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Tyler, Frank, and Bob gathered in the parking lot, dressed in their football pants, ready for another afternoon of training. Mark would join them later this afternoon due to car trouble. Tyler, sporting a baseball cap, looked at Frank and couldn't resist asking, Hey, Frank, you got your jock strap on today, too?

Frank grinned under his signature cowboy hat and replied, Absolutely, Tyler. I've gotten used to the revealing nature of these pants, so adding the jock strap is just another little step in showcasing my assets. He chuckled and added, My girlfriend even shared a picture of my ass on her insta, got a lot of likes. Gotta keep the ladies happy, you know. But then again, so did the Levi's! Frank joked, eliciting laughter from the group. Tyler, amused, said, Well, can't argue with that logic. Let's make sure today's training session is as entertaining as her Insta posts, Frank.

Bob, patiently awaiting Tyler's further instructions, was hopeful for another round of carrying both riders. Tyler, looking at Frank, how about we share Bob again, just like last week? I'll ride him for the first leg, warm him up for you, and then you can take over from me for the second leg. Sound good? Frank, eager for a shoulder ride, agreed. Works for me, Tyler!

Tyler handed a small backpack to Bob for him to carry and instructed him to crouch and prepare to be seated. With swift movements, Tyler mounted his trusted steed and ordered, Lift, Bob! Bob, delighted to carry his regular rider, began the walk on Tyler's command. Tyler turned to Frank and jokingly said, I want to give you a challenge too, Frank. This time, let's skip the comments on my ass, buddy! With that, he spurred Bob onward, setting the tone for their training session.

Tyler and Bob had reached the midway point of their journey, and Tyler decided it was time for a switch. He halted Bob and took a moment before issuing the command to crouch for dismount. All right, Bob, time for Frank to take the reins, Tyler said with a grin, patting Bob on the shoulder.

Frank, ready for his turn, adjusted his cowboy hat while mounting Bob's shoulders. He took a moment to find a comfortable position before giving Bob the order to lift him. Bob, accustomed to the routine, grunted as he hoisted the wrestler onto his shoulders. Despite the challenge, he managed it smoothly. With Frank settled comfortably, Tyler took charge, saying, Giddy up, Bob! Let's go! The trio resumed their journey, with Frank now enjoying the view from atop Bob's strong shoulders.

Frank, enjoying the shoulder ride on Bob, couldn't help but wonder if he was truly in control or if Tyler was still calling the shots. Feeling a sense of ownership, Frank decided to confront Tyler about it. Hey, Tyler, am I riding Bob or are you still pulling the strings? Frank asked, a hint of challenge in his tone. Tyler, with a smirk, responded, Frank, Bob is my guy. I'm just lending him to you for a bit.

Frank, feeling like he had taken charge when Tyler handed over the reins, argued, But you gave me the control. Doesn't that mean I call the shots now? Tyler chuckled, Frank, you're borrowing him, but I still own his ass. Just remember that. Frank, not one to back down, suggested, How about a little wrestling match to settle this? Winner gets control of Bob.

Tyler, with a grin, reminded him of their previous wrestling match, saying, Frank, we've been down that road before, and let's just say I kicked your butt. So, for now, you answer to me when it comes to Bob, unless I say otherwise. The banter continued as they walked, with Frank accepting Tyler's terms, at least for now.

The guys have reached the training spot. Tyler, always up for some friendly banter, decided to tease Frank a bit by ordering Bob to crouch down for his dismount, before he could do it himself. Frank, in a playful mood, took advantage of the situation and stayed seated on Bob's shoulders, intentionally prolonging the moment to see Tyler's reaction. Tyler, sensing the playful challenge, approached Frank with a knowing look. In a sudden move, Tyler pulled

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Frank backward, catching him off guard. Before Frank knew it, he found himself on his back on the ground, with Tyler sitting on his chest. With a grin, Tyler asked, What are you gonna do about it, cowboy? The mischievous glint in Frank's eyes sparked a friendly wrestling match between the two friends. After a few rounds of tussling, this time, Frank emerged victorious.

After the friendly wrestling match, the guys needed a place to sit and relax, and they turned to Bob. Bob, seeing Frank had emerged victorious, anticipated that Frank might take advantage of the situation. True to expectations, Frank approached Bob with a triumphant grin. He snapped his fingers twice, keeping his eyes on Tyler, who acknowledged the unspoken cue with a nod to Bob. Tyler said to Frank, Go ahead, Frank. You won fair and square. You have control over Bob now.

Bob, well-aware of the dynamics, obediently got on all fours, anticipating what was about to happen. Frank waited for a few seconds, relishing the moment, before giving Bob the command to bow with a snap of his fingers and a downward pointing index finger. I might keep him like this for a while, Frank said to Tyler, just to make sure your guy knows his place beneath me. The power dynamics shifted momentarily as Bob remained in a submissive position, reinforcing the playful and dominant atmosphere among the friends.

