

CHAPTER 28

The sun was high in the sky as the group relaxed in Hank's spacious backyard. The men were sprawled out, enjoying the warmth, with Hank inside the house for a moment, leaving the others to chat and unwind.

Tyler, always the instigator, broke the quiet with a mischievous grin. "Alright, I've got a challenge in mind," he said, his voice teasing the others into attention. "How about a Seat Endurance Contest?"

Frank's ears perked up immediately. Always up for a bit of competition, he sat up and looked toward Tyler. "What's that?"

Tyler explained the idea with enthusiasm. "Simple enough. The seats lay flat on their backs in the grass, and the riders sit on their chests. The goal is to see which seat can hold its rider's weight the longest. No moving, no easing up. Full weight only. The seat that taps out first loses, and the rider with the losing seat is out too."

Frank's eyes lit up. "I'm in. I was planning on riding anyway, but I've got to say, if Hank's in, we'll need one more seat."

He turned his attention to Jake, who was lounging with a relaxed grin. "Jake, how about it? Want to be a seat for me or Tyler?"

Jake's face brightened at the suggestion. "Sounds fun. I'm in." He sat up, clearly ready for some competition.

Tyler quickly organized the seat assignments. "Alright, here's the plan: I'll ride Jake, Frank will ride Mark, and if Hank agrees, he'll ride Bob."

When Hank returned from the house, drink in hand, he raised an eyebrow at the group. "What's this I'm hearing about a contest?" he asked, amusement in his voice.

Tyler grinned widely. "We thought we'd have a little fun. A Seat Endurance Contest. We're trying to see which seat can hold the rider's weight the longest. We've got the seats lined up, but we're one short if you're in."

Hank chuckled, intrigued. "I'm always up for a good challenge. What's the plan?"

Tyler quickly outlined the rules. "We'll see who can last the longest. I'll ride Jake, Frank rides Mark, and if you're in, you can ride Bob. Once the contest starts, no easing up on the weight. Full weight, no shifting. Last seat standing wins."

Hank turned to Bob, who was lying beside him, looking eager. "Bob, you good with me riding you?"

Bob's face lit up with pride at the question. "It'll be an honor, Hank. I've always loved being under your weight. This'll be my chance to show off my endurance to the other seats."

Hank smiled, impressed. "Sounds like a plan. And Jake, are you alright with Tyler riding you?"

Jake chuckled, nodding confidently. "I'm good with it. Besides, I'm the lightest rider, so I'm hoping that gives me a bit of an advantage."

Hank took charge, laying down the final rules. "Alright, seats, get on your backs. Riders, mount your seats, and when I say go, you'll move your hips forward so that the seat's face is snug between your thighs. Once you're seated, stay still. Full weight, no easing up. If anyone shifts or lightens their weight, they'll be out."

CHAPTER 28

He gave a sly grin. "And here's the twist. The losing riders—if your seat taps out first, you're out too. But here's the real fun: the two losing riders will play rock-paper-scissors to determine who becomes the seat for the winning rider."

Bob's heart beat faster at the thought of being under Hank again. The idea of supporting Hank's weight excited him beyond measure. He loved being under the man he admired so much. This contest wasn't just about winning—it was a chance for Bob to show his endurance to the other seats, proving that he could handle the challenge no matter how tough it got.

Hank raised his voice, signaling the start of the contest. "Alright, seats, get into position. Riders, get ready to mount."

Bob, full of excitement and anticipation, lay back on the grass, ready to support Hank. He knew this would be a test of endurance, but he was more than ready. Under Hank's weight, he would feel the honor of supporting the man he respected, and he would give his best performance yet.

The backyard was quiet, shaded by a large oak tree, as the three seats—Bob, Mark, and Jake—lay flat on their backs on the soft grass. A light breeze rustled the leaves, but the air carried an undercurrent of competition. This wasn't just any lazy afternoon; it was time for the Great Seat Endurance Contest.

