

Friends & Family Discount (Teaser)

By Soul-Controller

When Nathan Sullivan first woke up, the nerdy 25-year-old was already thinking of the laundry list of tasks that he had to do for the day. After dealing with a shitty retail job that was constantly changing his schedule to the point where he was discovering he worked the night prior, the small list of errands he had was compounded with chores and other tasks that he needed to do. So despite being a night owl, the list of things he had to do on his one day off meant that he had to wake up early to get a head start on the day.

After turning off his alarm and getting out of bed with a huff, the man rushed into his bathroom where he took a moment to pee before hopping into the shower and sloppily lathering up his hair and body. Upon turning off the shower, the man quickly wrapped a towel around both his head and waist before exiting onto the memory foam bath mat (a purchase made after stepping out of the shower and slipping on the linoleum floor).

While one hand wiped the perspiration off of his mirror, the other undid the towel wound up tightly around his scalp and allowed it to hang over his head like a nun's habit. With the towel undone, the man quickly shook the towel through his soaked hair and tossed it aside before using his brush to quickly comb his hair and exit the bathroom.



Upon making his way into the bedroom, Nathan quickly dried off his bulky body before pulling on some underwear and a pair of blue athletic shorts. Taking a few steps towards his closet door, the man pulled open the door and spent a few minutes trying to decide what to wear before deciding on a white graphic tee that matched well with the shorts. With his clothing now on, the man was adamant about getting a jump start and thus opted to forgo breakfast as he grabbed his phone, wallet, and keys before finally leaving his apartment.

For the most part, the man's day was going according to plan. He had gotten through two errands with no trouble besides the pesky issue of a defective iPhone dongle that refused to connect to his radio sometimes. This didn't last forever though as he was halfway through his

journey when the man's digital odometer changed to display a bizarre message rather than the 100,000+ miles he had accumulated. **0% Oil Life Remaining**, it read, which instantly caused panic to emerge in Nathan's mind.

Given the fact that the percentage was literally at its lowest, the man was panicked about the concept of destroying his car given the fact that he didn't have enough money to pay for an intense fix. Growing up in a household in which his father was a car expert, Nathan had always found himself dealing with an overprotective dad that always warned about the possible damage from improper upkeep. So although the situation may not have been absolutely dire for others, the severity of the issue that had been imbued into him from his dad forced him to act fast. Luckily, it only took a few blocks before Nathan was able to look ahead and notice a sign that promoted a business called Wheeler's Automotive.

With no other options presenting itself, Nathan made his way off of the busy road and into the entrance of the business. As he drove up the road to the business, the nerdy man was instantly unsure of where to go as there were two buildings in front of him. The first one that he came upon was fully available to peer into based onto the large windows that were dotted along every wall and garage door. Through his quick glance through the windows as he drove past, he didn't see anyone inside and thus opted to continue forward.

Despite being just off of the busiest road in town, the place was absolutely dead and the parking lot was seemingly so unused that the lines for parking spots were barely visible to Nathan. Upon making his best attempt at parking between what he perceived to be two faint yellow lines, the man put his car in park and exited his vehicle.

Unsure of where to go or what to do, Nathan just awkwardly walked around in hopes of finding some sort of entranceway so he could find anyone to talk to. After making his way almost halfway down one side of the building, the brick walls transitioned into large glass windows that gave the impression that he was almost at the entrance. Upon traveling a little bit further down, he looked through the tinted windows and was able to notice what he perceived to be a vague undefinable figure sitting behind a desk.

As he finally made his way to the entrance (which were for some reason tucked on the backside of the building), Nathan pulled open the doors and was able to get a better look at the person behind the desk. Sitting there was a rotund man whose face was as round as a bowling ball, with his eyes looking incredibly beady due to just how pudgy and wide his head was. Those beady eyes instantly widened upon setting their sights

on the brand new customer, causing the man to sit up from the chair and flash a wide smile on his face.

“Well hello there son, welcome to Wheeler Automotive,” the large man said, which instantly caused Nathan’s eyes to widen from just how chipper his voice was.