Frank, reveling in his victory, kept Bob bowing before him. He turned to Tyler, proudly claiming dibs on Bob's face now that he had won. Tyler couldn't resist a teasing response, Your big ass needs pampering, I guess, by the best seat in town? Go ahead, cowboy. Get him on his back whenever you're ready. I'll join you in a bit, and we can play a game to see if you can stay seated on his face or if you have to switch seats with me. I feel like face sitting too, you know.

Frank, a bit puzzled but intrigued, commanded Bob to get on his back and present his face for seating with a snap of his fingers and a downward pointing index finger. Bob, obedient as ever, immediately responded, preparing himself for the upcoming weight. Frank picked up his cowboy hat from where he had lost it during the wrestling match, put it on, and straddled Bob's face. With a sigh of content, he settled in.

Tyler, feeling like joining the fun, suggested to Frank, Hey, Frank, why don't you sit reversed? That way, we can talk a bit easier. Frank, always up for banter, responded, Thought you wanted to have a good view of my big ass, my friend. But I'll turn around if that makes you happier. I'm sure Bob won't mind.

With that, Frank dismounted, turned around, and sat down on Bob's chest in the reversed position, ensuring that Bob would have a good look at his rear end. Frank enjoyed making an impression with his well-formed buttocks, and this was a perfect moment for a little show. He looked over his shoulder to check if Bob was paying attention and, grinning, said to him, There's no label on these pants to check the measurements like on the Levi's, but how do you like seeing what's coming for you, buddy?

Bob chuckled and replied, Those pants really showcase your assets, Frank. Glad to see you wear your jock strap too. Get that great ass of yours in the saddle, sit back, relax, and let me take care of it. Frank responded with confidence, Don't you worry, Bob. I'm gonna make sure you feel the weight of my ass. I want you to take good care of it, and we're gonna get along just fine. With that declaration, he adjusted his cowboy hat, adding a touch of flair to the moment.

Slowly, but deliberately, Frank shifted his hips backward, hovering a bit over Bob's face to build the anticipation within his seat. The air filled with a mix of tension and excitement as Frank made his descent. He sat down, initially adjusting his weight to find the most comfortable position, making Bob feel the increasing pressure.

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As he settled back, Frank's full weight came down, and Bob couldn't help but emit a few grunts in response. These involuntary sounds only made Frank chuckle, adding an element of playfulness to the moment. With a content smile on his face, Frank said, Enjoy my weight and pamper my ass, Bob. You know how I like it. Leaning back further in his seat, Frank's action elicited more grunts from under his ass, creating a unique blend of dominance and camaraderie in their unconventional training session.

Tyler, observing the scene with amusement, couldn't resist a playful comment. Are you sitting comfortably on my guy, or what? With a mischievous grin, Tyler decided to join the unique seating arrangement. He directed Bob to create a backrest, ensuring his own comfort, and straddled Bob's stomach.

As Tyler settled down, an unintentional thud accompanied his descent, prompting Bob to react with a "mmmph" and a few grunts. Frank found amusement in Bob's reactions and laughed. Addressing Tyler, he quipped, You're making it hard for Bob already. However, Frank didn't ease up on his seat; instead, he continued to lean back, adding to the challenge for Bob.

Looking at the unfolding scene, Frank remarked to Tyler, But hey, why not make him work for it? The trio found themselves in a unique, yet strangely comfortable, situation, where Bob was determined to provide pleasure and satisfaction to his riders, even if it meant working hard under their combined weight.

Tyler and Frank, comfortably settled on Bob, discussed the next steps in Mark's training. Frank, impressed with the control Tyler exhibited over Bob, expressed his desire to achieve a similar level of authority with Mark. Man, I can see myself snapping my fingers and having him obey my every command, just like you do with Bob, Frank remarked, a hint of envy and excitement in his voice.

Tyler, leaning back in his seat, offered Frank some seasoned advice. Take it one step at a time, my friend. Don't rush into making him bow for you just yet. Start with simple cues and make sure his response is to your liking. Build that connection, trust, and submission gradually. Once you've established a solid foundation, you can make them do anything. Frank, considering the advice, nodded thoughtfully. You've got a point, Tyler. I'll work on building that connection first.

Tyler, adjusting his seating position, continued, When Mark joins us, we can work on it together. It might help having both of us guide him into the dynamics. We'll make sure he becomes a seat that's eager to please.

Frank appreciated the offer and looked forward to the joint training session with Tyler when Mark would be present. The two friends continued to relax, discussing their plans for Mark's training, confident that their combined efforts would shape Mark into the submissive seat Frank envisioned.

Tyler received a message about Mark running late, and he shared the news with Frank, who couldn't hide his slight disappointment. Meanwhile, Bob overheard the conversation and mentally prepared himself for the extended time under Frank's weight.

