

# Boss Mama

*CEO to Pregnant Chav TG*

**For Fizzleus**

**By The SpiralledEye**

*After arrogantly insulting a single mother at his high-society dinner party, a wealthy CEO wakes up the following day trapped in the body of a young, pregnant chav!*

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Victor Harrington glanced around the table, which had been lavishly set with crystal wine glasses and silver cutlery. The food was just being laid out, all prepared to perfection down to the last detail, just as he had ordered. The dining room chandelier sent refracted light down on himself and his guests, making the whole scene of one wealth and class. It was perfect. After nearly fifty years of holding these dinner parties, Victor knew exactly what he liked and how to use his wealth to get it.

His guests were all like him, distinguished gentlemen just past middle age. His investors and shareholders, as well as their wives. Victor wouldn't invite their other halves if it were up to him entirely, but social etiquette dictated that he did. A shame, really; they brought down the conversation with their nattering, but at least they were of the correct class. One year, one of his guests had been going through a midlife crisis and brought along a young, dumb blonde to dinner. She's been a secretary. A secretary! At his dinner table. It had been enough to make his blood boil. Victor's home was only for the cream of the societal crop. With one exception, of course.

"Mr. Harrington?" A gentle voice whispered.

"Yes, Sophie?"

"I have to leave now." His housekeeper explained. "Remember, I said I could only get a babysitter until eight tonight."

"The mains have only just been served." Victor interrupted. "You can't leave now. Who will clear the table, serve dessert and clean up afterwards?"

"But, sir, I can't just leave my son alone. He's only three, and the sitter has to go soon."

"Don't you have a husband or something who can look after them?" One of his guests said dismissively. Victor shook his head as Sophie bit her lip.

"No, I'm not married."

There was a sharp intake of breath from the table, a child without being married! Of course, that happened these days, but Victor and his ilk were from a better time when no woman would dare open her legs before marriage.

"I don't have a partner; it's just my son and me." She continued. "And I really need to go."

"That's disappointing. You will call somebody to replace you."

"Who?"

"How should I know? One of your other poor friends who you think would be up to my standards? I am sure somebody in your situation would know somebody who could use the money."

Sophie's face flushed red.

"And I expect you here first thing in the morning for your normal duties."

"I need to take my son to-"

"I don't care, just be here," Victor ordered; he was getting annoyed now. He took Sophie on out of the goodness of his heart. A charity case, really, but it was times like this he regretted it.

"If you'd made better choices in life, maybe you wouldn't be in this predicament." He said coolly.

Sophie pressed her lips into a thin line and looked at her feet. The whole table was looking at them now, and he could sense her humiliation. Good, maybe it would teach her a lesson about being more organised. If she really had mentioned needing to leave early, he would have remembered he was sure. He may be getting on in years, but he wasn't senile. He watched as she shuffled away and shook his head.

"Women, they bring misfortune on themselves. Incapable of pulling themselves up by their bootstraps." He said ruefully to the man next to him, who chuckled.

"That was cruel, Victor."

A hush fell over the table as the last voice spoke out. Nobody dared to speak back to him! It was the wife of one of his guests who had spoken. A woman with white hair like his own and a pinched face, he hadn't bothered to remember her name.

"That girl was doing her best, and you humiliated her in front of everybody."

"She bought it on herself."

"She is a single mother!"

"A situation she put herself in. Besides, being a mother is a woman's job. It's not that hard to do right." He said firmly. "If she can't handle it, that's her fault."

"You have no empathy, do you?" The wife replied. "You should learn to walk in somebody else's shoes."

Victor scoffed. This was exactly why he didn't like inviting women to his table. Her husband immediately began apologising, but the damage was done. Mentally, Victor scratched him off the list for next week's dinner. After that, he promptly put it out of his mind. He wasn't about to let some woman on a soapbox ruin his good night.

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Victor groaned. His hips were killing him as they dug into the mattress. He rolled onto his back and tried to go back to sleep, only for a strange weight to press down on his stomach. No, that wasn't right; it was his stomach pressing. He must have really overeaten at dinner without realising it. He tossed again and then sighed in frustration. He couldn't get back to sleep. No matter how he lay, he was uncomfortable. With a groan, he pushed himself up and immediately knew something was wrong. His lower back ached, and his chest felt heavy and sore. Victor rubbed the sleep from his eyes and looked down at himself blearily, and instantly, all sleepiness fled.

His body was *wrong*.

His build was slight and thin, but there were two great round mounds on his chest the size of melons. They hung slightly, resting against the round, almost perfect sphere of his belly. His mouth opened and closed a few times in pure shock before he found his voice.

"Wha' the fook'n hell!? Agh! Is tha' ma' voice? Why do Ah sound like a chav?"

