

It's a new Saturday, and the guys gather in the parking lot for another day of fun and training. Tyler: Hey, Bob! Remember the shoulder rides last time? I'm up for it again! Bob: Absolutely! I had a blast carrying you around. Let's do it! Mark: I don't know, guys. Carrying Frank last time was no joke. He's heavy. Frank: Come on, Mark! I loved it, and I promise I won't gain weight between now and next Saturday! Mark: I don't know, Frank. It's a workout carrying you. Frank: But it's fun! You get a good workout, while I get to relax. It's a win-win! Mark: Alright, fine. Frank, I'll give it another shot. But you owe me a cold drink after this! Frank: Deal! Thanks, Mark. You won't regret it.

Bob, a sturdy and well-built guy, crouched down first. His broad shoulders and muscular arms were a testament to his regular workouts. Tyler, with a playful grin, approached him and expertly mounted his shoulders. Alright, Bob, let's do this! Bob grunted a bit as he adjusted to Tyler's weight, but he did it with ease. Tyler settled comfortably on Bob's shoulders, his hands resting on Bob's head for balance. Ready to roll, Bob!

Meanwhile, Mark, a bit hesitant due to the memory of the last shoulder ride, crouched down for Frank. Frank, however, was excited about the prospect of another ride. He confidently mounted Mark's shoulders. Mark grunted adjusting to Frank's weight. Okay, Mark, let's make this one even better than the last! Frank encouraged, patting Mark's head like a coach motivating his player.

With the riders comfortably seated, they issued the order to be lifted. On your feet, gentlemen!, Tyler called out to Bob and Mark. Bob, using his powerful leg muscles, stood up smoothly with Tyler perched on his shoulders. Mark, though feeling the weight of Frank, managed to rise steadily, determined to make it through the 15-minute walk.

Bob, being the experienced carrier, adjusted his posture to ensure Tyler's comfort. How's the view up there? he asked, a hint of humor in his voice. Tyler chuckled. Fantastic, Bob! Let's head to the park! Mark, carrying Frank, felt the strain but decided to embrace the challenge. Frank, enjoying the ride, chatted animatedly with Tyler, making the walk seem shorter than it was. The group attracted a few curious looks from other park-goers, but the guys were used to the attention.

As they strolled towards their regular spot in the park, the camaraderie between the riders and carriers shone through. The sun, filtering through the trees, added a warm glow to the scene. Bob and Mark, despite the workout, sported determined grins, proud to carry their friends for the sake of a good time.

The 15-minute journey turned into a shared adventure, with laughter and banter filling the air. As they reached their destination, the guys dismounted, all smiles and high-fives. The shoulder ride tradition continued, forging bonds of friendship and creating memories that would be recounted with laughter for Saturdays to come.

As the group settled in their favorite spot in the park, Frank turned to Tyler with a grin. Hey, Tyler, what do you say we make this shoulder riding thing a regular Saturday tradition? It's a great workout for Bob and Mark, and I had a blast again. Riding a guy like this is just too much fun. We could do it from the parking lot to here and back every week!

Tyler chuckled, You know what, Frank? I'm in! Bob makes a solid carrier, and it's a unique way to kick off our Saturdays. Bob, overhearing the conversation, raised an eyebrow. Every Saturday, huh? I mean, it's a workout, but are we sure about making it a regular thing? Frank patted Bob's shoulder. Come on, Bob! It's good exercise, and we have a great time. Plus, it'll be our thing! Tyler nodded in agreement. Yeah, Bob, you make a fantastic carrier. I'm game for making it a tradition.

Meanwhile, Mark, still recovering from the walk, eyed Frank with a mix of amusement and slight concern. You're not serious about this every Saturday thing, are you? Frank grinned mischievously. Why not, Mark? You give the best rides, and I can't resist the fun. It's a win-

win! Mark sighed, realizing he might have inadvertently created a monster. Alright, but just so we're clear, this doesn't mean I'm your permanent ride, Frank. Frank winked at Mark. We'll see about that. Thanks for the ride today, though! As the guys bantered about their new tradition, Mark couldn't shake the feeling that he might have set a precedent.

The following Saturday, true to their word, the group gathered in the parking lot for another round of shoulder rides. Tyler, Mark, and Bob were decked out in their trusty football gear, ready for a day of fun and camaraderie. Frank, true to his cowboy spirit, sported his signature Levi's jeans and rugged cowboy boots and hat.

Bob, despite his initial reservations, found himself embracing the routine. Tyler hopped on his shoulders, and the group set off for the park. Mark, on the other hand, was adjusting to the idea of being Frank's go-to carrier. As he crouched down for Frank to mount, he couldn't help but shake his head at how quickly things had escalated. The park echoed with laughter as the guys embarked on another day of shared adventures, shoulder rides becoming the unexpected highlight of their Saturdays.

