

MO + YAZ

By Chrono Eclipse and SpyGuy

TUESDAY
8:30 AM

At the front desk Cortez the security guard gave a friendly wave to Monique. "Buenos Diaz Miss Stone!" He says waving her to tap in.

8:45 AM

As she takes the elevator up to the offices she's greeted, surprisingly by Cindy who is holding a stack of files and a coffee. "Here you go Miss Stone. Your coffee and the roster of interns and their current assignments. I put the reports and case files from yesterday on your desk.

Monique holds up her hands and backs up a foot, completely thrown. "Woah, woah, hold up. Cindy?! What are you doing back? I thought you -- but David --" her mind races, trying to remember what she'd heard at the party last night when she finally processes the rest of what the blonde admin is saying. "Wait, wait. Why would I need the other interns current assignments? David handles all of that at the morning meeting."

Cindy giggles nervously because she doesn't get the joke that Monique's making but she doesn't want her boss to KNOW that she doesn't get the joke. "Ha, yeah thank god we don't have to deal with THAT creep anymore. Thanks to you!" She says thrusting the files and coffee toward Monique.

"Thanks to me?" Monique mutters as Cindy thrusts the files into her arms and the coffee into her open hand before walking off down the hallway.

Confused, she looks down. Sure enough, at the top of the stack is a sheet of paper with all of the interns names on them. Chase... Yaz...everyone except, well, her.

"Okay, Mo. Calm down. There's gotta be a reason all this is happening," she tells herself, trying to remain calm. "David got sick. He has you handling the meeting. Cindy is just temping. No biggie. Yeah!" The woman nods, trying to convince herself that this is all fine, just fine. Monique takes a long pull of the coffee, not caring that it's her second in under an hour.

"Right. Intern assignments. Let's do this."

9:00 AM

As Monique enters the conference room some of her friends who had been at the party last night give her an ovation and smirk knowingly. "Hi Miss Stone!" Everyone says cheerily except for Yaz, she literally almost spills her coffee all over herself as she jumps up and shouts. "What?" And then realizes that everyone is looking at her and sits back down and gives a nervous smile. "Uh hi.... MISS Stone..." She mumbles glaring at the floor. Chandler smirks. "Rough morning?" He says with his normal sassy sarcasm and Katie, another intern who had been at the party elbows him and then folds her hands on the table signaling that they are ready and listening.

Monique looks up at the scattered applause and rolls her eyes, thinking they're cheering for her temporary promotion. "Yeah, yeah. It's weird for me too. Go on. Get it all out. "

When Yaz pops out of her chair in surprise, Monique cocks an eyebrow, not sure what to make of it. Then she remembers Lisa's warning. The girl was obviously jealous David pulled Monique to handle this and not Yaz. Monique grins. "Hi yourself, MISS Malik." She puts on a lopsided frown at Chandler. "My morning was just fine, thank you Chandler. Now, ya'll ready to get your assignments for the day or what?"

It's fairly straightforward. She had to hand it to David, he seemed pretty well organized. The assignments were in alphabetical order per intern and the documents were bundled according to their team builds from yesterday. Most were just continuing what they were doing Monday, but a few had been given new tasks which David had notated in the margins in delightfully delicate cursive script.

"Okay. That's all I got," Monique announces, taking one last sip of coffee. "Unless anyone's got any questions I think we're good to go."

The groups shook their heads and cheerfully left and got to work. Yaz kept giving Monique nasty, suspicious looks as she exited and stopped to say something and then seemed to think the better of it and just wagged her finger at Monique before heading off to the archives.

As Monique stood there realizing there were no instructions for her as to what to do she felt a pair of hands slip over her eyes.

"Guess who!"

Monique pulls the hands away and turns, frowning at Lisa. "I told you to stop doing that! You heard Yaz back at lunch. She's gonna figure it out about us, unless she already has." Mo realizes maybe this is why her fellow intern was being so weird in the meeting. She grabs her papers and slips them into her purse. "You wouldn't believe the morning I've had. It's been insane."

"Figure out what? That's we're awesome! You think she's jealous that she'll never be half the lawyer you are or be able to have the healthy workplace relationship we have?" Lisa says with her precocious smile trying to figure out what has Mo in a tizzy. "Tell me about your morning babe. You and I are scheduled to be in a meeting right now anyway." She says as she stands on her tiptoes to kiss Monique.

