

MO + YAZ

By Chrono Eclipse and SpyGuy

MONDAY

10:00 AM

Monique drops the stack of legal decisions onto the table with a loud THUD! She'd been grabbing and scanning documents for the past hour, and still she felt like she was just barely scratching the surface. Judge Ricer had been rendering legal decisions for decades, which meant his backlog was enormous. As she massages her shoulder, she wishes she could find a little help, but that would mean pulling Yaz from coordinating on the Powerpoint and she'd *die* before asking her to pitch in down here. Monique sighs, cracks her neck, and gets back to it.

In the stacks Monique feels two strong hands cover her eyes. "Guess who?" A deep velvety voice asks.

Monique quickly pulls the hands away and spins around, coming face to face with a woman who had smooth, asian features and sleek, black hair mussed in a casual pixie-esque style. Lisa Parks was a 33 year old paralegal who had been working for the firm for at least five years, a cool and driven woman who could just as easily turn up an impossible to find sealed file as she could make a cocky intern tongue tied at a corporate mixer.

Monique gasps, hissing in shock. "**Holy shit, Lisa, don't do that! God, I almost had a freaking heart attack!**" Monique glances around the shelves, checking to see if they're alone. "**What if someone saw you?**"

"First of all you're too young to have a heart attack... You're just a little baby!" She said playfully pinching Monique's dark cheek. "Second of all, I just passed Schemey McScheme-face on my way in but other than that we're all alone...." She said in a sing-songy voice, rubbing her body against Mo's like a seductive cat. "They sent me down here to find a list of files that will keep me occupied for oh probably hours..." She said with a wink.

Mo closes her eyes, letting the scent of Lisa's perfume tingle her senses as the paralegal draped a hand across across her chest, just *barely* brushing against her breasts. Lisa was all about the power plays. She was a pro and both she and Monique knew it, a lesson the young intern learned about thirty seconds after

Lisa pulled her into bed three months ago after that boring legal mixer across town.

Monique shakes her head at the mention of Yaz. **"God, she's the worst, right? I know she's up to something, just no idea what..."** Fuck, Lisa felt so warm in the draftiness of the archives. Mo could just...close her eyes... curl up with her... and...

Monique half heartedly pulls away. **"I'm glad you got hours to kill but Fontaine's gonna have my ass if I don't get all this up to him in the next hour."**

"If I find the files for you you'll owe me right? I like it when ambitious young law interns owe me favors... I'm going to turn around and reach up high for a minute. I dare you to resist the urge to stare at my butt when I do." She says with a big grin and turns around and reaches for a box of files.

Lisa turns around, slowly balancing on her tiptoes as she reaches her lithe arms up to grab at a stack of files sitting on a shelf. Monique stands there, arms crossed, eyes squarely on Lisa's pert butt bouncing ever so slightly in her couture maroon skirt.

"Get over yourself. Plenty of waaaay more interesting things too look at down here. You wouldn't even believe it. Mmm hmm. Way... more..."

Lisa giggles. "Yeah... I bet." She says with a smirk as she quickly turns around presenting a file. "I believe THIS is what you're looking little miss..." She says holding out the file but keeping a tight grip on it. When Monique reaches for it Lisa pulls it back. "Ooooo since I'm taking you under my wing and dishing out life lessons I feel obligated to teach you now that nothing in life is free baby girl! Sooooo if you'd like the file you're going to have to ... Tell me a secret." She says with a knowing look.

Monique slides her hands across the file, covering Lisa's with her own. **"You know, I could object..."** She leans in close, voice low and lips curling with pleasure. **"However, in light of recent evidence, I'm willing to see where this goes."** She puts her lips to Lisa's ear:

"I like it when you pull my hair. I'm a big girl. I can take it." Monique slowly pulls the file out of Lisa's fingers and gives a playful shrug. **"You know, for next time."**

"MMMMmmm you know i'm very good at mental notes..." Lisa says and then smirks. "Let me know if you need me to fetch any more files. But it might just begin to cost you articles of clothing." Lisa said as she winked and walked down the aisle to another collection of boxes, swaying her hips from side to side for emphasis.

Monique can't take her eyes off Lisa, gaze glued to her swaying silhouette until she finally disappears behind another set of shelves. "*Damn...*" she mumbles to herself. If she wasn't careful, that lady was going to get her *incredibly* fired.

