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The following Saturday, Tyler looked around the parking lot, spotting Bob approaching. Without a word, Bob crouched down, ready for Tyler to mount his shoulders. Tyler grinned and hopped on, getting comfortable as Bob prepared to lift him. Bob: (smirking) Ready for another round, Tyler? Tyler: (laughing) Always, Bob. Let's make this a good one.

As Tyler settled into his perch, he noticed Frank and Mark nearby. Tyler turned to Frank with a playful smirk. Tyler: Hey, Frank, are you walking today, or are you going to ride Mark? Frank, adjusting his cowboy hat, chuckled and looked at Mark. Frank: Well, Mark, what do you say? Ready for a ride?

Mark, feeling a bit hesitant, glanced at Frank and then at the distance they had to cover. Mark: I don't know, Frank. It's a long walk, and you're not exactly feather-light. Frank: (grinning) Come on, Mark, it's all in good fun. You'll get used to it. Plus, I promise I won't make you my regular ride... yet.

Mark raised an eyebrow, unsure about Frank's intentions. Tyler observed the playful banter between Frank and Mark and decided to intervene, eager to add some fun to the mix. He rode over to Mark with a determined look. Tyler: Come on, Mark, it's just for fun. Get down there and let Frank have his ride. Consider it a good workout for your legs and your back. Mark hesitated for a moment but, with a shrug, he crouched down, preparing to become Frank's temporary ride. Tyler turned to Frank with a mischievous grin and said, Alright, Frank, go ahead. Ride 'm cowboy!

Frank, ever enthusiastic, adjusted his cowboy hat and approached Mark. With a confident smirk, he positioned himself behind Mark and prepared to mount his shoulders. Mark, aware of the challenge ahead, took a deep breath. Frank: Ready, Mark? This is going to be legendary! Mark: (smirking) Just don't make it a regular thing, Frank. My shoulders have limits.

Frank chuckled and, with a swift motion, hoisted himself onto Mark's shoulders. Mark grunted a bit under the sudden weight but managed to straighten up, supporting Frank's impressive bulk. Frank: Ah, feels good up here! Thanks, Mark! Mark, slightly surprised by how well he handled the weight, smirked back at Frank. Don't get too comfortable up there, Frank. This is a one-time thing.

After reaching the secluded spot in the park and having dismounted, Tyler and Frank, both enjoying their newfound tradition of shoulder riding, found themselves in a conversation about making Mark Frank's regular ride. Tyler, having a submissive dynamic with Bob, had an easier task convincing him.

Tyler: You know, Frank, Bob is pretty submissive to me. I didn't even have to ask, and he's gladly become my regular ride. It's like he enjoys it. Frank: (grinning) Lucky you, Tyler. Mark, on the other hand, seems a bit resistant. Any ideas on how to make him my regular ride? Tyler: Well, it's all about finding the right approach. Maybe you should appeal to his competitive side or convince him it's a great workout. You have to make him see the benefits. Frank: Good point. I need a strategy. Maybe I can challenge him to a little friendly competition during the rides. You know, make it interesting.

As Tyler prepared for Bob's endurance training, Bob lay on his back in the grass, ready for today's challenges. Tyler, with a mischievous grin, turned to Frank. It's your turn, Frank. Take a seat on Bob's chest, reverse position. Let's see how well he can handle it. Frank, always up for a challenge, approached Bob. With a confident swagger, he straddled Bob's chest, his cowboy boots resting on either side of Bob's head. Bob, anticipating the weight that was about to be placed on his chest, took a deep breath and prepared himself for the task.

Frank, adjusting his cowboy hat with a smirk, settled himself comfortably on Bob's chest. He placed his hands on his hips, leaning slightly forward to balance. Bob, beneath the weight, flexed his abdominal muscles, determined to endure the challenge. Frank: Ready, Bob?

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Let's see if you can handle the reverse ride. Bob: (grinning) Bring it on, cowboy. I'm tougher than I look. As the reverse seating position took form, the training session began. Tyler supervised the endurance exercise, encouraging Bob to push his limits. Frank, seated on Bob's chest, embraced the unique workout, feeling the muscles beneath him working hard to support his weight.

As the minutes passed in Bob's endurance training, Tyler decided to add another element to the challenge. With a mischievous glint in his eye, he turned to Frank. Tyler: Alright, Frank, time to switch it up. Move backward and take a seat on Bob's face. Let's see how he handles this. Frank, always game for the unconventional, adjusted himself and, with a smirk, began to move backward. Bob couldn't help but laugh. Alright, Frank, hold on a sec. Gotta check those Levi's of yours. Bob craned his neck, getting a good look at the label on Frank's jeans. He read the numbers out loud. 512 W34 L34. Alright, Frank, seems like you're keeping it together. No extra inches around the waist. I guess I'm ready for the next step. Frank, still straddling Bob's chest, chuckled at Bob's thorough inspection.

Frank, in response to Tyler's directive, shifted backward, his cowboy boots grazing the grass as he moved into position over Bob's face. With a certain level of finesse, Frank hovered above, adjusting his stance to ensure a comfortable descent. The sunlight filtered through the leaves above, casting a dappled pattern on the grass beneath them.

