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The following Sunday, the group met at Hank's saddle shop. With the store closed for the day, they had the place to themselves. Hank's backyard and round pen were perfect for private rides, ensuring there were no interruptions. The seats were already saddled up and waiting on their knees in the round pen, ready for their riders.

Hank had brought Jake along. The young man was curious to see how Hank handled the seats, and Hank mentioned with a laugh that Jake hoped for another chance to face-sit Bob. Tyler and Frank had no objections, and they even suggested that Jake might want to ride on Bob's or Mark's shoulders if he was up for it. Jake, standing off to the side with Hank's whip in hand, looked eager and intrigued.

Hank, dressed in his cowboy gear—worn Levi's, scuffed boots with polished spurs, and a wide-brimmed hat—was discussing his intentions with Tyler and Frank. He wanted to see how the seats would handle the whip, adding a new level of intensity to their dynamic.

Tyler nodded, giving Hank the green light to use the whip on Bob. "Go for it, Hank. Bob can handle it. He's been trained well."

Frank, adjusting his own cowboy hat, added, "Same goes for Mark. You have full discretion, Hank. I'm curious to see how he reacts."

Hank grinned, the anticipation evident in his eyes. "Thanks, boys. This should be interesting."

With everything set, Hank made his way into the round pen, the leather of his boots creaking with each step. Bob and Mark remained motionless, still on their knees, ready for whatever came next. Tyler and Jake settled onto the fence, eager spectators as the show began.

Hank walked up to Bob first, giving him an appraising look. "All right, Bob, let's see how you do today." He slapped the whip against the shaft of his boot, the crack sharp in the quiet of the yard.

Bob tensed slightly, anticipation coursing through him. He knew what was coming but was determined to please Hank.

"Get ready, Bob. Kneel," Hank ordered, his voice firm.

Bob obeyed immediately, lowering his body further to make it easier for Hank to mount. The saddle creaked slightly as it adjusted to the shift in weight.

Hank didn't rush. He placed one booted foot in the stirrup and then slowly swung his leg over, settling into the saddle with a grunt of satisfaction. He adjusted his position, making sure he was comfortable, his weight pressing down on Bob.

"Lift me," Hank commanded, his spurs giving a sharp nudge to Bob's sides.

Bob strained but managed to rise, his muscles bulging under the pressure. Hank's heavy frame, combined with the saddle and his gear, was a lot to carry, but Bob was determined to prove his strength.

"Good boy," Hank muttered, patting Bob's shoulder. He nudged him forward with his spurs, guiding him into a slow, deliberate walk around the pen.

Meanwhile, Frank, standing beside Mark, couldn't resist the inviting sight of his saddle, perfectly fitted to Mark's shoulders. The craftsmanship, combined with Mark's strong, submissive stance, was too tempting to pass up.

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"Stay put, Mark," Frank said, his voice low but commanding. "I'm just going to sit on you for a while."

Mark remained still, his muscles tensed in anticipation, as Frank settled into his seat. Frank didn't intend to ride him just yet; he simply wanted to enjoy the comfort and control that came from sitting in the saddle, feeling Mark beneath him.

Tyler and Jake, still perched on the fence, watched with keen interest as Hank started his ride. Hank's presence in the saddle was commanding, and his spurs kept Bob moving at a steady pace.

"You've got good control over him, Hank," Tyler commented, impressed. "How's it feel?"

Hank chuckled, glancing over at Tyler and Jake. "Feels great. Bob's strong, and the saddle's holding up nicely. I think it's time to test out that whip, though."

Hank loosened the coiled whip from his hand, letting it unfurl slightly. Bob could sense what was coming and braced himself, his focus entirely on Hank's commands.

"Let's pick up the pace," Hank ordered, giving Bob a sharper nudge with his spurs.

Bob quickened his pace, his breath coming in short, controlled bursts as he did his best to carry Hank's considerable weight. Hank raised the whip and brought it down with a quick, precise snap across Bob's back, not too hard but enough to make Bob jolt forward.

"That's it, boy," Hank encouraged, leaning slightly forward in the saddle, his spurs digging in just enough to keep Bob moving. "Keep going."

The rhythm of the whip, combined with the pressure of Hank's spurs, kept Bob in motion, every step a test of his strength and submission.

Back at the fence, Jake leaned in toward Tyler. "He's really got him under control, doesn't he?"

Tyler nodded, his eyes fixed on the scene. "Yeah, Hank knows how to handle a horse—or a man. Bob is tough, though. He can take it."

Frank, meanwhile, relaxed in his saddle, enjoying the sight of Hank working Bob hard. He shifted slightly, feeling Mark's solid form beneath him, and couldn't help but smile.

"How you holding up, Mark?" Frank asked, though he didn't really expect an answer. He tapped his heels gently into Mark's sides, more out of habit than necessity.

Mark didn't move, just stayed in position, every part of him focused on supporting Frank's weight.

In the round pen, Hank continued to ride Bob, pushing him a little harder each time. The sound of the whip and the jingle of spurs filled the air, punctuated by Bob's heavy breathing and the occasional grunt of effort.

Hank's eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he urged Bob forward. "You're doing well, Bob. Let's see how long you can keep this up."

And so the ride continued, the tension in the air palpable as Hank tested Bob's limits, while Tyler and Jake watched, knowing that this was only the beginning of what promised to be an intense and unforgettable day.

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Hank sat firmly in the saddle, his hands resting on his hips as he surveyed the scene when he made Bob come to a full stop. With his right hand, he held the whip loosely, ready to use it if necessary. Bob, with the heavy weight of Hank pressing down on him, started to move again at Hank's command, walking in slow, deliberate circles within the round pen. The saddle creaked softly with each step, a reminder of the pressure on Bob's shoulders and back.

"Easy, Bob," Hank said, his voice low and commanding. He applied a gentle nudge with his spurs, prompting Bob to pick up his pace slightly. Bob responded as best he could, trying to match the rhythm Hank was setting. But with each step, he felt the strain of carrying Hank's 130 kg frame.

Tyler and Jake watched intently from the fence, their eyes following every move. Tyler's expression was a mix of pride and concern, knowing how hard Bob was working under the saddle. Frank, still comfortably seated on Mark, leaned forward slightly, curious to see how Hank would handle the ride.

As Bob continued to walk in circles, Hank leaned back in the saddle, signaling for Bob to slow down. The shift in weight was subtle, but Bob felt it immediately. He adjusted his pace, his breathing heavy as he tried to comply with Hank's silent command. When Hank wanted to stop, he squeezed his thighs against Bob's neck, and Bob came to a halt, his legs trembling slightly under the strain.

"Good boy," Hank muttered, giving Bob a brief moment to catch his breath before urging him on again.

The ride became more demanding as Hank tested Bob's limits. He started varying the pace, sometimes speeding up, other times slowing down abruptly. To change direction, Hank would shift his weight in the saddle and apply pressure with one spur—left for a right turn, right for a left turn. Each time, Bob felt the sharp press of the spur against his side, and he strained to respond quickly, not wanting to disappoint his rider.

But as the minutes dragged on, Bob's exhaustion began to show. His movements became slower, less precise, and Hank noticed. He wasn't one to tolerate sluggishness. When Bob hesitated or didn't respond immediately to a command, Hank would raise the whip and snap it against Bob's back. The sharp sting made Bob wince, but he pushed through, determined to meet Hank's expectations.

"Come on, Bob," Hank said, his voice carrying a mix of authority and encouragement. "I know you can do better than that. Keep moving."

