

MO + YAZ

By Chrono Eclipse and SpyGuy

**MONDAY
8:30 PM**

A group was gathered around Monique in the kitchen for a Yaz bitch session. Monique was sitting up on Chandler's marble counter with a drink in one hand and the other flailing about to punctuate her points. "And she's always squirreling around corners like looking to dig up dirt on people. It's like - just be cool, we're on the same team!" Monique said to lots of nods. "And did anyone else notice she was making a lot of weird like old person analogies today? Like bitch, you're 5 months OLDER than me!" She says to laughter. "She should have totally been the one stuck dealing with old Miss Cosley today!" Faith said and Monique nodded enthusiastically. "Hell yeah she should have, she's so obsessed with old people! Oh by the way I invited Miss Cosley to the party hope that's cool with everyone." Mo says to roarious laughter from the group. Jessica snorts. "Can you even imagine? She'd like try to twerk and break a hip!" The young brunette accountant said laughing hysterically at her own statement. There was a moment of silence at how drunk Jess was then everyone joined in on the joke. "Help i've fallen and I can't get up!" Keller, a young female lawyer in the firm who was the class above Monique's said imitating the old woman's voice. More laughter.

9:00 PM

A dance circle gathers around Monique and Damon, another young lawyer fairly new to the firm. He had a reputation for being an impeccable dresser and wanted to add amazing dancer to the resume. Monique looked deadly serious as the two of them squared off to Cupid Shuffle in what was a mix of a dance off and a very public mating ritual. As Monique hip checked and shook her body with a coworker that she had described as a "One Beautiful-ass Man" on multiple occasions. The crowd was dying as Monique managed to limbo her way down to a perfect parallel on the dance floor shaking her chest up at Damon who was leaning over her and shaking in time with her and the music. The song ended with Damon pulling Monique in twirl up into his arms and the crowd went wild with applause. Monique panted and grinned as she wiped some sweat from her forehead. Damon looked at her impressed. "You bring some moves!" He said with a grin. Monique looked up at him lustily about to suggest they find somewhere private and she could show him some more when

something from the speaker distracted her. "My hair like to swing - Ya, hey, pop it pop it pop it pop it." announced the high pitched voice in the first line of Taylor Girlz' 'Steal Her Man'. Monique's face lit up like a kid on Christmas morning.

"Ahhhhhhh yas! This shit is my jam!!!!" She yells as she jumps back into the middle of the floor and begins twerking to the music, several other girls in the crowd join in.

Meanwhile in another part of town classical music is resonating throughout Yaz's apartment as she finishes drawing a bath and dips a bare leg into the tub and slides down into the water. She smiles smugly and reaches over to grab the hand held mirror and the rag that Mephisto had given her. She rubs the glass excitedly as watches as her reflection morphs into an image of a group of people dancing and letting loose at a party. Yaz sits up abruptly.

"What!? She's not even studying!!!" She cries in bafflement. She shakes her head fuming as she sinks back down into the tub. She recognizes a lot of the other faces around Monique as her co-workers. No one had told her about nor invited her to this social gathering. Not that she would have agreed to come. She would have certainly chastised whoever invited her for having a party on a work night. These idiots were being held to the same measure as her when they don't even have the where-with-all to put in the time and effort to be their best. She shakes her head at the image of Monique enthusiastically wiggling her booty to Damon in the mirror, her jaw clenched in anger.

"Good luck pulling that off after tonight Monique!" She says with bitter grin.

9:30PM

Monique is stumbling through the kitchen again to fix herself another drink. Brixon and Keller are talking to a young woman with a blonde pixie cut. Monique waves to be friendly. "You look like tinkerbelle!" She says meaning it to be a compliment. Keller waves her over. "Hey Mo, you've met Cindy right? She worked as an admin at our firm until uh... until recently." The young lawyer explains. Cindy holds up her hand to say hi and looks a little embarrassed. "Oh yeah! I think we met once or twice. Hey sorry to hear your were fired. Between you me and the wall, that guy David is a total ass." She says loudly. Brixon looks at her wide-eyed and puts his finger to his mouth to motion for her to keep it down. But Monique shrugs drunkenly. "Pshhh I don't care who hears it! The guys a misogynist prick and he has no business working at our firm." She explains honestly. Keller concedes her point but says "Yeah

but he's your boss and there's like a LOT of people... gossipy people, from work here." She points out. Monique nods, trying to play it off like it's no big deal but decides to pour a cup of water for herself instead of another drink.

