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Hank was more than happy when Tyler and Frank called him up and asked for some more lessons. He was a patient and skilled teacher, and it pleased him to see the riders eager to improve their control and the seats' obedience. The idea of refining their techniques and improving the responsiveness of the seats was exactly what Hank wanted to teach them.

On the phone, Hank chuckled and assured them that payment wasn't necessary. "If I can get a ride in after the lesson, that's payment enough for me," he joked, knowing full well how much he enjoyed riding the seats, especially after a lesson when they were more finely tuned and responsive. "And don't forget, Jake will be around to help and learn too," Hank added, eager for the young man to get more involved and learn from the lessons firsthand.

The riders were excited. They gathered in the round pen, ready for the first lesson of the day. It was clear to Hank that this was going to be a productive session. Hank arrived at the round pen dressed in his signature Levi's, which fit him like they were tailor-made.

"All right, Bob, you're up first," Hank said, his deep, commanding voice resonating in the quiet pen. Tyler gave Bob an encouraging pat. "He's ready for you, Hank," Tyler said confidently. Bob, despite knowing how taxing it would be to carry Hank's weight, was eager to feel him in the saddle again.

"Good. Let's get started," Hank replied, signaling Bob to kneel.

Bob obediently dropped to his knees, the process smooth and controlled despite knowing what was coming. Hank moved closer, his back turned to Bob as he stood directly in front of him. This gave Bob a perfect view of the leather patch on Hank's jeans, the numbers W34 L34 catching his eye again. Bob felt a strange mixture of anticipation and admiration. Hank was about to settle his full weight onto him, and Bob wanted to do his best to serve him well.

"Pick me up," Hank commanded. Bob bent forward, positioning his head between Hank's legs to bring the saddle into place. Hank sat down slowly, ensuring the saddle was properly aligned, his weight pressing down firmly. Bob grunted slightly but maintained his form, lifting Hank steadily as he resumed an upright position.

"Good. Now hold steady," Hank instructed as he adjusted himself in the saddle, placing his boots in the stirrups and settling in comfortably. He waited a moment before giving the next command. "Rise."

Bob exhaled sharply but complied, lifting Hank with controlled effort. Hank was heavy—heavier than Tyler—but Bob liked the challenge. He felt the weight pressing into him, solid and authoritative, and it gave him a sense of purpose.

Hank rode Bob around the pen, demonstrating how to use spurs and whip to guide direction and speed. When Bob hesitated or slowed, Hank gave a firm flick of the whip across his lower back, coupled with a nudge of the spurs. "Faster, Bob," he said, his tone unyielding. Bob responded immediately, quickening his pace despite his fatigue. Hank's natural command and skill as a rider were evident, and Bob admired him for it even as the exertion strained his body.

After a few laps, Hank brought Bob to a stop. "Kneel," he ordered, and Bob lowered himself as steadily as he could. Hank dismounted gracefully, then turned to Tyler and Frank. "That's how it's done," he said with a grin. "Control is key. The seat should move precisely when commanded, no more, no less."

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He turned back to Bob, who was still kneeling, and gave him a pat on the shoulder. "Good work, Bob," Hank said before moving toward Mark.

"Your turn," Hank called. Mark knelt down without hesitation, prepared to carry Hank despite knowing how much effort it would require. Hank repeated the mounting sequence, his weight settling heavily into the saddle. Mark's muscles tensed as he adjusted to Hank's presence, but he held steady. Hank made sure to ride Mark with the same intensity, using his spurs and whip to reinforce commands and ensure responsiveness.

As the demonstration continued, it became clear to everyone that the repeated mounting and riding were taking their toll on Bob and Mark. Their movements grew slower, and their breathing grew heavier. Hank noticed but didn't let up. "I know you're tired, but you've still got more in you," he said, applying the whip lightly but firmly to remind them who was in charge.

