

CHAPTER 24

Tyler and Frank were out riding again in the hills, their usual Sunday routine becoming more intense with each passing week. The rides had gotten longer, and both Bob and Mark were struggling to keep up with the increased time spent carrying their riders. Tyler and Frank, the college cowboys, were becoming more adept at using their spurs, barely needing to move their boots to get immediate responses from their human steeds. The slight touch of the rowels made Bob and Mark obey every command, a very relaxed way for the riders to maintain control.

Today, the sun was bright and the air was crisp as they trotted along the hillside trail. Tyler and Frank rode side by side, occasionally spurring their seats to adjust direction or pace. The extended rides, however, were starting to take a toll on their upper legs and asses.

"Man, these long rides are starting to hurt," Frank said, adjusting himself on Mark's shoulders. "My legs are killing me."

Tyler nodded in agreement. "Same here. My ass feels like it's on fire after half an hour."

Frank glanced over at Tyler, spurring Mark lightly to steer him away from a rock. "Have you thought about using stirrups?"

Tyler perked up at the suggestion. "Stirrups? That's not a bad idea. It would definitely help with the leg pain."

"Exactly," Frank said, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. "And if we're talking about comfort, why not go all the way and get custom-made saddles?"

Bob, overhearing the conversation, felt a knot of worry form in his stomach. The idea of carrying additional weight was daunting. "Tyler, wouldn't a saddle add a lot of weight? We're already carrying quite a bit."

Tyler spurred Bob gently to keep him moving at a steady pace. "I know, Bob, but think about it. If we had saddles, we'd be more comfortable, and that means longer, better rides."

Frank chimed in, spurring Mark with a bit more force to emphasize his point. "Exactly. A saddle might add a few kilos, but it's worth it for our comfort. Right, Mark?"

Mark, feeling the sting of the spurs, nodded quickly. "Yes, Frank. Your comfort is what matters."

Tyler pondered for a moment, then turned to Bob. "Don't worry about the extra weight, Bob. You're stronger than you think. And remember, we have these," he said, lightly touching Bob's sides with the sharp rowels of his spurs, making Bob flinch.

"Besides," Frank added, "a good saddle could weigh around 10 kilos at most. That's not much when you consider the benefits. Think about it, Mark – you'd be carrying me in style."

Mark pictured Frank's impressive ass in a comfortable saddle, the thought oddly appealing despite his concerns about the extra weight. "Anything for your comfort, Frank."

Tyler nodded. "Exactly. The weight is something for you guys to worry about, not us. Our comfort comes first."

Bob sighed but didn't argue further. He knew Tyler was set on the idea, and the sharp spurs were a constant reminder of who was in charge. "Understood, Tyler."

Frank spurred Mark again, a little more forcefully this time, to speed up. "Let's keep going. We can look into getting custom saddles made soon. Imagine how much more we could enjoy our rides."

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As they rode on, the conversation shifted to the specifics of the potential saddles. They discussed materials, designs, and the possibility of adding stirrups for better support.

"I think leather would be the best choice," Tyler said. "It's durable and comfortable."

Frank agreed. "And we could have them made to fit perfectly. Maybe even add some padding for extra comfort."

Bob and Mark exchanged weary glances but remained silent. They knew their riders were serious, and the prospect of carrying more weight was daunting. However, their role was clear: to serve and ensure the comfort of their riders, no matter the cost.

As they continued their journey, Tyler and Frank used their spurs as needed, guiding Bob and Mark with minimal effort. The thought of future rides with added comfort kept the riders in high spirits, while the seats mentally prepared themselves for the challenges ahead.

The idea of custom saddles and stirrups had taken root, and there was no turning back now. The next few weeks would see the riders exploring this new possibility, all in the name of their own comfort and enjoyment.

The shop was filled with the rich smell of leather, and the walls were lined with various types of saddles and equestrian gear. Tyler, Frank, Bob, and Mark entered the saddle maker's domain, feeling a mix of excitement and apprehension. The saddle maker, an imposing man named Hank, greeted them with a curious smile. This was indeed an unusual request, but Hank was up for the challenge, he has said earlier on the phone.

"Welcome, gentlemen," Hank said, shaking hands with each of them. "I have to admit, this is the first time I've been asked to make saddles for riding on humans. But I'm intrigued. Let's get started with the measurements."

Tyler and Frank turned their backs to Hank, showing their Levi's back patches with a chuckle. "We thought you'd appreciate a good look at these," Tyler joked.

Hank laughed, bending over to inspect. "All right, waist size 32 inches for Tyler and 34 inches for Frank. Inseam... 32 inches for both". "

Now, what's your weight, Tyler?"

"90 kilos," Tyler replied.

"And you, Frank?"

"110 kilos," Frank said.

Hank turned his attention to Bob and Mark. "Let's get your measurements too. I need to know your shoulder, neck and back dimensions to ensure the saddles will fit you properly."

Bob and Mark stood still as Hank measured them. "You both got strong shoulders," Hank commented. "That is good". "Now, can you sit on their shoulders? I need to see how sitting affects the measurements of your upper legs and buttocks."

