

CHAPTER 22

As the group settled down after an intense face sitting session the following Saturday, Tyler and Frank began discussing what they should do next. The atmosphere was a mix of relaxation and anticipation, with both riders considering their next moves.

Tyler, stretching his arms and rolling his shoulders, looked over at Bob, who was still recovering but seemed ready for more. "You know, Frank," Tyler said, a thoughtful expression on his face, "I'm thinking about riding on Bob's shoulders for a bit. It's a good workout for him and I think he could use the challenge."

Bob, hearing this, tried to muster up a smile. He appreciated Tyler's enthusiasm and knew that a shoulder ride would indeed be a demanding task. "I'm ready for it, Tyler," Bob said, trying to sound confident despite his exhaustion.

Frank, meanwhile, glanced at Mark, who sat nearby. "What about you, Frank? What's your plan?" Tyler asked, noticing the way Frank was eyeing his own seat.

Frank smiled, a glint of excitement in his eyes. "I think Mark is ready for another face sitting session," he said, his voice full of anticipation. "I really enjoyed the last ride, and I'm sure he can handle it."

Mark, however, felt a pang of anxiety. He had just witnessed Bob being double ridden, Tyler sitting on his stomach and Frank sitting reversed on his face, riding him hard, and while he respected Frank's authority, he couldn't help but hope for a different kind of ride. He gathered his courage to speak up, albeit indirectly. "Uh, Frank," Mark began hesitantly, "how about a shoulder riding session this time? It's just that... after I have seen your demanding ride on Bob, I thought maybe a change would be good."

Frank raised an eyebrow, considering Mark's suggestion. He could see the subtle plea in Mark's eyes, and while he enjoyed the dominance of face sitting, he also wanted to be a considerate rider. "You know what, Mark," Frank said slowly, "you might be onto something. Maybe a shoulder ride would be a good change of pace. Plus, it's a great way to build endurance."

Tyler nodded in agreement, appreciating Frank's willingness to consider his seat's comfort. "That's a great idea, Frank. Shoulder rides are a good workout and they mix things up a bit. Plus, it's still a good way for Mark to serve you."

Mark felt a wave of relief wash over him. He appreciated Frank's consideration and was grateful for the change. "Thank you, Frank. I'll do my best to support you."

Frank smiled and patted Mark on the shoulder. "I know you will, Mark. Let's get started then."

As Tyler climbed onto Bob's shoulders, he gave Frank a nod. "We'll make sure they both get a good workout. Bob, get ready."

Bob, bracing himself, adjusted his stance to better support Tyler's weight. "I'm ready, Tyler."

Frank then positioned himself behind Mark, who got down on one knee to make it easier for Frank to mount. "Alright, Mark, let's see how you handle this."

Mark felt Frank's weight settle on his shoulders, the wrestler's impressive physique making the task challenging. However, he was determined to do his best. "I've got you, Frank," he said, gripping Frank's legs for stability.

Frank, now comfortably seated on Mark's shoulders, looked over at Tyler, who was similarly perched on Bob. "It feels good to be back in the saddle," Frank admitted, enjoying the perspective of a shoulder ride with his best friend at his side.

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Bob, carrying Tyler on his shoulders, felt a sense of comfort and familiarity. Tyler's lower body fit perfectly with Bob's upper body, making the ride feel almost seamless. "You know, Tyler," Bob said, a hint of contentment in his voice, "it's good to have you back on my shoulders. Your weight is familiar, and it feels like we're perfectly matched."

Tyler grinned, patting Bob's head affectionately. "I feel the same way, Bob. You're doing great. It's like we're made for this."

Meanwhile, Mark was adjusting to carrying Frank. The weight was substantial, but Mark was determined to serve his rider well. "I'm glad I can serve you again, Frank," Mark said, his voice steady despite the strain. "This is a nice change from face riding."

The riders, both enjoying their elevated positions, began to chat about their comfortable and pleasurable situation. "This is really relaxing," Tyler said, his tone light and content. "Bob, you're doing an excellent job. Your shoulders are perfect for this."

Bob smiled, the praise motivating him to keep going. "Thanks, Tyler. It feels good to carry you like this."

Frank, overhearing their conversation, nodded in agreement. "I have to say, Mark, you're making this ride very enjoyable. It's a good workout for you, and it's a great way for me to relax and enjoy myself."

Mark, feeling a sense of pride, replied, "Thank you, Frank. I'm glad I can make you comfortable. It's challenging, but I like knowing that I'm providing you with the pleasure you deserve."

Tyler looked over at Frank, a playful glint in his eyes. "You know, Frank, this shoulder riding is really a nice change of pace for all of us. It's almost as good as face sitting. Maybe we should do it more often."

Frank nodded thoughtfully. "I agree, Tyler. It's a good way to keep our seats in shape and to change things up. Plus, it's nice to see them work hard and still manage to serve us well."

Bob, feeling encouraged by the positive feedback, said to Mark, "How are you holding up, Mark? It's not easy carrying someone as heavy as Frank, but you're doing great."

Mark grinned, despite the effort. "Thanks, Bob. It's tough, but I'm managing. It helps knowing that Frank is enjoying the ride."

Tyler, leaning back slightly, sighed in contentment. "There's something really satisfying about this. Just being able to relax and know that our seats are working hard to keep us comfortable. It's a special kind of pleasure."

Frank smiled, agreeing with Tyler's sentiment. "Absolutely. It's a pleasure that comes from knowing we're in control and that our seats are fully dedicated to serving us. It's a mutual benefit, really."

As the ride continued, both riders and their seats found a rhythm. The carriers felt a sense of purpose and pride in their roles, while the riders basked in the comfort and pleasure of their elevated positions. The experience was a testament to the unique dynamic they shared, one built on mutual respect, effort, and a shared enjoyment of the roles they played.

As the group strolled through the park, the unique spectacle they presented garnered considerable attention from other park-goers. People smiled and whispered, amused and intrigued by the sight of two men riding their companions. Frank, in his signature cowboy hat, seemed to draw the most attention.

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Frank, noticing the curious glances and smiles, chuckled. "Looks like I'm the star of the show today," he said, adjusting his hat. "Maybe it's because I'm heavier and riding a smaller guy."

