**An opportunity to transform your life**

Saxhleellad pulled into a parking lot in the business district of the city. He read the newspaper job advert a last time before leaving his car.  
  
*Wanted: commercial representative and supplier. Must be quick in adapting to sudden changes. Must be ready to travel long distances and required to stay on business trips for long times. No diploma or experience required, you will have to work immediately after the job interview in case of hiring.*That's what it says. It sure looked like one of those crappy jobs where you only got paid on sales. But the teal argonian didn’t have any choice. His personal finances weren’t doing any better and being jobless wasn’t helping at all. So he closed the door of his old dilapidated car that was still working, thanks to whoever was making this miracle possible.  
He then took a moment to read the atmosphere and the environment. Nothing out of the ordinary, simple building with several stories. Offices with plates at their entrances to indicate which company or person was occupying this office. Everything looked normal and sure.  
That could reassure Sax but still… He was hesitating, tapping his foot, his tail moving left and right. He didn’t fully recover from his visit to “size loans”

Just thinking at this, sent a shiver in his reptilian spin. Those people promised him some cash in exchange for his size. He wanted to just give a foot of his height but they almost took everything. Leaving him practically microscopic and in custody of the wolf who received the extra height. Worse, he didn’t get any cash. Thanks gods, the size exchanging office got destroyed and the following investigations declared that the whole operation was illegal. People were restored back to normal… More like those they could find. This was the case for him as he was now full sized except for a couple of inches that go lost in the process… When he was talking about not having fully recovered from it.

So the teal colored argonian went to the office indicated by the ad.   
D&G W co, est: november 1992   
  
The elevator dinged and the door opened to a generic business office. Open space, conference room, printers. That somehow reassured Sax, having business with a regular company operating for decades. A sign indicated the location of the interview as the argonian went to a nearby corridor. A lot of chairs were disposed of on both sides but there were all empty.  
Sax was worrying as this wasn’t a good sign as he reached the door.

It was showtime, he made sure his spike trap under his mouth was spotless. He passed his claw through the white and red feathers on top of his head to adjust them. He then took a great inspiration before he knocked on the door, as indicated by a paper on it.

A few seconds passed before a man with brown hair wearing a black business attire opened the door and greeted him with a warm smile. “Hello and welcome to D&G W co.”  
  
“I’m sorry but am I late or early?” Asked Sax, a little worried to give a bad first impression.  
  
“Not at all.” answered the man. “There’s just... not much candidate for the position.” The teal reptilian noticed that the brown haired man was a beastman. A human with animal features as he just saw the two triangular cat ears on top of his head. “Please, have a seat!” He finally announced as he too sat at his desk.  
  
That was pretty weird, normally those kinds of jobs are full of candidates. Sax just answered. “Thank you.”  
  
“My name is Owen and I will be conducting the interview, so without any delay. Let’s begin.” The cat-eared man announced with a smile.  
  
The argonian cleared his voice. “My name is Saxhleellad and I want to work for you and your company. My financial situation isn’t good so I really need a job and will be motivated and ready to take any hardship that will come to me. So I think I may… No! I will be a great addition to your company.” Giving his all into this little intro speech.  
  
Owen listened to him, keeping his smile. Then he responded. “That’s great, you prepared yourself for this job interview. But.” Sax tension rises up. “I’m not here to conduct classic jobs interviews. Our company isn’t interested in those for this position.” He explained. The argonian was pretty sure that he just failed his interview. “What we want...Is to be sure that you’re ready to accept all the constraints this position induces.”  
  
“Yes! I’m sure!” Immediately answered Sax, trying to prove his determination.  
  
The interviewer chuckled. “Of course. But you must be aware of what it’s implying…” He took a breath before he explained. “95% of this job will require you to be in a distant and sometimes remote location all day. The remaining 5% left, you will be spending it here, at the headquarters. That means, during the whole duration of your contract, you will be away from your home, 24 hours a day, 7 days of the week, 365 days per year. Away from your friends and family with very few contacts with them from here and here, that’s all.”  
  