Thinking on his feet, Tyler came up with a suggestion to turn the waiting time into a game. How about we play some cards while we wait for Mark? Tyler proposed. The winner gets the privilege to sit on Bob's face, and the loser takes the spot on his stomach. What do you think, Frank? It could be fun! Frank, liking the idea, grinned and agreed, Sounds like a plan, Tyler. Let's turn this wait into a game. I'm in! Bob, secretly hoping that Tyler would win a couple of rounds, accepted his fate with a determined mind, ready to serve as the living seat for their impromptu card game.

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Tyler, having planned ahead, retrieved the backpack with drinks, snacks, and a deck of cards. Frank, noticing Tyler's preparation, commented, You came prepared, buddy. Tyler responded with a grin, Yeah, had a feeling he might run late when I talked to him this morning.

Tyler explained the game they would play, The name of the game is Crazy Eights, something we can manage while seated like this. Tyler assigned Bob a unique role, Bob, your chest will be our table for the stockpile of cards. Just lay still to prevent them from sliding off. Frank, always with a playful tone, added his expectations, Despite playing the role of table, we still expect you to meet our needs for comfort. No slacking off in responding to my weight shifts, Bob, and keep Tyler comfortable too. Bob, nodding in understanding, prepared himself for the dual role of living card table and a seat for their card game.

Frank, reveling in his victory, won the first two rounds of Crazy Eights, earning the privilege to sit on Bob's face. After the second round, he struck a victorious pose, leaning far back in his seat, making Bob grunt under his weight. Despite the strain, Frank challenged Bob, saying, You told me you could handle my weight just fine. Now let's see what you're made of, buddy. I'm gonna keep you under my ass for a whole lot longer if Tyler keeps losing.

Tyler, sitting relaxed, asked, Frank, would you like a drink and some snacks while we play? Frank, shifting his weight to accept the refreshments, replied, I could sit like this all day, playing cards with my best friend, drinking soda, munching chips, and riding Bob's face at the same time. Life doesn't get any better, my friend! They continued their card game, enjoying the unique setup provided by Bob.

As the card game progressed, Bob found himself in an increasingly challenging situation. The combined weight of Tyler and Frank was taking its toll on his body, especially with Frank sitting on his face, making it harder for him to breathe. Additionally, his chest served as a makeshift table for the card game, and the constant shifting of the riders' weight added to the difficulty.

Bob's muscles strained under the load, and he grunted occasionally, trying his best to meet the demands of his riders. The heat of the game, the laughter, and the banter between Tyler and Frank created an atmosphere of enjoyment. Despite the physical challenge, Bob felt a growing sense of submission and obedience, realizing that his primary purpose at the moment was to provide comfort and serve as a reliable seat for his friends.

Tyler, noticing Bob's effort, gave him a reassuring pat on the side, saying, Hang in there, Bob, you're doing great. Frank, absorbed in the card game and enjoying the unique setup, chuckled and commented, Bob, you're the best seat in the house, buddy.

As the game continued, Bob focused on enduring the weight, finding solace in the camaraderie of his friends. The sense of submission deepened, and Bob felt a strange satisfaction in being an integral part of their shared experience, even if it meant shouldering the literal weight of their enjoyment.

As Tyler won the next round of Crazy Eights, the time had come for a seat switch. Bob was relieved, welcoming the chance to catch his breath and stretch his muscles for a moment. Although he wasn't allowed to stand up, the short break was a welcomed reprieve.

Frank, with a playful grin, thudded down onto Bob's stomach. Hope you're ready for more, Bob, he teased. Then came Tyler, settling comfortably on Bob's face. Despite the weight, Bob couldn't help but feel a sense of contentment and familiarity being under Tyler's ass once again.

Ah, good to be back, Bob, Tyler said with a chuckle. Frank added, Enjoy it while it lasts, Tyler, because I'm planning to win the next round and reclaim that prime seat.

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The guys got themselves comfortable, shifting their weight slightly to find the best positions, and then resumed the card game. The atmosphere was filled with laughter, friendly banter, and the occasional grunt from Bob, who was determined to continue serving as the best seat in the house for his friends.

As the card game progressed, Tyler's movements became more animated and unpredictable. While Tyler was thoroughly engrossed in the game and having a good time, Bob, underneath him, was diligently working to keep him comfortable.

Bob, accustomed to Tyler's weight and riding style, usually found serving him to be relatively easy. However, the shifting and extra movements Tyler was making during the game added an unexpected challenge. Tyler, focused on the cards and the banter with Frank, didn't notice the increase in Bob's workload.

Bob let out a soft moan, not wanting to distract the players from their game, but determined to endure and continue supporting Tyler. In his mind, he hoped that Tyler would win the next round, giving him a bit of respite from the additional challenges if Frank would win.