Given how early it was in the morning, the chipperness felt especially heinous in Nathan’s eyes. Despite that, the 25-year-old forced a smile as he made his way further into the building. As he finally made his way up to the desk and rested his arms on the countertop, the large older man sat up and leaned in closer to engage in more conversation.



“The name’s Robert Wheeler, I’m the owner of this here garage. What can I do for you today?” he loudly inquired, his tone incredibly chipper and booming to the point where Nathan could hear the panes of glass behind him tremble from his intense bass.

Given how loudly the man spoke, Nathan mentally willed himself to not be so soft-spoken for their impending conversation. For years his dad had done his car repairs as he warned that businesses would easily be able to take advantage of the high-schooler at the time based on how meek and quiet he was. This worked perfectly fine back when he was younger, but now that he was living in an entirely different state on his own, that luxury wasn’t afforded to him anymore.

“Uh hi there, my car just started saying that my car’s oil life is at zero percent, so I think I need an oil change,” Nathan began, making sure his words came off as concise and confident despite having no real knowledge of cars. He loathed getting his hands dirty so despite his dad’s best attempts, Nathan remained blissfully ignorant about how to do car-related maintenance.

“Oh, well I definitely think we can help you with that Mr...?” Robert cheerfully replied, allowing his sentence to trail off so he could learn his newest customer.

“Sullivan, my name’s Nathan Sullivan,” the young man responded, feeling a bit surprised that the man was being so friendly to him. Maybe his dad was just a pessimist after all...

“Well it’s nice to meet you Nathan,” Robert began, turning his attention down to his desk as he grabbed some paper and a pen. “Wheeler Automotive prides itself on having the best deals in the area, so we’ll take great care of you. Now before we get started I need a little bit of information from you. What’s the year, make, and model of your car?”

“It’s a 2008 Ford Escape,” Nathan replied, feeling a bit relieved that the questions weren’t too extreme. This feeling didn’t last for long though as Robert then asked for the exact mileage of his car. “Oh uh, I don’t know the exact number. Do you really need the specific number? All I know is that it just recently passed 100,000,” he stated, doing a forced smile and chuckle as he did one of his anxious tics of rubbing the back of his head.

Luckily, Robert didn’t seem too upset by that answer, just chuckling and saying that that’s a close enough number for his paper. The obese man spent a few minutes doing some additional paperwork, which caused Nathan to look around the lobby and notice just how old and dated it looked. Clearly the place was in need of some renovations based on the old and partially beaten-up vending machines and the ancient tube TV hanging up in one corner of the room and playing ads that were clearly from the late 90s.



Soon enough though, the paperwork was complete and Robert asked for the man’s keys. Upon depositing them into Robert’s mitt of a hand, the tranquility of the room was suddenly broken by Robert’s gruff yelling. “Hey Eddie, get out here. We have a customer!”

For a few moments, the duo stood there in silence until the sound of footsteps approaching began to echo through the empty building. Eventually, the doorway that led deeper into the building was opened and out walked the aforementioned Eddie. Unlike Robert, Eddie was in his late 40s and wasn’t

obese. Instead, the man was incredibly average, with a pretty much skin and bones physique besides the slight bit of pudge extending out against his shirt. The only defining features that stood out to Nathan as he looked the man up and down was his receding hairline of dark brown hair and a thick scraggly beard that flailed out around his neck like a Victorian era ruff.

“What’s going on ‘pop?” Eddie gruffly said, allowing his eyes to dart between the older man and the young customer standing on the other side of the desk. The man’s dialogue immediately threw Nathan for a loop as he realized that Robert was Eddie’s father. They couldn’t be more different in terms of physique and attitude (at least based on first impression) so it was crazy for Nathan to view them as a family duo.

“This fella here needs an oil change on his Ford Escape, should be a fairly easy job for you,” Robert stated, extending his hand out to drop Nathan’s keys and lanyard into the worker’s hand. Upon doing so, Eddie looked down at the keys and Nathan could immediately pick up on the judgmental grimace that he was displaying as he looked at the Jurassic Park lanyard and Charli XCX keychain that were attached to the car keys.

