Tony stood there with his new prize secured firmly in his hands, nothing short of a Christmas miracle that he was able to finally track it down in the first place. He had spent the last three months searching for the mason jar before him since he first saw it being sold on the black market, and had both spent most if not all of his life’s savings by not owning a house to put down a payment, only for a thieving organization to steal this artifact, and a few others on the final day of the auction when he was all but sure to win. After that, being driven to the brink of homelessness and having nothing to show for it; he was forced into chasing after hairs, wisps, and any loose strings in the organization’s handlings and dealings. It took almost a year of hard work and numerous extralegal practices, but he was eventually able to insert himself into one of their operations as a middleman and flee the country with his prize. The deal that allowed him to do this was if they let him leave, he wouldn’t wish for an eternity of misfortune on both themselves and their families (which was something that gained extra weight considering he knew the identities of everyone that participated in the underhanded organization) and threatening to turn their all the information he knew over the authorities. As such, the decision to preserve their businesses and families was an easy one to make, and they even used some of their unmarked cash to pay for a plane ticket and set him up for a short time. But now, after arriving, and having the last bits of money dwindling dry, he realized that time was running out before he was homeless again, and before other greedy people such as himself found him. After all, information passes quickly even in the tightest of hands. He needed an out, an alibi, some sort of witness protection program that would find a way to protect his identity.

The first thing he thought to do with the last of his surplus was getting plastic surgery, making sure that he had handsome, but had a visibly different facial structure to him. The second thing he did to get his name legally changed by the court systems of his new country. The third and final thing he did, mere hours before he had to leave the hotel bought for him and figure out how to live a new life, was finally use that which he had worked so hard to acquire, the pixie herself. He made sure to shake up the jar ever so slightly before prying it open, just enough so that the pixie within would be too disoriented to zip off quickly. Taking advantage of this, he was able to snatch a wispy piece of her hair and grab hold tight, and even though she continued to fight for several minutes more, she was forced to eventually accept that she wasn’t going anywhere until he had his way with her, for better or worse. He got off on a good foot with her, however, by proposing that he would let her go after she granted three wishes to him. What he didn’t know was this very proposal was the start of a very complicated relationship for the two of them.

Tony considered himself a cunning and calculative man, and time and again history had proven this self-proposed identity to have meaning and power behind it, so making such a proposal was never a scary step for him. All he had to do was outwit a disoriented pixie and stay two or three steps ahead of her. ‘It should be child’s play’ he thought as he skimmed over possibilities and what to wish for. ‘It would be far more difficult if genies existed, but pixies are just simpletons loaded to the brim with magical power. They never have any level of complex thinking, and that’s how I will get her. She’s going to fruitlessly cling to the thought of my proposal initially and try her hardest to accurately grant my wishes. All I have to do is give an appeal to it’s baser instincts and keep things simple and straightforward. But… what other changes to my form could I make, that would help me avoid suspicion and fulfill that requirement? Well, after the plastic surgery and the name change, I doubt anyone would be able to recognize me except for my voice… so If I had more testosterone to change that…. Ah...! That’s it! I’ll make my balls bigger. They’ll flood the rest of my system with testosterone, and it’ll help me change my body a bit more, make it easier to gain more muscle quickly, and it’ll get me a hell of an imposing figure! There’s no downside! Alright, we’ll go for it.’ “Alright pixie. For my first wish, I want you to modify my body. I need you to give me bigger testicles, a couple of inches will do.” It would’ve worked out fine… if he specified how much he actually wanted. Unfortunately for him though, a shortcoming that he didn’t think to try and cover up would come back to bite him almost immediately. Or…. More accurately, pinch him. After the Pixie finished casting her spell, he could almost immediately feel that something was off, the welling pit of despair in his belly rising with the pressure in his now swollen and taut nutsack, the skin of his genitalia tinged a shade of blue from its efforts of both stretching and containing the newly active bulges. Then the audible squeaks and pops came, resonating both from his overtaxed skin as well as his clothing, seams were forced to accommodate by any means necessary. Loose strands of fabric wafted in the air around his thighs and crotch as his pants and garments slowly but surely pulled themselves apart and it only managed to create an intense pleasure in tony, whose face told the story of someone who had gotten far more than they had wished for and whose straining underwear now turned thong around two heaving testicles bent and curved around a throbbing erection. Worse still, his own baser instincts fought with his mind in efforts to convince himself that it couldn’t be that bad, all these wonderful sensations coursing through his loins trying to plead with his greater judgment to allow them to stay. His pants, however, proclaimed their anger to the world when the zipper and uppermost button finally pinged off and burst, forcing itself to his ankles and letting two coconuts sized balls free to breathe and gurgle in the open air where they could continue to swell unabated.