As they shared a few laughs, Frank couldn't help but tease Tyler about his perch on Bob's shoulders. Tyler, my man, that's quite a view you've got up there on Bob's shoulders. You making yourself comfortable? Tyler, with a smirk, responded, Oh, you know it, Frank! Bob here gives the best rides in town. It's like a front-row seat to the park. Bob, taking the comment in stride, added, Glad to hear you're enjoying the view, Tyler. Just don't get too comfortable up there. Frank chuckled and gestured towards Tyler's rear end. I must say, Bob, Tyler has got quite the ass. It's like he was born to be carried around. Tyler, always quick with a comeback, retorted, Well, Frank, I could say the same about your ass sitting on Mark over there. It's a two-way street, my friend. Mark, slightly embarrassed but amused, chimed in, Hey, if Frank likes the view, who am I to complain?

Frank, looking at Tyler, nodded towards his pants. Speaking of views, Tyler, those football pants of yours don't leave much to the imagination. You been hitting the gym or what? Tyler flexed jokingly, Always trying to stay in shape, Frank. Gotta make the shoulder rides look good, you know?

Bob, taking the opportunity to shift the attention, complimented Frank's choice of jeans. Frank, those Levi's of yours are top-notch. Classic and rugged. I might need to get myself a pair. Frank grinned, Thanks, Bob! Levi's never go out of style. Meanwhile, Mark admired Frank's cowboy boots. Those boots, Frank, where'd you get them? They look perfect for our little adventures here. Frank proudly pointed at his boots. Got 'em at the local western store. They're sturdy, comfortable, and add a bit of flair to the rides.

As the banter continued, the group set off for their usual spot in the park. The mix of football gear and cowboy style added a unique flair to their Saturday routine. Laughter echoed through the park as they embraced the lighthearted teasing, with each member appreciating the distinctive elements that made their group dynamic so special. The unlikely blend of football and cowboy aesthetics created a bond that went beyond the surface, turning their regular Saturdays into a blend of tradition, camaraderie, and unexpected fashion commentary.

A few minutes later, Bob, lying on his back, prepared himself for the unique training session. Tyler, eager to try something new, decided to challenge Bob's mental and physical strength. Tyler: Alright, Bob, here's the plan. I'll take the front seat first, sitting on your face. Meanwhile, the others will take turns stepping on and off your stomach. We want to build up your mental and abdominal strength. Ready? Bob, ever up for a challenge, grunted in agreement. Tyler confidently took the front seat, sitting on Bob's face full weight. Tyler: Let's start the timer, guys. I'll go for 5 minutes, and then we'll switch positions. As Tyler settled comfortably, the others prepared to take their turns on Bob's stomach. Mark stepped forward first, placing his foot on Bob's abdomen. Mark: Ready, Bob? Don't worry, we'll keep it steady.

As the training session began, the guys engaged in a mix of encouragement and light banter. Frank, watching Mark, chimed in: How are you feeling down there, Bob? Feeling the burn yet? Bob, muffled under Tyler, managed a grunt, indicating he was indeed feeling the challenge.

After 5 minutes, Tyler rose from his seat on Bob's face. Tyler: Your turn, Mark. Let's keep it rolling. Mark smoothly transitioned from stepping on Bob's stomach to sitting on his face, taking the full weight position.

The rotation continued, with each rider taking their turn on Bob's stomach and then in the front seat. Bob, feeling the changing weights and pressures, focused on maintaining stability for the rider on his face while enduring the training on his abdomen. As the session progressed, the guys kept up a lively conversation. Tyler, as he stepped off Bob's stomach, teased: Bob, you're doing great! Soon you'll be able to handle all of us at once.

As the timer approached the end of the session, Tyler prepared to take the front seat again. Tyler, with his 95 kg weight, confidently took the front seat, sitting full weight on Bob's face. The pressure on Bob's face was palpable, but he was determined to endure. Tyler, feeling the unique sensation of sitting on Bob's face, chuckled. This is definitely a different kind of workout, Bob! You hanging in there? Bob, muffled under Tyler, managed a strained sound, a mix of acknowledgment and exertion.

Meanwhile, Mark and Frank took turns stepping on and off Bob's stomach, adding to the challenge. Mark, with his 90 kg weight, and Frank, with his 110 kg weight, created a dynamic workout for Bob's abdomen. Each step brought a different pressure, forcing Bob's core to adapt.

