

MO + YAZ

By Chrono Eclipse and SpyGuy

As Monique enters Fontaines office he is pacing back and forth behind his desk. He sees her enter and surprisingly smiles and gestures to the empty chair across from him. "Ah Monique! Excellent. Come in, come in! Have a seat! How are this crop of interns doing?" He asks looking uncharacteristically warm and friendly.

Monique sits down uncertainly, plastering a confident smile across her face to cover for the fact that she has no idea why A) Fontaine wants her here and B) that she is completely shocked that he even knows how to smile. It looks completely wrong for his face. "Uh, they're doing fine, sir. All assignments have been passed out and being carried out. Why do you ask?"

That bald man smiled, sitting down in his chair. "That's good. That's good. I know handling the new crop of interns can be - taxing. Kids these days don't have any sense of hard work - they just expect everything to be handed to them. We haven't had a young lawyer walk through these doors with a solid head on their shoulders since - well, this brings me to why I called you into my office today." He says his smile tightening into a serious face as he folds his hands on his desk.

That's it, she winces inwardly, this is how I get fired from the hyper competitive law firm I've been slaving at for six months. Fontaine sits across from her, fingers steepled. She holds her breath— waiting for the hammer to come down.

Mr. Fontaine takes a deep breath and says "I know I gave you an incredibly hard time when you started here. I pushed you and was unwavering in my standards. But I'm a big enough man to say that no one has worked harder and put more effort into this firm in their first ten years than you have. I set incredibly high expectations with my young lawyers and you, my dear have risen to the challenge. Now, I also take some credit for guiding you and challenging you - you know, I never had anyone like that do that for me. I was on my own and had to make my own name for myself, you're very fortunate to have someone with my credentials take an interest in you and take you under my wing. But I'm very proud to say that you haven't disappointed me. All this to say, when the senior partners told me that they put together an offer for you I asked them for the honor of presenting it to my protege personally." he said with a kind, almost fatherly smile as he presented Monique with a stapled document.

Monique sits there, stunned. The words ring in her ears, impossibly surreal: "Ten years..." "young lawyers like you..." "take you under my wing..." "protege..." "...an offer for you..."

She looks at the document, hanging in Fontaine's hands, just waiting for her to reach out and take it. She looks at Fontaine, smiling at her with genuine warmth in his eyes. She looks back at the document. "I...I don't know what to say," she stammers, searching for anything to say, but every word she came up with sounded completely and utterly insane. She could point out that she wasn't a practicing lawyer — that she'd never taken the bar — that just yesterday he had told her in this very room to grow up — that there was no way a single senior partner knew she existed, much less wanted to offer her a seat at the table.

She reaches over the table, taking the paperwork in a shaky hand. She flips through the first page. Her eyes widen. "Oh my god..."

"Junior Partner! We've had the opening since that cad David was forced to resign. The partners just wanted to make sure that you were ready. Well I say that you're ready. It's time to take your place at the grown ups table." He says with a stern smile. Holding out a pen for her to sign.

"David resigned? When? How? He was just here yesterday!" Monique responds, mind spiraling deeper into confusion as she played the day's events back in her head. Cindy's sudden return. Lisa taking their meeting in David's old, redecorated office. Monique having to run the intern meeting. Everything was starting to fall into place, like some sort of insane game of Tetris.

"Yes he was here to sign an affidavit taking responsibility in all wrong doing committed while he worked her. But his resignation was tendered months ago. You knew that! I think the excitement of your new contract has made you a bit light headed my dear. Why don't you sign it for me and then go take a long lunch to clear your head and share the news with your loved ones." He say nodding to her to sign the paper in her hand.

"Resignation..." Monique repeats numbly. "Right. Of course." She takes the pen and looks down at the paperwork. This is obviously a dream. She went overboard last night and is still so hungover that she's concocted this entire sequence and is still fast asleep on her futon. That's the only explanation that makes sense. And since none of this is real, what's the harm in signing a legally

binding document awarding her a junior partnership at her dream firm and all the benefits that entails?

