

The following week, the guys gathered at their secluded spot in the park next to their college, ready to continue Bob's endurance training. They had noticed the positive effects on Bob's performance on the football field, and Bob himself had expressed a desire to push his limits further. Dressed in white, snug football pants, t-shirts, and baseball caps, they came prepared for another session of intense training.

The guys were eager to combine hard work, fun, and relaxation in what promised to be another enjoyable afternoon of training. They were ready to help Bob improve his strength and stamina further while enjoying the experience themselves.

In the morning, the guys weighed themselves to assess their current weights. Bob weighed in at 80 kg, Mark at 90 kg, and Tyler at 95 kg. They took note of these numbers before heading to their training session to better understand the distribution of weight and make adjustments accordingly during their endurance training.

Tyler: Hey Mark, do you need your cushion, or do you want to ride without it? Mark: I'll take it without the cushion. I want to feel him directly beneath me. Tyler: All right, man. Enjoy the ride. Mark, with a mischievous grin, slid forward and settled onto Bob's face without the cushion, ensuring that Bob's face conformed to his weight. He sighed in comfort and leaned back slightly. Mark: Ready for a good ride today, Bob? Get comfortable under there; you're in for a workout. Bob, muffled but determined: Yes, I'm...ready. Give me...your best, Mark.

Mark: Okay, Bob. I'm going to ride you for 5 minutes, then I'll sit still for another 5. Just a reminder, here's how I want to be served while I'm riding you. First, make sure your face is well-positioned and snug against my ass. You're going to support my weight, so really get comfortable down there. If I shift my weight or give you any other signals, adjust accordingly. And remember to keep me well-pampered. Now, let's get started! Bob, muffled but determined: Got it...Mark. I'm...ready for...your ride. Mark then settled onto Bob's face. Bob, with his face pressed snugly against Mark's ass, worked diligently to keep Mark comfortable and well-supported.

Mark was back in the saddle, and it felt good. He adjusted his position, making sure his weight was evenly distributed on Bob's face. Bob's warm breath against the snug fit of his ass was a reminder of the unique experience he was about to enjoy.

Mark: Tyler, man, this feels amazing. Being back in the saddle on Bob's face is like no other sensation. It's a mix of comfort, control, and... power, you know? Tyler, grinning, replied from behind Mark: I get what you mean, buddy. It's all about feeling in charge, feeling the support, and knowing Bob is here to cater to us. Plus, the view from back here isn't bad either.

As Mark rode Bob's face, he occasionally shifted his weight subtly, causing Bob to respond by adjusting his position beneath him. It was an unspoken connection between them, Bob working to keep Mark comfortable and Mark enjoying the experience.

Mark continued: And, you know, it's not just the physical comfort, but the mental thing too. Bob's down there, under my control, serving me willingly. It's an incredible feeling. Tyler chimed in, Absolutely, Mark. It's like a power exchange. We're living the dominant role, and Bob, well, he's embracing his submissive side.

The two friends shared a few laughs, talking about how Bob's face made an excellent seat. Mark, enjoying his ride, occasionally adjusted his position for his own comfort, and Bob dutifully adapted to these changes.

Mark: I could sit here all day, but I don't want to wear Bob out too soon. What do you say we stick to the schedule and give him a break?

Tyler agreed, Sounds good, man. I'm up next, and I want to enjoy my ride too. Let's keep the pace. Mark settled into stillness on Bob's face, allowing Bob a moment to catch his breath and prepare for Tyler's turn.

Tyler, now sitting with a cushion positioned on Bob's face, leaned back comfortably, resting his weight on the cushion and giving himself a few moments to settle in. With a contented sigh, he began to issue his instructions to Bob, who was diligently working to ensure Tyler's comfort and satisfaction.