The seats didn't complain; they admired Hank's mastery and took pride in serving him. Bob, in particular, found satisfaction in carrying Hank. He liked the way Hank handled him, the weight in the saddle a constant reminder of his rider's authority.

After a few more laps, Hank demonstrated the dismounting procedure again. He brought Mark to a stop and commanded him to kneel, emphasizing the importance of slow, controlled movements. When Mark hesitated slightly, Hank didn't hesitate to correct him with a swift flick of the whip. "No lagging," Hank said firmly. "The rider's comfort comes first."

As the demonstration concluded, Hank dismounted and addressed Tyler and Frank. "That's the kind of precision and control you should aim for. The seats may be tired, but they should always respond promptly and move steadily. Remember, you're the one in charge, not them."

Tyler and Frank nodded, impressed by Hank's skill and presence. Bob and Mark, though exhausted, felt a deep sense of pride in their work. They knew they had been pushed hard, but they also knew they had pleased Hank, and that was worth every ounce of effort.

Hank turned to Tyler after completing the demonstration. "All right, your turn now," he said, his voice firm yet encouraging. "I want you to mount and dismount Bob five times, just like I showed you. Remember, it's about control and precision. Even though Bob's tired, you need to push him through that fatigue. Your comfort comes first, always."

Tyler glanced at Bob, who was visibly tired from carrying Hank during the demonstration, but he nodded. "Understood," Tyler replied. He walked over to Bob, who knelt down at Hank's signal. Despite his fatigue, Bob maintained a respectful posture, ready to serve his rider.

Tyler positioned himself in front of Bob, his back to the seat, and gave the verbal command. "Pick me up."

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Bob bent forward, positioning his head between Tyler's legs to bring the saddle into place. Tyler sat down carefully, settling into the saddle with deliberate movements. Bob adjusted his stance, taking Tyler's weight—a noticeable relief compared to Hank, but still a challenge after the strenuous demonstration. Tyler shifted his boots into the stirrups and found a comfortable position before issuing the next command. "Rise."

Bob hesitated for a split second, his muscles straining to lift Tyler. Tyler noticed and reached for the whip, delivering a light yet purposeful flick across Bob's lower back. "Come on, Bob. You've got this," Tyler said firmly. Bob responded immediately, rising smoothly and holding steady as Tyler adjusted himself.

"That's better," Hank said from the sidelines. "Good use of the whip. It's not punishment; it's a reminder. Keep it up."

Tyler began the dismounting sequence, guiding Bob to the center of the pen. "Kneel," he commanded. Bob lowered himself with controlled movements, ensuring Tyler's descent was smooth. Once Bob was kneeling, Tyler gave the next command. "Put me down." Bob leaned forward, setting Tyler gently on his feet.

"Well done," Hank said. "Now do it again. Remember, the fifth time should be just as smooth as the first."

The second and third rounds proceeded with increasing fluidity, though Tyler had to use the whip a few more times to keep Bob responsive. Bob was clearly exhausted, his breathing heavier, but he pushed through, determined to meet the expectations of both his rider and Hank. Tyler stayed focused, making sure his movements were deliberate and comfortable, showing he understood the importance of rider-centric control.

By the fourth round, Bob's fatigue was evident in his slower movements, but Tyler didn't let up. "Come on, Bob, you can do this," he said, nudging his spurs lightly to encourage him to rise. When Bob hesitated again, Tyler delivered another sharp but measured flick of the whip. Bob obeyed instantly, lifting Tyler with renewed effort.

"That's it," Hank called out. "You're getting the hang of it, Tyler. Push him, but always keep your movements smooth and in control. Remember, you're the one in charge."

On the fifth and final round, Tyler executed the routine with confidence. Bob, despite his exhaustion, performed each movement with precision, his determination evident. Tyler didn't need the whip this time; a gentle nudge of the spurs and clear commands were enough to guide Bob through the sequence. When Tyler dismounted for the last time, he patted Bob on the shoulder. "Good work, Bob. You did great."

