparity between their roles was stark. Mark grappled with the physical strain, the need to endure the weight, while Frank enjoyed the luxury of sitting back, relaxed and in control. The mental and physical exertion that Mark invested in supporting Frank's substantial frame didn't go unnoticed, and it fueled the ember of resentment that glowed within him.

With each passing moment, Mark's frustration grew. The squirming beneath Frank's weight wasn't just a physical response; it mirrored the internal struggle Mark faced. The envy for Frank's dominant position warred with the desire to resist full submission. The weight on his face acted as a constant reminder of the power imbalance. Mark's thoughts raced as he pondered the dynamics of his training. Was this truly necessary? Did he have to endure this unequal exchange? The internal monologue was in stark contrast to the muffled grunts and moans that escaped him under the pressure of Frank's butt. He longed for a sense of control, to be the one dictating the terms. However, Frank's weight was a formidable opponent, and Mark found himself wrestling not just with the physical strain but also with the emotional turmoil of submission.

Frank, seemingly oblivious to the internal struggle beneath him, continued to sit comfortably, occasionally shifting his weight to ensure Mark felt the full force of his dominance. The uneven distribution of effort irked Mark, but the sense of submission lingered, binding him to his role as the supporting seat.

As Mark endured the weight and simmering frustration, he grappled not only with Frank's physical dominance but also with the mental challenge of reconciling his desire for control and the undeniable allure of submission. The wrestling match beneath Frank's weight unfolded on multiple fronts, each moment revealing the complexities of Mark's internal struggle.

Amidst the struggle under the weight of Frank's dominance, Mark's mind became a battleground of conflicting emotions. The internal turmoil was relentless, but amid the chaos, a realization dawned on him—a connection to Bob's past experiences.

As Mark grunted and squirmed beneath Frank, he couldn't help but reflect on the times he had been the one in control, riding Bob hard during their training sessions. The memory of making Bob work diligently for his pleasure and comfort echoed in Mark's mind, creating a sense of empathy. The realization struck him—this was likely what Bob had felt when Tyler had trained him. The physical strain, the mental challenge, the push and pull of submission and dominance—it all mirrored the dynamics he had imposed on Bob. Understanding dawned, and with it, a newfound empathy for his fellow teammate.

Mark's perspective shifted as he acknowledged the parallels between his past actions and his current predicament. He had demanded much from Bob, rarely considering the strain and discomfort he inflicted during those intense training sessions. Now, facing a similar scenario under Frank's weight, Mark found a certain level of acceptance. In a peculiar twist of fate, Mark's past actions became a bridge to understanding and, to some extent, submission. He realized that the weight on his face was not just physical; it was a reckoning with his own practices. The empathy for Bob's past struggles facilitated a gradual surrender to the inevitability of his role under Frank.

The muffled grunts beneath Frank's ass became a form of acknowledgment—an admission that the tables had turned, and Mark, in this moment, was experiencing the other side of the equation. As he thought about Bob enduring his weight and demands, Mark found a peculiar solace in the shared experience, fostering a subtle shift toward acceptance of his submissive role under Frank's dominance.

Frank, settled comfortably on Mark's face, relished the subtle shifts in his seat's behavior. As he continued to assert his dominance, Frank detected a nuanced change in Mark's

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responses. The familiar moans and grunts persisted, indicative of the physical strain Mark endured, but the once-vigorous squirming had diminished, replaced by a slightly more subdued reaction.

This transformation did not escape Frank's notice. The experienced wrestler recognized the signs of evolving submission beneath him. He reveled in the sense of control, using his weight strategically to mold Mark into a more compliant and responsive seat. Frank's satisfaction grew as he observed the fruits of his labor, a silent acknowledgment of the progress made in Mark's journey toward complete submission.

A wry chuckle escaped Frank's lips as he reflected on the term 'labor.' In this unique dynamic, Frank recognized the power of inertia—his weight alone served as the catalyst for change, making Mark adapt and conform. The sense of dominance and control fueled Frank's enjoyment, turning this face-sitting session into a seamless blend of physical training and psychological manipulation.

Amidst the grunts, moans, and the faint echoes of struggles, Frank reveled in the realization that his approach to training was effective. Mark, under the unyielding weight of Frank's dominance, was gradually succumbing to the wrestler's will. The ongoing session became a testament to Frank's prowess in sculpting the submission of his seat, marking this particular stage of Mark's training as a triumph in the art of control and dominance.

Tyler, relaxing after the wrestling match, glanced over at Frank. With a grin, Tyler remarked, So, how's it going over there, Frank? Making progress? Frank chuckled, a sense of satisfaction evident in his voice. Oh, we're getting there, Tyler. Mark's starting to understand who's in charge. He shifted his weight slightly, emphasizing his point.

Tyler nodded approvingly. Good to hear. Keep it up. Mark needs a bit of training to become a proper seat, right? Frank smirked, fully embracing the dominant role he played. Exactly. He's coming along, but there's always room for improvement. Tyler laughed, acknowledging Frank's prowess in the art of dominance. Enjoy it, Frank. It's all part of the game. Keep making him more submissive. That's what it's all about.