As he began to lower himself, Frank shifted his weight slightly, finding the optimal position for both comfort and balance. He carefully settled into his seat, making sure not to put too much pressure on any one point. Bob, beneath the weight of Frank, adjusted to the new position, feeling the strain but maintaining a good-humored spirit. As Frank settled, he let out a satisfied sigh, his voice carrying a sense of contentment. Oh, this feels so good! Tyler and Mark, observing the scene, couldn't help but chuckle at the unique dynamics of the moment.

With the unique training session unfolding in the secluded spot, Tyler took charge and added another layer to the challenge. As Frank settled into his seat on Bob's face, Tyler issued further instructions. Alright, Frank, relax into your seat. Let Bob take your full weight. And Bob, make sure to take care of Frank's comfort. Adjust yourself if he needs it.

Frank, with a grin on his face, obliged, allowing himself to fully settle onto Bob's face. He shifted slightly to find the most comfortable position, and Tyler's directive was met with good-natured cooperation. Tyler: Bob, be attentive. If Frank needs any adjustments for comfort, make sure to accommodate him. Bob, muffled beneath Frank, managed a response, Got it, Tyler.

As Frank settled into his seat on Bob's face, the atmosphere was a mix of challenge and camaraderie. Feeling the unique position, Frank couldn't resist the urge to check how he looked, even in the midst of the unconventional training. Frank: (grinning) Hold on, guys. I've got to see how my ass looks in these jeans. With a slight twist of his torso, Frank looked over his shoulder to get a glimpse of his denim-clad posterior.

Frank: Well, what do you think? Does my ass look good in these jeans? Tyler and Mark, sharing a laugh, joined in on the good-natured banter. Tyler: Frank, you're something else. But I have to admit, those Levi's do look good on you. Mark, with a chuckle, added his opinion: Yeah, Frank, you're rocking those jeans. They should consider using you as a model. Frank: (smirking) Maybe I've found my true calling, sitting on faces and modeling jeans.

The unique combination of banter, humor, and unconventional training continued in the secluded spot in the park. Despite the physical challenge, the football teammates maintained a sense of camaraderie and lightheartedness.

Tyler: Alright, enough fashion talk. Bob, how you holding up under there? Bob, muffled but maintaining a good-humored spirit, responded. Surviving, Tyler. It's...a good...workout,

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that's for...sure. Frank, still enjoying the banter, added with a laugh: Bob, you're a trooper. I might have found my favorite seat in the park.

As Frank settled onto Bob's face, the atmosphere in the secluded spot took an unexpected turn. Bob, muffled beneath Frank, found himself imagining how Frank's denim-clad posterior must look. The thoughts stirred a sense of excitement, and Bob couldn't help but feel a certain pride in being Frank's designated seat. Bob, with a muffled chuckle, thought to himself: I bet that ass looks even better from this angle. Frank's got some style.

As Frank settled into his unique perch atop Bob's face, a sense of exhilaration washed over him. Every shift in weight seemed to be met with a corresponding adjustment from Bob, creating a feeling of control that Frank found surprisingly enjoyable.

Frank: (grinning) You know, guys, this is like being on top of the world. Every move I make, Bob follows suit. It's like having my own personal support system. Bob, beneath the weight, was working diligently to ensure Frank's comfort. His efforts were met with Frank's playful appreciation. Bob: (muffled) You're the...one...in control up...there, Frank. I'm...just doing ... my best to keep...it comfortable. Frank, feeling the power of his position, decided to lean back into his seat, causing Bob to emit a muffled sound. It was a subtle acknowledgment of the impact Frank was having on his seat. Ah, this is the life. Bob, you're doing great. I think I've found my favorite spot in the park.

As the scene continued in the secluded spot, Tyler, with a playful smirk, decided to engage Bob in the ongoing banter. Tyler: Bob, how's it feeling under Frank's ass? Do you think those Levi's add an extra challenge to supporting his weight? Bob, muffled beneath Frank, could only respond with a voice softened by the weight on his face. It's... a challenge, Tyler. Frank's got...a comfortable seat, that's...for sure.

Frank: Bob, you're nailing it. The snug feeling is just perfect. I make a move, and you adjust. It's like having my own living, breathing cushion. Tyler: Frank, you're really making Bob work for it. How are you feeling? I'm feeling well taken care of, Tyler. Bob's doing his best to keep it snug. Frank: Bob, you're a trooper. This might become a regular thing. The custom-fit seat experience is hard to beat.

As Frank settled further into his dominant position atop Bob's face, he couldn't help but revel in the sense of comfort and control that came with the unconventional training routine. Dressed in his boots, jeans, and hat, he felt good about himself, and the unique experience only added to his satisfaction. Frank, feeling the power of his dominant position, playfully leaned back into his seat, causing Bob to emit a muffled sound. Ah, this is the life. Bob, you're doing great. Keep it up under there.

