

MO + YAZ

By Chrono Eclipse and SpyGuy

POOF Yaz and Mephisto find themselves back in the office of Yaz's law firm. The offices were completely empty as it appeared to be after hours. Mephisto walks into an executive office, the lock magically unlocking and struts over to the comfy high back chair behind the desk and sits down, propping his pricey Italian leather shoes up on the desk. He flourishes his hand toward the chair on the other side of the desk.

"Now then, let's talk business Jasmine." He says linking his fingers behind his head in a laid back demeanor.

Yaz waves a hand in front of her face to clear the smell of brimstone and follows the demon into the office. She takes a deep breath, putting on her coolest demeanor, doing her best to appear completely unimpressed and not even remotely intimidated by how this devil just walked in like he owned the place. She sits down.

"It's Yasmine. Or maybe Miss Malik, since I am a client of yours after all?" She leans back in her chair. "I'm told you can make things happen. Impossible, uncomfortable things. I'm in need of that kind of service and... discretion. Are you the right man for the job?"

Mephisto gives her a patronizing smile. To him she was like a toddler that waddled into the living room in her mother's suitjacket and started yelling 'Buy! Sell! Buy! Sell!' in a tiny voice.

"Yes well, MISS MALIK, you're mostly right. I am right for the job... but i'm not a man. And i'm well aware of the service you require. Poor Yaz, you're bending over backwards to get ahead in this world but that nasty little trollop Monique... she just flutters in with big smiles and a great attitude and suddenly all eyes are on her! You need someone to take a little pep out of that step, to put a bit of a cramp in her style... to give that face the smile lines she deserves. Stop me if i'm getting this wrong..." He says with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes! Exactly!" Yaz leans in excitedly. "No one gets it. Right now she just skims by on a fucking rainbow, but she'll never be able to keep that up. Not when the years are piling on and the time keeps ticking. She'll buckle! She'll burn out! Then everyone will see who has what it takes to make it in the long run.

Monique Stone is a flash in the pan. I deserve that slot. Hell, I'm saving Cooper & Ford a mistake that could cost them...well... years!" Yaz chuckles, delighted. She's really taking to this supernatural subterfuge stuff.

Mephisto gave the young woman a hearty laugh at her joke. "Oh you are priceless. Yes, I can absolutely turn the clock forward for your rival and send her into her golden years. Now then, I just need you to sign this standard contract..." He says as he conjures a hefty stack of forms and hands them over to Yaz. They appear to be written in ancient Aramaic.

"Jesus Christ..." Yaz eyes the impressive stack of pages and flips through a few. They crackle with age, and even feel a little warm. "What even is... is this Aramaic? No one speaks this anymore." She narrows her eyes at the dashing demon across the desk. "I went to law school. I know a smoke screen when I see one. What's the catch here?"

Mephisto grinned reaching over and taking back the contract. "Ahhhh you're too slick! I can't get one past you. That's the problem with dealing with lawyers. You're just too savvy." He said disappearing the contract in a puff of smoke. "Okay I lied. You already filled the contract at the bar. That's what the sweet little red haired mortal stamped off for you. The terms of our partnership are already set. I just like to slip in a little extra, grease my hands with a soul or two... you know, from the rubes." He says with an unsettling laugh.

"So now then. Here is how this is going to work." He says sounding serious and pulling his feet off the desk and leaning forward. "I will alter reality over the course of four days. Each day will add about a decade to your little rivals physical age until she ends the week ready for retirement. The world won't know that anything has changed, to everyone other than you and her she'll be the age they've always known her to be and will treat her accordingly. Now, you won't be able to observe every waking moment of this, that is unless you want to take a week off of work and stalk the poor woman... but, since you're a sharp, ambitious woman - which as you know I deeply respect - I'll also give you this!" He says whipping a rag out of thin air into his hand like it was a magic scarf. "Wipe any mirror in the world down with this and you will temporarily be able to see Monique wherever she is in that specific moment." He explains handing her the cloth. "Now then, if that all sounds satisfactory you just need to press your finger to this spot on your slip right here..." He says providing the slip of paper that Patty had given him in the bar.

Yaz raises a perfect eyebrow. "Slipping in a binding agreement through a low-level intermediary without informing the client of consent," she chides. "That kind of thing could get you disbarred." She nods approvingly. "I love it. I also love this plan. It's going to drive her nuts!" Yaz squeals with delight, spinning in her office chair. "I can't *wait* to see the look on her stupid old face once she figures out what's happening, if she even can. Who knows? Maybe she'll be too senile to know the difference!"

