

Tyler and Frank met up with Bob and Mark for their shoulder riding session on Sunday. Tyler wasted no time in presenting his plan for a longer ride in the hillside.

"Hey guys, how about we change things up today and take a longer ride in the hillside?" Tyler suggested, his eyes lighting up with excitement. "We've been riding a lot in the park, so a change in scenery would be a nice challenge for Bob and Mark."

Bob nodded in agreement, eager for a new challenge. "Sounds good to me, Tyler. I'm up for it," he replied, his voice filled with anticipation.

Mark chimed in, "Yeah, it sounds like fun. I'm ready to go wherever you guys want to take us."

Tyler nodded, pleased with their enthusiasm. "Great! I've brought a backpack with bottles of water and energy bars for Bob to carry. It'll be a bit of extra weight, but I'm sure he can handle it."

Bob inwardly groaned at the mention of the backpack but kept his expression neutral. He knew it was all part of the challenge, and he was determined to prove himself.

As Bob had anticipated, Tyler also brought sharper spurs for the ride. They were similar in sharpness to Frank's spurs but had a slightly different design. Bob couldn't help but feel intimidated by the sight of the sharp rowels, but he had to admit, they looked impressive.

"Wow, those spurs look great, Tyler," Frank remarked, eyeing the new additions appreciatively. "I think you're going to appreciate their effectiveness compared to your old ones."

Tyler grinned, his excitement evident. "Thanks, Frank! I can't wait to try them out. They look like they'll give me more control over Bob."

Bob swallowed nervously, feeling a shiver of anticipation run down his spine. He knew that with sharper spurs, Tyler would have even more power and control over him, making for a potentially smoother riding experience.

"Yeah, I'm sure they'll work great," Bob replied, trying to sound confident despite his nerves.

Frank chuckled, exchanging a knowing look with Tyler. "You're going to love riding in these, Tyler," he said with a mischievous grin. "They'll make Bob obey your every command without hesitation."

Bob couldn't help but feel a sense of trepidation at Frank's words. He knew that with sharper spurs, there would be no room for error. He would have to be on his best behavior if he wanted to avoid the sting of those rowels.

"All right, guys, let's get these spurs on," Tyler instructed, handing his new spurs to Bob. Bob felt a pang of nervousness as he took them, his hands trembling slightly. He quickly bent down to attach them to Tyler's boots, trying to hide his unease.

Meanwhile, Mark expertly affixed Frank's spurs with practiced hands, his movements swift and precise. Sensing Bob's lagging pace, Frank saw an opportunity to assert his dominance over Mark.

Mark glanced up at Frank, awaiting his next command with a mix of respect and anticipation. Frank met his gaze with a firm stare, then casually snapped his fingers and pointed to the ground, commanding Mark to bow. Without hesitation, Mark dropped to all fours, his forehead touching the grass at Frank's boots while arching his back in submission.

Frank turned his head towards Tyler with a smirk. "A little exercise to remind them of their place," he remarked, echoing Tyler's earlier advice and clearly reveling in the demonstration of obedience and control. He kept Mark in this position until they were ready to mount.

Tyler nodded in agreement, observing the scene with approval. "Exactly, Frank. Consistency is key in maintaining control."

When Bob finally finished attaching Tyler's spurs, he straightened up, trying to appear calm. Tyler inspected the spurs, then looked up at Frank with a smile.

"These look amazing, Frank," Tyler said, admiring the design. "The straps match my boots perfectly."

Frank nodded in agreement, his eyes twinkling with approval. "They really do, Tyler. You'll love the control these give you."

Tyler couldn't contain his excitement. "I can't wait to try them out."

Bob glanced at the spurs nervously, knowing the increased control they would grant Tyler. He took a deep breath, steeling himself for the ride ahead.

"All right, let's get mounted," Tyler said, his voice firm and commanding.

Mark and Bob kneeled down for their riders. Tyler mounted Bob, feeling the difference in weight distribution with the backpack. Frank settled onto Mark, who grunted slightly under his weight but remained steady.

"Let's start walking," Tyler instructed, giving Bob a gentle nudge with his new spurs. Bob immediately felt the sharpness, responding quickly to the command.

As they began their ride towards the hillside, Tyler and Frank continued their conversation.