She clicks the pen and inks in her signature, then hands the document back to Fontaine. It's so easy.

Fontaine happily takes the signed document from her. "Now feel free to tell those closet to you but the firm will make the formal announcement on Friday at the company meeting. Glad to see you bring some vibrant energy onboard Ms. Stone." He said shaking her hand. "Now go take some time to do what you need to do and come back after lunch sharp! These interns look up to you! You're an example to them of what they can achieve with a bit of maturity and perseverance!" He said with a nod to his door and a quick smile.

Monique lets Fontaine shake her hand (man what a grip!) and smiles, "Absolutely, sir. It's gonna be great!" She rises and makes a beeline for the exit, quickly closing the door behind her. Alone in the relative safety of the hallway, she exhales, knees wobbling and heart racing.

"Deep breaths. Don't faint. This is all just a dream. You're in control." She closes her eyes, finding her center. Mo was tired of playing catch up. If this was her hallucination or whatever, then it was her rules. She wanted answers. Who knew what was going on?

Cindy was sitting at her desk outside of Monique's office and flipping through Facebook when her boss suddenly rounds the corner and plops down into the chair across from her. She leans in, voice quiet but cheerful. "Cindy! Perfect, just who I'm looking for! You're like my assistant, right? Do you have a second? I have a couple of questions for you. Like, um, a mid year performance review kind of thing. Won't take more than a second." Cindy looked at her boss a bit flustered. "Oh ah okay! Sure thing Ms. Stone!... I'm not in trouble am I?" She asked nervously making sure her workspace was neat and orderly.

Monique waves a hand and fakes a laugh, trying to loosen the mood, "Nah, this is just one of those weird corporate things that HR wants us to do. You know how it is. And, Monique, please. Miss Stone makes me sound so old..." Mo quickly grabs a notepad and a pen from a nearby desk and pretends to take notes. "Okay, now some of these are gonna sound weird but that's cause they're supposed to. It's all about getting real, candid responses. You ready? Cool. First, what year is it? Follow up: who's president of the United States? Oh! Also, uh, favorite color?"

The young secretary looks around to see if this is a practical joke being played on her. When she realizes it's just the two of them she gives Monique a smile wondering where this is going.

"Oh um... it's 2019 and the president is Matt Santos. And my favorite color is lavender." She says nervously.

"Cool, Cool..." Monique nods, all those facts checking out. Man, her brain was weird about what details to keep the same in this dreamworld. "What is my official title? And how long have we been working together?" She puts her pen to her lip. "Also, what's the deal with Lisa? How would you describe our...uh...workplace relationship?"

Cindy looks at her like she can't believe that last question was on an HR questionnaire.

"This is a test right? You're testing me. Moni- Ms. Stone, I am completely cool with you and Lisa!" She says and then on Monique's pressing look she says.

"Okay um you're a senior associate at the firm..." She explains, not being aware of the fact that Monique just made junior partner. "We've been working together for about three years, since I got hired here and I was David's admin at first but you basically trained me and showed me all the ins and outs of the office when I first came on so i've always really considered myself your assistant." She explains with a tense smile hoping that Monique would be satisfied with her answer.

Monique taps the pen on the paper. "Senior associate. That means I must have been practicing law here for a while now..." She cranes her neck, looking into her office and snaps her fingers. "The diploma! 2009! I've been a lawyer for ten years!" Mo nods, pleased with herself.

"So Lisa and I are like a total thing now, right? Makes sense. We've probably working together for ages!"

Cindy nods still not understanding where Monique is going with this. "Uh yeah... but everyone is cool with it. You're both pretty low-key about it. I honestly think it's really sweet how in love you two are! I was wondering why you haven't asked her to move in with you yet..." She said hoping she wasn't overstepping a boundary.