Hank stood tall, his commanding presence setting the tone. "Alright, gentlemen," he said, addressing Tyler, Frank, and himself, the riders in today's event. "This is about endurance, comfort, and skill. Let's see which seat is truly the best."

The rules were simple, yet strict: riders would mount their assigned seat—Tyler on Jake, Frank on Mark, and Hank on Bob. Once mounted, they would move forward until their seat's face was snugly tucked between their thighs, ensuring maximum contact. Cheating was forbidden. No easing up, no shifting weight, no mercy. The last seat to tap out would claim victory for themselves and their rider.

The riders exchanged confident grins as they prepared. Hank took a step forward, his worn Levi's catching the sunlight. The patch on the back of his jeans—W34 L34—seemed to gleam with authority. He adjusted his belt and turned to the group. "On my signal, mount your seats."

With that, Tyler strode over to Jake, grinning as he swung his leg over Jake's chest. Frank followed, settling down onto Mark with a practiced ease. Hank, taking his time, mounted Bob with a weighty presence that made Bob's chest creak slightly under the strain.

"All right," Hank said, his voice carrying over the quiet yard. "Move forward, gentlemen."

As one, the riders shifted their hips forward, positioning themselves so their seat's face was snugly nestled between their thighs. The contest had officially begun.

"Comfortable?" Hank asked, his tone light but firm.

"Very," Tyler replied, leaning back slightly and crossing his arms. "Jake's chest has just the right amount of give. Feels like a luxury recliner."

Frank smirked. "Mark's steady as a rock. Doesn't even feel like he's struggling yet. Smooth ride so far."

Hank, settled comfortably on Bob, gave a small nod of approval. "Bob's doing good work. Solid support. I could sit here all day."

CHAPTER 28

As the minutes ticked by, the riders began to brag, their voices carrying over the stillness of the backyard.

“You know,” Tyler said, spinning one of his spurs idly, “Jake’s chest rises and falls so evenly when he breathes. It’s like sitting on a rhythm machine. Keeps me relaxed.”

“Mark’s breathing is steady too,” Frank countered. “Plus, he’s not making me shift even a little. Top-tier performance.”

Hank chuckled, patting Bob’s shoulder affectionately. “Bob’s got you both beat. He’s carrying me without a single complaint, and let’s not forget I’m the heaviest guy here. That’s real endurance.”

The competition grew fiercer as the seats began to show signs of strain. Jake’s breaths were heavier, and his chest quivered under Tyler’s weight. Mark’s arms trembled slightly, his fingers curling into the grass as he fought to endure Frank’s presence. Bob, though visibly tired, maintained his composure, his admiration for Hank fueling his resolve.

The first tap came after fifteen minutes. Jake’s hand slapped the ground, signaling his defeat. Tyler groaned dramatically, sliding off Jake’s chest and standing with a rueful grin. “Guess I’ll have to settle for second place.”

“Too bad,” Frank said smugly.

But the contest wasn’t over. Mark was clearly struggling now, his face red and his breaths labored under Frank’s weight. Bob, though tired, held steady beneath Hank, who sat like a king surveying his domain.

It was Mark who tapped out next, collapsing with a gasp as Frank stood, shaking his head in mock disappointment. “Good try, Mark. But you just couldn’t keep up.”

Hank chuckled, leaning back slightly on Bob’s chest. “Well, looks like it’s a win for Team Bob. Solid work, buddy.”

The prize was the cherry on top: the winning rider would get to ride one of the losing riders, determined by a game of rock-paper-scissors. Tyler and Frank groaned as Hank cracked his knuckles. “Let’s see who’s giving me a ride next.”

The backyard echoed with laughter as the game began, the camaraderie and friendly competition leaving everyone in good spirits—even the exhausted seats, who now had the honor of knowing they’d done their best for their riders.

The backyard fell quiet as Hank, Tyler, and Frank gathered in a small circle to play rock-paper-scissors, the prize clear: the winner of this final game would get to ride one of the other riders. Tyler, still wearing his confident smirk despite his team’s loss, felt sure luck would be on his side.

