

The following Saturday, the guys gathered in the parking spot for another series of morning shoulder rides before it would get too warm to ride comfortably. Tyler and Frank, sharing a car, approached Bob and Mark, who were already waiting for them, with their spurs in their hands and a backpack containing their football pants and training shoes for a more comfortable face-sitting session later on.

After the greetings, each rider casually handed over their spurs to their own guy. Bob got to carry the backpack. Routinely and without any command necessary, Bob and Mark attached the spurs to their riders' boots and waited for further instructions.

Mark looked up at Frank and Tyler, impressed by the way the men looked. Boots and spurs, both in Levi's, shiny belt buckles and white cowboy hats. They radiated authority and masculinity by the way they looked and stood in front of him. Bob felt the same way and was glad that Tyler had brought his moderate spurs when he glanced at Frank's spurs.

"All right, boys," Tyler said, his voice calm yet commanding. "Let's get this started."

At Tyler's command, the seats knelt down in front of their respective riders for easy mounting. They waited patiently, allowing their riders to settle in comfortably, before lifting them.

With a gentle nudge of his spurs, Tyler commanded Bob to start walking. Tyler then nudged him with his left spur to take a right direction. Frank's actions with his spurs were almost imperceptible, but Mark immediately reacted to the slightest touch of the sharp spurs and was guided with the left spur to follow Bob.

As they moved, the seats loved being put to work and were happy to be ridden, each by their own rider. They were getting used to being ridden with spurs and looked forward to working hard and serving the men riding them.

"Isn't this the best way to start a day?" Tyler said, a wide smile on his face.

Frank nodded, "Absolutely. Riding with spurs just adds to the fun. And being carried so comfortably makes it all the better. Mark's getting better and better at handling my weight. It will allow me to ride him over longer distances or through more challenging terrain in the future."

Tyler grinned, "Bob's doing a great job too. I barely need to give him commands anymore. Just a nudge here and there, and he knows exactly what to do."

Frank observed, "I've noticed you use your spurs more frequently than I do. Different riding styles, I guess."

"Yeah," Tyler agreed. "I like the interaction, the constant communication. But I've been thinking about trying sharper spurs like yours. They would minimize the need for nudges. A slight touch would do."

Frank smiled, "It's definitely worth considering. These sharper spurs give me excellent control with minimal effort. But you know your seat best. Bob might find them overwhelming."

Tyler nodded thoughtfully, "True. I enjoy using my spurs, and Bob responds well to them. Maybe I'll stick with what's working for now. But I'd love to hear more about your experience with the sharper spurs. We'll have plenty of time to discuss it during the face-sitting session."

"Sounds like a plan," Frank said, looking forward to their upcoming session. "Let's give our seats a good workout on the way there."

With that, they continued their ride, both riders using their spurs every now and then, silently and comfortably commanding their seats. As they neared their secluded spot, the riders were content, enjoying the control and ease their spurs provided.

Finally, they reached their destination and dismounted, giving their seats a brief respite before the much-anticipated face-sitting session. As they prepared, Tyler turned to Frank, "This was a great ride. Let's see how the face-sitting session goes and talk more about those spurs."

Frank agreed, smiling, "I can't wait."

The riders changed clothes, switching from jeans and boots to the familiar white, snug football pants so they would be more comfortable during the face-sitting training. The seats would also benefit from the snug, thin fabric for a more intimate connection with their riders, feeling the slightest change in the distribution of their weight when they would shift in their seat, allowing them to respond quickly to adjust themselves to maintain the riders' sitting comfort.

Mark looked up at Frank and Tyler and noticed that both were wearing white jockstraps, which allowed an even more intimate connection between seat and rider, giving the rider sufficient support in all the right places while still being very comfortable to wear. Both riders looked great in their football pants. Mark couldn't resist admiring Frank's ass and the way the pants revealed his muscular thighs and ass, hugging his curves like that. Tyler had a fine ass too, but Frank's was something else. He was looking forward to serving under it.

"How do you want to ride Mark today, Frank?" Tyler asked. "Facing forward or in reverse position?"

Frank considered it for a moment, "Do you have a preference?"

Tyler nodded, "It's been a while since I rode reversed, so I'd like to sit like that."

Frank smiled, "I like that position too. Let's go for it. We can always switch if we want to."

The seats were instructed to lay on their backs, next to each other, and prepare to be mounted. Tyler placed the boots nearby, so he could grab them if needed when they talked spurs, without having to leave his seat on Bob. Frank chuckled when he saw this. Tyler was all about planning ahead, a quality he used as the football team's quarterback. Frank, a member of the college's wrestling team, was also used to thinking ahead.