Monique's eyes widen as Lisa plants her lips on hers, her warm touch sending an electric shock down her spine as she lurches back, confused, nearly spilling her coffee all over the floor. "What is with everyone being crazy today? First the lady at yoga mixes me up with some middle-aged bestie, then someone goes through my closet and Cindy's back while David is God knows where and now you're getting smoochy smoochy with me in the middle of work?" Monique sinks into a conference room chair, rubbing her head, completely lost. "Am I getting Punk'd? You'd tell me if I was getting Punk'd right?"

Monique freezes. "Wait. My what now?!" She looks back up in time to spot the tail end of Lisa's perky end sway out of the conference room and into the hall. The confused woman sits there a moment, then shrugs.

Lisa blinks at what Monique just said. "I'm being crazy? Pot meet kettle crazy lady!" She says with a grin to indicate that she was still being playful. "Here if you're not feeling the PDA today we can take this into your office." The petite paralegal says grabbing her ipad and notebook and strutting out of the conference room giving Monique a little playful butt wiggle to entice her to follow.

Lisa brings Mo into Daves own office where the 33 year old plops down onto a soft couch on the side of the office. The room was decorated much more tastefully than when David occupied it. On the wall were diplomas with Monique's name on them and pictures of a couple awards and grants she had received. On the desk were a couple pictures of her and Lisa together.

"So we're supposed to be reviewing a couple of cases in preparation for tomorrow... but since I didn't sleep over last night i'm thinking that we may need to reevaluate our time..." Lisa said kicking off her shoes and posing seductively on the couch.

Monique barely hears a word Lisa's saying. She's staring--slack-jawed--at her law degree, framed and hanging right above the desk. "Holy shit. That's...that's my name! That's me!" She takes in all the details, which look incredibly accurate. If she didn't know any better she'd have thought the document was the real deal. She turns to Lisa. "Did you put this together? Where'd you get it? It looks legit!" She turns back, squinting at the corner. "Well, almost legit. "Date of issue 2009". I'd have been, what, 17? I don't even think I wanted to be a lawyer at 17..."

Lisa begins to giggle. "Oh we're roleplaying huh? You're the young aspiring lawyer and i'm the mature sexy paralegal thats going to show you the ropes? Okay... it's worth it for the change of pace." She says unbuttoning a button on her blouse. "Come over here young lady! Let me tell you about Habeus Corpus!" She says in a husky seductive voice.

Mo picks up one of the framed photos. It shows Monique and Lisa at what looks to be a beach located somewhere exotic, all rich white sand and crystal clear blue water. The Lisa in the photo is wearing a tastefully skimpy black bikini beneath a lacy floral cover up, while Monique, longer hair in thick, black braids wears an elegant maroon cutout. The two laugh and hold hands as they kick their way through the surf. This imaginary vacation of course has never happened, the two of them only having started seeing each other a few months ago.

Mo smirks, placing the photo down, back still turned to Lisa. "Is that what all this is about? A little roleplay sesh? Cuz you've put a lot of work into it.." Lisa smirked at her older girlfriend, seductively running a hand from her waist up to her neck. "Please, I make this shit look easy... now are we going to do this or are you going to waste the only perk of having a shitty, secluded hallway office looking at pictures of us...?" She asked unbuttoning another button.

Monique turns, putting on a playful frown for Lisa who she thinks is her older girlfriend, but who is in fact now six years her junior. "Always so practical. Must come with age," she reaches over, pulling another button, exposing a glimpse of Lisa's breasts sitting pretty in her lacy bra. "You know I love me some perks..."

"I guess i'm catching up with you, old lady..." Lisa purred reaching up to grab Monique's collar and pull her on top of the petite woman. She wrapped her leg around Monique's and began to kiss her.

The two land on the couch. Monique starts kissing her way down Lisa's neck. "Mmmm...old...lady...huh..." She slowly reaches down and undoes another button, pulling open the blouse. She kisses the top of each breast. She peers up at Lisa, raising her eyebrows playfully. "Takes one to know one."

"Luckily the years don't really show on either of us huh?" Lisa said licking her lips and unclasping her bra then leaning up to hungrily make out with Monique.

"Less talking. More kissing," Monique mutters, the two locking lips. She's struck by how confidently Lisa maneuvers-- both her tongue and her hands-- quickly hitting sweet spots Monique didn't even know she had, as if they'd been doing this for years. Mo feels clumsy by comparison, trying her best to keep up as she fumbles pulling off Lisa's bra. A moan of pleasure escapes her lips as Lisa gently digs her fingers into her shoulders. "Wow, where'd you learn that?" she asks. Mo leans back, adjusting her position on the couch to avoid a cramp in her leg.

"I learned it from you sexy..." Lisa purred as they entangled further. After a bit of fumbling from Monique she breaks away and takes a breath. "You seem a little off this morning, whats up?" She asked scorching up and covering her chest with her arm.