As Bob diligently worked to support Frank's weight, a series of vivid images painted themselves in his mind. The mental picture included Frank's Levi's-clad ass, the red tab, and the distinctive leather back patch featuring two horses above the right buttock. The details were etched in Bob's mind, creating a sensory experience despite the weight and pressure. In his imagination, the red tab on Frank's right back pocket rested somewhere between Bob's skin and the right buttock, creating a visual that heightened Bob's senses. The distinctive back label added an extra layer of detail, creating a mental image that was both sensual and captivating.

Bob couldn't help but feel a mix of arousal and humility as he served as the support for what he considered a great and alluring presence. The weight on his face, coupled with the vivid mental imagery, created a unique blend of sensations that added to the overall experience. In the midst of the unconventional training routine, Bob embraced the physical challenge while navigating the complex emotions stirred by his thoughts. The football teammates, unaware of the intricate mental images playing out in Bob's mind, continued their banter and camaraderie, each immersed in their own experience of the day's activities.

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As the unconventional training continued in the secluded spot, Frank couldn't help but revel in the unique sensations of riding Bob's face. The knowledge that Bob not only endured but took pride in serving as Frank's living seat added an extra layer of satisfaction for the wrestler.

Frank: (smirking) Bob, you're really taking one for the team here. How's it feeling under there? Bob: (muffled) It's... a challenge, Frank. But...I'm holding...up. Frank, realizing the level of submission and pride in Bob's tone, felt a surge of arousal. The dynamics of dominance and submission added an unexpected element to their Saturday training session. Frank: You're doing more than holding up, Bob. You're submitting to my weight, to my presence on your face. It's quite a statement. Bob, beneath the weight and pressure, responded with a mix of humility and pride. It's... an honor, Frank. Serving...you like this.

Mark: (grinning) Bob, you're earning your stripes today. How's it feeling? Bob: (muffled) It's... an experience, Mark. Frank's... really making...a statement. Frank, enjoying the dynamic and the attention, continued with a playful tone. Bob, you're not just enduring. You're submitting, and it's turning me on. Keep it up, buddy.

Frank, feeling a sense of accomplishment, stood up from his living seat and gestured for Tyler to take his place. Alright, Tyler, your turn. Bob's all yours. Enjoy the experience. Tyler, with a grin, approached Bob, who had been the unsung hero of the training session so far. Frank stepped aside, allowing Tyler to take the reins. Tyler: Bob, hope you're ready for a change of riders. Let's see how this goes. Bob, beneath the weight, managed a muffled response.

As Tyler took his turn to be the rider, he was clad in his snug white football pants, the revealing nature of the fabric leaving little to the imagination. Frank, unable to resist a playful comment, grinned and gestured towards Tyler's muscled buttocks. Frank: Tyler, those snug white pants leave very little to the imagination. They're practically a second skin. Bob, you have the best view. What do you think?

Bob, still underneath the weight but appreciating the comfort of the football pants, managed a muffled response. I have to...agree with...Frank. They do...leave little to...the imagination, but...they're surprisingly...comfortable on the...face. Different from...the Levi's.

Tyler, in good spirits, joined in the banter. Well, I'm glad you both appreciate the snug fit. It's all about comfort and style, even in unconventional training sessions. Frank, with a smirk, continued to playfully comment on the situation. Comfort and style, indeed. Bob, are you sure you're not enjoying this a bit too much? Bob, in a light-hearted tone, responded. It's all part...of the experience..., Frank. Tyler, you're...doing great in...those snug pants.

As Tyler took his turn to be the rider the dynamics of the unconventional training session shifted once again. Bob, underneath Tyler this time, could immediately feel the difference in weight compared to Frank. Tyler, your weight...is different... Lighter than...Frank's. Tyler, with a playful grin, responded, That's right, Bob. Frank's got a bit more to offer in that department. But hey, I'm not complaining about being lighter. Bob, appreciating the change, added with a light-hearted tone, different, but not...a bad different. I can...handle it.

Tyler, seizing the opportunity for a playful interaction, instructed Bob in a teasing manner. Since I'm a bit lighter, Bob, how about you pamper my ass a bit? It's only fair. Bob, in a submissive and compliant tone, responded, Sure thing...Tyler... Whatever...you need.

As Tyler continued to ride Bob's face, the atmosphere in the secluded spot took on a mix of playfulness and camaraderie. Bob, ever the trooper, embraced the unique nature of the training routine, adding a touch of humor to the unconventional situation.

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The football teammates, amidst their banter and interactions, continued to forge bonds and create memories in the park, strengthening their camaraderie in ways that went beyond the ordinary boundaries of a typical training session.

As Tyler continued to ride on Bob's face, the atmosphere in the secluded spot took on a unique dynamic. Bob, being the submissive and supportive teammate, began to pamper Tyler's ass as instructed. Bob, underneath the weight, but complying willingly, used his hands to gently massage and knead Tyler's muscled buttocks. The snug fit of the football pants allowed Bob to feel the contours and firmness beneath his fingertips.

As Tyler continued to ride on Bob's face, with Bob obediently holding his hands on Tyler's muscled buttocks, a unique sense of warmth and support enveloped Tyler. The snug fit of the football pants and the gentle pressure of Bob's hands created a sensation akin to sitting in a saddle.

