

In the secluded spot in the park near their college, the familiar scene unfolds as Frank, seated on Mark's face, engages in a conversation with Tyler, who is riding Bob's face. The guys have gathered for their weekly training session, each in their respective roles within this unconventional training regimen.

As Frank shifts comfortably on Mark's face, the topic of conversation shifts to Frank's recent choice of attire - a jock strap. With a friendly grin, Tyler inquires if Frank still feels the same about his choice of underwear.

Frank chuckles and begins to share his thoughts. Man, Tyler, you won't believe the difference this jock strap makes. It's like a whole new level of comfort and support. The way it cradles everything just right, it's like my own personal cushion up in here, Frank gestures playfully toward his crotch. And the added support, it's like riding on a cloud. I can feel every movement without any discomfort.

Tyler, intrigued, listens as Frank continues to describe the enhanced sensations. It's not just about the comfort, though. There's something about the jock strap that adds to the whole experience. It's like a layer of intimacy, you know? I can feel everything more intensely, and it just takes the pleasure of the ride to a whole new level.

However, as the conversation unfolds, it becomes apparent that Mark isn't entirely on board yet with Frank's newfound enthusiasm for the jock strap. Feeling the thin and flexible fabric of the football pants and the jock strap against his face, Mark expresses his discomfort. Frank, it's...a little bit...too much. Feels...like you are...sitting bare ass...on me...with that thing. It's...a bit intimate.

Undeterred, Frank responds with a mixture of playfulness and conviction. Come on, Mark, you'll get used to it. Trust me, the enhanced pleasure I get from it outweighs any objections. It's all part of the training, and you're doing great. Just a little adjustment, that's all.

Tyler, ever the voice of reason, interjects, Mark, it's like breaking in a new pair of boots. It feels weird at first, but once you get used to it, you won't even notice. Bob had his reservations too, but now he swears by the jock strap comfort.

As the conversation about jock straps continues, Tyler and Frank delve deeper into the benefits of wearing them during their rides. Meanwhile, Bob, who has experienced a similar journey, decides to share his perspective with Mark, who is still adjusting to the new addition beneath Frank's football pants.

Tyler, excitedly recounting the advantages, says, Seriously, Frank, it's a game-changer. The support, the comfort, it's like having a personal cushion for your most sensitive parts. And don't even get me started on the enhanced sensations during the ride. Bob can attest to that.

Frank nods in agreement, glancing over at Bob. Bob, tell Mark about your first impressions, Tyler says while lifting his butt, allowing Bob to speak, I remember you weren't too sure about it either. Bob, having overheard the conversation, joins in, Yeah, Mark, I won't lie. I was skeptical at first. It felt a bit strange, like Tyler was adding an extra layer to the whole thing. But he insisted, and now? Now, I can't imagine going back. The comfort and support it provides is unmatched.

Tyler, sitting back down, chimes in, See, Mark, it's all about giving your rider the best experience. Bob here became a jock strap believer, and now he swears by it. The initial weirdness fades, and you'll appreciate the added benefits.

Mark is still adjusting to the concept. Bob, tapping Tyler's thigh to ask him to lift his butt a bit, with a reassuring tone, says, Mark, it's like Tyler said. At first it's a bit odd but once you get used to it you'll realize the difference it makes. It's like upgrading to a first-class seat. And besides, it's all part of supporting our riders in the best way possible.

Frank, imagining Mark's contemplation, adds, You'll thank me later, Mark. The jock strap isn't just about my comfort; it's about your training too. You'll become a pro at handling every aspect of the ride. Trust me on this.

As the riders continue their discussion, Mark begins to consider the potential benefits of adapting to this unconventional gear, knowing that, like Bob, he might find himself appreciating the comfort and support it provides in due time.

The conversation about the combination of football pants and jock strap continues, with Tyler and Frank emphasizing the impact on riding pleasure and the crucial role of the submissive seat in prioritizing the rider's comfort.

Tyler, grinning as he settles back on Bob's face, begins, Mark, it's all about creating the perfect experience for both the rider and the seat. The football pants and jock strap combo? It's not just for looks - it enhances the entire ride. Bob here knows what I'm talking about.

Bob, who has grown accustomed to the combination, tapping Tyler's thigh again, nods in agreement, Absolutely, Mark. It's not about how it feels for us, it's about making the ride more enjoyable for our riders. The jock strap adds that extra layer of enjoyment, making it a win-win for everyone.

Frank adds his perspective, Mark, being a submissive seat means prioritizing your rider's comfort over everything else. The football pants and jock strap combo isn't just for show - it's about creating an experience that's pleasurable for both of us. Your support and dedication to my comfort make the ride even more enjoyable for me, and that's what matters most.

Tyler, chiming in again, says, Mark, you'll learn that being a seat isn't just about endurance; it's about taking pride in giving your rider the best possible ride. The football pants and jock strap combo is just one way we enhance that experience. It's like fine-tuning a performance. Your dedication to making your rider happy doesn't go unnoticed, and that's why you're such a great seat.

As Mark absorbs their words, he begins to grasp the significance of his role as a submissive seat. The combination of football pants and a jock strap, while initially unfamiliar, becomes a symbol of his commitment to prioritizing Frank's comfort, pleasure, and satisfaction during each ride. The sense of pride in serving his rider in the best possible way starts to take root in Mark's understanding of his role.

The conversation among the riders continues, and they take a moment to express how good they feel about their dominant positions on top of their seats. Seated comfortably, Frank and Tyler share their thoughts on the thrill of letting someone else support their weight while they relax and unwind. Frank, feeling at ease on Mark's face, chuckles, There's nothing quite like the pleasure of being on top, isn't that right, Tyler? Tyler, grinning while enjoying riding his seat, replies, Absolutely, Frank. It's a thrill to have someone willingly support your weight while you sit back, relax, and let them take care of your comfort.

Bob, accustomed to the weight and the pleasure rides, nods in agreement, Being a seat...is a challenge...but it's also...rewarding. Knowing...I can provide...comfort and satisfaction...to Tyler makes it...all worth it.

Frank, with a satisfied expression, continues, Mark, you'll come to appreciate the unique thrill of being a seat. It's a challenge for you to endure my weight, respond to my needs, and work hard to meet my demands for fun, comfort, and pleasure. But in return, you'll find a sense of fulfillment in serving as my dedicated seat.