With each crack of the whip, Bob's body jolted, his muscles tightening under the saddle. The spurs dug in more frequently now, urging him to maintain the pace despite his fatigue. The combination of the spurs and whip created a rhythm of pain and pressure that Bob struggled to keep up with, but he continued, knowing that Hank was testing his endurance.

From his vantage point on the fence, Tyler watched with a mix of emotions. On one hand, he was proud of how well Bob was handling the ride, enduring the whip and spurs with determination. On the other hand, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of concern. The whip was being used more and more, and Tyler knew how taxing that could be on Bob. But he also trusted Hank—he knew Hank was skilled at riding and wouldn't push Bob past his limits.

Jake, meanwhile, was fascinated. He'd seen horses ridden before, but this was entirely different. Watching Hank control Bob with such precision and authority was mesmerizing. The way Hank used his spurs and whip to command Bob's every move was a demonstration of power that Jake couldn't take his eyes off of.

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In the center of the pen, Frank sat quietly on Mark, his eyes flicking between Hank and Bob. Mark, still on his knees, waited patiently for his turn. The feel of Frank's weight pressing down on him was a reminder of what was to come. Watching Hank ride Bob so hard stirred something in Mark—both anticipation and a bit of nervousness. He knew Frank wouldn't hold back when it was his turn, especially after seeing how Hank had handled Bob.

As Hank rode, he continued to test Bob, alternating between pushing him harder and then easing up slightly, only to push again. The whip came down more frequently as Bob's exhaustion grew, his body struggling to respond quickly enough to the spurs. Each snap of the whip made Bob tense, but he gritted his teeth and pushed through, focusing on the commands and trying to anticipate Hank's next move.

Underneath the saddle, Bob's thoughts were a mix of pain and determination. The pressure of Hank's weight was constant, a reminder of the control Hank held over him. Each time the spurs dug into his sides, it was a jolt of sharp pain, urging him to move faster, turn quicker, or stop suddenly. The whip was a different kind of pain—sharp, stinging, and impossible to ignore. But it was also a motivator, driving him to keep going, to prove he could handle whatever Hank threw at him.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity to Bob, Hank decided it was enough for the first ride. He slowed Bob to a stop by leaning back in his saddle, squeezing his thighs against Bob's neck and then ordered him to kneel down in front of Tyler. Bob, exhausted and grateful for the break, obeyed immediately, sinking to his knees with Hank still seated on his shoulders.

Hank stayed in the saddle, his weight pressing down on Bob as he talked to Tyler. "He did well," Hank said, patting Bob's shoulder. "A bit slow toward the end, but that's to be expected with the amount of weight he's carrying. He's strong, though—didn't buckle once."

Tyler nodded, his eyes on Bob. "He's tough. I knew he could handle it. You think he's ready for more, or should we give him a longer break?"

Hank considered for a moment. "He could probably go another round after a short rest. But I think it's time to see how Mark handles things."

With that, Hank dismounted, stepping off Bob and handing him over to Tyler. Bob stayed on his knees, breathing heavily but relieved that the ride was over—at least for now.

Hank turned to Frank, who was still seated on Mark. "How about it, Frank? Is Mark ready for me?"

Frank smiled and gave Mark a gentle pat on the back. "He's been waiting patiently. I think he's more than ready."

Mark, hearing this, felt a mix of excitement and nervousness. He knew what was coming after watching Bob's ordeal, but he was determined to show that he could handle it too. Frank stood up, stepping away from Mark to give Hank space to take over.

Hank walked over to Mark, the whip still in his hand. "All right, Mark. Let's see how you do."

Mark braced himself, knowing that his turn under Hank's command was about to begin. He could feel the weight of anticipation building as Hank prepared to mount, ready to put him through the same demanding ride that Bob had just endured.

Hank stood tall, adjusting the brim of his cowboy hat as he approached Mark, who was still on his knees after Frank had vacated the saddle. Mark watched Hank's every move, noting the subtle creak of Hank's leather boots against the dirt. These weren't just any boots; they were well-worn, seasoned from years of riding. The leather was smooth and slightly faded,

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and the heels bore the unmistakable mark of countless steps taken across rugged terrain. Each boot was adorned with spurs, the metal shining in the sunlight. The spurs were a symbol of Hank's authority, a tool of command that Mark knew he would soon feel.

Mark's eyes flicked upward as Hank positioned himself, noticing how Hank's Levi's clung to his muscular thighs and hips. The denim was dark, snug, and worn just right, accentuating Hank's bubble butt. The saddle had been molded to fit perfectly against that strong, rounded backside. Mark had seen Hank's ass in Wranglers before, but today, the Levi's gave it a different look—a look that Mark found hard to ignore. As Hank moved closer, Mark noticed the outline of the leather back patch on Hank's waistband. Maybe he'd get a closer look if the opportunity presented itself.

"Al right, Mark," Hank said, his voice firm but not unkind. "Kneel down for me."

Mark obeyed without hesitation, lowering himself as Hank prepared to mount. The saddle on Mark's shoulders felt heavier as Hank's boots found their place in the stirrups. The spurs jingled softly with each movement, a reminder of the control Hank would soon exert. As Hank settled into the saddle, his bubble butt filled it out perfectly, the Levi's stretching to accommodate his form. Mark could feel every contour of Hank's weight pressing down on him, a mix of firmness and comfort.

Hank took a moment to adjust, his left hand resting on his hip, while the whip in his right hand hung casually at his side. He looked every bit the seasoned cowboy, his posture confident, his presence commanding. When he was ready, Hank gave a light nudge with his spurs, signaling Mark to lift him.

Mark pushed up with a grunt, feeling the full weight of Hank as he rose to his feet. It wasn't as hard as what Bob had endured, but it was still 130 kg sitting in a 15 kg saddle. Having a heavier rider like Frank, Hank expected more from him, and Mark was determined to deliver. On Hank's cue, he began to walk, his movements steady as he carried him around the round pen.

Hank was a master of his craft, and it showed in the way he worked Mark. He started with slow, deliberate circles, letting Mark find his rhythm under the saddle. But soon, the commands became more complex. Hank used his spurs to signal changes in direction, shifting his weight to guide Mark through each turn. A nudge with the right spur turned Mark left; the left spur guided him right. Each press of the spur was firm but not overly harsh—at least not at first.

"Keep it steady, Mark," Hank instructed, his voice carrying a tone of authority that left no room for hesitation.

Mark complied, his muscles working to keep up with the demands. The whip in Hank's hand was a constant reminder of what could happen if he didn't respond quickly enough. Mark felt a bead of sweat trickle down his back as the ride continued, but he pushed through, focusing on Hank's commands.

As the minutes passed, Hank increased the pace. He leaned back slightly in the saddle, signaling Mark to slow down, only to spur him forward again with a sharp press against his side. The changes in pace were sudden, testing Mark's ability to adapt. Hank's spurs became more insistent, and when Mark faltered or hesitated, the whip would snap against his back, stinging with each strike.

"Faster, Mark," Hank ordered, his voice steady, his hand ready to bring down the whip again if needed.

Mark picked up the pace, his breath coming in heavy gasps as he tried to keep up. The weight of Hank's body was a constant pressure, and the spurs and whip were relentless in

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their demands. But Mark was determined not to disappoint. He focused on the feel of the saddle, the press of Hank's legs against his sides, and the sharp stings that urged him to move faster, turn quicker, or slow down on command.

Tyler, still seated on the fence with Jake, watched Hank work Mark with a mix of admiration and concern. He knew how tough Mark was, but he also knew that Hank was pushing him hard—harder than he had pushed Bob. Tyler trusted Hank's judgment, but he couldn't help but feel a pang of worry as he saw the whip come down again and again.

