

Office Mom (Office MILF TG AP)

By FoxFaceStories

Brandon is a recent hire at the Samson Company, eager to prove his worth. But when his manager notices that the office productivity and general office culture has gone down after the resident 'office mom' retired, his solution is to turn Brandon into the new office mom. Unfortunately for the new Brenda, reality has not changed to accommodate her new MILF body, but the expectation to become the new office mom still falls on her shoulders!

Office Mom

Jerry sighed and took another sip from his cooling coffee. He was hunched over the desk in his office and had asked his secretary Trish to keep any visitations away while he poured over the sales from the last few months. Sadly for him, the data didn't lie. Productivity was down, and was continuing to fall. Their business depended on new clients - that's *literally* what marketing was about - but no new clients were coming in, and many were flowing out. The manager of the local branch took another sip from his coffee and then stood and walked to his window. He used his fingers to pry apart some of the blinds so he could spy upon his work team.

Trish was re-organising his schedule as he'd asked. The redhead was a bit of a shy ditz, but he enjoyed the positivity she brought. Still, she needed guidance that he couldn't always give - she craved a maternal figure in the office.

Leo was in the corner, trying madly to make another sale. He was devoted to the company despite his own empty life and shabby looks. He was even in denial about going bald. But this company was his life, and yet without someone to help mediate his constant anxiety and stress, customers could practically *smell* the desperation on him.

Natalie was, as usual, a bit distracted. It pissed off Jerry more than anything that he had to keep her on the payroll, because all she did for most of the day was check her makeup and obsess over social media. The fact was, though, that she was *stunning*. She had a slim figure with perfect dark skin and a gorgeous black afro, was only in her early twenties, and her looks kept clients interested and on the books even when they should have left ages ago. And she *knew* it.

Johanna and Kade were working at the back, different as night and day yet totally in sync all the same. The female of the pair - Johanna - was a woman of numbers and little feeling. She was the accountant of the branch who had sent the sales numbers over. Kade, on the other hand, was a deeply shy individual who nevertheless was an amazing creative, one who could make product art and design to pitch to the clients with ease.

And lastly, there was Brandon. The new hire. He was a young man, only in his early twenties, and had dark hair and an impressively lanky figure. Jerry had really hoped for some kind of magic bullet in hiring him. He was charismatic in the interview, or at least more charismatic than others who applied, and seemed to really know his stuff. He'd graduated from a fancy university, and frankly that made Jerry hopeful.

Unfortunately, sales were still sliding. Brandon did what he needed to do, but something in the office was missing. It was obvious what it was, too.

The office lacked a Matilda.

Specifically, it lacked Matilda Schwartz, who had been the heart and soul of their local branch. A lovely older lady with a vibrant attitude but a commanding one when needed. Who could stare down Natalie when she was on social media and give comforting words to Trish. Who could bring baked goods to get Kade out of his shell, and who could even get a warm smile from the otherwise cold Johanna. Jerry had even loved her as well - everyone did! She was truly the 'office mom,' and had been called so far more than once.

The sales decline had begun just a week after she had retired, and Jerry simply couldn't escape that fact. It wasn't just that he'd lost a great saleswoman, but also a brilliant second-in-command and a woman who could bring in baked goods and cheer everyone's day. Without her as the centrepiece of the office, morale was slipping, and Jerry was always going to be a suit to them. They were his friends, but he couldn't be one of them, and didn't have Matilda's charisma.

Which meant that there was only one solution. A radical one, in fact.

Magic.

Most people didn't believe it existed. Jerry had been a sceptic up until the last few years, when his dying mother had imparted some of the secrets of its existence to him, and proved its power beyond a shadow of a doubt. He had, apparently, come from a long line of powerful witches, but alas, his mother had only ever had him, a boy. The magic did not come innately, but she'd gifted him a spellbook, one filled with arcane phrases and sigils that he might be able to master, given time. Well, there was no time like the present. Someone like Matilda couldn't just be randomly found. Lightning did not, in fact, strike twice in such matters. But a woman like her, a new office mom, could be *made*. And with Brandon being a less-than-impressive hire after his first month, Jerry had the solution in mind.

He just hoped he was up for it.