Tyler: Alright, Bob, this cushion is nice, but we need to get it just right for maximum comfort. You know the drill, buddy. First, make sure it's positioned evenly. I want my weight distributed evenly across my ass. Bob, muffled but attentive, adjusted the cushion slightly to ensure it was centered on his face, providing optimal support for Tyler. Tyler: Good, good. Now, make sure the cushion is snug under my ass. I want a nice, close fit, but not too tight. It should cradle my cheeks, you know? Bob carefully molded the cushion to Tyler's contours, ensuring a comfortable and snug fit around Tyler's athletic ass. Tyler: Perfect. Now, remember, I'll be here for a while, so you'll have to work hard to keep me comfy. Your job is to serve as my perfect seat. I don't want to feel any discomfort or shifting during the ride.

Bob, who had gained experience from previous sessions, was well-prepared to meet Tyler's demands. He made sure to keep Tyler's cushion adjusted, providing a stable and snug fit.

Tyler: Also, Bob, keep me well-pampered. If I need any adjustments, you better respond quickly, and don't forget, my comfort is your top priority today. And, well, you can't speak right now, so actions are your best way to communicate. Bob grunted in agreement beneath the cushion, letting Tyler know that he understood his role. Tyler: Good. You're doing great, Bob. Just stay focused, and I'll have an enjoyable ride while you work hard beneath this cushion.

Tyler relaxed on the cushion, satisfied with the comfort Bob was providing. He looked over at Mark, who was patiently waiting for his turn, and gave him a nod, indicating that he was ready for his ride.

Tyler: Ah, it's good to be back in the saddle, Bob. You ready for a workout today? Bob, diligently serving as Tyler's seat, muffled but responsive: mmmph. Tyler: That's the spirit. You know, Bob, I've got a bit more weight than Mark, but I think you can handle it. I want to give you a real challenge today. You can take it, can't you?

Mark, watching the scene and ready for his turn, chimed in: I'm sure Bob's up for the challenge. He's been improving his endurance, thanks to us. Tyler: that's right, Bob. We're here to help you get even better. Bob, showing his commitment, adjusted himself to bear Tyler's weight more comfortably. Mark: You'll do just fine, Bob. We're here to make sure you get the best workout possible.

The trio continued their playful banter and friendly conversation while Bob worked hard to support Tyler under his cushion, bearing his full 95 kg with determination. Tyler leaned back, enjoying his ride, ready to give Bob the challenge he had prepared for him.

Tyler, settling into his comfortable seat on Bob's face, expresses his excitement about today's ride: Oh man, Mark, I've been looking forward to this all week. It feels so good to be back in the saddle! Mark, standing nearby, asks Tyler: Are you sitting comfortably, Tyler? If you need anything to enhance your ride, just let Bob know. He's here to serve you.

Bob, working diligently beneath Tyler's cushion, lets out a soft, muffled moan, which Tyler interprets as a sign of his hard work. Tyler: (smirking) That's it, Bob. I can tell you're putting in the effort. How are you holding up down there? Bob, determined to serve Tyler well, manages to respond with a muffled but clear voice: Bob: I'm doing...my best...Tyler.

Mark can't help but comment on Tyler's appearance: Tyler, is it just me, or does your ass look even bigger than last week? It still looks fantastic, but it seems more prominent. Have you been hitting the gym or something? Tyler, grinning, looks over his shoulder to get a glimpse of his own backside. He then places both hands on his ass, confirming Mark's observation: You've got a keen eye, Mark. I've been working on my glutes at the gym, specifically the gluteus maximus, to give it a better shape. Bob is lucky to be serving under it!

Tyler shifts his weight occasionally to keep himself comfortable on his cushion. Bob moans and grunts with every move he makes, acknowledging the pressure of Tyler's weight upon him. Mark, observing Bob's struggles and understanding Tyler's intentions, chimes in with a mischievous tone: You know, Tyler, it's a good workout for Bob down there. He can handle your weight just fine. Let him work for your comfort; after all, he's here to serve you. Tyler, feeling the power and control he has over Bob, grins and leans back further, shifting his weight for a moment, making Bob's discomfort even more pronounced. Bob, moaning under Tyler's cushion, is dedicated to ensuring Tyler's comfort, no matter how challenging it may be.