Jake, on the other hand, was fascinated. He watched Hank's every move, the way he controlled Mark with such ease and authority. The combination of spurs and whip was something Jake had never seen used so expertly before. Hank was in total control, and Jake couldn't help but be impressed by the display of dominance.

Meanwhile, Frank was standing in the round pen, watching as Mark was put through his paces. He could see the strain on Mark's face, the sweat glistening on his skin, but he also saw the determination in his eyes. Mark was giving it his all, and Frank was proud of him for it. But he also knew that Mark was nearing his limit.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity to Mark, Hank decided it was time to end the ride. He brought Mark to a complete stop in the center of the round pen, leaning back in the saddle and squeezing his thighs against Mark's neck. Mark obeyed immediately, coming to a halt with a grateful sigh.

Hank patted Mark's shoulder, a sign of approval for the effort he had put in. "Good work, Mark," Hank said, his voice carrying a note of satisfaction. "You did well."

With that, Hank rode Mark over to where Frank was standing. He guided Mark to a stop directly in front of him and then gave the command to kneel. Mark, exhausted but relieved, lowered himself to the ground in a smooth, controlled motion, just as a camel would for its rider.

Hank remained seated in the saddle, his weight still pressing down on Mark as he spoke with Frank. "He's strong, and he's got good endurance," Hank said, patting Mark's shoulder again. "I pushed him hard, but he held up well."

Frank nodded, a small smile on his face. "He's a tough one, that's for sure. Thanks for putting him through his paces."

Hank finally dismounted, stepping off Mark and releasing him to Frank. Mark stayed kneeling, catching his breath as he felt the weight lift from his back. He had done his best, and he was proud of it, despite the exhaustion that now settled into his bones.

"Let's take a short break," Hank suggested, looking around at the others. "We could all use a bit of rest, I think. The shade in the back yard looks inviting."

Tyler and Jake nodded in agreement, and Hank sent Jake off to grab some cool drinks for everyone. As they made their way to the shade, Mark couldn't help but feel a sense of accomplishment. He had endured the ride, felt the whip, and carried Hank with pride. But as he rested, he knew that the day wasn't over yet—there was more to come, and he was ready for it.

After the intense rides, the seats had been unsaddled and were now resting in the shade of the trees, lying on their backs on the cool grass. Their chests rose and fell with deep breaths as they recovered from the strain of carrying Hank's weight. The riders, including Hank, were seated nearby, enjoying the break while they talked about the rides. The sun

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was warm, but the shade offered a welcome respite, and the breeze carried the scent of the grass and earth.

Hank took a sip of his drink, his cowboy hat tipped back on his head as he leaned against a tree. "You know," he began, "the whip isn't just about punishment. It's about making sure the seats stay responsive, especially when they're tired. Carrying a heavy load like me can wear them down quickly, and that's when they start to lag in their response to the spurs or weight shifts in the saddle."

Tyler nodded, though his expression was still a bit conflicted. "I could see that. It was hard to watch sometimes, especially knowing how much it must hurt. But I can't deny that it worked. Bob and Mark were definitely more attentive after you used the whip."

Hank gave a small, understanding smile. "It's not about causing pain for the sake of it. The whip is a tool of communication, just like the spurs or the riders weight shifts in the saddle. It reinforces the cues I give with my spurs or shifts in weight. For example, when Bob started to slow down during the ride, I leaned forward a little bit and gave him a nudge with my spur. When he didn't respond quickly enough, a light snap of the whip reminded him that the cue wasn't optional."

He paused, letting the information sink in. "And Mark—he's strong, but even he started to lag toward the end. The whip helped keep his focus on me, on what I wanted him to do. The more tired they get, the more likely they are to drift, to lose that sharpness. The whip brings them back, sharpens their attention. It's like training a horse; the more they respond to the subtle cues, the better they'll perform when the going gets tough."

Frank, who had been listening intently, spoke up. "Makes sense. The whip isn't just about control—it's about refining their responses. And I agree, your weight works in your favor. It tires them out faster, creating more opportunities to teach them to stay focused, even when they're exhausted."

Tyler looked down at Bob, who was still lying on his back, his eyes closed as he rested. "I can see how that would work. It's just... hard to see them in pain. But then, I can't argue with the results. Bob was definitely more responsive after you used the whip on him. It's like the pain forces them to focus, to push through their fatigue."

Mark, who had been silently resting, turned his head slightly to look at Hank. "How does it feel to use the whip?" he asked, his voice quiet but curious.

Hank met Mark's gaze, his expression thoughtful. "Honestly? It's a bit of a mixed feeling. On one hand, I know it's necessary to get the response I need, especially in tough situations. On the other hand, I'm aware that it's causing pain. But I also know that pain can be a powerful teacher. It's not about enjoying it; it's about getting the results that'll keep both rider and seat safe and effective, especially on those extended rides where fatigue can be a real danger."

Jake, who had been listening quietly, suddenly perked up. He glanced at Tyler and then at Bob, who was still lying on his back, his chest rising and falling steadily. "Tyler," Jake began, a mischievous grin forming on his face, "do you think I could sit on Bob? I mean, he's just lying there...."

Tyler chuckled, seeing the playful glint in Jake's eyes. "I don't see why not. Bob's had a tough ride, but he can handle a little extra weight. Just be careful not to tire him out too much—we might need him for another round later."

Jake's grin widened, and he stood up, moving over to where Bob lay. Bob opened his eyes and glanced up at Jake, understanding what was coming. With a resigned but good-natured sigh, Bob prepared himself as Jake lowered himself onto his chest, settling in

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comfortably. Bob felt the added pressure, but after carrying Hank's weight earlier, Jake felt relatively light in comparison.

"Comfortable down there, Bob?" Jake teased, shifting slightly to find the best spot.

Bob gave a small grunt in response, his chest rising and falling beneath Jake's weight. He could feel the pressure, but after what he'd just endured, this was almost a welcome relief—a different kind of weight that didn't come with the sharp sting of spurs or the crack of a whip.

Hank watched the exchange with a bemused smile, tipping his hat back down as he leaned against the tree again. "Just don't get too comfortable, Jake," he called out, a hint of humor in his voice. "We might have some more training to do before the day's out."

As the group relaxed in the shade, the conversation flowed easily, the tension from the earlier rides easing away as they enjoyed the camaraderie. The seats, though tired, felt a sense of accomplishment from having endured the rigorous training. And as they rested, they knew that they were becoming stronger, more resilient, ready for whatever challenges lay ahead.

Meanwhile, Jake shifted his weight slightly, a mischievous glint in his eye as he looked down at Bob. "You know, Bob," he said with a grin, "this isn't too bad. But I think I might just have a better spot in mind."

Bob barely had time to register Jake's words before Jake began moving forward, sliding from Bob's chest up towards his face. Jake's jeans hugged his legs as he shifted, the denim brushing against Bob's skin. Finally, Jake settled himself directly onto Bob's face, his weight pressing down in a way that was both commanding and relaxed.

Jake sat there, hands confidently resting on his hips, his cowboy hat casting a slight shadow over his face. He adjusted his position slightly, making sure he was comfortable. The feel of Bob's breath beneath him made him smirk, and he couldn't help but enjoy the sensation of having such complete control.

"How's that, Bob? Comfy down there?" Jake teased, shifting his weight ever so slightly, just to make Bob work a little harder to keep him balanced.