Encouraged by Tyler's words, Frank settled back, a contented smile on his face. Oh, I intend to, Tyler. Mark's got more training ahead of him, and I'm here to make sure he embraces his role as my personal seat. Tyler patted Frank on the back, a gesture of camaraderie between dominant riders. Have fun with it, Frank. And let Mark know who's boss.

With a nod, Frank continued to assert his control over Mark, relishing the unique dynamic that defined their relationship. Tyler, having his own submissive seat in Bob, understood the nuances of this intricate dance of dominance and submission. The conversation between the two riders, punctuated by the sounds of wrestling and subdued struggles, echoed the understanding and camaraderie shared by those who reveled in the power dynamics of their unconventional pastime.

Tyler, feeling the comfort of Bob's face beneath him, lifted his butt slightly, signaling to Bob that he wanted to ask a question. Hey, Bob, any idea how long we've been riding? We forgot to set a timer. Bob, who was diligently working to support Tyler's weight, responded with a muffled voice, Umm, I think...it's been...around...15 minutes, Tyler. Tyler nodded in acknowledgment, settling back into his seat comfortably. Thanks, Bob. Just wanted to make sure we're keeping track. Carry on.

Frank, leaning back into his seat on Mark's face, overheard the conversation. With a teasing smile, he called out to Tyler, What's the plan, Tyler? How much longer are we going to enjoy our seats? Tyler chuckled, sharing a glance with Frank. Let's go for another 15 minutes, Frank. Sound good? Frank nodded in agreement. Works for me. Mark, get ready for some more quality time under my ass.

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Mark, muffled under Frank's weight, responded with a resigned grunt. The riders settled back into their comfortable positions, ready to extend the duration of their unique ride. The quiet park, secluded from prying eyes, served as the backdrop for this unconventional bonding experience among the teammates and the wrestler.

Tyler, feeling the weight of his dominance over Bob, adjusted his seat slightly to signal that he wanted to share some advice with Frank. Hey, Frank, you know what might make Mark even more submissive? Have him check in with you from time to time, asking if you're still sitting comfortably. It emphasizes his position beneath you and keeps him attentive to your comfort. Frank considered the suggestion, nodding in agreement. That is a good idea, Tyler. Mark, from now on, check in with me every now and then, got it? Mark, muffled under Frank's weight, responded with a reluctant, Yeah..., okay.

Tyler chuckled, recalling how he implemented a similar strategy with Bob. Bob, remember when I used to have you check in with me? Worked like a charm, right? Bob, serving as Tyler's loyal seat, answered with a muffled yet affirmative response. Yeah..., it did, Tyler. See, Frank, it helps maintain control, Tyler added, settling back into his seat, pleased with the dynamics of his unique arrangement with Bob.

The afternoon sun cast a warm glow over the secluded spot in the park as Tyler and Frank continued their conversation about plans for the night. Mark, waiting for the opportune moment, observed the interaction between the two riders. When the conversation lulled, Mark seized the chance to check in with Frank. He tapped Frank's thigh to get his attention. Frank, understanding the signal, lifted his ass slightly to grant Mark the opportunity to speak. Frank, how are you feeling up there? Mark inquired, his muffled voice carrying beneath the weight of Frank's sitting position. Frank, with a smirk, replied, I'm sitting pretty comfortable, Mark. You're doing a good job.

With that, Frank settled back down onto Mark's face, causing the latter to emit a grunt as he adjusted to the full weight. Frank then issued an order, Allright, Mark, carry on, and check in with me in every 5 minutes. Mark, acknowledging Frank's command with a muffled acknowledgment, settled into his role as Frank's submissive seat, understanding the dynamics of their unique training routine. The conversation between Tyler and Frank resumed, and the afternoon continued with the unusual camaraderie forged through their shared experiences in the park.

As the afternoon unfolded, Tyler and Frank, longtime friends, continued to enjoy each other's company while maintaining their positions atop their respective seats. Mark dutifully checked in with Frank at the prescribed intervals, adhering to the dynamics of their unique training routine.

Tyler, feeling at ease on Bob's face, initiated a conversation with Frank, Hey, Frank, how's your sitting comfort, buddy? Do you sense that Mark is submitting to your weight now? Does it feel like he's working hard enough to keep you comfy? Frank, grinning, leaned back slightly into his seat as he responded, Oh, Tyler, it's all good up here. Mark is doing well. He's getting used to the routine, and I can feel him working to keep me comfortable. The training is paying off.

Tyler, feeling a momentary lapse in Bob's focus, sensed a discomfort that needed immediate correction. He commanded, Bob, adjust yourself. Reestablish that snug fit between your face and my ass, and maintain it. Don't slack off again, or I will take corrective actions. Bob, recalling the consequences of the 'punishing move,' swiftly rectified the situation, ensuring the snug connection Tyler enjoyed. Tyler, lifting his butt, awaited Bob's apology for the momentary discomfort. Bob, understanding the importance of his role, apologized, Sorry, Tyler. I'll stay focused.

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Tyler, satisfied with Bob's quick response, issued the next command, Now, put your face in my ass. I want to sit down with that snug fit already in place. Bob complied, ensuring the connection was secure before Tyler settled comfortably onto his face.

Mark (curious) to Tyler: what just happened there, Ty?