Tyler, feeling the comfort and support, couldn't help but appreciate the unexpected perks of their unconventional training routine. He grinned as he responded to Mark and Frank, who were watching the scene unfold. Mark: Tyler, how's the comfort up there? Bob seems to be quite the supportive seat. Tyler: You know, guys, it's surprisingly comfortable. Bob's got this saddle-like grip going on, I enjoy it. Frank, with a playful grin, added, Looks like Bob's taking his role seriously. Bob, you're a pro at this. Bob, still muffled but with a sense of obedience, responded, Just doing my part, guys. Tyler, anything else you need? Tyler, enjoying the camaraderie and the unique support, chuckled and replied, I'm good, Bob. Keep that saddle grip going. It's working.

As Tyler continued to ride on Bob's face, the dynamics of their unconventional training session took a turn. Tyler, feeling the saddle-like support of Bob's hands on his muscled buttocks, began to shift his weight in a playful and teasing manner. The subtle movements caused Bob to moan and grunt, forced to follow his rider's lead and adjust to the shifting weight distribution.

Tyler, enjoying the unique experience, couldn't help but find excitement in the dynamics of their Saturday training session. He chuckled and playfully shared his feelings with Bob and the boys. Bob, you're doing great down there. Feel the ride? It's all about the weight distribution. Keep up with those adjustments. Bob, muffled but compliant, responded with a mix of moans and grunts, adjusting to each movement as Tyler continued to shift his weight. Bob: (muffled) It's... a workout, Tyler. You're...keeping me on...my toes, or rather...on my face. Tyler, feeling the power and control of the situation, added with a playful tone, That's the idea, Bob. It's not just endurance for you; it's a full-body workout. Mark, Frank, you guys seeing this? It's a whole new level of training.

Mark and Frank, watching the scene unfold, joined in with laughter and playful comments. Mark: Bob, you're the MVP of flexibility today. Frank: (grinning) Tyler, you're really taking the lead on this one. Bob, keep it up. We might have discovered a new training technique.

As Tyler continued to ride on Bob's face, a sense of dominance and playfulness filled the air. Tyler, enjoying the unique dynamics of their Saturday training session, decided to take charge and issued a directive to Bob. Bob, maintain that snug fit between my ass and your face. I want to be served like I'm your king. Keep a firm seat, and let's make this interesting. Bob, in a submissive and obedient tone, responded, Sure thing...Tyler. I'm here...to serve.

Tyler, feeling the power of the situation, began to shift his weight around, challenging Bob to maintain the snug fit and adjust to the changing dynamics. That's it, Bob. Firm seat. Let's see how well you can keep up with the adjustments.

Bob, complying with Tyler's instructions, adjusted to each movement, ensuring the snug fit between Tyler's ass and his face remained intact. As Tyler continued to shift his weight, Bob decided to enhance the comfort factor by putting his face even closer into Tyler's ass. Is this

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...better, Tyler? I want to...make sure you're...comfortable and...well-served. Tyler, feeling the added comfort, chuckled and responded, You're getting the hang of it, Bob. Serving your rider well. How's it feel down there? Proud to...serve, Tyler. It feels... different, but I'm...here for it.

As Tyler continued to ride on Bob's face with enthusiasm and enjoyment, a sense of playfulness filled the air. Feeling the dynamics of the unconventional training session and the snug fit between his ass and Bob's face, Tyler couldn't help but draw a comparison to a cowboy on a wild ride. This feels like being a cowboy, doesn't it? Maybe next time I'll bring my cowboy hat for the full experience. Frank, catching onto Tyler's playful spirit, chuckled and responded with a laugh. Ride 'm cowboy! Yeehaw! We might be onto a new kind of rodeo here. Tyler, embracing the cowboy theme, continued with a grin, Who knew face-sitting could have a Wild West vibe? Bob, you're my trusty steed in this adventure. Bob, muffled but in good spirits, responded, Glad to be...of service, Tyler...Yeehaw!

As Tyler continued to ride on Bob's face with enthusiasm, he became aware of the increasing strain on his teammate. The weight distribution over the past 10 minutes was taking its toll on Bob, but Tyler, thoroughly enjoying the unique training experience, was not ready to let him off the hook just yet. Hang in there, Bob! We're not done yet. Embrace the challenge, my trusty steed. Let's make it to 15 minutes! Bob, underneath the pressure and struggling to respond, managed a muffled sound that conveyed both effort and a hint of struggle. Mmmph... Tyler, it's... a challenge.

Tyler, feeling the resistance but enjoying the situation, chuckled and playfully spurred Bob on. Come on, Bob! Submit to the weight. Embrace the challenge of keeping my ass happy. You can do it! Bob, still finding it difficult to respond, continued to endure, adjusting to Tyler's movements as he spurred him on to push his limits. I'm having a blast up here! You're doing great, Bob. Remember, you signed up for this. Bob, in a mix of pride and humility, couldn't orally respond but showed determination in his continued effort to support Tyler's weight.

Frank, ever attentive to the dynamics of their unconventional training session, offered a suggestion. Tyler, maybe you should consider sitting still for the remaining 5 minutes. Give Bob a bit of a break. Supporting your weight for 15 minutes straight is a challenge. Bob, still underneath the weight and struggling, silently hoped that Tyler would take Frank's suggestion. The strain was becoming more pronounced, and Bob found himself yearning for a moment of relief. Bob: (muffled) Please, Tyler...