He looked around in panic and saw cheap wallpaper and dusty windows, where the hell was he? He went to leap out of bed only to find his new body wasn't exactly built for speed. When he got to his feet, he winced and looked down, only to see that the view was blocked by his round belly. After a bit of waddling, he found the bathroom and put one up on the side of the tub; it was swollen and pink.

"Wha' the hell...?"

A quick look around shows a small, cheap-looking apartment filled with tacky little decorations like a poster that says, 'Live, Laugh, Love.' It was the exact opposite of his taste, as was the tiny nursery room with a Walmart looking crib set up in the corner. Somehow, he'd become a pregnant chav living somewhere downtown if the view from his dirty window was any indication.

BZZZZT! BZZZZZZT!

A buzz reverberated around the room, and he saw a hot pink flip phone sitting on his bedside table. Alarm buzzing, and the words 'Work' flashed across the screen.

For some reason, that seemed to activate a memory in his brain. Knowledge of this new life he'd found himself in seemed to trickle into his brain; his name was Victoria, and he was eight months pregnant with no idea who the father was. He worked as a secretary at

Harrington Finance, his own company! It was strange; he knew these things logically, but he was disconnected. He didn't really remember being Victoria; it was as if the hard facts of her life had been downloaded into his brain. Allowing him to live her life if he needed to, and right now...he did. A quick glance at his banking app showed a criminally low amount of money in his account. He hadn't done his own grocery shopping in years, but he was sure he'd need more than three hundred dollars. A good cut of steak alone would cost a decent amount, and that was just one night's meal! How was he supposed to survive with so little!?

**BZZZZZT! BZZZZZT!**

He looked at the phone in disgust; he was going to have to go to work. At least until he worked this out. A quick look in the wardrobe made him sneer: cheap party clothes, leather boots and one or two professional-looking blouses and pants. Trying to put the pants on proved impossible, though, his butt was simply too big to put them on properly. A sparkle caught his eye, and Victor pulled a sequined party dress from the full-length mirror in the corner and finally took in his full, naked body.

His belly was, of course, the most noticeable thing. It hung low but was so large his breasts rested atop it uncomfortably. His ass was swollen and huge, his feet ached. His long blonde hair looked like it had seen one too many dye jobs, and judging by the puffiness of his lips, he'd had some work done there as well. Where was that glow pregnant women were supposed to have?

It took almost forty minutes, but he finally figured out how to squeeze his huge breasts into a bra and put on a pair of panties and maternity dress. It hung off his belly and somehow made it all the more prominent. Putting on his shoes, though, was a nightmare. Women in a professional setting should wear heels, no matter the situation, it was something he'd always believed, but even getting them on his feet felt like a challenge. By the time he'd walked down the stairs and out the front door of his flat, his ankles were in agony.

"How am Ah gonna last the whole damn day like this?"

He had no choice but to take the bus to work, a filthy affair that couldn't be over soon enough.

Victor stood in front of the large glass doors of his office building, staring up at the towering structure as though it were mocking him. He usually pulled up to this curb in his car, the driver would open the door for him, and he'd walk out in a crisp suit and head straight for the private elevator that took him to the penthouse office. Now he walked in, and nobody so much as spared him a second glance. Victor Harrington was the boss, somebody to be respected; now he was just some knocked-up secretary.

Victor shook his head.

"This is ridiculous," he muttered. "I'm still Victor Harrington. I run this company. When I figure out how this happened, I'll get it fixed and be back in my proper place in no time."

Gathering himself, he pulled open the door. The unfamiliar sensation of his new body was already making him move differently, slower, and more carefully. His lower back ached, and he was already out of breath. A strange tightness in his chest, combined with the weight of his pregnant belly, made even the simplest tasks difficult.

When he reached the security check-in, he reached into the frayed purse he'd chosen and grabbed his security card, only for it to fail three times in a row.

"Fooking hell."

"Hey! Language." The security guard scolded. "Mr. Harrington would have your hide if he was here."

"Ah, am Victor Harrington!" He snapped out of habit. "Don't ya talk to me tha' way!"

The security guard rolled his eyes.

"Sure you are, miss here." He grabbed the card roughly, turned it up the other way and scanned it.

Victor felt his cheeks heat; he'd never actually had to use one of those cards before. Most of the time, doors opened for him automatically, thanks to whoever was nearby.

He marched past security as fast as he could, trying to hold his head high and maintain some sense of dignity. It wasn't easy, though; the unfamiliar sway of his hips and the uncomfortable fullness of his abdomen made his usual brisk pace nearly impossible. He was used to commanding rooms with sharp movements, but now every step felt slow, deliberate. He hated it.