As the card game continued, Tyler emerged victorious in the next two rounds, securing his position on Bob's face. Tyler couldn't help but express his delight, teasing Frank for not winning back the prime seat. Looks like Lady Luck is on my side today, Frank. Your big cowboy hat might be blocking your vision. Frank, grinning, responded: All right, Tyler, enjoy your winning streak. But it's not over yet.

The game continued with increased enthusiasm, and the guys' movements became more animated. Despite the lively atmosphere, Bob remained focused on his role. Tyler, sitting comfortably on his face, couldn't see the determined expression on Bob's face, but he felt the subtle shifts beneath him.

Bob, silently accepting the challenge, worked diligently to keep Tyler and Frank comfortable and content. His training had prepared him well for this, and he embraced his role as their supportive and submissive seat. The dynamic between the three friends continued, with laughter, banter, and the ongoing game.

Frank's victory in the next round meant that Tyler had to relinquish his comfortable position on Bob's face. Frank, excited about reclaiming the prime seat, couldn't hide his enthusiasm. Well, well, Tyler, looks like luck is on my side now. Get ready for a switcheroo. Tyler, with a playful grin, responded: Enjoy it while it lasts, cowboy. Let's see if Bob can handle the weight of that big hat of yours. Oh, Tyler, I'm sure Bob is looking forward hosting me again, Frank said teasingly.

Frank eagerly approached Bob, who was patiently waiting for Frank to take his prime seat again. Frank sat down on his face with a thud, giving Tyler a triumphant look. Ah, it feels good to be back in the saddle. Get ready for the ride, Bob!

The banter between the friends continued as the game, and the shifting seats on Bob, added a playful element to their Saturday afternoon. Mark's arrival added a new dynamic to the scene, and the guys welcomed him with laughter and friendly banter.

Mark: Wow, looks like you guys are having a blast with cards and all. But where's Bob?
Frank, grinning, pointed beneath him, saying: He's somewhere down there, Mark, working hard. Grab a drink and join us; we'll finish this round, and then I'll take care of you. I have been planning on having some fun with you today. Ready for a little variety in your training?
Mark, a bit puzzled but intrigued, replied: Sure, why not? I'm up for anything. And by the way, thanks for whatever you've been doing. My girlfriend can't keep her hands off me lately.
Frank, content with the compliment, chuckled: You did most of the work yourself, my friend. I'm just here to guide you.

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The guys decided to take a break from their card game, giving Bob a well-deserved respite from being their table and seats. Mark, with newfound respect for Bob's endurance, almost couldn't believe he had been used as a two-seater for almost an hour.

Frank and Tyler hatched a plan to take Bob and Mark for some shoulder riding, providing Mark with a warm-up before his face-sitting session. Tyler summoned Bob, while Frank ordered Mark to crouch down before him for an easy mount. Frank: All right, Mark, get ready for a warm-up ride. Tyler, settled on Bob's shoulders, chimed in: Let's take a 15-minute ride, guys. It'll be a good warm-up for Mark, and we'll be back for some more fun later. With that, Bob hoisted Tyler on his shoulders, and the group set off for a ride, ready to return for the face-sitting sessions.

As the guys enjoyed their ride, Tyler and Frank engaged in a conversation about their respective carriers. Frank, your guy is doing well carrying your weight. He seems to be getting better at it by the week. Absolutely, Tyler, I'm proud of Mark's achievements. He's happy to be working again, and I can sense that coping with my weight is getting easier for him every week. Mark, overhearing the conversation, chimed in: Yeah, guys, it's challenging, but I feel stronger each time. Bob, carrying Tyler, simply enjoyed the praise and the ride. The carriers shared a mutual appreciation for the training session. Another perfect day for training, isn't it, Tyler says. Indeed, Tyler, Frank agreed. These sessions are doing wonders for both of them.

As Tyler and Frank made their way back to the training spot, they attracted some attention from other people in the park. Tyler couldn't help but comment on the reactions. People are probably wondering why we're riding, but they seem comfortable with the action. Frank, teasingly: Most of them smile, and some even give us a thumbs-up. I bet it's because they appreciate how your ass looks riding like that. Tyler, grinning: I think they're more amazed by the looks of your cowboy ass, my friend. The banter between the riders amused both Bob and Mark, who chuckled at their riders' playful exchange. The group continued their journey with a light-hearted atmosphere.

As the riders reached their training ground, they instructed their carriers to crouch down for dismounting using simple, short commands. Frank, however, decided to linger in his seat for a few moments before stepping off, introducing an element of unpredictability to the routine and ensuring Mark stayed attentive and submissive. Tyler observed Frank's actions with approval. You make a fine rider, Frank, keeping him submissive like that.

Both Bob and Mark were praised for their good rides, and Tyler ordered them to lay next to each other on their backs, preparing themselves for the upcoming face-sitting session. Good job, guys, Tyler said. Now, let's get ready for the next part of your training.