Bob, from his position under Jake's weight, gave a muffled but affirmative response. He could handle this easily—Jake's 65 kg was nothing compared to what he'd carried earlier. And truth be told, Bob was enjoying the challenge of making sure Jake was comfortable, adjusting the angle of his head and following every small movement Jake made.

Jake leaned back slightly, savoring the feeling of Bob's face under him. "You're a natural seat, Bob. Could get used to this," he said, half-joking but fully enjoying the moment.

Meanwhile, Mark, lying on his back next to Bob, watched the interaction with mild interest. He could see how much Jake was enjoying himself, and while Mark wasn't particularly jealous, he found the dynamic between Jake and Bob amusing.

Jake turned his head to look at Mark, a playful glint in his eyes. "You know, Mark," Jake started, his voice casual, "I wouldn't mind trying out your face next. Seems like it'd be a pretty good seat, too."

Mark let out a soft chuckle, shaking his head slightly. "Sorry, Jake, but my face is reserved for one ass only. Frank's got exclusive rights to this seat."

Jake raised an eyebrow, genuinely intrigued. "Really? Frank's got himself a dedicated seat, huh? That's fascinating. I didn't know he was the type to stake a claim like that."

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Mark nodded, his expression relaxed as he spoke. "Yeah, that's the way it is. When Frank's in the saddle, I'm his, and he likes to keep it that way. We've got a good thing going."

Jake pondered that for a moment, finding it interesting that Frank had such a dedicated arrangement. "I guess that's kind of cool. Having something that's just yours, you know? Must make it special."

Mark smiled slightly. "It does. There's something about knowing your face is only for one man's ass to sit on. Makes it feel like it's more than just a seat."

Jake nodded thoughtfully, still comfortably perched on Bob's face. "I get that. Maybe one day I'll find a seat that's just for me, too."

For a moment, the conversation lapsed into a comfortable silence, the only sounds being the rustling of the leaves and the occasional shifting of weight as Bob adjusted to keep Jake comfortable. Bob, for his part, was content—Jake's weight was easy to bear, and he enjoyed the playful banter happening above him. It was a nice break from the more intense training he'd undergone earlier.

As Jake sat there, he couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. Riding Bob's face felt natural, almost like he was born to do it. And while he was intrigued by the idea of having his own dedicated seat like Frank did with Mark, for now, he was perfectly content enjoying the ride he had.

"Thanks for the ride, Bob," Jake said eventually, giving a little tap on Bob's chest as a signal that he was about to stand up. "You're one hell of a seat."

With that, Jake slowly rose to his feet, stretching a bit as he stood up. Bob exhaled deeply, feeling the relief of the weight lifting off his face but also a sense of accomplishment. Jake grinned down at him, clearly pleased with how things had gone.

As Jake moved back to where the others were sitting, he couldn't help but glance back at Mark. "Maybe next time, Mark. But I'll respect the exclusivity for now."

Mark just chuckled again, shaking his head slightly as he lay back down to continue his rest. The camaraderie among the group was easy and relaxed, and as the sun dipped lower in the sky, they all enjoyed the break.

As the riders lounged in the shade, sipping their drinks and letting the seats rest, Hank turned to Jake with a curious smile. "So, how was it, Jake? Riding Bob's face again? Looked like you were having a good time."

Jake chuckled, leaning back against the tree. "Honestly, Hank, it was a blast. There's something about sitting like that—having him work to keep me comfortable. It's a whole different kind of ride, but I gotta say, it's a fun one."

Tyler nodded, grinning at Jake. "You looked like you were born to ride, Jake. The way you sat there, all confident, shifting your weight, making him work... You've got the knack for it."

"Thanks, Tyler," Jake said, tipping his hat. "Bob's a good seat. He knows how to handle himself, even with me up there. It has been nice riding him a bit."

Hank nodded thoughtfully. "Well, you did well, Jake. But I've been thinking. Since the seats are rested up, why don't we take them for another round in the pen? We'll reinforce what we did earlier, really drive the lesson home. This time, I'll work them until they're good and tired, and then you guys can take over. I'll guide you through it—teach you how to use the whip effectively, when to apply the spurs. That way, your seats will be well-trained to respond, even when they're exhausted."

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The riders exchanged excited glances, their earlier hopes for some riding lessons now becoming a reality. "We were hoping you'd say that, Hank," Frank said eagerly. "We're in."

"Great," Hank said with a satisfied nod. "Let's get them saddled up again. Jake, if you want to help out, feel free. And since you enjoyed your time with Bob so much, why don't you saddle him up? A little way to show your appreciation to Tyler for letting you ride him."

"Will do," Jake replied enthusiastically, standing up and heading over to where Bob was resting.

Tyler and Frank followed suit, and as they began preparing their seats, they shared a glance, an unspoken agreement passing between them. "How about we show Hank just how obedient our seats are?" Tyler suggested, a mischievous smile on his face.

Frank grinned. "Sounds like a plan."

Jake, working quickly but carefully, got Bob saddled up, ensuring everything was just right. Meanwhile, Frank did the same with Mark, tightening the straps and making sure the saddle was secure.

Once the seats were saddled, the riders led them into the pen, where they stood tall, awaiting further instruction. Tyler was the first to act, standing in front of Bob with a commanding presence. With a snap of his fingers and a pointed index finger towards the ground, Tyler issued the silent command.

Bob, without hesitation, dropped to all fours, lowering his face to the ground and raising his butt in the air, holding the bowing position perfectly. Frank followed Tyler's lead, and Mark did the same, both seats bowing before their riders in a display of total submission and obedience.

The riders enjoyed watching their seats bowing, right in front of their boots, hands on their hips, looking every bit the masters of their domain. They exchanged a satisfied nod, pleased with the demonstration they were about to present to Hank.

As if on cue, Hank re-entered the round pen, pausing at the sight before him. He took in the scene, the seats perfectly bowed before their riders, and a slow smile spread across his face. "Now that's something," he said, clearly impressed. "You've got them well-trained, boys. That kind of obedience and control will serve you well in the long run."

Tyler turned to Hank with a grin. "They know their place. We make sure of that."

Hank walked closer, taking his time to observe the seats in their submissive position. "Good. That's exactly what you need—seats that know when to submit and when to stand tall. You've got a good foundation here."

Frank looked over at Hank, a hint of pride in his voice. "We're ready for whatever you've got planned, Hank."

Hank nodded approvingly. "All right then. Let's get started. Tyler, why don't you release Bob from his bow? I'll take him first."

With a sharp click of his tongue, Tyler signaled to Bob, who immediately rose from his bowing position, standing ready before Hank. Hank stepped forward and issued a simple command. "Kneel."

Bob obeyed instantly, lowering himself to the ground, preparing for Hank to mount. With practiced ease, Hank swung his leg over the saddle, settling down with a sense of authority. His seasoned cowboy boots, worn from years of riding, tapped against Bob's sides as he

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adjusted his position. The spurs glinted in the sunlight, a silent promise of what was to come. Hank's whip was in his right hand, ready for use, while his left hand rested on his hip, near the large belt buckle that marked his experience as a cowboy. His bubble butt filled out the saddle nicely, a perfect fit that showed his experience in the saddle. Today, his Levi's clung to his strong legs, the leather patch on the back offering a brief glimpse of the waist size that had Bob and Mark curious earlier.

Once Hank was comfortably seated, he gave Bob a slight nudge with both spurs. "Rise."

Bob lifted Hank smoothly, bringing him to a full standing position, ready to start the next round of training.