As he made his way toward the elevator, hating that he had to step into the crowded, sweaty box rather than his private one, which remained unused across the hallways. It seemed like a waste all of a sudden. With the massive groups of people having to move up and down the building, the idea that he'd reserved the elevator for only his use seemed...petty.

As people piled in his hand instinctively went to his belly, and for the first time, he paused, truly feeling the weight of it. It wasn't just physical—there was a life inside him. A flutter of movement startled him, and he recoiled as if his own body had betrayed him.

"God, this is... unbearable," he muttered, glaring down at himself. "How do people deal with this?"

The elevator chimed, and Victor straightened, forcing himself to adopt a confident posture—though his body still refused to cooperate fully. It felt wrong getting off on the fourth floor and even more wrong to sit himself down at the desk outside an office rather than inside one. The desk was smaller than anything he had ever used, designed for a junior secretary, not for someone like him, and not for a man who had once had an entire office floor to himself. But here he was, crammed into this corner like some useless intern, expected to perform tasks he had always deemed beneath him.

He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, grimacing as his pregnant belly pressed against the edge of the desk. His back was already starting to ache, and the sheer weight of his body in this new form made even the act of sitting feel awkward and cumbersome. He found himself constantly shifting on his butt, trying to find a comfortable position. Too far forward, and his belly pressed against the table; too far back, and his spine ached. When he reached over to type at the computer, he felt like his lungs were being crushed. He knew being pregnant was uncomfortable for women, but he never realised just how uncomfortable. He couldn't cross his legs, he couldn't stretch, and he certainly couldn't focus with the way his shoes pinched his swollen feet.

A shadow passed over the desk, and a familiar face loomed down over him. Greg was an older man with a permanent scowl etched into his face and a belly of his own that strained against his shirt, though for entirely different reasons. He barely looked at Victor as he dropped a heavy stack of papers onto the desk.

"I need these sorted and filed. Alphabetically," Greg said in a tone that suggested he was speaking to a child. He didn't wait for a response. "Then, once you're done with that, input the numbers into the spreadsheet. Don't make any mistakes."

Victor gaped at him; he'd known Greg for years. They played golf. He was one of the most deferential yes men he had. It was part of why he enjoyed his company. He was constantly simpering at his coattails, hoping for a raise or promotion. Hell, he'd been one of the men at his house for dinner last night! Now he was ordering him around like...well, like a secretary.

Victor gritted his teeth.

"Ah know how to file papers, Greg. Ah've been runnin' this company for years."

"Oh really, you've been running the company from this little desk, huh?" He snorted. "get off your high horse, girl. You're replaceable, and you know it. In fact, I believe you'll be replaced soon. Once that little bun gets done cooking."

He turned and walked toward his office without another glance, already muttering about how things were better when people "knew their place."

Victor seethed. He'd spent all morning cursing the child in his belly, but all of a sudden, he felt an odd sense of protectiveness wash over him. He could complain about his pregnancy, but nobody else could. Especially not Greg.

Victor's hands trembled as he looked down at the mess of papers. He had never filed a damn thing in his life. That's what assistants were for. Where was that mysterious knowledge now that he needed it? The work seemed to go on forever. Every time he tried to organise the documents, more papers seemed to appear, and his swollen fingers—unfamiliar and clumsy—made the task even more tedious. His belly pressed harder against the desk, making him shift every few minutes, seeking some relief from the

discomfort. He was starving; how could so much time pass without getting closer to lunchtime?

Greg walked out of his office, pen in hand, as he talked loudly on the phone. Victor watched as he spun it on his finger, only for the pen to fall and roll beneath his desk. Greg clicked his fingers and pointed to the ground with an expectant look as he continued his conversation. He could not be serious.

"Ah'm pregnant!" Victor hissed, Greg just rolled his eyes and covered his phone.

"So? Your legs work, don't they?"

"So do yours!"

"I have more important things to do. What? Yes, I'm still here; sorry, my secretary is just being a lazy pain. Something she'll nip in the bud if she doesn't want her pay docked."

Those last words were barbed, and Victor remembered his dwindling bank account. He glanced under the desk and saw a pen lying just out of reach. His stomach tightened with annoyance. With a grunt, he pushed his chair back and stood up, his movements slow and laboured. He could feel all eyes in the office on him as he tried to bend over; he was practically presenting his pregnant ass to the whole room, even with the dress. With a groan, he straightened again; it was no use; he'd have to squat. He took a deep breath, bracing himself as he bent down slowly, his knees straining under the weight of his body and his stomach tightening painfully as he reached forward. His back screamed in protest, and he could feel his face flush with the effort. This was awkward, uncomfortable, and humiliating. Greg grinned down at him with a superior air about him, and for a split second, his face seemed to shift. Victor saw himself looking down his nose at Sophie at dinner, and his cheeks burned in shame.

