

The following week Tyler is suffering from a football injury and has trouble walking. He didn't want to reschedule Bob's training. Bob asked Tyler to be stricter with him, allowing him to further explore his submissive feelings.

They meet at the parking lot, where Bob and Mark notice Tyler's discomfort when he got out of his car. Bob: Hey Tyler, you don't look so good. Are you okay? Tyler: (grimacing) Nah, just a football injury acting up. I'll survive. But I've got a plan to make it through today's session. Bob, get over here and crouch down before me. Bob: (concerned) You want me to crouch down? Sure Tyler, I'm here to help. Mark: (curious) What's the plan, Tyler?

Tyler: (smirking) Well, since I can't walk comfortably, I thought I'd ride Bob's shoulders all the way to our spot. It'll save me from the pain, and Bob gets a nice workout. Bob: (chuckles) Sounds like a plan. I've got your back, Tyler. Mark: (grinning) This should be interesting. Let's get this show on the road! And so, with Tyler perched upon Bob's shoulders, they began their unique journey from the parking lot to their usual spot in the park, embarking on another adventure in their unorthodox training regimen.

As they made their way through the park with Tyler riding on Bob's shoulders, they couldn't help but notice the curious glances and admiring looks from people passing by. Tyler: (grinning) Look at all these admirers, guys. I knew my ass looked good in these football pants! Mark: (laughing) Well, Tyler, it might also have something to do with the fact that you're riding on Bob's shoulders. You know, people are probably wondering what's going on. Bob: (playfully) yeah, Tyler, maybe they think I'm carrying a football superstar!

Tyler: (mocking surprise) Hey now, Bob, watch it! But yeah, you might be right, Mark. It's not every day you see a guy riding another guy in the park. Mark: (teasing) It's a sight to behold, that's for sure. But hey, we're here to train, no matter how we get there! And so, with a mix of amusement and pride, they continued on their journey, attracting attention and making their way to their training spot with Tyler riding high on Bob's shoulders.

After riding for 10 minutes, Tyler notices that Bob is getting a bit tired carrying his weight. Tyler, his ass comfortably seated on the neck and shoulders, and enjoying the ride, tells Bob to hang in there because they're only halfway and he isn't going to walk, no matter what.

Tyler: Hey, Bob, how are you holding up down there? Bob: (slightly strained) Well, Tyler, it's a lot of weight to be carrying, but I'm managing. Tyler: (grinning) That's the spirit! We're only halfway to our spot, and there's no way I'm walking with this injury. You can handle a bit more, can't you? Mark: (chuckles) Bob, you're doing great! Tyler's butt is probably enjoying this ride more than he's letting on. Bob: (smiling) Thanks, guys. I'll keep going; I wouldn't want Tyler to have to walk. Besides, I'm getting a good workout here! With determination and a sense of camaraderie, they continued their unique journey through the park, Tyler comfortably seated on Bob's shoulders, while Bob did his best to carry his friend to their training spot.

Tyler who has been riding team mates shoulders doing victory laps, never rode for more than a few minutes uninterrupted. He's riding Bob for almost 15 minutes now and he's been enjoying feeling the rhythmic movements of Bob's neck in his crotch. He's getting a bit of a turn on riding like this. Bob who's getting more strained under Tyler's weight by the minute, has to work hard to keep his quarterback seated comfortably on his shoulders. Tyler's heavy weight is taking its toll, but he is determined to give Tyler what he wants and please him as best he can. Mark is more impressed by Bob's hard labour by the minute. And they have at least 5 more minutes to go. Bob is breathing heavily and his forehead is covered in sweat. This is no "walk in the park" for Bob.

Tyler: (grinning) Bob, you're doing an amazing job! I'm loving this ride. Just a few more minutes, and we'll be at our spot. Bob: (straining) Thanks, Tyler. It's not easy, but I'll keep going. You're worth it! Mark: (impressed) Bob, you're a trooper! Hang in there, buddy. We're almost there.