Tyler, feeling the resistance and sensing Bob's struggle, contemplated Frank's suggestion. However, he was not ready to ease up just yet. The arousal and enjoyment of the unique training experience fueled his desire to keep shifting his weight. I appreciate the concern, Frank, but I'm not done having fun up here. Bob, we're in this together. Let's make it through the full 15 minutes. Embrace the challenge! Bob, with a mix of determination and difficulty, couldn't orally respond but continued to endure as Tyler continued to shift his weight.

As Tyler continued to ride on Bob's face, Frank, understanding the dynamics and Tyler's preference, chuckled and teased. Well, Tyler, you're certainly making this a memorable training session. Just remember, we're here for each other. Tyler, with a playful grin, continued to enjoy the ride, occasionally shifting his weight to further fuel his arousal.

The strain on Bob became more pronounced, and Tyler's arousal was evident through the bulge showing in his pants. Frank and Mark, observing the scene, couldn't help but notice Tyler's display of excitement. Frank: Tyler, maybe it's time to give Bob a break. He's been supporting your weight for quite a while. Tyler, still reveling in the experience, chuckled and responded, I'm not ready to stop just yet, Frank. Bob's up for the challenge, right, Bob? Bob, struggling to answer due to the weight on his face, managed a muffled sound that conveyed both effort and discomfort. Tyler, it's... getting tough.

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Mark, eagerly awaiting his turn, couldn't help but express his anticipation. Tyler, let me know when it's my turn. I can't wait to experience this. Frank, with a knowing grin, teased Mark. Patience, Mark. It seems Tyler is enjoying his time up there.

Tyler, feeling the enjoyment and arousal, continued to ride on Bob despite the increasing signs of discomfort. Bob, hang in there. We're making memories, right? And Mark, your turn is coming up. Get ready for a wild ride.

As the 15 minutes of Tyler riding on Bob's face came to an end, Tyler finally eased up on the pressure. With a sigh of contentment, he leaned back in his seat, fully relaxed and at ease. The arousal that fueled the unique training experience had been satisfied.

Tyler: Alright, Bob. You've been a trooper. Thanks for the exciting and satisfying ride. You've earned a break. Bob, relieved to feel the weight lifted, responded with a muffled expression of gratitude. Thanks, Tyler. That was... quite an experience. Tyler, still catching his breath, chuckled and acknowledged the efforts of his teammate.

As Tyler directed the next phase of their unconventional training session, he instructed Mark to take a seat on Bob's chest, settling in the reverse position. Mark, take a seat on Bob's chest in the reverse position, but hold off on moving back just yet. Let's give Bob a breather before we continue.

Mark, understanding the plan, settled comfortably on Bob's chest. The atmosphere in the secluded spot shifted from the intensity of Tyler's demanding ride to a moment of reprieve for Bob. No problem, Tyler. Bob, catch your breath. We'll take it easy for a bit. Bob, grateful for the break, took deep breaths and appreciated the chance to recover after the challenging 15 minutes. Thanks, guys. That was... intense. Tyler, with a grin, acknowledged Bob's efforts. You did great, Bob. Now, Mark, enjoy your seat on the chest. We'll get back to it in a bit.

As Bob laid on his back with Mark sitting on his chest in the reverse position, he couldn't help but appreciate the view of Mark's behind. The snug fit of the white football pants followed Mark's curves perfectly, and Bob felt fortunate to have Mark's ass on the horizon for the next part of their unique training session.

Mark, sensing Bob's gaze, turned his head around and caught Bob checking out his behind. With a playful and teasing demeanor, Mark addressed Bob. What do you think of the view, Bob? Like what you see, buddy? Bob, with a sheepish grin, acknowledged the enticing sight. Oh, I can't complain. You're giving quite the show up there, Mark. Mark, enjoying the banter, decided to tease Bob a bit more. He playfully caressed his buttocks to emphasize the view. Well, Bob, get ready for an even closer look in a little while. You're in for a treat. Bob, still catching his breath from Tyler's intense ride, chuckled and responded. I'll be ready. This training session just keeps getting more interesting.

As Bob signaled his readiness for the next phase of their unconventional training, Mark decided it was time to take his seat on Bob's face. With a playful grin and a sense of anticipation, Mark repositioned himself, preparing for the face-sitting experience. Alright, Bob, get ready for the next round.

Mark carefully shifted his position on Bob's chest, making sure to straddle Bob's face while maintaining a comfortable posture. The snug fit of Mark's football pants accentuated his curves, and he could feel the anticipation building as he settled into his seat. With a slow descent, Mark lowered himself onto Bob's face, ensuring a snug fit between his buttocks and Bob's features. The weight distribution was deliberate, and Mark adjusted until he found the most comfortable position. As Mark settled, he felt a mix of sensations—control, satisfaction, and a unique connection with Bob. How's that, Bob? Comfortable down there? Yeah, Mark, ...I'm good... Ready when...you are.

