

Office Wars - Alternate Ending (Dark)

By TheSpiralledEye

Greg smiled at himself in the mirror; at first getting up early each morning to ensure his look was perfect had been a hassle; now it was a joy. His new business attire was impeccable, and he felt like a powerhouse in it. He had styled short brown hair simply to frame his face, and the black blazer hugged his curves perfectly.

The white blouse underneath added a sleek and professional touch and he left the two top buttons undone to show off his cleavage. Not too much, but just enough to draw the eye and show off the shape. Anybody who stared would be able to tell just how much tit was hiding underneath the thin fabric. His pants were professional and perfectly pressed, but tight. His ass was shown off with the hem of his coat dusting just above it ensuring everybody he passed would have a perfect view of his lovely shape. All in all, the outfit oozed sex appeal, all while maintaining a professional appearance; nobody could possibly write him up for dressing inappropriately.

His make up was light but effective, contoured cheekbones and bright lipstick with a simple touch of mascara. He looked like he was ready to step out of the pages of a magazine. This of course, was just the first phase of his plan to torture Susan.

As he stepped into the office he pretended to text on his phone while secretly watching as people stole glances at him. He had practised everything from his poise to his walk; he radiated confidence and sophistication to a level Susan could only dream of. As he sat down at his desk he took out a compact and subtly angled the mirror to view her desk and smirked. She radiated jealousy.

'What's the matter Susan? Angry you're no longer the hottest girl in the office?' He thought. *'Just you wait, there is more coming for you.'*

He got to work; not on the job he was paid for, no he could do that in his sleep. In fact, he spent most of his work day working toward revenge now, not that anybody could prove it. He'd become so efficient he could do a days work in half and spend the rest plotting with nobody the wiser.

The first thing he did was check everybody's calendar's taking note of birthdays, personal events and other such things. Lucky for him, most people used their work calendar

as their personal one, so he had a unique insight into everybody's personal lives. Then he began his slow attack, sending well wishes and appropriate messages to those he could.

He sent Martha a cake recipe that would just so happen to be perfect for her kids bake sale the day after tomorrow, wished Darrell a happy birthday and RSVP'd to Linda's Tupperware party. The latter would be a drag, everybody hated MLM schemes but Gardenia was a good friend who wanted to support her coworker.

Linda had tried to host three such parties with no success so far; if he went and pretended to have a good time she was sure to owe him a favour soon enough. Favours, he had swiftly learnt, were worth their weight in gold. Speaking of which...

He gently applied a new layer of lipstick and stood, heading over to the breakroom where he knew Darrell would be getting his second cup of coffee for the day. He put on his best worried pout and followed him in.

"Oh Darrell," He breathed, "So glad I ran into you. I am so sorry to be a bother but do you think you could do me a favour?"

"After you saved my bacon last week noticing my report errors? Of course!" He smiled, "What can I do for you?"

Greg shuffled slightly from side to side as if he were nervous, 'accidentally' pushing up his chest slightly as he did so and resisting the urge to smile as he watched Darrell's eyes slide down just for a moment.

"Well, you see..." He started, "It's Susan. I hate to do this but...she's been calling me Greg still. Only when nobody is around."

Darrell's face fell. It was a bold faced lie of course but with this body and his new acting skills Greg was sure he could convince Darrell the sky was red if he really wanted.

"I know we've had our run ins in the past but..." he sniffled, "I just really think she's crossing a line. I don't want to report her to HR or anything though, she works so hard and I know if I get her in trouble everybody would take her side..."

"I'll talk to her." He said firmly, "That is crossing a line and look honestly, I think you've more than made up for those little mistakes you made years ago."

Funny how nobody thought that back when he was a man.

“Oh Darrell. You’re such a sweetheart.” He laid a hand on the man’s arm. “If you need anything at all you just tell me, okay?”

He smiled, cheeks turning slightly pink. Greg laughed on the inside; he had the man wrapped around his finger.

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Greg smirked as he watched Susan walk past him; weeks had passed now and he had started to up his game. With Spitfire’s help he’d started swapping Susan’s sugar free coconut, low sugar snack balls with protein ones. With a extra calorie powder just to be safe. Eating one had more fat and carbs than an entire roast dinner and it was starting to show.

Her pencil skirt was stretched thin over her ass, her stomach was barely contained by her once trim and tight blouses and her breasts seemed to sag. As an extra boon to him, she seemed to be in denial; refusing to buy clothes in the next size up. As a result her clothes were ill fitting, not at all complimenting her shape and that only called more attention to her body.

In one hand Greg lifted his coffee cup, ready to take a sip, with the other he rolled a screw back and forth between his fingers. Any second now...

CRASH

Without the support screw, Susan’s chair collapsed; giving the impression her weight had simply been too much for it. Her paper’s and lunch went flying, splattering all over her white blouse and drawing the eyes of everybody in the office.

“Oh my goodness!” Greg cried, voice filled with fake sympathy, “Are you alright?”

He ran to her, his subtle curves bouncing in the most flattering way as he knelt down to give her a hand. For the briefest of moments their eyes met and he watched as hate boiled in her eyes. Greg pulled Susan to her feet, the screw pressed into her palm before he moved away as the others approached. Susan held the tiny silver object in her hand and stared for a moment before realising what it meant.

“You bitch!” She screeched and Greg put on a face of utter confusion.

“I just wanted to help.” His lip quivered, “Did I hurt you when I pulled you up? I am so sorry.”