"So, Tyler, how does it feel with the new spurs?" Frank asked, genuinely curious.

Tyler smiled, feeling the immediate response from Bob with every nudge. "It's fantastic, Frank. The control is incredible. I barely have to move my legs."

Frank nodded. "That's the beauty of sharper spurs. They make the ride so much smoother."

Bob felt every slight touch of the spurs, which motivated him to keep a steady pace. Mark, under Frank's weight, worked diligently, feeling a sense of pride in providing a comfortable ride for his rider.

After a while, Tyler decided to test the spurs further. "Let's see how Bob handles a change in direction," he said, nudging Bob with his left spur to make him turn right.

Bob immediately complied, the sharpness of the spurs making him more responsive. Frank watched with admiration. "Impressive. You hardly had to move your leg."

Tyler nodded. "Yeah, it's amazing. I think these spurs are going to make a big difference, especially in rough terrain."

As they continued their ride, Tyler and Frank enjoyed the control and comfort provided by their spurs, while Bob and Mark diligently carried their riders, feeling the weight of their dominance and the sting of the spurs with every command.

As they began their long ride side by side, Tyler and Frank were mindful not to let their spurs inadvertently brush against each other's boots, avoiding any unnecessary discomfort or pain.

"All right, Bob," Tyler said, nudging Bob gently with his new spurs, "let's keep a steady pace. We've got a lot of ground to cover today."

Bob felt the sting immediately and quickened his pace slightly, adjusting to the new sharpness that Tyler's spurs brought. He could tell that Tyler was still getting used to the increased power at the heels of his boots, but so far, Tyler seemed to be handling it well.

"How are you finding the new spurs, Tyler?" Frank asked, a hint of curiosity in his voice.

Tyler grinned, glancing at Frank. "They're pretty effective, Frank. I barely have to move my legs. It's a different experience, for sure. I feel like I've got so much more control."

Frank chuckled. "Just wait until we hit the rough terrain. That's when you'll really see the difference."

The riders continued to chat and joke about their seats as they settled in for the journey ahead. "You know, I think Bob's already feeling more obedient," Tyler said, giving Bob another nudge with the spurs to change direction. Bob responded instantly, turning right as Tyler had commanded.

Frank laughed. "Mark is the same way. These guys know what's up when they feel those spurs. Speaking of which..." Frank gave Mark a slight nudge with his left spur, directing him to follow Bob's new path. Mark responded with precision, understanding the command immediately.

Bob and Mark were both carrying their riders comfortably, but they were aware that the true test lay ahead when they would need to navigate through rougher terrain and uphill paths. The weight of their riders was manageable for now, but they knew it wouldn't be long before they faced more significant challenges.

"Think you'll use the new spurs less frequently than the old ones?" Frank asked Tyler.

Tyler considered this for a moment. "It's tempting to use them just as often, but I think I'll have to learn to use them less and with a lighter touch. The power they give me is incredible, but I don't want to overwhelm Bob."

As they continued, Tyler decided to test his theory. He gave Bob a very gentle nudge, almost imperceptible. The reaction was immediate and precise; Bob quickened his pace without hesitation. Tyler was impressed.

"See that, Frank? Barely touched him and he responded perfectly."

Frank nodded, clearly pleased with Tyler's progress. "That's the beauty of sharp spurs. Maximum control with minimal effort."

Tyler, feeling the newfound power and control, began to experiment more with the spurs. He gave Bob a series of gentle nudges, varying the pressure slightly to find the perfect balance. Bob responded well to each command, though the sharp spurs were a constant reminder of Tyler's presence and authority.

"Feels good to have this level of control," Tyler admitted. "I can see why you prefer them."

Frank smiled, giving Mark a similar series of commands with his spurs. "It's all about finding the right touch. You'll get the hang of it."

Bob, beneath Tyler, was adapting to the new spurs. The sharper points were a stark contrast to the moderate ones he was used to, and they required him to be even more attentive to Tyler's cues. Despite the increased sharpness, Bob found a strange sense of satisfaction in

providing Tyler with the smooth, controlled ride he desired. The connection between rider and seat felt more intense, more direct.

As they changed pace and directions, Tyler continued to marvel at the effectiveness of his new spurs. Each command was met with immediate compliance from Bob, who was learning to respond to the lighter, more precise touches. The power and control at Tyler's booted heels were undeniable, and he relished the experience.