The clear look of disgust that was on Eddie’s face as he looked at Nathan’s face and walked past him to exit the lobby left the nerd somewhat shivering in fear. He didn’t know whether the man just didn’t perceive him to be “man enough” or just instantly picked up on the fact that he was a gay nerd, but either way he disliked the sense of panic it instilled in him deep in his gut.

Although Nathan’s thoughts were more likely to traverse further down this path of anxiety and panic, they were ultimately interrupted by the sound of his car starting and being driven over to the second building that Nathan now realized was the repair garage. Upon watching as Eddie opens up the garage door and parks the car inside, the sound of papers ruffling causes him to turn his attention back to Robert.

Upon doing so, Robert gave a slight smile as he grabbed the pile of paperwork he had and began to move towards the computer that was a few feet behind the desk. “Alright, so let me go input all of this information into the computer real quick. I’ll get you an estimate for you to sign off on and then we’ll be good to go,” he cheerfully exclaimed, smiling widely in Nathan’s direction as he finally set the paperwork down on the computer desk.

“Uh ok, sounds good,” Nathan replied, looking around for a bit until he noticed a small set of chairs that were positioned against one side of the glass wall. After taking his seat, the man’s mind began to think about the confusing process of the company. *Isn’t it*

a bit peculiar that they took my car before they even told me how much it would be, he asked himself, wondering what was going on. Luckily, his dad had brought up several times through the many car maintenance sessions over the years about how oil changes typically cost \$60-100, so the man was relieved to have some sort of estimate to go off of. Although he certainly would prefer the \$60 option, a quick look at his bank account revealed that he wouldn't be totally destroyed by a \$100 charge. Sure, he might need to stick to peanut butter sandwiches and leftovers for a few days, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

After a few more minutes of sitting around waiting, Nathan finally sat up as Robert announced that the estimate was ready to sign off on. Although he had been actively expecting the worst, the 25-year-old was utterly baffled as he took note of the \$175 cost that was being shown to him. There was no way that he could afford such an expense given his low-salary retail job!

"I um, I- that's uh, really expensive," Nathan began, his eyes remaining as wide as saucers as he looked up at Robert and hoped that this was some big joke. But based on how Robert stood there with an unflinching expression revealed that this wasn't the case. "I thought you said that you had the cheapest rates in town? My dad told me that an oil change should only be \$60-100," he continued, making sure that his tone wasn't accusatory or rude in any way.

"Well yes, we do have the cheapest rates in town for what we do. Unlike other businesses, we go the extra mile to make sure that every vehicle is thoroughly inspected regardless of if it's an oil change or a complete engine rebuild. You're paying the extra money now, but the deal that we provide is the most bang for the buck long term," Robert explained matter-of-factly.

Although the man's statement reveals more information behind the cost, Nathan's low bank account meant that he would barely survive if he went through with such an expense. As such, he tried to think quickly to get off the hook for the cost. "Uh, is there any way that I could just get my car back and go elsewhere? I apologize but I really don't have the finances to spend that much money..."

At first, Robert seemed open to the idea, but as he looked out through the window over towards the garage, his face made his answer obvious before he even spoke. "I'm sorry kid, but Eddie's already started work on your car. Once we start a job, we have to follow through until it's complete."

Despite the answer being reasonable, Nathan felt like his entire world was crashing down upon receiving that rejection. Given how overbearing his parents were, the concept of asking them for money was out of the question as he was sure that they would hold it over him and even possibly guilt trip him for falling for such a stupid trick. As this realization hit him, the man felt on the verge of crying as he leaned against the countertop and tried to keep his composure. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," he muttered under his breath, trying to figure out what to do and how to pay for such an expense.

