

## Office Wars - Part 3

**By TheSpiralledEye**

Gardenia had become like a suit of armour. Greg's protection against the world; in her shoes, he felt he could do anything. He walked confidently into the office, and noticed Susan shooting him a venomous look from where she was gathered with the others around the water cooler. 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 the slim-fit trousers and high heels completed the look. Katie had helped him pick out a pair that was tight enough to show off his ass, without being considered obscene.

He walked up the cooler casually, bending over at the hips to fill up one of the paper cups and smiled sweetly at the small gathering of office workers.

"Hannah, good luck with the presentation today." He said sweetly, having checked the office calendar only moments before arriving. The woman's face flushed with flattery.

"You remembered?" Thank you!"

'Of course," Greg smiled, eyes sliding to Susan, "I make it a point of pride to know what's going on in the office."

"Oh wow, you checked a calendar. Whoopdie doo." Susan rolled her eyes and Greg immediately took the opportunity to look hurt.

"Of course I read the calendar." He said, not bothering to deny it, "It's important to me that I know what's going on in my coworkers lives so that I can help wherever possible. Speaking of, Darell, I noticed some errors in your data submission but don't worry, I fixed them before any of the big wigs got word of it."

Darell sighed in relief.

"Gardenia, you're a lifesaver, if I get chewed out one more time for mistyping I am looking at demotion for sure."

Greg tried not to smirk watching Darell's eyes slip down to his cleavage. At first, having men stare at his body had been strange and uncomfortable but he had started seeing it as a confidence boost. After all, how many times had anybody, man or woman, looked at him with desire before now? Greg had to admit, he looked fabulous. He was yet to lose all of the extra weight but unlike before he was actually motivated to do so. He found himself excited to knock off every day and go to the gym to join his new friends and as the weeks wore on the exercising became easier and easier; leaving him with a healthy glow that seemed to draw people in.

Finally, the tables were turning in his favour. He had taken Spitfire's advice and started to be, what she called, aggressively nice. She complimented everybody on their outfits, their make up, their jewellery, whatever he could notice really; he memorised company calendars and even a few personal ones so that he could talk about their lives and sound as if he were heavily invested. It seemed to be working and slowly people were beginning to drift away from Susan and her passive aggressive comments.

He watched with glee as Susan stormed over to his desk, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Who do you think you are?" she hissed. "You waltz in here with your new outfit, acting like you own the place. Well, newsflash, you don't."

"Not yet." He whispered with a grin before loudly adding, "I don't think my work attire is inappropriate but *of course* Susan, if it makes you uncomfortable I can wear something else tomorrow."

Susan's face burned with embarrassment and Greg revelled in it; now everybody would think she was immature and denying would only make things worse. He could see her jaw lock as she walked away in a huff and he couldn't resist giving a friendly wave. She didn't want to admit it but he had her on the ropes and it felt glorious. He could almost understand how Susan had become so addicted to making his life miserable, it felt good, being top bitch. Unlike her though, Greg only had one target in mind and she absolutely deserved it.

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"Things sound like they are going well, I think it's time we go on the offensive." Spitfire grinned as they sat together in the smoothie bar.

“Are you sure?” Katie looked uncomfortable, “Gardenia is finally starting to get respect and some work friends, if she gets caught actively messing with Susan she could lose everything.”

“Didn’t you listen to the story about the water bucket?” Spitfire said, incensed by the memory alone, “That bitch deserves it. I have the perfect thing too.”

She reached into her bag and pulled out a little plastic container of...artificial sweetener?

“Sugar?” Greg asked, confused.

“Not just any sugar, the sugar.” Spitfire said with a wry smile, “This is carb-sugar. I use it along with energy bars to help me go up in weight classes. If you exercise like mad, like me, you put on muscle but if you don’t...”

“You get fat.” Greg grinned.

“So fat.”

“Oh man, that’s diabolical.” Katie giggled.

Greg hummed in agreement, he thought the same.

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It was easy, replacing Susan’s sweeteners with the special ones given to him by Spitfire. She insisted on having her own supply in her desk rather than using the sugar available in the breakroom, it was just a matter of subtly inching the security camera a little to the left and swiftly switching them out under the guise of looking for his stapler; something she had borrowed and obviously forgot to give back. Or so he proclaimed loudly enough that people could make their own decisions as to whether or not the woman had sticky fingers.

He made his way down to the breakroom to make himself a drink when he heard voices.

“I don’t know, Gardenia seems really sweet. Maybe all that fuss before she...you know. Maybe it was just pent up frustration and this is the real her. She’s so nice now.”

"She's just trying too hard," Susan was saying to a group of co-workers. "She thinks she's so great, but really she's just annoying."

Hearing such a comment would have made Greg flee with his tail between his legs, the idea of standing up for himself a total impossibility.

But he wasn't Greg anymore, he was Gardenia, and she was anything but a pushover. One of the advantages of being Susan's punching bag for so long was that he knew all her tricks and now, with his new found confidence, he could turn them against her. He pinched the side of his eyelid, letting tears well before stepping into the break room with a look of utter heartbreak on his face.