As the minutes pass, Bob's determination and strength are put to the test. Tyler continues to enjoy the unique ride, feeling the rhythmic movements beneath him. Mark watches with admiration, realizing just how much effort Bob is putting in to please Tyler. Bob: (struggling) We're almost...there, guys. Just a little...more. Tyler: (encouraging) You're a legend, Bob! Just a bit longer. Mark: (supportive) You've got this, Bob!

With still 3 minutes to go Bob is almost out of breath, Tyler's weight is pushing down on him harder and harder and he breaks a sweat all over his upper body. Tyler and Mark are pushing him to keep it up and don't give up. Giving up is not in Bob's vocabulary, he keeps laboring to give Tyler his ride. Tyler is increasingly enjoying the ride. He could ride like this all day. Tyler: Just a little more, buddy. We're almost there! Mark: You've got this Bob. Don't give up now. Tyler is loving it up there! Bob: I won't...quit guys, ...I'll get...you to...the spot. It's...tough, but...I can...do it!

With their words of encouragement and Bob's unwavering determination, they continue the challenging journey. Bob's strength and dedication shine through as he carries Tyler, who's thoroughly enjoying the unique ride. Only a few more minutes stand between them and their destination. Bob is now exhausted, but more determined than ever to get his quarterback to the training spot. He's not giving up now, not now he's so close to the finish! Tyler is still comfortably riding Bob's shoulders and having fun feeling his wide receiver work so hard for him and enduring his much larger weight. Tyler: (cheering) You're a legend, Bob! We're almost there, buddy. Keep pushing! Mark: (admiring) Bob, you're incredible! Bob: (determined) I...won't...stop now. We're...almost...there, guys!

The last minutes seemed to last an eternity for Bob and the training spot seemed further away than ever. Tyler felt completely the other way. Riding Bob like this gave him much pleasure. He didn't realize he liked riding shoulders that much. Bob finally made it to the finish line and almost collapsed. With his last energy he even managed to put Tyler gently on his feet. Tyler's arousal became apparent when he dismounted Bob's shoulders.

Tyler: You did it, Bob! You're a real trooper. Mark: Bob, you're incredible. You carried Tyler all the way here! Bob: (exhausted) Thanks, guys. I gave it my all. Tyler, still reveling in the experience, couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement from the shoulder ride. The unexpected arousal added a new layer of complexity to their training sessions.

Bob needs to recover from his ordeal before Tyler can put him back to work. Because Tyler can't stand for too long, he asks Mark to be his seat for the time Bob needs to recover. Mark is stepping in, taking over Bob's task to provide Tyler a comfortable seat. He lays down on his back, put up his feet to make a backrest and point at his stomach. Mark: park your ass here and make yourself comfortable, I'll be your seat for as long as you want.

Mark's offer to be Tyler's seat was a welcome relief, especially after the unconventional shoulder ride. Tyler, still feeling the effects of the ride and his football injury, wasted no time. He graciously accepted Mark's invitation and settled down onto Mark's stomach, enjoying the comfort and stability he provided. Tyler to Mark: You're a lifesaver, Mark. This is exactly what I needed after that wild ride on Bob's shoulders. You make a pretty good seat, too. As Tyler relaxed on Mark's stomach, he couldn't help but chuckle at the peculiar turn their training sessions had taken. Who would have thought that one day he'd be using his teammate as a makeshift seat in the middle of the park? But hey, when it came to these three friends, nothing was ever quite as it seemed.

Mark looked up at the quarterback sitting on top of him. It was clear that Tyler was used to sitting on guys by now. Tyler was completely at ease and relaxed. Mark enjoyed helping Tyler stay comfortable. Bob, still recovering from the exhausting work carrying Tyler, was glad that Tyler was on Mark and not on him. Mark and Tyler shared a unique bond that extended beyond their roles on the football field. Mark took pride in being able to assist his quarterback and friend, even if it meant becoming a temporary seat for him. Tyler's comfort was a priority, and Mark was more than willing to accommodate him.

As the two friends relaxed together, Mark couldn't help but chuckle. You know, Tyler, who would've thought our training sessions would turn into something like this? Riding Bob's shoulders and now this. Tyler grinned down at Mark, his trusty seat. Life's full of surprises, my friend. But hey, we make the most of it.