Hank nodded approvingly. "That's what I wanted to see. You pushed him through his limits without compromising your own comfort or control. That's how a rider should handle his seat."

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Bob, though drained, felt a sense of pride in having carried Tyler so effectively. He was glad to have Tyler in the saddle, appreciating the difference in weight and style compared to Hank. Despite the challenge, he admired Tyler's growing skill and command, and he was eager to continue serving him as his rider.

Hank turned to Frank, gesturing toward Mark, who was already kneeling nearby, his body visibly weary from earlier work under Hank's command. "Your turn, Frank," Hank said with a smirk. "You're going to do five mounts and dismounts, and between each sequence, you'll take Mark for one lap around the pen. Push him, make him work."

Frank nodded, adjusting his cowboy hat. His Levi's hugged him snugly, showcasing his athletic build. While Hank's jeans had garnered admiration for their perfect fit on his bubble butt, Frank still turned heads in his own pair, his confidence radiating through every movement. He stepped in front of Mark, who awaited his commands, visibly fatigued but ready to serve.

"Pick me up," Frank said firmly.

Mark bent forward, positioning the saddle for Frank to mount. Frank lowered himself into the saddle with deliberate care, his boots finding the stirrups as he settled his weight. Mark shifted slightly beneath him but held steady. "Rise," Frank commanded, nudging his spurs lightly against Mark's sides. Mark responded, pushing himself up with effort but managing to lift Frank smoothly.

"Good start," Hank called out. "Now take him for a lap. Make him work for you."

Frank gave Mark a slight tap with the spurs, prompting him into motion. As they circled the pen, Frank tested his control, using subtle movements of his legs and an occasional nudge of the whip to guide Mark. "That's it, Mark," Frank said, enjoying the rhythm of the ride. "Keep it steady."

After completing the lap, Frank brought Mark to a halt and initiated the dismount. "Kneel," he ordered. Mark lowered himself with controlled effort, ensuring Frank's descent was smooth. Frank remained seated for a moment, savoring the position of authority and the comfort of the saddle before issuing the next command. "Put me down." Mark obeyed, leaning forward to gently place Frank on his feet.

"Nicely done," Hank said. "Now do it again. Remember, this isn't just about technique. It's about enjoying your role as the rider."

The second and third sequences went smoothly, with Frank growing more confident in his commands and Mark responding with determination despite his exhaustion. On the fourth lap, however, Frank used the whip too forcefully, delivering a sharp strike that made Mark flinch and falter slightly.

"Hold it right there," Hank said sharply, stepping forward. "That was too harsh, Frank. The whip is a tool, not a punishment. You're here to guide and encourage, not to hurt. Try again, and this time, use it with care."

Frank nodded, visibly chastened. "Got it," he replied, adjusting his grip on the whip.

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On the fifth sequence, Frank decided to follow Hank's suggestion to linger in the saddle after kneeling. "Kneel," he ordered as Mark slowed to a halt. Mark lowered himself slowly, bringing Frank down with care. Instead of dismounting immediately, Frank relaxed in the saddle, crossing his arms and looking around the pen.

Mark remained still, his breathing heavy but steady. After a few moments, he shifted slightly under Frank's weight, a subtle reminder of his fatigue. "Patience, Mark," Frank said with a grin, giving him a gentle nudge with his spurs. "I'm enjoying this."

Hank watched from the sidelines, nodding in approval. "That's how it's done, Frank. You're in charge. Make him wait until you're ready."

When Frank finally dismounted, he patted Mark on the shoulder. "Good work," he said. "You held up well."

Hank clapped his hands together. "That's what I like to see. You pushed him, controlled him, and most importantly, you enjoyed yourself. Just remember to keep your tools—spurs and whip—focused on guidance, not punishment. You're coming along nicely."