"Am I really annoying?" He asked each of the people in there, eyes deliberately moving over Susan, "I'm so sorry, I just wanted to help and be friends."

"Oh no, Gardenia, it's not like that at all!"

The co workers flocked to his side, offering kind words and apologies for what he overheard. Greg made a big show of wiping away his tears, skilfully shooting Susan a small grin that only she could see from beneath his hand.

"Do you think this little act is fooling anybody?" She hissed, Greg had to fight to keep the smile off his face, she was falling for this hook line and sinker.

"Act?" He pouted with faux confusion, "What do you mean? You've been talking about me behind my back, spreading rumours and lies."

Sarah scoffed. "Please, Greg. I'm not the one trying to be the centre of attention all the time. You're just desperate for everyone to like you."

"Susan!" One of the others chided, "Her name is Gardenia now, don't you know how rude it is to use somebody's old name like that?"

He couldn't have planned this better if he tried. Why try to make Susan look bad when all she needed was a little push and she did it all herself. Greg let his hair fall over his face in such a way that only Susan could see the tiny flicker of a smile that passed across his features. He watched her jaw lock in frustration.

“Just wait, you little snake.” She hissed, “Just because you have everybody else fooled does not mean you’ll get one over on me.”

Greg put on his most innocent face.

“I don't know what you mean.”

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Susan sat at her desk, staring at her computer screen with a scowl on her face. She couldn't concentrate on her work, her mind consumed with bitter thoughts. Just then, Gardenia walked into the office, smiling and greeting everyone she passed by. Susan watched as her co-workers fawned over Gardenia, complimenting her on her outfit and hair. Susan felt a pang of jealousy in her chest. That spell was supposed to bring Greg to his lowest point but somehow it had done just the opposite.

Gardenia breezed past Susan's desk, barely giving her a second glance. Susan seethed with resentment. She couldn't understand why everyone loved Gardenia so much. She was nothing special, just a pretty face with a bubbly personality. She had ruled this office for years with an iron fist; everybody knew not to cross her lest they face the same torment that Greg once had. Now he was off limits; everybody loved Gardenia so much that doing anything to that pretty little face would end her social life here for good.

As Gardenia settled into her desk, her phone rang. Susan watched as Gardenia answered it, her voice sweet and cheerful. Susan gritted her teeth. Why did everyone fall for Gardenia's act? She was sick of being in her shadow.

“Wow Gardenia, you are looking great!” Tracey beamed as she walked past and Gardenia just smiled.

The fake little tart.

Susan looked down at her own swelling body filled with jealousy. Over the last few weeks she had put on some weight. No matter what she did she simply couldn't lose it. She'd seen the looks, the sly glances as people's eyes slipped to her pudgy stomach. This simply wouldn't do. She had learned from the gossip channels that Gardenia went to a gym every day. Well, if she couldn't ruin her life at work anymore the least she could do was take away that gym. Then she'd go back to being a fat sad sack and everything would be right in the world.

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Greg had to fight back a smile when he watched Susan walk in a few weeks later. Her ass was huge and not in the sexy way. It pressed against her pencil skirt and stretched the material so thin it was starting to make the colour fade. Her blouse was equally tight around her ever growing stomach. He had only replaced her sugars once but ever since putting on the weight she simply hadn't been able to take it off, unlike him.

With his daily gym sessions he was starting to look model ready. His hips and tits were as wide as ever but now he was well on his way to having an hourglass figure. Spitfire and Katie had come up with several more pranks he could pull on Susan but honestly, it didn't seem necessary. With his renewed confidence Greg was making friends left and right just by...being nice.

Why Susan had felt the need to control the office with catty gossip he would never know. Honestly, the more time passed the less intoxicating the idea of revenge became. He had friends now, a rocking body, a healthy work life; did he really need revenge? He wasn't going to lie; seeing Susan suffer after all the shit she'd put him through felt good, but the idea of actively sabotaging her anymore felt...hollow.

It had taken some time for him to really come to terms with it but this body had given him what he really needed. Confidence. Why had he been so nervous and down on himself before? This body and the need for revenge had driven him to start working out and ever since he'd become a whole new person; happier and healthier in every way. Now that need for revenge no longer was driving him, instead happiness was and he was all the better for it. Susan, who had once ruled his life, began to slip from his daily thoughts, fading into the background.

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Finding the gym Gardenia frequented wasn't hard. The idiot hadn't even noticed her following as she left the office and as she stepped into the air conditioned room full of equipment she felt herself grimace. There she was, smiling and laughing with two women and a man. They all looked like sports models, the red head looked like a champion weightlifter. They all looked so sleek and cool; the type of people she should be hanging out with, not Gardenia. Susan smiled to herself; that would soon change. Putting on her best, fakest smile she approached and grinned.

“Hello, Gardenia! Fancy seeing you here!”

The effect was instant. Gardenia had gotten good at putting up a mask but for just a second, it slipped and there was fear in her eyes.

*‘That’s right you cocky bitch.’* Susan thought, *‘You thought you could get rid of me that easily?’*

“Susan. I didn’t know you went to the gym.”