10:00 PM

Monique stumbles up to find the bathroom and hears a mix of crying and vomiting. She knocks on the door. "Occupied!" Jess wails from inside. "Jess...?" She asks as she opens the door to see her friend sitting on the floor of the bathroom clearly sobbing. "Hey baby what's going on?" She asks sympathetically kneeling down to rub the young accountants back. "I was soooo stupid! I can't believe I didn't see it!" She said between sobs leaning over to hug Monique. "See what? How many drinks you had?" Monique asks being real. "No! Chandler! I thought... I thought we were making a connection! I was falling in love with him - and - he's gay!!" She blurts out.

Monique burst out laughing and then quickly recovers. "You didn't know that Chandler was gay?" She asks trying to stifle her giggles. "No! How was I supposed to? He like was so nice to me! And he kept complimenting my breasts and my outfits! I thought he was flirting with me!" She said sniffing her nose. Monique shook her head. "Oh baby... c'mere." She says pulling the drunken girl into a hug. "You're beautiful. You're gonna bounce back from this. I promise you. Let's get you cleaned up because I know for a fact that there are a TON of straight guys here at the party who haven't found anyone to finger bang yet." She says taking a wash cloth and wetting it to wipe down Jessica's face and mouth. "You really think so?" She asks looking hopeful. "I know so." Monique says as she helps the hot mess pull herself together.

10:30PM

The living room was starting to clear out. Monique was straddling Damon on the couch as they made out. "You most certainly have moves." He grins between kisses. "Shhh lets take this up stairs. My dress is bugging me and I don't want half the office to know what my bare ass looks like." She says adjusting her straps. He lifts her up to carry her upstairs. "You've been planning this all night haven't you?" He asked with a sly grin. "While we're still young D, Andele!" She orders with a clap pointing upstairs as she leans over to nibble his neck.

11:00 PM

Monique lays exhausted on a bed naked under a sheet as Damon pulls his pants back on. "Worth it!" She whispers massaging her perky breasts savoring the experience. She turns to him. "Not a word of this around the office capice? You're MY belt notch. Not the other way around." She says with a serious tone. Damon tosses his hands up defensively. "Hey we cool! I wasn't planning on going around bragging about getting freaky with some pretty young intern." He said with a grin. Monique grins back. "Good."

11:30PM

Now back in her dress but holding her shoes Monique makes her rounds about the house saying her goodbyes to anyone still at the party. She realizes she left her phone some where and heads up stairs to look for it. She goes into one of the bedroom, ignoring the soft sounds of high pitched moaning coming from within and turns on the light to reveal Jessica, naked from the waist down spread eagle on the bed and a young man, who Monique thought might be the brother of the office courier, going down on her. "Woops sorry! Uh have fun. Be safe!" She says flipping back off the lights and backing out of the room. "Hey Mo!" Jess whispers in the dark as the sound of the young man slurping away reverberates around them. "Yeah Jess?" Monique asks tentatively thinking this was an awkward time to have a conversation. "You were right." She whispers happily and lets out a moan. Monique doesn't even respond she just nods uncomfortably and shuts the door behind her getting the hell out of there.

11:45PM

The uber pulls up and Monique tosses herself into it.

12:00 PM

Monique struggles to fit her keys into the lock. It wasn't fair, how it kept moving all over the damn place. "C'moooooon! Don't do me like this!" Monique moans, pushing her shoulder against the door. She looks down, focusing her tipsy fingers into doing what they're told. Finally, she drives the key home and with a turn she's in.

"Woahhlyshit--" she blurts out, stumbling into the darkened apartment. She stops, finds her balance, and closes the door, taking a few seconds to find the deadbolt and door chain, driving them home with satisfying clicks. Using the wall for support, the drunk twenty something spots her law books sitting on

the couch. She shakes her head back and forth a few times. "Yeah, that's not happenin'..." she mutters, pulling a hard left and stomping straight into her bedroom.

She flings herself onto her futon and slowly wriggles out of her dress, loudly humming her way through another Cardi B song as she tosses her outfit across the room. Seconds later, she's face down in her sheets, lightly snoring her way into unconsciousness.