Mark, though visibly drained, felt a sense of accomplishment. Frank's weight, though significantly lighter than Hank's, had still been a challenge, but he appreciated the care Frank took in his commands and the authority he carried in the saddle. Frank, meanwhile, felt a new sense of confidence in his abilities as a rider, already looking forward to the next challenge.

The first session of the day concluded with Hank calling for a proper break.

Jake busied himself ensuring everyone was well taken care of during the break. He brought out trays laden with cold drinks and snacks, handing them out to the riders and exhausted seats. The riders relaxed, sipping on their drinks and discussing the finer points of what they'd learned during the morning session.

The group continued chatting for another half hour, discussing the nuances of spurs, whips, and the importance of control. By the time the drinks were finished and the snacks had been eaten, everyone was ready to move on to the second part of the day's lesson.

Hank stood, clapping his hands to signal the start. "Alright, gentlemen, time for the next round. We're switching it up this time. Tyler, you'll be riding Mark. Frank, you'll take Bob. A change of seats will help you refine your technique and become better riders overall."

The riders nodded enthusiastically, eager to put their skills to the test. Hank continued, "Take your seat to the pen and make them bow before you as a sign of submission. This establishes your dominance right from the start. Then mount them, and for the next 15 minutes, ride them. During that time, make them kneel and rise a few times without leaving the saddle. Use your spurs to guide them and your whip as needed to reinforce commands. Remember, it's about control and precision, but also about enjoying your position as their rider."

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Tyler and Frank got to work, each leading their newly assigned seat to the pen. Tyler gave the command to Mark to bow, watching as Mark lowered himself before him. He smiled, savoring the moment of authority before mounting with practiced ease. Mark, though tired, rose smoothly with Tyler's command, adjusting to his new rider's weight.

Frank, meanwhile, relished the opportunity to ride Bob. He made Bob bow low before mounting, ensuring the saddle fit perfectly before issuing the command to rise. Bob, though a bit hesitant from fatigue, responded with determination, earning a light nudge of Frank's spurs as encouragement.

For the next 15 minutes, the pen was alive with the sounds of commands, the clinking of spurs, and the occasional crack of a whip. Both riders worked on mastering the balance between control and comfort, pushing their seats to perform while enjoying the commanding position they had been taught to embrace.

Tyler guided Mark around the pen with confident authority, issuing commands at random intervals. "Kneel," he ordered firmly, staying seated as Mark carefully lowered himself. Once Mark was kneeling, Tyler lingered in the saddle for varying lengths of time, adjusting his posture to ensure his comfort while Mark held steady. When Tyler decided it was time to continue, he tapped his spurs lightly and said, "Rise." If Mark hesitated due to fatigue, Tyler didn't hesitate to reinforce his command with a sharper nudge of his spurs or the occasional flick of his whip across Mark's lower back.

Across the pen, Frank was working Bob in a similar fashion. "Kneel," Frank commanded, enjoying the feel of Bob lowering him to the ground with controlled precision. He took his time while seated appreciating the experience of being in control. "Rise," he ordered after a long pause, and when Bob's movements faltered slightly, Frank applied his spurs with a firm tap to ensure Bob lifted him smoothly.

Both riders clearly relished their positions in the saddle, finding it refreshing to work with a different seat. Tyler appreciated Mark's resilience, while Frank noted Bob's eagerness to please. From their perch on the fence, Hank and Jake watched with approving smiles.

"They're getting the hang of it," Jake remarked, leaning forward slightly.

Hank nodded, but his sharp eyes didn't miss a single detail. "Not bad, but they can push harder. Tyler, use your spurs more firmly—Mark needs to feel the command. And Frank, that whip isn't just for decoration. Use it when Bob hesitates."

The riders obeyed Hank's instructions, spurring their seats with greater precision and reinforcing their commands as needed. Mark and Bob, though visibly tired, adjusted to their temporary riders and performed admirably, earning nods of approval from Hank.

When the 15 minutes were up, Hank raised his hand to signal the riders. "Bring them to the center of the pen and halt them. Command them to kneel and stay seated until I give the signal to dismount."