As Nathan laid on the table on the verge of tears, Robert stood there with a mournful expression on his face. Although he had just met the kid, there was an intense connection he felt with the 25-year-old as Nathan reminded him so much of his younger self. So as he sat there and watched the young man on the verge of tears, a sudden idea clicked into his head that forced him to suggest an option that he hadn't proposed in years.

"Hey Nathan, what do you say about taking part in a special discount for your bill today? Would that make you feel better?"

Instantly, Nathan pulled his head up from the desk to stare into Robert's kind brown eyes. As he looked and saw the unwavering smile that remained on the older man's face, the young man was relieved to know that the world wasn't as terrible as his dad had always told him. Sometimes, people could actually be kind and generous!

"You, you'd really do that for me?" He asked, which caused Robert to softly nod his head.

"Of course, you seem like a good kid who is having a hard time," Robert began, interlocking his fingers as he placed both hands onto the desk. "So, I'm willing to offer you the Wheeler Automotive friends and family discount. It's the best deal we have so it should make the bill much more reasonable."

Such kindness was shocking to Nathan, so much so that he instantly agreed without hearing anymore. "Oh my god, thank you so much, you have no idea how thankful I am," he cheerfully exclaimed, the redness of his eyes fading as the tears that were welling up in the corners of his eyes finally disappeared.

"Of course, I'm happy to help. I know this is your first time here and all, but I'm sure that after this you'll be a part of the Wheeler family for good!" Robert said with a smile, reaching out a hand in hopes of securing the deal with a handshake.

“Oh for sure, after today I won’t be going anywhere else for my car issues,” Nathan replied with a smile, reaching his hand out and fully committing to the handshake. As soon as their hands interlocked though, Nathan let out a slight gasp as a weird tingle permeated through his palm. Despite this, the man remained locked in the handshake as Robert’s powerful and wide hand easily consumed Nathan’s smaller one. By the time they finished their handshake, Nathan’s right hand felt completely numb. So as Robert began to speak once more, the man found himself leaning against the front desk to hide his right hand as he frantically shook it underneath the countertop in hopes of regaining feeling.

“Alright, well I’ll redo the bill and add the discount in as soon as Eddie finishes it up and brings it back here for you. In the meantime, feel free to just sit down and relax. It should only be twenty to thirty minutes before we’re all finished!”

After giving a slight nod, Nathan turned away from the desk and made his way back to the set of chairs against the wall. As soon as he took his seat once more, the man pulled his phone out of his pockets and began to scroll through social media in hopes of having the time pass by faster.

While his mind remained so intensely trained on the series of tweets he was seeing, Nathan was completely unaware of the changes that were beginning to occur to his relatively average rump. By the second, soft adipose tissue began to invade the man’s asscheeks and create a much wider and more prominent derriere. Despite the increased flab causing him to rise up in his seat several inches due to the extra cushion, Nathan remained oblivious as he continued to mess with his phone. Even as the man found himself having to awkwardly shift in the hard plastic chair due to the discomfort from his ass becoming too big for the small seat, he failed to believe that anything was amiss.



This constant shifting continued for a good five minutes, instantly causing Nathan to grow visibly annoyed as he grunted and readjusted himself in search of some form of comfort. Unfortunately for him, no comfort arose and he instead found himself becoming even more annoyed as his phone suddenly displayed a low battery message. Such a notification caused to angrily exhale as he locked his phone and shoved it back into his pocket.

Before he had left, he was sure that his phone said that it was fully charged, so the concept of his battery being completely drained despite still having a slew of errands to run after leaving the repair shop left him feeling incredibly frustrated. Although he had a charger that plugged into his car, Nathan recalled that it was utterly useless because one of his passengers had not seen it when getting into his car and snapped the end of the charger the week prior.

So although he had no desire to really bother the sweet older shop owner for such a trivial thing, the intense attachment he had for his phone caused Nathan to sit up and gingerly make his way over to the front desk. Unfortunately for him, his attempt to make a quiet and soft approach was utterly compromised by his fat ass slamming into a shop display and sending the cardboard and the products within it tumbling to the ground.