Monique slowly falls back on the couch, taking the moment to catch her breath. "Whew! Sorry. Guess I'm a little new to the whole 'make out session at the office' routine. Things are just... moving fast is all." She idly rubs a foot against Lisa's leg. "You know, you should've come out last night. You'd have fit right in."

Lisa laughs. "Noooooo! I know you like thinking i'm like one of your cute little kiddie law cadets but i'm way too old for that scene. I warned you what it was going to be like!" She said with a giggle smothering her own face with one of Monique's couch pillows.

"Wow! Kiddie law cadets? Is that what everyone calls us behind our backs?" Monique shakes her head. "Damn. Just when you think you know some people." Monique throws another pillow at Lisa then sighs, closing her eyes and thinking back to the night before. "Oof. Poor Jessica. She was a hot mess. I

had to talk her down after, like, shot eight, but you didn't hear that from me. I think Chandler might've finally made it with Cute Courier Boy, though."

Lisa tossed the pillows off her face and sat up with a concerned look on her face. "Where is this coming from babe? You know you're my boo. Of course I care about everything you do!" She says placing a supportive hand on Mo's back. "I'm sorry I bailed last night, I just knew what they were planning and I just got over that scene when I met you. I didn't want to get pulled into situations that were going to embarrass me in front of my girlfriend. But it sounds like it was good that you were there. They needed an adult in the room." She says leaning over to tenderly kiss Monique.

Monique sits up suddenly, scooting back beyond Lisa's reach. "Hold up. What did you just say?" she asks, warily.

Something about how Lisa was acting didn't add up. Up until today things between them had been flirty, playful. A workplace fling that was two parts sexy one part dangerous. Lisa had been the one who made it clear on day one, the morning after the party. "Listen up, kiddo," she had said, "there's you and me. No us, no fuss. Got it?" And Monique did. Or at least, she thought she did. But now this very same Lisa was rubbing her back, apologizing about being embarrassed and calling her girlfriend?
"What's going on?"

Lisa looks at her with concern. "What do you mean? I just came in here to have a 'morning meeting' with my completely above board girlfriend and you're the one acting like i'm your dirty little secret again. Is everything okay babe? You've been acting seriously weird all morning... Is this about turning 40?" Lisa asked worried that her hot girlfriend was dealing with some mid-life crises thing that Lisa wouldn't be able to relate to. Monique's mouth opens and closes for a moment, searching of what to say. She knows what she heard, but she knows it can't be right.

"I...I'm sorry," she manages, choosing her words carefully. "Who's turning forty?"

Lisa looks blindsided by this question. "Well-" She begins to say but there is a knock at the door and Lisa quickly buttons up her shirt and brushes herself off. Cindy pokes her head in. "Sorry miss Stone - I know you don't want to be disturbed when you and Lisa are uh in a meeting but Lisa has another meeting and Mr. Fontaine wants to see you in his office in 15 minutes."

"Ah shit, it's the Kendowski case. I completely forgot." She says and turns to Monique. "It's okay babe, you're just stressed. We can talk more about everything tonight at dinner." She says and gives Monique a kiss on the cheek, straightens her skirt and slips her shoes back on and walks out of the office.

Cindy has a grin on her face showing just how adorable she finds her bosses romance with the paralegal.

Monique watches as Lisa leaves, her mind a whirlwind of questions and emotions. She shakes her head, curls swaying back and forth. "This day can NOT get any weirder..."

She pushes herself off the couch and bends over to pick up one of the pillows off the floor. "You said Fontaine wants to see me? Why? Did he say?" Possibilities run through Monique's head, none of them good. "No he didn't but you look like very stressed. If I were you i'd go get a drink of water and like center yourself before you go into the meeting. You know how he can get when people act flustered." Cindy recommends.

Monique slowly straightens, leaning on the couch a moment to catch her balance, and tosses the pillow back onto the couch. She rubs her eyes. Those two coffees were starting to hit hard. Her head was spinning. "You think I look stressed, huh? Maybe it's because this damn day just won't stop with the surprises." She puts her hands on her thicker hips, trying to make sense of what just happened. After a few moments, she throws her hands up, bracelets jangling in frustration. "The hell with it!" She blows past Cindy, who quickly dips out of the way, heels clicking loudly down the hallway towards the break room.

In the break room Chandler and Jessica are sitting at the table chatting away. "Seriously? You haven't been following the twitter battle between a senile Ari and Cranky old Cardi B? It's the most amazing thing I think has every transpired on social media! Those two grannies are hilarious... some people are just not MEANT to be old!" Chandler says scrolling his phone to the BuzzFeed coverage of it.

