Lost and Insecure

by PoeticHeretic

Summary

Sometimes, when two people are lost and insecure, they have to lose everything in order to find themselves and each other. [Very Mature - Trigger Alert]
Chapter 1

Disclaimer
All characters with the exception of original characters belong to the author of the original work, Lauren Weisberger. This is a work of fan-fiction, intended for non-commercial purposes.

Warning
Explicit and mature scenes ahead. Dubious consent trigger after the mid-chapter line break.

Author's Note (A/N)
THIS IS AN EDITED VERSION OF LOST AND INSECURE. I have been offline from for a long time (lost password to email and account. Had to request from admin and prove my identity)
I will be resurrecting this fic with weekly posts. All errors in grammar or spelling is my fault - I must have been too anxious to release this edited Chapter 1.
Anyone remembers this fic from long ago? Hit me a shoutout so I know you are as excited as I am. To the new people, rest assured I have a plan for Andy, Miranda and everyone else.

Chapter 1: The End

Andy let out a sigh as she unlocked the back door to the townhouse. When Miranda gave her the keys, she was elated thinking that this was a positive step in their relationship. That is if you could even call it a relationship. "Be careful when you come in. We can't let those vultures catch my ex-assistant turned cub reporter frequenting my house through the backdoor, now can we?" Miranda had insisted after the divorce buzz came and went. And the few times the doe-eyed woman brought it up, she received her reply in the form of hard kisses from Miranda. These kisses meant different things to each woman. *You're my everything, Miranda. All I need is you and the girls. You are mine, Andrea.*

It was no surprise that Miranda held the power in their relationship. Andy would stay over after dinner as often as every night on some weeks when she didn't have to work late and had her own wardrobe in the guest room. Most importantly, she spent time with the twins regardless whether Miranda was around now that they had grown closer to the cub reporter. Miranda financed her apartment, despite it being a glorified half-way house between work and the townhouse. After two years of *this*, there was no indication from Miranda that Andy could move in and finally call the townhouse "home". *Home is where my heart is and home is where you and the girls are.*

Everyone who knew (everyone being Nigel, Emily, Serena, the twin's nanny Elise and housekeeper Lauren) about Andy and the high priestess of Fashion had an unspoken understanding that they could not and should not label their "relationship". Andy wasn't referred to as Miranda's partner or girlfriend. Just "her Andy". Andy had accepted early on that being with Miranda meant being understanding about the lack of answers and being deferential to the status of *this*. It was getting harder to accept the thinly veiled jabs Miranda would make regarding her job. Despite understanding that she was low on the totem pole when compared to Miranda's exes, she was proud that she loved Miranda well. She was happy sharing Miranda's life (or rather secret life) and the twins.

Happy going through the back door, happy staying at home while Miranda attended different social events with different men. Usually gay. Happy having dates at home when the twins were away, happy taking care of the girls when Miranda brought work back to the townhouse. *I am happy.*
It was eerily quiet as she remembered the twins left earlier for their father's. Friday night was when Miranda would have the house to herself, without the housekeeper or the twins around. As she walked through the kitchen, she noted the time - 3:00 AM. She dragged her feet, walking tiredly into the foyer and left her shoes in the hallway closet. Barefooted and barely standing from the exhaustion of working late every night these weeks, she closed her eyes and reached for the bannister to guide her. She has not seen the twins or Miranda in person since they left three weeks ago for the Hamptons. Andy couldn't tag along as she hasn't accumulated enough leave as a junior reporter. Even if she did have enough leave, she would be stuck in the beach house and the beach with the girls. As Miranda casually mentioned when she was complaining about the Runway parties she would have to attend.

At 16 years of age, the twins were intelligent and perceptive- if not more mischievous than they were during Andy's time as Miranda's assistant. However, Andy was part of their team now since she was cool and made mom less cranky. It helped, of course, that Andy was always feeding them pizza and junk food. The twins respected Andy because she treated them like adults but was firm on them when they misbehaved. Usually when they broke curfew. Andy had taken to the twins even before Andy and Miranda were involved with each other. When they stopped playing pranks on her and realised she was here to stay, they gladly soaked up the attention Andy gave them. The twins didn't like the fact that Andy still could not be seen with them in public and sulked for at least a week in Hamptons when she couldn't come along. By the second week, they saw something that put them on alert but they couldn't tell Andy for the fear that she would leave.