She glances up at a wall mounted clock and does a double take. "**Shit!**" she cries, realizing she's going to be late to Fontaine's if she didn't get this stuff sorted, scanned and up to Yaz for her Power Point. She quickly hefts the crate of files, shoves all the other documents inside, and hurries out the door.

MEANWHILE...

Yaz admits that when she first rubbed Mephisto's strange rag on the women's room mirror, she didn't expect anything to happen. Even after the late night teleportation, even after bypassing Cooper & Ford's million dollar security system, *even after* the piping hot demonic paperwork, she still felt like an idiot when she dragged the cloth across her reflection.

Still, she locked the door. *Just in case.*

When an image of Monique in the archives materialized like something out of that Narnia movie, Yaz actually gasped. Then she laughed. Mephisto could've just given her this and she'd have been able to nail Mo to the wall. Flirting with a paralegal? Engaging in erotic dialogue in the workplace? It was a sexual harassment suit waiting to happen! Then she remembered what Mephisto had planned and realized this was just going to make her vengeance all the more sweet. She couldn't *wait* to see how that sexpot Lisa would treat her sweet summer side dish once she started accumulating more miles.

This was just too *good!*

11:00 AM

It takes some doing, and a few trips back to the archives, but Monique manages to get Yaz what she thinks are every single relatable file for the transcription meeting in 15 minutes. That left just enough time to pop into the coffee nook to grab a cup of coffee and see what hot goss she could pick up from the other

interns. As she approached the kitchenette, she already spotted a few chatting over steaming mugs.

Chandler, another law intern with a thirst for drama and a knack for over-the-top story telling was regaling Jessica, one of the new accountants with something juicy.

"Sooooo I heard from someone who is a VERY reputable source that David had been spending some after hours over time with that pretty admin Cindy but when Cindy said she didn't want to anymore that when..." He drew a finger across his neck and gave Jessica a knowing look.

Jessica went wide eyed. "THAT's why Cindy doesn't work here anymore!?" She exclaimed and then covered her mouth to keep her voice down.

Chandler abruptly turned to Monique "Oh hey Mom! Got anything good to dish?"

Monique shakes her head as she reaches inside a cabinet for a coffee mug. **"Are you for real? Nobody's tellin' me *anything* these days, not since YOU let slip that stuff I heard about Brixon and Keller skipping out on that seminar to go to Coachella."** Monique waves a warning finger at Jessica **"Be careful with this fool. He's got a whole lotta mouth and he ain't afraid to use it."** Her hand searches the mostly empty cabinet, finally closing around one last mug. She pulls it out and frowns. **"World's Best Grandma? Seriously?"**

Jessica giggled at the mug. "What a young grandma you are! You HAVE to tell me what your secret is for such smooth skin!" She says teasingly. Chandler shook his head nervously but with a twinkle in his eye. "Bad idea Mo' I think that's Old Miss Crosley's mug. She left it here because she likes having tea out of it when she comes in to revise her will... If she comes in early and sees you drinking out of it she'll have you..." He runs the finger across his neck again.

Monique set the mug back in the cabinet like it was radioactive. **"That old bat doesn't need any more excuses to hate me."** She puts on a quavery voice **"Young lady, quit mumbling! Sit up straight, you're a lawyer not a noodle! You're too peppy! I came here for legal advice, not a cheerleading tryout!"** Monique shivers. **"I already gotta meet with her this afternoon to go over her beneficiaries for, like, the third time this year! You'd think it was Game of Thrones over there, the way she slots those grandkids in and out of her paperwork."**

"My sympathies honey... Speaking of tough nuts to crack. Are you supposed to be meeting with Mr. Fontaine like... now?" Chandler asks with a sassy smile on his face and a raise of his eyebrows.

"**And that's why I'm taking *this...***" Monique replies, plucking the steaming mug out of Chandler's hand. "**Maybe you two can share? Have fun!**" She waves over her shoulder as he walks down the hallway, taking a sip of Chandler's coffee (*Ugh. So much sugar. Figures.*) to give her the strength for the meeting to come.

11:15AM

Mr. Fontaine sits at the desk in his office looking at his watch and scowling. He's a bald, severe looking man in a suit and vest with worry lines etched into his face. He looks at his computer and flips through files, giving exasperated sighs as he does so, when at 11:17am Monique walks through the door. He doesn't look up.

"You're late." He says coolly.

He hears her about to say something and he holds up a hairy finger.