Tyler explained to Mark, Bob lost focus for a moment, and it resulted in some discomfort. It's crucial to keep our seats in line and ensure they prioritize our comfort. They're here to serve us, and we deserve top-notch seats at all times.

A while later Tyler lifts his ass and asks Bob how long they are riding. Bob answers: about half an hour I guess. Bob then put his face into Tyler ass, allowing his rider to sit back down with comfort. Tyler acknowledged Bob's response with a nod and a satisfied grin. Good job, Bob. Keep that focus, he said, appreciating Bob's dedication to maintaining their snug connection.

Frank chimed in, agreeing with Bob's estimate of the time. You could be right, Bob. Mark seems to be feeling the weight. But, Tyler, I want to extend the ride. I need him to get used to my weight for the longer rides I have in mind. Tyler responded, That's a solid plan, Frank. We need them well-trained for our comfort. Mark will adapt, just like Bob did. With that, Tyler settled back onto Bob's face, ensuring the snug fit was maintained. The riders continued their conversation, discussing plans for the extended rides and enjoying the control they had over their submissive seats.

Tyler and Frank discuss how much longer they are going to ride. They both ask their seats if they are up for the challenge to be sat upon for a bit longer. Bob gives a thumbs up. Tyler to Frank: Bob is ready for more. How about your guy? Frank thinks that Mark can take more. Frank to Tyler: I want to push him a bit further. Tyler agrees with Mark's decision and suggests to him not to aim for a specific time. Why don't we just ride them until we are satisfied?

Frank considered Tyler's suggestion, lifted his butt and looked over his shoulder at Mark. What do you think, Mark? Ready for an open-end ride until we're satisfied? he asked. Mark hesitated for a moment, feeling the psychological weight of the open-ended commitment. Tyler, sensing Mark's uncertainty, reassured him. Don't worry, Mark. It's challenging at first, but you'll get used to it. Bob here can handle it, and you'll catch up soon. Encouraged by Tyler's words, Mark nodded. Alright, let's do it. I'm up for the challenge, he said, determined to push his limits and prove his commitment to Frank.

Frank smiled at Mark's willingness. Good choice, Mark. Let's make it a satisfying ride for both of us, he declared, settling back onto Mark's face, ready to extend the training session. The riders prepared for a longer, open-ended ride, testing the endurance of their seats.

Mark is feeling the weight of Frank increasing as time progresses. Mark's moaning and grunting are more pronounced now and he starts squirming under Frank's relentless weight. This is the phase of an extended ride that Frank loves so much. He adjusts his cowboy hat and encourages Mark to keep it up under his ass. Frank to Mark: I know my weight is a challenge and my Levi's don't make it any easier on you, but I need you to step up your game. Prove your commitment to my ride and make it a satisfying ride for both of us.

Mark, feeling the increasing weight of Frank on his face, grunted in response. The pressure was intensifying, and he squirmed beneath Frank's relentless presence. The snug fit between his face and Frank's Levi's-clad buttocks became more pronounced, and Mark could feel the strain on his muscles.

Frank, adjusting his cowboy hat with a satisfied grin, leaned back slightly, adding more weight to test Mark's endurance. That's it, Mark. Embrace the challenge. I know it's tough under my weight, especially with the jeans, but I want you to prove your commitment. Show me you can handle the ride, Frank encouraged.

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As the minutes passed, Frank could sense Mark's struggle, and he leaned forward, allowing Mark a moment to catch his breath. You're doing good, but remember, I'm not planning on letting you up anytime soon. This is part of your training, so keep it up, Frank reminded him, settling back down and resuming the pressure on Mark's face.

Mark, determined to meet the challenge, tightened his resolve. The prolonged weight, the tight Levi's, and the encouragement from Frank fueled his determination to submit and endure the extended ride. He took a deep breath, preparing himself for the ongoing test of his commitment and endurance under Frank's dominant weight.

The riders picked up their conversation while Bob was working under Tyler in silence and Mark was struggling under Frank. Tyler looked at Mark and gave Frank the advice to ignore his seat's discomfort. Instead he should sit back, relax and enjoy the training he's giving Mark. Tyler: let him struggle and keep your seat firm, cowboy. It will help him to get better at this and make him more submissive and attuned to your needs.

Tyler (lifting his ass slightly) to Bob: I did the same thing to you, didn't I Bob? It made you more submissive didn't it?

Frank, taking Tyler's advice to heart, leaned back, letting Mark struggle under his weight. Mark's moans and grunts were more pronounced, but Frank kept his seat firm, embracing the challenge of training his seat to be more submissive. The cowboy hat perched on Frank's head added an air of dominance to his relaxed posture.

Tyler, observing Mark's struggles, nodded in approval. Let him feel your weight, Frank. It's all part of the training. The more he struggles, the more he'll submit, Tyler advised. Frank chuckled, acknowledging Tyler's wisdom. You're right, Tyler. Gotta make him earn it, Frank replied, adjusting his Levi's as he continued to enjoy the ride.