Tyler, enjoying the conversation, adds, It's a symbiotic relationship, Mark. We enjoy the pleasure rides, and you take pride in providing the best support. It's a win-win situation for both the rider and the seat.

As Mark listens to their words, he begins to understand the dynamic between the riders and their seats. The mutual satisfaction derived from the arrangement becomes evident, emphasizing the importance of trust, dedication, and the pleasure derived from the unique connection between rider and seat.

Tyler and Frank, releasing Bob and Mark from their positions, say their goodbyes to Mark, who has to leave in a little while. Frank thanks Mark for the good ride he had and says he looks forward to next Saturday. As the riders took a walk to stretch their legs, the two seats found themselves in a conversation about the intricacies of being a submissive, reliable, and stable support for their respective riders.

Bob, stretching his muscles after Tyler dismounted, turned to Mark and began the discussion, So, Mark, what do you think makes a good seat? I've been Tyler's seat for a while now, and I've learned a thing or two.

Mark, still feeling the imprint of Frank's weight, responded, Well, it's all about adapting to your rider's style. Frank likes to shift his weight a lot, and I need to be responsive to every move. What about Tyler? What's his style? Bob chuckled, Tyler's a bit more about stability, but he loves it when I can handle different riders with diverse weights and riding styles. He says it's like being a custom-made saddle for every rider, ready for anything.

Mark nodded, Yeah, I get that. Frank likes control, wants me to focus on his comfort above mine. It's challenging, but I'm learning. What about comfort and pleasure? How do you keep Tyler happy? Bob grinned, Comfort is key. Tyler likes a stable seat, and he enjoys when I can handle his weight without any discomfort. Pleasure, well, he finds it in the connection we share. It's like a dance – subtle movements and perfect coordination.

Bob, proud of his role as Tyler's preferred seat, continued the conversation, You know, Mark, being a custom-made seat is all about tailoring yourself to your rider's preferences. Tyler is around 90 kg, and I've learned to handle his weight with ease. It's a matter of adapting to his style and ensuring he's comfortable for the entire ride.

Mark, still a little bit adjusting to the idea of being Frank's exclusive seat, responded, Frank is a lot heavier, around 110 kg. It's a challenge, but I'm getting used to it. He likes control and wants me to prioritize his comfort. It's a unique dynamic, and I'm growing into the idea of being his dedicated seat.

Bob nodded, Exactly. It's about finding that perfect balance between stability and adaptability. Tyler appreciates the subtle movements, the responsiveness to his weight shifts, and the overall connection we share during the ride. It's like a well-choreographed dance.

Mark, reflecting on his own experience, added, Frank is all about control and dominance. He enjoys the feeling of being in charge, and I have to be attentive to every move he makes. It's challenging, but I can see how being his dedicated seat has its own satisfaction.

As the seats continued their conversation, they delved deeper into the nuances of supporting their riders, discussing weight differences, riding styles, and the unique dynamics that made them the perfect seats for Tyler and Frank. Bob and Mark, now engaged in a detailed conversation about their roles as dedicated seats, extended their discussion to cover various aspects, including their riders' jock straps.

Tyler's got this thing for jock straps, says Bob. He swears by them for the added support and comfort during rides. It took me a while to get used to it, but now, I can't imagine him riding without one. Mark, slightly skeptical, responded, Frank's been sporting a jock strap lately too. It feels... different. At first, I thought it was like sitting bare, and it made things a bit more intimate than I expected. But Frank insists it enhances the overall experience for him.

Bob chuckled, Yeah, I get that. Tyler says the same. It's like an extra layer of connection. The jock strap somehow makes the ride more intense, and he claims it adds to his pleasure. I suppose it's about finding what works best for them.

Mark, still adjusting to Frank's preferences, remarked, It's a challenge, especially with the added weight Frank brings. But if it adds to his satisfaction, I guess I'll have to adapt. Being a custom-made seat means adjusting to every little detail, including their choice of attire.

Bob nodded, Exactly, Mark. It's about meeting their needs and making the ride as comfortable and enjoyable as possible. The jock strap is just one of those elements that become part of the overall experience. You'll get used to it, trust me.

As the seats continued sharing their experiences and insights, the conversation delved deeper into the intricate details that contributed to the unique dynamics between rider and seat, exploring not only the physical aspects but also the psychological and emotional connections that formed during their rides.

Bob, being a seasoned seat for Tyler, was curious about Mark's experience as Frank's seat-in-training. As they lounged on the grass, catching their breath during the break, Bob turned to Mark with a friendly smile. So, Mark, Bob began, how's it going with Frank? He's a demanding rider, especially with that added weight of his. How is his ass treating you?

Mark, still adjusting to Frank's riding style, replied with a thoughtful expression, It's challenging, no doubt. Frank's got a different vibe compared to Tyler. His weight makes it a workout, and I'm constantly adapting to his shifts. His ass feels... substantial, to say the least. Bob chuckled, understanding Mark's perspective, Yeah, Frank's got a presence, and it's not easy handling that weight. But you're doing good, man. How do you feel about being molded into his perfect seat?

Mark sighed, It's a process, Bob. Frank is pushing me to adapt, and I can sense he's shaping me into what he wants in a seat. It's not just physical; there's a mental aspect too. Frank's got this dominant energy, and I have to sync with it. It's challenging, but I want to be the seat he needs. Bob nodded knowingly, I get it, Mark. Being Tyler's seat took time too. It's about finding that balance between what they want and what you can give. And it's not just about endurance; it's about becoming attuned to their preferences, their weight shifts, everything. You'll get there.

Mark, appreciating Bob's encouragement, said, I hope so. Frank has got high expectations. I want to be the seat he enjoys riding, you know? Bob patted Mark on the back, You're on the right track. Just keep adapting, communicate with Frank about what works, and you'll become his perfect seat in no time. It's a journey, my friend.

As the conversation between the seats continued, Mark felt a growing sense of determination. He was ready to embrace the challenges and become the seat Frank needed, taking pride in the unique bond that formed between rider and ridden during each session.

Mark had to leave the training. It's his girlfriend's birthday and he has to get ready for the celebration later in the afternoon. He says his goodbyes to Bob and thanks him for sharing his thoughts on being a good seat to the riders they serve.

A little while later, Tyler and Frank returned. Tyler, flashed a grin at Frank. With a flick of his fingers and a pointed index finger downwards, Tyler signaled Bob to turn over and lay on his back, ready to assume the submissive position without a spoken command.