Andy spoke to the twins frequently during their holiday but Miranda was unsurprisingly absent during these calls. In between the parties and events, they had only spoken once or twice. Even then, Miranda was agitated over the phone. She misses me as much as I miss her. The girls, however, video called every night. They took the time to tell Andy about their day, who they met, funny incidents with their temp nanny and most importantly, they ended the call with I miss yous that made Andy's heart clench. Andy missed them terribly and wondered if the pain would be worse if she ever had children of her own.

She had been awake since Thursday and it was Friday night, correction Saturday morning. She had been on duty to update the Mirror website and spent hours working on the story she was investigating. Greg knew about the story and let Andy have a pet project. She was close to breaking through, she knew she was close. She texted Miranda yesterday over her lunch break to say that she would only see her on Sunday but she had gotten no reply. That was Miranda's usual M.O though since Andy learned a good lesson when she forgot to do so previously. Miranda threw a big fit about how Andy was being irresponsible with the Editor's time and her own. "Next time, tell me if you aren't coming," she bristled and Andy could only smile because that meant there was going to be a next time despite Miranda getting annoyed.

As she ascended to the upper floors, she found Miranda's coat strewn over the steps. That's odd. She would never just throw her clothes like that. She must be really tired. She took the coat and exhaled, turning around to return the coat on the ground floor coat room. Now we go again. She restarted her track upstairs and when her feet landed on the first floor soundlessly, the carpet hiding her arrival. I can't wait to surprise her. Andy had begged a fellow co-worker to swap the last day of her duty with her, allowing her to sneak and surprise Miranda now, rather than only seeing her on Sunday.

The door to Miranda's bedroom was ajar as the soft light from the bedside lamps filled the hallway. Andy heard hushed sounds and wondered if some poor soul was getting scolded by Miranda at this hour for something. Maybe one of the assistants. God knows she did it to me when I was the second
assistant. She pushed the door slowly, careful not to startle Miranda. She would not like that. Andy bit down on her lower lips as her eyes widen at the sight in the bedroom. She was blinking rapidly now, her eyelids and naturally long eyelashes fluttered as she prayed to wake up from this nightmare. Please let me be hallucinating.

"Mmmh…"

"I love it when you get on your knees, Mira. That's it - keep going."

The image would be ingrained in Andy's head forever as she took in Miranda on her knees while an unknown man she didn't recognise stood over her, his eyes closed with his hands in Miranda's hair.

"James, I want you in-inside me." Miranda punctuated her sentence with licks.

James. James Clark? Clark as in grandson of Elias Clark, who just inherited a significant amount of shares to the company when he turned 30. Now she recalled the name from Miranda's complaints about a new player on the Board. Something about having to meet him at the Hamptons parties. "Stanford law graduate with too much money for his own good I suppose. If Irv hasn't gotten his slimy paws into him, maybe he will be agreeable to the budget I'm proposing for the next year." His hand moved from Miranda's hair to hold her head, pushing the older woman against his hips. "Fuck, Miranda. I'm gonna cum in that dirty mouth of yours." Andy's heart was stabbed repeated as the two people moved towards the bed. The knife twists deeper. As if it was a rehearsed dance, Miranda lies on her back and pulled James above her, curling her legs around his hips. Andy's hand covered her mouth as she heard Miranda moan at the contact.

"Babe, do you want to ride me?"

"No, pound me hard and fast. I want you, James."

Whatever left of Andy's heart shredded into untraceable pieces with Miranda's reply and as she spread her legs wider. Andy retreated, tears flowing freely down her face as she choked back a sob, biting her lips to the point of drawing blood. It would bruise later. She had to run. She couldn't bear to listen, much less confront Miranda. What could she even say? Andy knew, then, that at the early hours on a Saturday morning, the pieces of her heart and soul that she had left with Miranda was gone. Her heart was played carelessly and punished mercilessly by the woman moaning someone else's name. Everything hurt and she felt like she was dying. This is what dying feels like.