The riders straddled the chests of the seats first, allowing them to get used to their weight for a few moments, before they slowly and deliberately moved their hips backward, making sure the seats had a clear view of their asses before they sat down, a bit of teasing and intimidation to remind the seats of their place beneath them. After finding the right position to sit down, they let their asses touch the faces and sat down, shifting their asses a bit to find a comfortable position to sit full weight. When they let the seats take their full weight, they moaned and grunted softly beneath them.

The seats' training kicked in immediately, and they adjusted themselves to provide their riders maximum comfort so they could sit back, relax, and enjoy their ride for the next half hour.

When the riders were settled in their seats, sitting full weight, they relaxed and wished each other a good ride.

"It's good to be back in the saddle," Frank said, leaning back in his seat, causing Mark to grunt softly under his ass.

Tyler asked, "Do you still want to keep Mark as your exclusive seat for training purposes?"

Frank nodded, "Mark is still getting better at handling my weight when I ride him for an extended period, but I like the idea of keeping him as my exclusive seat. I might subject him to double riding like we do with Bob sometimes, but you'd have to settle for the back seat. I like the thought that Mark's face is reserved for my ass only."

Tyler laughed, "I can see the appeal of having his face as your personal seat."

The sound of their laughter filled the air as they continued to enjoy their time in the saddle, making their seats work hard beneath them. Frank felt completely at ease and relaxed, without thinking twice about the guy beneath him. Mark worked diligently in silence, proving he could handle Frank's larger weight without any issues. Every shift in weight distribution from Frank was met with a swift and accurate response from his seat. It was like he wasn't even there. Frank felt like he was sitting on a cloud, and time passed quickly.

Tyler and Frank, both riding with their hands on their hips, enjoyed their comfortable positions while they worked their seats. Mark had to work harder because of Frank's additional weight, but he was doing fine providing a comfortable seat for his boss, allowing Frank to relax and maintain the conversation with Tyler.

"You know, Frank," Tyler began, "I've been thinking about trying sharper spurs myself. You've ridden with moderate spurs before, how do they compare with your current ones?"

Frank nodded, "The sharper ones definitely give me better control with less effort. It's like the seat can feel every little touch more acutely. Mark responds immediately, and I don't have to move my legs much to get the response I want."

Tyler looked thoughtful, "That sounds appealing. I like using my spurs to communicate, but it would be nice to minimize the effort. Especially for more complex commands or when I need a quick response."

Frank agreed, "Absolutely. The sharper spurs can make a big difference, especially if we're planning to take the boys up the hillside later. Riding through rough terrain means we'll probably need to use our spurs more frequently and with more force than just a nudge. Sharper spurs could help ensure a smoother and more comfortable ride."

Tyler glanced down at Bob, who was diligently supporting him, "But I'm concerned about Bob. He's sensitive to the moderate spurs. If I switch to sharper ones, it might be too painful for him."

Frank shrugged slightly, "It's a valid concern. You know Bob better than anyone. The sharper spurs would give you even more power at the tip, allowing you to control him with just the slightest touch. But you'd have to gauge how much he can handle. It might be worth trying them out in a controlled setting first."

Tyler nodded, "True. I like having that extra control as an option. It would be good to have that at my discretion, especially if we hit rough patches. But I don't want to overwhelm Bob."

The seats, Mark and Bob, worked diligently beneath their riders, listening to the conversation. Mark felt a surge of arousal as he heard Frank and Tyler discuss using different kinds of spurs on them as if they weren't there. The thought of being simply used as a seat, while Frank focused on his conversation with Tyler, made Mark feel even more submissive and eager to please.

Tyler and Frank continued their conversation about the idea of trying sharper spurs on Bob.

"I think borrowing your spurs would be a good plan, Frank," Tyler said, shifting slightly on Bob's face. "But wouldn't you miss your sharp spurs when we're navigating rough terrain? You need them to spur on Mark effectively."

Frank considered this. "True, Tyler. Maybe it would be better if I took a short ride on Bob myself to test my spurs on him. Bob's used to carrying your weight, so my extra weight would create more valid reasons to use my spurs. It could be a good demonstration."

Tyler nodded thoughtfully. "After this face sitting session and a short break, we could switch our guys. I'll ride Mark and give you commands to let Bob speed up or change directions. You can use your spurs to relay the commands to Bob, so I can see the spur action and the results you get from nearby."

