

Office Wars - Part 2

By TheSpiralledEye

Greg begins planning the ultimate revenge to get back at Susan and become the most popular woman in the office.

~

Fortunately for Greg, he had plenty of sick days saved up to give him time to properly plan. Anger could only sustain him for so long before the reality of getting revenge took hold, he needed to buckle down and figure something out. He started by going home and renting every Mean Girls-esque, office drama film he could find, studying them with the intensity of a student of film. Pausing occasionally to try and copy the mannerism of the main characters and memorising every good come back he could think of. Of course, that could only do so much, he supplemented his study with intense google searches on 'how to deal with bitches', embarrassed to find that most of them were relegated to teen websites or references 'telling a teacher'. How had his life become a teen drama in his thirties?

After several days he had filled an entire notebook with scribbings but still didn't have a concrete plan. Oh sure, turning Susan's own words against her was there but actually doing that was harder done than said. And there was the elephant in the room; his new body. When he had first arrived home he had covered his one and only mirror, drawn the curtains and spent the next few days in relative darkness and gloom in an effort to keep himself from seeing it. He would have to rip that bandaid off soon though; he could be the wittiest, nastiest women in the world but if he was ugly nobody was going to listen to him; if he had learned anything from those films it was that before the ugly girl got her revenge, she had to have a makeover. But once again, easier said than done.

Taking a deep breath, Greg grabbed the towel covering his mirror and ripped it off. He was wearing his ratty old dressing gown; since none of his clothes fit right anymore and it did not help his cause. Still, as he looked at this new face Susan had given him Greg was surprised to find himself feeling hopeful. His face was round, but heart shaped, his cheeks rosy and his lips full. One advantage to being a woman was that it was acceptable for him to wear makeup. He had no idea how to start with that but a bit of concealer to cover his freckles and some of those weird powders he'd seen advertised online to highlight his cheek bones would do wonders. The concept was actually quite exciting in its own way; he didn't

even feel embarrassed about it really. This was all in the name of revenge, it was almost like he was creating a whole new persona, playing a part.

Letting his new sense of determination fill him he loosened the robe around his shoulders, letting it slide off to show his clavicle and cleavage. His lips pursed; a little pudge still but that did have the added benefit of increasing his bust, he was certainly bigger in the chest area than that skinny bitch Susan; point for him. As he dropped the dressing gown further he winced though, the extra weight was still present on his stomach, round and curvy. Not obese by any measure but enough that he had a little extra meat on his bones and a stomach that hung over his thick thighs. His heavy teardrop shaped breasts rested just above the curve of his stomach, his nipples a dark pink. Susan had called them ugly but...he had to disagree. He thought back to all his research the last few days and realised, with utter glee, that she was probably jealous. His tits were big, with plenty of heft but they were hardly saggy. In fact, they were rather pert and round and several cup sizes bigger than Susan's for sure, he was certain now. If he got the right bra, they would be positively spectacular.

That just left his lower half. It took him several long moments to build up to it. He had gotten used to the absent feeling between his legs the last few days but actually looking at it felt...wrong. Greg dropped the robe entirely, letting it pool around his now dainty feet and leaving his pussy on full display in the mirror. The hair there was dark and curly as it always had been, but somehow more shaped, it conformed and curved with his mound, hiding much of it from view. Curiously he spread his legs ever so slightly; revealing the pretty pink folds that had replaced his length. Once again, a smile found its way to his lips. Not that anybody at work would know, but his pussy was quite lovely. He was a bigger girl but his pussy looked tight, attractive even, his clit prominent and ready for action. There was a temptation to touch, to fully explore this new wet hole but he hesitated, just looking at it was confronting enough. There was playing a role and then there was embodying it; which to a certain degree he was doing. Still, he wanted to keep just a touch of his manhood, even if it was just for himself.

Instead, he stepped into the shower and began the first step in his beautification journey; cleaning. He scrubbed his skin almost raw, letting soap and hot water cascade down his new curves. He lifted his peachy ass and stroked the soap under the curves, doing the same for his breasts and kneading the suds into his hair until it was silky and smooth. It felt...nice. He had never really paid much attention to his appearance before, there did not seem to be any point in doing so. But as he dried off and wrapped a towel around his pink, warm body and watched the steam waft off his skin he felt better than he had in a long time. There was something about doing such a deep clean that made him feel shiny and new.

Once again he glanced over to see the woman reflected back in the mirror; she looked confident despite her flaws and his determination came back in full force. He was going to make that woman *perfect* and then he was going to use her to destroy Susan.