Tyler and Frank mounted their seats, positioning themselves comfortably. Hank eyed the sharp spurs on their boots. "Are those spurs for show, or do you really use them?"

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"Oh, we use them," Frank said with a grin. He gently nudged Mark with his spurs, making him flinch slightly. "They're very effective for control."

Hank was impressed. "Well, I must say, it's remarkable how easily Bob and Mark lift you both. You two are heavier than your seats, yet they carry you with ease."

Bob and Mark exchanged looks of determination and pride. They had grown stronger over the weeks, but the idea of additional weight was daunting.

"How long do your rides typically last, and what kind of terrain do you cover?" Hank asked.

"Usually a couple of hours, sometimes more," Tyler answered. "We ride through hills, flat areas, sometimes rocky paths. It varies."

Hank nodded, jotting down notes. "The saddles will weigh around 10 kilos minimum. If you want to add options like saddle bags, bottle holders, and compartments, the weight will increase."

Bob and Mark sighed audibly. The idea of carrying even more weight was overwhelming.

Hank noticed their concern. "Remember, the more options you add, the harder it will be for your seats to carry you comfortably."

Tyler and Frank looked at each other, then at Hank. "Adding options sounds appealing," Frank said. "Saddle bags could replace the backpack Bob usually carries. Having water bottles, snacks, and a compartment for our phones, keys, and wallets would be great."

Tyler nodded in agreement. "Yeah, it would make our rides much more convenient."

Hank raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure about this? Your seats already have a hard job. Adding more weight might be too much for them."

Tyler spurred Bob lightly. "Don't worry about it. Bob and Mark are strong. They've been handling everything we throw at them."

Frank gave Mark a reassuring pat. "Yeah, they can manage. Besides, we have our spurs to keep them in line."

Hank sighed but continued with his measurements. "All right then. I'll get started on the designs. It'll take a few weeks, but I think you'll be pleased with the results."

The guys thanked Hank and left the shop, eager to see the custom saddles that would soon improve their riding experience. Bob and Mark followed, quietly steeling themselves for the added challenges that lay ahead.

As they settled into Tyler's car after leaving the saddle maker's shop, the conversation turned to further enhancing their riding comfort. Tyler took the driver's seat while Frank relaxed in the passenger seat, stretching out his legs.

"You know what would be great?" Frank said, turning to Tyler. "If Hank could add bottle holders with cooling elements in the saddle. Imagine sipping ice-cold water while we ride."

Tyler chuckled, glancing at Frank. "So you see yourself lounging comfortably in a padded saddle, sipping on cool drinks and munching on snacks, while Mark does all the hard work carrying your ass, your riding gear, and that heavy saddle you're sitting in with your big ass, buddy?"

Frank burst out laughing. "Yeah, something like that!"

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Tyler grinned. "It does sound tempting. Let's ask Hank about adding a cooling system. It would make our rides even more enjoyable."

Bob and Mark, seated in the back, exchanged amused glances. They had grown accustomed to their roles as seats, fulfilling the desires and whims of Tyler and Frank. While they appreciated the humor in their riders' banter, they silently prepared themselves for the challenges ahead, knowing they would soon be carrying not just their riders but also custom-made saddles with cooling elements.

As Tyler started the car and they headed back towards campus, the anticipation of riding in their new, improved saddles with added comforts filled them with excitement. They knew that whatever Hank crafted would be a testament to his skill and dedication to their unusual request.

As Tyler navigated the car back towards campus, the four friends continued their lively banter about potential additions to their custom saddles. The afternoon sun streamed through the windows as they brainstormed, each idea more extravagant than the last.

"You know what would be awesome?" Tyler said, glancing at Bob through the rearview mirror. "A solar panel on the saddle to charge my phone while I listen to Spotify on my AirPods. I mean, why not maximize efficiency while we're out riding, right?"

Bob chuckled, adjusting his seating position in the back. "Yeah, and Mark, I hope Frank's saddle has enough padding for his buttocks. Wouldn't want him complaining about a sore ass during those long rides while you're slaving away under his heavy saddle and those sharp spurs."

Frank laughed heartily from the passenger seat. "You guys are a riot. But seriously, maybe we could have holders for coffee cups on those early morning rides. Or even better, a built-in speaker system so we can all enjoy Tyler's playlist."

Tyler grinned mischievously. "Now that's an idea. Imagine cruising through the hills with some good tunes blasting. We'd be the most stylish cowboys around."

The conversation continued with each guy throwing out more suggestions, from heated seats for cold days to massaging features for long rides. They relished in the camaraderie and the excitement of planning their next adventures with enhanced riding comfort.

As they pulled into the parking lot near their dorms, the mood was light and full of anticipation. The saddle maker's promise to craft saddles tailored to their unique needs fueled their excitement for the weeks ahead. They couldn't wait to see how Hank would bring their ideas to life, ensuring their rides became not only comfortable but also more enjoyable than ever before.

Hank's call had stirred up excitement among Tyler and Frank, who eagerly made their way to the saddle maker's workshop with their seats in tow. They arrived, boots clanking on the wooden floor, and were greeted by Hank with a warm smile.