Frank, observing the situation, couldn't resist making a playful comment. Bob, my man, you're carrying quite the load today. How's that six-pack holding up? Bob, unable to respond verbally, conveyed his efforts through a series of grunts and moans. Tyler, still comfortably seated on Bob's face, couldn't help but appreciate the challenge Bob was facing. You're a trooper, Bob! Holding up like a champ. Tyler shifted slightly, finding a comfortable spot on Bob's face. The unique nature of the workout made it both physically demanding and oddly amusing.

As the timer ticked away, the guys maintained their rhythm, switching positions and keeping the banter alive. Bob, while undoubtedly feeling the strain, showed resilience in supporting the changing weights and pressures. The attire of the guys added to the challenge. Both Tyler and Mark, in their football pants, had a snug fit that made the pressure more concentrated. Frank, in his Levi's, contributed to the varying sensations on Bob's body.

The camaraderie and light-hearted teasing continued, creating an atmosphere of shared effort and mutual encouragement. The session was not just a physical workout for Bob but a test of mental strength as well. As the session neared its conclusion, Tyler prepared to step off Bob's face for the last time. Tyler: Great job, Bob! You're a true teammate. The others echoed the sentiment, appreciating Bob's endurance in the face of their challenging workout.

As the guys took a break, Bob lay there, catching his breath and preparing for the next round of the challenging workout. Tyler, the mastermind behind this unconventional training session, explained the plan for the upcoming 10 minutes. Alright, Bob, you've earned yourself a 10-minute break. Take it easy, my man. But get ready because the next round is going to be even more entertaining, Tyler announced, a mischievous grin on his face.

During the break, the guys exchanged banter and shared a few laughs, appreciating the unique nature of their workout routine. Frank, in his cowboy boots, was particularly eager for his turn. He liked the idea of the reverse position, giving him a front-row seat to the action on Bob's stomach. As the break came to an end, Tyler took charge. Alright, everyone, get ready

for round two! Mark, you're up first on face duty. Frank, you'll have the pleasure of stepping on Bob's abs in those stylish cowboy boots.

Mark, clad in snug white football pants, took his position on Bob's face for the face-sitting session. The fabric of his pants hugged his toned physique, accentuating his athletic build. As he settled onto Bob's face, he felt the warmth and pressure, creating an intimate connection between the rider and his human seat. Ah, this is the life, Bob! You make a cozy cushion, you know that? Bob, grunted in response, already accustomed to the banter that accompanied these unconventional workouts.

Tyler, ever the commentator, couldn't resist making a playful remark. Hey, Mark, those football pants really do wonders for your... shall we say, assets. Bob, you're in for a treat! Mark, despite the humor, felt a sense of comfort and control as he sat bareback on Bob's face. The snug fit of the football pants added to the sensation, making him aware of every contour beneath him.

Alright, Bob, here's the deal, Mark said, giving Bob his instructions. I want to enjoy this ride, but I need you to make sure my ass stays comfortable. Frank's boots are no joke, and I don't want any discomfort distracting me. Listen carefully! Bob, ever the cooperative carrier, grunted in acknowledgment, ready to follow Mark's guidance. First, make sure you adjust yourself to support the added pressure when Frank steps on, Mark instructed. And when he steps off, give me a moment to readjust. I want to enjoy the full experience without any hiccups. Got it? Bob responded with another grunt, signaling his understanding and readiness to comply.

The challenge for Bob intensified as Frank, weighing in at 110 kg and sporting cowboy boots, stepped on and off Bob's abs during the session. The added weight and the firmness of the boots created a dynamic and challenging workout for Bob, especially when Frank decided to push the heels of his boots into his abs when he stepped on.

As the session continued, Bob worked diligently to fulfill Mark's instructions. The varied sensations under Mark's snug football-panted ass, combined with the challenges posed by Frank's boots, created a unique and demanding workout for both rider and carrier. The atmosphere was filled with laughter, banter, and the shared experience of pushing physical boundaries in the name of camaraderie.

Under the snug fit of Mark's white football pants, Bob found himself in a unique and somewhat intimate position. The warmth and pressure were both comforting and demanding, creating a sensation that was both challenging and oddly enjoyable. Mark, fully seated and relaxed, reveled in the comfort of Bob's face beneath him. Ah, Bob, you make the perfect seat, Mark chuckled, You comfortable down there? Bob, with a muffled response, acknowledged his role as the designated seat for the day's workout. Meanwhile, Frank, in his sturdy cowboy boots, was taking his turn trampling Bob's abs, creating an additional layer of challenge for the sturdy carrier. Mark, enjoying his relaxed position, couldn't help but comment on the situation. Bob, my man, you're doing great under there. It's like a throne of fitness, isn't it? Bob, despite the physical strain, found a sense of satisfaction in fulfilling his role. The weight of Mark's full seat was offset by the entertaining banter and the camaraderie among the guys.