Meanwhile, Bob was silently grateful for the temporary reprieve, catching his breath and gathering his strength for whatever training challenges lay ahead. These sessions might be unconventional, but they were undoubtedly effective in building their teamwork and camaraderie.

As Tyler chatted with Mark, he wondered if Mark would ask him to sit on his chest. Last time Mark wanted to know what it's like to be underneath someone and what it's like when that person sits on your face. Tyler then sat on Mark's face for a few minutes. Tyler is unsure whether Mark wants to take this further, but he has a feeling he does.

Tyler: Hey Mark, thanks again for letting me sit on you, I feel comfortable up here, you make an excellent seat. Mark: Anytime Tyler, and let me know if I can help you with anything else today. You're heavy, but for now I can handle your famous ass just fine. Tyler: Looking down on you from this angle I wonder if you like to take our experiment a bit further. Mark gave it some thought before responding to Tyler's question. Mark: You know, I've been curious about it, and I think I'd be up for trying it again. But this time, maybe we could take it a bit further, just to see how it feels. Tyler: That sounds interesting, Mark. How far are you willing to go with it? Mark: Well, I'd like to try having you sit full weight on my face again, but for a bit longer this time. I want to see how it feels and if I can handle it. Tyler: Alright, Mark, we can give it a try. But remember, you can tap my thigh anytime if you want me to stop or if it gets too uncomfortable. With that agreement in place, Tyler and Mark decided to continue their experiment, taking their training session to a new level of intensity.

Now that it is clear that Mark wants to investigate further and Tyler will sit on his face today, Mark asks if Tyler wants to sit on his chest to get used to his weight. Tyler moves forward and gently rests some of his weight on Tyler's chest. Mark smiles as Tyler gently lowers his weight onto Mark's chest. He looks at Mark's face to see if he can put more of his weight on his chest and sit down with his full weight.

Mark's face displayed a mix of anticipation and excitement as he looked up at Tyler. Tyler: How are you feeling so far, Mark? It's not bad at all, Tyler. You can put a bit more weight if you're comfortable. Tyler: Alright, here we go. Tyler slowly began to shift his weight from his feet to Mark's chest. Mark's chest rose and fell slightly as he adjusted to the added pressure. Tyler continued until he was sitting comfortably on Mark's chest. Tyler: How's this, Mark? Still okay? Mark: Yeah, it's good. I can handle it. This is an interesting sensation. Tyler: Great, Mark. We'll take it slow and easy, just like last time.

With that, Tyler settled more comfortably on Mark's chest, getting both of them accustomed to the added weight before they proceeded to the next step of their experiment. Bob is watching them with interest, remembering how his own submissive feelings came to surface a few months back. Mark: Alright, Tyler, I'm ready to give it a try. Tyler: Okay, Mark, we'll take it step by step. Remember, you can tap my thigh at any time if you need me to get off.

Mark nodded, and Tyler slowly shifted his position, moving from Mark's chest towards his face. Mark's heart raced with anticipation as Tyler's body began to hover over him. Tyler: Just let me know when you want me to sit down, Mark. We'll go at your pace. Mark took a deep breath and nodded, ready to be seated. The tension in the air was palpable as he waited for the moment to come. Tyler slowly and carefully began to descend, making sure Mark was comfortable with the added weight. As Tyler's weight settled onto Mark's face, he let out a muffled sigh, adjusting to the sensation. Tyler: How are you feeling, Mark? Remember, if you need me to stop, just tap my thigh. Mark responded with a slight nod, signaling to Tyler that he was doing okay. It was a unique experience, feeling the weight of his teammate pressing down on him. As the minutes passed, Mark found himself adjusting to the sensation, growing more accustomed to the feeling of Tyler's presence. Tyler: Doing great, Mark. You're a natural at this. Mark couldn't help but feel a surge of pride at Tyler's words. He was experiencing something new, exploring different dynamics, and it felt oddly liberating.

Bob, watching the scene unfold, couldn't help but feel a sense of camaraderie with Mark. He remembered the first time he experienced this kind of submission, and seeing Mark go through it brought back those memories. Bob to Mark: You're doing great, man. It's all about trust and communication. Mark managed a muffled but appreciative response, grateful for the encouragement from both Tyler and Bob. The experience was intense, but he was determined to see it through.