“All right,” Hank said, his voice carrying the authority of a man who had just claimed victory. “Let’s settle this.”

They raised their hands, counting aloud. “One, two, three—shoot!”

Tyler threw rock. Hank, with a sly grin, revealed paper.

“Guess I win,” Hank said with a chuckle, glancing at Tyler’s chest meaningfully.

Tyler groaned, his bravado slipping for a moment. “All right, big guy, guess I’m your seat now.”

CHAPTER 28

Hank's grin widened. "Glad you're taking this so well, quarterback. Let's see if you've got the endurance you always admired in Bob."

The backyard contest had concluded, and Hank, victorious in the Seat Endurance Test, now had the enviable prize of riding Tyler, the formidable quarterback. Tyler lay flat on his back in the grass, his arms resting at his sides as he braced for the weight of the champion.

Hank approached with an air of command, his boots crunching softly on the grass. Bob, who had given his all during the contest, watched from where he lay nearby, still catching his breath. Despite his own exhaustion, Bob's gaze lingered on Hank's Levi's, which hugged his strong frame with perfection. The 506 jeans—W34 L34, as displayed on the back patch—highlighted Hank's powerful legs and the curve of his bubble butt.

When Hank bent slightly to position himself over Tyler, Bob couldn't help but admire the view. *That's a man worth carrying*, Bob thought with pride. Even as Hank settled onto Tyler's chest, Bob's admiration deepened. Supporting Hank during the contest had been an honor, but watching him now, relaxed and fully in control, filled Bob with satisfaction.

Hank lowered himself with ease, straddling Tyler's chest and letting his full 130 kg press down. Tyler grunted slightly, his breath hitching as the weight settled. Hank leaned back, adjusting his position until Tyler's face was framed snugly between his thighs.

"Comfortable down there, Tyler?" Hank asked with a smirk, his deep voice laced with amusement.

Tyler managed a strained chuckle. "Not exactly how I pictured this day going, but I'll survive."

Frank and the others laughed from the sidelines, their camaraderie intact despite the competitive nature of the event.

Hank relaxed into his seat, resting his hands on his thighs as he surveyed the group. "You know," he said, glancing at Bob, "it's a good thing I had a seat like you earlier. Kept me solid and ready for this win."

Bob's chest swelled with pride at the praise. "Thank you, sir," he replied, his voice filled with respect. Supporting Hank's weight earlier had been no easy feat, but it had been worth every second.

As the minutes passed, Tyler's thoughts drifted. Being under Hank was unlike anything he'd experienced before. The sheer weight pressing down on his chest made it hard to breathe, yet there was an undeniable sense of humility in the situation. Tyler couldn't help but reflect on the times he had trained Bob, sitting on him during endurance drills. Back then, he had admired Bob's resilience, but now, with Hank sitting full weight on him, Tyler's respect for Bob soared.

"Bob," Tyler managed to say, his voice slightly muffled by Hank's thighs, "you've got some serious endurance. I don't know how you do it."

Bob chuckled from the sidelines. "Takes a lot of heart—and a lot of respect for the man you're carrying."

Hank, clearly enjoying himself, shifted slightly to emphasize his full weight, causing Tyler to let out a soft groan. "You holding up down there, quarterback?"

"Barely," Tyler admitted with a wry smile. "But I get it now. You ride hard, Hank."

CHAPTER 28

“That’s the point,” Hank replied with a grin. “Now you know what it’s like to be in Bob’s position.”

The group laughed again, the bonds of friendship strengthened by the lighthearted competition. Bob, still watching, felt a deep sense of satisfaction. Seeing Hank seated on Tyler, so composed and confident, only reinforced Bob’s loyalty. Supporting Hank had been a privilege, and he couldn’t help but admire the man even more as he commanded the moment.

For Tyler, the experience was humbling. Beneath Hank’s weight, he gained a new perspective—not just on Bob’s resilience, but on the mutual respect between seat and rider. It wasn’t just about strength; it was about trust, loyalty, and the honor of carrying a man like Hank.