“Hey, Gardenia was just trying to help.” Darrel sneered, “It’s not her fault you broke your chair.”

“She sabotaged it!” Susan screamed, “Look!”

She held out the screw as if that proved anything. It took all his self control not to burst into laughter; this was even better than he’d hoped!

“If I sabotaged your chair, why do you have the screw?” He asked innocently and the small crowd of office workers began to mutter.

“She was only on the floor for a second...”

“Yeah, she can’t have figured out what happened that quickly.”

“What a joke, did she really think we’d believe that?”

Susan’s face fell.

“No! She gave it to me! Just then!”

“When I helped you up? Without anybody seeing?” Darrell scoffed, “As if, Gardenia would never do something like that.”

“I wouldn’t even know how.” Greg lied, looking hurt. “Oh Susan, I do wish we could get along, I am trying so hard.”

Crocodile tears formed in the corner of his eyes which he made a show of wiping away.

“Oh I am such a mess, look at me. Susan is the one who deserves sympathy right now.”

“Exactly! She yelled only to be glared at by all around her.”

Darrell put his arm around Greg's shoulders.

"Come on, let's get you a coffee."

Most of the others followed, leaving Susan to clean herself up and fix her chair alone. Greg covered his face with his hands as if he were still weeping and stole a glance back at her, shooting the bitch a quick, victorious smile.

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Slowly but surely; the tides turned. Susan went from being the office darling to the most hated person around. Her work was sloppy, almost as if somebody was sabotaging it. Of course, there was no way somebody could log in and change things without leaving a trail, unless of course they stole Susan's own passwords; but who would do that?

Her weight continued to gain, her appearance began to suffer and no matter how much make up or fancy hair dye she used, she couldn't seem to get a new look to work for her. She was constantly on edge, snapping at people, always sure somebody was out to get her. Which was true of course, it was just that only Susan and Grge knew it.

When pages of her diary appeared in the copy room bad mouthing various key members of staff, including the cleaners, maintenance and IT workers; the people responsible for keeping the office functional, was found things went very poorly for her. Suddenly, Susan was at the bottom fo the list for everything. Her desk was the last one to be cleaned, her IT issues almost never got resolved and no amount of pleading seemed to help.

Greg revelled in her suffering, she had become his own personal play thing. It had been almost six months of this before things finally came to a head, in that same bathroom where it had all started.

"Alright, you win."

Greg didn't bother turning around, he kept washing his hands, making her wait before he even acknowledged her presence.

"I don't know what you're talking about." He said coolly.

“These tricks, these awful pranks. You win, okay. Can we just wipe the slate clean and go back to ignoring each other now?” She pleaded, looking frazzled. “I’m sorry for what I did, okay.”

“Oh, now you’re sorry?” Greg hissed, “For the years of torture you put me through?”

“Yes, so please. Let’s just call a truce!”

Greg looked over her chubby body, circling Susan like a shark. No phone or camera, her pockets were too pressed thin to conceal anything. She wasn't recording this; he was sure. That meant he was free to show his true colours.

“Never.” he whispered. “I will make your life miserable until you leave here.”

He smirked.

“Of course, getting another job after this might be hard, considering how sloppy your work has been the last few months. And of course, any place you apply may be inundated with ‘anonymous’ tips about your bad attitude and work ethic.”

“You wouldn't dare.”

“Wouldn't I? If I have proved anything these last few months, it's that I am quite daring. Don't you think?”

He glared deeply into her eyes, showing off his conviction.

“But, there is one thing you can do.”

Susan swallowed, looking like a nervous wreck.

“Follow my orders, do whatever I say and maybe I will give you a break.” He crossed his arms, “Anything I ask, whenever, wherever. For the rest of time.”

Susan grit her teeth.

“If you think I'd agree to that-”

“Oh Darrell!” Greg wailed convincingly, “It was just awful! She just came right at me. I-I didn’t want to hurt her though so I just scrambled away but look at what she did!”

He ripped his blouse front slightly.

“She tried to strangle me! I think she might be mentally unstable!”

Susan went pale and Greg smirked. He strode over to her, confident and grinning.

“You’re my bitch now, anything I want, you do. Got it?”

She nodded slowly. Greg smiled as he watched the realisation crash down over her; she had lost, well and truly. He was the head bitch of the office now whether she liked it or not. And nobody, not Susan, not any new intern or hire would ever take that power away from him.

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Greg surveyed his kingdom; at a glance, nobody would ever guess the beautiful woman sitting by the window who worked in data entry was the queen bee of the office, but she was. It had been easy to switch to the best desk in the office, a kind word here, a less kind word there, some strings pulled by a desperate to please Susan and bam, Greg had it. He could have anything he wanted now.

Once or twice a new hire had come in with big ambitions; trying to win everybody over and topple his throne but they had learned their lessons quickly. The snooty little intern who tried to sleep her way into a promotion soon discovered just how easy it was for security camera to catch things. Greg had been merciful of course, holding onto the tapes himself and using them as blackmail. Now he had her at his beck and call just like Susan. Neither of them dared to say a word of course.

He was the perfect two faced actor; to almost everybody he was a sweet, beautiful woman who would do anything to help. But those that crossed him...they felt his nails dig in deep and never let go. Even if they did complain, nobody would ever believe them. A few fake tears and kind gestures on his part and everybody was whispering about how awful it was that people treated him poorly just because of his identity.

He smirked, watching as Susan flinched when their eyes met. That curse worked out to be the greatest gift she had ever given him. And it was a gift he intended to keep on giving.