As Frank continued his trampling exercises, Mark, with a mischievous grin, decided to add a playful twist to the routine. Bob, let's switch things up a bit. How about a reverse face-sit? I want the full view while Frank does his thing. Bob, always submissive and eager to please, adjusted his position as Mark shifted to face the opposite direction. Now, Mark could enjoy the view of Frank's actions while still comfortably seated on Bob's face. Bob, you're a trooper, Mark remarked, his playful tone contrasting with the demanding workout. This way, I get to enjoy the scenery, and you get to... well, be our living workout equipment.

The dynamic between the riders and Bob was one of trust and shared enjoyment. Bob, despite the physical challenges, found fulfillment in being the center of attention during these unconventional fitness sessions. The combination of Mark's weight and the visual spectacle of Frank's trampling created an atmosphere of shared laughter and camaraderie. As the session continued, Bob endured the physical demands, savoring the unique experience of being submissive to Mark and Frank, all in the name of friendship and an unconventional workout routine.

It's Tyler's turn to sit on Bob's face for the next round of Bob's workout. Mark will do the trampling so Frank can rest in the grass. Under the snug fit of Tyler's football pants, Bob found himself once again in a familiar yet exhilarating position. The weight of Tyler's full seat on his face presented a challenge that Bob had grown accustomed to, and yet, each time felt like a new experience. Tyler, seated comfortably and facing the opposite direction, enjoyed the unusual vantage point. The snug football pants accentuated the curves of Tyler's athletic physique, and as he looked down at Bob's body beneath him, he couldn't help but appreciate the unique workout they were all partaking in. Bob, my man, you ready for another round? Tyler teased, knowing that Bob was, in a way, the unsung hero of their unconventional fitness routine. Bob, muffled yet responsive, acknowledged his readiness for the next phase of the workout. Meanwhile, Frank, having taken a break from trampling, couldn't resist commenting on the view. Tyler, those football pants really highlight your assets, Frank chuckled, finding amusement in the situation. Bob, you're in for a treat with that view! Tyler, comfortable and enjoying the banter, leaned back slightly to get a better look at the trampling session led by Mark. The weight of Tyler's athletic frame on Bob's face created a mix of sensations – pressure, warmth, and a unique connection between the two friends. Bob, you're doing awesome down there, Tyler remarked, his tone supportive and light-hearted. It's like a face-sitting and ab workout combo. How are you holding up? Bob, despite the physical demands, found a sense of fulfillment in being the focal point of their shared activity. The banter and camaraderie among the guys added a layer of enjoyment to what would otherwise be a challenging workout.

As the session progressed, Tyler remained seated, savoring the unique perspective while Bob continued to provide the necessary support. The combination of physical strain and the lighthearted atmosphere defined the essence of their unorthodox fitness routine.

As the rotation continued, it was now Frank's turn to take the front seat, settling onto Bob's face for the next round of their unconventional workout routine. With Tyler handling the trampling duties, Mark found himself with a perfect view of the action.

Bob, ever the accommodating friend, adjusted to the shift in weight as Frank took his place. The snug fit of Frank's jeans created a different sensation for Bob compared to the previous riders. The sturdy denim added an extra layer of pressure, and Bob felt the weight distribution change as Frank settled comfortably in reverse. Bob, my man, you're the unsung hero of our workouts, Frank remarked with a grin, fully aware of the unique challenge he presented. How's it feeling down there? Bob, muffled but responsive, indicated his readiness for the workout to continue. Meanwhile, Mark couldn't resist joining in on the banter. Frank, those Levi's are doing wonders for your ass, Mark commented with a chuckle. Bob, you're getting the full cowboy experience today! Frank, settled comfortably and enjoying the view of Tyler handling the trampling segment, felt a sense of control and satisfaction. The weight of his jeans on Bob's face added to the overall challenge, creating a distinctive yet oddly enjoyable experience. Bob, you're a trooper, Frank said, appreciating the effort Bob put into their shared routine. Enjoying the workout down there? Bob, in his muffled responses, conveyed a mix of endurance and amusement. The workout, though unconventional, forged a unique bond among the friends. Frank, with a cowboy swagger in his Levi's, leaned back a bit to get a better perspective, fully relishing the moment.

As the workout session continued, the camaraderie among the guys persisted, blending physical challenge with lighthearted banter and mutual appreciation for their shared endeavors. After the intense workout session, the guys decided to give Bob a well-deserved

rest before continuing with his unconventional training. As they lounged in the grass, two familiar topics dominated their conversation: sports and girls.