"This is going to be interesting once we hit the hills," Tyler said, looking ahead at the rising terrain.

Frank nodded. "Yeah, that's where the real test begins. Just remember, a little pressure goes a long way with those spurs."

Bob felt a mix of anticipation and apprehension. The sharper spurs had certainly changed the dynamic of his relationship with Tyler. There was an increased respect for Tyler's control, but also a new level of intensity that he had to adapt to. Despite the sting, Bob remained committed to providing Tyler with the best possible ride.

As they continued towards the first hill, the riders enjoyed the smooth control their spurs afforded them, knowing that the true challenge was just ahead.

The riders stopped at the base of the first hill. It wasn't particularly high or steep, but it was a perfect starting point to test how well Bob and Mark would perform under more challenging circumstances. Tyler and Frank shared a glance, each noting the determination in the other's eyes.

"This should be interesting," Tyler said, looking at the hill. "How's the ride been so far for you, Frank?"

"Smooth as ever," Frank replied with a grin. "Mark's handling it like a pro. How about you? Getting used to those new spurs?"

"Yeah, they're working great. I feel like I barely have to nudge Bob and he knows exactly what I want. You ready to tackle this hill?"

"Absolutely," Frank said, adjusting his hat. "Remember, don't be shy with those spurs if you need to. They're there to keep Bob in line and ensure you have a smooth ride."

Tyler nodded, appreciating the advice. "And don't forget to enjoy the ride," he echoed with a smile.

The seats, Bob and Mark, exchanged a silent look. They understood what was expected of them. Despite the unspoken rule that they shouldn't be asked if they were ready, they felt prepared to tackle the hill. Any hesitation on their part would only result in more forceful commands from their riders.

"We're taking different routes up," Frank said. "It'll make it more interesting and give us both a chance to use our spurs independently."

"Got it," Tyler agreed. "Let's see how this goes."

Frank nudged Mark with his spurs, signaling him to start the climb. Mark responded instantly, beginning the ascent with a steady pace. Tyler watched for a moment, then gave Bob a gentle nudge with his new sharp spurs. Bob felt the sting and started up the hill, the extra weight of the backpack making the climb a bit more challenging.

Tyler and Frank shared one last look. "Have a fun ride, cowboy" Frank said.

"You too, buddy" Tyler replied.

Frank and Mark took a more direct path, with Frank maintaining a steady pressure with his spurs to keep Mark moving at a consistent pace. "Doing great, Mark. Keep it up," Frank encouraged, feeling the power and control his spurs gave him. Mark, focused on the climb, felt every nudge and sting, pushing himself to maintain the pace and balance under Frank's weight.

Meanwhile, Tyler and Bob took a slightly more winding route. Tyler tested the sensitivity of his new spurs, giving Bob light nudges to change direction and increase the pace. "Keep going, Bob. You're doing well," Tyler said, feeling the smoothness of the ride. The sharp spurs required less effort on his part, and he marveled at the precision they offered.

Bob, under the weight of both Tyler and the backpack, felt the sharpness of the new spurs acutely. Each command was clear and unmistakable, leaving no room for doubt. The climb was tough, but he was determined to show Tyler that he could handle the challenge. The extra weight made every step a bit harder, but Bob pushed on, focusing on maintaining his balance and responding promptly to Tyler's cues.

"Don't forget to watch your balance, Tyler," Frank called out from his path. "You don't want those spurs giving unintended commands."

"Got it, Frank," Tyler replied, keeping his movements deliberate and controlled. He felt a surge of confidence with each step Bob took, appreciating the seamless communication between his commands and Bob's responses.

As they continued to climb, both riders reveled in the power and control at the tips of their booted heels. Tyler, in particular, felt a thrill at the precision the new spurs offered. He used them sparingly but effectively, each nudge met with immediate compliance from Bob.

"You're handling this well, Bob," Tyler said, feeling a sense of pride in his seat's performance. Bob's efforts were evident, and Tyler couldn't help but appreciate the hard work Bob was putting in to ensure a smooth ride.

Mark, on the other hand, felt the steady pressure of Frank's spurs guiding him up the hill. Each step was a testament to his training and endurance. Frank's commands were clear and consistent, and Mark responded with precision, determined to carry his rider without faltering.