Meanwhile, Bob, feeling Tyler's weight lifting, responded to the conversation. Yes, Tyler. Your training made me more submissive. I've learned to anticipate your needs and keep you comfortable, Bob admitted, his voice muffled by Tyler's ass. Tyler pleased with the acknowledgment, grinned. Exactly, Bob. It's all about making them better seats for us. So, Frank, enjoy the ride and let Mark learn what it means to be a true seat, Tyler added, settling comfortably on Bob's face again. The two riders continued their conversation, leaving their seats to endure the weight and focus on their training.

As the conversation between the riders continued, Frank maintained his relaxed position on Mark's face, allowing him to struggle under his weight. The secluded spot in the park echoed with Mark's grunts and the occasional squirming movements beneath Frank's posterior.

Tyler shared a knowing glance with Frank. You see, Mark, the weight is not just a physical challenge; it's a mental one too. The more you endure, the more you submit, Tyler explained, his tone a mix of encouragement and dominance. Frank, enjoying the dynamics of the situation, nodded in agreement. Mark, my man, this is the process. Embrace it. Feel my weight, let it sink in. It's making you a better seat, Frank declared, leaning back even more, accentuating the pressure on Mark's face. Mark, caught in the struggle, tried to respond with muffled words. I... I get it, he managed to say, his voice strained.

Tyler, sensing Mark's acceptance, grinned. That's the spirit. It's not just about physical endurance; it's about mental submission. You'll thank us later, Tyler remarked, his words resonating with authority. Frank, still seated firmly, spoke directly to Mark. Remember, this isn't just about me sitting comfortably. It's about you becoming the perfect seat. The longer you endure, the closer you get to that goal, Frank stated, adjusting his cowboy hat with a satisfied smirk.

The riders continued their conversation, leaving their seats to grapple with the physical and mental challenges of prolonged face-sitting. The park remained their private training ground, where dominance, submission, and endurance mingled in the Southern California air. As the

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conversation between Tyler and Frank unfolded, Bob and Mark found themselves in different states of submission beneath the weight of their respective riders.

Tyler, enjoying the submissive atmosphere, leaned back into Bob's comfortable seat. Bob, my man, you remember those early days when you resisted a bit. But look at you now, a perfect seat. Mark will get there too, Tyler remarked, his tone filled with pride. Bob, fully accustomed to Tyler's weight, responded with a muffled agreement. Yes, Tyler, I've...come a...long way, he managed to convey.

Frank, still seated dominantly on Mark's face, chimed in with a grin. Mark, you're doing better than I expected. I can feel the struggle, and I love it. Embrace my weight. It's molding you into my ideal seat, Frank stated, patting Mark's chest as a sign of approval. Mark, despite the physical strain, couldn't help but absorb the words of encouragement from his rider. I'll...keep going, he gasped, trying to convey determination.

Tyler, seizing the opportunity, leaned forward to deliver some instructions to Bob. Bob, make sure Mark feels the weight. Encourage him to submit. It's all part of the training, Tyler directed, reinforcing the hierarchy among the seats. Bob, loyal and obedient, nodded as much as he could with Tyler on his face. You got it, Tyler. Mark, it's part of the process. You'll come out stronger, Bob assured, his voice muffled.

Frank, satisfied with the direction the session was taking, reclined further into his seat. Good advice, Tyler. Mark, let my weight shape you. It's a journey to perfection, Frank added, his deep voice resonating with authority.

As the riders continued their conversation, the dynamic between them deepened, and so did the effects of the prolonged face-sitting on both Mark and Bob. Tyler, ever observant, couldn't help but notice the subtle changes in Frank's demeanor. Chuckling, he remarked, Frank, looks like Mark's struggles are doing something more than just training him. Your Levi's seem to be enjoying the show. Tyler's words were accompanied by a mischievous grin.

Frank, caught off guard for a moment, glanced down and couldn't deny the growing bulge in his jeans. Well, Tyler, it's hard not to get excited when Mark is putting up such a fight. The wrestling, the weight – it's a potent combination, Frank admitted, a sly smile playing on his lips. Tyler's chuckle resonated in the air. Mark, you're not just building endurance; you're causing a different kind of rise in Frank. Enjoy it while you can, Tyler teased, the camaraderie among the riders becoming more apparent.

Mark, still struggling under Frank's weight, blushed despite the limited visibility of his face. Frank, undeterred, leaned forward and placed a reassuring hand on Mark's chest. Mark, don't be embarrassed. It's a natural response to the situation. Just focus on embracing the weight, and everything will fall into place, Frank encouraged, his deep voice resonating with both authority and arousal.

Bob, beneath Tyler, couldn't resist joining in with a subtle comment. Looks like...Mark's doing more...than just carrying...your weight, Frank. He's...making quite...an impact. Tyler, fully enjoying the banter, leaned forward and added, Indeed, Bob. Mark, consider it an unintended bonus of your training. You're not just becoming a better seat; you're awakening some new sensations for Frank.

The atmosphere in the secluded spot in the park was filled with a unique blend of dominance, submission, and the unspoken acknowledgment of the physical reactions unfolding beneath the riders. The college athletes continued their intense training, each moment adding layers to the intricate dynamics at play.

Tyler, with a grin on his face, leaned towards Frank, offering a friendly piece of advice, Frank, my man, don't forget to enjoy the ride. Mark here is not just a seat; he's a canvas,



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and you're the artist. Sculpt him into the perfect submissive seat, ready to be ridden whenever you please. It's not just about endurance; it's about pleasure – for both of you.