"Tyler, Frank, good to see you both. Ready to see what I've crafted for you?" Hank asked, motioning towards the workshop where the saddles awaited.

"We can't wait, Hank!" Tyler replied enthusiastically, eyeing the leatherwork with anticipation.

Frank nodded in agreement. "We brought our stirrups too. These babies should match perfectly with our boots and spurs," he added, handing them over to Hank.

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Hank inspected the stirrups with a trained eye, admiring the craftsmanship. "These are splendid. Let's get them fitted onto the saddles."

Meanwhile, Bob and Mark stood patiently as Hank adjusted the saddles and stirrup straps. They lifted Tyler and Frank onto their shoulders repeatedly, ensuring everything fit perfectly and comfortably.

After some adjustments, Hank finally stepped back with a satisfied nod. "All right, gentlemen. I think we're ready for your first test rides. Take your guys out into the riding area behind the shop and see how the saddles feel riding a bit."

Tyler and Frank mounted their seats with excitement, feeling the leather beneath them mold to their forms as they rode around the yard. After a few laps, it became evident that some fine-tuning was needed.

"The weight distribution feels better," Frank remarked to Hank as they dismounted. "But I think a bit more tweaking could make them perfect."

Hank nodded thoughtfully. "That's typical with new saddles. It will take me a half hour to make those adjustments."

Frank glanced at Tyler mischievously. "Mind if we wait out in the yard? Maybe do a bit of relaxing while Hank finishes up?"

Tyler grinned. "Good idea. Hank, would you mind if we... um, sit on Bob and Mark for a bit?"

Hank burst into laughter, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "You college cowboys are something else! Sure, I suppose you can wait however you like."

Half an hour later, Hank emerged from the workshop to find Tyler and Frank sitting comfortably on Bob's and Mark's faces.

"All right, boys, the saddles are ready for another test ride," Hank announced with a chuckle, shaking his head in amusement. "But I have to ask, is that comfortable?"

Tyler laughed. "Oh, Bob's face is like a pillow. Isn't it, Frank?"

Frank nodded, grinning broadly. "Absolutely. Hank, you should give it a try sometime. Here, have a seat on Bob's face. He can handle it, right, Tyler?"

Tyler nodded confidently. "Sure thing, Hank. Take a load off and relax for a few minutes."

Hank chuckled and shook his head. "Maybe another time, boys. Let's focus on those saddles now. I hope they're feeling good now for you both."

With that, Tyler and Frank dismounted from their seats, ready for another round of testing the new, customized saddles. As they rode off into the yard, Hank watched them go with a smile, pleased to have satisfied customers and a good story to tell later.

The second test ride went off without a hitch. Tyler and Frank felt the comfort of the saddles, which molded perfectly to their forms, and Bob and Mark appreciated the even weight distribution. Hank watched them with satisfaction, happy to see his craftsmanship appreciated.

"I'm glad everything feels good," Hank said as the riders dismounted. "Remember to ride a few times and then bring the saddles back for a final inspection. The more you sit in them, the more they'll mold to the shape of your bodies."

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Tyler and Frank nodded, already eager for their next ride. As they prepared for dismounting, Hank hesitated for a moment before speaking up. "About that offer earlier... Is it still open? To sit on Bob's face, I mean."

Tyler grinned, exchanging a knowing look with Frank. "Of course, Hank. No other customers in the shop, so why not? Let's make it happen."

Tyler dismounted Bob, carefully removing the saddle and setting it aside. "Bob, lay on your back and prepare for Hank."

Bob complied, lying down on the grass with a mix of anticipation and resignation. Hank approached, a bit shy but clearly curious. Tyler guided him with a reassuring smile. "Just take it slow, Hank. Sit down gently and see how it feels."

Hank lowered himself cautiously onto Bob's face, feeling the soft but firm support beneath him. He shifted slightly, and Bob moaned softly, the sound vibrating through Hank's seat.

"Wow, this is... different," Hank remarked, relaxing a bit more as he adjusted his position. "I can feel every movement he makes. It's quite comfortable, actually."

Bob adjusted to Hank's weight, his body instinctively accommodating the larger man's presence. As Hank shifted, Bob's moans and grunts became more pronounced, each sound adding to Hank's pleasure.

"You're doing great, Bob," Tyler said with a grin. "Hank, just relax and enjoy the ride. He's used to carrying heavy loads."

Hank chuckled, leaning back slightly. "This is incredible. Can Bob be hired for this? I might need a break like this more often."

The group laughed, and Tyler nodded. "You can sit as long as you want, Hank. We've got time."

Hank settled into his seat, feeling more relaxed than he had in a while. After fifteen minutes, Tyler decided to demonstrate Bob's strength further. "Hey, Hank, how about we show you something impressive?"

Tyler positioned himself over Bob's stomach and sat down. Hank felt the shift beneath him, the additional weight pressing down on Bob. Bob's grunts grew louder, but he maintained his position.

"This is amazing," Hank marveled. "Bob, you're incredible. I can feel everything down here."

Tyler and Frank watched with satisfaction, proud of their seats' resilience. Hank enjoyed the experience thoroughly, feeling a newfound appreciation for the college cowboys and their unique form of riding.