As they neared the top of the hill, Frank was the first to reach the summit. "Made it!" he called out, giving Mark a slight pat on the shoulder in approval. Mark breathed heavily but stood firm, feeling a sense of accomplishment.

Tyler and Bob were not far behind. Tyler gave Bob one final nudge with his spurs, encouraging him to push through the last few steps. "Almost there, Bob. You got this."

With a final effort, Bob carried Tyler to the top of the hill. "We did it," Tyler said, patting Bob's shoulder. "Great job, Bob."

After reaching the top of the hill, Frank and Tyler allowed their seats a few moments to catch their breath. Bob and Mark, breathing heavily, appreciated the short respite, though the riders remained seated, showing no intention of dismounting.

"Alright, let's get going," Tyler said, looking at the path downhill. "We'll head to the base of the next hill. This one's going to be a bit more challenging."

"Sounds good," Frank replied. "I'll follow your lead. It's safer this way, and I can keep an eye on you and Bob."

"All right, let's do this," Tyler agreed.

With a gentle nudge of his spurs, Tyler commanded Bob to start the descent. Bob felt the familiar sting, now a bit sharper than before, and carefully began to make his way downhill. He was mindful of each step, adjusting to the added challenge of descending with the weight of Tyler and the backpack.

Frank followed closely behind, keeping a watchful eye on Tyler. "Nice and easy, Mark," he said, using his spurs lightly to guide Mark's direction. Mark responded smoothly, feeling the pressure of Frank's boots guiding him down the slope.

The riders expected to use their spurs primarily for direction, relying less on them for pace. "Steady, Bob," Tyler said, giving a light nudge to the left spur to guide Bob around a small rock. Bob complied immediately, grateful for the precise commands that helped him navigate the tricky descent.

"You're doing great, Mark," Frank encouraged, keeping his cues consistent and clear. "Just follow Tyler and Bob, and we'll get down safely."

Bob and Mark focused intensely on maintaining their balance and ensuring their riders' comfort. The downhill journey was a new challenge, requiring them to be extra cautious with their footing to prevent any missteps. The sharp spurs provided clear and immediate feedback, helping them correct their paths swiftly.

"How's it going down there?" Frank called out to Tyler, still watching him closely.

"Pretty good," Tyler replied. "Bob's handling it well. These new spurs really make a difference. How about you?"

"Smooth ride," Frank said with a grin. "Mark's doing an excellent job as always. Just remember to keep your balance and let the spurs do their work."

Tyler nodded, focusing on his balance as he continued to guide Bob downhill. The sharp spurs allowed him to make minor adjustments with ease, each touch of the rowels met with an immediate response from Bob. "Just a bit further, Bob," he encouraged. "You're doing great."

Bob, feeling the steady pressure of the spurs, concentrated on every step. The descent was challenging, but he was determined to prove his capability. The sharp spurs, though intimidating, helped him maintain the precise path Tyler wanted.

Mark, under Frank's guidance, moved steadily down the slope. The pressure from Frank's spurs was familiar and reassuring, helping him navigate the descent with confidence. "Keep it up, Mark," Frank said, giving a light nudge to steer around an obstacle. "We're almost there."

Tyler and Frank reached the base of the second hill, exchanging a determined nod. The challenge was greater this time, the hill steeper and higher, but the seats seemed ready. Bob and Mark, despite their fatigue, prepared themselves for the strenuous climb ahead.

Tyler weighed himself earlier that morning, taking into account his own weight of 90 kg, along with 6 kg for his clothing and gear, and an additional 9 kg for the backpack filled with water and snacks. Standing there, he realized that Bob, who weighed a steady 80 kg, would be carrying a substantial load compared to his own bodyweight. This was a considerable increase in weight for Bob to manage, especially during today's trail ride. Despite being accustomed to Tyler's weight and having been ridden by Frank a few times, the additional load was evident. Knowing the backpack's weight would lessen with each empty water bottle, Tyler felt a surge of pride as he considered how well Bob had managed the weight

thus far. This ride was a true test of Bob's strength and endurance, and Tyler was impressed by his seat's resilience and ability to carry such a heavy burden.

Frank, feeling equally proud of Mark, chose a slightly less challenging path to conserve energy for future climbs. Tyler, eager to test his new spurs further, opted for a more straightforward but steep route.