Frank, watching the display of obedience, expressed his admiration, Impressive control, Tyler. Your guy knows his place well. Tyler, feeling proud, decided to further demonstrate

Bob's obedience. Watch this, Frank, he declared, snapping his fingers twice. Without hesitation, Bob got up on all fours, ready to serve as Tyler's chair.

A third snap of Tyler's fingers summoned Bob over. The obedient wide receiver came crawling towards Tyler. Another snap, accompanied by a pointed index finger downward, and Bob laid himself down on his back, right before Tyler's feet, prepared to be seated. The entire sequence unfolded seamlessly, with not a single word exchanged. Frank, nodding approvingly, commented, I like that level of obedience. I want Mark to be just as responsive to my commands. With a confident smile under his cowboy hat, Tyler gestured towards Bob, who lay obediently at his feet. Feel free, Frank, experience the comfort of a well-trained seat.

Frank walked over to Bob and settled his considerable weight onto Bob's face. The moment Frank sat down, Bob grunted beneath the pressure, but his training kicked in, and he adjusted to accommodate Frank's presence.

As soon as Frank made himself comfortable, he couldn't help but express his satisfaction. Tyler, my man, this is amazing. The comfort level is beyond words. Your training has truly paid off, Frank exclaimed, a sense of delight evident in his voice. Tyler, feeling a sense of pride in his training efforts, grinned at Frank. Told you, Frank. Bob knows how to take care of his rider. It's all about that perfect balance of comfort and submission.

Frank continued to marvel at the unparalleled comfort of his seating experience on Bob. No matter how he shifted or adjusted his weight, Bob seemed to effortlessly maintain the high standard of comfort.

Tyler, you've done an outstanding job training Bob. I can't believe the level of comfort I'm experiencing. Whether I lean forward or sit back, Bob knows how to take care of his rider, Frank exclaimed with enthusiasm. Tyler, feeling a sense of accomplishment, replied, I told you, Bob is a top-notch seat. It's not just about endurance; it's about understanding the rider's needs and providing optimal comfort. Bob has mastered that art.

As Frank continued to explore different sitting positions, Bob adapted seamlessly, grunting occasionally but never compromising on the comfort of his rider. The dynamic between rider and seat showcased a unique bond built on trust, training, and the pursuit of mutual satisfaction.

Frank, thoroughly enjoying his seat, leaned back and sighed in contentment. Tyler, this is incredible. Bob's responsiveness is exceptional. It's like he anticipates my every move and adjusts accordingly. I've never experienced such comfort during a ride before.

Tyler grinned, proud of Bob's performance. It's all about communication, understanding, and building that connection with your seat. Bob knows how to read your cues, making the ride a smooth and enjoyable experience for both of you.

As Frank continued to explore different positions on Bob's face, he couldn't help but appreciate the seamless transitions and the consistent level of comfort. Bob, you're a pro at this. Tyler, you've got yourself an outstanding seat here.

Bob, beneath Frank, muffled a response, acknowledging the praise and expressing his dedication to providing the best possible riding experience. Tyler nodded in agreement, sharing the camaraderie of fellow riders who understood the intricate dynamics of the unique relationship between them and their seats.

The duo continued their conversation, discussing the nuances of riding techniques, the importance of communication, and the mutual satisfaction derived from the experience. Bob, although unable to speak clearly with a face full of Frank, conveyed his commitment through muffled sounds and subtle movements.

Tyler, observing the interaction between Frank and Bob, felt a sense of satisfaction. It's not just about the physical aspect, but the connection you build with your seat. It's a partnership, a dance between the rider and the ridden.

Frank, reveling in the comfort of Bob's face beneath him, couldn't help but express his amazement. Tyler, seriously, Bob here is a gem. I'm over 110 kilograms, and he handles my weight like a champ. It's like he was tailor-made to be the perfect seat for me.

Tyler chuckled, acknowledging Bob's exceptional abilities. Bob is a dedicated and well-trained seat. He's used to handling different riding styles and weights, and he takes pride in providing top-notch comfort.

Bob, though muffled under Frank's weight, responded with a contented sound, appreciating the acknowledgment of his skills. Tyler added, It's a testament to the time we've spent training and building that connection. Bob knows how to adapt to different riders and ensure a satisfying experience for everyone.

Frank continued to enjoy the ride, testing Bob's ability to handle his weight variations. And the way he manages when I lean back, it's impressive. You've done an excellent job training him, Tyler. Tyler nodded, proud of Bob's performance. It's a partnership, Frank. Bob takes his role seriously, and the result is a ride that's not just comfortable but enjoyable for both of you.

Frank couldn't contain his delight as he continued to enjoy the exceptional comfort of Bob's face beneath him. Tyler, seriously, this is incredible. Bob's like a living cushion. I can feel every nuance of comfort in my seat. It's like he's mastered the art of being the perfect support for my weight. I mean, look at him!

Frank glanced over his shoulder, checking out his position on Bob's face. And you know what's even better? He's handling it like a pro, even with me pushing well over 110 kilograms. I can feel that he's comfortable, especially with the jock strap. It's like he was made for this, Tyler. Tyler laughed, sharing in Frank's enthusiasm. Bob's got this unique ability to adapt, no matter the weight. It's a testament to his dedication to being a reliable seat. I told you, he takes pride in it.

Frank shifted his weight slightly, experimenting with different angles. It's not just about the comfort; it's about the connection. I can feel every subtle movement beneath me, and it's like Bob is anticipating my every need. It's almost like a dance, you know? Tyler nodded, appreciating the camaraderie between Frank and Bob. That's the beauty of a well-trained seat. It becomes an extension of you, responding to your every move effortlessly.

Frank chuckled, asking, Do you think he's enjoying the challenge of my weight? Tyler grinned, knowing that Bob was indeed up for the challenge. Absolutely, Frank. Bob thrives on it. He's got a knack for turning challenges into triumphs. Your weight, the different riding styles - it's all in a day's work for him.

The weighty topic of Frank's considerable mass became a point of discussion among the guys as he continued to ride in exceptional comfort on Bob's face. The symphony of moans and grunts beneath him added a unique soundtrack to the conversation.

Tyler, observing the scene, chimed in, Frank, you're not holding back on Bob, are you? He's making quite the sounds under your weight. Frank laughed, thoroughly enjoying the sensation. Tyler, my man, it's not about holding back. It's about letting Bob feel every ounce of me. He's handling it like a champ, though. I can sense his dedication to making my ride as enjoyable as possible.