Tyler, sitting comfortably on Bob's shoulders, shook his head with a grin. "It's not just that, Frank. I think it also has to do with your sexy ass. It's quite the sight."

Frank laughed, stroking his buttocks to emphasize his curves. "Well, Tyler, you've got a pretty sexy ass yourself. Just look at it." He gave a playful wink, causing Tyler to laugh.

"Thanks, Frank," Tyler replied, giving his own rear a light pat. "I guess we both have our charms."

Bob, carrying Tyler, chimed in. "You're right, Frank. Tyler does have a sexy ass. It's one of the things that makes carrying him enjoyable."

Mark, shouldering Frank's weight, added, "Absolutely. Frank, your ass is definitely one of a kind. It's part of what makes you so special to carry."

Frank smiled, feeling proud and a bit flattered. "Thanks, guys. It's nice to know my efforts are appreciated." He adjusted his position slightly, ensuring he was seated comfortably on Mark's shoulders.

As they continued their walk, the attention from passersby persisted. Some people even stopped to take pictures, while others approached to ask about the unique arrangement.

One curious onlooker approached Tyler and Bob. "Excuse me," she said, "I've never seen anything like this before. Do you do this often?"

Tyler smiled, nodding. "Yes, we do. It's a way for us to bond and for our friends to stay in shape. Plus, it's a lot of fun."

The woman looked impressed. "That's amazing. And you," she turned to Bob, "you don't mind carrying him?"

Bob shook his head with a smile. "Not at all. It's a challenge, but I enjoy it. It's a way for me to stay fit."

The woman nodded, clearly fascinated. "Well, you all look great. Have a wonderful day."

As she walked away, Tyler turned to Frank. "See? People are fascinated by us. It's not just about the weight; it's about the whole package."

Frank nodded, feeling more confident. "You're right, Tyler. We do make quite a sight. And it's nice to know that people appreciate it."

Mark, feeling the weight of Frank on his shoulders but also a sense of pride, said, "It's an honor to carry you, Frank. And it's nice to see people admiring you."

Frank leaned forward slightly, patting Mark on the head. "Thanks, Mark. You're doing great. Let's keep going; I'm enjoying this ride."

As they continued their leisurely stroll through the park, the dynamic between the riders and their seats remained strong. The carriers worked hard to ensure their riders comfort, while Frank and Tyler basked in the attention and admiration they received.

Tyler, enjoying the moment, turned to Frank. "You know, Frank, this might be one of our best rides yet. The park, the attention, the company - it's all perfect."

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Frank nodded in agreement. "I couldn't agree more, Tyler. It's a perfect day for a ride. And with seats as dedicated as ours, it doesn't get any better than this."

Bob and Mark exchanged glances, both feeling the strain but also a sense of accomplishment and pride. They were serving their riders well, and that was what mattered most.

As the group enjoyed their unique activity, a passerby caught sight of Frank in his cowboy hat and shouted, "Ride 'em, cowboy!" The spontaneous comment made everyone laugh. The guy, intrigued by the sight, approached them.

"Hey, cowboy," he called out to Frank, "no boots and spurs?"

Frank grinned, tipping his hat. "I used to ride in jeans and boots, but cowboy boots don't really go with football pants."

The guy nodded thoughtfully. "Makes sense. Still, you guys look good sitting up there. Must be a comfortable mode of transportation, at least for you guys on top. Your carriers might think differently about that, though." He chuckled, wishing them a good time before walking away.

As they continued their ride, the group started discussing whether riding with spurs would add to the fun and enjoyment of their rides. The carriers, Bob and Mark, listened intently, each picturing a mental image of their respective rider in spurs and wondering about the potential implications.

Mark, curious and a bit apprehensive, asked Frank, "Would it hurt if you actually used spurs on me?"

Frank considered the question, his eyes lighting up with interest. "You know, I think I'd probably want to try it out, just to see how it feels. Spurs are meant to cause discomfort or even a bit of pain - that's their point. So yeah, it might hurt a bit."

Bob added his thoughts. "I think spurs look cool. They add a flair of masculinity. But I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end if my rider didn't use them gently."

Everyone laughed at Bob's candid comment. Tyler, still comfortably perched on Bob's shoulders, smiled. "Don't worry, Bob. I'd use my spurs with consideration. No need to worry about me getting carried away."

Talking about spurs sparked an unexpected excitement in Mark. He couldn't deny the appeal of having a spurred rider who wasn't afraid to use them. The idea of enduring a bit of pain for Frank's pleasure was oddly arousing.

"Honestly," Mark confessed, "the thought of you in spurs, Frank... it's kind of exciting. The idea of enduring a bit of pain for your enjoyment, it adds a certain thrill."

Frank, sensing the genuine excitement in Mark's voice, patted his shoulder. "I appreciate your dedication, Mark. Maybe we'll have to try it sometime and see how it goes. But for now, let's just enjoy this ride."

Tyler chimed in, grinning. "You guys are something else. But I get it - there's something about the power dynamic, the trust involved. It's fascinating."

Bob nodded in agreement. "Yeah, it's all about trust and respect. As long as that's there, anything is possible."

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The group continued their leisurely stroll through the park, the riders discussing the finer points of their riding comfort while the carriers focused on maintaining their balance and supporting their riders. The conversation about spurs added a new layer of complexity to their dynamic, but it also reinforced the trust and camaraderie between them.

Frank, adjusting his position slightly, looked down at Mark with a smile. "You're doing great, Mark. Thanks for being such a dedicated seat. I appreciate it."

Mark beamed with pride. "It's an honor, Frank. I'll always do my best to keep you comfortable and happy."

Tyler, equally content, patted Bob's shoulder. "And you, Bob. You're amazing. Thanks for making this ride so enjoyable."

Bob grinned. "Anytime, Tyler. It's what I'm here for."

As they continued their ride through the park, the conversation drifted back to the topic of spurs. The riders and their carriers mused over how onlookers might react if they saw spurs being used.

"Imagine the looks we'd get," Tyler said, laughing. "People would probably think we're some kind of wild west reenactors."

Frank chuckled, adjusting his cowboy hat. "Yeah, they'd either be really intrigued or really shocked. But it could be fun to wear spurs and have that extra element of intimidation."

Mark, supporting Frank's weight as they walked, spoke up. "I still like the idea of being ridden by you in spurs, Frank. Even if it would hurt, it would make the experience more authentic. It's not just about the look for me."