"Ready to take this to the next level?" Tyler asked, excitement clear in his voice.

"Absolutely," Frank replied. "Let's see what our guys can do."

Tyler gave a gentle nudge with his spurs, signaling Bob to start moving. Bob responded instantly, beginning the climb. Frank followed, using his spurs to guide Mark up the less steep path. The riders were careful to avoid each other's spurs, ensuring a smooth ride.

As they ascended, Tyler and Frank occasionally used their spurs to steer their seats. The sharp rowels elicited immediate responses, a reminder of the control the riders had over their seats.

"Looks like these new spurs are really working for you," Frank remarked, watching Tyler skillfully guide Bob.

"Yeah, they're incredible," Tyler said, a hint of exhilaration in his voice. "The control is amazing. I barely have to do anything."

Halfway up the hill, the effort was beginning to show. Bob and Mark were breathing heavily, sweat forming on their brows. Tyler noticed Bob slowing down and gave a gentle nudge with his spurs. Bob grunted but didn't speed up. Without hesitation, Tyler applied more pressure, the sharp rowels digging in. Bob grunted louder but picked up the pace immediately.

Frank experienced similar moments. He used his spurs more aggressively when Mark slowed down, each nudge a clear command to keep moving.

"Keep it up, Mark," Frank muttered under his breath, enjoying the power and control.

Tyler, too, was delighted with the performance of his spurs. Each time Bob slowed, a sharp nudge with the spurs corrected him. The power at his boot heels was thrilling, the control exhilarating. Tyler couldn't help but feel turned on by the experience, the combination of power and comfort intoxicating.

Frank, enjoying his ride equally, felt a sense of satisfaction. He loved the feeling of Mark working hard under him, pushing through the climb despite the fatigue. The effort, the control, the sheer dominance of the situation was arousing.

When they finally reached the top, Tyler guided Bob to a flat area and gave a command to kneel down gently. Bob complied, lowering himself carefully. Frank followed suit, and Mark kneeled down as well.

"Great job, guys," Tyler said, patting Bob's shoulder as he dismounted.

"Absolutely," Frank added, dismounting Mark. "They did fantastic."

Bob and Mark, though exhausted, felt a sense of accomplishment. They had carried their riders to the top, obeying every command despite the difficulty.

"Let's take a proper break," Tyler suggested, pulling out bottles of water and snacks from the backpack. "They've earned it."

Frank agreed, handing out water to Mark. "Rest up, guys. We've got more hills to conquer."

The seats, grateful for the respite, drank deeply, preparing themselves for the challenges ahead. Tyler and Frank, confident in their control and the performance of their spurs, looked forward to the next part of their journey.

During the well-deserved break, Bob and Mark lay side by side on the grassy area, enjoying the rest and each other's company. Tyler and Frank, sitting nearby, admired the view from the hill, their conversation flowing easily about the ride and the familiar sights of their college campus and football fields in the distance.

"Man, that climb was something else," Tyler remarked, wiping sweat from his brow. "But the view up here is totally worth it."

"Yeah, it's amazing," Frank agreed, glancing down at Bob and Mark. "But I think it's time we found a more comfortable spot to sit."

Tyler nodded, and they both moved towards their seats. Without hesitation, they positioned themselves on Bob and Mark's stomachs, using their legs as backrests.

"We're not going to sit on your faces or chests this time," Tyler explained, patting Bob's chest. "You guys just keep resting."

Bob and Mark grinned, grateful for the consideration, but it wasn't long before Bob spoke up. "Tyler, I'm rested enough. If you want, my face is available. Maybe you want to sit in your saddle for a bit?"

Tyler's chest swelled with pride. "You sure, Bob? I'm wearing jeans, not my football pants. The fabric and seams might be uncomfortable."

"It's fine," Bob assured him. "The imprints of your jeans will disappear after a while. I can handle it."

Mark, not wanting to be outdone, offered his face to Frank. "Your saddle is available too, Frank. I mean, if Bob can offer his, I should too."