“Of course I do!” She laughed, “I started to let myself go, it’s so embarrassing. I admire how you lost so much weight. I wanted to do the same.”

Gardenia clicked her tongue and gave her an annoyed smile, waving for her friends to follow and heading for the treadmills. Susan felt malicious glee fill her; she was back in control, whether Gardenia wanted to admit it or not. She waited until Gardenia was just about to start her work out before calling her over. Lucky for her, she came alone while the rest of her little group stayed behind; perfect.

“What do you want?” She asked, all semblance of sweetness gone.

“Just to tell you you’re outmatched.” Susan grinned, “You may have had some luck in the office but things will return to the way they’re supposed to be soon. And for all the shit you’ve put me through I’m going to make sure you suffer. Understand?”

“Whatever.” Gardenia rolled her eyes, “Did you call me over here just for that? Get over yourself.”

She walked away with her nose in the air and Susan felt her blood boil. Her words were just as sharp as they’d ever been, why were they not cutting that woman to ribbons? She watched with jealousy in her veins as several men turned to look as Gardenia passed them; she thought she was so hot with his big boobs and hourglass figure. Susan would show her! Soon that would be her place!

With a quick glance around the room to ensure nobody was watching she slipped a pin out from her hair and jammed it into the treadmill’s inner workings before hitting the button to start. As expected, the machine began to roll only to jerk and suddenly stop. Dramatically Susan flung herself back in a very conveying fake fall and sprawled out on the

ground with a cry. All eyes turned and people rushed over to her side, including Gardenia and her little crew.

“Oh ouch!” Susan cried, holding her ankle in mock pain before turning to Gardenia with an accusatory face, “I thought you told me you fixed it!”

“Fix it?” Gardenia answered bewildered as her little posse and other gym goers gathered around.

“My treadmill,” Susan lied, “You said this one is always jams so you fixed it for me! Why would you lie?”

Crocodile tears formed in the corner of Susan’s eyes and she buried her face in her hands to rub at them, making the whites turn red. “You’re always so mean to me at work! Why here too?”

People gathered around her, she could hear muttering and fought back a smile; all it would take is this one seed of doubt and the whole place would be against her.

“Ma’am I am afraid I am going to have to ask you to leave.”

The voice was a deep masculine one, likely a security guard. Getting Gardenia kicked out so early was surprising but not awful. Susan looked up to ‘beg’ to let Gardenia stay only to freeze in shock. The security guard wasn’t talking to Gardenia, he was talking to her!

“B-But why?” She cried pointing toward her rival, “She was the one who jamed my machine! She injured me! On purpose!”

The guard crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow.

“Ma’am are you aware that we have twenty four hour surveillance?” He pointed to his desk where several screens were broken up in squares. One of which was currently showing her sitting on the floor. With horror Susan looked up and saw the lens of a tiny camera pointing right at her. How had she been so stupid! This was exactly how she got blackmail in the office herself!



“I...I...”

“Come with me ma’am, the security guard lifted her to her feet, Susan didn't bother with pretending to limp.

She looked back over her shoulder at Gardenia, ready to seethe at her victorious smile but it wasn't there. Gardenia was gone, already walking back to her own treadmill laughing at some joke said by the redhead. Susan felt her heart fall; it was one thing to have a rival, it was another entirely to be ignored.

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Gardenia smiled; the last of her paperwork was complete now. All signs of Greg were gone. She had a new drivers licence, a new work ID and even a new gym card; all of which showed a smiling, beautiful woman in her thirties looking ready to take on life. She almost wanted to thank Susan for her little prank, it had been the best thing to ever happen to him. Tracey smiled at her as she passed the water cooler.

“Hey, Gardenia, did you want to grab sushi after work?” Ask asked.

“Sorry!” She gave Tracey an apologetic smile, “Katie and I are going shopping tonight, there is a late night sale at her boutique and she’s going to give me a staff discount!”

“Oh wow, that sounds so fun! Mind if I join.”

“The more the merrier!”

Gardenia hummed to herself and sat down at her desk, opening up her already full social calendar and adding Tracey to the invite for the sale. The air in the office was light and bubbly. Ever since Susan’s more manipulative tendencies had been called out people were getting less and less afraid to call her out. As a result she’d gone from queen bee to the bottom of the pecking order. Other co-workers who had gone along with her pranks in the past had even come up and apologised to her over the last few weeks. Some more sincerely than others but Gardenia didn't mind. If she was honest, she was far too busy to worry about Susan anymore.

She spared a glance over to the woman’s desk. She was sitting alone, stuffing her face with cookies to fill the void. Sometimes, Gardenia would catch her staring from across the room, eyes filled with hate. Once or twice she had even started to plot a cruel prank but

they almost always backfired when somebody got wind of it and warned the rest of the office. Gardenia felt sorry for her; was Susan's life really nothing more than a series of petty revenges? How exhausting.

Her phone beeped with a message from Spitfire, a picture of her at the gym proudly benching an extra five pounds more than usual. Gardenia grinned and text back her congratulations.

She couldn't believe this was her life now; fun, free and healthy. And to think, she owed it all to an office prank.