Bob, still with Tyler's ass on his face, overheard the conversation. He wasn't too pleased to hear that he would have to carry Frank and his sharp spurs after the break. He loved having Tyler riding him and had gotten used to his frequent use of moderate spurs. He wondered how the new setup would work out.

Mark, still buried under Frank's ass, was curious about carrying the much lighter Tyler on his shoulders. Tyler's moderate spurs would certainly be less painful despite their frequent use. He was eager to see how this would be for him.

After the face-sitting session, and after giving their seats a short break, the riders, back in their boots and jeans, switched guys. Tyler mounted Mark's shoulders, and Frank got comfortable on Bob's shoulders.

"All right, Frank," Tyler instructed, "let's start by going straight ahead. I'll give you cues for changes in pace and direction. Use your spurs at your discretion and apply the amount of pressure you think is needed to make Bob follow."

Frank nodded, adjusting himself on Bob's shoulders. "Got it, Tyler."

They started the ride, moving steadily forward. Tyler tapped Mark gently with his spurs, nudging him to pick up the pace. Mark responded immediately, adjusting his speed to match Tyler's commands.

"Let's take a right here," Tyler called out, nudging Mark with his left spur. He watched as Frank, sitting on Bob, gave a subtle squeeze with his legs, followed by a slight pressure with his left spur. Bob grunted softly, feeling the sting of the sharp spur, and obediently turned right.

"Good, now let's slow down a bit," Tyler instructed. He eased the pressure of his spurs on Mark, and Frank did the same on Bob. The sharper spurs required less effort; a minimal touch was enough to make Bob respond.

As the minutes passed, Bob had to exert more effort to carry Frank's heavier weight. Frank didn't tolerate any slowing down and used his spurs more frequently and sometimes with more pressure. "Come on, Bob, keep up," Frank urged, applying a bit more force with his spurs. Bob responded instantly, picking up the pace despite the discomfort.

Tyler observed closely. "Frank, you really don't have to move much with those spurs, do you?"

Frank chuckled, "No, I don't. They're quite effective. Watch this." He gave Bob a slight nudge with his right spur, and Bob immediately shifted left. "See? Just a touch, and he knows exactly what to do."

Tyler smiled. "Impressive. Let's speed up now. We're heading up that slope."

Tyler nudged Mark to increase their speed. Frank followed suit, spurring Bob a bit more aggressively to ensure he kept up. Bob panted heavily, but the sharp spurs left no room for hesitation. Every sting drove him to maintain the required pace.

Frank leaned back slightly, savoring the control. "I have to admit, this is arousing. Having this level of control... it's something else."

Tyler, equally comfortable on Mark, used his spurs frequently to guide him. "I get what you mean. Riding Mark is nice, but I can tell he needs sharper spurs for me to fully enjoy the comfort of riding him."

Frank looked at Tyler, a mischievous grin on his face. "You should definitely try it, Tyler. The sharper spurs could make all the difference."

As they continued their ride around the park, Tyler gave Frank more cues: "Let's go left here," he said, nudging Mark with his right spur. Frank mirrored the action on Bob, who responded instantly to the sharper spur, changing direction smoothly.

"All right, now let's pick up the pace again," Tyler commanded. He applied a bit more pressure with his spurs on Mark, and Frank did the same with Bob. Bob grunted louder this time but obeyed, pushing himself harder under the additional weight and the sharp sting of the spurs.

By the end of the ride, Bob was visibly exhausted, having worked hard to keep up with Frank's commands. They returned to their secluded spot, where Tyler dismounted Mark and Frank stepped off Bob. Both riders looked satisfied, ready to evaluate the test ride.

"Well, Frank, what do you think?" Tyler asked, patting Mark on the back.

Frank smiled, "I think it went great. Bob responded well to the sharper spurs, even under my weight. You should definitely give it a try, Tyler."

Bob, catching his breath, glanced up at Tyler. Despite his exhaustion, he was ready to accept whatever his rider decided. Mark, equally tired but curious, awaited the next command.

Tyler nodded, "All right, Frank. I think I will. Let's see how these sharper spurs work on Bob next time."

Frank chuckled, patting Bob on the shoulder. "You did well today, Bob. Get ready for next time. It's going to be even more interesting."

With that, the riders and their seats prepared for a well-deserved rest, ready to discuss the finer details of their ride and plan their next adventure before riding their seats back to the parking lot.