As the riders prepared for the face-sitting session, Bob and Mark lay on their backs, ready for their respective riders. Tyler took his seat on Bob's face, and Frank settled himself on Mark's. The seats adjusted to the weight, adapting to the riders as they found a comfortable position, eliciting moans and grunts as their riders settled in, applying their full weight.

Ah, Bob, my trusted seat. Ready for a good ride, Tyler asked. Frank, settling on Mark, ordered him to react swiftly to his weight shifts and keep him comfortable. You know the drill, Mark. Make it a smooth ride for me. Tyler, looking over at Frank, said, Bob knows how I like it. It had been a while since Mark had been seated, so he had to get used to Frank's weight again, but he was eager to work for him. Let's aim for a 30-minute ride today, Mark. You up for it? Mark, determined, responded, Absolutely, Frank. I'm ready for the challenge.

Midway through the face-sitting session, Tyler turned to Frank with a grin. How's the ride, Frank? You're comfortable? Frank, enjoying the experience, responded, Oh, I'm loving it, Tyler. But I can sense a bit of resistance from Mark. He's not fully submitting to my weight yet, but we're getting there. Tyler chuckled, watching the dynamic between Frank and Mark unfold. Frank continued, I just have to sit back and let gravity do its job, he grinned, shifting in his seat. Mark grunted beneath Frank's weight, feeling the challenge of supporting him. It

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seemed like Frank had gained some weight since their last session. Tyler, amused, said, Give him some time, Frank. He'll get used to it. Bob took a while to adjust to me too. Frank nodded, You're right, Tyler. Patience is key.

As the 30-minute mark approached, Tyler turned to Frank. So, Frank, satisfied with the ride? Ready for dismounting? Frank, still feeling a bit of resistance from Mark, replied, Not completely, Tyler. He hasn't fully submitted yet, but he's getting there. I'll stay seated until he's completely submissive to my weight. It's crucial for the obedience training we have planned today. Tyler nodded in agreement, You're making the right call, Frank. Submission is key to being a successful trainer. They need to accept your weight willingly. Frank grinned, Thanks,

As the 35-minute mark approached, Frank felt a significant shift in Mark's demeanor, indicating full submission to his weight. Tyler, I think he's fully submitted now. There's no resistance left. Let's give him a few more minutes to enjoy being ridden in complete submission. Tyler, appreciating Frank's approach, replied, That sounds like a good idea, Frank. Let him savor the feeling. The riders stayed seated for an additional 5 minutes, allowing Mark to come to terms with his submission.

Tyler complimented Frank on handling the situation well. You're doing great, Frank. And Mark, I must say, your submission is admirable. Mark responded with positive sounding moans and grunts, unable to speak as Frank continued to keep his full weight seat on him.

The additional time allowed Mark to fully embrace his role beneath Frank. As the session progressed, he initially felt some resistance to Frank's weight when he first took his seat. The familiar challenge returned, but Mark was determined to meet it head-on. As time passed, he gradually adapted to the pressure and began to find a level of comfort in being ridden by Frank.

By the time the 35-minute mark approached, Mark had fully submitted to Frank's weight. The initial challenge transformed into a feeling of enjoyment. He appreciated the sense of accomplishment in accepting and embracing the role of Frank's seat. Though the session was demanding, Mark was motivated to please his rider and meet his demands for the remaining minutes of the ride.

Frank, pleased with Mark's submission, could feel the positive effect on his sitting comfort. He encouraged Mark to keep up the good work, appreciating the effort Mark was putting into making the ride enjoyable for both of them. The session, despite its initial challenges, was turning into a successful training experience for both rider and seat.

Frank, pleased with Mark's submission and considering the session a success, decided it was time to end the ride. He complimented Mark on his achievements, acknowledging the added challenge of his increased weight and expressing pride in Mark's ability to handle it. You've proven you can handle the extra weight, Mark. I'm proud of you, Frank said, adjusting his cowboy hat with a satisfied smile.

Feeling a sense of accomplishment, Mark thanked Frank for the compliment and looked forward to a short break. Frank, in a generous mood, wanted to reward Mark and proposed a plan to Tyler. Tyler, how about lending Bob to Mark for a little while? We can take a walk, discuss the next phase in Mark's training, and let him have some fun with Bob, Frank suggested. Tyler, always up for a good conversation and understanding that Mark could use a break, agreed. Sure, Frank, Bob is up for the task, and I think a little change of pace will be good for him. Let's go for a walk and chat.

Mark, grateful for the break and excited at the prospect of riding Bob, expressed his thanks. Thanks, Tyler. I appreciate the opportunity to ride Bob. It'll be a nice change after the session.