**TUESDAY
6:00 AM**

Beeep! Beeep! Beeep!

Monique slowly turns over underneath her covers, reaching a cocoa colored hand across the bedside table. Her searching fingers brush past a manila folder full of paperwork and pens, a cellphone and a scented candle before coming to rest on the blaring electric alarm clock. She feels around the device, sleepily pressing several buttons before finally hitting the right one. "Mmph..." Monique mumbles, rolling over. She feels terrible-- head aching, ears ringing-- and could use a couple more minutes. She pulls up the puffy purple covers and sinks back into sleep as the clock ticks over...

6:20 AM

Beeep! Beeep! Beeep!

Monique reaches up, stretching her arms with a grimace. She's tired and sore. What was in those drinks last night? As she sits up, she thinks she must have slept wrong, feeling like one giant kink refusing to unknot. Oh well, that's what Patrick was for. She glances over blearily and spies the time on the clock. "Shit!" She's so surprised that she slept through her alarm that she completely glazes over the fact that she doesn't own an alarm clock. What was the point when she had a cell phone? Mo throws the comforter aside, slides out of bed and rushes to her closet, tripping over her silver heels from the night before-- Ow! Shit!-- and throwing open the doors to her closet.

"The hell?" She blinks a few times. She'd been hungover before but this... this was weird. Something was off. Not only did her closet seem bigger, but it was all... organized. Instead of the jungle-like knot of hangars and dresses she was used to, what she was looking at were well folded rows of easy to identify

outfits, beneath which sat a line of shoes. Weirder still: not all these clothes were hers. There were way more blouses, skirts, and jackets and less slinky dresses and flashy weekend tees.

"Whatever." she says as she slips on a large t-shirt and her yoga pants from yesterday. Well, she tries to slip into them, but they get stuck halfway up her legs. "You gotta be kidding me with this." She wiggles her hips and jumps up and down, hoping to shimmy the pants up the rest of the way, but they only slide up a couple more inches. She stands there, bent over and breathing heavily. "Screw it," she mumbles, sliding off the yoga pants and reaching for a large pair of sweats she hadn't worn in years.

They go on much easier, but weirdly, they ride a little more snugly than she remembers. And... did her butt feel a little bit.. jigglier? Pulling her curls up into a messy top knot she quickly grabs her yoga mat and keys and heads out the door, more than a little thrown off by this freaky weird morning.

6:40 AM

It may be the headache, but the apartment building seems a lot nicer than the day before. Not only is the elevator working, but all the light fixtures are in one piece, the carpets aren't stained, and there's even a cute welcome mat at the entrance to the complex. Maybe she and Lexa's complaints had finally gotten through and their landlord had thrown together a minor revamp while she was at work?

It takes Monique a little longer than usual to get to Serene Dream, and when she does arrive she's perspiring a bit and her breath is coming in great big gulps. She winces, her side starting to cramp. She shakes her head, realizing that she's got to stop sitting so much at the office. It was slowly killing her. Walking inside, she sees that her group's started without her.

All of the spots at the front of the class with the 20-somethings were completely full. She was about to try to squeeze a spot in next to Tasha who was busy showing off for Patrick when one of the women in the middle rows spotted her and waved her over as they did Warriors pose, pointing to a space next to her. Monique thought her name might be Melissa or Meliana? Something with a Mel at the beginning of it. She quickly moves over and puts her mat down and the pretty, dark haired 40-something who looked a bit like a REAL HOUSEWIFE of something leaned over. "Saved you a spot. I figured you were running a little late. You haven't missed much. Just the little girls showing off!" She whispers - Melina! That's her name. Monique had literally

never spoken to her before but knew her name though overhearing her introduce herself to some of the other women. She looks over at the girls that Melina was gesturing to and she sees its her usual friends in the class.

Monique puts her leg forward, holds out her arms and starts to bend into her own Warriors Pose. "Thanks so much. You're a lifesaver. Melina...right? Guess I got a little too wild last night, but hey, YOLO, y'know?" She shakes her head. "Jello shot ain't ever happening again." As she slowly lunges forward, Monique grimaces at the soreness in her lower back. That futon was doing a number on her body. It's gotta go. As she straightens up her knees shift, popping loudly in the quiet of the studio. She gasps, surprised at the wave of relief traveling up her legs. "Goddaaaamn..."