After a while, Hank stood up, extending a hand to help Tyler up as well. "Thank you, Bob, for the ride. And thank you, Tyler, for letting me experience this."

Tyler smiled, clapping Hank on the back. "Anytime, Hank. We're glad you enjoyed it."

Hank disappeared into his shop for a moment and returned with two can holders. "Here, a little thank you. These can keep coffee warm for an hour or a beer cold. Might add to your comfort in the saddles."

The group laughed, picturing themselves riding while sipping beer. Hank shook his head, still smiling. "You boys are something else. Enjoy your rides."

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As they left the shop, Tyler and Frank couldn't wait to test their new saddles on a longer ride, already imagining the next adventure.

On a crisp early morning, Tyler, Frank, Bob, and Mark gathered in the parking lot behind the college campus, ready for their first ride with the new custom-made saddles. The men were dressed in their cowboy best: boots with spurs, Levi's that fit snugly, and their cowboy hats firmly in place.

"All right, boys," Tyler said, patting Bob on the back. "On your knees, so we can get these saddles on."

Bob and Mark obediently kneeled, allowing Tyler and Frank to strap the saddles on securely. The saddle bags were filled with bottles of water, snacks, and the can holders with hot coffees. Everything was meticulously packed into the saddlebags, which had separate compartments for phones, wallets, and keys, and even compartments for optional freezer elements to keep drinks cool.

"Looks like we're all set," Frank said, adjusting his hat. He and Tyler climbed into their saddles, placing their feet in the stirrups and taking a moment to get comfortable.

Bob and Mark waited patiently, feeling the added weight and pressure of the saddles, but also noting how the design distributed the load more evenly across their backs. They felt strangely comfortable despite the additional 15 kilograms.

"Lift us up, boys," Tyler commanded, and with practiced ease, Bob and Mark stood, raising their riders into position.

Tyler and Frank gently nudged their seats with their spurs, signaling them to move forward. Bob and Mark started walking, feeling the subtle cues from the spurs to change direction or adjust their pace.

As they moved, Tyler and Frank settled into the comfort of their custom saddles. The padded seats felt great against their jeans, and the stirrups provided extra support for their legs, reducing the strain they usually felt after longer rides. The gentle morning breeze was refreshing, and the aroma of the hot coffee from the can holders added to the experience.

"This is incredible," Tyler said, taking a sip of his coffee while Bob carried him effortlessly. "The saddle feels great, and I can't believe how comfortable it is."

Frank nodded in agreement. "Yeah, this is a game changer. My butt will be happy the whole day, and these stirrups are fantastic."

Bob and Mark could hear their riders' satisfaction, and it gave them a sense of pride. Despite the weight, the saddles did make carrying their riders a bit easier. The even distribution meant fewer pressure points and less fatigue.

They rode for about half an hour, navigating the flat areas with some gentle slopes. At the top of a small hill, Tyler and Frank halted their seats.

"Let's have a quick evaluation," Tyler said. "How are you holding up, Bob?"

Bob, breathing a bit heavily but still composed, replied, "It's different, but the saddle does help. The weight is more evenly spread, so it feels lighter in a way."

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Mark chimed in, "Same here. The stirrups keep the weight balanced. It's definitely more comfortable."

Tyler smiled, pleased with the feedback. "Great to hear. Let's ride for another half hour, and then we'll give you guys a good rest with something to drink and eat."

Frank nodded, taking another sip of his coffee. "Sounds like a plan. Let's get moving."

With gentle nudges from their spurs, Bob and Mark resumed their walk, feeling a renewed sense of determination. The second half of the ride was just as smooth, with the riders comfortably enjoying their saddles and occasionally sipping their coffee or grabbing a snack from the saddlebags.

After the additional half hour, they returned to the starting point. Tyler and Frank dismounted, giving Bob and Mark a well-deserved break. They offered their seats water and snacks, praising them for their hard work.

"You guys did great," Frank said, patting Mark on the back. "These saddles are a win."

Tyler nodded in agreement. "Absolutely. Once you guys have rested, we can go for another ride later this morning."

Bob and Mark, though tired, felt a sense of accomplishment. The new saddles had passed the test, and they were ready for more adventures with their riders. The morning had been a success, and the future rides promised even more comfort and enjoyment for all.

After a proper rest, during which Bob and Mark recovered with drinks and food, the group decided on their next move. One downside of riding with saddles was that they had to be removed each time the seats took a break, unlike with horses. However, for short breaks, the saddles could stay on, allowing for quicker transitions back into the ride.

"Feel like taking another ride, Frank?" Tyler asked, stretching his legs.

Frank glanced at Mark, who was finishing his water. "Absolutely. Mark could use the exercise, and I've been itching to get back in the saddle since the moment I dismounted him."

"Great," Tyler replied. "Let's give the seats a more challenging route this time."

Frank nodded. "Good idea. Let's pack things up and drive to that trail we've taken before. It'll give us a chance to compare the rides with and without the saddles."

The seats, Bob and Mark, were both eager for the workout. They relished the idea of being ridden up and down some hills, proving their endurance and strength.