The teal argonian was kinda at loss at words. This was pretty strange but those conditions weren’t affecting him. “Well… I don't have any family to take care of. As for my friends, I’m sure they’ll understand. But what kind of work will I do?”  
  
“You will be a commercial representative for our company. Your job will be to inform the customer of what we’re offering but also the limit of our offering. Then you will supply them and keep their satisfaction to the max. One of the motto of our company is “The satisfaction of the customer is our greatest wish.”  
  
“Sounds like a regular commercial job.” Sax said, and it was.  
  
Owen nodded but raised a detail. “There’s a particularity in our company. The customer will come to you, and never the other way.”   
  
Still, nothing out of the ordinary for Sax. That means this company was dealing with pros or offering very specific services.  
  
“Any other thing or constraints?” Sax asked, he was definitely hyped by the job but he felt this wasn’t all.  
  
“We specified in the ad that you’ll begin just after the signature of the contract but it’s really just after. Like the second after the signature, you work.” The cat-eared man explained, getting a bunch of papers out of his desk drawer. “And the last thing… Once you sign, there’s no coming back. During the 5 next years, you’ll work for us even if you hate the job or don’t want it. You’ll be forced to work.” Owen bluntly announced in a very serious tone. “I sincerely hope we won’t reach this point. I don’t like it when I have to.”  
  
The argonian was pretty intimidated at the perspective, but 5 years of assured work. This was exceeding his expectation. He asked. “5 years?”  
  
The interviewer answered. “The standard duration for a contract. I’m not allowed to propose permanent positions, unless specific cases.” He took a second to clear his voice. “Now that you know all the constraints, I need to ask you. Are you sure about accepting this job?”  
  
Sax immediatly answered with a confident tone. “Yes, I’m sure!”  
  
“Well then, let’s talk about the advantage of the job.” Owen took a more relaxed position on his seat. The argonian was pretty, he was going to like this part. Unless it hid something but he still hasn't signed. “Since the work is mostly in distant locations. The company is providing a fully furnished lodging, with even accommodation of personal taste. We also cover all the daily needs. Food, water, electricity, plus travel expenses.”  
Sax was right, he just found the jackpot regarding work. Owen proceeded with the enumeration of the advantages. “You’ll receive a complete training, learning a whole new set of skills, plus tutoring if you have troubles.   
Since you don’t go to the client, there’s no objectives for production. And between customers, you’re free to do what you want.” Then he asked. “How does it sound?”  
  
“Too good to be true, sorry if I’m honest and blunt.” Sax apologized but he knew that if an offer was too good to be true, it means it surely was.  
  
“Honesty is a quality we’re searching for. This is why I wanted to be sure that you accepted the constraint before speaking about the good sides of the job.” For sure, Owen was convincing. “Any Questions?”   
  
“How about the salary?” The argonian asked. Not a wise move as it could be seen as greediness.  
  
“Yes the salary, important question. You will receive your salary at the end of your contract. It may be bothersome for some people.” The cat-eared man answered.  
  
Sax knew there would be some bad points but since the company would be supplying his daily needs. “It won’t be for me. I’ll just need to move out from my place.” He was 2 months late with the rent of his crappy apartment. “So where do I sign?”   
  
Owen showed him the contract, where everything they discussed was written on. The argonian even gave a close look for any tiny little lines or characters that would contain secret clauses or conditions. But nothing of that.   
The cat-eared then handed him a nice looking pen, but retreated his hand when Sax wanted to take it.   
Announcing. “Last chance for pulling off.” and offered the pen again.  
Sax took it and signed the contracts with his full name, Saxhleellad. Then he put the pen aside, smiling at his new colleague.

Owen happily announced. “Welcome to our company Sax!” He then took two things from a drawer of his desk. One was an asian long pipe, a kiseru. That he immediately plucked on his lip, surely to take a puff as blue smoke came out of the end.  
The second was a sort of yellow pebble he put on top of the contract Sax just signed.

“What is this?” Sax asked. He couldn’t make out the details of it.  
  
The cat-eared coworker immediately invited him. “Take a closer look, it’s the most important tool for your job.”   
  