Mark, impressed by Bob's endurance and Tyler's demonstration of control, asks Bob with a smirk, Bob, how are you holding up down there? Are you enjoying serving under Tyler's ass? Bob, muffled by Tyler's cushion but determined to respond, manages to say, It's... challenging, but I'm...here to serve... and... it's worth it. Tyler grins and leans back even further, putting more of his weight on Bob's face. That's the spirit, Bob! Keep serving, and remember, I'm in control. Bob moans in response, his face buried beneath Tyler's cushion, feeling the pressure increase with every subtle shift of Tyler's weight. The dominance and control are evident as Tyler enjoys his powerful position on top.

Tyler invites Mark to take the buddy seat on Bob's stomach, adding some humor, Bob doesn't mind the extra weight, do you, buddy? He chuckles and then addresses Bob, Put up your legs for Mark, Bob, he needs a backrest. Bob does as instructed, placing his legs up to form a comfortable backrest. Mark settles in on Bob's stomach, finding a comfortable position and leans back against Bob's raised legs. This is cozy, he remarks, ready to enjoy the ride and chat with Tyler.

Tyler, sitting firmly on Bob's face, could feel the added weight of Mark on Bob's stomach, making his job of keeping him comfortable a bit more challenging. As Tyler shifted his weight slightly, he expected Bob to adjust promptly to ensure that snug, well-supported fit he desired. However, Bob was lagging in his response, and this displeased Tyler.

Not one to compromise his comfort, Tyler issued a firm command, Bob, you need to step up your game here. I want to feel that snug fit, and I need to be well-supported. Mark's on board now, and I can't have you slacking off. Mark, hearing Tyler's command, chimed in, Yeah, Bob, you need to keep us both comfortable, buddy. We're counting on you.

Bob, feeling the added pressure of both riders and their expectations, quickly adjusted himself to ensure the comfort of the guys. Tyler, now feeling the snug fit he desired, nodded in satisfaction, That's better, Bob. Keep it up.

Tyler, enjoying his ride on Bob's face, turned to Mark and said, Hey, Mark, let's give Bob a little challenge, shall we? Lift your ass up for a moment, and then sit back down with some force on Bob's stomach. I want to test if he can maintain that snug fit without any hiccups. Mark, always up for some fun, grinned and agreed, Sure thing, Tyler.

Mark proceeded to lift himself slightly, feeling Bob's body beneath him, and then settled back down with a bit of force. He could feel Bob adjusting to accommodate the added pressure. How's that, Tyler? he asked. Tyler, feeling the changes in Bob's movements, responded with a smirk, Good, good. Bob, keep it up. We want a smooth ride here. Bob, committed to their comfort and satisfaction, mumbled his acknowledgment under Tyler's weight.

The friends continued their playful yet demanding ride, with Bob working diligently to meet their expectations and maintain that snug fit between his face and Tyler's ass.

Tyler, always seeking perfection and enjoying the sensations of dominance, looked back over his shoulder and grinned at Mark. Let's try that move again, Mark. I want to see if Bob can keep it together. Mark nodded and repeated the maneuver, lifting his ass slightly and then settling back down with a bit more force on Bob's stomach. Underneath them, Bob was working hard to accommodate the shifting weight and provide a comfortable ride. Tyler felt the added pressure and couldn't help but smile even wider. That's it, Mark. Let's keep Bob on his toes. Mark chuckled and continued with the move, feeling the contours of Bob's body beneath him. Bob, you're doing great. Hang in there, buddy.

I've been sitting here for quite a while now Mark, don't you want to take over from me? I need to pee and Bob needs a rider, so I don't want him to be unseated for too long. Mark chuckled at Tyler's comment. Sure, buddy. I can take over for you. Go take care of your business, and I'll make sure Bob doesn't get a break.

Tyler carefully lifted himself from Bob's face and Mark swiftly took his place, making sure to sit down firmly to maintain Bob's workload. Alright, Bob, you're not getting off that easy. It's my turn now, Mark said with a grin, looking down at Bob. Bob, relieved that the pressure on his face was momentarily lifted, mumbled his acknowledgment, ready to serve Mark just as he had served Tyler.