She ran, taking her shoes, coat and tattered messenger bag with her. Slamming the back door behind her, running out to the street. After everything, you still care about her image and her demands. Stupid girl. Smart fat girl. At the thought of her foolishness, she choked and sobbed. A pain enveloped her body as she knelt on the pavement, gasping for air, crying and choking as she tried to stand. I need to go home. Home. Where is home?

The movement above her stopped. "Mira, did you hear that? Like a door slamming." His hands traced her nipples, pinching as she arched to his touch. He stopped moving but he could feel her tightening around him, begging him to continue with his rough pounding. How is she still so tight? It feels good to make her moan and beg for me. "That's absurd, James. We're the only ones here." Andrea is busy at that pathetic office. She rolled her eyes as she used her legs to draw him closer.

James smirked, choosing to answer with his actions instead. He lifted her legs and placed it on his shoulders. Just as Miranda was about to say something, he interrupted with a hard thrust into her. Whatever she had planned turned into soft repeated moans as he pounded into her at breaking
speed. He lifted his hips at an angle and forced himself to push deeper. *Fuck she moans like a pornstar. "You're mine. Mine. Tell me!"* He repeated as he came, the angled thrust causing her to cum. "Yours."

He was still cumming when he started moving above her again. He wanted to stay in the heat of her cunt. Her body had relaxed, limped against his lean and hard body. He was hard again and now it was her time to do the work. She grunted softly, too sore to move, much less impale herself on his cock. Her body throbbed wonderfully at the leftover sensations of her last orgasm. "I'm really tired, James. You came, didn't you?"

"I did… but I'm hard now. And poor baby Mira, too sore to fuck herself on my cock," kissing her forehead as he removed his cock from her pussy. He slides his hands from her body towards her pelvis, his fingers collecting the wetness. He spreads it over her anus. *No! NO!"

"James, I told you before. I don't like it there," Miranda sighed. Her words muffled by his action of turning her onto her stomach, she turns her head and she sees her nightstand, illuminated by the soft lamp.

He ignores her, only scoffing as he guides his cock to the rim of his preferred destination. Miranda struggles against his weight half-heartedly. "Please," her voice drops to an almost whispers. He gets more excited at her pleading, inching his hips downwards and into Miranda. "You're mine, Miranda. My bitch, whether you like it or not now."

He pushes his entire length into in one swift thrust, causing her to cry out in pain. *I bet it's gonna hurt tomorrow.* He waits for one beat before fucking her ass in long slow strokes. *Miranda Priestly is my cum bucket.* She writhes underneath him, struggling to push him off as she feels the violation. James grows impatient for her to join him and decides to pick up the speed. By the time he cums again, having pounded deep and hard into her, she was unconscious. *That's no fun. I'll have to get her to pay for this tomorrow.*

He reached for her breast roughly, tugging as he waits for his release into her anal cavity to slow down. If he had thought that her pussy was tight, her ass was out of this world. *Miranda Priestly, I just took your anal virginity.* He removed his dick which had some blood on it and used his fingers to scoop some cum that dripped out. He traced his name "JAMES PHILLIP CLARK" on her body, marking what belonged to him. Her body was his canvas. *I'll make her suck my dick in the morning. I want her to know how we taste like.*

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Do you like the changes? I missed all of you very much. - Lucy
Chapter 2

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Author's Note (A/N)
Looks like quite a few of you are excited about Lost and Insecure (and my) return. Thanks for the warm welcome back.

Chapter 2 : fork in the road (pt.1)

Andy struggled to take in the air as she knelt on the ground. Her whole body trembled with the pain piercing through every fibre of her being. It was as if her heart was pulled out of her chest cavity but she stayed alive and continued breathing. Trying to breathe. Still breathing, unfortunately. A part of her wanted to stop breathing. Stop the dark thoughts, Andy. Does it matter though? She doesn't love you. Probably never did. She continued gasping for air as if water filled her lungs and she was drowning over and over. I'm dying. Yet, these whimpers and chokes, muffled by her own pale shaking hands that hugged her frame. The disjointed inhale and exhale movements of her body remind her, she is alive. Alive and awake. Not a dream after all. She felt every bit of ineffable epic anguish and heartbreak that writers tried to capture. Could heartbreak feel like grief?