It was another day at work for Brandon at the Samson Company. It was a more difficult job than he'd initially expected; it turned out that having all the education in the world meant little

in the world of business, once you were up against angry clients on the phone and others that demanded in-person meetings everyday where you had to justify their expenditure. Still, it was a living, though Brandon couldn't escape the knowledge that he was the rookie, the greenhorn, the 'kid.' Even Natalie was older than him, though she acted like an Instagram-obsessed teenage girl sometimes. Others, like Johanna, simply intimidated him, and no matter what he said to Leo, the nervous over-eager salesman always sounded like he wanted to bite Brandon's head off. It was becoming rapidly clear that this office had fallen into disarray months before Brandon had arrived, but God alone knew how he was ever going to deal with it. He just had to keep his head down, work hard, and hope that his manager Jerry didn't fire him. He didn't think that would happen, at least. In fact, Jerry had been really overtly nice to him this morning; he'd given him a special latte, even a nice little ornamental stone to put on his desk for some reason. At the morning team meeting, he'd invited Brandon up to say some organised words, though none of it made sense to him - it sounded like some weird medieval pledge. Jerry had assured him that it was just an old English slogan similar to *Carpe Diem* or something.

So there was that.

"Morning Trish!" he called as he passed the secretary's desk. The red-haired lady beamed a smile at him.

"Oh, morning Brandon! Um, did I already say hello to you?"

Brandon paused. "I just came in."

"Good! I've just been distracted trying to find the staples all morning. I've misplaced them - again!"

Brandon pointed at the top of the desk. "Um, isn't that them right there?"

Trish beamed again, giggling as she grabbed them. "Whoops, silly me! I swear, I'd forget my head sometimes if it weren't screwed on."

And then she burst into tears immediately. Brandon had no idea what to even do or say. "Um, are you okay?"

"I'm fine!" she declared, still sobbing.

"Leave her be, Brandon," Leo said, marching past, more files in his hands. "Trish explodes on the regular. We all do. We need more sales. Get to your desk and get in contact with your potential client list, then triple check mine. I spent all night going over it, and we can clear our goals if we just put in, say, every extra weekend for the next three months."

There was a resounding groan from the rest of the office, especially from Natalie, who scoffed at the prospect. "Please, no way am I working on club nights."

"You don't even work on regular days!" Leo growled. "And Kade is just as bad."

Kade looked up from his canvas and blushed. He was a man in his mid-thirties with a beatnik vibe and dark goatee. He liked to practice his marketing designs on paper before

going digital, but he was terribly at defending his own process to corporate, let alone Leo.

“I - I am working, Leo. I’m just needing to draw this out. I’ve got to figure it out in my mind, man.”

Johanna nodded. “It is process,” she said in her thick German accent. “Do not interrupt the efficiency of it. Time is money.”

Trish was still crying, and Brandon was patting her on the shoulder. It made no sense to him, this strange office dynamic. They were all such odd people, and yet they were like puzzle pieces, bordering on connection but missing a central piece. That piece eluded him, and so he kept his head down. He just needed to earn his paycheck, help keep the local branch going, and hopefully get enough for a down payment on a house one day. He had his whole life ahead of him, and trying to untie the Gordian knot of these strange office politics was beyond him.

Or so he thought.

Midway through the day, Jerry called a meeting of the whole team. This was not the usual protocol, and he even tried to hurry Leo to get off the phone, which was an entirely unexpected development. Brandon assumed this must be big news. Perhaps they were finally meeting their quotas again.

“We’re not,” Johanna whispered as they entered, her light blue eyes as cold as ice. She sat, prim and proper, right in the front seat, but the other staff members arranged themselves further around the room. Jerry looked rather nervous, and yet at the same time quite excited, as if he were hovering between success and disaster. Brandon could never quite figure the guy out, but the older man’s eyes were locked on the new rookie as if it all rested on him.

“Oh no, we’re getting fired, aren’t we?” Trish whispered.

“I think this is about the new guy,” Natalie said, quickly uploading her theories online.

Leo huffed. “It better not be. I’m due for a promotion to Assistant to the Regional Manager far before him!”

Kade just sighed. He clearly was behind on his creative output, and wanted to get back to it. Still, they waited for Jerry to begin. The manager clasped his hands together and smiled.

“No, we aren’t back up to quota.”

A collective groan.

“And no, our numbers aren’t looking good.”

Another groan.

“And yes, our branch might close if we can’t turn things around.”

The loudest groan yet.

Jerry put up a finger. "But! But, I think I've solved it, everyone. The missing ingredient that's been throwing a spanner into our collective cogs for the last few months."

"Lack of finance control?" Johanna said, deadpan.

"Lack of promotions?" Leo said.

"Um, we need more potted plants?" Trish suggested.