Mark adjusted his position on Bob's face to ensure he was sitting comfortably without the cushion. He leaned back slightly and began issuing his instructions. Alright, Bob, let's get this right. First, I want you to make sure my weight is evenly distributed so I feel well-supported on your face. You know I like it snug, so keep your face snugly beneath me. And don't forget to adjust to my movements, just like you did with Tyler. Bob's muffled voice responded with a soft, Of course, Mark. Mark continued, Remember, your main job is to keep me comfortable and pamper my ass. I like it when you adapt to my shifts and make me feel like I'm sitting on a cloud. Now, I don't want you to forget anything I said, Bob. Got it? Bob, dedicated to serving Mark and keeping him comfortable, nodded the best he could under Mark's weight. Yes, Mark, I...got it.

Mark leaned back, his weight pressing down on Bob's face, and sighed in contentment. He was determined to enjoy his time in the saddle.

As Mark settled comfortably on Bob's face, he noticed the soft moans and muffled sounds of discomfort escaping from beneath him. He couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction, knowing that he was giving Bob a challenging workout, all while he enjoyed a relaxing ride.

Listen to him, Tyler, Mark said with a grin, speaking to his friend who was walking towards him, observing the scene. Bob is working hard to please me. I'm not doing anything, and he's down there, moaning and struggling to support me. This is what I call a great workout. Tyler chuckled in agreement, appreciating the effort Bob was putting in to serve as a seat for his friend. Mark continued to sit comfortably and take in the sights, feeling in control and pleased with the situation.

Make him work for your comfort, Mark, Tyler says with a grin on his face, and keep Bob engaged. I have to make a quick phone call, do you mind riding him a while longer or do you want me to take over?

Mark grinned back at Tyler, clearly enjoying the power dynamic that had developed during their unconventional seating arrangement. No problem, Tyler. I'll keep him working, he replied confidently. Take your time with the call. Bob and I are getting along just fine.

As Tyler stepped away temporarily to make his phone call, Mark adjusted his position slightly, shifting his weight on Bob's face to ensure that Bob would continue to work diligently to keep him comfortable and satisfied. Mark was determined to make the most of his time in the saddle, and he could feel that Bob's efforts were focused on meeting his needs.

Mark: (chuckling) You know, Bob, I just realized something. These football pants are not just great for the field, but they're perfect for face sitting too. Bob: (muffled voice, with some effort) How so? Mark: Well, they're so smooth and snug. No folds or wrinkles that could make it uncomfortable for either of us. It's like they were made for this. Bob: (muffled agreement) Mark: (lifting slightly) What's that, Bob? Bob: (struggling) Agree... Pants good... smooth... Mark: (sitting back down) That's what I thought. It's all about the comfort, my friend.

Tyler returned with a mischievous grin on his face. I just had my friend Frank on the line, he's coming over to check out our method of training Bob. He's genuinely interested in mental and physical training methods.

Mark looked at Tyler with a mix of curiosity and amusement. Well, this is certainly going to be an interesting day for Bob. Frank's in for a unique experience. Bob, still supporting Mark's weight, couldn't express his feelings, but his muffled voice conveyed a sense of surprise and a hint of nervousness as he wondered how their friend would react to their unconventional "training method."

How has your ride been, Mark, Tyler asks. Mark tells him that it has been like sitting on a cloud. Bob really pampered my ass and I feel taken care of, relaxed and satisfied, he says with a big smile. I could sit here all day, Tyler. I'm sure you'd love to sit here all day Mark, but my ass has been missing Bob's face, so let's switch places. You can take the back seat if you want, I'm sure Bob wouldn't mind to support your weight as well. Mark chuckled as he carefully lifted himself off Bob's face and settled on his stomach.