Tyler and Frank exchanged a pleased glance, adjusted their cowboy hats and settled themselves on their seats' faces. Tyler lowered himself onto Bob's face with care, adjusting until he was comfortable. Frank did the same with Mark, both riders sitting in their jeans, their spurs occasionally glinting in the sunlight. Their muscled and tight asses clad in Levi's a striking sight from behind. The leather back patches revealed their waist sizes: Tyler's trim 32 inches and Frank's solid 34 inches. The iconic red tabs on the back pockets hovering just above their seats' faces.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Tyler asked, shifting slightly to get more comfortable.

"Absolutely," Frank replied. "These guys are great."

They enjoyed the unexpected face-sitting session for half an hour, chatting about the ride ahead, the performance of their seats, and the power of their spurs. Occasionally, they played with the rowels on their boots, the small tinkling sound adding to the ambiance.

Eventually, Tyler stood up. "Gotta take a leak," he said, walking over to some nearby bushes.

Frank took the opportunity to mount Mark. "Kneel down, Mark" he commanded, settling on his shoulders but not giving the order to stand. "Hold this position while we wait for Tyler."



Mark obeyed, straining slightly under Frank's full weight. Frank sat comfortably, making it clear that Mark's place was beneath him.

When Tyler returned, he chuckled at the sight before him. "Nice one, Frank," he remarked with amusement, giving Frank a thumbs up before mounting Bob smoothly.

Once both riders were settled, they spurred their seats to start walking downhill.

The descent required careful control, Tyler and Frank using their spurs to guide their seats gently but firmly. The sharp rowels provided precise commands, ensuring that Bob and Mark followed their directions without hesitation.

"Easy, Bob," Tyler murmured, giving a light nudge to steer him to the right. "Keep it steady."

Frank echoed similar commands to Mark. "That's it, Mark. Good job."

Bob and Mark, despite the fatigue and additional weight, responded immediately to every spur, their movements precise and obedient. The riders felt the thrill of control and power at their heels, the descent smooth and exhilarating.

At the base of the hill, they halted their seats and looked back at the path they had taken. The climb and descent had been challenging, but they had conquered it.

"Well done, guys," Tyler said, patting Bob's shoulder.

"Yeah, great work," Frank added, his hand resting on Mark's head.

The next hill was several minutes away, giving Bob and Mark a chance to recover from the previous descent as they crossed the flat terrain. Tyler and Frank maintained a steady pace, looking forward to the challenge that lay ahead.

When they reached the base of the hill, they paused their seats to assess their routes. The hill was lower than the last one but significantly steeper, promising a true test of endurance and resilience for Bob and Mark. Both riders were determined to reach the top without dismounting.

"Feeling confident enough to use your spurs harshly if needed?" Frank asked Tyler.

Tyler grinned, adjusting his seat. "I'd like to see how far these spurs can go," he replied.

The answer sent a shiver of fear through Bob, but also a surge of determination. He was resolved to avoid provoking Tyler into harsher use of the spurs.

With a nod, Tyler and Frank spurred their seats to start the climb, each taking a slightly different path but staying within ten meters of each other. The hill was indeed steep, and every step drained Bob and Mark's energy. Their riders sat comfortably, urging them on with a mix of gentle and forceful spurring.

"Keep it steady, Bob," Tyler murmured, his spurs digging in lightly for direction. When Bob slowed down, Tyler didn't hesitate to press his spurs in harder. Bob grunted in response, the sharp sting driving him to pick up the pace.

Frank mirrored Tyler's actions. "Don't lag, Mark," he said, giving a more forceful push with his spurs when Mark's pace faltered. Mark's breathing grew heavier, and beads of sweat formed on his forehead, but he obeyed the painful cues without hesitation.

The riders felt the intoxicating power they held at the tip of their spurs. Every forceful press elicited louder grunts from Bob and Mark, whose determination to keep going only grew

stronger with the stings. Tyler, especially, noticed how effectively the sharp rowels drove Bob forward, filling him with a sense of satisfaction and delight.

"This is exhilarating," Tyler called out to Frank, his voice tinged with excitement. "The spurs are working perfectly."

"Absolutely," Frank agreed. "They're doing great."

Bob and Mark moaned and grunted under the strain, their breathing labored and their bodies drenched in sweat. Yet, every time the riders employed their spurs, it produced the desired results. The pain from the sharp stings induced a rush of adrenaline, fueling their determination to keep moving.

As they neared the top, Tyler and Frank gave a final, harsh push with their spurs, prompting loud grunts from their seats but ensuring they reached the summit without slowing down.