With a muffled voice Mark asks Tyler to sit full weight. Bob looks at Tyler's ass in his white tight football pants that fully covers Mark's face. He just loves the way Tyler's bubble butt looks when he's sitting on someone. Wherever he sits his ass. He imagines what that locally famous ass looked like on his shoulders. He's sure it turned out to be a beautiful picture.

Mark's request didn't go unnoticed by Tyler. With a sense of anticipation, Tyler gradually shifted his weight forward, allowing more and more of his considerable bulk to rest on Mark's face. As the seconds passed, Mark felt the increasing pressure, his world confined to the warm darkness beneath Tyler's ass. Tyler to Mark: How's that, Mark? Comfortable? Mark, muffled beneath the weight, managed a nod to signal that he was okay. It was a remarkable sensation, feeling the full weight of his teammate on his face, the closeness and intimacy of it all. Bob, who had been observing with keen interest, couldn't help but feel a mixture of envy and fascination. He knew what it was like to be under Tyler's ass, and he couldn't deny the allure of it. Bob: Enjoying the feeling down there, Mark? Mark, still adjusting to the sensation, couldn't respond verbally but gave a thumbs-up to indicate that he was indeed enjoying the experience.

As the minutes passed, Tyler remained seated on Mark's face, while Bob watched with a mixture of curiosity and admiration. Mark started to moan and grunt softly as Tyler's weight pressed down on him. Bob and Tyler discuss Tyler's ass sitting on Bob's face. Bob makes Tyler laugh with his comments about the size and look. Tyler knows that Bob loves his ass and he suspects he might be feeling some envy. Bob: You know, Tyler, I've been thinking... Tyler: About what, Bob? Bob: About your famous ass and how it looks when you sit on people's faces. I gotta say, it's quite the sight. Tyler chuckles: Well, I've had plenty of compliments on it, that's for sure. Bob grinning: Oh, no doubt about that! Your bubble butt could probably make anyone jealous. Tyler laughs: Thanks, Bob. But hey, I've seen you in action too. You've got quite the strong and sturdy build yourself. Bob: Well, yeah, but it's not quite the same as having you seated on top of me. You know what I mean? Tyler grinning: Are you trying to tell me you're a little jealous, Bob? Bob laughing: Maybe just a tad. But hey, I'm proud of what I can handle. You sitting on my shoulders was quite an experience. Tyler: Well, I appreciate that, Bob. And who knows, maybe we can find a way for you to enjoy my famous ass again sometime. Bob: I'd like that, Tyler. And until then, I'll just admire it from afar. Tyler: You got it, Bob. We'll find a way to keep everyone happy.

As Bob and Tyler shared a laugh and continued their conversation, Mark, still underneath Tyler's ass, couldn't help but smile, feeling the camaraderie between his teammates. Tyler is checking out his own ass as he sits full weight on Mark's face. Unconsciously his hands run over his buttocks. Those tight football pants sure showcase one of his finest assets. He shares his thoughts with Bob. Mark is following the conversation, but Tyler's ass muffles the voices of his friends. It makes him proud that he can bear the weight of that very ass for already a minute or two.

Tyler: (running his hands over his own buttocks) You know, Bob, these football pants really do justice to my ass. It's like a work of art. Bob: (laughs) Oh, absolutely, Tyler. Your ass is definitely a masterpiece. Mark: (muffled voice) Guys, I can't hear you too well down here. Tyler: (grinning) Sorry, Mark. We were just admiring my ass, that's all. Bob: (chuckles) Yeah, Mark, you're missing quite the view from down there. Mark: (muffled voice, with a hint of pride) Well, I don't mind the feeling from here either.

Tyler checks in with Mark to see if he is still alright. Mark has been grunting and moaning more intense, but he signals he's good. Tyler settles back onto Mark's face and get himself more comfortable. Mark adapts to the shifting weight, doing his best to ensure Tyler's comfort while serving as his seat.