Hank wasted no time. With a quick flick of his spurs, he had Bob moving, walking in a steady circle around the pen. He guided Bob with subtle shifts of his weight, turning him left and right with a precise application of the spurs. Whenever Bob hesitated or showed signs of fatigue, Hank didn't hesitate to snap the whip, its crack echoing through the yard, a sharp reminder for Bob to stay focused.

Tyler watched from the sidelines, Jake standing beside him. As they observed Hank work, Tyler couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions. Seeing Bob respond to the whip was tough—he could almost feel the sting himself—but he couldn't deny the effectiveness of Hank's methods. Bob was more responsive, quicker to react, even as his energy waned under Hank's weight.

After a good while of working Bob, Hank finally brought him to a stop in the center of the pen. He leaned forward slightly, patting Bob on the shoulder. "Good work, Bob. You did well."

Then, with a nudge, Hank directed Bob over to Tyler, making him kneel in front of his rider. Tyler stepped forward, anticipation in his eyes as Hank dismounted and handed Bob over.

"Your turn, Tyler," Hank said, handing him the whip. "Take what you've learned and put it into practice. Bob's tired, so you'll have the chance to really teach him to respond to you, no matter how exhausted he is."

Tyler nodded, his expression determined as he mounted Bob. He settled into the saddle, his Levi's fitting snugly as he adjusted his position. He took the whip in his right hand, feeling its weight, while his left hand rested on his hip, ready to put everything Hank had taught him to use.

Once he was ready, Tyler gave Bob a command to rise, and as Bob lifted him up, Tyler couldn't help but feel a surge of anticipation. This was his chance to take everything Hank had shown him and apply it, to make Bob the best seat he could be.

And as Bob stood ready beneath him, Tyler knew he was going to do just that. He adjusted his position in the saddle, feeling the weight of the whip in his right hand. He glanced over at Hank, who stood nearby, observing with a critical eye. Jake was perched on the fence, watching intently, and Frank sat on Mark, near the center of the pen, his eyes flicking between the two riders.

Tyler took a deep breath and nudged Bob with both spurs, signaling him to start moving. Bob, despite his exhaustion, obeyed, picking up a steady pace as he walked in a circle around the pen. Tyler focused on his cues, leaning in slightly to guide Bob's direction, tapping him with one spur to prompt a turn. He tested Bob's responsiveness by making him change pace, sometimes slowing down to a near halt before suddenly accelerating again.

But as the minutes wore on, Tyler noticed that Bob's responses were lagging. The seat was clearly tired, his steps heavier, his breathing labored. Sweat was beginning to darken the

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fabric of his clothes beneath the saddle. Bob was doing his best, but fatigue was making it harder for him to keep up with Tyler's commands.

Hank, seeing this, stepped closer. "Tyler, you need to be firmer. He's tired, and that's when you really need to push him. If he's lagging, make him pay attention."

Tyler hesitated, his grip tightening on the whip. "I don't want to overdo it, Hank. He's already exhausted."

Hank shook his head, his voice firm. "This is exactly when you need to use the whip, Tyler. He needs to learn to focus on you, no matter how tired he is. Give him a good lash across the back."

Tyler nodded, though he still felt a pang of reluctance. He raised the whip and brought it down on Bob's back, but the strike was too soft, more of a warning than a real correction.

Hank frowned. "You're being too gentle. He won't take you seriously if you don't make him feel it. Again, and harder this time."

Tyler's jaw tightened, but he understood what Hank was saying. Bob needed to know that even in his tired state, he couldn't afford to let his performance slip. Tyler lifted the whip again, this time delivering a much sharper crack across Bob's back. The sound echoed through the pen, and Bob flinched, his steps quickening immediately.

"That's better," Hank said, nodding in approval. "You've got to push him past his limits. He needs to know that when you give a command, it's not optional. Spur him harder if he slows down, and don't hesitate to whip him if he doesn't respond right away."

Tyler took Hank's words to heart. He began using his spurs with more force, digging them in whenever Bob showed signs of hesitation. When Bob's pace faltered, Tyler didn't hesitate to crack the whip again, each time with enough force to remind Bob of who was in charge. As the minutes passed, Tyler felt himself growing more confident, more in control. The whip was no longer just a tool; it was an extension of his will, a way to ensure that Bob remained focused and responsive, no matter how tired he was.

Underneath him, Bob was working hard, his body drenched in sweat, his breath coming in ragged gasps. Every lash of the whip was a sharp reminder to keep moving, to push through the exhaustion. He could feel the sting of Tyler's spurs digging into his sides, the constant demand to keep up the pace. It was grueling, but Bob knew this was part of the training. He had to learn to respond immediately, to focus on Tyler's every cue, even when his body was screaming for rest.

Despite the fatigue, there was a strange satisfaction in it. Bob could feel Tyler's growing confidence, the way he was taking command, and it spurred him on. He wanted to be the best seat he could be, to prove that he could handle whatever Tyler threw at him. The pain was just a part of it, a way to sharpen his focus, to remind him of his place beneath his rider.

As for Tyler, the more he rode, the more he found himself enjoying it. The power he had over Bob, the way he could make him move with just a shift of his weight or a flick of the whip—it was intoxicating. The control was absolute, and there was a deep, primal satisfaction in knowing that Bob was working so hard for his pleasure. Tyler could feel a sense of arousal building within him, a rush of excitement as he settled into the rhythm of the ride. Life was perfect in this moment—sitting relaxed in his saddle, left hand resting confidently on his hip, whip in hand, feeling Bob's muscles strain beneath him, knowing that he could command this powerful man with just the slightest movement.

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Hank watched Tyler closely, a small smile playing at the corners of his mouth as he saw Tyler grow more comfortable with the whip. "You're getting the hang of it, Tyler. Keep pushing him. Make sure he knows that you're in control, that he has to follow your lead, no matter how tired he is."

Tyler nodded, giving Bob one final push. He spurred him on a little harder, making him pick up the pace, then abruptly brought him to a halt in the center of the pen. Bob stopped immediately, standing still as Tyler patted him on the shoulder, a rare gesture of appreciation. "Good job, Bob. You did well."

Bob, still panting and sweating, felt a sense of relief and accomplishment at Tyler's words. Despite the exhaustion, there was a satisfaction in knowing that he had pleased his rider.

Hank stepped forward, placing a hand on Tyler's knee. "That was well done, Tyler. You're learning how to use the whip effectively, and Bob is responding well to your commands."

Tyler smiled, feeling a surge of pride. "Thanks, Hank. It feels good to have that control, to know that I can push him and he'll still give me his best."

Hank nodded. "Exactly. That's what it's all about. Now, I think it's time we give Mark a turn."

Tyler agreed, and with a big smile on his face, he commanded Bob to kneel in front of him. Bob knelt down, just as Tyler had trained him to do, and Tyler rewarded him with another pat on the shoulder, a small gesture of thanks for his hard work.

Hank observed this with a thoughtful look, wondering if Tyler would choose to dismount or remain seated. But as Tyler remained in the saddle, whip in hand, it was clear that he was savoring the control he had over Bob, enjoying the comfort of his saddle.

"Alright, Frank," Hank called over. "Let's get Mark ready for his turn."

Frank took a deep breath as he prepared to dismount Mark. He'd been sitting in the saddle for a while now, watching Tyler work Bob under Hank's guidance, and now it was time for Hank to take his turn with Mark. Frank carefully shifted his weight, easing his feet out of the stirrups before swinging his leg over the saddle and sliding to the ground. Mark remained steady, knowing better than to move until commanded.