Tyler, Mark, and Frank, each in a relationship, shared stories about their respective girlfriends. They discussed the joys and challenges of being in committed relationships, exchanging advice and anecdotes about the quirks of their significant others. Laughter filled the air as they recounted amusing incidents and the occasional disagreements that came with being in a relationship.

Tyler, the quarterback with a charming smile, spoke about the support he received from his girlfriend during football season. She's my biggest fan, always cheering me on from the stands. I'm a lucky guy, he remarked, a hint of pride in his voice. Mark, the strong and dependable running back, shared his experiences of balancing training and quality time with his girlfriend. It's all about finding that balance, you know? She gets that I'm passionate about fitness, and she supports me. It's crucial in a relationship. Frank, the charismatic wrestler, chimed in with a grin. Well, my girl loves the whole cowboy aesthetic. She thinks the boots and hat are a nice touch, he joked, earning a round of chuckles from the others. Amidst the sports talk and relationship banter, Bob, the single member of the group, sat back and enjoyed the camaraderie. The wide receiver was content with his single status, finding fulfillment in his friendships and the unconventional activities they engaged in. I've got the best of both worlds—freedom and great friends, Bob quipped, joining in the laughter. The guys continued to share stories, shifting the conversation from sports and relationships to more light-hearted topics, creating a relaxed atmosphere in the park.

As the sun casted a warm glow on the group of friends, they appreciated the simple pleasures of a Saturday afternoon—friendship, laughter, and the shared experiences that made their bond stronger with each passing week.

As Tyler took charge of the next phase of Bob's unique training, he wore a mischievous grin, ready to embark on the face-sitting session. Alright, Bob, it's time to get back to work. Assume the position, Tyler instructed, pointing to the ground. Bob, always up for the challenge, got on his back, offering his face for Tyler to mount. Ready when you are, Tyler, Bob replied, a hint of anticipation in his voice. Tyler, with a sense of authority, approached Bob. He positioned himself strategically, facing away from Bob's head. I'm going for the reverse seat. Let's make it interesting, Tyler declared, adding a playful tone to his instructions.

As Tyler took his seat on Bob's face, he ensured a comfortable perch. Alright, Bob, here we go. Remember, the key is comfort. I'll be here for 15 minutes, so make it good, Tyler teased, adjusting his position for optimal comfort. Bob, beneath the weight of Tyler's snug football-pant-clad rear, listened attentively. Got it,...Tyler. Comfort...is the...priority, Bob affirmed, ready to make the face-sitting experience as enjoyable as possible. Tyler settled in, making sure to distribute his weight evenly. Ah, this feels good. Now, Bob, you just focus on keeping it comfortable down there. No squirming, Tyler playfully commanded. Bob, despite the pressure on his face, was determined to uphold his end of the bargain. I've got it...under control,...Tyler. Enjoy...the view, Bob replied, a touch of humor in his voice.

With Tyler comfortably seated, facing the opposite direction, he gestured to Mark, who was preparing for the trampling and stepping session. Mark, get ready. Let's give Bob the full workout, Tyler called out, setting the stage for the unique training routine. As Mark geared up for his part in the session, Tyler settled into the reversed face-sit, ensuring that both he and Bob were ready for the next 15 minutes of their unconventional training regimen. The park echoed with the banter of friends engaging in a workout that was as physically demanding as it was entertaining.

Under the weight of Tyler's firm and snugly-clad ass, Bob felt a mix of physical strain and a peculiar sense of satisfaction. Tyler, being a bit on the heavier side with his 95 kg, presented a challenge, but it was a challenge that Bob welcomed with a certain eagerness. Tyler's ass

had become Bob's favorite, and the familiar weight on his face brought a unique sense of contentment. Tyler, aware of the dynamics, couldn't help but revel in the situation. You're doing great down there, Bob. I can tell my favorite seat is treating you well, Tyler teased, acknowledging the unspoken connection they had developed through these unconventional workouts.

Mark, who had observed the camaraderie between Tyler and Bob during these face-sitting sessions, couldn't resist chiming in. Tyler's got a special place on your face, huh, Bob? Mark remarked with a chuckle, adding a playful tone to the banter. Tyler, maintaining his comfortable seat, looked back at Mark with a smirk. Well, you know, Mark, it's all about finding that perfect fit. Bob here knows how to appreciate a quality seat, Tyler replied, emphasizing the lighthearted nature of their exchanges. Frank, always ready with a compliment, joined the conversation. I must say, Tyler, your ass does look pretty good in those football pants while riding Bob's face. It's like a match made in workout heaven, Frank remarked, injecting a touch of humor into the ongoing banter. Bob, with Tyler's weight on his face, responded with a muffled but good-natured affirmation. Tyler's got...a good...seat, no denying...that, Bob admitted, his voice carrying a sense of pride in being able to provide the comfort Tyler sought.