Why, Miranda? Was I not enough? Were we not enough for you? Whatever we had surely meant something at least. Something more than fucking someone else on the bed we shared almost every night. I gave you my heart. My entire being belongs to you. I would have sacrificed everything I had just to hear you say I love you. To be able to tell you. I tried, even if you never wanted me to say it. I showed you with my actions, with every gesture and care I love you so fucking much. Do I not deserve the same love and adoration I gave to her? To her twins. Oh God, the twins.

With that thought, Andy heaved whatever cups of coffee she has consumed earlier and clutched her abdomen. The throbbing in her head grew worst. How can I lose her if I never had her? Her inner devils punished her relentlessly. You're such a "smart" fat girl. You fell for her act. Thinking I meant more than just a bedwarmer and part-time nanny. Andy's chest hurt, the back of her throat raw from heaving and knees bruised from kneeling. Her heart beats out of her chest, despite having lost it in the townhouse behind her. The rhythm of her own heartbeat filled her own ears, juxtaposing the unusually silent streets around her. Everything was muted as compared to the loud mess she felt right now. She doesn't love you. She never did. Her body was exhausted from being thrown against the rocks of her imagine waves. She had drowned in her tears and choked sobs. She had bled herself into the grey pavement of the Upper West Side. Her love for Miranda died that day, that much she was sure. Along with a part of her. A part that she would and could never take back. Heartbreak feels like grief because someone died. I died.

She placed her shaking hands in front of her and pushed herself off the ground. She struggled as if learning how to stand again for the first time. The storage of her messenger bad sat on her tensed shoulder as she held her hands against her chest. She held her breath until she was sure she wouldn't heave or tremble anymore. When she finally inhaled fresh intake of oxygen, she gasped.
Her lungs have forgotten how to take normal breaths without choking or coughing. She parted her lips, teaching herself to inhale and exhale. Her cheeks were tear-stained and her nose red. She repeated the motions and with every inhalation and exhale, she applied pressure to the wound that is in her heart. The immediate bleeding is under control but blood still seeped out, sadness still flowing through her veins. The invisible wound on her chest cavity (though serious was not mortally fatal) and so reminded Andy Sachs that she would live to salvage parts of her which were not lost.

She probably looked like death personified. The pointed looks of judgment and some of concerned, while she walked towards her apartment, would have bothered her if she wasn't preoccupied with getting to her destination. She entered the apartment containing most of her things. It wasn't home or at least it didn't feel like a house Andy would have decorated. Miranda had bought the unit furnished and basically installed Andy into the apartment like a living furniture. *This isn't my home. Neither was the townhouse.* She smiled mirthlessly. *So I've been homeless for a while now and only realised it today. Good job, Andy.*

"Why can't you just say thank you like a full grown adult? Stop crying, for goodness sake. I bought this for you so that I don't need to spend unnecessary time travelling to see you in that dingy apartment of yours," Miranda said tonelessly, surveying the unit which Emily had arranged. It was a fully furnished apartment that she decided to invest when Andrea took God-forbid half an hour to reach the townhouse to watch the twins while she had a business appointment on a Saturday afternoon. Andy remembered that she was so touched by Miranda's actions, her brown doe-eyes shining with unshed tears as she rushed over to hug Miranda. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

The editor smirked at her ex-assistant. *I can think of a better way to enjoy my thank you. "Why don't you show me instead? How grateful you are, that is,"* her hands wrapped around Andy's hips, drawing the younger woman closer. *"Go on, we have talked about moving at a glacial pace."* Andy showed her gratefulness for the rest of the afternoon. They christened the bed and every comfortable location they could find around the apartment. *She just wanted me at her convenience. She -*