Frank, still feeling the effects of the intimate contact with Mark, nodded in agreement. You're right, Tyler. It's not just about the weight; it's about molding him into the ideal seat, someone who craves the pressure, the control. Mark, you're in for a unique kind of training, Frank said with a hint of excitement in his voice.

Mark, listening to the conversation, felt a mix of embarrassment and arousal. The acknowledgment of his role as a canvas for Frank's desires added a new layer to the complex relationship between rider and seat.

Tyler continued his playful banter, Mark, consider yourself fortunate. Frank here is an expert in the art of riding. Let him guide you, and you might discover new heights of submission. Frank, embracing the dual roles of mentor and rider, patted Mark's chest. Mark, enjoy the journey, and soon enough, you'll find pleasure in being the perfect seat.

Tyler, looking over at Frank, shared another piece of advice with a knowing smile, Frank, my man, don't be shy about using your weight to keep him under control. Lean back, make him feel every inch of your dominance. Let him squirm; it's all part of the training. Be the firm, unyielding seat he needs. And don't feel guilty about enjoying it. He's learning to accept your weight, your dominance, and he'll thank you later for molding him into your perfect seat, won't he, Bob? Bob, familiar with the routine, responded with a muffled but affirmative sound, reinforcing the idea that the submissive journey was one to be embraced.

Frank, taking Tyler's advice to heart, adjusted his position on Mark's face. He leaned back, emphasizing the weight that Mark had to bear, and embraced the subtle arousal that came with asserting dominance. You heard the man, Mark. This is your training ground. Embrace it, because, in the end, you'll thank me for making you the best seat you can be, Frank declared, his voice carrying a blend of authority and anticipation.

As Tyler and Frank continued their conversation, they delved into the intricacies of the art of riding, discussing the unique pleasure it brought to both the rider and the ridden. Tyler, with Bob diligently working beneath him, shared insights about the satisfaction of having a submissive seat, Bob here knows how to make this an art. He understands the balance between providing comfort and accepting his role. It's not just about the weight; it's about the connection, the trust. Bob, muffled under Tyler's weight, nodded in agreement, understanding the unspoken bond that had developed over their sessions.

Frank, feeling Mark's struggles and occasional squirms beneath him, added, It's an art, indeed. You learn to read the subtle cues, the responses of your seat. And there's a certain pleasure in knowing that they are willingly submitting to your control. Tyler chimed in, And for the rider, there's a unique thrill in being in command, feeling the power and the comfort. It's a symbiotic relationship, a dance of dominance and submission.

Mark, though facing the challenges of the extended ride, was absorbing the lessons. Frank's weight, though imposing, was becoming a familiar presence, and the struggles began to shift toward acceptance. Frank, enjoying the dominance, encouraged Mark, Feel it, Mark. Let it become a part of you. The pleasure in molding you into the perfect seat is mutual. Tyler added with a chuckle, And don't forget the little pleasures, like the bulge in the jeans. It's all part of the ride, for both of you.

As the unconventional training session unfolded, Mark found himself on the brink of a significant shift in his mindset. Frank's weight, initially met with resistance, was slowly becoming a familiar and accepted presence. The struggles, though still present, were gradually giving way to a realization that submission to Frank's dominance might be inevitable. Frank, sensing the change in Mark's attitude, leaned back in his seat, allowing his

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weight to press more firmly on Mark's face. He noticed the subtle shift in Mark's movements, the acknowledgment of the mounting inevitability.

Tyler, glancing over at Mark and Frank, observed the dynamics at play. Looks like Mark is starting to understand the ropes, or should I say, the straps, he remarked, sharing a chuckle with Bob. Oh, I forgot, you're wearing boxers under your jeans.

Frank, enjoying the control he was exerting, addressed Mark, Feel it, Mark. Your acceptance is the key. You're becoming my customized seat, tailored to my preferences. A cowboy needs a saddle that fits just right. Mark, his face still under Frank's weight, mumbled his understanding, a sign that he was slowly surrendering to the idea of becoming Frank's regular ride.

Tyler, offering advice to Frank, added, Keep molding him, Frank. Make him your perfect seat. The more he submits, the more he'll appreciate the art of being ridden. Frank, relishing the developing dynamics, continued to exert his dominance. You're getting there, Mark. Just a bit more, and you'll fully embrace the role of my submissive seat. Ready to be ridden whenever I feel like it. Mark, though still feeling the weight, nodded as much as he could under Frank. The unspoken agreement hung in the air—a cowboy and his saddle, a unique and unconventional connection forged through the art of riding.

As the minutes passed, Mark's resistance waned, giving way to a complete acceptance of Frank's dominance. The subtle struggles turned into a calm acknowledgment of his role as Frank's submissive seat. Frank, feeling the change, couldn't help but smile as he leaned back comfortably, fully confident in the transformation he had achieved.

Tyler, noticing the shift, spoke to Frank with a grin, Looks like you've broken him in, Frank. Mark's fully submitting to your weight. Frank, still seated comfortably, replied, Took a bit of time, but he's getting used to the idea. Mark, you're doing great. Ready to serve whenever I need my saddle, right? Mark, now fully immersed in his role, mumbled his agreement, his face still under the weight of Frank's Levi's-clad ass. He had come to terms with the fact that serving as Frank's seat was now a regular part of his routine.