Hank approached Mark, his presence commanding, and said, "Kneel for me." Mark obeyed immediately, lowering himself to the ground, his body tense with anticipation. Hank left him in that position, standing beside him as he walked over to Tyler, who was still seated on Bob.

Tyler offered the whip to Hank, who took it with a nod. "You did well with Bob, Tyler. Now it's Mark's turn." Tyler grinned, feeling a sense of accomplishment, but his eyes stayed on Hank, curious to see how the seasoned rider would handle Mark.

As Hank walked back to Mark, he paused in front of him, turning to Frank for a brief conversation. Mark, still kneeling, couldn't help but gaze up at Hank's ass, perfectly filling out his Levi's. The leather patch peeked out just enough for Mark to catch the details he and Bob had wondered about earlier. 506 W34 L34—just as he'd suspected. Hank's Levi's were regular fit and straight leg, hugging his bubble butt in a way that made the denim stretch just right over those powerful muscles. Mark couldn't help but admire how the jeans seemed to mold perfectly to Hank's form.

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“Ready for another round, Frank?” Hank asked, his back still turned to Mark, oblivious to the appreciative glances his ass was getting.

Frank nodded, though he felt a pang of nervousness at the thought of Hank taking over. “Yeah, I’m ready.”

“Good. Watch closely, and you’ll see how to get the most out of him.” Hank didn’t wait for a response before turning back to Mark.

Mark tensed as he felt Hank’s weight settle into the saddle. The moment Hank’s boots found the stirrups, Mark knew he was in for a tough ride. Hank didn’t give him a moment’s rest; with a sharp nudge of the spurs, he commanded Mark to rise. Mark grunted with the effort, feeling the full 130 kg of Hank’s weight pressing down on him, but he pushed through, rising to his feet and preparing for what he knew would be a grueling session.

Hank wasted no time. The second Mark was on his feet, he was put to work. Hank made him walk, then trot, then suddenly stop before starting again, always keeping him on edge, never allowing him to settle into any kind of rhythm. Mark’s muscles strained under the effort, his breathing became labored, and sweat began to trickle down his back. Every time Mark showed even the slightest hesitation or lag in response, Hank would dig his spurs in or crack the whip across his back, making sure Mark knew exactly what was expected of him.

For Mark, the thing that kept him going was imagining the sight of Hank’s bubble butt filling out the saddle above him. It was an honor to serve such a strong, demanding rider, and the thought of that perfect ass seated comfortably in the saddle on his shoulders was all the motivation he needed. Despite the exhaustion, there was a strange sense of pride in knowing that he was working so hard under such a capable rider.

Meanwhile, Frank watched from the sidelines, his emotions a mix of concern and fascination. Seeing Hank whip Mark made him wince at first, but as the session went on, he began to see the effectiveness of the technique. Mark’s responses became sharper, more immediate, and Frank could see the benefits of pushing him beyond his limits. When Hank finally brought Mark to a halt in front of Frank, commanding him to kneel with a simple “Kneel,” Frank felt a mixture of relief and anticipation.

Hank lingered in the saddle, patting Mark on the shoulder. “Good job, Mark. You worked hard.”

Mark, despite his exhaustion, felt a surge of pride at Hank’s words. He had given his all, and it was clear that Hank appreciated his effort.

Hank dismounted, handing the whip over to Frank. “Your turn. Remember, don’t be afraid to use the whip. He’s tired, but he needs to know that you’re in control.”

Frank mounted Mark with a bit of trepidation, settling into the saddle and adjusting the stirrups. He took the whip from Hank, feeling its weight in his hand. When he commanded Mark to rise, he could feel the hesitation in Mark’s body. Mark was exhausted, and lifting Frank’s 110 kg was a struggle.

Hank noticed the hesitation immediately. “He’s strong enough, Frank. He’s just tired. Don’t let him get away with it—use the whip.”

Frank swallowed hard and raised the whip, bringing it down on Mark’s back with more force than he’d intended. Mark grunted loudly, the pain sharp and immediate, but it had the desired effect. Mark’s muscles tensed, and with a groan, he pushed himself to his feet, lifting Frank and all his gear.

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“Good,” Hank said, nodding in approval. “Now work him. Make sure he knows who’s in charge.”

Frank began guiding Mark around the pen, using his spurs and the occasional flick of the whip to keep him moving. At first, Frank felt guilty about using the whip, but as he saw the immediate response from Mark, a sense of power and control began to grow within him. It was exhilarating, knowing that with just a flick of his wrist or a shift in his weight, he could command Mark’s every movement.

The more he rode, the more confident Frank became. The whip felt natural in his hand, and the sight of Mark working hard beneath him, responding to his every command, filled him with a sense of satisfaction and even arousal. The power was intoxicating, and Frank couldn’t help but revel in the control he had over Mark. Sitting in the saddle, whip in hand, feeling Mark’s muscles strain beneath him—it was everything he’d ever wanted in a riding experience.

Mark, despite his exhaustion, was keenly aware of Frank’s growing confidence. The sting of the whip and the press of the spurs were sharp reminders of his place beneath his rider, but there was also a sense of pride in knowing that he was pleasing Frank. He could feel Frank’s excitement, the way he was settling into the role of a demanding rider, and it was strangely arousing. Despite the pain and fatigue, Mark found himself imagining the sight of Frank’s ass in the saddle above him, the way those Levi’s hugged his frame, the same type of Levi’s Hank was wearing. It was a small detail, but it made Mark feel even more connected to his rider.

Finally, Hank decided that it was enough for now. He watched as Frank guided Mark to a halt in the center of the pen, right next to Bob and Tyler. Frank commanded Mark to kneel, and Mark lowered himself to the ground, his saddle now level with Bob’s. Frank stayed seated and patted Mark on the shoulder, his voice filled with praise. “You did great, Mark. Really great.”

Tyler, still seated on Bob, turned to Frank with a satisfied smile. “You looked good up there, Frank. Really in control.”

Frank nodded, his face glowing with a mixture of pride and satisfaction. “Thanks, Tyler. I think I’m getting the hang of this.”

Hank stood back, looking over both riders with a sense of pride. “You all did well. The seats worked hard, but so did you. You should be proud of what you accomplished today.”

Tyler and Frank exchanged pleased glances, both feeling a deep sense of accomplishment. Hank’s praise meant a lot, and they could see the progress in their riding skills.

Hank then suggested, “Let’s ride them to the backyard and take off their saddles. They’ve earned a break.”

Both riders nodded, and with a gentle nudge of their spurs, they commanded their seats to rise again. Mark and Bob, though exhausted, obeyed immediately, lifting their riders onto their feet. Jake walked alongside Tyler and Bob, ready to assist with the saddles.

As they headed toward the backyard, the sense of camaraderie among the group was palpable. The riders had grown in their skills, and the seats had proven their worth under the weight and command of their riders. It had been a challenging session, but one that left everyone—riders and seats alike—feeling proud of what they had accomplished.

The riders rode their seats to the backyard to begin the process of unsaddling. Jake was quick to step in, taking the lead in tending to the exhausted seats. He carefully removed the saddles from Bob and Mark, his hands deft and practiced, making sure to ease the weight

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off their backs gently. Once the saddles were off, Jake brought over towels to wipe the sweat from their faces, offering cool drinks and a some snacks to help them recover.

"Thanks, Jake," Bob said, his voice filled with genuine appreciation as he sipped on the cool drink Jake handed him. Mark nodded in agreement, equally grateful for the thoughtful care.

"No problem, guys," Jake replied with a smile. "You worked hard today. You deserve it."