Melina grimaces in concern. "Ehhh yeah,l. Looks like you may have over done it a little last night. Our bodies just aren't meant for that kind of excited after a certain age. Hope it was fun though!" The woman in her early 40s said to Monique hard-core judging the hungover woman. Patrick came around but didn't pay Monique much attention just said "Nice form ladies!" As he walked by.

"...after a certain age?" Monique says, clicking her tongue. Sure, she knows she probably looks a little worse for wear after a night like that, but did this desperate housewife actually think she was her age? "Nuh, uh. Speak for yourself." Monique clears her throat. "Yo, Patrick? What form we supposed to be in right now. This one...or this one?" Monique bends over, intending to transition into a Standing Bow. She raises her back leg and tries to balance on her front, but her legs wobble uncertainly, her thick thighs all out of alignment. And when she attempts to reach back with her left arm, she finds that she...just...can't...reach...it...

Patrick hustles over to give his arm as support and motions for her to put her leg down. "Easy, don't over strain yourself. You'll pull a muscle doing that ma'am. Why don't you get into child pose for this next bit." He says with no hint of flirtation in his voice. A couple of the girls up front giggle. Melina reaches over and pats Monique's back. "You're going through your crisis. It's okay, I was going through the same kind of thing after my divorce - wearing my daughters clothes; going to concerts... Don't worry, you'll get through this. Stay strong sister!" She said putting a fist to her chest in solidarity.

Monique lowers her leg, cheeks burning in embarrassment as she avoids eye contact with Tasha and Lauren. Who did those bitches think they were? And

what's the deal with Patrick calling her ma'am? He knows damn well who she is! She's been up in that front row for almost two years now!

Monique cocks her head at Melina's weird solidarity. Daughter's clothes? Divorce? Crisis? The fuck? She turns back to her mat and refuses to go into Child's Pose for the next position, or any of the ones after that. For the rest of the class she does her best to keep right on up with the front row, but it's a losing battle. Monique can't reach as far down, can't bend as smoothly, can't hold for as long. By the time Patrick starts putting everyone through their final poses, Monique is more frazzled-- and more sore-- than she was when she started.

Patrick stands at the front of the class. "All right ladies! Wonderful effort! You should all take this energy out in to the world in everything you do today. Namaste!" He says and bows. The class bows back. Monique's young friends immediately grab their gear and walk and talk right past her not even acknowledging her presence. Melina packs up her stuff as well and gives Monique a sympathetic smile. "If you don't mind taking a little advice from someone just a little older than you - slow it down a little. Don't burn yourself out. I know you're a successful lawyer and all but you can't keep the pace you're running at without crashing. Take care of yourself." She says leaning over to give Monique a hug. "And tell that girlfriend of yours to get her butt back in this class!" She adds before walking out the door.

As Monique stands there, unsure of what to say, the reality of the situation finally hits her: this crazy ass housewife had her mixed up with somebody else! Some older lawyer lady with a girlfriend who...looked a lot like me, she guessed? I mean, it happened. People thinking she was some other sassy black woman. It was 2019, but being color blind was still a total thing. Still, Monique finds herself relieved that it wasn't her going crazy, just a case of mistaken identity. Lisa was gonna love hearing about this when she got to the office. She rolls up her mat and walks out the door, massaging her shoulders as she headed back to her apartment.

7:00 AM

Monique groans with relief as hot water runs over her throbbing muscles. The session today had taken a lot out of her, so she wasn't rocking out to Cardi this morning but she was feeling strangely nostalgic which is why she is currently humming along to Niki Minaj's "Anaconda" as the water works the kinks out of her shoulders. Still, when the "look at her butt" break drops, she can't help giving her booty a little shake, but she's taken aback at how wobbly it feels

back there. She reaches back, cupping her cheeks, and...well...they were definitely more than their normal handful. Not only that, but they felt a little loose in her fingers.

In front of the large bathroom mirror Monique is struck by even more weirdness. Everything about her looks a little... thicker; cheeks, lips, hips-- god those hips. Where yesterday they were curvy today they seemed huge. And had her breasts gone up a size too? Because they hanging a little lower for sure. And what happened to her stomach? What was tight as a drum yesterday was all loosey goosey. She shakes her head at her reflection. This was a wakeup call about all that grazing she does at the kitchen in between assignments. Those calories had snuck up on her and now she was a mess. A hot bloated mess.