"No, no and - okay, that's not a bad idea, Trish. But still, it's not correct. No, we've all been going downhill since Matilda left us. Our heart and soul."

This time there was a murmur of agreement and nostalgia longing. It confused Brandon, who'd never met this Matilda but heard of her often. Had she really been that great?

"She was our team mom," Jerry continued. "Yes, she was just in her late forties, but she was the one there for all of us. She helped you, Kade, with your creativity."

"She was an honest sounding board."

"Exactly! She was the only one to make Johanna laugh."

"Statistically, that is correct," the woman said, her face still serious.

"God knows, she kept Leo from panicking."

"I don't panic!" Leo said in a rather panicky voice.

"And those brownies of hers!"

Another collective sound, this time more of an 'mhmhm.' Brandon had to imagine they were good brownies, though this whole thing was over the top.

"And now, I've solved the problem I've just realised was there all along," Jerry continued. "Because while we sadly can't get Matilda back, we'll be getting a new office mom to bring us all together. Everyone, I'd like you to meet . . . Brenda!"

He gestured to a very confused Brandon. All eyes turned to him.

"Um, me?"

"Yes, you! May the spell find its way true, and manifest . . . now!"

Suddenly, *light*. There was a great flash around Brandon, and instantly he felt a series of strange tugging sensations that overwhelmed his nervous system. His hair tugged upon his scalp, and his spine seemed to compress, his limbs as well. The young man felt something - no, a *pair* of somethings - bloom from his chest, becoming round and heavy and popping the buttons on his shirt. His hips spread wider, and his ass expanded. He gasped, his voice unfamiliar, the light making it impossible to see what was going on. He moaned, a strange mix of discomfort and, yes, *pleasure* coming over him, but his tone continued to rise until it sounded like that of a husky-voiced woman. His waist thickened, as did his thighs, and his genitals . . . they seemed to go numb. For a moment he was afraid they'd fallen off somehow, but then he gulped, eyes going wide in the bright whiteness as they withdrew *into him*.

“Ohhhhhh!” he moaned, sounding almost like a woman in mid-orgasm.

His clothes shifted upon his body, the fabric changing. Something slid up his legs to envelop them, and his shoes changed to far less steady open footwear. Even his shirt adjusted, becoming silkier and able to accommodate whatever strange weights were upon his chest.

Finally, the light cleared, and right before Brandon was a smiling Jerry, still at the front of the meeting room. He looked utterly delighted. Brandon slowly looked down, only to see two large fleshy orbs pushing out against what looked like a white woman’s blouse. Hair fell in the way from someplace to block the view, but Brandon pushed the dark tresses aside, only to realise they were *his* curls. Slowly, he lowered his hands to cup his breasts, and he immediately experienced their sensitivity. These were *his* breasts, just like these wide hips were *his* hips, and the flat, feminine mound behind his grey pencil skirt was . . . *his womanhood*.

“I - I’m a woman?” Brandon squeaked. His voice sounded older, somehow. Like that of a mature woman’s.

Jerry frowned a little. “Uh, yes. Of course you are, Brenda. You’ve always been-”

“What the hell? Who’s this total MILF?”

Natalie had looked up from her phone and was staring at the very confused Brandon.

“She’s not on the payroll,” Leo murmured. “Jerry, what’s the meaning of this . . . magic trick? You can’t tell me that this woman is some new assistant to the regional manager - that was to be my job!”

Kade just gawked up at Brandon, who was still standing and wondering who ‘Brenda’ was. The young artist was seated, and his gaze was fixated on the beautiful older woman and her very full chest, not to mention a body that was as delightfully thick as oat meal.

“Um, uhh . . .”

Johanna had to slap the creative on the arm. She stood, arms folded. “Jerry, what is the meaning of this? Where did Brandon just go now?”

“I’m Brandon!” the changed man cried. “It’s me!”

Trish blinked. “Oh my God, he’s been cursed! Everyone, make sure to say three Hail Marys and dunk yourself in holy water within the next minute or we’re all next! I’ll go first!”

She raced out of the room, much to the confusion of an already confused room.

“Um, does she have holy water on hand or something?” Natalie asked. She was already taking photos of ‘Brenda’ to upload until Johanna wisely snatched the phone. Leo was vibrating with anxiety in the meantime, directing his frustrations at Jerry: “Is this because my sales are falling? *You can’t replace me, Jerry!*”

“I’m not replacing anyone!” Brandon cried, still not used to the way his new, heavy bosom trembled when he turned quickly. “I don’t know what’s happened! Jerry, what’s going on? Why am I a - a w-woman!?”