Tyler, with a grin on his face, took the front seat, placing himself on Bob's face without the cushion. Ah, it's good to be back in the saddle, he remarked, adjusting his position to ensure a snug fit on Bob's face. Bob, ever the accommodating seat, adjusted to support Tyler's weight, ready to serve him just as diligently as he had Mark.

With the heavy quarterback in the saddle, Bob has his work lined out for him. And he also has to support Mark's weight in the backseat, or what the boys call 'the buddy seat', so he will be working hard whatever they decide on the duration of the session ahead.

Tyler settles in on Bob's face and puts his ass down, but doesn't go full weight yet. He orders Bob to provide a snug fit between his ass and his face, just the way he likes it. Bob understood Tyler's request and lifted his head to position it perfectly beneath Tyler's ass. With Tyler's encouragement, he molded his face to fit the curves of Tyler's buttocks snugly. Tyler was now comfortably seated on his face, and the tight fit ensured that his weight was well-supported. Tyler: That's it, Bob, you know how to make it comfortable. Now, I'm going full weight. With those words, Tyler settled down fully on Bob's face. Bob's muffled voice indicated that he was carrying Tyler's weight with dedication, ready to provide a comfortable and supportive seat for his friend.

Tyler: (grinning) Alright, Bob, I'm settling in for a good ride. First, make sure your head is snugly tucked between my ass cheeks. I want to feel fully supported. Got it? Bob, despite the difficulty of speaking: Mm-hmm. Tyler: Good. Now, breathe through your nose and relax. I want you to remain completely still and keep my weight well-distributed. I don't want any unnecessary movements. Focus on serving my ass and making sure it's comfortable and pampered. If you need to adjust, do it slowly and gently. I don't want any sudden shifts. Bob, straining to reply: Okay. Tyler: "You're doing great, Bob. Now, during this ride, I'll occasionally shift my weight to ensure you're attentive and focused. Don't forget to keep that snug fit between my ass and your face. If you feel any discomfort, adjust immediately. And

remember, my pleasure and comfort are your top priorities. Bob, with effort: Understood. Tyler: Perfect. Now, let's enjoy this ride together. With their understanding in place, Tyler leaned back into his comfortable seat, knowing that Bob would take care of his comfort.

Ah, this is the live, Mark, Tyler says with contentment in his voice. This feels so good. I get it why you said you could sit here all day, so could I. Mark: (smiling) I told you, Tyler. It's like sitting on a cloud. Bob really knows how to pamper us. The weather is just perfect today, too. Tyler: (nodding) Absolutely, Mark. It's a fantastic way to spend the afternoon. We're lucky to have such a dedicated seat like Bob.

As the conversation continued, the two friends relaxed in their comfortable seats, enjoying the warmth of the sun and the gentle breeze. The park provided a peaceful backdrop for their training session, and they couldn't have asked for a better day.

Tyler: (shifting slightly) Good job, Bob. Keep up the good work. Bob: (muffled) Thank you, ... Tyler. I'm here...to serve you. Mark: You've got him well-trained, Tyler. He's taking good care of you. Tyler: (smiling) He sure is. It's like he knows exactly what I need. Mark: (nodding) That's the sign of a dedicated seat, my friend.

Just before the 10 minute mark, Tyler's phone rings. It's Frank, he's nearby, but he can't find the secluded spot.

Tyler: (answering the phone) Hey, Frank. I'm actually sitting on him right now, but I'll come over to help you out. Tyler looks at Mark and explains the situation. Mark, can you take care of Bob for a bit? I'll go pick up Frank. Mark: Sure thing, Tyler. Go ahead, we've got it covered here. Tyler gets up and heads over to find Frank, leaving Mark in charge of Bob's training.

Mark: Bob, you've been doing great so far. I'll give you a little break from face sitting for now. I'm going to stay seated on your stomach while we wait for Frank's arrival. I'm not sure what Tyler told Frank, and I'd feel more at ease welcoming his friend this way. Bob: (relieved) Thank you, Mark. I appreciate the break.

Mark settles in on Bob's stomach, giving his face a much-needed respite. They both wait patiently for Frank to arrive.