Tyler nodded thoughtfully. "You know, Mark has a point. There's something about the authenticity of spurs that can add a layer of excitement. It could definitely spark joy in both the rider and the carrier."

He then looked down at Bob, who was carrying him with practiced ease. "Bob, how would you feel about a spurred rider? It could add to the enjoyment of the riding experience for both of us."

Bob considered the question, his mind racing. "Well, Tyler, spurs are definitely a strong symbol of dominance. I guess it could be exciting, in a way. But I'd hope you'd use them with care."

Frank grinned at Mark's earlier enthusiasm. "And you, Mark, you really don't mind the idea of me using spurs on you?"

Mark shook his head. "No, Frank. The idea of enduring a bit of pain for your riding pleasure is kind of thrilling. It would make me feel even more submissive, more dedicated to your comfort and satisfaction."

Tyler, pondering the potential reactions from park goers, added, "It might be a bit embarrassing if people reacted negatively, but we're confident guys. It would just be another way to show our bond and dynamic."

Frank, stroking his buttocks to emphasize his curves, said, "And let's be honest, Tyler. We've got sexy asses. Whether we're using spurs or not, people are going to look. We might as well give them something to really talk about."

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Tyler laughed, nodding in agreement. "Absolutely. And if it adds to our enjoyment and the authenticity of the ride, then why not?"

Bob, feeling reassured by Tyler's confidence, chimed in. "If it makes you happy, Tyler, then I'm willing to try it. Just go easy on me, okay?"

Tyler patted Bob's shoulder affectionately. "Of course, Bob. It's all about mutual respect and enjoyment. We'll find the right balance."

As they continued their stroll, the riders and their carriers shared a deep sense of trust and camaraderie. The idea of adding spurs to their dynamic brought a new level of excitement and anticipation, enhancing their bond and the pleasure they derived from their unique relationship.

The group continues to draw curious glances from other park-goers, but they remained focused on each other, their conversation, and the shared understanding that their rides were about more than just physical exertion. They were a testament to their mutual respect, trust, and the intricate balance of dominance and submission that defined their connection.

With every step, the carriers felt the weight and authority of their riders, and the riders reveled in the control and power they exerted. It was a dance of dominance and submission, a journey of exploration and enjoyment that they were eager to continue, spurs and all.

The group had been riding for about twenty minutes, and it was becoming clear that Mark was struggling to carry Frank's weight. Despite this, Bob seemed to be handling Tyler's load with ease. Sensing the situation, Tyler decided it might be best to head back to the parking lot, which was a ten-minute walk away.

"Hey Frank," Tyler said, looking over at his friend. "I think we should head back to the cars. Mark looks like he's having a tough time. What do you want to do? I can ride Bob to the parking lot, but what about you and Mark?"

Frank glanced down at Mark, who was visibly straining but still managing to keep going. Frank, on the other hand, was sitting comfortably and didn't feel like walking if Tyler was riding. He made up his mind.

"I'll keep riding Mark for as long as I can," Frank said confidently.

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure about that? You might be pushing him to exhaustion."

Frank grinned, a hint of mischief in his eyes. "I like to feel Mark working hard under me. It's a good workout for him, and I enjoy pushing his limits."

Mark was both dreading and thrilled by the decision. He imagined how this would be a perfect opportunity for Frank to use spurs on him, if he had been wearing them. The thought excited him, even as he struggled.

Tyler, sensing Mark's fatigue but respecting Frank's decision, nodded. "Alright then. Let's head back."

As they started the journey back, Tyler turned to Bob. "You're doing great, Bob. Just a bit further."

Bob managed a nod. "No problem, Tyler. I can handle it."

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Meanwhile, Frank adjusted his position slightly, making sure he was as comfortable as possible. He could feel Mark's labored breathing and the effort it took for him to keep moving. Frank felt a rush of power and satisfaction.

"You're doing good, Mark," Frank said, patting him on the back. "Keep it up. Just a bit longer."

Mark grunted in response, every step a test of his endurance. The thought of Frank possibly wearing spurs and using them to push him further played in his mind, giving him a strange sense of motivation and arousal.

Tyler noticed Mark's state and commented, "You know, Frank, if you were wearing spurs, you'd probably push him even harder. Maybe even to the point where he'd have no choice but to obey without question."

Frank chuckled. "True. Maybe I'll get a pair for next time. For now, I'll just enjoy this ride."

Mark, hearing this, couldn't help but feel a mix of dread and excitement. The idea of spurs had a certain allure, a way for Frank to assert even more dominance. He continued to carry Frank, his body aching but his spirit somehow strengthened by the challenge.

As they neared the parking lot, Frank looked down at Mark. "Almost there, Mark. You've done well. Just a bit more."

Tyler, riding Bob effortlessly, added, "Yeah, Mark. You've impressed us today. Keep it up."

Finally, they reached the parking lot. Frank dismounted from Mark, feeling a sense of satisfaction from the ride and the effort Mark put in.

"Good job, Mark," Frank said, genuinely impressed. "You really pushed through."

Mark, panting heavily, managed a smile. "Thanks, Frank. I'm glad I could serve you well."

Tyler patted Bob on the back. "You too, Bob. You did great."

Bob, though tired, smiled back. "Thanks, Tyler. It was a good ride."

As they packed up and prepared to leave, the riders and their carriers shared a sense of camaraderie and accomplishment. The day had been challenging, but it had also brought them closer together, solidifying their unique bond. The thought of spurs and future rides lingered in their minds, promising more adventures and challenges ahead.

The following week, the group met again in the parking lot. Tyler and Frank were dressed in jeans and cowboy boots, each holding a set of spurs in their hands. The sight of the western style spurs was intimidating for Bob and Mark, but Mark couldn't help but look forward to seeing them on Frank.

Tyler addressed the group, laying out his plan. "All right, fellas. Today, we're going to up the ante."

With their spurs on, Tyler and Frank stood in front of their seats, who awaited further orders. They felt a mix of fear and anticipation, knowing what those spurs symbolized.

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Tyler broke the silence. "All right, Bob, you're going to feel those spurs today. I'll be riding you hard, and you'll need to remember your place. Understand?"

Bob nodded. "Yes, sir."