Once the seats were settled, Jake turned his attention to the riders. "Anything I can do for you guys?"

Tyler and Frank exchanged a glance before Tyler nodded. "Yeah, thanks, Jake. Some drinks would be great."

Jake disappeared into the workshop and returned a few minutes later with cold drinks and snacks for the riders. He handed them out, making sure everyone was comfortable before he began cleaning the saddles. Hank watched him work, a satisfied smile playing on his lips.

"Jake's got a good head on his shoulders," Hank said, leaning back in his chair. "He's got the makings of a great rider someday. He's taking care of the seats and the gear before he even thinks about himself."

Tyler looked thoughtful for a moment, then said, "You know, I've been thinking about having Jake ride Bob for a bit. Shoulder riding, bareback, no whip, just his spurs. Not to prove anything—just for the fun of it. He's only 65 kg, so Bob could handle his weight easily."

Bob, who had been listening in, nodded enthusiastically. "I'd be happy to have Jake ride me like that. His weight's no problem, not even after today's... grueling rides." The word "grueling" made everyone laugh, lightening the mood.

Tyler chuckled. "I won't let Jake ride until you're fully recovered, Bob. Don't worry."

As the group settled in the backyard, the riders sat close to Bob and Mark, sharing their experiences and feelings from the day's riding. Tyler started, "I've got to say, it felt amazing having that kind of control over Bob. The whip, the spurs—it all just came together. There's something incredibly satisfying about it."

Frank nodded, his expression serious. "Yeah, I felt the same. At first, I was hesitant about using the whip, but once I saw how it made Mark respond... it's hard to describe, but it was empowering. And arousing, to be honest."

Bob and Mark listened quietly, their exhaustion evident but also a sense of pride in their eyes. "It was tough," Bob admitted, "but knowing I was making you happy, Tyler, that made it worth it. It's like I was pushing my limits, but for a good reason."

Mark agreed, glancing at Frank. "The whip stung, but it got me focused. And yeah, thinking about Frank up there in the saddle, enjoying himself... it was motivating."

Hank joined them after a while, offering his thoughts. "You both did well today. You've got the right instincts, and you're learning fast. Keep building that connection with your seats, and don't be afraid to push them. They'll respect you more for it."

"Thanks, Hank," Tyler said, genuinely appreciative. "And thanks again for helping us out today."

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The seats nodded in agreement, clearly grateful for Hank's guidance. The camaraderie among the group was palpable, a shared understanding of the hard work and the satisfaction that came with it.

When Jake returned from cleaning the saddles and stowing them in Tyler's pickup truck, Tyler turned to him with a grin. "Jake, how would you feel about riding Bob in the pen, once he's fully recovered?"

Jake's eyes lit up with excitement. "Seriously? That would be awesome! I've done some shoulder riding on friends before, like chicken fights in the pool and stuff, but nothing like this. Riding a grown man like Bob... that's something else."

The group laughed at Jake's enthusiasm, the good spirit infectious. Bob, despite his exhaustion, smiled. "I'm looking forward to it, Jake. It'll be fun."

After the seats had rested properly, Tyler gave Jake a subtle nod. Jake, understanding the signal, stood up and walked over to Bob. He had seen enough to know how to command Bob to kneel for easy mounting. With a confident air, he took control, commanding, "Kneel."

Bob, eager to please, dropped to his knees without hesitation, making it easy for Jake to mount. Jake settled himself comfortably on Bob's shoulders and neck, feeling the strength beneath him. He gave a gentle nudge with his spurs, and Bob rose, carrying Jake effortlessly as they headed to the pen.

Tyler, Frank, Mark, and Hank followed on foot, gathering at the fence to watch. It was a sight to behold: Jake, a high school guy, sitting confidently atop Bob, a college guy, riding him with ease and pleasure. Jake looked the part, too—his boots, spurs, Levi's, and cowboy hat completing the picture.

Jake worked Bob lightly, guiding him around the pen, changing directions, and occasionally making him stop and start again. It wasn't a hard ride, but it was clear that Jake was enjoying the experience of having Bob work for him, ensuring that he stayed attentive and responsive. Bob, for his part, was eager to please. He found Jake's light weight and easy manner refreshing after the intensity of earlier rides, and he was determined to give Jake the best ride possible. He moved with a smooth, even gait, taking care to keep Jake comfortable as they circled the pen. The connection between them was evident, and it was clear that both were having a good time.

After about fifteen minutes, Jake steered Bob to the center of the pen and commanded him to halt. Bob obeyed immediately, coming to a stop with a smoothness that spoke of his experience. Jake let him stand there for a few seconds before giving the next command. "Kneel," he said, his voice steady.

Bob knelt down slowly, making sure to do so in a way that maintained Jake's comfort. Even as he lowered himself, Bob could feel the satisfaction radiating from Jake, who patted him on the shoulder and said, "Thanks for the fun ride, Bob."

Jake stayed seated on Bob's shoulders, savoring the experience. It was clear that he was in no rush to dismount—he wanted to enjoy the feeling of sitting atop Bob for just a little while longer.

When Jake finally dismounted, Tyler beckoned him over. In a whisper, he suggested, "Why don't you make Bob bow for you? You've seen how it's done."

Jake nodded, excited by the idea. He walked back to Bob and positioned himself in front of him, looking him in the eye. Without saying a word, Jake snapped his fingers and pointed downward with his index finger.

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Bob knew exactly what was expected of him. Without hesitation, he bowed deeply before Jake, his face touching the dirt, his ass high in the air, showing his respect and submission to his young rider. It was a moment of pure, unspoken communication between the two.

“How does it feel to have Bob bowing for you like this?” Tyler asked, his voice low and encouraging.

Jake was thrilled. “It feels... amazing,” he admitted, the thrill of the moment clear in his voice as he watched Bob bow before him, the sight of this strong, capable man submitting to his command was exhilarating.

Keep him like this for a bit longer,” Tyler advised. “Then release him when you’re satisfied.”

Jake nodded, savoring the sight of Bob bowing before him, his respect and submission a powerful symbol of the bond they had shared during the ride. When Jake finally clicked his tongue to release Bob from his position, there was a sense of completion, a quiet acknowledgment of the experience they had just shared.

The group began to head back to the yard, but Bob, still standing in the center of the pen, called out to Jake. “A cowboy like you shouldn’t be walking, Jake,” he said with a grin. “Get back on my shoulders, make yourself comfortable, and I’ll happily carry you to the backyard as a thank you for a fun ride.”

Bob knelt before Jake, inviting him to take his seat once more. Jake didn’t need to be asked twice—he climbed back onto Bob’s shoulders, settling in as comfortably as before. When he was ready, he gave Bob the cue, and Bob rose to his feet, carrying Jake with ease to join the other men.

As they walked, Mark, trailing behind, couldn’t help but notice Jake’s Levi’s, the leather back patch right in front of him at eye level. His 506s were practically sculpted to fit him perfectly. It was a detail that stuck out, especially since he’d already spotted the same jeans on Hank, Tyler, and Frank. With a grin, Mark called out, “Is it just me, or did all the riders get the memo to wear Levi’s while we seats are stuck in Wranglers? And get this—they’re all rocking Levi’s 506s! What, did you guys form a denim cult without telling us?”

The group paused, glancing down at their jeans, and then burst into laughter, confirming Mark’s observation. It was as if they had subconsciously coordinated their denim for the day, adding an unexpected twist to their already unique bonding experience. With laughter in the air and the satisfaction of a day well spent, the group made their way back to the yard, Jake perched proudly on Bob’s shoulders.