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Mark settled comfortably on Bob's face, enjoying the unique sensation of sitting on top of him and being in control. He expressed his gratitude to Bob for being there, acknowledging the supportive role Bob played in their training sessions. Thanks for being there for me, Bob. This feels great, Mark said, letting out a contented sigh. I won't ride you hard this time. I just want to relax and enjoy my seat. I'll sit full weight, but let me know if it becomes too much. Keep me comfortable while I rest, and if you need a break, just give me a signal, all right? Bob, accustomed to these instructions, responded with a few moans and a thumbs up, indicating his readiness to accommodate Mark's wishes.

As Mark settled into his seat, he began contemplating his own comfort. Recalling Bob's preference for football pants and jock straps, Mark wondered how it would feel to wear a jock strap himself. With compression shorts under his football pants, he felt the potential for added enjoyment in the ride. I think I'll give the jock strap a try next time, Mark mused aloud, sharing his decision with Bob. If it makes the ride better for you too, Bob, why not? Bob, in agreement, responded with supportive moans.

Mark, reflecting on the influence of his training, found himself more attuned to the comfort and needs of his seat. As he settled into the ride, he looked forward to a relaxing and enjoyable time on Bob, appreciating the unique connection they shared.

As Mark settled into the comfortable position on top of Bob, he couldn't help but express his appreciation for the experience. You make an excellent seat, Bob, Mark said with a contented tone. Tyler has trained you well. I'm growing to enjoy being on the bottom, but it's much easier to ride than to be ridden. I hope to become such a good seat for Frank myself one day. Bob, accustomed to Mark's thoughtful reflections, responded with a few approving moans, acknowledging the acknowledgment.

I'm all right now with being his exclusive seat, despite his larger weight, Mark continued. I now understand why he wants to keep me exclusive. It must be more difficult to accommodate riders with various weights and riding styles, like you do. It's easier to start with just one rider in the beginning. Bob, ever the understanding companion, continued to provide a supportive seat, ready to assist Mark in his journey of becoming a seasoned rider and a fine seat in the future.

Frank and Tyler returned from their walk, ready to implement the next phase of Mark's training. Frank, taking the lead as the designated trainer, had a clear plan in mind.

Mark, dismount Bob, Frank commanded, gesturing with his hand. Thank Tyler for lending you his guy, and don't forget to thank Bob for being your seat. Mark, following the orders, dismounted from his position on Bob's face. Thanks, Tyler, for lending me Bob. And Bob, thanks for being my seat.

Frank, explaining his goals for the day, shared his admiration for Tyler's control over Bob. Last week, I saw how Tyler can command Bob with just a snap of his fingers. I want that same control over you. We're going to work on making you more submissive and obedient, just like Bob.

Tyler, directing Bob to take a break, assured him, I won't be needing you for at least half an hour, Bob. Relax, have a drink and take it easy. You've deserved a break, buddy. Bob, appreciative of the break, settled down nearby, ready to observe the training session unfold.

Frank, preparing to implement the commands, explained to Mark the cues he would use to avoid any confusion. Mark, I'll use the same cues Tyler uses to keep things clear between seats and riders. First, I want you to lay down on your back. When I snap my fingers twice, get on all fours. Stay alert in that position and keep an eye on me. When I snap my fingers once and point my index finger downward, lay on your back again and present your face for

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seating. I might take my seat, or I might want you to stand on all fours again. Listen carefully if I snap my fingers. Everything clear, Mark?

Mark acknowledged the commands, and as Frank snapped his fingers twice, Mark hesitated for a second but then got on all fours, ready to follow the instructions. Frank, while implementing the commands, reinforced the need for Mark's obedience. Keep an eye on me, Mark, as I told you. And next time, respond without delay. I want to see your obedience, not your hesitation, got it?

Frank deliberately made Mark wait for a few seconds before he snapped his fingers once with the downward pointing index finger. Mark quickly rolled over and got on his back. Frank approached him and sat down on his face for a bit, praising him before getting up again. Unbeknownst to Frank, Mark looked up to see him walking away. Tyler discreetly pointed this out to Frank, who turned around and ordered Mark to stay put. Don't move a muscle, Mark, unless I say so, got it? Next time, you will stay laying on the ground after my dismount and wait for my next command, do you understand? Mark, afraid to move, said yes Frank.

Frank repeated the exercise a few times, introducing variations in timing and occasionally sitting on Mark's face. With each repetition, Mark showed progress in following Frank's commands, becoming quicker and displaying more submission.

Frank tested Mark by commanding him to stand on all fours and making him wait. Approaching Mark, Frank sat on his back for a while, praising him as a good boy before getting up again. This time, Frank circled Mark a few times to test if he was paying attention. Mark didn't let him out of his sight, which satisfied Frank. He sat on Mark's back for a few moments again, before getting up and walking over to Tyler.

Tyler asked, Are you happy with Mark's performance? Frank nodded approvingly, He's getting there. With a bit more practice, he'll be as submissive and obedient as Bob. This is a good start.