Andy shook her head, not allowing herself to fall further into that downward spiral. She wanted to stop crying. She refused to be that helpless naive Andrea anymore. She was not going to be on her knees, crying her heart and eyes out. Not for Miranda Priestly, not for anyone ever again. She deserved love, attention and respect. She deserved all that and more. She had never asked for those things from the Editor but the Editor had no qualms demanding for Andy to give her everything. *No more "smart fat" girl.* She was furious at Miranda and livid with a certain blond heir. Yet she was calm. She was trying to compose herself, to figure out her next steps. Anyone who went against the Dragon in blinding white rage will only end up being burnt to crisps. So, what now, Andy?

She sat on the closed toilet seat, sipping water from the bottle as the soothing sounds of the water filling the bathtub filled her ears. She slipped into the warm body of water, sighing as she felt relief against the aches in her muscles and bones. She leaned back against the end of the bathtub, raising her right leg, she used tickles her toes with water that continued to fill the tub. The water was up to her collarbone by the time she finished her bottle of ridiculously expensive water. *This feels really good. She sighed and it quickly turned into a yawn. I've been awake for how many hours now? I don't even know what time it is.* She yawned again, her vision turning blurry from the tears in her eyes. Wow. The warm water made it difficult for Andy to ever think about leaving the tub.

Every muscle in her body was sore, her bones ached. The warm water felt like the best temporary massage that a girl could ever want. *People fall asleep in tubs all the time right? I doubt anyone really died from falling asleep and drowning like in movies. At least not unintentionally. Or are
there? She felt oddly whimsical at that last thought. It was morbid to think that someone could actually die from drowning in their tub unless it was an episode of Law and Order or CSI. *This is not the movies.* With the last yawn, Andy fell asleep, laying her head on the edge of the tub. *I am so tired. So tired.*

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*Why is my skin sticky and I'm sore? Unusually so.*

Miranda's cheeks coloured pink as she remembered her time with James yesterday. She couldn't remember falling asleep but here she was, in her bed with dried cum on her body and the smell on her sheets. *It smells like sweat and cum. Where is he even? I need to get him out of here and change the sheets before Andrea drops by. Oh God, Andrea. She can never find out. The girls are already angry at me for spending time with James in the Hamptons. They adore Andrea. I adore A - No I merely enjoy her presence. Just like I enjoy James'.*

At that thought, Miranda blushed again as she remembered their time in the Hamptons. She had tried to be discreet with staying over at James' since they went at it like rabbits. After washing up, she grabbed a robe and set out to find the younger man in question. With every step that she took towards the kitchen where she could hear obnoxious millennial music playing, Miranda was uncomfortable at the thought of having to deal with James. She was still physically hurting from their activity last night. *I did ask for it and I never told him to stop. I only pleaded for him to be in me. I t-tried.*

She found James in nothing but his boxers, reading the paper and drinking orange juice from the carton. *Such a child. He wasn't wearing those boxers yesterday. Oh God, they belong to Andrea. Seeing him in the kitchen, making himself at home. He did not belong in her kitchen, in her home or her life. Not like - Her eyes widened, miffed by the unfinished thought, knowing full well that feeling of guilt which seeped through like poison.*

James finally looked up from his newspapers and noticed her standing in the doorway. He saw her eyes widening at the sight of his boxers and smirked. *She is such a slut for me.* "Like what you see? Thanks for getting these boxers for me, I found them in the guest room after you fell asleep yesterday. I know you enjoy undressing me but I appreciate it when you dress me in clothes too."

She moved wordlessly to seat opposite of him, gently placing herself on the chair. She was careful to maintain a neutral expression. *"We should talk about yesterday. It hurts." She paled as the admission tumbled out of her. He raped me. I said please and then he just went on and on. She was embarrassed and angry, a combination that made her lash out cruelly if he were anyone else. But he isn't. That's the reason for all this. He is going to help you get rid of Irv.*

James saw her colour turning pale and reached out to take her hands in his, *"Baby, I'm sorry you are hurting. I shouldn't have been so rough this morning. You're just too irresistible," bringing her palms to his lips for a soft kiss. Wait till I tell the boys how I slew the Dragon. Miranda examined his expression, although slightly apologetic, she could see that he was proud. "You should have respected my wishes. I told you before that I'm not ready for that," she chastised him, hoping to gain an upper hand or something that she could control him with. So far, the power dynamic between the both of them has been a tug-of-war match.