Tyler chimed in, That's the spirit, Mark. A good seat knows its place. Frank, enjoy the ride, and let Mark do the hard work. After all, a cowboy deserves a comfortable seat, right? Frank chuckled, patting Mark's chest gently. Absolutely, Tyler. And Mark here is shaping up to be one of the best seats in town. Ready for the long rides.

Mark, feeling a sense of accomplishment, continued to support Frank's weight without resistance. The art of riding had transformed into a harmonious dance, where the rider and the ridden found fulfillment in their unique connection. And Mark, having fully submitted to Frank's weight, was now a willing and obedient seat, ready to be molded to perfection for his cowboy rider.

Tyler and Frank, settled comfortably on their respective seats, allowed their seats to continue serving them while they engaged in a conversation about the significance of Mark's submission. Tyler, leaning back into Bob's face, spoke to Frank, You know, Frank, this is a crucial milestone. Mark's complete submission means he's fully embracing his role as your seat. It's a bond of trust and dominance. How's it feeling for you? Frank, enjoying the support from his obedient seat, replied, It's a great feeling, Tyler. Takes a bit of training, but once they fully submit, it's like having your own custom-made saddle. And Mark here is shaping up to be a darn good seat.

Mark, still beneath Frank, listened to the conversation, realizing the significance of what he had just experienced. Tyler continued, It's not just about physical endurance. It's a psychological journey for the seat. The complete submission signifies that he's willingly putting your comfort above his own. Frank nodded, acknowledging the truth in Tyler's words. You got it, Tyler. And Mark, you're on your way to becoming the best seat in the league.

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Keep it up, and you'll find that serving as a seat isn't just about endurance, but a mutual satisfaction in this unique bond. Mark, now fully attuned to his role, grunted in acknowledgment.

Tyler and Frank, appreciating the moment, settled back into their seats, enjoying the comfort provided by their obedient and submissive seats. The park echoed with the sounds of contented moans and grunts, marking the harmonious relationship between riders and their custom-made seats.

Tyler, observing the newly forged connection between Frank and Mark, leaned back slightly on Bob's face to address Mark directly. Hey Mark, feeling the weight of that milestone, aren't you? Submitting to your rider is a big step, but it's a two-way street. How does it feel to fully embrace being Frank's seat?

Frank, lifting his ass a bit to let Mark speak, waited for Mark's response. Mark, slightly muffled under Frank's weight, managed to articulate, It's... it's a different feeling, Tyler. At first, I resisted, but now I see it's about trust and a kind of surrender. Frank's weight is, well, it's heavy, but it's a weight I'm learning to appreciate.

Tyler nodded understandingly, That's right, Mark. It's not just about the physical aspect; it's about trust and mutual satisfaction. Frank here is enjoying the comfort you provide, and you're becoming a key part of his riding routine. How's that settling with you? Mark, despite the weight on his face, conveyed a sense of acceptance, It's weirdly satisfying, Tyler. Knowing I'm fulfilling a role and serving a purpose. It's not just about enduring the weight; it's about embracing it. I get it now.

Frank, pleased with Mark's response, added, Good to hear, Mark. It's a journey, and you're making great progress. Just keep it up, and you'll find that being a reliable seat is its own reward. Your commitment is what makes you valuable to me. Tyler chimed in, Absolutely, Mark. You're becoming an integral part of this dynamic. And remember, it's not just about enduring; it's about finding satisfaction in supporting your rider. Frank's counting on you, and you're doing a damn good job.

As the conversation continued, Frank settled back into his seat, allowing Mark to absorb the words and the weight. As the riders continued their conversation, the topic of when to end the open-end ride surfaced. Tyler, glancing at Frank, initiated the discussion, So, Frank, are you feeling satisfied with the ride so far, or do you think Mark can handle a bit more?

Frank, leaning back comfortably, took a moment to assess the situation. Well, Tyler, Mark's doing better than I expected. He's submitting nicely, and his endurance is improving. But, he added with a chuckle, I wouldn't mind a bit more time in the saddle. What about you and Bob? Tyler smirked, Bob's been a reliable seat as always, but I could go for a bit more, too. It's been a good ride, and Bob seems up for the challenge. Frank nodded in agreement, Exactly. Let's push them a bit further, see how they handle it. It's all part of the training, right? Tyler grinned, Couldn't agree more, Frank. A little more time won't hurt, and it's good for them. Builds character.

With a shared understanding, the riders decided to extend the ride a bit longer, allowing their seats to continue their service. The open-ended nature of the session provided both riders and seats with an opportunity to further solidify their connection and strengthen the unique dynamic between them.

Tyler, settling comfortably on Bob's face, turned to Frank with a grin, ready to share the details of his training methods. You know, Frank, training Bob wasn't an easy task, but it paid off. It's all about building that trust and submission. Right, Bob? Tyler lifted his butt slightly, allowing Bob to respond. Bob, with his face still snug beneath Tyler, muffled his agreement, Yeah, Ty, you did a great job training me. I've learned to read your cues and anticipate your needs. Tyler chuckled, Exactly, Bob. It's about communication without words. I started with

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short sessions, gradually increasing the time. When he did well, I rewarded him by giving him breaks. Positive reinforcement, you know? Bob moaned softly in agreement, his face still serving as Tyler's seat. Tyler continued, And, of course, I made sure he understood that his main job is to keep me comfortable. That's why he's so good at it now.