As he sits comfortably on Mark's face, Tyler can't help but think that he might have two faces to sit on in the near future. The thought of it excites him and makes him chuckle. He shares his thoughts with Mark and Bob. Tyler: (chuckling) You know guys, I might have to start scheduling face-sitting appointments soon with both of you.

Mark: (tapping Tyler's thigh) Tyler, I think I've had enough for now. Tyler: (getting off Mark's face) Sure thing, buddy. (He chuckles) So, what made you tap out, Mark? My weight or the world-famous ass? Mark: (laughs) Your ass is perfect for face-sitting, Tyler, no doubt about that. But I guess it's the weight that got to me. You're a big guy! Bob, who's been quietly watching the conversation, can't help but laugh at their exchange, finding the camaraderie amusing.

Tyler looks at Bob and says in a suddenly demanding tone of voice: it's time for you to get back to work Bob! Get on your back right away and prepare to be seated.

Bob, slightly taken aback by Tyler's sudden change in tone, quickly complies and lies down on his back, ready for Tyler to take a seat. Tyler, determined and assertive, positions himself over Bob's face, ready to sit down. Mark watches with interest, intrigued by the dynamic between Tyler and Bob. Tyler quickly takes his seat on Bob's face, sits down full weight and settles in to get comfortable. When his seat is to his liking, he commands Bob to serve him for the next 30 minutes. Bob, while a bit surprised by the sudden command, knows his role well and complies, accepting the weight and pressure on his face. Mark watches the scene unfold, curious to see how Tyler and Bob interact during this extended face-sitting session.

Tyler: Bob, here are a few instructions to keep my ass happy while you're my seat for the next 30 minutes. First, make sure your breathing is steady and calm to avoid any discomfort. Second, if you need to tap my thigh or signal in any way, don't hesitate to do so. Your safety is important. And finally, stay still and focus on being a good seat. Let's make this an enjoyable experience for both of us.

And further he says: you are here to serve me, and you will serve me by supporting my ass as if it was your greatest honor and privilege. You will keep me comfortable at all times, no matter what. Do you understand Bob? It's your job to serve me and to please me! Bob: Yes, Tyler. I...understand. I'm here...to serve you...and make sure...you're comfortable. Tyler: Good. Now, let's get comfortable and enjoy this ride, shall we?

Mark is a bit in shock by Tyler's sudden change in tone of voice towards Bob. He's unaware that Bob asked Tyler to be hard on him because he likes to push himself to new heights. Tyler has taken control over Bob completely and is planning to crack down on him if he doesn't meet his high standards for a very relaxing and comfortable pleasure ride.

Tyler, in a commanding tone: Mark, I expect nothing but perfection from Bob. He asked me to be hard on him, and I intend to deliver. Tyler: Bob, you will serve me without question, and you will do it with pride. My comfort is your top priority. Is that clear? Bob, with determination: Yes, Tyler. I'm...here to serve...you, and I'll...do my best...to meet...your standards. Mark, still surprised but supportive: Alright, guys. Let's make this a memorable ride.

As Tyler settled in for the extended face sitting session, he was determined to find the most comfortable spot on Bob's face. He began by shifting his weight slightly forward and backward, trying to pinpoint the area that provided the best balance and support. Tyler could feel Bob's nose and chin beneath him, and he gradually adjusted his position to ensure that he wasn't putting too much pressure on those areas. He leaned back a bit, ensuring that his weight was distributed more evenly across Bob's face. This shift in position allowed Bob to breathe more easily, even with the full weight of Tyler's muscular body on his face.

Bob, although initially concerned about the prolonged face sitting, found that Tyler's adjustments made the experience more bearable. Tyler's careful and deliberate movements demonstrated his commitment to Bob's comfort, which helped alleviate some of the pressure and discomfort. Tyler continued to make minor adjustments throughout the session, occasionally shifting his hips and thighs to find the most comfortable position for both himself and Bob. His focus on ensuring Bob's well-being while maximizing his own comfort showed a level of dominance and control that excited both Tyler and Bob.