As such, Robert instantly jumped to his feet and asked what was going on as he returned to the front countertop and peered out into the lobby. While he was stunned to see a large display of products littered across the floor, he was even more shocked by the huge ass that had filled out the man's athletic shorts to the max. In fact, it was so big that the meek 25-year-old was flashing a wide plumber's crack based on how the shorts weren't big enough to contain all of his gelatinous mass.

The older man's ogling only lasted for a few more moments though as Nathan finally fixed all of the toppled over merchandise and returned to his feet. In an attempt to not have the young man become aware of what had occurred to him, Robert forced his face to adopt a more neutral expression as the young man finally turned to face him.

Upon doing so, Nathan could only look up and allow his cheeks to redden as he felt shame for causing a scene. "I, um, I'm sorry for all of the racket," Nathan said under his breath, tilting his head downwards to try and conceal his pink-hued cheeks from the kind yet intimidating older man. "I was just trying to come up here and see if you possibly had a phone charger I could use? I thought I had charged my phone last night but it seems like I was wrong," Nathan said, holding out his phone to Robert and using one of his fingers to point to the deep red low battery symbol that was displayed in the upper righthand corner.

Instantly, Robert's expression shifted to one of pure joy as a wide grin manifested onto his face. "Oh of course, say no more! I think we have some chargers in the back office. Follow me and I'll take you back there," Robert replied, grabbing a thick keyring that loudly jingled as he waddled his way out from behind the counter. As Robert continued to just walk towards the back of the shop's lobby, Nathan was left with no choice but to

jump into action by quickly rushing over to the older man in hopes of keeping up and not getting lost. As soon as Robert pulled open a door that led to the backrooms of the shop's office, Nathan realized just how correct his assumption was as a large maze of hallways was revealed. Despite being a small automotive shop with a quaint lobby and little to no employees, the back section of the building felt as though he was on the office floor of a multi-million dollar business. Although the decor remained consistent with the lobby in terms of how dated it looked, Nathan couldn't help but scratch his head about what they would need all of this extra space for.

Eventually, his thoughts were interrupted as Robert suddenly stopped and Nathan's reaction time wasn't quick enough to stop him from ramming his body right into the older man's broad back. As his face collided right into the middle of the man's shoulder blades, Nathan found himself ricocheted off of Robert's sizable and unmoveable mass and sent down to the floor. Although he didn't realize it, the inflated derriere he now possessed caused him to feel no pain as he landed onto the dated carpeted floor.

"Oh dear, my deepest apologies sir," Robert said as he turned back and stared at the young man sprawled out on the ground. Upon reaching out a weathered hand towards Nathan, the shop owner put his undercover strength to use as he pulled his newest client back up to his feet. After watching the young man dust off his shoulders and fix his shaggy hair to make sure he looked presentable, Robert loudly proclaimed with a smile that they had arrived at his personal office. The older man then reached into his pocket, allowing the noise of loud jangling keys to echo through the labyrinth of office hallways as he pulled it out and inserted the correct key to unlock the door.

Following the turn of the door knob, the owner pushed against the door and allowed Nathan to stare into the room that he would seemingly spend the remainder of his wait time inside. As he tried to make his way into the room though, an awkward moment occurred as Robert's broad body remained in the doorway and he refused to move despite seeing Nathan attempting to pass him. As such, Nathan pushed himself against the other side of the doorway and tried to slip past the older man. Although he was able to ultimately make his way into the room, he had to deal with the man's broad and incredibly flabby gut rub along his own torso.

So upon making his way into the room and making his way towards a free corner away from the doorway, Nathan found himself observing the old man's behavior. Although he himself was in a good mood and thankful for the ability to charge his phone, he was soon starting to feel as though the man's overtly positive demeanor was becoming increasingly off-putting. Surely given how shitty the world was in Nathan's opinion, there was no one who was *actually* that happy with the life he had right?

The young man's inquisitive thought process was once again interrupted as Robert finally moved completely into the room and gave a slight tour of the room. Although the room was small enough for everything to be immediately obvious to Nathan, he maintained a sweet smile as Robert waddled his way closer to him and pointed to the small power strip with an iPhone charger resting on the top of his desk.