Bob, despite the growing symphony of sounds under Frank's weight, seemed to take pride in being the dedicated seat for such a heavy rider. His moans and grunts were like notes in a melody, responding to the demands of Frank's movements.

Tyler, wearing a satisfied grin, remarked, It's like Bob's got his own language down there. He's communicating through those sounds, telling you he's up for the challenge, Frank. Frank nodded in agreement. Exactly! It's a conversation between rider and seat, a non-verbal understanding. And Bob here, he's speaking volumes beneath me. It's like he's saying, Bring it on, Frank. I can handle it!

As the dialogue continued, the sounds beneath Frank's weight only intensified, creating a unique and harmonious atmosphere in the secluded spot of the park. The guys reveled in the shared experience, finding pleasure in the unspoken communication between rider and seat, and the evolving symphony that played out with each subtle movement.

Frank, still sitting comfortably on Bob's face, turned to Tyler with a curious expression. Tyler, I've been wondering, does Bob really enjoy being under my ass? I mean, I can't imagine enjoying having another guy's ass on my face, but I sure do love face-sitting. What's going on in his head?

Tyler, sitting on the grass nearby, tilted his cowboy hat back and pondered for a moment. You know, Frank, everyone's got their own thing. Bob's a dedicated seat, and he seems to take pride in it. From what I've observed, he likes being your seat, adapting to your weight, and making sure you're comfortable. It's like a unique form of satisfaction for him.

Frank chuckled, Well, ain't that something. I never thought a guy would enjoy having my ass on his face, but if he's into it, who am I to complain? I just want to make sure he's cool with it, you know?

Tyler nodded, understanding the sentiment. Communication is key, Frank. If he didn't like it, I'm sure he'd let you know. But from what I've seen, he's doing a great job adapting to your weight, and he seems content in his role. Frank grinned, appreciating Tyler's insight. Yeah, you're right. It's all consensual, and as long as he's comfortable and happy being my seat, I'm happy too. It's a unique dynamic we got going on, but it works.

Tyler glanced over at Frank, a thoughtful expression on his face. Hey, Frank, you still happy with the football pants and jock strap combo? How's the ride feeling for you? Frank ran his hands over his own buttocks, feeling the snug fit of the football pants and the jock strap. Oh, man, Tyler, this combo is something else. It feels like sitting bare ass, and I'm loving it. Bob seems to handle it well too, judging by the sounds he's making.

Tyler chuckled, Yeah, Bob's gotten used to the jock strap. But you know, it's not just about the clothes; it's about the dynamics, the weight, the control. Makes the whole experience unique. Frank nodded in agreement. True that. It's like a sensory overload, and Bob's adapting like a champ. But hey, speaking of jock straps, does Bob really have a preference for male riders in them? How does it feel for him? It's like sitting bare ass, right?

Tyler thought for a moment before responding. You know, Bob took some time to get used to it, just like any new thing. But now, he prefers it. He says it feels more intimate, like a direct connection. Frank grinned, continuing to stroke his buttocks as he sat on Bob's face. Well, I'm glad he's into it. Makes the whole experience more enjoyable for both of us. I never thought I'd have a guy willingly supporting my weight like this, but it's damn good.

Tyler glanced over at Frank, noticing the telltale bulge in his football pants. Looks like Bob's really doing a number on you, huh? he teased. Frank grinned, not denying it. You know it, Tyler. Bob's so submissive under me, it makes me feel damn manly. Can't help but get a bit aroused, just by sitting on him. Tyler chuckled, Well, that's part of the fun, right? Bob's reactions are quite something. I can see your enjoyment in those pants.

As Frank continued to revel in the sensation, Bob made some audible sounds beneath him. Frank, momentarily self-conscious about the noises, decided to assert dominance. Hey,

Bob, I demand respect. None of those noises unless I say so. With that, Frank lifted his ass slightly and sat back down with a deliberate thud, causing Bob to moan, grunt, and squirm.

Tyler, watching the scene unfold, nodded approvingly. Good move, Frank. Gotta keep him respectful to his rider. If he needs another lesson, don't hesitate to deliver it. Encouraged by Tyler's words, Frank felt a surge of manliness and arousal. You're right, Tyler. It does make me feel even more in control. Watch this. Frank lifted his ass again and let it drop with another deliberate thud. This time, Bob's reactions were more pronounced, and Frank's bulge grew visibly. Tyler gave a low whistle. Impressive, Frank. Keep him in line, and enjoy the ride. It's all part of the game.

As Frank continued his ride on Bob, Tyler leaned in, a mischievous grin on his face. So, Frank, is Bob showing you the respect you demand, or does he need another reminder of who's boss? Frank chuckled, Well, he's getting there, but I'm thinking he might need a little more encouragement. Tyler nodded, I like that spirit, Frank. Keep him fully submissive. And, hey, while you're at it, take a peek over your shoulder when you lift and drop. It's quite the sight to see your buttocks widen in the seat of your pants on impact. Adds a whole new dimension to the experience, you know? Frank raised an eyebrow, intrigued. You think so? Absolutely, Tyler replied. It's fun to watch, and it adds to the overall enjoyment. Trust me, it's a visual treat.

Embracing the playful challenge, Frank looked over his shoulder during the next lift, observing the impact of his buttocks as he descended on Bob's face. The visual spectacle, combined with the sensation of dominance and arousal, heightened the experience for both rider and seat. Tyler watched with amusement, encouraging Frank to fully relish the unique dynamics they had created.

As Frank and Tyler discussed the methods of maintaining dominance over their submissive seat, Bob felt a mix of apprehension and eagerness. He had grown accustomed to the weight of his rider, Tyler, but the transition to being ridden by Frank brought new challenges. The talk of punishments and reminders of who was in charge made a shiver run down Bob's spine. Lying there beneath Frank, Bob could feel the weight of Frank's expectations pressing down on him. He sensed that Frank was fully embracing the role of the dominant rider, and this excited and intimidated him at the same time. Frank's authoritative commands and the occasional thuds as he settled back down on Bob's face sent a clear message – obedience was not optional.

Yet, despite the physical discomfort, there was a strange satisfaction in Bob's submission. The feeling of being controlled and dominated fueled a desire to please his rider, to endure whatever challenges Frank presented. Bob's submission deepened as he accepted the weight, both physically and metaphorically, of his rider.