His fingers brushed the pen just before it rolled further away. Sweat beaded on his forehead as he tried to shift his weight, his legs trembling from the strain of balancing his body in this ridiculous position. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Victor grabbed the pen and straightened with a groan, his breath coming in short, shallow bursts. His lower back throbbed, and he felt an uncomfortable tightness around his belly. Greg took the pen from him with a smirk.

"Took you long enough."

Victor wanted to throttle him.

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By the end of the day, Victor felt tears burning behind his eyes. He was exhausted, he ached, and nobody seemed to appreciate him at the office. He couldn't help but think of all the times he'd strolled through to find perfectly collated papers on his desk and a warm cup

of coffee. Would it have killed him to smile or at least say thank you to the secretary who bought it? It certainly seemed like too much for Greg. Knock-off time finally came, and Victor groaned as he got to his feet and waited in line for the elevator. Nobody looked at his belly and thought to let him go earlier; they were all staring at their phones and checking their portfolios.

Once again, he looked longingly at the private elevator that nobody was using. If he was here in this new body...surely nobody else would be using it? Nobody noticed as he crept over and pushed the call button. Stepping inside, he let out a sigh of relief. Finally, a moment of privacy. He leaned against the run that surrounded the mirrored walls and groaned, letting his belly hang down. Several kicks made him wince; this little one was going to be a gymnast.

“What are you doing in here?”

Victor looked up in shock; he hadn't even realised the elevator was rising instead of descending! In the mirror, he saw something that made his blood turn cold...his old face.

“This elevator is for my private use only.” His old self said. Victor could only gape.

“What, did that baby absorb your tongue or something?” Old-Victor snorted. “Get out!”

“B-But the elevator is taking so long, and Ah really just-”

“I don't care. Maybe if you made better choices in life,” he eyed Victor's belly. “You could be a CEO as well with your own private elevator. But you're not. So get out!”

Victor could only watch as his old self blustered in and forced him out. How could this be? His old self was still here? Did that mean...he was stuck like this? He felt shock set in as he numbly walked over to the elevator and waited. After what seemed like an eternity, he finally managed to get in and ride back down to the bottom. The walk to the bus stop felt like it took forever, and his limbs were made of lead.

This had been the most humiliating day of his life. The baby in his womb continued to kick, and Victor rested his hand on the belly to feel it. He'd never had children; suddenly, that thought made him sad.

“Hey, are you alright?”

The voice was soft and kind, he turned to see none other than Sophie smiling down at him. The tears built up, and Victor felt them spill over his cheeks before he could stop them; damn hormones.

“Oh Honey, what's wrong?”

It all came out: the discomfort, the bad day at work, the terrifying realisation that this was his future. Everything except the fact that up until this morning, he'd been a man in his fifties. He didn't know how to be a mother! Hell, he didn't even know how to be a woman!



“That run in with Mr. Harrington sounds rough. I work as his housekeeper. He’s a real piece of work.” Sophie soothed. “Don’t worry, it’s not just you, he talks like that to everybody. It’s why he’s so loathed.”

“People don’t like him?” Victor blinked. “But he seemed so respect’d and stuff.”

“Nah, that’s all an act. People just want his money.” Sophie chuckled. “Believe me, it’s the only good thing about him.”

“Oh.”

“Listen, honey, do you have anybody at home to help you?”

“Not really?”

“Any friends? Who’s your village?”

“Mah...village?”

“You know the saying? It takes a village to raise a child?”

Victor thought hard, but no memories of friends or family surfaced, and his cheeks burned.

“Nah, just me.”

Sophie’s face turned to one of pity.

“Well, how about I come over and help you a bit after work?”

“You do tha’?”

“Of course, I remember what it was like to be pregnant and alone.” She said, squeezing her hand. “What’s your address.”

Victor wrote it down, stunned at Sophie’s kindness. He wished very badly he was still in the position to give her a raise.

“I’ll see you in a few hours?” Sophie smiled. “I’ll bring leftovers from Harrington’s, believe me, they are better than any takeout. I wouldn’t even consider them leftovers myself.”

Victor smiled and waved as the bus pulled up. With a grunt, he pulled himself to his swollen feet and climbed aboard, watching Sophie as she went. He flopped down into his seat with a huff. He was a long way from accepting this new life; he missed his car and his house, but as his hand rubbed over his belly, he realised it wasn’t all bad. He was in his twenties again, he was going to get a whole new shot at life. Once this little one was born, he could use his know-how to climb the ladder again. A soft smile spread across his face. He’d be rich and powerful again one day. After all, how hard could it be to work while raising a child?