Upon thanking the man for his help, Nathan then attempted to take a seat on the old chair similar to those in the lobby that was sitting across from the large leather recliner that was obviously exclusive to the boss of the business. But before he could fully allow his wider ass cheeks to rest on the hard plastic, Robert stopped him and told him to sit up.

"Oh no, you don't need to do that! Go ahead and take a seat in my chair while you wait. I saw how uncomfortable those chairs in the lobby made you, there's no need to make your ass suffer more," Robert exclaimed, a deep bellowing chuckle filling the room as he joked about Nathan's fatter ass. Despite this, Nathan felt as though nothing was amiss with his inflated rear but nonetheless accepted the offer.

As Nathan made his way to the other side of the desk and pulled the chair out, Robert returned to the doorway. "I'm going to head back to the lobby, so if you need me that's where I'll be," he began, offering a slight grin as he observed the young man for a moment. "In the meantime, please sit back and relax. I'll come and get you whenever your car is ready."

Before Nathan even had the chance to respond, Robert made his exit and pulled the door shut behind him. While he stood there for a moment, the man listened as the man's heavy footsteps grew more and more distant until he could hear nothing once more. Despite having the man's explicit approval to sit in the chair, Nathan felt compelled to wait until Robert was long gone from the office. Now that he was though, the young man finally made his way in front of the chair and squatted down until he fell back into it.

As soon as his body made contact with the leathery cushion of the chair, a light exhale couldn't help but escape from Nathan's lips. Although he knew that anything would feel better than the hard plastic chairs that he had just been struggling to sit in, the young man was shocked at just how incredible it felt to sit in the chair. Given how wide Robert was, the chair was more than big enough to fully embrace all of Nathan. In fact, it felt so good that his mind couldn't help but envision himself sitting on the fluffiest cloud in existence. Everything from his broad shoulders to his fat ass were softly caressed by



the memory foam cushion and sleek leather to the point where a warm tingle permeated through his body as if he was experiencing the best massage of his life.

Before long, the sensations became so intense that Nathan found himself leaning back and closing his eyes as he savored the intense comfort he felt. As he fell deeper into the chair and shifted into a deeper state of euphoria, the man was once again oblivious to the fact that more changes were suddenly beginning to affect him. But rather than physical changes, this time it was his attire that was being altered.

At first it appeared as though his white shirt was becoming stained as a small glob of orange appeared in the center of his chest. As it continued to expand outwards though, it quickly became clear that it wasn't a stain as the color was instantly devouring the printed graphic in its entirety. In no time, the color had completely consumed every inch of the fabric, transforming the man's white graphic tee into a dark blue shirt. But although that could have been seen as enough, the magical transformation that was occurring to him seemed to believe otherwise.

While he remained completely zenned out in the chair, Nathan's soft cotton t-shirt was changing its consistency to become somewhat thicker and itchy against his pale and sensitive skin as it became a blend of both cotton and polyester. As soon as the new composition of the fabric had been decided, this led to one more addition as the fabric of his t-shirt sleeves began to suddenly grow longer and traverse down his arms until his body was now wearing a long-sleeved denim shirt.

With his shirt now completely changed, all that was left to change was his shorts. Similarly to his t-shirt, the soft fabric was undergoing an intense change as it began to quickly harden



and turn relatively stiff. As the light sheen of the shorts faded away as the fabric finished its alterations, it quickly became clear that the man was now sporting a pair of denim shorts. Just like the sleeves of his t-shirt though, this didn't remain the case for long as fabric continued to manifest its way down his legs. It delicately glided over Nathan's few leg hairs and the light sensation of the unspooling denim caused him to subconsciously sway his legs back and forth for a moment, feeling the textile against his skin. A few moments later, he was wearing a stiff, well-worn pair of denim jeans. Although Nathan was still mindlessly playing on his phone, if anybody stumbled into the office, they would certainly mistake him for an employee...