Monique quickly strides past the two interns and heads for the kitchenette, a woman on a mission. Her heels click across the tile as she walks to the row of cabinets and reaches up, her now larger rear jiggling as she goes from shelf to shelf, struggling to find a glass. Finally, her fingers close around something. When she pulls it out, she frowns. "Ugh! Not again," she moans, holding the "World's Greatest Grandma" coffee mug.

Jessica looks up from reading the tweets. "Oh hey Miss Stone! Listen... thanks for your help last night. It really meant a lot to me. At first I was like - 'what's miss Stone doing at this party? That's kind of weird... but in the end i'm really thankful!" She said pulling her sleeves up over her hands and doing an awkward shuffle over to Monique to give her a hug.

Chandler lifts up his phone. "Hey Miss Monique... did you have fun last night? I have a little something to show you..." He says in his mischievous voice holding up his phone that still had the series of tweets from AG and Cardi B up.

Monique goes to the faucet and turns on the water, filling up her mug. "Seriously, guys, the 'Miss Monique' thing is getting weird. This is all just temporary. No biggie." Taking a sip of cool water to calm down her nerves, she turns around just in time for Jessica to envelope her in an awkward hug. "Oh! Okay....we're hugging, huh?" She pats Jessica on the back and quickly tries to extricate herself. "It's no big deal. We girls gotta watch out for each other, right?" As Jessica lets go, Chandler is leaning on the counter, holding up his cell phone. Monique can't quite make out what's on the screen, so she brings his hand closer to her face.

ON SCREEN:

@arianagrande: @iamcardib ducking sellin out with dat bitch ass @theroflux ad.

@iamcardib: @arianagrande? More like #arianagranny. Bitch u always was a has been. Now u are one 4 real.

@arianagrande: @iamcardib In my day wed take this 2 the street. Now ud break a hip fossil #rip

@iamcardib: Get someone 2 turn ur hearin aid up @arianagrande. U A OLD ASS BITCH WITH NO PROSPEKTS. Retire

@arianagrande: I need u to pick up sum depends pls.

@iamcardib: Hahaha! See? Granny forgot her glasses and drunk texting Twitter! lol

Monique frowns. "Why do I care that two grandmas are fighting on twitter?" Chandler looked at his phone and shook his head "No not that... Though that is funny right? No I meant this!" He said swiping on his phone to a video of last night's party. On screen, instead of the epic twerking dance she did last night at age 28, instead was her at age 39 doing the Dougie to a hip hop song. She looks like someone's mom trying to 'fit in' with her teen children while chaperoning their dance.

"Oh and do you remember what you did after this? Was it a failed attempt at the floss? I think it's a failed attempt at the floss... Judges, let's go to the tape..." Chandler says with a smirk, swiping again to another video of Monique attempting to do the floss and actually needing another young intern to demonstrate it for her and she still does it very awkwardly.

Jessica puts her hand on Mo's shoulder. "Chandler..." She says in a warning tone worried that he was being too sassy about this. No was his boss after all.

Mo, horrified, snatches the phone out of Chandler's hands. "No fucking way." She scrubs back through the video. Plays it again. Her jaw drops as she watches her digital doppelgänger -- God the camera does add 20 pounds -- sways on the dance floor like some out of touch Gen X'er in her skirt and blazer -- and were those....glasses? "What is this? This isn't how it happened at all! Where's Damon and Cupid Shuffle and my flawless twerk?" She swipes over to the floss video and gasps audibly. "I wouldn't be caught dead dancing that." She looks up at Jennifer and Chandler. "Tell me you did this. Tell me this is some weird ass, next level meme." She looks back at the video, shaking her head in disbelief.

Chandler raises an eyebrow at Monique. "Okay, I know you're a digital immigrant honey but that level of video editing is not possible." He says and then his face softens and he puts his hand on her arm supportively. "It's okay, we were all a bit extra last night. I promise you this video will NOT be for public consumption." He assures her quickly taking the phone back from her before she can delete it.

Monique looks from Cindy to the break room clock and winces. She does NOT want to be late for a Fontaine meeting a second day in a row (even if she totally wasn't the last time). She takes a single finger and gently pokes Chandler in the chest. "That better not end up on some subreddit, Chandler. I'm not playin'." She musters up the most withering glare she can muster, the kind her Mom used to fire off regularly, aims it at both young interns and leaves.

Chandler tosses his hands up defensively with a look today that he understands she means business and Jessica sheepishly looks down at her toes.

TO BE CONTINUED...