The young law student grins as she take the piece of paper and presses her thumb against it. "Ow!" She pulls her thumb back, a bead of blood dripping from the end of her finger. "What was that for?"

"Your signature, my dear." Mephisto said with a cool grin. "To make this all... legal. Now then, run along. Let me do my work and by weeks end you'll have one less spunky intern to compete with." He says standing up and shoing her out of the office.

As Yaz was pushed out of the room, she considers pointing out that this room is in fact her boss's office, not to mention *their* building, but one look at Mephisto's devious features and she thinks better of it. Instead, she folds up the mysterious rag, puts it in her purse and makes a beeline for the elevators. As she presses the button, she goes over the details of this strange, improbable evening in her head. If anyone asks her any questions at the security desk, she'd just blame a late night research session, which wasn't a *complete* lie. Sure, it was researching how to supernaturally age her rival into decrepitude but still.

Actually, she could probably bill the firm for the hours spent--

DING!

The elevator doors slide open. Yaz steps inside, pressing the button for the lobby. As the doors close, a grin slowly grows across her face. This next week was going to be so... much... *fun*.

MONDAY
6:00 AM

Bee-deep! Bee-deep! Bee-deep!

The iPhone's alarm blares in the darkened bedroom as Monique Stone turns over on her futon. She reaches a cocoa colored hand across the bedside table, knocking over a notepad and some stacked textbooks as she grabs the offending device, swiping through the lock screen and turning off the phone's alarm. "**Shut uuuup!**" she yawns, sitting up to reveal her dark curls coiled up in a cloud of bed head.

She checks the phone. A few texts from some friends. A couple photos from Bumble too. She deletes a couple of rogue dick pics but stops at a snapshot from a pretty girl showing off some tasteful side boob.

"**Mmmm... you I like.**" She clicks on the girl's profile, faving her for later. Slowly, she reaches up, giving her toned arms a wide stretch before flinging the covers aside and hopping out of bed. She nearly trips over the dress and heels she wore out last night, but nimbly dodges into the bathroom, shutting the door.

As she sits on the toilet, she runs through the day ahead. Quick bit of yoga, then a shower, some coffee, grab the 332 bus— *Man I wish Lexa hadn't taken the car to visit her mom*— then over to work for a full day of mortal toil.

"**Ugh!**" She groans out loud, remembering not one but two client meetings she has lined up.

Giving the toilet a flush, she stands and leans in front of the tiny apartment mirror— covered with stickers and polaroids of parties past— and wraps her large curls up into a messy bun behind a sweatband.

"**All right, girl. New week. New opportunities. Get out there and get it!**"

She blows a kiss at the mirror and flips off the light.

6:30 AM

Monique— dressed in tight yoga pants and a loose tank top, mat rolled up beneath an arm— skips down the dingy stairwell of her apartment complex. The crummy elevator has been out of order for weeks, a fact which her elderly roommate has complained about— *ad naseum*- to their Albanian landlord to no avail. It wasn't like he couldn't find two more hard pressed students in need of a roof over their heads, and he knew it.

It only takes her a couple of minutes to walk the three blocks to her local yoga studio— Serene Dream— and as she walks in the rest of the regulars are warming up in front of their trainer, a handsome (*and super fiiiit*) instructor named Patrick.

Monique glances over at the older women in the back, trying their best to touch their toes and laughing about little things like their stiff mornings or how cute Patrick was. She shakes her head, admiring their can-do attitude at their age... *and in those leggings*.

The class was sorted out, unintentionally, in age order. With the young women in the front - mostly late 20s/early 30s professionals, though there were a couple fresh-out-of-college girls who Monique found amusing just by their sheer enthusiasm. Lauren wouldn't just do cat pose, she'd do the BEST most accurate cat pose anyone has ever done.

In the middle of the room were the slightly older women trying to stave off the inevitable, these women were the quietest as they took seriously their attempts to keep up and get right all the poses Patrick was walking them through. A lot of recent divorces in this row.

In the back were the oldest women in the class. The grey hairs who did this more for the social outlet and the added health benefits. They were very chatty and gossipy. More giggles came from the back than the front as these women spent most of the class in 'childs pose' whenever Patrick would announce a pose as being 'advanced.' There weren't any OLD women in the class. The oldest of the group, Linda and Cathy were maybe in their mid to late 60s but Monique wondered if leading the women of Lexa's support group in some yoga exercises would be fun for them.