"Wow. Move in together? Really? You think so?" Monique leans back in the chair, letting her imagination wander. "Lisa and I doing the whole

co-habiting couple thing. Hers and hers towels. Breakfasts in bed. Losing the remote. That's...kinda nice, actually."

Monique laughs "Thanks so much, Cindy. You've been a lifesaver." Monique clicks the pen closed and stands. "Fontaine just gave me a long lunch so why don't you sneak some extra time into yours too. Don't worry, your old boss can hold down the fort for a bit." She gives Cindy a wink and heads into her office.

Cindy smiles at her. "Awww you're not that old! You're only 39!" She chirps happily packing up her purse to head out.

"39...right..." Monique nods, letting the number sink in. She closes her office door and finds a mirror hanging on the other side. She turns, taking a good long look at the Monique reflected in the mirror. She sticks out a hip and cranes her neck, taking it all in.

"Okay, okay. A little rough for a 27 year-old intern but not bad for a 39 year-old junior partner." She runs a hand over and lightly smacks her butt before giving her breasts a little lift with her hands. "Not bad at all."

She flops down into her office chair and spins, folding her hands behind her head with a grin. This was quickly turning into the best dream ever...

Yaz meanwhile was in the bathroom stall in the women's room screaming. She had looked into her magic mirror for Fontaine's meeting and was practically hyper-ventilating at the fact that Monique had become a Junior partner. A couple other female interns came in to wash their hands and quickly ran out of the bathroom giggling at the sounds of Yaz having a meltdown.

Finally the young woman calmed herself. "Okay okay... this is just the first day. She ass-kissed her way through the 2000s into becoming Junior Partner. Tomorrow she'll be nearly 50 and probably the office cleaning lady!" She told herself taking a few deep breaths.

The rest of Monique's afternoon was pretty great. She met with clients and with Cindy's help giving her quick refreshers she managed to get through all her meetings without any awkward incidents. Making mental note to do a lot of studying tonight through all her old files so that she could perform in her new life effectively. At the end of the day she realized that she was now the one whom the interns checked in with. Each came in to her office giving her a run down of what they accomplished that day. The last two were Chandler and Yaz.

"Hey Ms. Mo... so I completed the research for the Denard case and left the files with Cindy and I sat in on the Jefferies hearing, my notes should be in your e-mail... and I have the lowdown on an exclusive pop-up club that's Garden of Eden themed, a group of us are going tonight if you want to wear your sexiest olive leaf and eat some forbidden fruit..." Chandler said with a wry smile.

Monique flashes Chandler a smirk. "Well, as thrilling and potentially embarrassing as that sounds, I've already got plans. But I'm sure I'll see and hear all about it somehow." She closes her laptop and leans back in her chair. "I'd say don't go eating any forbidden fruits but, well..." She shrugs. "Go on ahead and get outta here. And send Yaz in on your way out." Chandler smirks. "Well if you change your mind i'm a text away..." He says with a wink as he leaves the office.

Yaz is in the hallway pacing reminding herself to not give anything away yet. "She knows that her reality has shifted but doesn't have any idea that you're a part of it. Play it cool. She'll be out of your hair by tomorrow! And into some grey hairs!" She snickers to herself.

Chandler walks by her giving her a judgmental look. "Talk to yourself much?" He asks shaking his head.

Yaz gives him a dirty look back and grabs her paperwork and hurries into Monique's office.

"Hiii Monique! I hope your day went well... you look tired." Yaz says with a sickeningly sweet fake smile.

"Ah, Yaz. Nice to see some things never change," Monique says with a fake cheerfulness. She hated to admit it, but she was feeling a little bit run down. Then again, she'd spent a large part of the day in panic mode trying to figure out what the hell was going on. She shrugs. "It's been an... eventful Tuesday. Probably not a bad idea to recharge. Thank you so much for your concern. I'm touched!"

Yaz gives her a pinched smile. "Well I always learned to respect my ELDERS. Now I guess i'm supposed to check in with YOU now. Here are my reports." She says handing over the files.