"Time is money young lady. Your actions effect others. You'll be wise to remember that or you will not have a long career here."

Monique sits down at the table across from the older lawyer. As she does, she sets her cellphone down, sneaking a glance at the screen. 11:13AM . She grits her teeth and takes a moment not to snap back at the man's condescending assumption.

"I'm sorry, sir," she responds, pulling out her notepad and a pen. "**The clocks out in the office must be slow. I could have sworn it was earlier. Rest assured, I'm totally about putting the firm first. I fully intend to be here a long, time.**" She smiles. "**Seeing all of you senior staff in action each day, it's inspiring.**"

Mr. Fontaine huffs. "That it should be." He says handing her a file. He stands up, locking his hands behind his back. "You know, when I was starting out I didn't have anyone to look up to. I had to pave my own way. Nowadays you kids have the foundation of all of us that came before you to set you on the right path. And what do you do? Dilly dally and stay up too late and play on your social medias and tap tap tap on your phones when you should be listening and

learning. It's all disrupt this or synergize that. Nonsense! Are you writing this down?" He asks as if he feels this is all fire he's bringing for her.

Monique takes the file in one hand and scribbles randomly with her pen with the other, doing her best to look like she's following Fontaine's blustery rant. In these situations, it was usually best to just let his hot air just roll over you. The alternative was usually *much* more tedious.

"Disruption...synergy... got it. That's rock solid advice, sir. I think this is all, uh, super actionable..."

Mr. Fontaine sighs putting his thumb and finger on the bridge of his nose between his eyes. "You're young. I get it. Short attention span, you want to have 'fun' you want things to be a big party... but in this career you have to be shrewd, be a go-getter. You're going to have a dozen people at your back every minute looking for an edge to get ahead of you. And that's if you're lucky! What i'm saying is this - It wouldn't hurt to grow up a little faster and come in tomorrow with a bit more maturity. We need to next generation to step up and why shouldn't it be you? Now I want you to take the information in that file and transcribe it onto a single page in legible - LEGIBLE writing in a way that makes sense and I can quickly reference in court. Understood?" He asks gruffly.

Monique closes her eyes, knuckles tightening around her pen. She wants to shout, to flip the table, to scream, to get up in this dinosaur's face and let him know that she's been go-getting since she could walk, hustling her way to afford college, then grad school and that and as a woman, it was pretty much EVERYONE on her back looking to toss her over the edge

Instead, she hears Patrick's soothing voice in her head telling her to breathe *in...and out...and in... and out...*

She opens her eyes. Clicks the pen. Smiles. **"Absolutely, Mr. Fontaine. You can count on me."**

12:00 PM

Monique goes down to the food court on the first floor of their building. She spots a table where Lisa, Chandler and a couple other friends of hers from the office were eating. She pops down on one of the chairs and pulls out the bagged lunch she had prepared for the day.

"Oooo brown bagging it! Look at you!" Chandler says with a wry smile.

Lisa slaps him on the arm. "There's nothing wrong with saving money by not getting Sweet Green every day Chandler!" The petite girl says.

"Sure under normal circumstances, but we're in the show now honey and image is everything and that bag and that sandwich say that your mom pays your cell phone bill and you're living in a one bedroom in the BAD part of town with another broke ass roommate!" He says in a catty voice.

"Well if my mom's paying for my cell phone bill it's with the money she earned banging your insecure ass daddy while he blows through your trust fund paying for his midlife crisis," Monique snarks back, uncovering a tupperware of salad she had mixed together this morning from leftover odds and ends she and Lex hadn't had a chance to use the week before. She knew she may be coming off a little bitchy, but she hated making ends meet like this. Between the astronomical rent prices in the city and paying off her student loans, she was stuck cutting corners wherever she could. God her student loans. She did the math once. At this rate she wouldn't pay them off until she was pushing at least forty.

"Sorry. Being cooped up in a room with Fontaine was an experience. How's everyone else's day going?"

Lisa puts her hand on Monique's shoulder. "My sympathies! Believe it or not I overheard that you were his favorite... he still said that you were a snap-chat obsessed millennial with no hope in this world of ever being a grown-up law professional but still - his favorite of all the interns he hates and resents!"

Karina, one of the office assistants that was fresh out of college shook her head. "God he's such a weird old dude. Like he should just retire or something." She says in a kind of ditsy voice.

Chandler give her a patronizing smirk. "He's only like 50... you just think he's old because he's bald and you're like three!" He says in a sassy voice.