In the midst of this dynamic, Bob's eagerness to provide satisfaction grew. He craved Frank's approval, his praise, and the sense of accomplishment that came from enduring the challenges set before him. The dominance and submission dance between rider and seat created a unique bond, one that Bob found simultaneously challenging and exhilarating.

Tyler's suggestion about further asserting dominance over Bob intrigued Frank. The idea of another round of lifts and thuds seemed appealing, and he couldn't deny the satisfaction he derived from seeing his submissive seat eagerly anticipating each descent.

Tyler: So, Frank, what do you think? Satisfied now with the level of respect from Bob, or are you up for another round of reminding him who's in charge?

Frank, grinning: I must say, Tyler, it's quite the rush. Bob's been a good sport about it, and I think he's starting to understand who's the boss around here. Tyler, nodding: Well, if you're up for it, I say go for it. I enjoy watching your ass make an impact on his face. It's entertaining, and I'm sure Bob finds it quite the experience too. Frank, chuckling: Alright, let's give him another dose. Bob, get ready for a reminder of who's in control.



As Frank prepared for the next lift, he couldn't help but feel a surge of dominance. The idea of Bob waiting, anticipating the impact of his ass, added an extra layer of satisfaction. Frank lifted himself slightly and looked over his shoulder, making eye contact with Bob and relishing the expression of both eagerness and submission on his face. Frank: Get ready, Bob. This one's for keeping you in line.

With that, Frank descended with deliberate force, creating a resounding thud as his buttocks made contact with Bob's face. The muffled sounds of grunts beneath him mixed with the satisfaction Frank felt in asserting his dominance. Tyler watched with amusement, appreciating the dynamics between rider and seat. Well done, Frank. You really know how to make an impact. Frank, smirking: It's all about keeping him on his toes – or, in this case, his back.

Tyler observed the impact of Frank's recent punishment on Bob and saw the satisfaction in Frank's eyes. Curious about Frank's feelings, he decided to check in. Hey, Frank, how are you feeling after giving Bob a little reminder of who's boss? Frank, smirking: I have to admit, Tyler, it's quite the rush. Seeing him submitting under my weight, it's like a power trip.

Tyler, chuckling: No need to feel guilty about enjoying it. Bob signed up for this, and he seems to be taking it well. If anything, he's probably enjoying being a good submissive seat for you. Frank, hesitating: Well, you see, it's not just the power play. Punishing him... it's done something else too. Tyler, raising an eyebrow: Oh? What's that? Frank, grinning: Let's just say my jock strap is at maximum capacity right now. The punishment seemed to enhance things a bit further.

Tyler, laughing: Well, Frank, that's a bonus! Don't feel guilty about it. If punishing him gives you pleasure, and he's okay with it, why not enjoy the ride? Do another round if you feel like it. I, for one, like watching your ass make an impact on Bob's face with each landing. It's like a shock wave traveling through your buttocks on landing. Fun to watch! Frank, considering: You know what, Tyler? I think I might just do that. Bob seems up for it, and who am I to deny him the pleasure of being a good seat?

With that, Frank prepared for another round of dominance, feeling a mix of excitement and arousal. Tyler leaned back, ready to enjoy the spectacle of Frank's assertiveness and the submissive response it elicited from Bob. The riders, the seat, and the dynamics between them created a unique scene of pleasure and control in that secluded spot in the park.

Bob lay on his back, awaiting Frank's next move, still feeling the effects of the recent punishment. He was a bit sore, but the submission and the dominance excited him in a peculiar way. He could hear the conversation between Frank and Tyler, and curiosity mixed with a hint of nervous anticipation filled him.

Frank, with a determined look on his face, stood up and glanced over his shoulder, assessing his own buttocks in the snug football pants. Bob couldn't see Frank's face, but he imagined a confident smirk. The visual check before the landing added a layer of intensity to the whole experience. Frank approached, and Bob's heartbeat quickened. The first impact sent a shockwave through Bob's face, a jolt of sensation that seemed to travel through his entire body. He felt the weight of Frank's buttocks making contact, and the audible sounds of the landing resonated in his ears. The experience was a mix of pleasure and pain, a dance between submission and the thrill of being dominated.

As Frank settled into his seat, Bob felt the full weight on his face again. The snug football pants pressed against his features, and the thin fabric created an intimate connection. He could feel the heat and weight, and it was as if Frank's dominance was etched into every fiber of the fabric.

Bob grunted, a mixture of discomfort and a strange pleasure. His senses were heightened, and despite the physical challenge, there was a subtle arousal building within him. The

psychological aspect of submitting to Frank's dominance made the experience complex and intriguing.

Meanwhile, Frank relaxed into his seat, enjoying the comfort and control. The power dynamic between rider and seat was palpable. Frank's satisfaction contrasted with Bob's efforts to endure. It was a symbiotic relationship, one built on dominance, submission, and the unique pleasure derived from the physical and emotional interplay.

Bob, still under Frank's weight, had a moment to catch his breath as Frank settled into his seat. He could feel the subtle shifts in Frank's position and couldn't help but imagine the sensations his boss was experiencing. The snug football pants and jock strap must be containing a mix of excitement and satisfaction.

From his vantage point, Bob pictured Frank's bulging jock strap, filled to capacity with the arousal that came from asserting dominance and enjoying the unique pleasures of face sitting. The image fueled a blend of envy and anticipation within Bob. He wondered how it must feel for Frank to be in control, to have a seat willingly submit to his desires.

Frank, seemingly at ease, sat relaxed in his seat, leaning slightly backward. Bob could feel the additional pressure on his face as Frank adjusted his position. The weight, combined with the snug football pants and the jock strap, created an intimate connection between rider and seat. Bob grunted, the strain evident in his efforts to support Frank's considerable weight.

Despite the physical challenge, Bob couldn't deny the allure of being ridden by someone like Frank. The dominance, the control, and the intoxicating mix of sensations kept him tethered to the experience. As he imagined Frank's state of arousal, Bob couldn't help but feel a strange sense of pride in being the seat that could elicit such reactions from his boss.

Bob's hope for a break lingered in the background as he continued to support Frank. The park remained the backdrop for this unconventional training session, where dominance and submission played out in every nuance of their interaction. The dynamic between rider and seat continued to evolve, creating a unique bond forged in the crucible of their Saturday meetings in the park.

Tyler observing the scene, noticed Bob's audible signs of strain under Frank's weight. He could tell that Bob was struggling to endure the prolonged face-sitting session. With a raised eyebrow, Tyler turned to Frank and asked, How long has it been, Frank? Bob seems to be working hard under there.