She rubs the dark circles under her eyes and massages her puffy cheeks. She needed more sleep, but lawyering was definitely the wrong profession for that. Glancing up, she sees that her normally bouncy curls are looking a little flat today, so she decides to give them a break by pulling them back into a big ponytail, but as she runs a hairband through them she stops. Her eyes narrow.

"No. Way!" She reaches up, tracing about half a dozen wiry silver hairs weaving their way out of her forehead and back into her mess of dark curls. She doesn't know how she missed seeing these little sneaks before, but they weren't going to be around for long. She twists her curls into an updo, letting her darker locks block out the grays like a curtain. She shakes her head back and forth in the mirror, satisfied with the illusion. As long as no one got too close, they'd never know.

Yaz stared into her bathroom mirror, dressed for the office and drinking coffee from her favorite mug as she watched the naked Monique run around her bathroom panicking about how worn down she looks.

"It's going to suck when you show up for work and no one recognizes you because you washed out of the industry years ago lady." She says taking another sip of her coffee before grabbing her briefcase and heading out to her commute with a big grin on her face.

Monique-- dressed in a conservative blouse, gray skirt and black pumps-- stands in line at Has Bean, trying to calm down with an episode of Old's Cool after her crazy morning. Unable to find any of her trendier and more colorful button ups, she had settled with the cream colored blouse. Worried that she was looking a little meh, she decided to give things a bit more of her personal Monique flair, popping on a pair of hoop earrings and a some fun, clunky bangles she found lying in a drawer.

She couldn't find her sling bag anywhere, instead finally finding her laptop, legal briefs, and other work gear in a large leather purse lying on top of her black leather couch beside a fat manilla folder full of paperwork. She couldn't for the life of her remember bringing home work from the office but just shrugged and slipped it in her purse and left to grab her cup of morning fuel. As she approaches the front of the line, she spots Addie taking orders. "Addie smiles looking a little embarrassed. "Oh yeah, sorry you saw me like that. I was cool though, trust me we got an uber and everything. You were probably thinking 'god these dumb kids, I weep for the future... Your usual drink yeah?" The hipster girl asks as pulls out a large cup. Monique waves a hand dismissively. "Please, we all got wasted. You're fine. And yeah, I'll take the usual. Gonna need it to get through today. My hangover could knock over an elephant."

"Yeah you're a hero. It was so cool that you showed up and hung out with everyone! I seriously want to be able to do that when i'm your age!" Said the 24 year old Barrista as she handed Monique her coffee and wrung her up. Once Monique got outside she'd take a sip of the drink to realize this drink was nowhere near her usual it was a very strong Americana. Monique makes a face as she realizes her coffee order is wrong. She turns around, debating whether or not to go back inside, but this crazy day has already pushed her morning to its limit and the last thing she wants to do is walk into the morning meeting late and have David berate her in front of the other interns. She knocks back another weak, warm sip of her coffee and heads for the bus stop.

8:15 AM

Monique makes her way onto the bus, swiping her pass and squeezing her way through commuters towards the rear of the vehicle. It's a tight fit a couple of times, Monique apologizing when her larger chest bumps into some businessman's paper and when she accidentally hip checks a young couple near the door. "Sorry, sorry, my bad!" Grabbing a handrail, she settles in for the fifteen minute journey, pulling out her phone to check her texts. She squints a little bit, having trouble reading some of the weirder fonts her friends are using. Upping the brightness solves the problem, mostly. About 10 minutes in, Monique begins shifting her weight from foot to foot, her soles aching from standing in one place for so long. She looks around, and spots an open seat near the door. Carefully shimmying her way over, she's about to reach it when a young Asian girl holding a skateboard and wearing big headphones reaches for the seat back. She looks up, locking eyes with Monique. For a split second she glares, then her face softens. "Oh, sorry, ma'am. Take it. I'm fine."

"You sure?" Monique asks, ignoring the ma'am part. This girl's, what, 15? She remembers being that age. Everyone's a ma'am to you then. The skateboarder waves her hands. "Nah, it's cool. My stop's next anyway." She scoots forward and leans against a handrail, pulling out her phone and typing away. Monique sinks into the seat and closes her eyes with a sigh.

Much better.

TO BE CONTINUED...