It took the poor man less than a minute to realize what had happened, and how such a simple request could have been so comically fouled. “I Said a few inches, not a damn baker's dozen! Pixie! EXPLAIN. NOW. Just what in the hell were you thinking?!” The pixie did her best to spit at him, a burst of glitter and dust floated in the air in front of her face for a moment or two before dissipating. “First of all, the Name is Soraya, and Second of all, you said a couple. A couple inches of what? Circumference? Diameter? Cubic? Be more specific, jackass. I met my side of the bargain.” She spoke with a venomous tone, certainly not happy with her treatment thus far and being spontaneously given the chance to vent her frustration. One of the spells placed on the magical being was the inability to talk aloud unless spoken to, which her new owner would come to understand shortly. Everything she had said thus far completely shattered his expectation of what a normal pixie might be, but then again, if she wasn’t the least bit arrogant, she wouldn't have gotten herself caught in the first place. The man sighed and tried to calm down… as much as he could without thinking with his newly developed balls and cock. Massive as they were, they still technically checked off all the boxes on his list and provided him with a striking figure. He clearly had more testosterone by the way he blew up at the fairy with a voice several octaves lower than prior, and it would make him look very different than his usual self, carrying around twin sloshing volleyballs, no, they were almost basketballs at this point with their growth only now coming to a halt. As much as the ex-convict hated to admit it the pixie had done everything that he had asked her for, so even for the striking inconveniences he now had to deal with on a daily basis(standing with his legs wider than his freaking shoulders and keeping the boulders aloft with his knees so they didn’t swing and smack him on the inside of his thigh or worse for example), it still wasn’t worth another wish to fix it. Yet. ‘Well…. Maybe… ‘ he started to reason with himself, one of the several signs that he was losing his internal battle to lust and carnality. ‘I’m really lopsided with these massive balls and an average dick. Just a little boost, it wouldn’t hurt, and if I’m more accurate this time, it’ll work out fine. If anything, I could probably get a really good start as a porn star!’ He finished the thought process quickly, needing even less time to choose his second wish than the first and obviously thinking more and more with his cock than with logic.

“Hrm… Pi- Er… Soraya. For my second wish, make my dick 18 inches in length? That way it’ll even things out.” He asked, adding the last bit a little self-consciously. Promptly knocked off his high horse with how bad the events prior went, the shot to the knee that his confidence too was audible; yet even still Tony was sure nothing could go wrong This time. Ever since he was a teen, he knew that his erect length was roughly half of his flaccid length and he was rock hard right now so his wish in a perfect world would make him grow out currently from its average six inch size to triple that a whopping foot and a half that could shock and awe potential lays and later shrink down to a more appropriate but still a very healthy bulge. This one was as straightforward as it could get, and it would round out his new package. But again, considering the amount of pressure he was feeling at his groin, and the fact that he was swelling far more quickly than he expected, he was in for a treat. Five inches flaccid turned to six… seven…. Eight… and continued to steadily climb before his eyes, stretching out before finding itself sandwiched in between the twin rumbling basketballs he now could call testicles. Going well past the nine inches he was expecting, the only thing he was glad for now was that he had burst through the front part of his pants and that the remnants were around his ankles; the fabric wasn’t continuing to pinch him during the continuation of this set of frenzied expansion. But as he passed twenty-four, twenty-seven… and then thirty inches erect, he was starting to get scared. ‘When I’m hard like this, I’ll a monster! Can I even still get soft? Even if I could… should I? I feel like such a stud like this… and I like thinking with my cock… It’ll always lead me to the next fuck and get me so many points with the size queens! They… probably won’t be able to fit, but at least it would get the worship such a pillar of fuck flesh is worthy of! But at the same time, my cock is already thicker AND longer than my own leg It’s going to peek out of every single garment I might have! If I’m not put in jail first, they’ll have to re-write all the public indecency laws just because of me! And… most importantly, how am I even going to pee like this? I have to stand like eight feet away from the toilet! I thought I was being specific, but this; this was not part of the plan at all’ his mind perpetuated insecurities through him repeatedly while his legs quivered trying to maintain the increase in weight and by the time he had finished the growth and swelling of length toward his ‘desired’ goal, he was nothing short of exhausted, and desperately horny.