Frank nodded, acknowledging Tyler's approach. Seems effective. Mark could use some of that training. How did you handle resistance, though? Tyler leaned back comfortably, Ah, resistance. It's about being firm, showing them who's in control. The punishing move, as I call it. If Bob slacked off or didn't respond immediately, I'd make him adjust and let him know that I won't tolerate any lapses. Bob, having listened to Tyler's explanation, grunted his affirmation, He's right..., Frank. Consistency...is key. Frank grinned, appreciating the insights. Sounds like you've got a well-trained seat, Tyler. I might borrow a few tricks for Mark. Tyler chuckled, Feel free to do so, Frank. It's an art, you know? And Bob here is a masterpiece.

Frank, chuckled as he asked for more details about the punishing move. Bob, tell Frank about how I punished you if I felt you needed it, Tyler said while lifting his ass a bit. Bob, with his face still beneath Tyler, moaned softly as he prepared to share details about the punishing move. Well, Frank, when Tyler felt I needed a bit of 'encouragement,' he would lift his butt slightly, giving me a chance to catch a breath. But just as I took that breath, he'd swiftly sit back down with some force, grinding his ass in a circular motion on my face. It's a rather painful way of reminding me who's in charge.

Tyler, sitting back down, grinned at the recollection. It's a quick and effective way to reinforce discipline. Bob quickly learned that if he wants to avoid discomfort, he has to stay focused and attentive. Bob, slightly muffled but audible, added, Yeah,...it's a...wake-up call. You learn to...pay attention...to every move...anticipating what...the rider needs. It becomes...second nature.

Frank nodded, intrigued by the dynamics. So, it's a mix of positive reinforcement and a bit of discipline to keep them in line. Tyler agreed, Exactly, Frank. It's about creating a balance. The punishing move is a tool to maintain discipline, but the positive reinforcement is equally crucial. It's about making them understand that their comfort is tied to their performance. Bob nodded in agreement, his face still snug beneath Tyler's weight. It works, Frank. Tyler's method...may seem...intense, but it...builds a...strong bond of trust...and understanding. I'm always...eager to serve...him well and...keep him comfortable. Frank, considering the insights, said, I'll keep that in mind, Tyler. Seems like you've mastered the art of training a good seat.

Tyler, still seated on Bob's face, continued sharing insights with Frank about his methods to deepen Bob's submission and create a willing, attentive seat.

You see, Frank, it's not just about physical discipline; it's also about mental conditioning. I want Bob to enjoy being ridden, to crave the weight on his face. It's about making him love the feeling of submission and the pleasure of serving as a comfortable seat.

Bob, tapping Tyler's thigh to lift his butt slightly to allow him to speak, added, Tyler knows how to make it enjoyable. He introduced variety in the way he rides me. Different positions, different pressures, and even different riders. It keeps things interesting, and I've learned to adapt to various styles.

Tyler nodded, acknowledging Bob's input. Exactly, Bob. I want you to be versatile, comfortable with any rider and any style. It's not just about enduring; it's about embracing the experience, Frank. I've had Mark and you riding Bob to introduce him to different riders and riding preferences, to train him to support heavy weight riders like you.

Frank, intrigued, asked, How do you make sure he adjusts to different riders and weights without losing his comfort or focus? Tyler smiled, Consistency is key. We maintain some

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elements that Bob can rely on, like the saddle he creates with his hands. It provides a familiar and snug fit. But I also encourage him to adapt to the unique characteristics of each rider. It's a holistic training approach. Bob added, And Tyler makes sure I enjoy it. If I show any resistance or discomfort, he addresses it immediately. It's about creating a positive association with being ridden, making it an enjoyable experience for both of us.

Frank nodded, absorbing the details. So, it's about creating a balance between routine and variety, making the seat adaptable but also ensuring a level of predictability for comfort. Tyler agreed, Exactly, Frank. It's an art, and each seat is different. Understanding their limits, preferences, and pushing them just enough to expand those limits is the key.

The conversation continued, with Tyler and Frank delving into the nuances of riding, training, and the unique dynamics between a rider and their seat. Frank, contemplating the conversation about training methods, felt a strong desire to focus on Mark's development as his exclusive seat. As Tyler and Bob continued sharing insights, Frank interrupted with a determined tone. I think, for now, I should be the only one riding Mark. I want to mold him into my personal seat, custom-made to my sitting preferences. It's crucial for his training to support my weight for extended rides, and I want him to be attuned to my needs and eager to serve me.

Tyler, understanding Frank's perspective, nodded in agreement. That makes sense, Frank. It's essential to establish a strong connection between a rider and his seat, especially during the initial phases of training. Mark needs to get used to your style, your weight, and your preferences. Frank continued, Exactly. I want him to be perfectly in sync with me, like a well-tailored saddle. It's not just about endurance; it's about creating a bond, a trust that he can handle my weight comfortably and willingly.