Patrick had the class in a table pose doing a leg extensions when he came around to different women in the class adjusting their form. It wasn't lost on anyone that he would get in a little closer with some of the young women in the

class but nobody seemed to mind. He leaned down to Monique, placing his arm on the mat parallel to hers and gently pressing his hand into the muscles between her shoulder blades. Leaning his head next to her so that they were cheek to cheek he said. "That's great Monique, just remember to keep your back straight as a board." He says close enough to kiss her before he stands back up and moves over to another student. The young woman on the mat next to Monique, a 29 year old marketing director named Tasha smirked at Mo. "For real, you fucked up your form on purpose for that didn't you?" She said sounding impressed by Monique's game.

"What? Me?! Girl, I've got *nooooo* idea what you mean," Monique replies with a wink, immediately adjusting her form with a tiny bend of the shoulders and a twist of a hip before smoothly transitioning into an entirely different pose. "Always be flexible, because you never know what life's gonna throw at you. That's what my granny used to say." Tasha waves a dismissive hand at Monique, used to this sort of thing. The rest of the session continues without incident, Monique easily bending and balancing her way through several advanced positions, working up a sweat and feeling that sweet, sweet burn. By the time Patrick releases the group with a gentle "Namaste", Monique is feeling energized and centered, ready to take on whatever the day's going to throw at her.

7:00 AM

Cardi B blasts on the iPhone's tiny speaker as Monique dances back and forth in the shower, arms up and curvy hips swinging to the beat as she sings along to the words:

"I make money move— if I see you and I don't speak, that means I don't fuck with you— I'm a boss, you a worker bitch— I make bloody moves..." As the beat builds she runs her hands over her buxom chest and down her legs, letting Cardi's power lyrics wash over her like the water.

A little while later she's dressed in a navy blue jacket and skirt, putting the finishing touches on her makeup in the mirror. She allows herself a once over. It may be the most conservative dress code ever, but between her perky breasts just barely straining against her button up and her curvaceous rear end rocking that skirt, she was making it all work.

7:30 AM

No matter how hard she tries to beat the morning coffee rush at *Has Bean*, she always ends up stuck in line for a good fifteen minutes. It's worth it though for their triple shot *Espressolato*®. One of those could keep her buzzing at light speed for hours. As she reaches the counter, Monique pulls out her earbuds and nods to the petite barista, blonde hair done up in a top knot and with glasses that were slightly askew.

“What’s happening, Addie? It’s nuts in here! Got any more podcast recommendations? I’m back on my bus route for a while and need something to pass the time.”

The pretty, tattooed barista beams a huge grin on enthusiasm at Monique's question. "Totes! So there's a boat load of true crime podcasts that just came out that are supposed to be dope! But personally I'd recommend this one that I'm like OBSESSED with - you know my love for all things vintage, so this podcast like takes an object or an album or whatever and like digs into the history of it. Like ancient history from the 1940s through the 80s. It's rad you're going to love it!" The hipster girl says as she writes the name of it down on a napkin and hands it to Monique.

Monique takes a look at the napkin. **"Huh. Old's Cool? Sounds legit. Thanks, Addie. Oh, and I'll take the usual. Four squeezes though. Today's gonna be, like, a *day*."** Monique hands over her debit card which Addie cheerfully swipes, then heads over to the side to wait for her drink. As orders are called, she scrolls through her podcasts and downloads an Old's Cool episode about eight track tapes.

"Order for Mo? Mo?!" calls another barista. Monique shimmies between a crowd of patrons and grabs her drink, pops in her ear buds, and heads out the door.

8:00 AM

Monique rushes down the sidewalk, heels clacking on pavement as she sees her bus pull up and people slowly get on. After some digging around in her purse to find her bus pass— much to the consternation of the glaring driver— she squeezes towards the back and grabs a handrail as the vehicle lurches into motion.

It's about 15 minutes and a dozen stops. Every time the bus brakes, the whole cab sways, gently bumping her into her fellow passengers. Monique doesn't mind though. Addie's recommendation was on point. This episode was fucking killer, a young host trying her best to figure out how to load and play old tapes while her older co-host relived their favorite memories growing up with certain songs.

At one point Monique clocks a guy a few rows back staring at her ass. He slowly pulls out a phone, angling the camera at her rear. Monique rolls her eyes before turning her hips and bending over, striking a playful pose with a wink. The man, embarrassed, quickly turns away. Monique laughs as an older woman behind him shakes her head. This town...sometimes it was the best.

8:30 AM

She's making good time as she enters the crisp, marbled lobby of the massive skyscraper housing her law firm (plus a few others). Cooper & Ford had been around for over 50 years, and even though they've expanded in recent years their home office was always here in town. Before she reaches the elevators she stops at the security desk, holding out her badge for a genial looking security guard with a bald head and bushy mustache.