Mark, with a sense of determination, prepared to take his turn at face sitting. The grass beneath the guys provided a natural cushion as Mark crouched down, ready to mount Bob for the bareback, reversed ride. Frank, who had now taken on the role of trampler, stood nearby, ready to initiate the workout. With a confident grin, Mark positioned himself above Bob's face. The reverse seating allowed Mark to feel the connection with Bob's face, a unique experience that had become a tradition in their unusual training regimen. As Mark settled down, he could sense Bob adjusting to the added weight. The initial pressure subsided, replaced by a comforting sense of support.

Bob, accustomed to the various weights and positions, felt the distinct pressure of Mark's bareback seating. Each rider brought a different dynamic, and the thin and flexible layer of fabric of Mark's football pants against his face added an extra layer of intimacy to the experience. Bob's muffled but contented response indicated that he was ready for Mark's instructions. Alright, Bob, we're going to make this one memorable, Mark declared, his tone a mix of playfulness and seriousness. I want you to pamper my ass like it's the most comfortable seat you've ever had. I'm counting on you to make this ride enjoyable. Bob, muffled beneath Mark's weight, responded with a sound of agreement. The routine had become second nature to him, and he knew exactly how to provide the comfort Mark sought. The unspoken understanding between rider and host continued to deepen, creating a sense of trust and connection.

Frank, standing nearby, couldn't resist injecting a bit of humor into the situation. Mark, give Bob a good ride! I'll make sure to add some extra weight on his abs to keep things interesting, Frank teased, his playful spirit evident in his words. Mark, settling into his comfortable position, glanced at Frank with a grin. Bring it on, Frank. Bob can handle it, right, Bob? Mark quipped, knowing that the banter added an element of fun to their unique workout routine.

The workout session continued, and Bob's exhaustion became more apparent with each step Frank took on his abdomen. Frank's substantial weight, combined with the repetitive motion, created a subtle rocking effect. Despite Bob's best efforts to maintain stability, his head moved with the rhythm of the steps, resulting in a gentle swaying motion. Mark, seated on Bob's face, couldn't help but notice the newfound element of movement. The sensation of being gently rocked back and forth added an unexpected layer of pleasure to his experience. As Frank continued his trampling routine, Bob's head moved in sync with the steps, creating a rhythmic dance beneath Mark's ass. Mark, always attuned to the nuances of their unconventional workouts, found the rocking motion oddly satisfying. Each step Frank took sent a subtle vibration through Bob's face, creating a sensation that Mark couldn't help but

enjoy. The synchronized movement under him added an element of unpredictability, and the occasional “mmmph” from Bob added a touch of humor to the situation.

Frank, focused on maintaining a steady rhythm, remained oblivious to the unintended consequences of his steps. The combination of physical exertion and the rocking motion created an environment where the boundaries between exercise and pleasure blurred.

As Mark savored the unique experience, he couldn't help but tease Bob a bit. Bob, you've turned our workout into a dance party under here. Keep it up! Mark chuckled, enjoying the playful banter amidst the unconventional training. Bob, despite his fatigue, managed a muffled response, a mix of amusement and exhaustion. The unexpected turn of events highlighted the spontaneity that had become characteristic of their Saturday routines. The guys, engrossed in their workout and banter, forged bonds that went beyond the physical challenges they subjected Bob to.

The workout session continued, and with every passing minute, Mark found himself more captivated by the swaying motion beneath him. The gentle rocking of Bob's face created a unique and surprisingly enjoyable experience. Feeling Bob's nose move slightly between his cheeks added an unexpected layer of pleasure to Mark's ride. Mark, unable to contain his excitement, couldn't help but encourage Frank to continue with Bob's workout. Hey, Frank, keep it going! This swaying motion is incredible. Bob's face feels like it's dancing under me. It's giving me an extra kick! Frank, focused on the trampling routine, responded with a chuckle. Well, if it's adding to your enjoyment, who am I to stop? Bob, looks like you are unintentionally becoming a dance floor under there. As Frank continued stepping and trampling, Mark couldn't help but revel in the sensation. The rhythmic movement, combined with the occasional “mmmph” from Bob, created a unique and pleasurable atmosphere. Mark playfully remarked, Bob, you're giving me the ride of a lifetime. Keep rocking!