As the minutes passed, Bob's initial discomfort began to fade, and he settled into his role as Tyler's seat. He focused on maintaining his breathing and supporting Tyler to the best of his ability. Tyler, in turn, was enjoying the power and dominance he held over Bob during this prolonged face sitting session, relishing the feeling of control and comfort as he rode his teammate's face. Tyler, now settled in a comfortable position on Bob's face, leaned back, allowing himself to fully relax. He could feel Bob's firm support beneath him, and he knew that Bob was working hard to ensure his comfort.

Tyler's dominant nature took charge as he directed Bob to regularly check on his comfort. This command not only reinforced Tyler's control over the situation but also ensured that Bob remained attentive to his needs. Tyler's voice was firm and commanding, making it clear that he expected nothing but the best service from Bob. As the minutes ticked by, Bob diligently followed Tyler's orders, periodically checking in on Tyler's comfort. Each time, Tyler responded with a verbal acknowledgment, indicating that he was indeed pleased with Bob's efforts.

Meanwhile, Mark observed the dynamic between Tyler and Bob, noting how seamlessly Tyler took charge and how Bob willingly complied with his commands. It was a powerful display of dominance and submission, and Mark couldn't help but be intrigued by the intensity of their interaction.

The session continued, with Tyler fully embracing his role as the one in control. He reveled in the feeling of power and dominance, knowing that Bob was working hard to serve him. The atmosphere was charged with tension and excitement, as the two guys embraced their respective roles in this unique training session.

Tyler, feeling fully relaxed in his comfortable seat on Bob's face, decided it was time to up the ante. He turned to Mark and issued his next command: Mark, take the seat behind me. Mark, who had been observing the session, eagerly complied. He positioned himself behind Tyler, ready to take his place on Bob's stomach. As he settled into position, he could feel the extra weight pressing down on him. It was clear that supporting both Tyler and himself would be a challenge for Bob. Bob, already working hard to ensure Tyler's comfort, now faced the additional challenge of supporting Mark as well. The combined weight was significant, and Bob could feel the strain on his muscles. However, he was determined to rise to the occasion and meet the demands set by Tyler.

As Mark settled in behind Tyler, the weight on Bob increased significantly. Bob had to work even harder to maintain balance and support both riders. With each shift in weight and movement, Bob grunted and moaned, trying to find a comfortable position. Tyler, who had been enjoying his comfortable seat on Bob's face, suddenly felt the discomfort caused by the shifting weight. He knew he needed to address this issue right away. Tyler (firmly): Bob, restore my comfort immediately! Bob, despite the strain and discomfort he was experiencing, was determined to meet Tyler's expectations. He began to shift his position, working diligently to find the right balance to support both Tyler and Mark comfortably.

Mark, sensing the need for a stable and comfortable seat, settled in and tried to maintain a steady position. He knew that his cooperation was essential to ensuring a successful double-riding session. With their roles clearly defined and their determination to please Tyler evident, the trio continued their training session, working together to find the perfect balance between comfort and pleasure.

Tyler, now seated full weight with Mark, decided to test Bob's ability to keep them both comfortably seated as per his demands. He began to move his ass in different directions, deliberately shifting his weight to elicit a response from Bob. Bob, already tense and uncomfortable, could not help, but grunt and moan loudly in response to Tyler's movements. Tyler, noticing Bob's increasing discomfort, decided to make his intentions clear: Bob, I see that you're struggling with my movements. You need to respond better and faster to my commands. If I think you're not meeting my standards, I won't hesitate to use a more punishing move on you. Mark, sensing the seriousness of the situation, also adjusted his position to minimize the strain on Bob. Both Tyler and Mark were determined to push Bob to his limits while ensuring that their comfort and pleasure remained a top priority during their training session.

Tyler (sternly): Mark, I'm not satisfied with how quickly Bob is responding to our needs. It's time to show him who's in control here. I will show you how to punish Bob if you feel that's necessary to make him more obedient. Bob, despite his discomfort, couldn't help but feel a surge of submissive excitement as he anticipated what was about to happen. Tyler was clearly asserting his dominance over him, and Bob was ready to accept whatever was coming his way. The training session had taken an unexpected turn, and Bob was eager to prove his commitment to Tyler's commands. Mark (nervously): Uh, alright Tyler, show me.