Mark, hearing this, felt a mix of anticipation and nervousness. He was aware that the focus on his training was intensifying, and becoming Frank's exclusive seat meant a deeper level of commitment to the role.

Tyler, addressing Mark, said, Mark, this is an opportunity for you to fully submit to Frank's training. It might be challenging at first, but it will ultimately make you a better seat for him. Embrace the experience, and you'll find that the connection between a rider and his seat goes beyond just physical endurance. Mark, still under Frank's weight, nodded in acknowledgment, ready to embark on this more exclusive and focused phase of his training under Frank's guidance. The riders continued their conversation, discussing the nuances of training and the unique dynamics that defined the relationship between riders and their seats.

As the conversation unfolded, Frank outlined his plan for Mark's specialized training. Mark, I want you to understand that this phase will require dedication and focus. You'll be my exclusive seat, and I'll guide you through the process of becoming the perfect saddle for me. It's not just about enduring my weight; it's about adapting to my riding style and preferences.

Mark, squirming beneath Frank, responded with a muffled agreement. The weight of Frank's dominance and the anticipation of becoming his dedicated seat fueled a mix of anxiety and excitement within him.

Tyler chimed in, offering encouragement to Mark. Mark, it's a unique journey, and the bond you build with your rider is something special. Frank will teach you the ropes, and you'll find that being a rider's seat is more than a physical task—it's a connection built on trust and mutual understanding.

Frank, with a firm resolve, instructed Mark, I want you to focus on embracing my weight. The more you submit to it, the easier it will become. It's not just about enduring; it's about accepting and thriving under my control. Your comfort is my priority, but it's a two-way street. You'll learn to serve, and I'll guide you to become the perfect seat.

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As the riders continued their conversation, Mark began to internalize the commitment required for this exclusive training. He understood that being Frank's seat was not just a physical task but an intricate dance of trust and submission.

Tyler, sharing more of his experiences with Bob, provided Mark with insights into the nuanced aspects of being a reliable and responsive seat. The conversation delved into the psychology of the rider-seat relationship, emphasizing the importance of communication, trust, and the mutual satisfaction derived from the unique connection formed during the ride.

In the midst of this exchange, Frank continued to sit comfortably on Mark, feeling a sense of pride and responsibility for guiding his seat through this crucial phase of training. The park, once a secluded spot for casual gatherings, had become a training ground for the evolving dynamics between the riders and their dedicated seats.

Frank, satisfied with the progress and the submission he felt beneath him, decided it was time to conclude the ride. With a deliberate lift of his weight, he gracefully dismounted Mark, allowing him to catch his breath. Mark, you did well. I can feel the progress, and your dedication to becoming my exclusive seat is commendable, Frank praised, a genuine smile spreading beneath his cowboy hat.

Tyler and Bob, both having witnessed Mark's journey from resistance to submission, joined in the words of appreciation. Tyler clapped Mark on the shoulder, Good job, Mark. It's not an easy path, but you've shown commitment and resilience. Bob, always supportive and familiar with the challenges of submission, added, Mark, it's a unique bond you're forming with Frank. Embrace it, and you'll find a whole new level of satisfaction in being a dedicated seat.

Mark, still catching his breath, nodded in acknowledgment. He felt a mix of pride and humility, having crossed a significant milestone in his journey as a seat. The riders, now gathered in camaraderie, shared a moment of mutual respect for the dynamics that had unfolded in the secluded spot in the park.

Frank extended a hand to help Mark up. You've earned a break, but remember, this is just the beginning. We'll continue to refine your role as my exclusive seat, tailored to my preferences. You're part of a unique brotherhood now, and there's a certain pride in being the dedicated seat of a rider.

As the friends gathered, the mood was light and filled with a shared sense of accomplishment. Tyler and Frank, having enjoyed their time in the saddle, decided to grant Bob and Mark a well-deserved rest before the journey back to the parking lot. Take a breather, guys. You've earned it, Tyler said, patting Bob on the back. Frank echoed the sentiment, You both did great today. We'll give you some time to recover.

Bob, familiar with the routine, lay down to rest, readying himself for the upcoming shoulder ride. Tyler smiled, appreciating Bob's willingness to serve as his reliable ride.

Tyler, noticing the readiness of both seats, exchanged a knowing glance with Frank. Well, it's time to head back to the cars. Bob, my trusty ride, let's get going, Tyler said, signaling for Bob to prepare for the shoulder ride. Bob, eager as always, crouched down before Tyler for an easy mounting. Tyler chuckled, appreciating Bob's enthusiasm. That's the spirit, Bob. Let's make our way back.

Mark, now submissive to Frank, approached him with a sense of anticipation. Without a word spoken, he crouched down, signaling his readiness to serve as Frank's seat once again. Frank, wearing a satisfied grin, adjusted his cowboy hat and took his seat on Mark, adjusting his position for the journey ahead.

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With everyone in their designated roles, the group set off towards the parking lot. Tyler and Frank, comfortably seated on their respective shoulders, exchanged light banter as they strolled back, relishing the camaraderie and the unique bond that their shared experiences had forged. The secluded spot in the park had witnessed not only the physical training of seats but also the strengthening of the bonds among friends.