James Phillip Clark was not used to being chastised, nagged or denied when he wanted something. Or someone. *She's forgetting that I'm in charge.* The whole "Dragon" boss lady act was getting old after two weeks. He liked that she appeared very dominating in her field but submitted to him sexually. *I want an obedient fuck doll. Not a whiny bitch.* It was fun to chase the dragon and mark the dragon but he wasn't going to play house with someone who couldn't handle rough fucking. *Not interested in taking care of two16-year olds. I'd rather date them. In legal states of course.*
“What more do you want? I apologised for being rough. Anal sex was going to happen sooner or later. You did say you belong to me and that your body is mine. So yeah, don't give me the third degree for fucking you deep and hard. Also, isn't it a bit hypocritical of you to complain when you moan like a bitch in heat when I fuck you?” While he was frustrated at her for scolding him, talking about fucking her out loud had an effect on him. He was aroused by the thought of repeating his performance yesterday. *I wanted her to suck me off.*

_How dare he! Because I let him in._ Miranda flushed red from her neck at the thought of him treating her like a common whore. He was attentive and charming when they were in Hamptons. _Admit it. It felt good because he ignored everyone who wanted his attention and focused on you. Irv was so mad and it was exhilarating. It was good to be openly pursued by someone powerful and young._ Miranda did not forget her initial goal despite James' attention and flattery.

She needed James as an ally against Irv and she couldn't provoke him into doing otherwise but now she only wanted a business alliance with him. _He will never touch me again._ She sniffed and move away from the table without a word, determined to get dressed, collect Patricia and destroy all evidence of his existence before Andrea came home. _She can never find out. I'll burn those damned sheets._

"I didn't say you could leave, babe. Sit back down," he raised his voice, startling her as he held her wrists and pulled her towards his lap. She sat gingerly and immediately felt his erection through the thin material. She widened her eyes at the thought of fucking this repulsive man again. His eyes shone with glee, "You feel it? That's for you, Mira." Whispering in her ears what he intended to do with her, he traced his hands all over the side of her body.

He used his hands to pull her firmly against him, causing her hips to meet with him and his erection to brush against her thigh. "Don't call me Mira!" she hissed, trying to get off his lap and put some distance between their bodies. "I've had it with you. You asked to be pounded and I did. You're my slut. Remember that." _I've marked you. I've painted your cunt and body over and over with my cum._ He pins her between him and the table, standing up to force her to sit on the table and spread her legs.

"I'm not a slut," she protested firmly, ignoring the voices in her head that agreed with him. He laughed, "Yeah and I'm not James Phillip Clark. If you want to keep Runway, you'll let me fuck you now until I am ready to stop. So what is it going to be?" He tugged at her robe, using his fingers to trace the outline of her breasts. The threat audibly ringing in both their ears.

"If you didn't know, I really hate repeating myself. WHAT. IS. IT. GOING. TO. BE?" He punctuated each sentence with a thrust against her, his hardened member brushing her clit each time they came in contact. Miranda bites her lower lip, trying to stifle the moans. Despite the pain and threat he presented, she still felt arousal. _Why am I like this?_

How is the read? Is it okay with thoughts in italics? Also, does it flow better? I hope I show some improvement as a writer with the edits. Talk soon.

- Lucy
Chapter 3

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Warning
Explicit and mature scenes ahead. Trigger alert too. Better safe than sorry. Don't read if you have self-harm trigger.

Author's Note (A/N)
Thank you for the reviews and for a few that defended me, I am very touched. I appreciate both sides of the argument. Obviously I understand the need for better warnings but I also take the view that I don't want to reveal anything "plot" related in my warning. I hope to find that line.

Chapter 3 : fork in the road (pt.2)

I am so tired. So tired.