Mark glanced at Frank, his heart pounding. The sight of Frank in his Levi's, big shiny belt buckle, cowboy boots, white cowboy hat, and now with the spurs was both intimidating and thrilling.

Frank continued, "and today Mark, you're going to show me just how much you can take. And I expect you to enjoy it as much as I do. Got it?"

Mark swallowed hard but nodded. "Yes, Frank. I understand."

Tyler then addressed both carriers. "We'll start with a walk through the park. You'll carry us, and we'll make sure those spurs get some use. If you perform well, we might give you a break. If not... well, you know what happens."

Bob and Mark exchanged a quick glance, steeling themselves for the challenge ahead.

Tyler mounted Bob's shoulders, the spurs jingling softly as he adjusted himself. "Let's go, Bob. Show me what you've got."

Bob began walking, feeling the slight prick of the spurs as Tyler gently nudged him with them.

Frank mounted Mark, settling onto his shoulders with a satisfied sigh. "All right, Mark. Time to see if you can handle me with these spurs."

Mark started walking, feeling the added weight and the occasional jingle of the spurs. The ride was challenging, but the thought of pleasing Frank kept him going.

As they made their way through the park, the riders chatted about the spurs and the added enjoyment they brought. Tyler looked over at Frank. "So, Frank, how's it feel with the spurs on? Does it enhance the experience for you?"

Frank grinned. "Definitely. There's something about knowing I can push Mark even further. It's a thrill."

Tyler nodded in agreement. "Exactly. And it's good for them too. Makes them more obedient, more seasoned."

Frank looked down at Mark, who was working hard to carry him. "You're doing well, Mark. Keep it up, and you might earn a break later."

Mark's heart raced with a mix of exhaustion and pride. "Thank you, Frank. I'll do my best."

The group continued their ride, the spurs occasionally jingling, a reminder of the power dynamics at play.

The guys had been riding for about fifteen minutes when they almost reached their secluded spot in the park. Frank, noticing that Mark was struggling a bit with his weight, began to wonder when he should use his spurs. He turned to Tyler, seeking his opinion.

"Hey Tyler, when do you think I should use my spurs? I can tell Mark is having a harder time with my weight."

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Tyler smiled, tapping his own spurs gently against Bob. "I already used mine right after Bob lifted me, just very gently. But honestly, Frank, it's up to you. Use them whenever you feel Mark needs a bit of a stimulant to keep going."

Frank raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "How did it feel to use them?"

"It felt good," Tyler admitted. "They definitely do their job. It's a subtle reminder of who's in charge."

Frank nodded thoughtfully. He could feel Mark slowing down beneath him, the strain of carrying his weight evident in his labored steps. Deciding it was time, Frank spoke to Mark in a firm tone.

"Mark, you're slowing down. I'm going to give you a bit of encouragement. Keep going strong."

Mark, already feeling the burn in his muscles, nodded weakly. "Yes, Frank. I'll try."

Frank adjusted his position slightly, feeling the weight of the spurs on his boots. He gave a small, calculated nudge with his right spur, feeling it connect with Mark's side. The effect was immediate; Mark let out a small gasp and picked up his pace, trying to accommodate the added stimulation.

"That's it, Mark. Keep going," Frank encouraged, his voice steady. He gave another gentle nudge with his left spur, not wanting to push too hard just yet. "You can do this."

Mark's mind raced with the new sensation. The spurs added a sharp, almost electrifying element to the weight he was already bearing. It was a mix of pain and motivation, urging him to push through the discomfort and prove himself to Frank. He quickened his pace, beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

Tyler watched with interest, a knowing smile on his face. "Looks like it's working, Frank. You see how he's responding?"

Frank nodded, feeling a sense of satisfaction. "Yeah, I do. It's quite effective."

Mark, though struggling, felt a surge of determination. The spurs were a clear message from Frank: keep going, no matter what. Despite the sharp pricks and the burning in his muscles, he pushed forward, driven by a desire to meet Frank's expectations and avoid further use of the spurs.

Frank decided to test the spurs a bit more, applying slightly more pressure this time. "You're doing well, Mark, but I want you to go faster. Let's see what you've got."

Mark winced as the spurs dug in deeper, but he complied, pushing himself to move faster. The pain was intense, but there was also a strange sense of pride in enduring it for Frank. He didn't want to disappoint his rider.

Physically, the spurs were a constant reminder of Frank's dominance, making every step more challenging. Mentally, they reinforced Mark's submission, reminding him of his role and the expectations placed upon him. Despite the pain, there was a part of him that felt a thrill from the experience.

Frank could feel Mark's struggle beneath him, but he also felt the increase in pace and effort. "Good, Mark. That's what I want to see. Keep it up."

Tyler nodded in approval. "Looks like you've got him motivated now, Frank. The spurs do add an interesting dynamic, don't they?"

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Frank grinned. "They sure do. I can see why you like using them."

Mark, meanwhile, focused on maintaining his pace, driven by the spurs and Frank's commands. The combination of physical exertion and mental submission was overwhelming, but he was determined to push through.

Tyler offered Frank some advice on how to effectively use his spurs to manage Mark's movements and pace during their ride. As they continued through the park, Tyler leaned over and spoke in a low voice to Frank.

"You know, Frank, if you want to go faster or if Mark needs a bit of a stimulant to keep going, try using both spurs at the same time. It's like giving a horse a little kick to pick up the pace."

Frank nodded, considering Tyler's suggestion. "That makes sense. And what about using just one spur?"

"Well," Tyler replied, "if you want to emphasize a command to change direction, for example, you can save the use of one spur for that purpose. It's like steering a horse with reins."

Frank smiled, impressed by Tyler's insight. "That's a good point. And I guess with the spurs, there's little need for verbal commands. Just use them if I feel Mark slowing down."

"Exactly," Tyler agreed. "The spurs do the talking for you."

With Tyler's advice in mind, Frank adjusted his position slightly and prepared to use his spurs more effectively. He felt a sense of empowerment, knowing that he could subtly guide Mark's movements with the simple pressure of his spurs.

As they rode on, Frank put Tyler's advice into practice, using his spurs to encourage Mark to pick up the pace when needed and to subtly guide their direction. Mark, feeling the sharp pricks of the spurs, responded with increased effort, driven by a mix of pain and determination to please his rider.