~

Greg stood before the racks of clothing feeling totally out of his depth. He had managed to find an old hoodie and sweatpants that fit him well enough that the fabric wasn't stretched painfully over his tits and ass, but it still wasn't a great look. He needed a proper wardrobe and he couldn't afford to just buy a selection and hope for the best. He had a budget to keep in mind and that meant each piece had to be perfect. He wanted to start with the most important articles; work clothes but found even simple things like skirts and blouses had wildly different sizes at each store he visited, not to mention fabric consistencies and shapes.

He had given up on that for now and was simply trying to find underwear that fit but even that seemed needlessly complicated. Men had boxers and briefs, in maybe a dozen styles each if you were really fancy. But women's underwear seemed to vary wildly from panties that covered half their legs and waist to handfuls of strings that were somehow considered clothing. A knot formed in his stomach; maybe this plan was a bit beyond him after all.

"Can I help you?"

The saleswoman appeared beside him so suddenly he almost jumped out of his skin. The shock must have shown because the pretty young woman apologised and gave him a warm, friendly smile.

"Sorry about that. My friends always tell me I should wear a bell." She grinned, "Can I help you find something ma'am?"

"I...need bras and underwear. A whole new wardrobe really. My old ones got ruined." He stammered out awkwardly, there was no way he could tell this lady he'd never bought them before, "I bought everything so long ago so I don't really know where to start."

"Oh what a shame that you lost your things, but a great opportunity for a fresh start!"

“Yeah,” He gave her a nervous smile, “I thought so.”

“I’m Katie, by the way.” the woman bounced on her toes, making her blonde curls float around her head like a platinum halo.

“...Gardenia.”

Greg wanted to slap himself. What a stupid name!

“What a pretty name! That’s a type of flower right?”

“I...think so?”

There wasn’t a hint of sarcasm or malice in Katie’s comment, after so long dealing with Susan it caught him off guard.

“So, what do you want the new you to look like? Cute? Professional? Sexy?”

Katie wiggled her eyebrows suggestively at the last part and a genuine giggle burst from Greg’s lips; he couldn’t remember the last time he laughed out loud.

“All of the above?” He shrugged, “I want to look good, maybe even use that gym membership I bought months ago.”

Katie groaned and rolled her eyes with a wry smile.

“Don’t we all. Here you are improving your life, I feel called out.”

For a second he was worried, but then he took a moment to take in her jovial tone and realised they were...vibing? Was this what it felt like making friends? Katie pulled a number of items off the racks for him and handed them over as they walked. He explained his job and how he wanted the perfect wardrobe for work; professional but also a little sexy. Something that could really sour Susan’s morning coffee.

“Tell you what, go put on these for size and I will find you some work out gear to hit the gym in! You can show that bitch Suzie-

“Susan.”

“Right, really show her what self love and a little hard work can do.”

Self love. What must that feel like, Greg wondered as he scurried over to the changing rooms, eager to be out of the awkward, baggy clothes. He was once again faced with his naked reflection but this time from three sides at once. He could really take in his rubenesque figure and found himself feeling better about it; if he could shed even just a few pounds he was sure he would have Susan fuming. At the very least, the extra weight gave him cures most women would kill for.

Katie had provided him with several options but the simplest called to him first. A set of bra and panties made of simple silky black material that felt almost like silk against the pads of his fingers, yet stretched smoothly and easily. Gentle he stepped into the panties and pulled them up his legs, feeling them mould to his thighs and ass perfectly, snapping around his waist tight enough that his but was ever so slightly raised. The material was flush to his skin and thin enough that it almost felt like a second skin, providing just enough support that his ass still jiggled when he moved but not nearly so obscenely. Greg grinned, smoothing a hand over his rump and admiring how it looked from all angles; no more hair or sag like he was used to. A small part of him almost wanted to thank Susan for what she'd done in that moment.

Next the bra, made of the same soft material. He struggled for several minutes trying to get the hooks done up behind his back before giving up and swivelling the bra around his middle, hooking them up and then twisting it back into position. It was somewhat clumsy, but it got the job done. As soon as he hefted his heavy breasts into the cups he felt a difference in the way he held himself. The extra support made them appear even more pert and pretty in the mirror, his cleavage inviting and deep. But more than that, his back no longer twinged with the strain and he found himself standing straight. For a moment, the woman in the mirror looked almost radiant in her confidence. He could get used to this; almost.

“Gardenia?” Katie called, “I bought you some office clothes, I made sure to get ones that can be altered easily for when you lose that weight too!”