As the truck rumbled down the road, Bob and Mark sat in the back, letting the hum of the tires and the cool air from the air-conditioning wash over them. They were both exhausted but also exhilarated by the day’s events. It had been their first time being ridden with a whip, a new experience that added a significant layer to their usual rides.

Mark was the first to break the silence. “So, how did you feel about the whip today?” he asked, glancing at Bob, who was leaning back, staring up at the darkening sky.

Bob took a deep breath, as if trying to gather his thoughts. “It was... intense. I mean, the spurs are one thing, but the whip... It brought out a whole different set of emotions. Anxiety, definitely. Fear, too. But there was something else, you know? Like a thrill, almost. Arousal even, at moments. It’s weird to say, but it felt like I was really being pushed to my limits, and when I responded the way Tyler wanted, there was this rush of satisfaction.”

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Mark nodded, understanding exactly what Bob meant. “Yeah, I felt the same with Hank. He’s such a heavy and skilled rider, and when he used the whip, it was like my body just... obeyed. Even when I was exhausted, it’s like the whip forced me to focus, to respond immediately to every cue. There was no room for hesitation.”

Bob chuckled softly. “And Hank knows exactly how to use it. When he coached Tyler, I could feel the difference. Tyler started off gentle, but he got the hang of it pretty quick. By the end, he knew exactly how to make me move, when to use the whip, and how hard to strike to get the best response.”

“Frank was the same,” Mark added. “He was nervous at first, but after Hank’s guidance, he started to enjoy it. I could feel his confidence growing with every strike. And there’s something about knowing you’re making your rider happy, that you’re giving them exactly what they want, that’s kind of satisfying in its own way.”

They both lapsed into silence for a moment, each lost in their thoughts. The sound of the truck engine was a low, steady hum, almost like a background soundtrack to their reflections.

“What did you think about the saddles?” Bob asked after a while. “I mean, carrying that kind of weight with the saddles on... It was tough, but also kind of exhilarating. Feeling Tyler settle into the saddle, knowing I was the one carrying him, supporting him...”

Mark smiled, a slow, satisfied grin. “Yeah, there’s something about it. And then there’s the weight. Hank is heavy, no doubt about it. 130 kilos of pure muscle. But carrying that weight, feeling his ass in the saddle—it made me feel strong. Like, really strong. And proud, too, you know? Knowing I was giving him a solid ride.”

Bob nodded in agreement. “And speaking of asses...” He grinned, and Mark laughed, knowing where this was going.

“Yeah, I was thinking about that too,” Mark admitted. “Tyler and Frank both have great asses, especially when they’re in those snug football pants. But Hank... man, Hank’s ass is something else. It’s like those Levi’s were made just for him. The way they hug his bubble butt, it’s like they were tailored specifically to make him look amazing.”

Bob laughed, nodding. “Exactly! He has the same waist size as Frank, but somehow, Hank fills out those jeans in a way that’s just... stunning. I don’t know how to explain it, but when he’s sitting on you, and you feel that ass in the saddle, it’s like everything just clicks. You want to give him the best ride possible, just because he looks so damn good.”

Mark leaned back, a satisfied smile on his face. “Yeah, I know what you mean. It’s not just about the riding, it’s about the whole experience. The weight, the spurs, the whip, and those damn Levi’s... it all comes together to make something really special.”

They both fell silent again, the weight of the day’s experiences settling over them like a warm blanket. The whip had been a new and intense experience, adding a level of control and submission that neither of them had fully anticipated. But it had also been thrilling, exciting, and strangely satisfying. The day had pushed them both to their limits, physically and mentally, and they had emerged on the other side with a deeper understanding of themselves and their riders.

As the truck continued its journey, Bob and Mark shared a look, a silent acknowledgment of the bond that had been strengthened between them today. They knew that the next time they were ridden, whether it was with spurs, whips, or just bareback, they would be ready to give their riders everything they had, and more.

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Meanwhile, Tyler and Frank sat in the front of the truck, the quiet hum of the engine accompanied their reflective conversation. The day had been a turning point for both of them, a day where they had pushed past their own boundaries and those of their seats, exploring a deeper level of control and domination. The experience with the whip, in particular, had left a lasting impression.

"Man, that first lash," Tyler began, breaking the silence. He glanced at Frank, who was focused on the road but clearly deep in thought. "I was so apprehensive. I didn't want to hurt Bob, but I knew Hank would guide me."

Frank nodded, his expression thoughtful. "Same here. I wasn't sure how hard to go at first. There's that uncertainty, right? You don't want to be too gentle and lose their respect, but you also don't want to go overboard. Hank's guidance was everything. Once he showed me how to strike, it was like a switch flipped."

Tyler grinned, remembering the moment he started to get the hang of it. "Yeah, once I felt how Bob responded—how he instantly obeyed, even when he was exhausted—it was like a rush. The whip wasn't just a tool; it became an extension of my control. The more I used it, the more I could see the immediate impact it had on him. It was thrilling."

Frank smiled, a hint of satisfaction in his eyes. "It's true. The thrill of that control, knowing that Mark was under me, completely at my command, was something else. I felt the same way when Hank told me to whip him harder. I hesitated at first, but then I saw how Mark reacted, how he instantly lifted me when I pushed him. There was something incredibly satisfying about that moment."

They both reflected on the end of Frank's ride, when Mark had been thoroughly exhausted after being ridden hard by Hank and then Frank. Frank recalled vividly the moment when he made Mark kneel next to Bob in the round pen.

"I remember how tired Mark was," Frank said, his voice low as if he were replaying the scene in his mind. "He was already spent from Hank's ride, and then I worked him hard too. I made him kneel beside Bob, stayed seated, making him hold that position with all that weight on him. And then Hank's suggestion to ride them back to the yard... That was a real test of their training."

Tyler nodded in agreement. "Yeah, in the past, we might have dismounted out of consideration for how exhausted they were, but when Hank suggested riding them back, it felt right. And the fact that just a light nudge from our spurs was enough to make them rise—it was incredible. They were so tired, yet they still responded perfectly to us, lifting us comfortably despite the weight."

Frank chuckled, glancing at Tyler. "And it wasn't like we are lightweights like Jake. I'm 135 kg with all the gear and the saddle, and you're not far behind at 115 kg. But they didn't falter, even when they were at their limit. That's the kind of obedience and submission that Hank was pushing for, and we saw it today."

Tyler leaned back in his seat, feeling a deep sense of satisfaction. "It's more than just riding them now. It's knowing that they've been trained to perform at this higher level. We can navigate rough terrain, go on extended rides, and feel secure in the saddle, knowing they'll respond no matter what."

Frank nodded, sharing the same sense of accomplishment. "Yeah, today showed us that. It's not just about the physical ride; it's about the connection, the understanding that's been built. They know what we expect, and they're ready to give it to us, even when they're exhausted. That's going to be invaluable on tougher rides."

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The two riders fell into a comfortable silence, each lost in their thoughts. The day had been challenging, but it had also been incredibly rewarding. They had pushed their seats to new limits, and in doing so, had deepened their own skills as riders. The whip, the spurs, the weight, and the exhaustion had all played a part in shaping a new level of understanding and trust between them and their seats.

As they neared home, Tyler glanced back at Bob and Mark, who were quietly conversing in the back. "You know, Frank," he said, his voice thoughtful, "I think today was a turning point for all of us. We've learned a lot, and so have they. I'm looking forward to seeing how this plays out in future rides."

Frank smiled, a look of agreement in his eyes. "Me too, Tyler. Me too."