Tyler watched with satisfaction as Frank demonstrated his newfound control over Mark, using the spurs to manage their ride with precision. The dynamic between rider and carrier shifted subtly, with Frank asserting his dominance through the use of the spurs.

As they continued through the park, the riders and carriers fell into a rhythm, guided by the silent commands of the spurs. With Tyler's advice and Frank's skillful use of the spurs, they moved seamlessly through the park, each step a testament to the bond between rider and carrier.

Tyler felt Bob slowing down beneath him, and without a word, he subtly signaled Frank to pay attention. Frank's gaze shifted to Tyler's boots, where he saw the glint of the spurs catching the sunlight. Understanding the cue, Frank watched closely as Tyler applied gentle pressure with his spurs to Bob's sides.

Bob responded immediately, picking up speed as Tyler had intended. Frank noted the effectiveness of the spurs and decided to employ them himself on Mark. However, Mark didn't respond as desired, causing Frank to increase the pressure of his spurs in Mark's sides.

Feeling the sharper sensation, Mark grunted beneath Frank's weight, his body reacting to the discomfort. But as Frank had hoped, Mark began to move with more urgency, matching Bob's pace as they rode through the park.

Satisfied with the response, Frank continued to use his spurs as needed, ensuring that Mark maintained the desired speed and rhythm of their ride. Tyler nodded approvingly at Frank's

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use of the spurs, recognizing the effective communication between rider and seat without the need for words.

Tyler: "So, Frank, how are you feeling about the spurs? Are they adding to the experience for you?"

Frank: "Absolutely, Tyler. They definitely add a new dimension to the ride. It's like having an extra tool to communicate with Mark without having to say a word."

Tyler: "I can imagine. Do you feel guilty when you have to use them on him?"

Frank: "Hmm, not really. I mean, I know they can be uncomfortable for him, but it's all part of the dynamic, you know? Mark understands his role, and sometimes a little nudge from the spurs is necessary to keep him in line."

Tyler: "That makes sense. And what about you, Mark? How do you feel about being ridden with spurs?"

Mark: "Well, I have to admit, they're effective. I definitely respond to them, even if it's not always the most pleasant sensation. But I understand their purpose, and I'm happy to do my part to make sure Frank has a comfortable ride."

Tyler: "That's great to hear. It's important that the seats respect the tools we use to communicate with them. I'm glad Bob is responding well to the spurs too."

Frank: "Definitely. It's all about mutual respect and understanding, right?"

Tyler: "Exactly. And it looks like we've found a good balance here."

As Tyler notices Bob slowing down despite the earlier nudges from the spurs, he decides to apply them more forcefully. Without saying a word, he gently presses his spurs into Bob's sides, urging him to pick up the pace. The sensation is unmistakable to Bob, who immediately responds to the increased pressure, picking up speed as Tyler desires.

For Tyler, using the spurs in this way gives him a sense of power and control over his seat. It's a silent yet effective way to communicate his expectations to Bob without the need for verbal commands. He feels a surge of satisfaction as Bob obediently accelerates, knowing that his subtle cues are being understood and followed.

As for Bob, the sensation of the spurs digging into his sides is uncomfortable, even painful at times. Yet, he understands his role as Tyler's seat and is willing to endure the discomfort to please his rider. He responds dutifully to the increased pressure, pushing himself to maintain the desired pace despite the discomfort.

Frank and Mark observe the interaction between Tyler and Bob, noting the effectiveness of the spurs in maintaining control over the seat. Frank nods approvingly, acknowledging Tyler's skill in using the spurs to communicate with his carrier. Mark watches with a mixture of admiration and apprehension, knowing that he may be subjected to similar treatment from Frank if the need arises.

As Frank noticed Mark falling behind Bob and Tyler, he felt the need to employ more assertive measures. He used his spurs to cue Mark to pick up speed, but Mark was struggling under his weight and failed to close the gap quickly enough. Frustrated, Frank decided to spur Mark on more forcefully. He nudged the spurs initially, but it didn't achieve the desired result. Determined to assert his dominance, Frank pushed his spurs more deeply into Mark's sides, knowing this would cause pain rather than mere discomfort.

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Frank felt the immediate reaction as Mark responded to the sharper pain, finding new determination to increase his speed and close the gap. Satisfied, Frank thought to himself that Mark had now found a new respect for his spurs and, by extension, for him as his rider.

Catching up with Tyler and Bob, Frank began to share his experience.

"Tyler, I had to use the spurs more forcefully on Mark. He wasn't keeping up," Frank said, settling into a steady pace beside Tyler.

Tyler glanced over, a knowing smile on his face. "I heard Mark's response back there. What happened?"

Frank grinned. "I gave him a few nudges with the spurs, but he wasn't closing the gap. So, I pushed them in deeper. He felt it, and he picked up speed immediately. I think he respects the spurs a lot more now."

Tyler nodded approvingly. "That's good to hear. Sometimes they need that extra push to remember their place. How did it feel using the spurs like that?"

"It felt... powerful," Frank admitted. "Knowing that I can make him respond like that without saying a word, just through the spurs. It's a different level of control."

Bob, overhearing the conversation, couldn't help but feel a shiver of apprehension. He was already familiar with Tyler's spurs, but the idea of them being used more forcefully made him uneasy.

Mark, meanwhile, listened to the riders' conversation with a mix of pain and newfound respect. The sting of the spurs still fresh in his sides, he realized the importance of submission and obedience. It was a harsh lesson, but one he was determined to learn.

"Mark," Frank called out, feeling the need to address him directly, "you did well back there. I know it hurt, but you picked up the pace. Keep that in mind next time."

"Yes, sir," Mark replied, his voice strained but resolute. He was committed to proving his worth as a dedicated seat, even if it meant enduring the pain of the spurs.

Tyler glanced at Frank with a satisfied look. "It's important they understand their role. You did what you had to do, Frank. Now, let's enjoy the rest of our ride."

The riders continued on, their seats more attentive and responsive than before, understanding the balance of comfort and control that their riders demanded.

As they rode side by side, Frank noticed that Tyler was using his spurs more frequently, nudging Bob gently to cue him for changes in direction or speed. Curious about Tyler's approach, Frank decided to ask about it.