Her eyes blinked open as the image of the white ceiling came into view. She was safe in this bubble. Warm, safe and suspended from the harsh realities. She had been living in blissful ignorance for the past two years, subconsciously denying the reality that the love of her life dragged her around like a rag doll. Not much difference between being a kept woman and her assistant. Despite being ensconced in this bubble, she could see everything clearer now. I haven’t been happy but I’m definitely not happy now.

Andy Sachs did not feel the heart-wrenching sadness in the same way as she did on the sidewalk at this moment. She felt anger, red hot livid anger at Miranda. You killed me. She stared at the white plane above her, blinking slowly. I gave all that I have and I lost. Who am I now? Who was I? Before being with her, before I was her assistant? She struggled to find any meaningful answer and closed her eyes, hoping to visualise that smart fat happy girl.

Then her bubble broke.

Emily Charlton was calm, composed and elegant. Most of the time at least. She made sure she was. She worked hard to prevent running around like a headless chicken. I’m not second assistant anymore. It wasn’t becoming for a Junior Art Director to scramble. Nor was it appropriate for her to punch the newest member of the Board. So she didn’t. I will not lose my bits. Except when she found the apartment unlocked and Andy in the bathtub with her eyes closed.

She was on her way home after spending the night at a random girl’s apartment on the Lower West side. The girl wasn’t even that good in bed. Pillow Princess! Plus, the whole Audrey Hepburn poster decor with Tiffany blue shades were revolting to the redhead’s senses. She refused to be subjected to it while she pretended to be asleep. She was tempted by the curves cuddled next to her and the soft feminine snores could be considered adorable. Only slightly so.

She had followed Madeline home after Nigel and her ended their pow-wow at Morrie’s. They both desperately needed drinks after experiencing the worst Hampton Hangover. The Runway related
parties were great with one singular exception but returning to the city meant their workload fell on
them like an anvil. It didn’t help that they split their time between staring discrete daggers at “you-
know-who and that wanker” and putting out mini-fires during the parties. *Useless event team!*

While Nigel and Emily didn’t exchange any spoken communication over what they saw in
Hamptons, they exchanged pointed looks that afforded them to order multiple rounds. *Oh Andy.*
Emily wanted desperately to blame Miranda’s abnormal behaviour on some secret Runway-related
plan. *Maybe he is her not-so-secret weapon against Irv after all.*

Having kept a copy of the key for emergency purposes, she wanted to take a shower before
travelling all the way back to her place. Andy would not even be at the apartment since the junior
reporter was supposed to work until Sunday. Emily and Andy hung out here sometimes when on
the off chance that Emily followed Nigel and Miranda back to the townhouse for meetings. While
it didn’t happen often, Emily was not below sneaking into a barely-lived in apartment with a full
and functioning shower after her one-night stand.

*Why the fuck is the door unlocked?*

“First off, it’s not what it looks like and you know-,”

“I know nothing. What the bloody hell, Andy?” Emily asked as she inspected the doe-eyed brunette
in a bathrobe. She was hiding her own shock, naked as the day she was born submerged underwater
and eyes closed. *This is not normal.*

“I’m tired and I’m sleepy. I was taking a shower then I guess I fell asleep. It happens all the time to
other people…” Andy trailed off, unsure of Emily stalking around the living room. “Well, I speak
from experience and you usually get up for air if you fall asleep and submerge into water. It’s not
normal for lungs to hold breaths. So, tell me,” Emily said pointedly. *Don’t tell me you’re trying to
fucking drown.*

“You’re going to hate what I’m going to say. You might even hate me,” Andy said softly, her eyes
hardened. *She won’t look at Miranda the same if I tell her. She’ll be so angry. Angry like I am.*

“How could you even say that? I could never hate you. I didn’t even really hate you when you
went to Paris and that was a big one. I only hate crossing the road and taxis now.” *Was she really
trying to harm herself?*

“Fine, I’ll tell you but you have to stay calm. You promise?” Andy said softly and left the bedroom
for the kitchen, her throat dry from the thought of telling Emily out loud after that declaration.