Finally at the top, Tyler and Frank ordered Bob and Mark to lower them down slowly, allowing for a comfortable dismount.

"Good boys," Tyler said, patting Bob's shoulder. "You did well."

"Excellent work, Mark," Frank added, giving Mark a reassuring pat.

Bob and Mark, exhausted but relieved, were given water to drink and praised abundantly for their hard work and accomplishments. They lay on their backs next to each other, catching their breath.

Tyler and Frank, despite being tempted to sit on them, resisted and allowed them a good rest. The sight of their dedicated seats laying side by side, resting, filled them with pride and satisfaction.

"We'll let them recover properly," Tyler said, stretching his legs.

Frank nodded in agreement. "They've earned it."

The riders relaxed, talking about the exhilarating climb and the performance of their spurs, while their seats enjoyed a much-needed break.

After 20 minutes Tyler and Frank summoned their seats over for a comprehensive evaluation of the ride uphill. The atmosphere was relaxed yet charged with the excitement of their recent challenge.

Tyler took the lead, looking at Bob and Mark with a mixture of pride and satisfaction. "All right, let's break it down," he began. "That was one tough climb, no doubt about it. The steepness definitely tested you guys, but you handled it well."

Frank nodded, his hand resting on Mark's shoulder. "It was definitely steeper than the last hill, but I think you guys did an incredible job. Mark, you kept a good pace, even when it got really tough. I'm proud of you."

"I have to say," Tyler continued, "the spurs made a significant difference. The sharpness and the control they provided were just what I needed to keep you in line, Bob. There were moments when I had to use them more aggressively, but your response was exactly what I hoped for."

Bob nodded. "I could definitely feel the difference, Tyler. The new spurs are... effective. Painful, but effective."

Frank chimed in, "I used my spurs more than usual too. There were times I had to dig in pretty hard, especially when you slowed down, Mark. But you kept going, and that's what matters."

Mark winced slightly at the memory but agreed. "The spurs were a constant reminder to keep pushing. It hurt, but it kept me focused."

Tyler turned to Frank, a grin spreading across his face. "I have to admit, the power I felt with those spurs was... exhilarating. Having that level of control, knowing that just a touch could command immediate obedience, it's a heady feeling."

Frank chuckled. "I know exactly what you mean. There's something thrilling about that kind of power, especially when you're sitting so comfortably, relaxed in your seat."

Tyler adjusted his Levi's, feeling the familiar tightness against his legs. "Speaking of comfort, these jeans held up pretty well. The seams didn't bother me much, even when I was pushing hard with the spurs. And the jock strap underneath gave me the support I needed without any discomfort."

Frank agreed, shifting slightly to get more comfortable. "Same here. My Levi's are snug, but they add to the overall experience. The jock strap definitely helped, especially during those moments of intense spurring."

Bob and Mark, despite their exhaustion, listened intently. It was clear their riders were deeply satisfied with the ride, which, in turn, gave them a sense of accomplishment.

Tyler looked at Bob with a serious expression. "Bob, you handled the extra weight of the backpack and my full weight incredibly well. I almost forgot about it during the ride. You showed great endurance and resilience."

Bob smiled weakly. "Thank you, Tyler. It was challenging, but I'm glad I could carry you and the backpack without too much trouble."

Frank patted Mark's shoulder again. "And you, Mark, even though we took a slightly less steep route, it was still tough. You didn't falter, and I appreciate that."

Mark nodded, grateful for the acknowledgment. "Thank you, Frank. It was hard, but your commands kept me focused."

Tyler leaned back, stretching his legs out. "All in all, it was a great ride. The challenge was exactly what we needed to push ourselves and see what we're capable of. And it was... quite arousing, to be honest. The combination of power, control, and comfort made it an unforgettable experience."

Frank grinned. "Absolutely. There's something about the mix of physical exertion and the control we have with the spurs that's incredibly satisfying. Plus, riding in our Levi's, feeling the texture and the fit, it just adds to the whole experience."

Bob and Mark, lying next to each other, felt a sense of pride and relief. They had endured the ride, responded to every command, and now their efforts were being thoroughly appreciated.

"We'll take a proper break now," Tyler said, looking at his seat with a smile. "You guys earned it. Rest up, because we've got the descent and the ride back to the cars ahead of us."