Monique takes the files in her hands and frowns. Once again, Yaz seems to be going out of her way to weird her out. What a weirdo bitch. "I'm only a few years ahead of you, girl. You'll hit 39 soon. Don't worry, it ain't all bad. Well, so

far. I've only really been it for like a day..." Monique slips the files into the intern pile and turns back to the dark haired woman. "Any big plans for the evening? Enemies to usurp, maybe? Innocents to stalk?"

Yaz's smile disappears and she narrows her eyes. "Oh you should talk - I didn't think you had this cutthroat side to you but I guess we should ask David about that..." She says knowing that she can rattle Monique's cage a bit and since reality will reset in the morning there wouldn't be any repercussions. "And believe me, I think I have quite a while until I get to be your age granny!" She says with a sneer.

"David was an asshole! You saw how he treated all of us girls, especially Cindy." Monique shakes her head. "Of course you'd find a way to come down on that jerk's side." She points to the door. "Always a pleasure chatting, Yaz but this granny has places to be."

Yaz gives her a bit of a hiss as she storms out of Monique's office.

Cindy knocks on her door. "Welp i'm heading out. Anything else you need before I go?" She asks looking at the seething Yaz as she storms out.

"I think I have dinner reservations with Lisa tonight. Do you remember where?" Monique asks, getting out of her chair and stretching her arms with a satisfied 'POP'.

"Oh um..." Cindy says checking Monique's google calendar. "Looks like Capra on 14th street. Want me to call you an Uber?" She asks with a helpful smile. "Capra? Daaaaamn. Fancy!" Monique pulls her phone, about to pull up Uber. "I got it Cindy lemme just," she pauses, confused. "Huh. That's weird. Can't seem to find the app on here..."

In fact, a few of her apps were missing. No Twitter, no Snapchat, no dating apps or food delivery services. Weird. Monique shrugs. "You know what? Go ahead and book me that Uber"

She pulls up her text thread with Lisa, and lets her know she's on her way. Cindy calls her a car as Lisa texts back a gif of kissing lips. Then immediately followed by 'Sorry I know you hate it when I communicated in only GIF, so - Love you! See you soon!'

As Monique enters the restaurant Lisa is sitting at the table looking fabulous in a cocktail dress.

Monique walks over to the table, sneaking in a quick kiss from Lisa before sitting down across from her. She glances around.

"You know, I heard it can take months to get a table here." The now older lawyer looks around at the well-to-do sitting at the other tables, a far cry from food trucks and street side cafes she and Lexa usually hit up after work. She turns back to Lisa and smiles.

"Gonna be hard deciding what to eat because you look kinda delicious in that dress."

"Well choose wisely because i'm your dessert." Lisa says flirtatiously as she reaches over to stroke Moniques hand. "It's lucky I have such a savvy girlfriend who knows all the best places in town and have the where-with-all to like book a table in advance. I feel like my past relationships would just be like 'Ooopsies, guess we're ordering in Chinese!" She says with a chuckle.

"I dunno, that still sounds like a total me move," Monique admits, gently rubbing her foot down Lisa's leg. Normally, Monique couldn't even afford so much as an appetizer at an upscale place like this, yet here she was at an elegant table, with her gorgeous girlfriend on the eve of a huge promotion. She smiles, enjoying the moment. "You know, Fontaine called me into his office today. Wanted to talk about my place in the firm..."

Lisa's face lights up. "Oh my god! Shut up! Did they- Are you-??" She says grabbing both of Monique's hands with her petite ones. A waiter comes over to take their drink orders. "Wine! Lots of fancy wine!" Lisa shouts at him, her eyes remaining wide and excited.

Monique squeezes Lisa's hands, trying to hide her own grin as she tried to play things cool, but Lisa's smile was contagious. She couldn't help help herself. "You better believe they did! You're looking at Cooper & Ford's newest Junior Partner."