The teal argonian leaned forward, almost resting on the desk, to have a better view. The yellow thing looked like an oil lamp, the size of a toy for a doll house. “How it’s…” Sax started to ask, raising his head to look at Owen. But the only thing he saw was the cloud of blue smoke escaping from his lip.  
The argonian coughed as the smoke went right into his face. Surprised and wondering what it was, because it definitely didn’t smell like tobacco.   
But he immediately brushed it as he felt something familiar coursing through his whole body. A sensation of tingling in all of his muscles and feeling that the ground is moving away from you, on all sides. It’s only when the cloud dissipated a little that it confirmed what he was fearing. When the walls and the roof around you get farther and the man who was smoking a pipe towering over like a giant. He was shrinking!  
  
Sax couldn't believe this, it was happening again. He was going to be micro sized and at the mercy of somebody. Thankfully, it stopped when he became the size of a 3 inches action figure. The thought of being microscopic again was terrifying him. But as lost as he was in his thought about his new tiny size. He didn’t spot the tree trunk fingers coming and picking him up. Panicking, he struggled hard against this living crane covered with skin that was a normal hand for him. And dropped him just aside the teeny tiny oil lamp that was now the right size from his point of view.    
But he wasn’t done yet. A new sensation came as he felt his legs tingling but not the same tingling like when he’s shrinking. No, this tingling was like he was slowly being sucked into something.  
In a matter of seconds, he felt himself being brought closer and closer to the lamp as the sucky feeling got stronger. He tried to fight by gripping on the white paper floor.  
But this was no wind, it was like something grappled his feet and was now making him float. He then felt the tingle invading the rest of his body. Making him numb and ultimately loses the little grip he had. He saw a last glimpse of light before he entered into a sort of dark tube as he went out.   
  
A few seconds passed before Sax seemed to wake up. He didn’t know what exactly happened to him but it felt that way. He immediately noticed that he was on the desk again, still tiny sized, With Owen looking at him with a great smile.   
  
But the argonian was having none of it and was greatly annoyed by that. “What was that for?” He angrily asked, pointing his finger at the giant. Noticing immediately the new addition on his arm, a large golden cuff attached to his wrist. He took a closer look and tried to touch it with his other hand but noticed that he now got one on both of his arms. And he went from surprise to surprise, not only wearing cuffs but also a fine blue vest with golden broderies.  
  
Owen broke his silence. “I’m sorry, the arabian night theme is the default set. But don’t worry, you can modify it.” The argonian who looked at him finally noticed that he wasn’t the only one with new wardrobes on his body. The kiseru smoking giant was now wearing a light blue kimono.  
  
“Why did you do this?” Sax asked, a little more calm. As he heard no malice or ill intentions from Owen’s tone.  
  
“Told you, you will start just after signing. So I made you like this to be able to work.” He simply explained. But something was wrong. The words “made you” had a strange echo in Sax’s head. “Yeah, a normal Argonian cannot do this job. So I had to transform you into what am I.” Owen seemed to float as he revealed his lower body. Under the waist, where legs should normally be, was only a blue smoke tail. When Sax saw it, he revealed the truth.  
“A genie… D&G W co stands for Djinn & Genies wishing company.”   
  
The argonian mind was denying reality until he looked at his legs and only saw a teal colored smoke stream going into the lamp. “No no no, this can’t be happening! I didn’t sign for this!”  
  
“I’m afraid you did…” The bigger genie responded.  
  
“You eluded the transformation into a genie part!” Accused Sax while his body was bobbling forward and backward. He was trying to figure out how to float.  
  
“Yeah... We kinda need to skip that detail.”Owen scratched his head and chuckled. ”The promise of phenomenal cosmic powers is attracting a lot of bad people.”  
  
“You call that a detail! Where it’s written in the contract that I need to be a genie?” The argonian asked in a bad mood, feeling he had been cheated.  
  