Upon arriving at the new location, Tyler and Frank saddled up Bob and Mark again. They replaced the empty bottles with fresh ones and filled the can holders with cold beers. The seats kneeled down obediently, allowing their riders to secure the saddles and climb on.

"All right, let's get going," Tyler said, nudging Bob with his spurs.

Bob and Mark began their trek up the hill, each rider taking a different path. The stirrups provided Tyler and Frank with better stability, reducing the discomfort in their upper legs and refining the cues given with their sharp spurs. The saddles also prevented sore butts, making the longer ride much more comfortable.

As they ascended the hill, the riders could feel the difference the saddles made. The weight was more evenly distributed, and the stirrups helped maintain a steady, comfortable position.

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Tyler took a sip of his cold beer, relishing the refreshment as Bob dutifully carried him upwards.

At the top of the hill, the riders ordered their seats to kneel down gently. Tyler and Frank dismounted comfortably, leaving their seats kneeled with the saddles on. They stretched their legs and admired the view from the hilltop, taking great pleasure in seeing their seats waiting patiently, saddled and ready for the next command. The weight of the empty saddles emphasized Bob's and Mark's feelings of submission as they waited patiently, the shine of the new leather glinting in the sunlight.

"This view never gets old," Frank remarked, taking a deep breath of the crisp morning air.

"No, it doesn't," Tyler agreed. "And those saddles look even better from a distance. Inviting, really."

Frank nodded, his gaze fixed on Mark, who remained perfectly still, the new saddle gleaming on his shoulders. "I think Hank outdid himself. These saddles are a game changer."

They shared a moment of satisfaction, knowing that their rides had just become much more comfortable and enjoyable. The seats, Bob and Mark, though bearing the weight of the saddles, also felt a sense of pride in serving their riders well.

Tyler took one last look at the horizon before turning back to Bob. "All right, let's get moving again."

With a gentle nudge from their spurs, Bob and Mark rose to their feet, ready to continue the ride. The bond between rider and seat had been strengthened, and the journey ahead promised more adventures, comfort, and mutual respect.

After the descent, Tyler and Frank halted to look back at the path they had taken. The ride down had been smooth and comfortable, thanks to their new saddles. The seats had handled the challenging descent admirably, and the saddles had provided excellent support.

"Feeling like tackling the next hill?" Frank asked, a mischievous grin on his face.

Tyler glanced at Bob, sensing some fatigue but confident in his endurance. "I think Bob can make it to the top without me dismounting. The spurs will help him find the strength," he said, chuckling.

"Mark's all warmed up," Frank replied. "I think I'll take him up the steeper side of the hill for a good workout."

The riders nudged their seats with their spurs, initiating the climb. Tyler and Frank used the spurs to command more speed or to change direction. Sometimes, gentle nudges were sufficient, but occasionally, they had to apply more force to get the desired response. The seats grunted and moaned under the sharp prods but immediately complied with every command.

"Come on, Bob," Tyler urged, pressing his spurs into Bob's sides. "You can do this."

Bob responded with a strained grunt, increasing his pace. The sharp stings from the spurs provided the necessary motivation to push through his fatigue.

Frank, riding Mark up the steeper side, also used his spurs effectively. "Keep going, Mark. You're doing great," he said, occasionally giving a firmer push to maintain the desired speed.

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Mark groaned but kept moving, his determination fueled by the sharp sensations from Frank's spurs. The riders enjoyed the control and comfort their spurs provided, making the climb manageable and even exhilarating.

At the top of the hill, Tyler and Frank finally allowed their seats to rest. They unsaddled Bob and Mark, giving them a proper break. Both seats were visibly tired but relieved and satisfied. They had accomplished the climb, serving their riders well.

Tyler and Frank, equally content, took a moment to appreciate their hard-working seats and the performance of their new saddles. "These saddles are a real game-changer," Tyler remarked, patting Bob on the shoulder.

"Absolutely," Frank agreed. "Mark, you did great."

The riders gave Bob and Mark a long break to recover and relax, but a dilemma remained. It was at least a half-hour ride back to the car, and neither Tyler nor Frank felt like walking.

"What's the plan?" Frank asked, looking at Tyler.

Tyler thought for a moment. "We give them a good rest now, and when they're ready, we ride back. We can take it slow if needed. But walking is not an option," he said with a smile.

Frank nodded in agreement. "Sounds good. We'll make sure they're well-rested before we head back."

The seats, Bob and Mark, lay on the grass, catching their breath and hydrating. They were tired but felt a sense of fulfillment in serving their riders. Tyler and Frank stretched their legs and enjoyed the view, confident that after a well-deserved break, their loyal guys would be ready for the journey back.

After a sufficient rest, Tyler and Frank saddled Bob and Mark again, readying for the final leg of their journey. The riders mounted, adjusting themselves in their seats, and commanded their human horses to lift and start walking.

"All right, let's get moving," Tyler said, nudging Bob with his spurs.

Bob and Mark began the descent. It was a challenging path, steep and rocky, and their fatigue was evident. At the base of the hill, Tyler and Frank halted to give them a moment to catch their breath.