Lisa couldn't help but squeal and jump out her chair to hug Monique. As soon as their bodies embraced Lisa closed her eyes and passionately kissed her. Pulling away for just a moment to say "Mmm something about Junior Partner just sounds so sexy when you say it!" She says with a giggle kissing her again.

"I dunno. It tastes pretty good coming out of your mouth too," Monique responds, licking the corner of her lip. "You know, he said to just let my loved

ones know, that they'd make an official announcement later, and your face just popped into my head. Like- BAM!"

Lisa smirks. "Well i'd hope so after three years of me putting out!" She says with a laugh. "Well this calls for a celebration! Hey look at that, we just so happen to be in a particularly swanky restaurant, dressed all fancy... so you must have had an idea that you were getting this today didn't you?" She asks with a probing stare.

Lisa tilts her head in concern. "Uhhh what?" She leans over and puts her hand on Monique's head. "Are you feeling okay babe? You've been acting a little uh... off."

"I'm fine now." She hold up her hands. "I mean, don't get me wrong. It's been an experience. Yesterday I was 27 and today I'm 39. That's a lot to take, but I think I'm getting the hang of it." She glances up as the waiter returns with a bottle of wine and pours some into glasses for the couple. She holds out her glass.

"I feel like we should maybe toast or something, right?"

"Yes!!" Lisa says enthusiastically. She raises her wine glass. "To Partners - of both the law and romantic persuasions!" She says with a big grin.

"Couldn't have said it better myself," Monique grins, the two clinking glasses. She takes a sip. Her eyes widen. "Wow this tastes amazing! Way better than the cheap stuff Lexa picks up." She looks over the table at Lisa, remembering what Cindy had said about them being a serious item.

"Do you remember when we first met?" Monique asks casually, hoping Lisa might fill in some blanks.

Lisa nods. "Sure it was my first day at the firm. I thought you were sexy. But you've gotten even sexier as i've gotten to know you... why do you ask?" Monique plays it cool, trying not to sound too interested but secretly hungry for more details. "Three years is a long time. I'm just feeling nostalgic is all. Pretty hard to imagine baby you on your first day."

"I was all young and innocent and nubile. Luckily I had someone to show me the ropes!" She says as they eat their food.

“Ha! I’d make a terrible teacher,” Mo replies as they eat, “though I think you’re still pretty nubile. Y’know. For your age.” She raises her eyebrows playfully, having fun playing his game of memories. “Do you remember which one of us asked the other out first? I’m a lil fuzzy on the details”

Lisa smirked "For my age!... you've got a good head start on me missy... even if you were '28 yesterday' (Yeah don't think I didn't catch that weirdo comment.) But sure, i'll humor this bizarre trip down memory lane..." She said grinning to denote that she wasn't bothered by Monique's odd comments. She figured her partner was under a lot of stress and maybe going through a midlife crisis. Her close friend and roommate after all was over a decade younger than her but now looks like she was in her 70s, that's enough to make someone feel weird about approaching 40 Lisa imagined.

She glided her slender finger around the rim of her wine glass slowly biting her lip as she took in Monique. "So you definitely showed interest in me first. I was 29 and trying to make this job work, I wasn't like storming the hallways looking for some lawyers crotch to bury my face in. Buuuuttttt after you made the first hints I was the mastermind that put all the pieces into place to land my woman." She said with a proud grin. "That mandatory happy hour for the office that I started? That was part of my master plan to lock you down baby!" She says with a giggle.

“You evil genius! Plying me with complimentary alcohol, my greatest weakness!” Mo puts a hand to her chest, clutching a set of imaginary pearls while feigning shock. She laughs. “Maybe I was locking you down, huh? You’re quite the catch after all. Smart, funny, sexy, all in this compact package...” Monique leans in, resting her chin on her hand as she stares at Lisa’s delicate features over candlelight.