Frank, now aware of the additional pleasure Mark was experiencing, focused on the physical aspect of the exercise. The park echoed with laughter and playful remarks as the workout turned into an unexpected riding party for Mark. With a mischievous grin, Frank commented on Mark's apparent enjoyment. Mark, your ass seems to be having a good time up there. Who knew stepping on Bob could turn into such a pleasure ride for you? Mark, still savoring the unique experience, responded with a laugh. I guess even our workouts have surprises, Frank. Let's finish strong! Bob, keep up the moves!

A few minutes later, Frank, with his mischievous grin and a flair for theatrics, decided to make his turn on Bob's face a memorable one. Straddling Bob's chest in the reverse position, he took a moment to relish the anticipation of the impending face-sit. Lowering himself slowly, Frank made sure to emphasize the weight of his ass with a confident thud. He wanted to create a moment that Bob wouldn't forget. He settled down with a mischievous grin, making sure Bob could get the full view of his ass. Ready for another round, Bob? Frank teased, looking over his shoulder at Bob. Bob, anticipating the banter that often accompanied these moments, played along with a smirk. I'm always ready for your cowboy antics, Frank. What do you have in store for me this time?

You enjoying the view? Frank asked, a twinkle in his eye. Bob, grinning in response, joked, Hell yeah, who wouldn't?. Frank playfully tapped his belt a few times, just above his right butt, pointing to the leather back patch of his jeans, and turned to Bob with a grin. Bob, can you see the size on my Levi's? Frank asked, fully aware that he was teasing Bob with the anticipation of his weight. Bob, craning his neck, saw a part of the leather label sticking out from under Frank's belt and read the label back to Frank (muffled by the weight on his chest): 512 W34xL34. Nice size for any man, Frank. Mine's 31 inches, so your butt is much bigger, but your waist size doesn't intimidate me. I can handle your ass in those sexy jeans without breaking a sweat, Bob remarked, still grinning. Frank, continuing to grin, played along. Oh, is that so, Bob? Well, you asked for it. Let's see if you can handle not just my sexy jeans but also the weight that comes with it. Get that fine piece of ass in the saddle, sit



down, relax, and let me take care of you, cowboy, Bob replied, his playful tone echoing the camaraderie they all shared.

Frank settled comfortably on Bob's face, feeling the support beneath him, fully aware of the potential imprints his jeans might leave behind. As Frank enjoyed his unique seat, he couldn't help but engage in playful banter. How's the feeling down there, Bob? My Levi's treating you well? Frank's cheeky remarks added a touch of humor to the workout, making it more than just a mental exercise. Bob, ever the good sport, responded with a muffled but good-natured reply, Just enjoying...the denim...experience, Frank. Keep...it steady...up there!

As Frank settled into the bareback ride on Bob's face, he was keenly aware of the potential discomfort his Levi's might cause. However, true to the spirit of their unique workout sessions, Frank decided not to ease up on Bob. He was determined to give him the full experience of being under his ass, embracing the challenge and pushing the limits of their unconventional training routine. Despite the awareness of potential discomfort, Frank remained seated with his full weight on Bob's face. The denim of his Levi's pressed against Bob's skin, leaving its mark as a testament to his weight. Hang in there, Bob! Full weight for the full duration. We're making this one count! Frank called out, a hint of encouragement in his voice. Bob, though feeling the pressure and weight, understood the unspoken agreement of their training sessions. These workouts were not just about physical endurance but also mental strength. He focused on maintaining his composure and providing the support Frank needed for a satisfying ride. As the Levi's left their imprints, Frank continued the banter. You're doing great down there, Bob! Feeling the cowboy experience yet? Frank teased, adding a touch of humor to the challenging situation.

The minutes ticked away, and Bob continued to bear the weight, fully engaged in the unique workout. The camaraderie between the guys, the playful banter, and the shared experience created a bond that went beyond the conventional bounds of fitness training. When the session concluded, Frank dismounted, acknowledging Bob's endurance with a pat on the chest. Thanks for the ride, Bob. You're a trooper! As the guys gathered for a moment of rest, the imprints on Bob's face were a visible reminder of the cowboy-ass challenge they had just conquered together.

As the guys lounged in the grass during their break, enjoying the warmth of the sun and each other's company, a playful spirit lingered in the air. However, there seemed to be a subtle tension or perhaps a friendly competition brewing between Frank and Mark. It was as if an unspoken challenge lingered, each trying to establish their position in the group's informal hierarchy.

Mark, with a mischievous glint in his eye, decided to break the tension with a suggestion. Hey, Frank, how about a friendly round of wrestling? Just for fun, of course. I'd love to see if I can dominate you a bit! Frank, never one to back down from a challenge, grinned at Mark's proposal. You think you can take me on? Well, let's see what you've got!