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Tyler and Frank maneuvered their seats into position and issued the commands. “Kneel,” they said in unison. Mark and Bob obeyed, lowering their riders to the ground with as much steadiness as their fatigue allowed.

As the seats knelt, Hank gave additional instructions. “Now, this is where you demonstrate control. If your seat starts shifting or showing signs of fatigue, correct them immediately. You’re the boss. Use your spurs, your whip—whatever it takes.”

Both riders sat confidently, observing their seats beneath them. When Mark began to sway slightly under Tyler’s weight, Tyler responded with a sharp nudge of his spurs, followed by a light snap of the whip. “Focus,” Tyler instructed, ensuring Mark steadied himself.

Bob, on the other hand, began shifting subtly, trying to find relief from Frank’s weight. Frank didn’t tolerate the movement, immediately using his spurs to demand stillness. When Bob continued to adjust, Frank delivered a swift lash of the whip to emphasize his dominance. “Hold still,” Frank commanded firmly, relaxing back into the saddle with a satisfied smirk.

Hank watched closely, nodding in approval. “Good. That’s how you assert control. Your comfort comes first, no matter their exhaustion. Keep them steady until I give the signal.”

The riders maintained their dominance, sitting with relaxed confidence as their seats held still beneath them. Hank finally raised his hand again, signaling that it was time to dismount.

As the training session wrapped up, the riders turned to Hank, ready to honor his request for a well-deserved pleasure ride.

“Your turn, Hank,” Tyler said with a grin. “Thanks for everything today.”

Hank tilted his cowboy hat with a nod. “Appreciate it. If it’s alright with you all, I’d like to take Bob out for a real ride—down the road to the gas station and back. It’s about twenty minutes, and I’d rather stretch out than ride more laps in the pen.”

Frank chuckled. “Sounds like a plan. Bob’s ready for you.”

Kneeling at the center of the pen, Bob’s heart quickened. He had hoped Hank would choose him. He admired Hank’s commanding presence, especially his cowboy boots with gleaming spurs. He imagined the satisfaction of seeing those boots resting in the stirrups while he carried Hank with pride.

Hank approached Bob with his usual authority, his boots crunching on the dirt. Stopping in front of him, he planted his feet firmly apart, hands resting on his hips. “Bob,” he said, his voice firm but calm, “let’s go.”

Bob straightened slightly, waiting for the command.

Hank turned his back to Bob and stood poised. “Pick me up,” he instructed.

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Bob bent forward immediately, sliding his head between Hank's legs and raising the saddle into position. Hank lowered himself into the saddle, his weight settling heavily on Bob's back. With practiced ease, he adjusted his seat, slid his boots into the stirrups, and took a moment to get comfortable.

Once settled, Hank gave the command, "Rise."

Bob took a deep breath and lifted Hank's full weight with a steady motion, ensuring no jolts or discomfort for his rider. Standing tall, he prepared himself for the challenge ahead.

Hank gave a slight nudge with his spurs, guiding Bob toward the pen gate. "Back in twenty," he said to the others, his tone casual but confident.

Bob carried him through the back yard and onto the road. The open path ahead was a welcome change from the repetitive laps of the pen. Hank directed him with slight shifts in weight and gentle nudges with his spurs, the movements precise and intentional.

For Bob, it was both a challenge and a joy. The weight on his back was significant, but the pride of carrying Hank, a skilled and commanding rider, drove him to perform his best. He focused on each step, ensuring a smooth and comfortable ride despite the effort it took.

Hank, for his part, relaxed in the saddle, enjoying the experience of a proper ride. The gentle sway of Bob's movements and the control he maintained brought a satisfied smile to Hank's face.

Back at the pen, Tyler and Frank watched as the pair disappeared down the road.

"Bob looks good under him," Tyler said, admiring the smoothness of Bob's gait despite Hank's size.