“What’s been your favorite date? I bet we’ve had some wild ones.” Lisa gave a knowing grin as she also slipped off her shoe and played footsie with Monique a bit under the table. "You know us!" She says raising her eyebrows. "Of course I love the winning and dining – the sexy costume parties – that weekend in the bahamas... but... I think our first series of 'dates' that we had when we were working on the Mendement case – you, me, alone in the archives until the wee hours of the morning, our shirts all unbuttoned and disheveled, laying on the floor, our shoeless feet sole to sole with pizza boxes scattered around... heaven." She says biting her lip just thinking about it.

"Oh, so we put in some overtime, huh? Looks to me like we got the better end of that deal." Mo slips off a sensible black shoe, curling a pantyhose'd foot

along Lisa's smooth ankle. A part of Monique is sad that she's missed out on all this time with Lisa, getting to know each other, sharing moments and memories. But there's another part of her growing more and more excited at the prospect of their future. Together. "I'm glad this all happened. You. Me. Us. I'm happy right here sharing this news-- this night-- with you." She giggles, running a hand through her curls. "Wow! Sorry. I must sound like a total sap. I've got no idea what's gotten into me. So embarrassing..."

Lisa giggles. "No I like it when you get sappy. It makes me feel like i'm the tough one in the relationship. I think you're a lot sappier than you were when we first started dating. Must be getting sentimental in your old age." She says with a light giggle. "So I have to ask - whats the deal with acting like you have amnesia or like you pulled some weird 13 going on 30 deal? Oh my god! Did you pull a weird 13 going on 30 deal? That was like my FAV movie when I was in high school! Buuuuut if you're mentally 13 I may have to curtail my after dinner plans with you..." She says with a smirk.

Monique looks down at her lap, not really sure what to say. She could tell Lisa about all the weird things happening. About being a 27 year old intern yesterday and a 39 year old junior partner today. About how she'd been faking her way through her life for an entire day. How her memories weren't lining up and everyone was treating her like she was 10 years older than she really was. But the paralegal would think she was crazy...wouldn't she? She looks back up at her now girlfriend, smirking in that cute and cocky way she does, but with real concern in her eyes. She's worried for her.

Mo doesn't want to scare Lisa away and ruin the evening, especially since she doesn't even know what's going on herself. Why risk it? She rolls her eyes, acting like nothing's wrong. "Pssh. If I were a magical 13 year old, you'd know. I wouldn't be caught dead in this jacket or these shoes. Also, we'd totally be out at Chuck-E-Cheeze right now." She reaches out and takes Lisa's hands in her own. "Why don't we skip dessert and pick this back up at my place? Lex is out of town and it'd be a shame to waste all that space."

"Check please!" Lisa yelled with a grin.

They finished up dinner and grabbed an uber to Monique's place where Lisa was already passionately kissing her and pulling her shirt off as they got through the door. In moments they were down to their underwear on the couch making out and fondling each others bodies. Monique found the contrast of her less smooth pristine skin against Lisa's a bit jarring since she remembered

what her 28 year old body had looked like tangled around the body of her petite 33 year old lover.

Lisa nimbly unclasps Moniques bra allowing her slightly less-than-perky breasts to spill out. Lisa kisses and fondles them as Monique lifts her and carries her into the bedroom. The two women take turns going down on each other in bed and bringing each other to orgasm and a few hours later the naked women laid on the bed a sweaty panting heap.

"Yeah - you DEFINITELY don't have the mind of a 13 year old." Lisa says between breaths.

"Not something you want to hear your partner say in bed." Monique counters.

"I'm just saying you get better with age babe." Lisa says rolling over to rest her arm and head on Monique's chest.

Monique strokes Lisa's soft straight hair. "Where did you learn that thing with the-" She begins to demonstrate with her hands.

"A certain Nubian goddess showed it to me in a dream..." Lisa mumbles with a smile.

Monique smirks and nods as the couple falls asleep curled up in each others arms.

TO BE CONTINUED...