With determination, Tyler took a grip on Bob's shoulders and, without warning, began to grind his ass on his face, while keeping his seat. Bob's muffled groans and desperate attempts to escape the pressure and the movements were evident. The physical strain on Bob was clear, but beneath it all, he felt a surge of submission and excitement. Tyler's dominance was palpable, and Bob couldn't help but be mentally aroused by the experience, despite the discomfort. The punishing move became a test of Bob's endurance and a demonstration of his willingness to serve Tyler without question.

After 10 seconds of punishment, Tyler resumes his firm seat on Bob's face. Tyler (smirking): Had enough, Bob? Bob (muffled and strained): Y-Yes, Tyler... I've learned my lesson...Mark

(grinning): Looks like he's getting the hang of it, huh, Tyler? Tyler (nodding): Absolutely, Mark. Bob, remember, you're here to make sure our comfort comes first. Bob, still gasping for air, nodded obediently, and fully aware of his role in their dynamic, asks Tyler if he's sitting comfortable again. Tyler (smirking): I'm extremely comfortable up here. Bob (straining): T-Thank you, Tyler. I'm...glad to...serve you. Mark (grinning): You're a natural, Bob. Keep it up. Tyler (leaning back and relaxing): You know what, Bob? I'm enjoying this so much, I think we'll extend our session. You'll be under my ass for a bit longer. Bob (with determination): Of course, Tyler. Whatever...you..want.

Bob continued to endure the increasing weight, proud to serve his teammates and provide them with the comfort they desired. He was determined to prove himself as the perfect seat for Tyler's and Mark's enjoyment. The dynamic between them continued to evolve, with Bob embracing his role with a sense of purpose and pride. While Tyler and Mark chat about their plans for the upcoming weekend with their girlfriends, they thoroughly enjoy their seat. They adjust their seat to keep themselves comfortable and Bob is quick to adapt to the shifting weight.

Bob is checking in despite his own discomfort and strain to endure their weight. Bob's dedication to ensuring their comfort did not go unnoticed by Tyler and Mark. Tyler: I'm still good, Bob. Your seat is top-notch. Mark: Yeah, Bob, you're doing great. This is pretty comfortable. Bob (straining but determined): I'm here to...serve you both. Just let me know...if you need...anything else. As Tyler and Mark enjoyed their seat on Bob's face and chest, they couldn't help but notice the stark contrast in comfort between them and their hardworking friend. Mark (whispering to Tyler): Tyler, do you think Bob is doing okay under us? It must be really tough for him. Tyler (whispering back): Yeah, it's quite a difference between him and us, isn't it? But Bob's doing an amazing job keeping us comfortable. After a moment of contemplation, Tyler made a decision.

Tyler: Hey Mark, why don't you dismount from Bob's for a while? Let's go easy on him, he's been a trooper. I'll ride solo for a bit longer, and then we can switch back. Mark (nodding): Sounds good, Tyler. Let's give him a break. Mark carefully dismounted from Bob's stomach, relieved to give his friend a much-needed respite. Bob, though still strained and breathing heavily, was grateful for the momentary relief from the dual weight of Tyler and Mark. Tyler settled comfortably back onto Bob's face, this time riding solo. He adjusted his position to ensure maximum comfort and began to enjoy the sensation of being seated on Bob's face once again.

The guys are well over the 45 minutes mark. Tyler has been riding solo for 10 minutes. Tyler: Alright cowboy, time to get back in the saddle. Let's share the seat for a while. Mark nodded in agreement and carefully mounted Bob's stomach, taking his position behind Tyler. As he settled in, the two friends found their rhythm, enjoying their tandem ride on Bob. Bob, despite the prolonged discomfort, was determined to endure for his teammates, knowing that their comfort and pleasure were his top priorities. Tyler: Thanks for hanging in there, Bob. We appreciate your dedication. Bob could only respond with a strained, but loyal, moan as he continued to serve as their willing seat.

After pushing Bob's to his limits for the last 5 minutes, Tyler decides that Bob has done enough for today's training. At least for now. He still needed someone to carry him back to the parking lot after all. The guys dismount Bob and praise him for keeping them comfortable and entertained for so long.