Frank, still comfortably settled in his seat, checked his watch and replied nonchalantly, Oh, it's been about 15 minutes or so. Just enjoying the moment, you know? He leaned back in his seat, a sly smile playing on his lips as he acknowledged the intensified grunts and moans from Bob.

Bob, beneath Frank, continued to express his submission through the sounds of effort and discomfort. Tyler, understanding the dynamics at play, nodded in approval. Seems like he's really working for you. How are you feeling, Bob? Tyler called out to Bob, acknowledging his efforts. Bob, his voice muffled, responded, It's... a challenge...but I'm here...for it. Anything for...the team...you know? His words were strained, but there was a sense of dedication in his tone.

Frank, reveling in the comfort of his seat, grinned down at Bob. He's a trooper, isn't he? Building that endurance, one Saturday at a time. Tyler chuckled, Well, Bob, you're doing a great job. Keep it up. He turned back to Frank, Think he's earned a break soon, or are you planning to break some endurance records today? Frank, still enjoying the sensation of being seated, considered the question. Let's give him a few more minutes. I like sitting on him.

Frank, with a satisfied grin on his face, finally decided to give Bob a break after a few more minutes. He stood up, looking down at Bob and said, Bob, you've been an exceptional seat. Thanks for the ride. He patted Bob's shoulder as a sign of appreciation. Tyler, nodding in agreement, added, Yeah, Bob, you handled that well. Frank seemed pretty comfortable up there. Bob, still catching his breath, managed to respond, Thanks, guys. It's always a pleasure.

Frank, now on his feet, turned to Tyler, Tyler, thanks for letting me borrow your seat. He's a good one. Tyler chuckled, Anytime, Frank. You know he's always at your service.

As Tyler and Frank decided to take a short walk again, they left Bob to rest. He knew that when they returned, there might be more riding to be done, but for now, a brief break was in order.

Tyler and Frank returned after 10 minutes. Frank asks Tyler to demonstrate again how he has control over Bob. Tyler, with a confident grin under his cowboy hat, turned to Bob and snapped his fingers while pointing his index finger down. It was a familiar command that Bob immediately recognized. Without a word being spoken, Bob gracefully turned over and got on his back, ready to assume the position for his rider.

Frank, watching the display of submission, couldn't help but be impressed. Well, Tyler, you've got quite the obedient seat there. That's some control you've got. Tyler chuckled, Bob knows the drill. It's all about understanding each other. Frank nodded, I see that, impressive.

Tyler, reveling in the demonstration of control, decided to take it a step further. With two distinct snaps of his fingers, he commanded Bob to get up and stand on all fours. Bob, without hesitation, got up and positioned himself on all fours as instructed. The display of submission was evident in every movement. Tyler, enjoying the moment, decided to add another layer to the demonstration. With three quick snaps of his fingers, he signaled Bob to crawl over.

Bob obediently crawled towards Tyler, stopping before his feet, and then, with a submissive posture, faced the ground, awaiting whatever Tyler had in mind. The level of control and submission Tyler displayed impressed not only Frank but also showcased the unique bond between a rider and his seat. Frank, witnessing the scene, nodded approvingly. That is something, Tyler. I want the same level of control over Mark. Tyler, still grinning, replied, You'll get there.

Frank, curious and intrigued, asked Tyler, What else can you make Bob do? Bob, on all fours, patiently waited, ready for whatever command came next. Tyler, with a mischievous grin, said, Watch this, Frank. This is fun. With a simple click of his tongue, Bob immediately bowed his arms, lowering his upper body until his face touched the grass. His rear end was upright in a submissive pose, holding this position right in front of Tyler's feet.

Frank, looking down at the scene, burst into laughter. Did you just make him bow before you, he asked with a big grin under his cowboy hat. His voice carried both admiration and a hint of envy. Tyler, enjoying the moment, kept Bob in the submissive pose. Oh yes, Bob here is quite the obedient one. It's all about trust and training, my friend.

Frank continued to chuckle, Impressive, Tyler. I want to have that level of control over Mark. How did you teach him to respond like that? Tyler, still holding Bob in the bowing pose, shared some insights, Consistency and positive reinforcement. It takes time, but once you establish that connection, the possibilities are endless.

Tyler continued to share insights into keeping the seats submissive and obedient while Bob patiently stood in the submissive pose, awaiting further commands. Tyler explained to Frank that keeping Bob bowing was intentional, deepening his submission and reinforcing his place beneath Tyler. After his explanation, Tyler released Bob and commanded him to stand on all fours again.

With Bob back in position, Tyler turned to Frank, Would you like to take the reins, Frank? Experience how it feels to command Bob? Frank eagerly accepted the offer, and Bob obediently waited on all fours.

Tyler instructed Frank, When you're ready, just click your tongue and make him bow for you. Keep him in that submissive pose as long as you see fit.

Frank took a moment, savoring the anticipation, and then clicked his tongue. Bob immediately bowed, and Frank enjoyed the sight. Engaging in casual conversation with Tyler, he kept Bob in the submissive position for a while. Eventually, Frank snapped his fingers and pointed his index finger down, commanding Bob to roll over on his back, presenting himself to be seated.

The whole exercise filled Frank with a rush of control and excitement. He shared his feelings enthusiastically with Tyler, This is incredible, Tyler! The power, the submission – it's like sculpting him into the perfect seat. I love it!

Tyler grinned at Frank's enthusiasm and suggested, Why not repeat the exercise, just for the fun of it? Give it another go. Frank gladly accepted the offer.

Tyler instructed, Snap your fingers twice when you're ready to have him on all fours. When you're ready, make him bow for you as you did before, and keep him in that position for as long as you want. Then, when you feel like taking a seat, snap your fingers and point downwards.

Frank followed the instructions, snapping his fingers twice to make Bob stand on all fours. He took his time, relishing the anticipation before clicking his tongue to make Bob bow for him. The sight pleased Frank, and he engaged in casual conversation with Tyler as Bob remained in the submissive position right before him.

After a while, Frank snapped his fingers and pointed downwards, signaling Bob to roll over on his back. Once settled on his seat, Frank praised Bob, Good boy, Bob. You make an obedient seat.

Tyler watched with satisfaction, You're getting the hang of it, Frank. It's all about that perfect balance of control and submission.