“You must be kiddin, it’s written all over it.” The genie with cat ears took the double of the contract and showed it to Sax, like a big billboard. “You even told me that you were accepting all the constraints when I told them.” Owen then enunciated what they just discussed during the interview but was now putting the genie part in it.  
“95% of this job will require you to be in a distant and sometimes remote location all day, depending where your lamp is located. The remaining 5% left, you will be spending it here, at the headquarters for reports and reviews of your performance.   
That means during the whole duration of your contract, you will be in your lamp, 24 hours a day, 7 days of the week, 365 days per year. Away from your friends and family with very few contacts with them if your master allows you free time outside of the lamp. And as I said, the customer will come to you and rub your lamp, and never the other way.”  
  
The argonian genie asked, when the bigger one made a pause. “Wait! Do you mean that working here means...”   
  
But Owen interrupted him, answering his question. “As genie, you will be a commercial representative for our wish granting company.   
Your job will be to inform the customer of the 3 wishes but also the limit of it. Then you will grant their wishes and do it in a way to keep their satisfaction to the max. The satisfaction of the customer is our greatest wish.” A normal commercial job if you take out the genie and the wish words.   
  
The cat eared genie was right, even if it wasn’t explicit. He in fact described the job of being a wish granting being. But even with that, something wasn’t making sense for Sax.  
“That still doesn’t tell me why you shrunk me?” He asked.  
  
Owen then made a paper appear from nowhere and took it in his other hand. “We have a lack of personnel in the small folk sector, you know, borrowers, fairies, shrink ray accident victims. Since you have experience in being small, you’re going to be perfect here.”  
  
The argonian sighed in defeat. “Why am I not even surprised? Am I fated to be teeny tiny for the rest of my life?”  
  
“No, just for five years. Don’t worry, it will pass in a wink.” The cat eared genie tried to be reassuring. “And there’s the good side of the job. You have your own lamp, the inside is fully furnished and can be completely customized.” Somehow, Sax imagined having his own mansion inside of his new genie home. Owen guessed seeing his sad face switching to a thinking one. “Mansion, castle or just a little house. The choice is yours and everythings working, water and electricity, thanks to the magic of the lamp. And don’t worry about food, you can just make the finest dishes in a split second by just snapping your finger. But since you’re a genie you don’t need to eat or drink.” The cat-eared genie finished his explanation speech and concluded. “You see, genie’s life isn’t that hard.  
  
The teal argonian genie looked at his arms, trying to focus on it as he felt something going in them. Like they were suddenly going to release a column of fire. He put them down, thinking that would suppress it. Owen was looking at him, with a concerned face before Sax explained. “I don’t know, I feel I won’t be able to do it correctly.”  
  
The bigger genie raised his eyebrows, making a comprehensive moan. “Afraid of your immense power? Don’t worry, you’ll be taught to handle them. And since I took a liking to you, I’ll be your instructor.”  
The argonian genie didn’t had the time to say anything else as a knock was heard from the door.  
“Ah!” Owen exclaimed, surprised. “Another candidate, Back in the lamp!” Sax just saw a big finger pushing him before he felt his whole body becoming smoke and the tube feeling again.  
  
The cat-eared genie changed back in his black business attire before he announced to the one behind the door. “Come in!”  
  
A gold furred Kitsune wearing a blue flame shirt and beige pants, entered the office. “Hum, Am I late?”  
  
Owen smiled and warmly welcomed the fox by reassuring him. “Not at all. In fact I just finished with another candidate.” Meanwhile, he opened a drawer of his desk where his lamp was. He then opened the lid and dropped Sax’s tiny lamp in it before closing it back. “But we still have open positions. I’m Owen by the way, please take a seat.”  
  
“Thank you, I’m KitsuneKit. I’m looking for a job in complement to my artist life and I think the job you’re proposing could be great for me and profitable for your company.”  
  
“I must warn you, I’m not conducting standard job interviews…” And so, the genie in disguise served the kitsune, the same thing he said for the argonian.  
  
Meanwhile, Sax was relaxing in his new lamp. The inside was looking like an arabian nights fairytale bedroom as he laid down on the lavish canopy bed. “Well, that’s not so bad. Sure it could use some personalization to fit my taste. But I think I’m going to enjoy this work.” He thought before he drifted to sleep. After all, he needed to be in good shape for his new job.