With that, the group settled into a comfortable silence, each reflecting on the ride and the unique bond between rider and seat, strengthened by the shared challenge and the mutual respect earned along the way.

After their break, the riders and their seats felt rejuvenated, ready to tackle the final leg of their journey. Tyler and Frank stretched, making sure their muscles were loose and prepared for the descent. The view from the top of the hill was breathtaking, with the sprawling campus and its surrounding greenery laid out below them. It was time to head back to the parking lot of the park behind their college campus.

Tyler turned to Frank, "All right, last stretch. Ready to head back?"

Frank nodded, a determined look in his eyes. "Absolutely. Let's give them a steady but challenging ride back."

They signaled their seats to get into position. Bob and Mark, now well-rested, rose to their feet and prepared to the descent. Tyler and Frank mounted their respective seats with practiced ease, adjusting themselves comfortably.

Tyler leaned down slightly and whispered to Bob, "You ready, buddy? It's the final stretch."

Bob nodded, a mixture of exhaustion and determination in his eyes. "Ready, Tyler."

Frank, seated on Mark's shoulders, patted him lightly. "Let's do this, Mark. Nice and steady."

Mark took a deep breath and nodded. "Got it, Frank."

The riders nudged their spurs gently into their seats' sides, signaling the start of the descent. The steep incline demanded careful navigation, and both Tyler and Frank were mindful of their spurring to ensure precise control. They kept their cues clear and deliberate, using their spurs primarily for direction rather than speed.

As they descended, Tyler felt the familiar exhilaration of riding, the gentle sway of Bob's movements beneath him, and the responsive obedience to every touch of his spurs. The new spurs, sharp and effective, had proven their worth, allowing him to maintain control with minimal effort. He marveled at Bob's endurance and resilience, especially under the added weight of the backpack.

Frank, meanwhile, enjoyed the steady pace Mark maintained. He occasionally pressed his spurs lightly to adjust their direction, ensuring they stayed on the safest path down. The thrill of control, the comfort of his Levi's, and the sturdy support of his jock strap made the ride immensely satisfying.

Once they reached the base of the hill, they paused briefly to regroup. The final stretch to the parking lot lay ahead, a more straightforward path compared to the steep hills they had conquered.

Tyler took a moment to survey the path ahead. "Almost there. Let's finish strong."

Frank agreed, giving Mark an encouraging pat. "Let's go, Mark. Last push."

With renewed vigor, they set off towards the park. The path was less challenging, allowing for a steady pace without the need for aggressive spurring. Tyler and Frank guided their seats with subtle cues, enjoying the smooth ride back.

The conversation between the riders was light-hearted, filled with jokes and reflections on their journey. They discussed the view from the hill, their college memories, and their excitement for future rides.

Tyler grinned at Frank. "You know, I'm really impressed with how well these spurs work. It's like they were made for Bob."

Frank laughed. "Told you they'd make a difference. You handled them well, Tyler. It's all about finding that balance between control and comfort."

As they approached the familiar surroundings of the park, Tyler and Frank exchanged a satisfied glance. They had pushed their seats to new limits, and both Bob and Mark had risen to the challenge admirably.

When they finally reached the parking lot, Tyler and Frank dismounted with ease. They turned to their seats, who were visibly exhausted but proud of their accomplishments.

Tyler patted Bob on the back. "Great job, Bob. You were incredible today."

Bob smiled wearily but proudly. "Thanks, Tyler. It was tough, but we made it."

Frank shook Mark's hand firmly. "Well done, Mark. You never gave up, and that's what matters."

Mark nodded, his expression one of quiet pride. "Thanks, Frank. I'm glad I could carry you all the way."

The group stood together for a moment, basking in the afterglow of their shared experience. They had tested their limits, forged stronger bonds, and emerged triumphant.

Tyler stretched, feeling the slight ache in his muscles. "Same time next week?"

Frank grinned. "Absolutely. We've got more hills to conquer."

Bob and Mark exchanged a look, knowing that while the rides were grueling, the sense of accomplishment and the bond with their riders made it all worthwhile.

As they packed up and prepared to leave, the camaraderie and mutual respect between the four of them were palpable. They had faced the hills together and were ready for whatever challenges lay ahead.