She said it without bite; there was confidence there. Katie genuinely believed he was going to lose the weight and to his surprise, Greg felt a lump form in his throat. It was such a small thing but nobody, not even he, had ever had faith in him before. A part of him knew Katie was paid to be nice to him, that was likely part of what was happening but he was sure there was something genuine about her and it buoyed him. A hand appeared beneath the

curtained door of the change room holding a little bag filled with options for him to try. He opened it and smiled; oh yes.

These would be perfect.

~

Over several hours Greg slowly amassed an entirely new wardrobe with the help of Katie. He had expected the task to be draining; especially having to look at his own reflection constantly given how much he hated doing that most of the time. But to his surprise time seemed to pass quickly and the more he saw of himself in the mirror the more confident in his plans he became. With a wide smile he dumped the hoodie and sweatpants in the bin, opting to walk out in his new skinny jeans and pink tank top. Not even caring if the pants were a little too tight around the thighs.

Katie even directed him toward their make up section and helped him pick out a few items to experiment with. Going so far as to recommend some online tutorials for him to follow.

“You’ve been so nice.” He said as he paid, “Thank you, you made this so much easier.”

“No problem.” Katie grinned. “But promise me you’ll let me know how everything goes back to work. How long till your sick days are up?”

“Two weeks, faking the doctor's note was easy thankfully.”

He had told Katie that after the cold water prank he had decided to take time off to plan revenge, skilfully skipping over the whole ‘used to be male’ detail. A note slid across the desk with a number on it.

“Text me some time, we can catch up for smoothies!”

That lump returned to his throat; a friendship. It wasn't just Katie trying to butter him up for more sales, she genuinely wanted to be his friend. His first proper friend since childhood.

“I will.” He nodded, “Hell, I am feeling so jazzed I might head over to the gym right now! Thanks to you, I have the perfect workout gear to try!”

“Yeah girl! Do it! I get off shift in half an hour, do you go to the fitness place down the street?”

He nodded and Katie pumped her fist in the air.

“You go get a head start and I can join you? We’ll get smoothies afterwards!”

“Okay!”

She waved goodbye as he walked out and Greg did his best to try and stay grounded. But who was he kidding? He was already floating on cloud nine. Maybe it was a trick, maybe he read Katie all wrong and she would never show but no matter how hard he tried, he simply couldn't make himself believe that. Or perhaps he didn't want to.

~

It felt odd, walking into the women’s change rooms; almost as odd as walking into the gym itself. Slipping into the tight pair of grey yoga pants and blue midriff top bought back his anxieties though. He felt so...exposed with so much skin showing. Katie had insisted that it helped; cover too much and you just end up looking sweaty she promised. Still, the short tank top left his rounded belly exposed and Greg couldn’t help but cower slightly as he walked out onto the gym floor, remembering all his visits in the past. All one of them, but still, it counted.

He stood outside the change rooms for a minute looking at all the different equipment and realised he had no idea what he was doing. He walked through the rows, trying to not look like a complete newbie and watched the others using them. Each piece came with warnings and instructions that seemed far more complex than he thought they would be. In the end he was relieved to spot a line of treadmills with only a handful of ladies around and a few men. Treadmills were just walking right? How hard could that be?

Turns out, really complicated. For a machine that was supposed to simulate running it sure had a lot of buttons and dials. The options made his head spin so he just turned the timer on for ten minutes and hit go, wobbling awkwardly as the floor raised to a slight incline suddenly beneath his feet before it began to slowly spin; setting the pace at a light jog. Greg began to move and immediately remembered why he had given up on the gym in the first place. Within moments he was wheezing and sweating; his yoga pants bunched up around his butt, sinking into his cleft as the round cheeks began to bounce up and down with each

small leap. He was sure people must have been staring at the spectacle and he cursed himself; Katie had even given him a sports bra but he'd forgotten to put it on. Then, the sound he dreaded; a giggle.

His head snapped toward the noise, spotting a skinny, muscular woman a few treadmills down watching him out of the side of her eye. Her stomach was taut and flat, everything he was not. He watched as her eyes slid to him again, lingering on his bouncing breasts for a second before looking away. Greg could tell she was biting her cheek to keep quiet. Ashamed he kept jogging with his arms awkwardly crossed over his chest to keep them from moving, but that just resulted in him looking even stranger and wobbling as he tried to keep his balance. Another snicker, he turned again only to lose his footing and managed to fall, tits over ass right onto his butt in front of everybody. The woman could no longer contain herself and a bark of laughter escaped her. Greg's face burned and he looked to the floor; what had he been thinking. Humiliated he closed his eyes and waited for the others around him to join in only to be met with...silence?