"This descent really took a lot out of them," Tyler observed, glancing at Bob and Mark, both panting heavily.

"Yeah, but we need to keep going," Frank replied. "Let's just take it easy and not go too fast. I don't want to walk."

With that, they urged their seats onward. Tyler and Frank used their spurs intermittently to keep the pace, but as they progressed, it became clear that Mark was losing energy quicker than Bob.

"Mark, pick up the pace," Frank ordered, using his spurs more aggressively.

Mark grunted, pushing himself harder despite his growing fatigue. His breaths were labored, and he stumbled occasionally, struggling to maintain the speed Frank demanded. Bob, though tired, managed to keep a steadier pace.

"Come on, Frank. Use those spurs. We don't want them slowing down too much," Tyler encouraged, pressing his own spurs into Bob's sides.

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The riders were thoroughly enjoying themselves. The comfort of their custom saddles, the feel of being in control, and the dominating position over their human steeds were intoxicating. The sense of power and the physical arousal from the ride made the experience even more pleasurable.

"Frank, your ass looks damn good sitting in that saddle," Tyler teased, admiring the way Frank's Levi's hugged his form.

Frank laughed. "Thanks, man. But I think your tight ass looks even better. Those Levi's really show it off now that you're in the saddle."

They both chuckled, enjoying the banter. Tyler reached into his saddlebag and pulled out a beer. "Bob will have to drive us back. I've had too many beers to drive," he said, taking a swig.

Halfway to the car, Tyler began to notice just how much Mark was struggling. "Frank, maybe we should reconsider. Mark's really having a hard time under your weight."

Frank, feeling the strain in Mark beneath him, hesitated but then shook his head. "No, Tyler. He can make it. I'm not dismounting now."

Overhearing the discussion, Mark felt a surge of resentment rising within him. He was working like a dog, carrying Frank's weight and the heavy saddle, while Frank sat comfortably, drinking beer and enjoying the ride. The sharp spurs digging into his sides only intensified his struggle and frustration. Despite this, Mark also felt a deep sense of submission to Frank and his weight, conflicted between his resentment and his desire to serve.

Frank, oblivious to Mark's internal conflict, continued to spur him on. "Come on, Mark. Just a bit further. You're doing great," he said, pressing his spurs harder.

Mark groaned but obeyed, pushing himself to keep going despite his exhaustion. The sharp contrast between his grueling labor and Frank's relaxed, enjoyable ride was stark. The thought of his boss not only having fun riding but drinking beers as if he wasn't slaving away stirred a feeling in him, in contrast with his feelings of full submission to Frank and his weight. This conflicting mix of emotions could affect future rides with Frank, making Mark question his willingness to endure such treatment without any consideration for his own well-being.

As they finally neared the car, Tyler looked over at Frank. "Maybe next time we plan these rides a bit better. We need to ensure our seats can handle it without being pushed to their limits."

Frank nodded, considering Tyler's words. "Yeah, you're right. But for now, let's just get back and give them a good rest. They deserve it."

With one last effort, Bob and Mark carried their riders to the car. Once they arrived, Tyler and Frank dismounted, giving their human horses a well-deserved break. They may have enjoyed the ride, but they also recognized the need to balance their comfort with the well-being of their loyal seats.

As the guys gathered around the car, they took a moment to evaluate the day's rides. Tyler leaned against the door, sipping the last of his water, while Frank stretched his legs, his boots crunching on the gravel.

"I have to say, these saddles really proved their worth," Tyler began, glancing at Bob and Mark, who were catching their breath. "The comfort was undeniable. My feet felt supported by the stirrups, and the padding kept my butt from getting sore."

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Frank nodded in agreement. "Yeah, the weight distribution was a game-changer. I felt more stable, and it seemed like you guys, Bob and Mark, found it easier to carry us."

Bob smiled, still breathing heavily. "Absolutely. The saddles made a big difference. Even with the extra 15 kilos, it felt more manageable because the weight was evenly distributed."

Mark, though tired, nodded. "I enjoyed the workout. The spurs helped push through the discomfort and strain. It was easier to focus on the stings than on the exhaustion."

Tyler turned to Mark, a hint of concern in his voice. "The last ride was tough, though. You looked like you were struggling more than usual."

Mark sighed. "Yeah, it was. Frank's weight made it harder. The extra 20 kilos really counted, especially as the ride went on."

Frank looked a bit guilty. "I might have pushed you too hard, Mark. I got carried away, using my spurs aggressively. Maybe we should save the beers for after the rides and stick to sodas. They don't cloud my judgment."

Mark appreciated Frank's acknowledgment. "It's okay, Frank. Just something to keep in mind for next time."

Tyler chimed in, "I think we all learned something today. The saddles and spurs worked great, and even the part where we left you guys kneeled with the saddles on was effective. It reinforced our dynamic nicely."

Bob chuckled. "And the banter about your asses in Levi's was a nice touch. It reminded me of our early rides. Frank, your ass looked pretty mighty in your saddle."

Frank laughed. "Thanks, Bob. I have to admit, it was fun. The Levi's definitely add to the look."