Monique makes a face. "**Wow. Least terrible is gonna look super great on my resume. Right next to 'Fragile Snowflake' and 'Selfie Queen'!**" She puts some salad in her mouth and starts chewing as Karina chimes in. It was weird, but whenever Karina opened her mouth Monique felt a pang of annoyance. She was only three years younger than her but sometimes the assistant just sounded like a total baby. If she didn't smarten up, this place was gonna eat her alive.

"Fontaine's gonna be here till the day he dies. I mean, officially mandatory retirement is supposed to kick in at 70 but everyone knows that's a total suggestion. Man's gonna be making objections to the bench in a wheelchair and on life support."

"Oh my god ew! I cannot even imagine being that old! Like, I'm like a big time Swiftie but when Tay got caught in that agewave thing I could not EVEN. I had to unfollow on insta, its just too sad seeing her all wrinkly!" Karina rambled and the table went silent and Lisa gave her a warning look. "What?" The airheaded blonde girl asked. "Oh my god, your roommate had that like old cold thing! I'm sooo sorry!" She said and lifted her leg up to mine putting her foot into her mouth. Lisa and Chandler rolled their eyes and smirked.

Monique just shakes her head. A life-sized, college aged baby. "**Hate to break it to you, but it's gonna happen to all of us eventually. My plan? Take care of myself now so that I can rock this...**" she motions to her own body "**...for as long as humanly possible. Just because your old doesn't mean you gotta go ahead climb in the grave. This is one bitch Time's gonna have to catch first."**

Lisa grins "I'd enjoy seeing you all wise and stately... maybe a little grey in those black locks of yours..." She says with a giggle. Chandler shakes his head. "Nope i'm getting plastic EVERYTHING before i'm 40."

Monique smiles back at Lisa. "You realize you're gonna beat me to it, don't you, old lady?" She leans back and squints at Lisa, holding up her hands like a makeshift frame. "I'm thinking...silver temples...crinkly eyes...aaaand adorable old lady cheeks. The perfect Korean granny." She turns to Chandler "Yeah, you're gonna have more facelifts than a Real Housewife."

As the group jokes with each other Yaz walks past them. "Nice salad Monique... Gotta watch that figure. Before you know it you'll be 40 and all those fatty foods will go straight to your thighs..." She says with a cool look. Lisa glares at her. "Want me to murder her? I know a few good lawyers that can get me off." She says pushing her chair back in case she needs to jump up and beat Yaz up. Yaz just smirks at her. "Interesting choice of words. I bet you do know at least some law interns that can GET YOU OFF." She says snickering to herself as she walks away.

Monique freezes, completely caught off guard. How could Yaz know? Did everyone know? Monique stands suddenly. "Sorry...I...uh...think I left something upstairs. I'll...I'll see you all later..." and she rushes off.

The rest of the table looks at each other thrown off by Yaz's comment and confused by Monique's sudden departure. "Shit." Lisa says shaking her head. Chandler looks over at Lisa wondering what law intern she was fooling around with, since she seemed to spend most of her time with him and Monique and he was SURE she wasn't getting it on with either of them.

Karina twists a lock of blonde hair around her finger. "So i'm confused did Yaz just hit on you? Also, do you guys know if the new season of Riverdale is getting delayed because the cast is all old now?" She asks obliviously.

Yaz peaks over her shoulder to see Monique get flustered and leave and grins darkly to herself as she walks in the opposite direction.

12:30 PM

Monique takes a walk around the block to clear her head and calm down. She spots an empty bench in a nearby park and sits down, leaning back and running her hand through her raven curls. She plays the facts through her head. There was *no way* Yaz could know anything! This was just one of her devious little mind games. The girl was pathological, obsessed with wrecking Monique however she could for no apparent reason. Monique pulls out her cellphone and logs into Twitter, putting psycho Yaz out of her head with some dank memes and new drama that was popping online now that a senile Ariana Grande somehow got her phone back from her young manager and was randomly picking fights with geriatric Cardi B over her steamy new ad for a now quite-in-demand blood pressure medication...

1:00 PM

Monique was putting the finishing touches on a saucy DM to Lisa when her phone's calendar pings. "1PM W/ Darth Crosley". "**Shit!**" She had totally forgot about today's entitlements session. Monique hops off the bench and rushes out of the park, making a beeline for her building.

TO BE CONTINUED...