The room finally went quiet. Even Johanna frowned - well, more than usual - and tried to take stock of the situation. All attention flitted between the new, rather MILFy-looking office woman in her late thirties, and the now very nervous, very sweaty Jerry, who was patting at his bald spot and wondering just exactly what he’d done wrong.

“Okay, so, here’s the thing, I really thought the spell would adjust reality so no one knew you’d changed.”

“THE SPELL!?” the room cried as one.

Jerry sweated a little more, his smile ever more sheepish.

“Uh, looks like I’ve got a bit of explaining to do, huh?”

Brandon was *not* happy. For one, he was now stuck as ‘Brenda’, a woman in her later thirties rather than early twenties. He’d lost about thirteen years of his life, he predicted, not to mention his gender. The first thing he’d done after Jerry had ‘dismissed’ the rather angry meeting was storm straight to the bathroom, tell no one to interrupt him, and check out his new body. It was indeed a very MILFy body, one with large breasts, wide hips, and an impressive rear. ‘She’ was thick, but not in a bad way, simply with a more voluptuous build that was matched by a slightly wider face.

“I can’t believe this shit!” Brandon said, putting his clothes back on and struggling with the bra. “I’ve got a pussy. A damn pussy. All because that nitwit wanted the ‘office mom’ back. Why me? This is fucking insane!”

He stormed out of the office, and every eye followed him. He was deeply aware of how his wide hips swayed, and in doing so knocked a stapler off of Leo’s desk.

“Hey, that’s mine!”

“Not interested, Leo!” Brandon said, still not used to his mature female voice.

“You know, you’ve got a really nice figure,” Natalie said as Brandon passed. “We could totally give you a great cougar makeover. I’ve got a whole Youtube channel dedicated to-”

“Still not interested, Nat!”

Kade just gawked, mouth still open, the shy creative clearly having had a new fantasy girlfriend image unlocked in his mind. He was accidentally blocking Brandon’s route, and she shoved him aside with a little too much force.

“*Definitely* not interested, Kade!”

It was at this point that Trish came running back into the room, her red hair in a tangled mess and half of her dress dripping wet. She had a pitcher of water in her hand.

"I've got it! I've got the Holy Water!" she declared.

Brandon just sighed. "I don't think-

Trish tossed the pitcher, immediately covering Brenda so that her chest could easily be visible beneath her now-soaked white shirt. Her long hair was similarly drenched, and all she could do was glare at Trish, the ditzy secretary starting to shrink before the new woman's gaze.

"Um, it should be working right now."

"Yeah, I don't think movie logic is helping here, Trish," Brandon said. Without even bothering to wipe the water away, she marched up to Jerry's office where the man was *still* hiding after his explanation. It was hard already not to think of herself as a 'her,' and whether that was part of the magic of simply how damn female she felt wasn't clear. She looked across to Johanna, expecting one last obstacle, but the accountant just raised an eyebrow.

"Give him hell," she said in her usual accented monotone.

Brandon actually smiled, just for a moment, then shoved the door open.

"I'm busy right now!" Jerry announced feebly, acting like he was getting a call.

"Damn right you are!" Brandon said. She grabbed Jerry by the collar. She'd never been so assertive as a man, but this injustice was *getting* to her.

"Turn. Me. Back."

"Look, about that. I'm really sorry this didn't work. It, um, appears to be irreversible."

"IRREVERSIBLE!?"

"Yes. I didn't do, well, enough research, it seems. You can't be changed back. So, uh, perhaps we can arrange-

"ARRANGE WHAT!?"

Jerry winced, looking up at the woman looming over his desk, her bosom right in his face, still dripping. He gave the most feeble look imaginable.

"Um, perhaps a small promotion is on the table?"

"Morning Brenda!"

The beautiful MILfy woman sighed briefly as she entered the office from the elevator.

"Morning Kade, how are you today? Not going to stare too much, are you?"

The artist blushed. "I'm really sorry about yesterday. I was just zoned out creatively, and . . ."

“And you drew a marketing poster with a woman who looks suspiciously like me. In a *swimsuit*.”

He bit his lip. “Um, the company really liked it, though. It’s going into print - with some modifications, of course!”

Another sigh. “Well, just don’t do it again. Hard enough having these tits without the world reminding me that they could be in a bikini.”