Tyler: Mark, mind to be my seat for a while, so I can give Bob time to recover before we head back? Mark was more than willing to lend a helping hand, or rather, a comfortable seat, to Tyler. Mark: Of course, Tyler. Hop on, and let's give Bob a well-deserved break. Tyler settled comfortably on Mark's chest, and the three of them shared a moment of camaraderie, knowing they had pushed their limits and enjoyed their unique training session.



Bob, relieved of his duty for the moment, lay on the grass, catching his breath and feeling proud of the service he had provided to his teammates.

Mark: Hey Tyler, since we're taking it easy and waiting for Bob to recover, if you'd like, you could sit on my face for a while. Tyler: I will never reject a good offer, but only when you're ready, Mark. Are you sure? Absolutely, Tyler. I'm here to support the team in any way I can. Tyler grinned mischievously and slowly shifted his position, making himself comfortable on Mark's face. Tyler: Alright, Mark, you asked for it. Enjoy the view!

Mark chuckled and braced himself for the added weight, ready to serve his teammate in this unique way as they waited for Bob to recover. Tyler sighed contentedly as he settled onto Mark, his ass completely covering his face.

While being Tyler's seat, and enjoying being so, Mark came up with the idea that he wants to try to carry Tyler. I'm not by far as strong as Bob, he thought, but I should be able to carry him on my back for 5 - 10 minutes. And then Bob can take over to carry him the remaining distance.

When Tyler got up, he shared his thoughts with him and Bob. I like to see how far I could go with you on my back Tyler, Mark said. It'll be a good workout for me as well. Tyler is proud his team is working together to find solutions helping each other and not shy away for challenges. Tyler was impressed by Mark's willingness to take on this new challenge. He considered Mark's proposal and thought it sounded like a fun experiment.

Tyler: You know what, Mark? I'm up for it! Let's give it a try. Five to ten minutes sounds like a good workout. And if Bob can take over afterward, that's even better teamwork.

With Bob ready to head home and Mark prepared for the first leg of the journey back to the parking lot, Tyler decided to go ahead with the plan. However, he had a specific idea in mind. Tyler: Alright, Mark, I'm ready. But I don't want to ride piggyback style. I want to ride on your shoulders. Mark, slightly surprised but up for the challenge, agreed. He knew it would be a different experience carrying Tyler in this manner. Mark crouched down before Tyler, making it easy for him to mount his shoulders. Tyler straddled Mark's neck with his legs and sat down on his shoulders, ready to be lifted. Tyler: Let's do this, Mark! And remember, we'll switch to Bob when you need a break. With Tyler seated on his shoulders and Bob following closely behind, Mark took his first steps, carrying Tyler on their unique journey back to the parking lot.

As Mark successfully carried Tyler on his shoulders, Tyler was clearly enjoying the ride. Meanwhile, Bob couldn't help but notice Tyler's shapely ass right in front of him. The sight was captivating, and he couldn't resist commenting on the view. Bob: You know, Tyler, that's quite the view from back here. Your ass looks even better from behind, especially when you're riding like this. Mark, chuckling at Bob's comment, joined in on the playful banter: He's right, Tyler. You do make quite the picture from this angle. I guess it's one of the perks of being carried on someone's shoulders. Tyler, laughing along with his teammates, appreciated the lighthearted moment during their unconventional journey back to the parking lot.

Mark was getting tired under the constant strain of the heavy quarterback on his shoulders, but wants to go on for as long as he could. He likes to see how far he could carry Tyler. Tyler is riding him like a pro, feeling dominant, proud and taking care of. He express his feelings to Mark, and encouraged him to keep it up. Mark: Tyler, I've carried you for 10 minutes, and I'm pretty exhausted. Do you mind if I put you down so you can switch over to Bob for the rest of the way? Tyler, understanding Mark's fatigue, agreed to the change. Tyler: Sure, Mark. You did great. Thanks for carrying me this far. Let's switch to Bob.

The guys made the switch, with Bob taking over the task of carrying Tyler for the remaining distance back to the parking lot. Bob, while happily carrying Tyler, couldn't help but think what his rider might have in store for him for his next training session.