Frank nodded. "Hank's got a way of bringing out the best in them. I bet Bob's thrilled to be working for him."

They turned back to Mark, who knelt patiently in the center of the pen, his saddle ready and waiting.

Hank sat back in the saddle, enjoying the steady rhythm of Bob's movements as they made their way down the road. The day had been a full one, filled with lessons, training, and the sharpening of skills. Now, as he rode Bob toward the gas station, Hank allowed himself a moment to relax. He wasn't pushing Bob hard, instead choosing to enjoy the smooth ride and the comfortable weight of the saddle beneath him.

Bob, though tired from the earlier training, felt an overwhelming sense of pride and honor in carrying Hank. The big man he admired so much was now sitting comfortably in the saddle, and Bob could feel the way Hank's weight shifted slightly with each movement. Every time Hank nudged him with his spurs, Bob responded, pushing through his fatigue, determined to offer his rider a smooth and comfortable

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ride. Bob's mind couldn't help but picture how Hank must look from behind—his strong build filling out the saddle perfectly, the shape of his Levi's accentuating his muscular frame as he relaxed into the ride. It was an image that made Bob feel a deep sense of satisfaction, knowing that he was able to serve Hank in this way, carrying him without hesitation.

Hank, for his part, was enjoying the ride as a reprieve from the hard work he'd put in with Tyler and Frank. The weight of the saddle, combined with Bob's steady pace, was soothing. Hank didn't need to push him hard; Bob was a strong and reliable seat, trained to carry weight for long periods, and Hank made sure to reward his efforts with gentle nudges from his spurs to keep him on pace.

As they rode along the road, Hank was passed by a few cars, one of which slowed down alongside him. The driver, a friend of Hank's, rolled down the window and called out with a friendly chuckle, "Hank, what the heck are you doing? I've seen you ride horses, but a guy? What's going on here?"

Hank laughed and waved at his friend, "Oh, just taking Bob here for a little ride. You know, trying something different for a change."

The friend raised an eyebrow, glancing at Bob with a mixture of curiosity and concern. "That's some weight you've got on him, Hank. Is Bob strong enough for this? I mean, you're a big guy, and that saddle's no lightweight either."

Hank chuckled, looking down at Bob and patting his back affectionately. "Bob's been trained to carry big loads. He can handle it. He's more than capable of carrying me comfortably for at least half an hour straight, no problem."

The friend looked impressed, nodding. "I gotta say, it looks like you're enjoying it, Hank. You're not exactly working hard, huh?"

Hank smiled, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Yeah, it's pretty relaxing actually. Just a nice, easy ride out here."

The friend grinned, giving Hank a thumbs-up. "Well, ride 'em, cowboy!" He waved goodbye as he drove off, leaving Hank with a smile on his face.

Hank turned his attention back to Bob, giving him a soft nudge to signal a turn. They were getting close to the gas station, but Hank wanted to make the most of this ride. He gently guided Bob across the road and toward his property, deciding to head back. Bob, though tired from the 20-minute ride, was still carrying Hank with steady determination. His muscles were sore, and his breathing was heavier, but the honor of having Hank ride him kept him going. He knew that his purpose was to serve his rider, and despite his exhaustion, he was content in his role.

As Hank sat in the saddle, he reveled in the simplicity and comfort of the moment. There was a certain joy in the connection between rider and seat—an understanding that transcended the physical act of riding. It was about trust, respect, and the shared experience of movement, and Hank felt incredibly at peace as he rode Bob. The gentle sway of the saddle, the rhythmic pace of Bob's stride,

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and the quiet afternoon air all combined to create a perfect moment of relaxation, one Hank had earned after a long day of training.

Bob, though tired, felt a deep sense of fulfillment knowing he was serving Hank well, taking him smoothly across the road and back. Despite the fatigue, there was no hesitation in his steps, and he carried Hank with pride, grateful for the opportunity to be part of something so unique.