Frank, feeling empowered as Bob's temporary boss, decided to repeat the exercise once more. Tyler grinned and encouraged him, You're Bob's boss now, cowboy. Feel free to do whatever you like with him. Have another go if you feel like it.

Frank dismounted Bob and commanded him to stand on all fours. He took a moment to relish the newfound authority. With a snap of his fingers, he commanded, Bob, bow. Bob promptly lowered his upper body until his face touched the grass, assuming the submissive pose.

Frank enjoyed the sight, savoring the control he had over Bob. He engaged in light banter with Tyler as Bob remained in the bowing position. After a while, Frank snapped his fingers again, signaling Bob to stand on all fours. The exercise gave Frank a sense of dominance and control, and he expressed his satisfaction to Tyler. Tyler chuckled, Looks like you're enjoying this, Frank. It's all part of the fun of having a submissive seat.

The riders continued to explore the dynamics of control and submission, deepening their connection with their seats, talking about training Mark to get him to this level of obedience. Tyler, with a chuckle, commented on the scene in front of them, Frank, it seems like you're really getting the hang of this. Do you want to keep Bob standing like that, or would you like him to bow for you again?

Frank, enjoying the sense of control, replied, Let's have him bow again. With a click of his tongue, Frank commanded Bob to bow once more. Bob obediently lowered himself, remaining in the submissive pose for an extended period. As he held the position, Frank engaged in a conversation with Tyler about his vision for Mark, expressing his desire for a similar level of obedience and submission.

After a few minutes, Frank snapped his fingers and released Bob from the bowing position. Bob rolled over onto his back, presenting himself to be seated. Frank straddled his face, settling in comfortably. The weight of Frank on his face made Bob grunt, but he endured it obediently. To acknowledge Bob's compliance, Frank patted him on the side, saying, Well done, Bob. Tyler joined in, praising Frank for understanding the dynamics of making a seat submissive and obedient.

After this conversation Tyler asked Frank what he wants to do next. Do you want to take it easy and savor the comfort of your seat, or are you in the mood for a pleasure ride? We can also ride him double if you like. You sitting on his face, and I sitting on his stomach, or we can change seats. You can ride him facing forward or you can ride him reversed, it's all up to you.

Frank, comfortably seated on Bob's face, pondered Tyler's suggestions. Well, Tyler, I'm liking the comfort of this seat, that's for sure. A pleasure ride sounds tempting, and the idea of riding him double has its appeal. Let's change it up a bit. How about I stay on his face, and you join in on his stomach? We can make it interesting, maybe reverse the positions halfway through. What do you think?

Bob, beneath them, remained silent and submissive, ready to comply with whatever his riders decided. Tyler, intrigued by Frank's suggestions, responded, Sounds like a plan, Frank. Let's go for it. Bob here is up for the challenge, aren't you, Bob? Without waiting for a response, Tyler moved to position himself on Bob's stomach, and the riders began to explore the various possibilities of their double ride.

Bob, lying on his back with Frank seated on his face and Tyler on his stomach, felt a mix of sensations - submission, obedience, and a bit of strain under the combined weight of his riders. He thought about what happened today. Frank, in particular, took his time with the obedience exercises. He made Bob bow for an extended period, leaving him standing in a submissive pose with his face to the grass. This exercise was designed to deepen his submission, and Bob, feeling vulnerable in this position, couldn't help but comply.

Tyler, seated on his stomach, occasionally issued unspoken cues, making Bob shift between positions. Crawling on all fours or bowing to the ground, Bob had to be ever-attentive to the whims of his riders. The weight on his stomach and face, combined with the constant need to respond to commands, created a challenging environment for him.

Moans and grunts escaped from under Frank's ass, evidence of the work Bob was putting in to support both riders. He felt the strain, but his submission to the riders' desires kept him enduring the physical demands. The riders, enjoying their control and the compliance of their seat, continued to explore different positions and exercises, deepening Bob's obedience and submission throughout the session.

As the riders prepared to head back home, Tyler, feeling a sense of generosity, came up with an idea to switch things up. With a mischievous grin, he suggested to Frank, What if we make the ride back a bit more interesting, Frank? Instead of the usual, how about we take a detour and extend the ride by about 5 minutes, making it 20 minutes in total? Frank raised an eyebrow, curious about the proposal. Sure, what's your plan, he asked.

Tyler chuckled. How about a change of seats for Bob? You ride him for the first 10 minutes, and then I'll take over for the last 10 minutes. It'll be a good exercise for Bob, carrying your weight for a bit. Plus, it's a nice change for him from my familiar weight. Bob gets to build up

his strength and endurance under a different rider, and you don't have to walk the whole way. What do you say? Frank grinned back, appreciating the creative idea. Sounds like a win-win to me. Let's give Bob a bit of variety on the way back. I'm eager to see how Bob would handle the change in ridership.

As the guys prepared to head back home, Bob, standing on his two feet again, braced himself for the upcoming task of carrying Frank on the first leg of the journey. Tyler looked at Frank with a mischievous glint in his eyes. Hey, Frank, before we hit the road, do you want to make Bob bow for you some more, he asked half-serious and half-joking.

Frank, flashed a wide grin under his cowboy hat. Sure, why not, he replied. He snapped his fingers twice, commanding Bob to get on all fours. With a confident stride, Frank approached Bob and clicked his tongue, prompting Bob to bow for him. Bob, complied obediently, bowing down for his rider.

Frank, enjoying the sight of Bob in his submissive position, said with a chuckle, I might keep him like this for a while. Adds a bit of flair to the journey, don't you think? Tyler, amused, agreed. Sure, keep him bowing for as long as you like, cowboy. It'll be good for him. As Frank kept Bob bowing for him, he engaged in a casual conversation with Tyler, discussing their plans for the evening. After their conversation, Frank, satisfied with the prolonged obedience exercise, snapped his fingers twice to release Bob from his bow. The guys, entertained by the interlude, prepared for the journey ahead. Frank ordered Bob to crouch down before him, so he could take his seat.

As Frank settled onto Bob's shoulders, making the necessary adjustments to find a comfortable seat, he could feel Bob adapting to his weight. Once satisfied with his perch, Frank commanded, Lift me up, Bob.

Bob, accustomed to the training sessions with Tyler, grunted under the strain but successfully lifted the heavyweight wrestler. Despite the strength he had developed from carrying Tyler, the added 20 kilograms from Frank presented a new challenge. Bob, standing upright, waited patiently, anticipating Frank's next command to start walking.