She continued into the office, saying hi to everyone. Leo frowned a little at her - she was now technically Assistant to the Regional Manager, a position that came with equal pay to Jerry after her threats, as well as bonuses like the company car. It made Leo very unhappy, but she’d just told him that he could become an office MILF any time he liked. He’d shut up after that.

“Ohmigawwd, that’s such a perfect stockings-skirt-blouse combo,” Natalie remarked as Brenda sat down at her desk. “I’d still go with heels, though-”

“No.”

“They complete the look!”

“Still no.”

“At least use a matching bra colour to your shirt. It sticks out otherwise.”

Brenda turned on her computer. She had other things in mind. Johanna, at least, had sent some recent accounting data for her to consider when it came to her clients. And Trish, as she had every day for the last two weeks, had placed a little chocolate on her desk. It was very lovely of her, except, of course, Brenda was allergic to nuts, and so had to safely dispose of it again. Still, the secretary gave her a delighted thumbs-up from across the room, and even Brenda had to give the affirmation back. The poor girl seemed to need it even more than Brenda, somehow.

Yes, it had been two weeks since the change. Two weeks to come to terms with the fact that she wasn’t changing back anytime soon, or anytime at all. Two weeks to get used to putting on an F-cup bra (a damn F-CUP!) in the morning, and dressing up in a skirt and office blouse. Two weeks, during which she experienced her first period, and got used to peeing sitting down, and had people on the street (mostly men) stare at her both from the front and the back. She’d had to get used to wearing some makeup and doing her hair, and while she could have avoided both of these things, the office *did* have certain expectations, and it got Natalie off of her back, and the clueless Trish from asking if she “had the plague or something?”

Everything was so different, and it was like walking on eggshells. Jerry was always nervous and apologetic in her presence, and thankfully seemed to at least be drawing on his connections to help craft her a new fake identity. Leo was a help in that; the anxious,

overeager workaholic had some kind of strange past, because after just a week Brenda already found herself registered under her new name, her age listed as thirty six.

Thirty-six.

She used to be twenty four. She also didn't used to have a huge rack, or have to deal with boob sweat, or catcalls while walking down the street, often directed as her "dump truck." Naturally, she'd cursed the man out, but he'd already driven around the corner, having yelled from his car. About the only good thing about being turned against her will into a total office MILF was the fact that her greenhorn nature was almost entirely forgotten. It had given her an outrage and frustration that, in some ways, actually *did* reflect her new age. She was stern with Jerry, who was technically still her boss, and didn't put up with Leo's whining. Trish's strange tangents and peppy nature no longer made her confused, since the girl seemed to already look to Brenda for confirmation on things, as if *she* were the boss, not Jerry.

God, everything was so strange.

About the only good consolation to come out of it was the fact that she'd received a substantial pay bump - a quite substantial one, thanks to Jerry finagling things by way of apology - and had her own company car and office perks. No office yet, but who knows what the future would bring? And, of course, there was also her body . . .

Yes, she'd masturbated, and no, she wasn't telling anyone, though who could truly blame her? Any man that was turned into a gorgeous woman, of the same age or her own MILFy maturity, would give in to the temptation and begin to feel oneself up. Hard not to, when you were smuggling what felt like ripe, fleshy cantaloupes in your top and you had big, sensitive nipples on top of them. Brenda had taken to moaning orgasmically in her bed, or in the shower, or, when she was feeling particularly rebellious and angry, in the ladies room at the office.

Of course, it did lead to one embarrassing incident, when she'd moaned just a little too loudly, and when she'd emerged from the toilet thoroughly satisfied in the sensitivity of her lower and upper regions, she found Johanna waiting to use the stall.

"I take it the new toilet heating system is most pleasurable?" the woman asked.

Brenda blushed so red she must have looked like a tomato. "M-most," she said. "The plumbing, in particular, is well adjusted."

At this, something brilliant happened, something that Brenda had never seen in her few months working at the office: Johanna actually *laughed*. It was only a short laugh, brief and to the point, and that seemed thoroughly German of her. But it was a laugh nonetheless, crisp and amused. It actually made Brenda puff up with pride.

No one else had ever made Johanna laugh except Matilda.

Brenda was quite confused. Mr Song was normally brutish and rude, to-the-point and willing to vent all of his frustrations. Most clients preferred simply contact over the phone and digital communication, but the old man was stubborn and old school. He insisted on personal meetings with both the creative (Kade), accounting (Johanna), and sales handler (Brenda herself) present. It was her first real meeting with him in her new form, and he had initially been outraged according to Leo - he had *hated* Brandon, but he hadn't unexpected staffing changed anymore.