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Mark, feeling the support beneath him, couldn't help but revel in the unique experience. He enjoyed the control and the camaraderie that came with this unconventional form of training. Great, let's make the most of this, Bob. Thanks for being a good sport.

As the next phase of their Saturday session unfolded, Mark and Bob continued to forge unique memories and experiences in the secluded spot near their college. The banter and camaraderie added a layer of humor to their training routine, strengthening the bonds among the football teammates.

As Mark settled comfortably onto Bob's face, he took a moment to establish his dominance and set the tone for the next phase of their unconventional training. With a confident demeanor and a sense of control, Mark placed his hands on his hips and began to give Bob a set of detailed instructions. Alright, Bob, listen up. This is how it's going to go. I like to be taken care of while I'm sitting full weight. Make sure you follow these instructions for the best experience.

First things first, keep that snug fit. I want to feel your face beneath me. None of that shifting around nonsense. Bob: (muffled) Snug fit..., got it. Mark: Next, use your hands to support my hips. I want to feel like I'm in control here. Got it? Bob: (muffled) Support your...hips, got it. Mark: Now, I like a bit of movement, but it's on my terms. No sudden shifts, and definitely no complaints. Understand? Bob: (muffled) got it. Mark, feeling the power and control, couldn't help but revel in the unique dynamic. Alright, let's make this an experience, Bob. Tyler, Frank, you guys witnessing this? It's all about dominance and comfort. Tyler, observing the scene with amusement, chimed in. Looks like Mark's taking charge here. Bob, you're in for a ride. Frank, with a grin, added, Bob, submit to the comfort. Mark is the captain now.

Bob remembered holding his hands around Tyler's ass to create a saddle for his comfort. Mark sat in full weight on Bob's face and Bob, remembering the previous experience with Tyler, struggled to communicate but managed to convey his question to Mark. Bob: (muffled) Mark, saddle... or just support hips? Mark, understanding the difficulty Bob had in speaking with him in full weight, lifted his butt slightly to allow Bob to communicate more clearly. Tyler and Frank, who were witnessing the scene, filled in the blanks to help Mark understand.

What was that, Bob? Saddle or just hips? Tyler, interpreting for Bob, chimed in. Bob's asking if you want him to create a saddle like he did for me, or just support your hips. Frank, with a playful grin, added, Bob is quite the expert in making a comfortable seat, Mark. Mark, considering the options, responded confidently. I like the idea of a saddle. Bob, go ahead and create that comfortable seat for me.

Bob, relieved to have clear instructions, adjusted his hands to create a makeshift saddle around Mark's buttocks. The snug fit added to the overall comfort, and Mark settled back into his seat. Bob: (muffled) Saddle, Mark. Comfortable? Mark, feeling the support, grinned and responded, Perfect, Bob. Now let's enjoy the ride.

As Mark settled into the makeshift saddle that Bob had expertly crafted, he became keenly aware of the comfort it provided. Feeling Bob's face beneath him, Mark leaned back in his seat, settling in full weight. The snug fit allowed him to feel Bob's features through his seat, adding to the unique experience. Ah, this is the way to go, guys. Bob's got the saddle technique down. Feels like I'm on a throne.

Tyler, watching the scene unfold, chuckled and responded, Bob's turning into the master seat-maker. How does it feel, Mark? Mark, fully enjoying the comfort, shared his experience. It's like having my own personal cushion. Bob's working for my comfort down there. Bob: (muffled) Glad to...serve, Mark.

As Bob found himself beneath Mark's ass, he immediately noticed a difference in the experience compared to Tyler. Mark, being a few kilograms lighter than Tyler, provided a

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slightly different sensation. The snug fit of Mark's buttocks felt tighter against Bob's face, creating a unique and distinct feeling. Bob, muffled but attentive to the differences, adjusted to the new dynamics. Feeling the contours of Mark's ass against his face, Bob worked diligently to provide the support needed for Mark's comfort.

Frank, ever observant, couldn't resist asking Bob about the contrast. Bob, can you feel the difference under Mark's ass? He's a bit lighter, and I bet his butt is tighter than Tyler's, right? Yeah, it's...different. Tighter, but still... a good fit. Mark...has got his...own style up...here. Mark, enjoying the banter, chimed in, Bob is adapting to the variety of seats we are providing him. It's all part of the training, right, Bob? Bob, embracing his role with humor, muffled a chuckle and replied, Training like no other, that's for sure.

Frank, always one for playful banter, couldn't resist asking Bob about his preferences among the various seats provided by Tyler, himself, and Mark. So, Bob, which seat do you prefer? Mine, Tyler's, or Mark's? I bet each one has its own charm, huh? Bob, still adjusting to Mark's seat, muffled a response with a hint of amusement. They all have their... unique charm, Frank. Frank, with a grin, added a playful comment about Mark's appearance. I have to say, Mark's ass looks pretty good in those sexy football pants of his, doesn't it? What do you think, Bob? Bob, picturing the scene in his mind, managed a muffled response. Yeah, Mark's got... a good view...up here. Mark, joining the banter, chuckled and teased, Bob's our resident seat connoisseur. He appreciates the aesthetics of our seating arrangements.