Tyler agreed: it's a good start. Maybe repeat the exercise a few times to edge this in his memory and add a new element to keep him engaged. And Frank: don't forget to enjoy your control of your guy while you're at it. It's fun to command your seat, allow yourself to experience that sensation. Frank asked if it would be a good time to make Mark bow, but Tyler advised him to teach Mark to come over to him when he is on all fours first. That way you don't have to walk over to him - you make him come over to you. It enhances his submission and reinforces your dominance over him. You want him to feel that his place is beneath you, right? Frank nodded, that makes sense.

Frank, preparing to implement the new command, explained the cue for "crawl over to me" command: three snaps of his fingers. Let's give it a try, Mark.

Frank snapped his fingers three times, and Mark, who was on all fours, looked at him. Frank pointed to the ground in front of him. Mark hesitated for a moment, looking at Frank, who maintained a stern expression. Finally, Mark started crawling towards Frank, demonstrating a mix of hesitation and submission. Once Mark reached him, Frank praised him, Good boy.

Tyler observed the interaction, pleased with the progress. You see, Frank, it's about making him come to you, reinforcing that you're the one in control. Keep practicing, and he'll get even more submissive. Frank nodded, feeling a sense of accomplishment in mastering these commands. Thanks for the guidance, Tyler. This is indeed fun.

Frank repeated the exercises "lay on your back", "stand on all fours" and "come crawling over to me" a couple of times. Occasionally he would sit on Mark's face, his chest or his back. Tyler advised him to also make variations in distance between him and his seat, or take different positions. The more you make variations, the more you challenge him to accept you as his boss and the more fun it is, for both of you. But, Tyler continued, he's is

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your guy, not mine, so you can do whatever you feel like doing, it's just a suggestion. Do whatever works for you, the important thing is to build trust and commitment and a strong connection between you and him.

Frank appreciated Tyler's suggestions and decided to implement them right away. All right, Mark, let's add some variety to our routine. Get on all fours. Mark complied, positioning himself on all fours, awaiting Frank's next command.

Frank, giving his cues, circled around Mark, changing his stance, making variations in distance and taking different positions. Sometimes he would sit on Mark's back, sometimes on his chest, and occasionally on his face. Through it all, Frank maintained a firm but encouraging demeanor.

Tyler watched, nodding in approval. That's the spirit, Frank. Keep him on his toes. Make him feel your presence and control. Frank grinned, enjoying the newfound authority over Mark. Thanks, Tyler. This is indeed more fun than I expected. And I can tell he's responding well.

Tyler patted Frank on the shoulder. You're doing great. Just keep the balance between challenging him and making it an enjoyable experience for both of you. That's the key to a strong connection. Encouraged, Frank continued the exercises, exploring different ways to assert his dominance and strengthen the bond with his seat.

Finally it was time to implement the fourth command. Frank, eager to implement the next command, prepared Mark for the "bow for me" exercise. He explained the cue, a click with his tongue, and the desired position Mark should assume when he hears the click.

Mark, when you hear me click, I want you to bow down, bringing your face to the ground while keeping your rear end upright. Face touching the grass, got it? You'll stay in that position until I snap my fingers twice, signaling you to stand on all fours again. Clear? Mark, a bit confused but willing to comply, nodded in understanding.

Frank then demonstrated by snapping his fingers twice, prompting Mark to stand on all fours. After a while, he snapped his fingers three times to summon Mark over. Mark crawled towards him, stopping just before Frank. Frank waited for a moment and then clicked his tongue. Mark bowed as instructed, but he accidentally got up after a few seconds. Frank, quick to correct the mistake, sternly said, Keep your face to the ground, Mark, as I told you. Don't rise until I give the signal. Mark, understanding the correction, remained bowed as Frank continued to guide him through the exercise.

Frank, satisfied with Mark's response to the "bow for me" command, decided not to keep him in the submissive pose for too long during this initial attempt. He believed that, at this point in Mark's training, it was crucial to emphasize understanding and swift execution of commands rather than deepening his submission.

Tyler, observing the interaction, nodded in approval as Frank released Mark after only a few seconds of bowing. Tyler acknowledged Frank's approach, expressing his satisfaction. Well done, Frank, Tyler complimented. He then turned to Frank with a big smile, patting him on the shoulder, and asked, How did it feel to see him bow for you for the first time? With a grin, Tyler added, Felt good, didn't it, cowboy? Adjusting his hat with a sense of accomplishment, Frank responded to Tyler with a single word, Exhilarating!

After the initial training session with the four commands, Frank decided to give Mark a 5-minute break to relax and process the new instructions. During this break, Frank discussed his observations and concerns with Tyler, seeking advice on how to handle potential resistance from Mark.

Frank expressed his perception of Mark's slight resistance during the bowing exercise. He mentioned that Mark seemed to have more fight in him compared to Bob, and he was

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unsure about how to address this challenge. Tyler, understanding the dynamics, nodded in agreement.