The other guys gathered around, intrigued by the prospect of a friendly wrestling match. It was clear that this was all in good fun, a chance to blow off some steam and maybe establish a playful pecking order among friends. Mark and Frank assumed their positions, circling each other on the grass. The banter between them was light-hearted, with occasional remarks about strength and strategy. As the match commenced, it was evident that both Mark and Frank were skilled in their own ways. Mark, with his footballer's agility, tried to outmaneuver Frank, while Frank used his wrestling prowess to counter Mark's moves. The friendly competition brought laughter from the onlookers as the two friends grappled and wrestled, each attempting to gain the upper hand.

Despite Mark's initial challenge, it became apparent that Frank's experience and strength were formidable. However, Mark continued to put up a spirited fight, showcasing his determination and athletic prowess.

As the friendly wrestling match neared its end, Frank, showcasing his dominance, decided to add a final touch to the spectacle. With a triumphant grin, he swiftly maneuvered to sit on Mark's chest, pinning him down to showcase his victory. Mark, beneath the weight of Frank, couldn't deny the unique blend of challenge and enjoyment in the situation. There was a secret pleasure in feeling Frank's weight on his chest, even though he continued to resist and squirm beneath him. Despite his efforts, Mark found himself unable to dislodge Frank. He chuckled beneath the weight, realizing that Frank had successfully demonstrated his dominance in this playful match. Gasping for breath, Mark finally conceded, Alright, alright, you win, Frank. Get off me!

Frank, still grinning, replied, Not so fast, Mark. I want to hear you submit. Say it loud and clear. Mark, with a playful smirk and a hint of reluctance, admitted, Okay, okay, you got me. I submit, Frank. You're the wrestling champ of the day. Frank chuckled, pleased with the acknowledgment. Good boy, Mark. Now, as a little reward, I want a shoulder ride from you when we leave at the end of the day.

Mark, realizing he was inadvertently stepping into the role of Frank's occasional ride, sighed but complied, Fine, you'll get your shoulder ride, cowboy. But this doesn't make you the permanent king of the shoulders, got it? Frank laughed, climbing off Mark's chest. We'll see about that, Mark. Thanks for the fun match!

As the group settled back after their break, the decision was made to take it easy on Bob for the remaining half-hour. Bob had undergone quite a training session, and the guys wanted to wind down a bit. The consensus was clear—Bob's face was off-limits for the moment. The guys discussed their random seating arrangement on Bob. Whether it was one rider at a time or two together, they decided that Bob's chest and stomach would be the designated spots. The flexibility allowed them to mix and match, adding an element of spontaneity to their impromptu relaxation session.

Tyler, being the initiator, volunteered to take the first spot. He crouched down and gracefully lowered himself onto Bob's chest, finding a comfortable position. The others joined in, and soon, Bob became a makeshift lounge for the guys. The banter continued as they enjoyed their time together. Tyler, Mark, and Frank shared stories, laughter, and occasional playful nudges. Bob, though taking the weight of his friends, appreciated the camaraderie and the lighter atmosphere. Each rider took turns on Bob's chest and stomach, finding their own comfortable spots and making the most of the last half-hour.

As the sun began to set over the park, the group knew it was time to wrap up their day of fun and training. They dismounted from Bob, exchanged a few more laughs, and began their journey back home, content with the memories they had created during another unconventional Saturday.

As the guys prepared to head back to the cars, the promised shoulder rides were not forgotten. Frank reminded Mark about the shoulder ride he had earned through their friendly wrestling match. Mark, in turn, reminded Frank of the cold drink he was owed for carrying him in earlier. A compromise was struck, with Frank promising to buy Mark ice cream from the stand near the parking lot.

Mark crouched down in front of Frank, creating an easy platform for Frank to mount his shoulders. With some effort, Mark lifted Frank onto his shoulders. Meanwhile, Bob crouched down for Tyler, his regular rider, who hopped on with ease. The carriers mentally prepared for the upcoming 15-minute journey, while the riders settled in for a comfortable ride. With everyone in position, they began their walk back to the cars. The carriers, Bob and Mark, navigated the terrain with a bit of effort, but determination fueled their steps. Tyler and Frank,

comfortably seated on their respective carriers, enjoyed the ride, chatting about the day's events and sharing a few laughs.

As they approached the parking lot, the guys dismounted, and Frank made good on his promise, treating Mark to a refreshing ice cream. The day had been filled with unique challenges, friendly competition, and a lot of unconventional fun. The group, with their shoulders slightly sore but spirits high, headed home, already looking forward to the next adventurous Saturday.