"Hey, do you need a hand?"

He opened his eyes to see a hand in front of his face. A man was standing there with a kind smile and Greg was so dumbfounded he took it, getting to his feet.

"That was a bitchy thing to do." Came a female voice, a short, red haired woman who looked like she just won Miss Universe strode past Greg and the man, right up to the blonde woman. "She's trying something new, why did you go and do that?"

It was the blonde woman's turn to blush, looking rightfully called out and more than a little afraid of the red head. Not that Greg could blame her, despite being a full head shorter than everybody else here she had enough muscles to snap that thin bitch in two without breaking a sweat. A voice called out and Greg noticed a platinum blonde cloud heading his way; Katie.

"Hey, what's happening? Why is Spitfire ripping that lady a new one?"

"Spitfire?"

"She probably has a real name, but that's what we always call her." The man chuckled, "For obvious reasons."

The 'discussion' ended swiftly with the blonde woman storming out, face burning with shame as Spitfire came back over to them with a triumphant smile

"I can't stand people who make fun of greenies just trying to improve themselves."

"Where were you the last time I came here?" Greg shook his head with a wry smile, he could not believe she had stuck up for him like that.

"No problem, Spitfire and this is my boyfriend Ret."

"I'm Gardenia and this is my..."

"Friend." Katie smiled, warmth bloomed in his chest.

"Friend Katie."

"Nice to meet you both." Ret held out a hand, "Now, shall we get back to it?"

~

Greg could not believe his fortune; in just a two week period his entire life had changed. Not just because of Susan's spell but in every other way as well. He had friends, actual friends and not just that, they were gym buddies. Something Greg had never thought he would have, not even in his wildest dreams. The gym had changed from an embarrassing hell hole to his own private sanctuary. He was yet to shed all the roundness in his belly, even with daily visits but it was certainly making a difference. His pasty skin now had a healthy glow to it; his hair a pretty shine. With some trial and error he had even worked out how to do some basic make up looks and Katie was helping him learn how to do his hair. His stammering nerves dissipated when he was with the gym group; Ret, Spitfire and Katie were just so easy to talk to; he almost forgot what it was that made him such an outcast in the first place.

Still, his heart was thumping as he approached the office building. He was out of sick days and it was time to start enacting his plan for revenge. Unlike all the times before when his heart started to race walking into work; this time there was excitement mixed in with the nerves. He just needed to remember what he'd learned. The sound of a haughty laugh met his ears and Greg found himself pressed against the walls of the corridor. Susan; she was just around the corner. The idea of facing her suddenly seemed insurmountable; what had he been thinking? He had to get out of here.

Greg bit his tongue, remembering what Spitfire had told him over smoothies just a few days ago. Being confident is just about acting the part; if he pretended, eventually it would come naturally. Greg took a deep breath and stepped away from the wall, head held high and began to walk. Letting his hips sashay gently; his butt ever so slightly shown off by the tightness of his pencil skirt. His heels clacked and the soft stocking brushed together as he strutted around the corner. He managed to force his face into a soft, casual smile and walked right past Susan and one of her cronies with nothing but a simple, "morning."

The effect was instant, both Susan and the copy girl, Tracy's jaws dropped. It was hard for the sheer pleasure he felt not to make its way onto his face, watching Susan flounder for a moment before regaining her feet.

"Oh Greg, so wonderful to see you back. How are you feeling? You were sick for so long?" She cooed.

"Much better thank you." She nodded graciously, "But...well, I don't want to cause a fuss Susan but it's very rude to deadname somebody, I am sure there are rules about it in our company policies. It's Gardenia now."

"Wha-but you're not..."

He watched the panic in her eyes; she had not expected that.

"I feel so much better being dressed like this." He sighed happily, "I'm so sorry for blaming you for my own actions, that was just the panic in me talking. I do hope we can all get along from now on."

He turned on his heels, proud that he didn't even wobble, and began to walk away only for Tracey to call out after him.

"Gardenia...you look good."

Copying the gesture Katie taught him Greg placed a hand at the pretty pearls resting on his clavicle.

"Thank you darling. I hope you have a good day."

Susan looked thunderous, he could practically hear the gears in her mind turning and screeching as she struggled to find some passive aggressive comment or insult to make. He smiled just that little bit too wide and gave her a wave before walking away.