As Mark settled comfortably on Bob's face, he became aware of Bob's hands offering gentle support to his lower back and the top of his buttocks. The subtle touch added an extra layer of comfort to the unique experience, making Mark feel well taken care of. Bob, those supportive hands of yours make a difference. It's like being treated to a royal experience up here. Bob, muffled but pleased with the compliment, managed a response. Glad to make...it comfortable for...you, Mark.

Mark, enjoying the attention and comfort, continued to express his appreciation. Seriously, Bob, you're like the host of our little seating party. Your attention to detail is commendable. Makes me feel welcome up here. Frank, chiming in with a playful remark, added, Bob's turning into the hospitality expert of our unconventional training sessions. Who would have thought? Tyler, with a grin, teased, Next time, Bob, we might need you to provide a menu of seating options. What do you think, Mark? Mark, settled comfortably on Bob's face, chuckled and responded, As long as the comfort level is top-notch, I'm all for it.

After a relaxing five minutes, Mark decided to take the unconventional training up a notch for Bob. He leaned forward, addressing Bob with a commanding voice. Listen up, Bob. I'm well-rested now, and we're going to step it up a bit. When I lift my ass repeatedly, each time I sit back down, I want to immediately feel the same level of comfort I'm experiencing right now. Understand? Bob: (muffled) Got it, Mark.

Mark, with an assertive tone, continued his instructions. When I sit back down, I want your face snug in my ass, and your hands on my butt, supporting me. I'll be sitting full weight between the lifts, and I need to feel your hands guiding me back into that comfortable saddle. Your job is to follow my movements and ensure my comfort. Clear? Bob, embracing the challenge, responded with determination. Clear, Mark. Your comfort is my priority. Mark, satisfied with Bob's response, continued. Good and remember, you're here to serve me, and my comfort is your top priority. Let's make this an enjoyable experience.

Mark began the next phase of their unconventional training, lifting his butt for a second before sitting back down, going full weight. In the brief moment of elevation, Bob's hands guided Mark's descent, ensuring a soft and comfortable landing for both Mark and himself. The process repeated as Mark continued to lift and settle, each time requiring Bob's precise

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guidance. That's it, Bob. Make sure I land softly. Bob, muffled but diligent, continued to follow Mark's movements, adjusting his face to provide the optimal comfort.

As Mark lifted and settled, the dynamic between them intensified. Bob worked hard to meet Mark's expectations, not only for Mark's comfort but also for his own. The unique workout Mark designed added a new dimension to their Saturday session, combining physical challenge with a touch of dominance and submission. Mark, enjoying the workout he was giving Bob, grinned and encouraged him further. You're doing well, Bob. Keep it up. Soft landings are key.

As Mark continued his unique workout, Tyler and Frank observed with keen interest. They could see the intensity of the exercise for Bob, and Mark's commanding voice indicated a level of dominance in the unconventional training. Tyler: Mark, how's the comfort level right after you sit down? Bob's working hard down there. Frank, with a smirk, added, Yeah, Bob's getting a real workout. How's he holding up? Mark, in between lifts, responded to his teammates. The comfort is good, guys. Bob's doing a solid job guiding me down. It's a workout for him, but we're keeping it comfortable. Tyler, with a nod of approval, commented, That's the key. It should be a challenge for Bob, but not uncomfortable for you. Balance is everything.

Frank, with a playful grin, chimed in, Bob, you're getting pointers from the pros here. Keep that comfort level top-notch. Bob, still muffled but determined, managed to convey his commitment. I'm on...it, guys. Mark's...comfort is...the priority.

As the unconventional workout continued, Bob began to show signs of fatigue. Each time Mark settled back into his makeshift saddle, Bob emitted grunts and moans under the pressure of Mark's full weight. Despite the challenges, Mark, with a big smile on his face, embraced the sense of dominance and control he had over Bob's comfort. Reveling in the excitement of the unconventional exercise, he looked over his shoulder with a triumphant expression before sitting his ass back down on Bob's face. The brief pause between lifts allowed Mark to savor the moment, relishing in the control he had over Bob's experience.

Mark: You feeling the burn, Bob? This workout is not for the faint-hearted. It's a...challenge, Mark. But...I'm hanging...in there. Frank, observing the scene, couldn't help but comment. Bob is getting the full workout today. Mark, you sure know how to make things interesting. Tyler, with a grin, added, Bob, hang in there. Mark is the captain of this ship.

As the intense workout continued, Mark finally decided to stay seated, settling back into his seat with full weight. Bob, underneath, moaned and grunted in response to the added pressure, but Mark showed no signs of giving in. The unconventional exercise wasn't over yet, and Mark had a specific goal in mind. Mark: Bob, you're doing great. Stay with me a bit longer. Bob, though fatigued, remained committed. Allright...Mark. I'm...with you.

Frank, watching the scene unfold, couldn't help but express his admiration. Mark, you're one demanding rider. Bob's really earning his stripes today. Tyler, proud of the dynamics among the teammates, added, That's right, Mark. Express that dominant side. Bob's holding up well. Mark, feeling the control and dominance, continued to enjoy the unique workout. I need this, guys. Bob is the key to my relaxation. He's doing an amazing job. Bob, despite the strain, remained dedicated to providing the support Mark desired.