"Tyler," Frank began, glancing over at his friend, "I've noticed you're using your spurs quite a bit. Aren't you worried that Bob might get used to them and respond less?"

Tyler looked at Frank and then at Bob beneath him, giving a light nudge with his spurs to illustrate his point. "Not really, Frank. The key is consistency and the way you use them. Gentle nudges keep Bob attentive without causing too much discomfort. It's more about reinforcing control than causing pain."

Frank nodded thoughtfully. "I see. I guess I'm more heavy-handed with Mark when he doesn't respond. Do you think that's a good approach?"

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Tyler shrugged. "It depends on the situation. If Mark needs a stronger reminder, then a heavier hand might be necessary. But for everyday commands, I find that a gentler touch keeps Bob more responsive. It's a balance."

Bob, feeling another light nudge, adjusted his pace slightly, understanding Tyler's cues. Despite the frequent use of the spurs, the gentle pressure kept him alert and focused.

Frank decided to try Tyler's approach, giving Mark a gentle nudge with his spurs to adjust their direction. Mark responded immediately, shifting his course slightly to the right. Frank was pleased with the quick response and decided to experiment with more subtle cues.

"You might be onto something, Tyler," Frank admitted. "Mark responded well to the gentler nudge. I think I'll try this more often and see how it goes."

Tyler smiled. "Glad to hear it, Frank. It's all about building that connection and understanding between rider and seat. The spurs are just a tool to enhance that."

Mark, hearing the conversation, felt a mix of relief and anticipation. The idea of more frequent but gentler cues was appealing, though he understood that Frank still had the option to apply more pressure if needed.

As they continued their ride, Frank and Tyler exchanged tips on using their spurs, sharing experiences and strategies to maintain control and ensure their seats remained responsive.

Later, as they neared their secluded spot, Frank decided to put his newfound technique to the test. He gave Mark a gentle nudge with his spurs, signaling for a slight increase in speed. Mark responded quickly, picking up the pace without hesitation.

"Good job, Mark," Frank praised, feeling a sense of satisfaction. "You're doing great. Keep this up, and we'll both enjoy the ride more."

Mark felt a surge of pride at Frank's words, determined to keep responding well to the gentle cues. The spurs were a reminder of his role and the need to stay focused, but the lighter touch made the experience more bearable.

As they settled into a comfortable rhythm, Tyler looked over at Frank. "How's it going with the gentler approach?"

Frank smiled. "Pretty good, actually. Mark is responding well. I think this might work out better for both of us."

"Glad to hear it," Tyler replied. "Remember, it's all about finding what works best for you and your seat. Every rider and seat pair is different."

Frank nodded in agreement, feeling more confident in his ability to control and communicate with Mark. The ride continued smoothly, both riders and seats finding a balance that ensured a more enjoyable experience for everyone involved.

As they continued their ride, Frank noticed Mark beginning to struggle under his weight. Despite Frank's attempts to gently nudge him with his spurs, Mark was not responding as effectively as before.

Frank decided it was time to apply more pressure. He spurred Mark on with greater force, but still saw little result. Seeing Frank's predicament, Tyler offered some advice.

"Frank," Tyler called out, "it looks like Mark isn't responding well to the nudges as he did earlier. You might need to apply even more pressure and push the spurs into his sides repeatedly until he obeys. It's clear he's having a hard time with the your weight, but he

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needs to show respect for the spurs and, by extension, for you as his rider. You're his boss, and you get to decide how to use your spurs. If you believe Mark can do better, make him understand that."

Frank nodded, determined to make Mark respond. He drove his spurs into Mark's sides with more force, feeling the resistance. Mark grunted in pain but began to pick up speed, understanding the need to respond more effectively.

"That's it, Mark," Frank said firmly, continuing to spur him on. "I know it's tough, but you need to respect these spurs and me. Let's go, you can do it."

Mark's body strained under the increased pressure, but he pushed himself harder, determined not to disappoint his rider. The pain from the spurs was intense, but it served as a reminder of his role and the importance of obeying his rider's commands.

After a while, Tyler observed the situation and decided to check in with Frank. "How do you feel about the action you took, Frank? Do you feel sorry for Mark for inflicting pain on him? Do you think he got the message?"

Frank thought for a moment, then responded, "Honestly, Tyler, I do feel a bit sorry for Mark. I know it's painful for him, but I also think it's necessary. He needs to understand that gentle nudging isn't always going to work. Sometimes, he needs to be ridden more firmly. I think he got the message now."

Tyler nodded in agreement. "It's all about finding the right balance. Sometimes, a firmer approach is needed to ensure respect and obedience. You're his boss, and it's your call on how to handle him."

Mark, though exhausted and in pain, felt a sense of accomplishment. He knew that enduring the spurs was part of his role, and despite the discomfort, he was determined to continue serving his rider to the best of his ability.

Frank, feeling a mixture of pride and responsibility, continued to ride Mark with the confidence that he had made the right decision. He knew that by being firm, he was helping Mark understand the importance of responsiveness and respect.

As they rode side by side, Tyler gave Frank an approving nod. "You're doing great, Frank. Keep it up, and Mark will learn to respect the spurs and you even more."

Frank smiled, feeling reassured by Tyler's words. "Thanks, Tyler. I appreciate your advice. I think this firmer approach is what Mark needs."

The riders continued their journey, both feeling more confident in their roles and the effectiveness of their spurs. The experience had reinforced the importance of clear communication and the need for firmness when necessary, ensuring a more respectful and responsive relationship between rider and seat.

As the group continued their ride, Bob, witnessing Frank's firm use of the spurs on Mark, made sure to respond quickly and sufficiently to Tyler's nudges. He was determined to avoid the same harsh treatment that Mark had just endured. Bob felt sorry for Mark, knowing the challenge of carrying the heavy wrestler, but he also understood the need for obedience and responsiveness to the spurs, even with a heavy rider on top of him.

Mark, despite the sting from Frank's spurs, felt a strange mix of pain and arousal. The firmer riding had caused an unmistakable bulge to form in his football pants, which did not go unnoticed by Tyler and Bob.

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As they rode, Tyler and Frank discussed the need for sharper spurs in the future. The spurs they were wearing now were gentle, requiring more force to achieve the desired response.