“Look, Um… Soraya. I understand that I didn’t do the best explaining my wishes. But you’re not a genie, and I know that you could have followed instructions better than that. So, Unfortunately, I will not hold up our bargain anymore. I need your magic to help me fix this. So, until you can, I wish you were my roommate at the house of our creation. I can hide you and protect you while we live together, and it will give you time to rest and recover until we can fix this later. For now, this is way too much, and you know it as well as I.” Soraya took the opportunity anyways, yearning for the thought of protection even after understanding that he wasn’t very trustworthy in the first place. She still understood that she was better off with him than all alone, and even though she had really tried to get things right, She was going to be taken care of while she recovered, which was the best she could ask for. With that, she created a small manor using the vast majority of the energy she had remaining creating something a good distance away from the center of the city where they were, making it small enough on the outside to not attract a significant amount of attention but large enough for Tony’s massive genitalia to maneuver through. When she came to, she immediately sighed though as she began to refocus on still more of his complaints at her efforts. “…Hell, listen to the way I fucking SLOSH when I move? Do you think that’s okay?? Honestly?! Nothing fits! How am I supposed to even walk over to the place you created when I can’t clothe my lower body and barely my upper?? The police are going to appear to take me into custody as soon as I manage to waddle my way into the first-floor lobby! GAH..!!” How far tony had fallen in three wishes was almost an incredible sight for the pixie, he was completely baffled by the power of his own wishes. Maybe if she got free of the curse that kept her silent, she could market herself as a genie. Everyone knows all the lamps capable of containing them were broken, so it might not be the best plan of action, but it still sounded like a much better way of maintaining independence. Still, even if he broke his promise, the offer for protection was still more than enough because it gave her time to think. Something that she had several steps up on when it came to the rest of her species. Soraya was ready for a hibernation after using up all that magical energy but understanding that they had no time to rest before getting on the road found the strength to add a couple finishing touches. The last things she did before passing out completely is manifest the new key into their house in his hands (with a convenient little map as to how to get there by foot) and supply him with a magical pair of white sweatpants that would allow him to stay clothed (though it did nothing to stop both the perverse and disgusted looks that he received by walking around with half his veined throbbing dick peeking out of his shirt and above his own head, let alone all the disruptive noises he made just trying to get from one place to another) until they found a job and a could afford a more professional tailor. Tony was able to travel downstairs now to finished checking out from the hotel, but just because he ‘could’ didn’t mean it was an easy task. In fact, just getting out of the heavy hotel door was an issue, and the door smacked him on the backsides of his sack as he left, causing him to scrunch up his face in bliss and struggle with not staining the garment with premature spurts of semen-laced pre-cum. He had to crouch at the knees because he didn’t anticipate how difficult it was to even get through the average doorway with something taller than he was, and ended up having to bend his cock and pull with all his might before it finally popped free of the room, smacking him in the face and wetting his spontaneous v neck in the process/ He couldn’t fit through the elevator door with his gait and stance spread as far as it was and going down the stairs was hell by itself, especially with the echoing sloshes in the metal stairwell… but he eventually made it down to the front desk and still later outside the building.

A breeze of Crisp, fresh air hit him like a freight train once he was outside, the overcast from the recently rained on environment making things cold, which he thought would help him calm down, not be so overwhelmed and entranced with his own libido… but as he stood there, getting snickers, catcalls and other strange remarks from being out in the open, if anything he got even more sensitive and aroused, but more importantly, he was still rock hard at his three-foot girthy state. ‘I-It’s really not going down…! Am I going to be like this forever?’

The errant thought passed his mind, but he wanted not to get out of the public eye as quickly as possible, he was exhausted, his legs were already tired just coming down the stairs and signing himself out of the building and he was still well over a forty-minute walk away from his destination, with the keys to his new house. His first mind told him that a taxi would be his best bet… but the couple that showed up didn’t have enough space for his member and it’s owner to fit in the back seat, and the one time he tried to force it, the tip of his cock was deliciously bent and contained by the ceiling of the vehicle where the fabric was rapidly turning him on, and in the end he was sure he would cum all over the driver once the engine got started again or they hit the slightest of bumps so he had to call this one off. Another half hour or so of standing outside in public scrutiny (and a short amount of time talking with a police officer because someone on the street had reported him for smuggling and he had to give a rudimentary pat down which ended up mostly being a testicle massage that drenched his hair and sweatpants even wetter with spunk laced pre-cum) Before he could get a large enough taxi, a yellow spotted minivan with an adorable female driver. The poor guy was getting fake taxi vibes, especially with how deliriously nice she was being towards him, but finally… he made it home in one piece. After the eventful day that Tony had thus far, it was a miracle he didn’t pass out just by entering the door into his unofficial undocumented home, but he refused to sleep while he was this horny and wanted to get a nice fap and get cleaned before finally getting into bed. Placing Soraya and her jar on the nightstand next to him, both of them passed out, concluding the first day in their misadventures together.