And then, as soon as he had seen her, his demeanour had changed. He had taken her hand and given a light bow, treated her respectfully, and hung on every word. A lot of men, sadly, didn't do that to her now, not unless they were trying to get into her pants. She'd gone out clubbing to feel young on the 'monthiversary' of being a woman, only to find two stark truths:

One, she felt too old for this.

Two, the men had no problem with her age.

Actually, there was a third discovery that she was thoroughly in denial about, and that was that she'd found some of the men *very* attractive and the women merely pretty in a kind of factual way, but she wasn't prepared to emotionally deal with *that* particular revelation. As it was, this was another strange new aspect of interaction. Mr Song smiled at her genially, congratulated her on her work, and called her 'Miss' in such a way that didn't feel condescending, but the act of a gentleman. The normally crusty old man left with a smile on his face and a whistled tune upon his lips, leaving Brenda thoroughly, as was her natural state these days, confused.

"What just happened?" she asked. "Why was he so nice?"

Johanna gave the merest, almost perceptible smirk. "I think Mr Song was rather taken with you."

"Oh God, he wants to sleep with you?"

"No, the man worships his wife. But he certainly . . . appreciated you. Viewed you as a lady."

"But I'm not a lady."

"Could have fooled me," Kade said, blushing a little.

Brenda sighed. "Great. This only gets worse."

"Worse?" Johanna asked, consulting her laptop. "He just invested further into our marketing work for him, to an order of fifty-three-point-nine percent. That is positively miraculous."

"I - wait, really?"

“Did you not listen to him?”

“I was trying not to die of embarrassment when he kissed my hand goodbye.”

Kade slapped Brenda playfully on the shoulder. “You did it, Brenda! You sold my entire marketing pitch!”

“But I didn’t do a thing!”

“No, you were amazing!”

“I think he thought my body was amazing.”

“Well, that helped,” Johanna added. “This may be the first time our company improves sales in months.”

“It calls for a celebration!” Kade said, grinning wildly, his creative spirit gone wild. “We should do a potluck or something!”

Jerry received the idea, and the news, with absolute joy. He went to hug Brenda, then put out his hand, then awkwardly bowed, then coughed and muttered to himself. Brenda was glad to not hug, at least; she was always deeply aware of how her large boobs pressed against another when she did so. She was still getting used to that.

“This is incredible! Brenda, we owe you so much!”

“Damn right you do!”

He tugged on his collar. “Um, well, yes, but this is still astonishing! The change has brought some good! Even Leo’s sales are improving just to keep up with yours.”

“They’re not related!” Leo said, still on the phone with a prospective client. Rumour had it that he’d illegally connected his home network to the office files just so he could catch up in sales. The man was crazed.

“We have to have a party!” Trish announced.

“Oh my God, let’s get strippers!” Natalie added.

“No strippers,” Jerry cautions. “And no balloons either, Trish,” he added. “I don’t even know where you got all that hydrogen from, but the fire department won’t forgive us if we start a fire. Not a third time.”

“Awww.”

All eyes turned to Brenda.

“Um, why are you looking at me?”

“Can we?” Jerry asked. “Have a party? It’s your success, and your big sale. And it would be, um, a sort of new start for you. A celebration, of sorts.”

Brenda went to sigh, and decided against it. Even Johanna looked slightly hopeful, though what *she’d* do at a party was anyone’s guess. Probably take one sip of whisky and spend the rest of the night calculating the party supply expenses.

“Okay,” she said. “Let’s do this. But you better not expect me to bring food!”

Brenda brought food. She couldn't help herself. She'd stewed on it over the next day and the next and finally felt too guilty not to bring *something*. The party was scheduled for Friday afternoon, directly after work. Trish was bringing drinks and party supplies (and no fireworks this time), and Leo promised to deliver a 'meat salad', whatever *that* was. Natalie would, naturally, bring dessert, though she had threatened to bite the head off anyone who ate them before she could take one hundred photos for "my socials." Johanna was bringing pies and sausage rolls, and Jerry had promised an excellent potato bake. Kade, to the astonishment of all, apparently could cook some mean ribs. The party was starting to feel like an actual office *dinner* at this point. And Brenda couldn't have that, at least not without contributing.