"Frank," Tyler began, "I think it might be a good idea to consider wearing sharper spurs next time. The ones we're using now are gentle, and I noticed you had to push them in pretty deeply to get the response you wanted from Mark."

Frank nodded, considering Tyler's suggestion. "You're right, Tyler. With sharper spurs, I wouldn't have to use as much force. It would allow me to give my cues more effectively without causing unnecessary discomfort or pain."

Tyler agreed. "Exactly. The degree of discomfort or pain would be the same for Mark, but it would be easier for you to control and guide him."

Frank pondered this, feeling a mix of excitement and responsibility. "I think you're onto something. It would make the ride more efficient and ensure Mark understands my commands better. Plus, it would probably be less tiring for me as well."

Tyler smiled. "Absolutely. It's all about making the ride smoother for both rider and seat. Sharper spurs can help achieve that balance."

Mark, overhearing the conversation, felt a shiver of anticipation. The thought of sharper spurs brought a mix of apprehension and excitement. He was committed to serving Frank to the best of his ability, and he understood the need for clear and effective communication, even if it meant enduring sharper spurs.

Bob, meanwhile, was determined to maintain his responsiveness to Tyler's spurs, hoping to avoid the same firm treatment that Mark had received. He knew that being obedient and responsive was crucial, especially with the possibility of sharper spurs in the future.

As they continued their ride, Frank couldn't help but feel a sense of empowerment. The idea of riding with sharper spurs appealed to him. It would allow him to exert more precise control over Mark, ensuring that his commands were followed without causing excessive pain.

"Tyler, I'm really looking forward to trying out sharper spurs next time," Frank said with a grin. "I think it will make a big difference in how Mark responds."

Tyler nodded. "I'm glad to hear that, Frank. It's all about finding what works best for both of you. With sharper spurs, you'll be able to ride more effectively and ensure that Mark respects your cues."

Mark, though feeling a bit apprehensive, was determined to adapt and respond to whatever Frank required. He understood the importance of obedience and was ready to embrace the challenge of sharper spurs.

As they neared their secluded spot in the park, the riders felt a sense of satisfaction. The experience of using spurs had reinforced the importance of clear communication and obedience. With the prospect of sharper spurs on the horizon, they knew that their future rides would be even more controlled and enjoyable.

"Here's to our next ride with sharper spurs," Frank said, raising an imaginary toast.

Tyler laughed and nodded. "Absolutely, it's going to be great."

Bob and Mark, though aware of the challenges ahead, were ready to serve their riders with the same dedication and respect. They knew that obedience and responsiveness were key, and they were committed to ensuring that their riders had the best possible experience.

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As they dismounted and prepared to head back, the group felt a renewed sense of purpose. The journey with spurs had taught them valuable lessons, and they were eager to continue exploring and refining their roles as riders and seats.

The following Saturday the group gathered in the parking lot once again, ready for another session of shoulder riding. Tyler had brought the same spurs he wore last week, but Frank had decided to bring sharper spurs, hoping they would facilitate a smoother ride with Mark. "All right, Bob and Mark," Tyler commanded, "it's time to attach the spurs."

Frank stood in front of Mark, and Tyler in front of Bob, as the two carriers knelt down to attach the jingling spurs to their riders' boots.

Mark carefully handled the sharper spurs, glancing up at Frank with a mix of anticipation and respect. Tyler, noticing the exchange, commented, "Those spurs are definitely sharper than mine. Let's see how they work out."

With the spurs securely attached, Tyler ordered, "Bob, Mark, down on all fours and touch the grass with your faces. Butts up, let's go."

Bob and Mark obeyed, bowing in submission with their faces touching the grass and their butts in the air. Frank and Tyler took a moment to appreciate the scene, finding it a nice way to reinforce their authority.

"Feels good to see them bowing like this," Frank remarked, looking at Tyler.

"Absolutely," Tyler agreed. "It really sets the tone for the ride."

After a little while Tyler announced, "All right, I've established our route to the secluded spot. Let's mount up."

Bob and Mark quickly got ready, kneeling down for their riders for easy mounting. Frank and Tyler positioned themselves, and with a practiced motion, mounted their respective carriers.

Bob, who weighed 80 kg, braced himself as Tyler, weighing 90 kg, prepared to mount. Meanwhile, Mark, who weighed 90 kg, readied himself for Frank, who at 110 kg, was significantly heavier. When Frank was fully seated on Mark's shoulders, he took a moment to adjust himself, ensuring his weight was evenly distributed. Mark took a good look at the spurs on Frank's boots, feeling a shiver of anticipation as he noted their sharpness.

"Ready, Mark?" Frank asked, patting him on the shoulder.

"Ready, Frank," Mark replied, his voice steady despite the nervous excitement he felt.

Tyler looked over at Frank, "Let's give them the cue to start walking."

Frank nodded and, with a gentle nudge of his spurs, signaled Mark to begin moving. Tyler did the same with Bob, and the group set off.

As they walked, Frank leaned forward slightly, feeling the sharp spurs against Mark's sides. "So, Tyler, how do you think these sharper spurs will work out?"

Tyler smiled, "I think they'll give you more control with less effort. How do they feel, Mark?"

Mark, feeling the spurs against his skin, replied, "They definitely get my attention, Tyler. I won't be ignoring them, that's for sure."

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Frank chuckled, "That's what I like to hear. I want to make sure you respect these spurs, Mark. They'll make our ride smoother."

As they continued, Frank applied a bit more pressure with his spurs, testing Mark's response. Mark quickened his pace immediately, eager to avoid any discomfort.

"Good job, Mark," Frank praised, satisfied with the immediate response. "Keep it up, and we'll have a smooth ride."

Tyler watched, pleased with the interaction. "It's all about finding that balance. Sharp enough to command respect, but not so harsh that it causes unnecessary pain."

Frank nodded in agreement, "Exactly. And I think these spurs are going to do just that."

Bob, carrying Tyler, felt relieved that his own rider was using more gentle spurs. Still, he made sure to stay responsive, not wanting to face the same sharpness that Mark was experiencing.

After a few more minutes of riding, they reached their secluded spot. Tyler and Frank dismounted, allowing Bob and Mark to rest for a moment.

"How was it, Mark?" Frank asked, looking down at him.

"It was intense, Frank, but I can handle it," Mark replied, catching his breath. "I understand the need to respond quickly to the spurs."