“Good morning Señor Cortez! How’s your granddaughter? She hear back from any of those schools yet?”

"Good Morning miss Monique! You're so kind for asking. She got in to the state University so far but she says she does not want to go there because it is too close to home. Her mother and I would love for her to stay close to home! Eh you're young, you see it her way I'm sure. When you're my age being close to

family is more important than sowing your oats!" He said with a laugh waving her in.

"That's great! It's a good school, but if she wants to do her own thing, I totally get it," Monique replies, putting away her ID. "You gotta get out there and do things! Think about it. If I stayed back East, I never would've moved out here and gotten to see your smiling face every day!" An elevator DINGS and employees begin to crowd inside. Monique speeds up, shouting over her shoulder: "Don't worry, wherever she chooses she's gonna do great!" Monique slides inside as the doors close, shooting the security guard a thumbs up.

9:00 AM

Monique slips through the double doors to find the large board room filling with other interns, all of them waiting for their supervising attorney to arrive and brief them on their day's duties. She spots an open chair across the room and slides past some chatting coworkers, angling for the seat. She reaches to pull out the chair when another hand lands on the opposite arm.

Yaz flashes her a brittle smile. "*Monique! Good morning. You are positively glowing today. Have you done something new with your hair?*" Monique puts on her own fake grin. "Nah, just doing my same old me. How about you, Yaz? You seem... nice?"

Yaz keeps her eyes locked on Monique as she sits down in the chair. "*Just excited. Big week.*" Monique leans on the table, not about to let Yaz push her around. "*Oh yeah? What makes you think so?*" Yaz shrugs, feigning innocence. "*Something in the air I guess...*"

Before Monique could respond, the door opened and their supervisor entered the room, sending the buzzing room into silence.

David, a 43 year old junior partner at the firm and an obvious former frat boy marches into the room and tosses his briefcase on the table. "Okay kiddies listen up because I don't have time to change all of your diapers this morning. We've got a few important cases ongoing and a couple of high profile clients coming in so I need your A-game! You got me? I can't hear you. You're not in kindergarten anymore. I said ARE YOU WITH ME?" He says loudly to the group of interns.

Monique sees several interns glance at each other and roll their eyes. They're all pretty used to David by this point, but his sheer and consistent bro-titude would be impressive if it wasn't so douche-y. These were highly competitive men and women in their 20's, not preschoolers. Each and every one of them would kill to be in this room (*shit, Yaz probably did*) yet he always treated them like a bunch of kids no matter how hard they worked or late they stayed, so it was no surprise no one was leaping at the chance to take his assignments.

Still, Monique thought, girl's gotta work.

"We're with you, coach. What's the play?" she said loudly, puffing out her chest and putting her hands on her hips confidently.

Yaz glowered in her seat. *Coach? Ugh. Typical Monique move. Trying to play all buddy buddy with the boss.* She smiled to herself. *Let's see how well she does with "Coach David" when she's a slow and doddering old geezer.*

"Yeh-eah! There's my star, put on her big girl pants today. Okay every decision Judge Ricer has ever made on environment waste disposal... Then put together a PowerPoint on all of the research our guys have pulled together on behalf of the client. Get it over to Mr. Fontaine."

He said loudly clapping his hands. Mr. Fontaine was another Junior partner at the firm, older and no nonsense. He would constantly criticise the younger employees at the firm for having a poor work ethic and scowl at anyone having even a remotely fun time in the office.

"Yaz! Grow out of your Pampers and step up today! You're assisting Mo on research. The rest of you are taking coffee orders and filing paperwork!" David barks.

As the room emptied out, Monique grabs a legal pad and starts scribbling down some thoughts. **"We definitely gotta look at that big oil tanker deal Mr. Cooper put together for Cole Corp back in the 80s, and see how Ricer came down on that illegal waste racket in Jersey City last year. I feel like the good stuff's hiding down in the archives somewhere. Yeah... we should start down there... then split up the research and the powerpoint assembly?"** She looks over at Yaz expectantly. **"What do you think?"**

Yaz narrows her eyes and smiles sweetly. "*Whatever you think... star.*" She rises out of the chair and heads for the door. Monique sighs, grabbing the pad and following quickly after her.

"Listen, I get it. You don't like me. I definitely don't like you. But it's both our asses on the line if we screw this up, so what do you say we bury the bitching and knock this out of the damn park?" Yaz shrugs, opening the door. "*Age before beauty,*" she says quietly.

"What?" Monique asks, confused. "Hm?" Yaz counters.

TO BE CONTINUED...