It was almost stereotypical. Certainly, she felt like it. She'd opted to make some delicious raspberry-chocolate *brownies*, as if she really were the office mom. She even made them in the kitchen while wearing an apron over a loose summer dress, oven mitts on her hands, and her hair tied back in a ponytail. Catching herself in the reflective surface of a mirror, she couldn't help but gasp at how womanly she now looked. It had been over a month since she'd transformed, and that damn Natalie had really done a number on her. Her makeup looked . . . very nice. She really did have a sexy, confident, and quite endearing maternal quality.

"God, I really could be the office mom," she whispered to herself.

She tried to keep that thought of her mind as she baked. She followed the recipe to the letter, the one her grandmother had taught her when she was a kid, and was astonished to find that she'd done them to *perfection*. They rose beautifully, and her own measure of ingredients had been fine.

"They better damn well like this," she mused to herself as she carried her brownies into the elevator. She'd even made chocolate chip cookies in the end, and the whole act of it just felt far too . . . motherly. But *damn* if they didn't smell delicious! Jerry had even been kind enough to give her half the day off just to thank her for helping "save our precious branch," and she'd enjoyed resting in and exploring her lovely breasts and womanhood. It wasn't all that bad, considering. She kept that in mind as she ascended. Her phone was buzzing, Jerry probably texting again to see where she was, but she figured her entrance alone would be fine.

As soon as she stepped into the office, however, disaster made itself clear. Brenda almost dropped her brownies and cookies as she stared at the chaos unfolding before her.

Trish was overwhelmed with tears, Kade at her side awkwardly patting her shoulder, not knowing what to do.

Leo was covered in fire extinguisher foam, frantically trying to fix his computer and screaming incoherently.

Johanna was in an angry argument with Jerry, who looked about ready to jump out the window.

Natalie was wrapped in a damn *towel*, and the reason was obvious: her far-too expensive dress was burnt to cinders on the ground.

There, in the centre of the table, part of which had been upended and sent much of the food flying to the ground, was a cake. Brenda approached, staring at the insanity, but her focusing going back to that cake, and the message written in icing atop it.

Congratulations, Brenda! it read. You may not be our office mom, but you're our office champ!

Instantly, her intuitive mind pieced together what had happened, judging from the candles that *had* been on the cake but were now on a burned section of the floor. The cake was supposed to be lit just *before* her arrival. Someone must have gone down the elevator and returned, or given a false alarm for Brenda's arrival, prompting the lighting of the cake. Judging from the black marks on the roof, Trish *had* brought fireworks, her ditzy brain assuming that it would be right 'this time,' and chaos had erupted as Leo, escalating things with his hyper-anxious state, had upended the table in his mad dash to get the fire extinguisher. Likely, Johanna had gotten instead, but not before Natalie's thin dress ended up on fire due to the commotion. Jerry, naturally, would have been entirely useless in this scenario, and probably grabbed the towel for Natalie at best. Kade, astonished at the sight of a near-naked woman in the office, probably was no help at all, or perhaps *he* had thought that Leo was on fire, hence the foam all over him.

It all knitted together in Brenda's mind, and it astonished her, because it meant that, for all the craziness of becoming a very attractive older woman in her late thirties, all due to her incompetent manager, she realised she *knew* these people. They were, in a way, her family. And while they cried and moaned and screamed and agitated around her, she could only look down at the meticulously made cake, and the personally signed card they had each written in. She picked it up, and found herself actually chuckling a little at Johanna's terse message.

You are doing well - J

And at Leo's pronouncement, passive-aggressive yet caring.

I still think we should be co-assistants to the regional manager, but you aren't doing the worst job, particularly given all that's happened - Leo.

And Trish, whose writing was hard to decipher, but had lots of hearts and used a lot of pink. Naturally, Natalie spent the time gushing over how 'photogenic' the 'new you' was, and Brenda could read the good intention in that. Kade complimented her adaptability and

prowess, while Jerry had written a large, rambling apology and praise on one side, promising she would always have a place “in our family.”

Brenda burst out laughing. It was enough to make the office chaos slowly evaporate as everyone turned to look at the seemingly mad woman in the centre of the room.

“Brenda?” Trish asked, wiping away her tears. “Are you okay?”

“We’re very sorry,” Jerry said. “It was meant to be a surprise cake! I know it’s just a small thing, but everyone wrote in the card-”

“Including me,” Leo said, eager for credit.

“-and we were meant to light things off with a bang, and, well . . .”

Kade blushed - perhaps he’d upturned the table in the chaos? Even Johanna looked a bit embarrassed. But Brenda just laughed again.

“It’s more than okay.”