Frank patted him on the shoulder, "Good. That's exactly what I wanted to hear."

Tyler chimed in, "Looks like we're set for a great session today. Let's keep this up and see how far we can push our limits."

The group prepared for their next round of riding, feeling a renewed sense of purpose and determination. With the sharper spurs adding an extra layer of control and authority, the riders were ready to make the most of their time together.

As the guys reconvened for their second shoulder ride in the park, Frank was eager to test his new spurs some more. Tyler and Frank mounted their seats, ready to ride.

As they set off, Frank gently nudged his spurs against Mark's sides. Mark responded immediately, quickening his pace at the slightest touch. Frank felt a sense of satisfaction as he saw the immediate effect his spurs had on Mark.

"Tyler, these spurs are fantastic," Frank said, a note of enthusiasm in his voice. "Every little touch gets a response."

Tyler glanced over, watching as Frank's spurs made barely noticeable movements against Mark's skin, yet elicited an instant reaction. "That's great to hear, Frank. And remember, you can always use them more forcefully if you need to. The spurs are there for you to use at your discretion. It's up to you how you handle Mark. He's your guy."

Frank nodded, appreciating Tyler's advice. "Yeah, I know. It's just satisfying to see how effective these spurs are already."

Meanwhile, Bob was reacting nicely to Tyler's gentler spurs. Tyler didn't feel the need to switch to sharper ones. "Bob's been responding well to these spurs," Tyler mentioned. "I

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think he wants to avoid the need for me to switch to sharper spurs. These ones are respected, just as I want them to be respected.”

As they continued their ride, Frank found himself appreciating the increased control his sharp spurs afforded him. Each nudge was precise, and Mark’s immediate response reinforced Frank’s sense of authority. He felt more comfortable and confident in his role as his rider.

Mark, on the other hand, was acutely aware of the sharp spurs against his skin. The slight sting from the spurs served as a constant reminder of Frank’s dominance. He knew that Frank could increase the pressure at any time, and the thought both intimidated and motivated him. He felt a mix of fear and a strange sense of arousal, knowing that he needed to respect the spurs and the man wielding them.

“Frank, how do you like your new spurs?” Tyler asked as they rode side by side. “I can barely see you move them, but Mark’s response is immediate.”

Frank smiled, nudging the spurs slightly to make Mark pick up the pace. “I love them, Tyler. They enhance my riding comfort so much. Mark knows what’s expected of him with just a slight touch.”

The riders reached their secluded spot and dismounted, giving Bob and Mark a much-needed break. Mark was panting slightly, feeling the lingering sting from the spurs but also a sense of accomplishment for having met Frank’s demands.

“Good job, Mark,” Frank said, patting him on the shoulder. “You’re getting better at responding.”

“Thank you, Frank,” Mark replied, catching his breath. The respect in his voice was evident.

After the break the guys decided to return to the parking lot, but they are going to take a longer route to give the seats a good work out.

As they set off from the secluded spot, Frank and Tyler rode their seats with a renewed sense of command and satisfaction. Frank was particularly eager to test his spurs further, and Tyler could see the excitement in his friend’s eyes.

“Bob’s been responding well to my moderate spurs,” Tyler said, giving Bob a gentle nudge with his spurs. “He knows exactly what I want with just a touch.”

Frank nodded in agreement, “Same here, Tyler. The slightest touch of my spurs and Mark reacts immediately. These sharper spurs give me excellent control over him.” He leaned in closer to Tyler, “Watch this.”

Frank applied just a hint of pressure with his spurs. To Tyler, the movement was almost imperceptible, but Mark felt the sting clearly and grunted slightly, picking up his pace.

“See? Hardly any effort on my part,” Frank said with a grin. He repeated the action, making Mark obey with just a touch of his spurs. He then demonstrated how minimal pressure on one spur could make Mark go sideways, impressing Tyler with the seamless communication.

“I can barely see you move, but Mark’s reacting instantly,” Tyler observed. “It’s impressive.”

Frank chuckled, “And if I need to, I can push a bit harder.” He applied more pressure, and Mark grunted loudly, moving forward quickly. Tyler laughed at Frank’s enthusiasm and encouraged him to push even further.

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Frank obliged, pressing his spurs into Mark's sides with more force. Mark's loud grunt and pained expression showed just how sharp and effective the spurs were. "These are fantastic!" Frank exclaimed. "The spurs allow me to have a more comfortable ride, and Mark obeys with just a touch. It's great to see how much respect he has for these well-crafted spurs."

The two riders continued their journey, occasionally using their spurs to command their seats. As they neared the end of the ride, Mark started to struggle under Frank's weight. Frank spurred him on with gentle touches, enjoying the control and the silent communication between them.

"This level of control is amazing," Frank shared with Tyler. "It's arousing to ride Mark like this."

Tyler nodded, "I feel the same way. It's definitely a turn-on."

Mark could feel Frank's physical response pressing against his neck and smiled. He was happy to give Frank this level of pleasure. When they finally reached the parking lot, Tyler asked Mark for his thoughts on the spurs.

Mark took a deep breath and said, "The spurs have definitely increased my respect for Frank. They make me pay constant attention to his cues, even when it's tough. They're painful when Frank wants them to be, deepening my submission and respect for him as my rider."

Frank smiled proudly under his cowboy hat. "I'm glad to hear that, Mark. It's great to know you understand why I need to ride you with sharper spurs. And you're right, they do look hot on my boots."

Tyler laughed, "Bob likes my moderate spurs, and he's motivated to obey them to avoid me switching to sharper ones."

Frank and Mark chuckled, and Frank said, "I couldn't be happier with these spurs. Thanks for advising them, Tyler. I can't imagine riding without them now."

Tyler and Frank then commanded their seats to remove their spurs. Bob and Mark obediently got on their knees to take off the jingling spurs. Once done, Tyler ordered them to assume the bowing position, faces touching the grass with their butts upright.

"Show respect and gratitude for being ridden so well," Tyler commanded.

The two seats complied, bowing silently in respect. Frank and Tyler shared a look of satisfaction, proud of their dominant roles and the obedience of their seats.

"This was a great session," Frank said, still smiling. "Looking forward to the next one."

"Absolutely," Tyler agreed. "It has been a pleasure riding you guys."