As they packed up and headed back home, Bob took the wheel, steering them towards campus. Tyler leaned back, looking relaxed. "We'll take the saddles back to Hank next Saturday for a final inspection. I think he'll be pleased with how they turned out."

Bob glanced at Tyler. "Are you going to offer my face to Hank again?"

Tyler grinned. "I have a feeling Hank might want to take a second ride on you, Bob. So why not? It'll be good exercise for you, experiencing a heavier rider with a different style."

Bob laughed, shaking his head. "All right, if Hank wants another go, I'll be ready."

Frank chuckled. "It's settled then. We'll see how it goes next Saturday."

As they drove back, the camaraderie among the group was palpable. They had pushed their limits, learned from the experience, and were ready for more adventures with their new saddles. The dynamic between riders and seats was evolving, each ride bringing them closer and reinforcing their bond.

The following Saturday, Tyler, Frank, Bob, and Mark arrived at Hank's workshop, eager for the final fitting of their saddles. Hank greeted them warmly, accompanied by his young weekend help, Jake, who looked curious and enthusiastic about the entire setup.

"Morning, boys!" Hank greeted them. "How'd the saddles hold up?"

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Tyler and Frank exchanged a glance. "They were great, Hank. Really comfortable for both of us and for the seats. But you wanted to know how they felt for yourself, right?"

Hank chuckled. "I do, but I wonder if I'm not too heavy for these guys. Do you think Bob and Mark can handle my weight? I'm a bit heavier at 130 kg."

Tyler chuckled. "They'll manage. They just have to work a little harder. You might need your spurs, though." He pointed at Hank's spurs.

Hank smiled and nodded. "All right then, let's saddle them up."

Bob and Mark kneeled as Tyler and Frank saddled them. Once secure, Hank mounted Bob first, grunting as he settled into the saddle. Bob strained but managed to support Hank's weight. Hank nudged his spurs gently, and Bob rose and started moving.

"Good boy," Hank said, patting Bob's shoulder. The sight of the big man in his boots, Wranglers, and cowboy hat riding Bob was quite the spectacle.

Bob grunted, his muscles tensing under Hank's weight, but soon enough, Hank was riding comfortably in the saddle, occasionally using his spurs to guide Bob around the riding area, testing the saddle's comfort and stability and testing how Bob handled his weight.

"All right, let's pick up the pace," Hank commanded, nudging Bob with his spurs. Bob, feeling the familiar sting, started slowly but gradually increased his speed as Hank settled into the rhythm of riding him.

Hank chuckled, clearly enjoying himself. "This is quite something. I've been riding horses all my life, but never had a guy beneath the saddle. It's fun, though!"

After a few minutes, Hank switched to Mark, who also managed to carry him despite the initial grunt as Hank mounted. Hank enjoyed the experience, occasionally spurring Mark and complimenting him with a "good boy" as well.

"This is actually a lot of fun," Hank said, smiling. "The saddles are very comfortable, even under my weight. You boys did a great job."

With the test rides done, Hank and Jake set to work making a few minor adjustments to the saddles, adding a bit more padding for perfection. While working, Hank recounted his experience riding on Bob's face to Jake.

"You won't believe it, Jake," Hank said, laughing. "Bob supported my 130 kg for half an hour a few weeks back."

Jake's eyes widened in disbelief. "You did what? No way Bob supported your weight!"

Tyler, sensing an opportunity for some fun, grinned. "Want a demonstration? Go ahead, Hank."

Hank didn't need much encouragement. He ordered Bob to lie down and prepare, and then he positioned himself on Bob's face. The other men watched as Hank settled his weight down, Bob supporting him without issue, despite Hank's considerable size, allowing him to sit full weight.

After five minutes, Hank stood up, stretching. "There you go, Jake. See, Bob's got some serious strength. I sat on him like this for half an hour."

Jake's eyes were wide with excitement. "Tyler, can I give it a try?"

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Tyler smiled and nodded. "Bob is at your disposal, Jake."

Jake, weighing only 65 kg, was a featherweight for Bob. He eagerly took his place, sitting comfortably on Bob's face while Hank finished up the saddle adjustments.

"This is incredible," Jake said, shifting his weight and eliciting soft moans from Bob.

Hank glanced over. "Feel free to relax while I finish up, Jake. Enjoy the ride."

Jake took full advantage of the opportunity, relaxed into his seat for the next half hour, completely at ease. He reveled in the experience, enjoying the unique perspective and the comfort of his human seat. As Jake rode him, Bob thoroughly enjoyed the weight and presence of Jake's firm ass on his face. It was a unique and pleasurable experience for both of them.

While Hank finished the adjustments, the others gathered around to watch Jake ride. They admired his relaxed style and ease in the saddle. "Looking good up there, cowboy!", Tyler said.

Jake grinned and leaning back, feeling at ease, Jake asked for his cowboy hat and handed his iPhone to Frank. "Can you take some pictures for my friends, Frank?"

Frank obliged, snapping a few shots of Jake, his hands confidently on his hips, looking every bit the cowboy. "I'll take some of your ass too, for your girlfriend," Frank said, getting down on his knees to capture the Levi's back patch and the red tab on Jake's back pocket, just visible above Bob's face. "Man, 29" waist and 32" inseam. Tyler, remember when we were that size?"