As Mark continued to settle into his seat with relentless determination, Bob started to squirm under the unyielding weight. The combination of Bob's squirming, grunting, and moaning added an extra layer of excitement and pleasure for Mark, evident in the noticeable bulge in his pants. Frank and Tyler, keenly observing the scene, couldn't help but notice the visible sign of Mark's arousal.

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Tyler, with a grin, encouraged Mark to embrace his dominance. Mark, enjoy the ride. Bob's here to please you, so use him as you see fit. Frank, chiming in with playful enthusiasm, added, That's right, Mark. Make him submit to your weight. It's all part of the fun.

Mark, feeling the encouragement and reveling in the control, responded to his teammates. Bob, keep serving me. I'm not done yet. Let's see how much you can take. Bob, though squirming and strained, remained dedicated to his role. I'm here...for you, Mark... Keep going. Tyler, with a nod of approval, addressed Bob directly. Keep him comfortable, Bob. That is your job right now.

As Mark continued to stay seated with unyielding determination, Bob struggled under the increasing weight. Mark, reveling in the sensation of being in control, leaned back in his makeshift saddle, amplifying the pressure on Bob's face to keep him securely under his ass.

Mark, with a tone of dominance, asked Bob a rhetorical question. Who's your boss, Bob? Say it. Bob, strained but compliant, managed a muffled response. You are...Mark. Mark, pleased with Bob's acknowledgment, continued to exert his dominance. That is right. You're here to serve me, Bob. Tyler and Frank, watching the scene unfold, couldn't help but comment with smiles on their faces. Looks like Mark is fully embracing the captain's chair. Bob's got his work cut out for him. Frank, with a chuckle, added, Bob, you're under Mark's command. Better get used to it.

The dynamic in the secluded spot had shifted to a more assertive tone, with Mark taking charge and Bob adapting to the increased demands. Mark, fully immersed in his dominant role, started a casual conversation with Frank and Tyler while Bob continued to struggle beneath him. Mark's enjoyment of Bob's exertion was evident, seeing it as a sign of a good workout.

With the intensity of the workout subsiding, Mark's bulge faded, and he felt completely satisfied and content in his dominant position. Sensing the need to check in with Bob, Mark leaned forward slightly. Bob, feeling allright down there? Need a break, or can I sit a bit longer?

Bob, feeling submissive to Mark's authority, was torn between the desire for a break and the satisfaction of continuing to serve as Mark's seat. I could use...a break, but...I'm here for ... you, Mark. It's...up to you. Mark, considering Bob's response, acknowledged, You've done well, Bob. Take a break. We'll switch it up in a bit.

With Mark's approval, Bob could finally catch his breath as the weight lifted from his face. The dynamics of their Saturday session shifted once again, allowing Bob a moment to rest while Mark enjoyed the satisfaction of a workout well executed.

After Mark's sitting session on Bob concluded, the guys took a moment to evaluate the experience. Each teammate shared his opinion on the day's unconventional training.

Mark, feeling satisfied and in control, expressed his thoughts first. That was a good workout, guys. Bob handled it well. It's always a unique experience being in charge. Tyler, observing the dynamics, added his perspective. Agreed. Bob did great. These sessions keep getting more interesting. I'm all for trying new challenges. Frank, always enthusiastic about pushing boundaries, chimed in. Bob is a trooper. I can tell he's getting used to the dynamics. We could amp it up even more next time. Bob, having served as the seat, shared his feelings. It was challenging, but I appreciate the workout. Keeps things interesting.

As the guys concluded their training session, they decided to head back to the cars. Tyler, accustomed to riding on Bob's shoulders, prepared for his usual ride. However, the question lingered for Frank—what would be his mode of transportation? Tyler, looking at Bob, remarked with a playful smile, Ready for the usual ride, Bob? Bob, also smiling, nodded in response, Always, Tyler. Let's do it.

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Frank, contemplating his options, approached Mark with a mischievous grin. Hey, Mark, how about you give me a lift back? It's about time I enjoy the view from up there. Mark, raising an eyebrow, chuckled, You want me to carry you on my shoulders? You're not exactly lightweight, Frank. Frank, with a confident grin, responded, Come on, Mark. It'll be fun. You can show me how strong you really are. Mark, considering the proposal, sighed, Fine, but just this once. And no funny business, got it? Frank, ecstatic, clapped Mark on the back, Deal! Let's see what these shoulders can handle.

As Tyler hopped onto Bob's shoulders, Mark reluctantly crouched down, allowing Frank to climb onto his shoulders. The guys, now in their unconventional pairs, began the walk back to the cars. Frank, feeling triumphant, looked at Bob and Tyler. Mark's got some solid shoulders! Bob, from beneath Tyler, responded with a laugh, Enjoy it while it lasts, Frank.

The banter continued as the football teammates made their way back, creating more memories and shared experiences in the process. The unconventional camaraderie and playful dynamics of their Saturday sessions lingered, making each walk back to the cars a unique adventure.