



MAGGIE

AND



CASSIE



**JACQUELINE
POULIOT**

Maggie & Cassie

Lesbian Romance by
CARMENICA DIAZ
writing as
JACQUELINE POULIOT

Carmenica Diaz writes erotic fiction under various pseudonyms. The stories are either hard and nasty or soft and tender, depending on her moods.

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One

Maggie Dyson *hated* Mondays! To her mind, Mondays were an abomination. A rude and unwelcome shock after an excitingly busy weekend! Mondays thrust her back into her Monday to Friday mundane world. It was especially jolting after a very busy weekend. And weekends were *always* busy for Maggie! She had plans for her future and worked hard towards her goal!

She bounded up the subway stairs and determinedly elbowed her way through the rushing crowds. It was a bleak, cold day with a hint of snow. Dressed in a thick navy blue woollen coat, thick black jeans and her favourite black boots with wool socks, Maggie was ready for the cold. A red and black scarf completed her defence against the rising wintery winds.

At last, she slipped inside the office entrance of the Buckland Building. It was adjacent to the Grand Buckland Hotel but with a separate entrance. She walked across the lobby towards the security gates. 'Hi Joe,' she said with a wide smile at the big black man in the security uniform. 'Good weekend?'

'Passable,' Joe said. 'Spent quality time with my kids. We went to the movies.'

'Which movie?' Maggie asked with interest, using her security pass to get through the turnstile.

'Don't ask me. Animation shit. Princess saves the world. You know how it goes,' Joe said with a grin.

'Don't have kids, Joe. So, no. I don't!'

'Still time, Maggie. You're only twenty-four.'

Maggie stopped. 'How do you know how old I am?'

'Your details come up on the screen when you enter.'

'That's creepy.'

'Yeah, suppose it is.' He looked down at the screen embedded in the counter top. 'I didn't know you've been at Buckland for five months?'

'Yeah, I know. *Pathetic!* Wait! It has that info there as well?' Joe shrugged. 'Good to know. See

you later, Joe.’ Maggie waved and pulled open the door to the stairs. She didn’t bother with the elevator. Her workstation was on the second floor. The stairwell was musty and echoing. At the second floor, she moved down the backway to the far end where her cubicle was. Maggie worked in a small call centre for the Buckland Group.

At her cubicle, she pulled her beret off, fluffed her brunette curls into an acceptable shape. She peeled her jacket off and unceremoniously dumped it on the chair in the empty cubicle next to hers. She booted her computer up and managed not to grimace when she saw Keith, the team leader, walking down the rows towards her. ‘Cutting it fine,’ he said immediately. ‘You are supposed to be logged in at nine.’

‘It’s eight fifty-five, Keith. I’ll be logged in.’
Maggie sat down.

‘It’s eight-fifty-*seven!*’

‘Lighten up, Keith. You should get a boyfriend.’

‘Who says I don’t have a boyfriend?’

‘If you were getting laid regularly, you’d be happier.’

He sneered but didn’t say anything. Instead, he picked up her jacket and hung it on the coat rack on the wall behind Maggie. ‘Someone will be filling that cubicle.’

‘Lucky me,’ Maggie say, fingers flying over the keyboard, logging in.

He stood next to her. ‘Someone *important!*’ Keith murmured.

‘Can’t be that important if they’re sitting next to me. There! Logged in. And, what do you know? It’s eight fifty-nine!’ She waved a hand at him.

‘I am *not* high fiving you, Maggie! I don’t *do* stupid gestures,’ he sniffed. He bent down and repeated, ‘Someone *very* important!’

‘All right, I give up. Who?’

‘I can’t tell you.’

‘Tease. Maybe that’s why you don’t have a boyfriend! You’re a big tease! No follow through.’

‘And that’s why you don’t have a girlfriend?’ Keith said, proud that he managed to reply to one of Maggie’s quips. Keith raised a solitary slender eyebrow for emphasis. He continually proclaimed the benefits of eyebrow threading.

‘I don’t have time for a girlfriend,’ Maggie said.

‘Sure you don’t,’ Keith said sarcastically. ‘I can’t tell you who it is,’ he said, switching back to the topic he was focussed on. ‘Emily will bring her down later.’

‘Her? Whoever *she* is, she must be important to get Emily out of her cat cave.’

‘Can you stop calling Emily *Cat Woman*?’
Keith hissed. ‘She won’t see it as a compliment, you know.’

‘Not meant to be a compliment, Keith,’
Maggie said airily. ‘And what else do you call someone who has fifteen cats?’

‘She *doesn’t!*’ Keith said, horrified. ‘*Fifteen?*’

‘Check out her Instagram posts. I lost count after eleven.’

Keith stared at her for a moment. ‘Really?’

‘They all have desperate eyes in their tiny faces. As if they’re silently screaming, get me out of here!’

Keith smiled briefly. ‘I’ll have to look. She *does* smell like kitty litter.’