Tyler suggested a proactive approach to deal with potential resistance. Repeat the bowing exercise, Tyler advised. If you sense no resistance, let him up after a few seconds. However, if you feel any lingering resistance, keep him bowing until you sense that his resistance is gone. Then, release the pressure immediately. Positive reinforcement is crucial - praise him when he submits and reward good behavior by relieving the pressure.

Frank appreciated the guidance and acknowledged the importance of submission in the training process. Make him submit to you, Tyler emphasized, and praise him if he submits. Positive reinforcement is a powerful tool, my friend. Frank nodded, ready to implement these strategies in the next phase of Mark's training.

Frank resumed the training session with Mark, who was obediently on all fours, awaiting Frank's next command. A series of three snaps of Frank's fingers summoned Mark to crawl over. Mark approached Frank and stopped at his feet. With a click of his tongue, Frank directed Mark to lower his upper body, bowing with his face to the ground. Frank promptly released him after a brief moment.

After the third repetition of the bowing exercise, Frank sensed resistance in Mark. Determined to address it, Frank kept Mark bowing for a minute until he felt the resistance subside. He then released Mark immediately, praising his submission and acknowledging his progress.

Tyler, observing from a distance, nodded in approval. The interaction between Frank and his seat showcased progress in the training process. Keep going, Frank, you're doing great, Tyler encouraged, recognizing the positive steps in Mark's obedience.

Frank, sensing resistance in Mark during the next bowing exercise, made the decision to keep him in his submissive position. Mark had been bowing for two minutes, displaying persistent resistance and attempting to wiggle out of the hold. Frank sternly commanded, Keep your face to the ground, Mark, and submit to me.

Despite the warning, Mark continued his attempts to resist. Frank, maintaining authority, issued a final warning, Last chance, Mark. Keep your face to the ground and submit. The tension in the training session heightened as Frank awaited Mark's response.

Mark, persisting in his resistance during the bowing exercise, lifted his face slightly. Frank, feeling compelled to take action, placed his foot on Mark's neck, applying just enough pressure to keep his face on the ground. I have all day, Mark. Stop fighting me and submit; this will be much easier if you give up your resistance. Maintaining the pressure, Frank kept his foot on Mark's neck for a solid minute until he sensed submission. Removing his foot, he continued to keep Mark bowing for another minute, praising him. Sensing no signs of resistance, Frank released him and offered words of praise. Tyler and Bob joined in, commending Mark on his submission and congratulating Frank on the significant breakthrough.

Frank decided to end this part of Mark's training and suggested to take a short break. Tyler took the opportunity to engage Mark in a conversation about the recent breakthrough in his training. How do you feel about the exercises, Mark? How about Frank's cues? What did you experience when Frank had his foot on your neck? Has your submission to him grown?

Mark took a moment to collect his thoughts before responding: Well, Tyler, the exercises were challenging, especially the bowing part. Frank's cues are clear, and I can feel the significance of each one. When he had his foot on my neck, it was intense, but I understand now that it's about submission. I've realized that I need to let go of resistance and fully

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submit for the training to be effective. So, I guess my submission to Frank has grown, and I'm learning to trust his commands.

Tyler nodded in understanding, That's great to hear, Mark. Trust is crucial in this kind of training. Frank, what are your thoughts on Mark's progress and the breakthrough we just had? Frank chimed in, I'm pleased with the progress Mark is making. Today's breakthrough shows that he's starting to understand the importance of complete submission. It's a journey, and we'll keep working on it together. Mark, you're doing well, keep it up.

The group enjoyed their break, discussing the training session and sharing insights about the unique dynamics of their unconventional training methods. As the group prepared to head home, Tyler took charge of the situation.

Tyler: All right, guys, let's wrap this up and head back to the cars. Bob, collect all the garbage and put it in the backpack. I need you to carry the backpack again. When you're ready, crouch down so I can take my seat. Bob, being used to the routine, began gathering the garbage and prepared himself for Tyler's ride. Meanwhile, Frank had his own plans for Mark.

Frank: Mark, crouch down for me. Mark obeyed, crouching down as Frank took his seat comfortably, settling on Mark's neck and shoulders. Mark, remembering Frank's previous actions to instill patience and obedience, chuckled and teased him. Mark: Enjoying your comfortable seat, cowboy? Very much so, Mark, just wait for my command to lift me.

As Tyler rode Bob over to the waiting duo, Mark received his orders for lifting and walking. Tyler: All right, guys, let's head back. Enjoy the ride, partner, he said to Frank, with a big grin on his face.

The group moved in unison, Tyler and Frank riding side by side, content with the day's training, their rides fulfilling their roles happily. The camaraderie and unique dynamics of their interactions were evident as they made their way back to the cars.