Bob, well-versed in supporting his riders, could keenly feel the impact of Frank's weight. He had to exert extra effort to ensure Frank's comfort, especially with the notable difference from carrying Tyler. The journey back home promised to be a test of endurance for both Bob and Frank.

As Frank and Bob took the lead, Tyler, walking them, couldn't resist but appreciate the view. With a playful tone, he complimented, Bob, those snug football pants really highlight your tight little ass. Looking good, man! Frank, joining in the banter, added, Yeah, Bob, your pants do wonders for showcasing those butt muscles. Tyler didn't miss the chance to tease Frank too, saying, And Frank, although your ass is much bigger than Bob's, it looks fantastic, sitting on Bob's shoulders, in those form-fitting pants. Frank, taking the compliments in stride, playfully stroked his own buttocks, Well, you know, it's important to make an impression, even from behind. The trio continued their banter as they made their way back home.

As Frank enjoyed the ride on Bob's shoulders, he could feel the effort Bob was putting in. With encouragement in his voice, Frank said, Keep it up, Bob! We're aiming for the full 10 minutes without any discomfort. I want a smooth ride.

Bob, determined to meet Frank's expectations, pushed aside the strain and thought back to the moments when Frank made him bow and kept him in that submissive position. The memory fueled a growing sense of submission and obedience. Bob, eager for Frank's approval, silently resolved to ensure his new rider got exactly what he wanted. I've got this, Frank, Bob replied, determined to please.

Tyler, now strolling alongside Bob and Frank, inquired about Frank's comfort during the ride. Frank responded with a satisfied grin, Yeah, Tyler, it's comfortable. Bob's got a nice swag, and the ride is quite enjoyable. He then added with a playful tone, Plus, the rhythmic movement of Bob's neck in my crotch adds a little extra to the pleasure.

Tyler, recalling his experiences riding Bob, chuckled knowingly, Oh, I know exactly what you mean. It's a unique sensation. Frank acknowledged that he could sense Bob working hard beneath him but expressed confidence in the sturdy guy's ability to endure. He's doing great, Frank remarked with assurance.

Bob, overhearing the conversation between Frank and Tyler, felt a sense of pride when Frank expressed his comfort during the ride. The acknowledgment of the rhythmic movement of his neck bringing added pleasure brought a smile to Bob's face. Knowing that his efforts were contributing to a satisfying ride for his cowboy pleased him.

Tyler's indication that Frank could ride for another minute before he takes over didn't escape Bob's attention. The prospect of carrying a lighter rider in the next segment brought some relief, even though the challenge of supporting him right after Frank's dismount loomed. Bob readied himself for the transition, determined to make the shift as smooth as possible for both riders.

At the 10-minute mark, Frank instructed Bob to crouch down for an easy dismount. Stay crouched for your next rider, Bob, he said. However, Tyler, perceptive to Bob's fatigue, took charge of the situation. I think my guy needs a short break before I ride him to the parking lot, Frank, he stated with authority, instructing Bob to take it easy for a bit.

Tyler continued, We're not in a hurry; we can wait a few minutes before we resume the journey, right Frank? Frank nodded in agreement and expressed his gratitude to Bob for the comfortable ride he provided. Bob, thankful for the unexpected respite, sat on the ground to regain his strength and looked up at Tyler's ass, knowing that soon he would be carrying that familiar weight of his favorite rider - business as usual.

After a few minutes of rest, during which Bob regained his strength, Tyler decided to test his obedience. They were now in an area where other people could potentially see them if they walked by, unlike their usual secluded training spot in the park. Tyler wondered if Bob would still obey his commands without hesitation.

Without uttering a word, Tyler looked at Bob and snapped the fingers of his hand, commanding him to stand on all fours. Bob obediently complied. Tyler clicked his tongue, and Bob immediately bowed before him. Frank, witnessing Tyler's control over Bob, expressed his admiration, making Tyler feel proud of his command over his seat.

Tyler explained to Frank that he wanted to see how Bob would react in a public space. I'll keep him bowing for a few moments, just to remind him of his place beneath me, Tyler said, adjusting his cowboy hat with a grin. The demonstration showcased not only Tyler's control over Bob but also the dynamic between the rider and his seat in a different environment.

After a few moments of keeping Bob in a submissive position, Tyler released him with a snap of his fingers and ordered him to prepare for the next leg of the journey. Bob dutifully stretched his muscles and crouched down before Tyler. Tyler swiftly mounted him, displaying the familiar routine of a rider with his regular seat. He ordered Bob to rise and resume the walk.

Frank, following closely, couldn't resist commenting on the scene. How great your ass looks, sitting like that, Tyler. Those pants really hug your curves, cowboy, he said teasingly. Tyler, with a confident grin under his cowboy hat, took the compliment with pride. I know I have an amazing bubble butt. Feast your eyes on it, buddy, he replied, teasingly stroking his own buttocks.

As Tyler comfortably rode on Bob's shoulders, the familiarity and connection between the two were evident. Bob couldn't be happier with Tyler riding him. He marveled at the snug fit between their bodies, feeling a sense of joy and contentment. The weight of Tyler on his neck and shoulders was something he had grown accustomed to, a feeling he found reassuring and comforting. It feels so familiar, like we're a good fit, hand and glove, Bob thought to himself, appreciating the bond he shared with Tyler. Just feels great to be ridden by him. His weight and riding style are perfect, he mused.

Tyler, enjoying the ride, expressed his satisfaction, You're doing great, Bob. Always a smooth ride with you. The camaraderie between the two friends was evident as they continued their journey.

As Bob carried Tyler through the park, attracting the attention of onlookers, the duo couldn't help but enjoy the positive reactions from passersby. Laughter and encouragement filled the air, making the experience even more enjoyable. One enthusiastic guy shouted, "Ride 'em, cowboy!" as they passed, eliciting laughs from both Tyler and Bob. The camaraderie between the friends was evident as they continued their journey to the parking lot.

Upon reaching their destination, Tyler ordered Bob to lower him to his feet, expressing his appreciation for the comfortable ride. Thanks, Bob. You're a champ, Tyler commended, patting Bob on the back. Bob, with a grin, replied, Anytime, Tyler. It's always a pleasure.

As they prepared to part ways, Tyler and Frank shared a few words of praise and gratitude. You did great today, Bob. We had a lot of fun training you, Tyler acknowledged. Bob, feeling accomplished, thanked both of his riders for the workout and looked forward to their next meeting with Mark present.