“It’s not!” Natalie said. “My dress is ruined! I look ridiculous!”

At this, Brenda reached into her bag and pulled out another dress, tossing it to the woman. “Here you go. It might be a bit bigger on you, but I’m sure you’ll make it look amazing, Nat. I always bring some spare clothes since I’m not used to being a woman.”

Natalie looked at the fabric and marvelled. “Oh my God, what colour!”

“But the party,” Jerry said sadly.

“Oh, nonsense. We can have this in shape in moments. Kade, go get Leo some paper towel from the restroom. There should also be a towel in the closet. Someone grab him a spare shirt from the emergency rack as well - Johanna, do you mind?”

Johanna got right to it.

“I’ll help clean out his computer, but in the meantime I need you, Jerry, to fix up this table and stop the cake from falling off. Salvage what food we can and then grab some cleaning supplies - make sure you get the multi-purpose cleaner, okay?”

Jerry literally saluted, then realised what he was doing, and took off.

“And lastly,” Brenda said, moving towards Trish. The other woman was trying not to cry.

“It’s all my fault. I’m such a dingus.”

“Not at all, Trish. You’re just a high flyer. Come here.”

Brenda dropped her no-hug rule and pulled the secretary into an embrace. Her large breasts almost suffocated the smaller woman, but something about it was just right. Trish sighed, and hugged back tightly.

“Thanks Brenda,” she sniffed. “I really needed this.”

“I could tell.”

Slowly, the office came back together. There was more food than expected that could be saved, and Natalie was already begging Brenda about buying the dress so she could

resize it for herself. Even Leo was operating well and forgetting work for a bit; so long as someone gave firm requests and orders, he could be direct and calm. Johanna broke out the wine she'd brought, and soon even *she* was drinking and pulling out - unexpectedly - the comical party hats.

"What can I say?" she said in a nearly monotone voice. "I like a good celebration when the finance projections are good!"

Kade happily served up the ribs, and Brenda prevented him from escaping to his little creative area, making sure to chat to him fully for the first real time. Sure, he clearly was trying not to look at her tits, but she forgave him for that - he *was* trying. More than that, he was finally relaxing, just as she was. Perhaps it was just Brenda's imagination, but he was also keeping Trish a lot of company as they celebrated together. She did her best to nudge the two together, finding excuses to get them to try her brownies and cookies together, or to encourage Kade to perhaps even move his station closer to Trish. What could be the harm, after all?

It was only once they were laughing and drinking and eating, praises being sung over her brownies especially, that Brenda realised how relaxed she was. How at peace with her own self she'd become. She was no longer the greenhorn, no longer the rookie, no longer the kid. In fact, Jerry was looking to *her* for advice, as no doubt he'd done with Matilda time and again. Trish kept coming to her for comfort, always in need of maternal support, and Brenda found that a light joke and a kind scold could keep Natalie from dropping into the world of social media, and even asking her to take group photos.

"Oh. Em. Gee. Perfect idea, Brenda!"

Even Leo had to admit she'd done well.

"Perhaps, um, perhaps you are pretty good as the assistant manager. And at a lot of things, really. But! But! I still plan on usurping you in the months to come. Still . . . thanks."

Brenda kissed him lightly on the cheek, the alcohol doing its work to make the feminine action so much easier. "You're welcome, Leo."

Jerry was perhaps happiest of all. They'd had more financial success in the last two days, much of it due to Brenda, and he was flying high. He circled around the table, chatting eagerly and sometimes ridiculously, inviting everyone for a shared Hawaii trip that everyone knew would never happen, not a snowball's chance in hell. But Jerry always got that way when things were going well for the branch. After some hesitation, he finally approached Brenda, standing beside her awkwardly to the point where she had to get him to talk.

"Go on, Jerry," she said, sounding oddly maternal, and yet somehow appropriately so at the same time. "Say what you want to say."

"I just wanted to apologise one last time. You're an incredible employee, and I should have seen that from the start. But . . . you are doing very well as Brenda, don't you think?"

She gave him a grin. "I rather think so. Enough to earn a bit more commission, hmm?"

He yanked his collar. "I - I guess so."

"I thought as much. A girl needs a good income, especially since I've got twelve lost years of life to make up for in my earnings. But we can talk about that later, Jerry. Right now I'm a happy woman. Now stop being such a coward and grab that last brownie. I know you want it."

Red-cheeked, Jerry grabbed it and ate it, moaning a little as it went down. They really were good brownies.

The kind only an office mom could make.

The End