Jake laughed, happy with the pictures. "Thanks, Frank. My girlfriend will love these, especially the ones of my tight ass."

"This feels amazing," Jake continued, leaning back with his hands confidently on his hips. "Anyone want to join me?" Jake joked, not expecting a serious response.

Tyler laughed. "Why not? Let's have some fun with Bob, he can handle it."

"Get ready, Bob. I'll ride with Jake," he said. He ordered Bob to lift his legs to make a backrest, and soon both men were seated on Bob. Both enjoyed the ride, with Jake amazed at how Bob could handle two riders.

When Hank finished his work, Jake dismounted, thanking Tyler for the opportunity. "I wouldn't mind riding Bob longer. I could ride him all day."

After their goodbyes, Tyler drove the group back home. Bob and Mark joked about their struggles under Hank's weight. "You should have seen your face, Mark," Bob teased. "You looked like you were going to collapse."

Mark grinned. "At least I didn't grunt like a bear with Hank on top of me."

As the car hummed along the road, the conversation in the backseat between Bob and Mark turned to their recent experience under Hank's command. The memories were fresh, and both seats couldn't help but share how they felt being under such a dominant presence.

"You know," Bob started, leaning back in his seat with a reflective smile, "the anticipation really started building up when Hank kept us waiting kneeling before he even got on. Just sitting there with the empty saddle on my shoulders, waiting patiently while he joked around with Tyler and Frank... I felt completely submissive, and he wasn't even in the saddle yet."

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Mark nodded, his expression thoughtful. "Yeah, and when he finally lowered himself into the saddle, taking his time to get comfortable, it was something else. I could feel the saddle responding to his weight, every bit of it settling in."

Bob chuckled. "I remember looking down at his cowboy boots, noticing how worn they were, and then those spurs. Damn, those spurs. I felt this mix of admiration and fear. I kept thinking about how much they'd sting if Hank decided to really dig them in."

"Same here," Mark agreed. "But you know what? Ignoring his weight wasn't even an option. Hank made us work hard, and he knew exactly how to get the most out of us. The way he used his spurs, the subtle shifts in his weight—it was like he was fine-tuning an instrument. He told me later he made a few extra rounds, not for testing the saddles, just for his pleasure."

Bob laughed softly. "That sounds like Hank. After he rode me, he had me kneel down in front of Tyler, just parked there like I was some kind of horse. He asked if the saddle was comfortable for me, and of course, Tyler chimed in, encouraging Hank to stay seated and enjoy the comfort a bit longer."

Mark grinned. "And did he?"

"Oh, he did. Sitting there, relaxed, feet still in the stirrups, he asked how it felt to have him up there—me, an 80 kg guy, supporting his 130 kg plus his gear and the saddle. I told him straight up it was heavy, which made him chuckle, but I also said I was there to serve him, no matter the weight. I even told him I hoped he'd stay a bit longer and enjoy the saddle he made himself."

"Wow," Mark said, impressed. "You know, I made a mental picture of Hank's ass in his Wranglers, filling out the saddle perfectly. I felt honored to be serving under such a great ass."

Bob laughed. "You and me both, buddy."

Mark continued, "After he rode me, he had me kneel in front of Frank. He asked how I found the saddle, and I told him it was comfortable, even with his weight in it. Hank said it was good fun to sit like that, knowing there was a guy under him working hard to support his weight. He found it oddly satisfying."

"Yeah," Bob nodded, "he said to Tyler and Frank that they trained us well—strong, resilient, submissive, eager to please, and obedient, just like a good horse. Coming from Hank, that's high praise."

"Definitely," Mark agreed. "Hank's in great shape, despite being twice our age. Those broad shoulders, big chest, strong arms and legs, and that bubble butt... He's an impressive man. I felt immediately secure under his command, and his presence in the saddle was a constant reminder of who was in control."

Bob sighed, a mix of excitement and reflection in his voice. "I have to admit, I got a little excited being ridden by Hank. And when he used his spurs on me more forcefully... it was both thrilling and arousing."

Mark nodded slowly. "Same here. And when he asked Frank, still sitting on me, how he'd feel if he rode me with a riding whip next time, I felt this rush of fear and excitement. Frank said he'd be welcome to use the whip if he wanted to."

"Tyler said the same," Bob added. "The prospect of being ridden with both spurs and a whip... it's intense. It's exciting but also a bit frightening."

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"Yeah," Mark agreed, a slight shiver running down his spine. "Next time's going to be something else."

As they neared home, Tyler and Frank, listening to their seats' conversation from the front, exchanged satisfied glances. They were proud of how well Bob and Mark had performed under Hank's command. The day had been a success, and the future rides promised to be even more thrilling. The thought of Hank riding with a whip added a new level of intensity that everyone was eager, albeit a bit nervous, to explore.

Tyler spoke up, breaking the reflective silence. "Next Saturday's going to be something special. Let's see how far we can push the limits."

"Can't wait," Bob and Mark echoed in unison, their voices tinged with both anticipation and a hint of trepidation.