

CHAPTER 27

Hank rode Bob into the round pen with the ease of a man who had just enjoyed a thoroughly relaxing ride. Bob moved steadily beneath him, clearly tired but carrying Hank with a sense of pride. As they entered the center of the pen, Hank brought Bob to a halt with a gentle tap of his spurs. He surveyed the scene before him, eyes falling on Jake, who was flat on his back in the dirt, with Tyler seated astride his chest, looking rather pleased with himself.

Hank raised an eyebrow. "What's this now? Jake, why are you down there eating dust?"

Jake, panting slightly, looked up at Hank from under Tyler's weight. "Let's just say I bit off more than I could chew."

Tyler chuckled, his deep voice carrying easily across the pen. "He thought he could wrestle me. Guess he forgot I'm the captain of my college football team and weigh a solid 90 kilos. Sorry, Jake, but you're a little outmatched."

Hank grinned, clearly amused. "Well, this I gotta watch properly." He nudged Bob lightly with his spurs. "Kneel, Bob."

Bob obeyed immediately, lowering himself into a kneeling position with practiced precision. Hank leaned back in his saddle, settling deeper with his arms crossed and feet still resting in the stirrups. "You good down there, Bob? Can you hold me like this?"

"Yes, sir," Bob replied between breaths. Despite his exhaustion, he was determined to support Hank's weight.

"Good," Hank said, relaxing even further in the saddle. "Let's see how this plays out."

Frank and Mark stood nearby, watching the scene unfold. Tyler, still comfortably seated on Jake, leaned back slightly, his posture exuding confidence.

"You know," Tyler said, glancing at Frank, "I can feel Jake's chest rising and falling with every breath. It's kind of... soothing. Almost like a rhythm."

Frank smirked. "Guess it's like your own personal recliner, huh?"

"Something like that," Tyler replied with a laugh. He shifted his hips forward slightly, causing Jake's face to end up snugly between his thighs. "There, even better. What do you think, Jake?"

Jake, his voice slightly muffled, quipped, "I think your belt buckle looks great from this angle."

Tyler laughed, glancing down. "You've got good taste. It's my favorite."

After a moment, Jake added, "And those spurs? The way the rowels jingle when you fiddle with them... kind of satisfying, really."

"Glad you like the sound," Tyler said with a smirk, spinning one of his spurs idly.

As the minutes passed, it became clear that Jake was struggling more and more under Tyler's weight. His breaths were heavier, and his arms trembled slightly as he tried to support himself.

Frank leaned toward Mark. "He's holding out longer than I thought he would."

Mark nodded. "Tough kid. But Tyler's not giving him any breaks."

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"That's the rule," Frank said. "The man on top gets to decide. No one can make him move until he's ready."

Jake finally tapped out after ten minutes, letting out a groan of defeat. "Alright, you win. Congrats, Tyler. You've got me beat."

Tyler stood, offering Jake a hand to help him up. "Good fight, though. You held out longer than I expected."

The other men nodded in approval, clearly impressed by Jake's stamina and resilience.

Hank, still perched comfortably on Bob, tapped his spurs lightly against Bob's sides to get his attention. "Bend, Bob."

Without hesitation, Bob bent his upper body forward, ensuring the motion was smooth and controlled so Hank could dismount comfortably. Hank swung his leg over and landed gently on his feet, his boots crunching softly in the dirt.

Bob's gaze was naturally drawn to Hank's Levi's, the way the jeans hugged his strong legs and perfectly rounded butt. He felt a swell of pride as Hank turned back to him.

"Thanks for the ride, Bob," Hank said, patting him on the shoulder. "You were solid out there. It's always fun to ride you."

Bob's chest swelled with pride at the praise. "It's an honor, sir. Really."

Hank smiled. "Well, you make it a pleasure."

As Hank walked away, Bob couldn't help but admire the big man he felt so submissive to. Carrying Hank wasn't just a task—it was a privilege, and he felt deeply honored to serve him. Hank asked Jake to take care of Bob and cool him down for him.

Jake approached Bob with a confident stride, the anticipation of their connection evident in his easy smile. He placed a hand on Bob's shoulder as he removed Tyler's saddle, letting it rest against the pen's railing. "Alright, Bob, let's do this," he said warmly, his tone a mix of authority and affection.

With a simple hand gesture, Jake gave the command, and Bob immediately lowered himself onto all fours. His face dipped to the ground in front of Jake's boots, his back arching in a gesture of complete submission. Bob's exhaustion from the day's work was clear, but his determination to serve Jake was stronger. For a moment, Jake let him stay in this posture, enjoying the quiet display of respect and submission. "Good boy," Jake praised softly, letting his hand brush Bob's back before giving the next order.

"Kneel." Bob moved fluidly into an upright kneeling position, his head lowered as Jake stepped in front of him. With his back turned, Jake commanded, "Pick me up." Bob leaned forward, placing his head between Jake's legs, lifting smoothly as Jake settled onto his shoulders. Once Jake was balanced and comfortable, Bob straightened his upper body with precision, holding steady under his rider's weight.

"Rise," Jake commanded, and Bob rose fully upright, holding Jake securely. The young cowboy adjusted his position, letting his legs drape comfortably over Bob's shoulders. With a small nudge of his spurs, Jake signaled Bob to move forward, the ride beginning.

Despite his fatigue, Bob's movements were deliberate and steady. Carrying Jake—lighter and gentler than Hank—was almost refreshing. Bob felt the subtle cues of Jake's legs and spurs, responding instinctively, eager to give his rider a smooth, enjoyable ride.

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Jake, in turn, was clearly having fun. Riding bareback, he felt an even closer connection to Bob, the warmth and strength of his seat beneath him. His hands rested lightly on Bob's head, guiding him with ease as they made their way around the pen. Occasionally, Jake stopped Bob, issuing commands for him to kneel, wait, and rise again. Jake lingered each time Bob knelt, savoring the control and the smooth transitions.

From the fence, Tyler, Frank, and Hank observed with amused admiration. "That boy's got a knack for this," Tyler remarked, leaning casually on the railing. "Look at him—bareback, no reins, and still in perfect control."

Hank nodded in agreement. "It's more than just skill," he said. "Jake and Bob—there's a real bond there. You can see it in how they move together."

Frank grinned. "Bob's putting in the work, but it's like he doesn't mind it one bit."

As if on cue, Jake paused in the center of the pen, signaling Bob to kneel once more. He let Bob stay in the position longer this time, resting his hands casually on Bob's head as he chatted with the others. "He's solid," Jake called over. "Even after the long day, he's still giving me everything."

"You two were made for this," Hank replied with a chuckle. "Born to ride, Jake. And Bob? Born to carry."

Jake grinned, giving Bob a gentle pat. "Alright, buddy, let's go again." He nudged his spurs lightly, and Bob rose with a smooth effort, resuming the ride. Bob's focus never wavered, his movements purposeful as he carried Jake effortlessly around the pen. Jake made a few more stops to test Bob's responsiveness, but it was clear the two were perfectly in sync.

For Bob, the work felt less like a chore and more like a shared moment. Even through his exhaustion, carrying Jake was a point of pride. For Jake, the ride wasn't just about control—it was about connection, trust, and the pure enjoyment of being astride his favorite seat.

By the time Jake dismounted, both rider and seat wore expressions of satisfaction. It was clear to everyone watching: Jake and Bob weren't just a team—they were a perfect match.