‘See?’ Maggie said smugly. ‘Here we go, got a call.’ Keith wandered off. Maggie worked in the corporate reservations centre for the chain of Buckland hotels. Efficiently, she handled the booking online and signed off. The message box popped up on her screen. Emily wanted to see her. *Immediately!*

Maggie sighed, signed into pause mode so calls would be diverted, and began the long walk down the aisle to Emily’s office. She knocked on the open door and Emily looked up from her screen. She frowned. ‘It’s you,’ she said.

‘You rang?’ Maggie asked innocently, managing, just in time, not to do an impersonation of a gothic Frankenstein.

Emily looked Maggie up and down. Her eyes focussed briefly on Maggie’s black hiking boots with pink laces. She frowned again. ‘I have some news. Come in and close the door.’

Maggie complied and walked in. She avoided the seat and looked around the small office. There were, she saw with some satisfaction, pictures of cats on the wall. ‘News?’

‘Cassandra Buckland is joining us.’

Even though Maggie knew of the granddaughter of the founder of the Buckland group, she still said, ‘Who?’

Emily frowned. ‘You know damn well, Dyson! Don’t play games! You are going to look after her.’

‘Bullshit I am!’ Maggie said vehemently. ‘Not in my job description to play nursemaid. Get someone else.’

‘Don’t you think I would if I could!’ Emily snapped. ‘I got a call from the executive floor,’ she said with a hint of reverence. ‘It’s *you* they *want!*’

‘Nobody up there in the clouds would know I existed!’ Maggie protested, pacing around the office, staring at cat photos, not looking at Emily.

‘Apparently, they do! *You are it!*’

‘What do you mean by *it*?’

‘You show her the ropes, help her settle in.’

‘No!’

‘Come on, Maggie,’ Emily wheedled. ‘You know she won’t be here long. Three months tops. Then they’ll move her on. Cassandra Buckland is the golden princess. She’s on a fast track. She’ll be marketing’s problem next.’

‘Still no.’

Emily smiled thinly. It was not a pretty smile. ‘There’s a bonus in it for you.’

Maggie stopped pacing. ‘Bonus? How much?’

‘A thousand.’

‘A thousand *bucks*?’ Maggie said incredulously.

‘Yes. It’s been authorised as an ex gratia payment. Just show her the ropes.’

‘Do I *have* to be nice to her?’

‘Nobody said anything about nice,’ Emily said. She leaned back and grinned. ‘You know she’ll be the big boss one day. Here’s your chance to make friends with her.’

‘Can you imagine me friends with an uptown chick? She probably can’t walk straight with that silver spoon up her bum! Besides, I won’t be here

then. I'll be out of here in three months. When do I get the thousand?'

'After two weeks. She should be coping on her own by then.'

The idea of the money was attractive. It could mean Maggie could get out of the call centre earlier than she had planned. 'How do I know you're not conning me, Emily?' Emily smiled again and slid a piece of paper over the desk. It was a copy of an internal email. 'Who is Stevenson?' Maggie asked, reading the email.

'Don't you know *anything*? He's the *director* of our division.'

'Whatever. He's authorised the money and copied HR. This is real.'

'Absolutely.'

'This isn't one of those punked things, is it?'

'I don't know what you're saying.'

'It's not a con? Corporations are arse holes,' Maggie said darkly.

'It's real!'

'And I don't have to be nice?'

'Nope.'

'Okay. Wheel Ms Buckland in!'

'She'll be here at ten. I'll bring her down. Can you clean up your workstation a little?'

‘Don’t push it, Emily.’

•

Maggie was finishing a reservation when she saw Emily leading a blonde woman down the aisle. Maggie groaned silently as she studied the woman with Emily.

Blonde hair pulled back into a tight bun, Cassandra Buckland was, Maggie guessed, about her Maggie’s age. She wore a red skirt suit with a grey silk blouse under the jacket. Red high heels, hose and an expensive leather briefcase completed the picture of the efficient corporate woman. She was also very beautiful!

‘Maggie,’ Emily said with a hint of nervousness. She never knew how it was going to go with Maggie. ‘This is Cassandra Buckland. Cassandra, Maggie will help you get settled.’

‘Hello,’ Cassandra said quietly.

‘Hi.’

Emily’s eyes flickered between the two younger women. ‘Right. I’ll leave you to get to know each other.’ She almost ran down the aisle.

‘And we go *back* to the cat cave,’ Maggie muttered.

‘Sorry?’ Cassandra said.

‘Nothing.’

‘Is this my desk?’ Casandra put her briefcase on the other desk.

‘Yep. Boot your computer up and log in. You do know how to do that, don’t you?’

‘I think I can manage that,’ Cassandra said. She removed her jacket and hung it on the rack behind them. Maggie guessed the jacket and matching skirt cost more than she made in a month. Probably *three* months!

‘Once you log in, I’ll show you the screens. Do you know where the bathrooms are, Cassie?’

‘Don’t call me that,’ Cassandra said as she typed.

‘If you say so. It’s better than Cassandra, though. Cassandra Buckland sounds like a villain in a James Bond movie.’

Cassandra’s lips twitched but she did not smile. ‘Are you always this welcoming to new personnel?’

‘Nope. This is me on a *good* day. Logged in?’ Cassandra nodded. ‘And the torture begins! Let me show you the reservation screens.’

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