*Promises. She’s made so many when it came to Andy. Usually about Miranda. “Don’t be angry at
her. It’s my fault. She didn’t mean it. She’s good to me. You know how she is. Don’t say anything.”
Oh boy do I fucking know alright. After witnessing first-hand the Editor’s treatment of Andy, any
hero-worship glasses were replaced with professional respect. “I don’t make promises that I may
not keep. So, no. I shan’t.” Was it really that bad?*

“Well at least I tried. Just listen until I’m done, okay? I-uhm-I got off work early after Jack agreed
to swap with me. So, I went to the townhouse after that.” Andy exhaled loudly, her own heartbeat
ringing in her ears as she begged her body to cooperate. *Keep it together.* “When I was there, I
found Miranda having sex with James Clark,” she punctuated her sentence with staccato breaths.
*In-in-out, in-in-out.*
“WHAT?” Emily screeched, staring into Andy’s eyes as she held the brunette’s shoulders. Oh God that’s why she was in the tub. I’m going to fucking kill both of them. Miranda and that slimy bastard. “W-was that why you were in the tub? Were you trying t-to, you know…” Emily’s gripped tightened on Andy’s shoulders, anxious that the brunette would disappear before her eyes. Her first priority was Andy. After this, she was going to skin a certain heir alive.

“No! Honest to God, Em. I fell asleep,” Andy sighed. The exhaustion she felt earlier crept back into her bones, causing her shoulders to sag under Emily’s grip. “Andy, what do you want to do now? I’m here. We can call Nigel and we can figure something out about Miranda,” Emily said softly, feeling her best friend wither in her arms.

Miranda? “I don’t want anything to do with Miranda. I really want to sleep, Em,” Andy clenched her jaw at the thought of a certain Editor. She was angry but more than that, she was just so fucking sleepy. She was convinced she would fall asleep with Emily holding her up if the redhead didn’t let her crawl into bed.

“Oh,” Emily’s responded by guiding Andy towards the guest room. Tucking the brunette in wordlessly, Emily turned around to find a phone charger. She needed to contact Nigel and Serena before she screamed her head off. FUCK! All her internal alarms were going crazy but she kept a calm front. Andy is a mess right now. Those racoon eyes.

Andy’s eyelids fluttered as she suddenly felt herself enveloped in warm covers and a soft bed. Am I dead? Oh God, don’t let Em hear. She’ll be so mad. She hummed, feeling safe despite being unsure of the room she found herself in. This isn’t my bedroom. I mean Miranda and my - no my bedroom here. She sat up slightly, her eyes adjusting to the dark. Sudden anxiousness hit her as she breathed loudly. Get it together, Sachs!

Emily gripped her phone and the charger in one hand and the other pushing the door further ajar. “You silly cow, what are you doing up?” Emily stage-whispered, “Go back to sleep!” Andy blinked at the term of endearment, relaxing as she realised she was with Emily. She gave a small smile because “silly cow” had become an inside joke between them after a long night filled with tequila and Grey’s Anatomy. In a way, Emily was her Christina Yang. Her twisted sister.

"Stay with me?" Andy asked as she pushed the covers on the side to encourage Emily to snuggle with her. While mobile could accuse Emily of being affectionate, Andy knew there was a secret snuggler in her. Especially after tequila. "This is your lame attempt at getting me in bed with you. No funny business," Emily gave a mock warning, kneeling to charge her phone in the outlet on the other side before sliding into bed.

"Charlton, you know you want some cow-lovin," the yawn that punctuated that sentence lost any of its teasing effect. Instead, we have a sleepy Andy murmuring and giving into sleep as she cuddled into Emily's side. The room was illuminated by the digital glow of Emily's phone after it sent out a message to Nigel and Serena in their group chat.

So for the second time that night, Emily found herself in bed with a woman curled up next to her with soft snores. At least the design is tasteful here.
contact but she was repulsed by the person touching her. *Oh, so now you're disgusted? After he fucked you like a common whore and raping you. That's where you draw the line? Very impressive, Miriam.*

"No," she said with finality that would have made the Runway clackers quiver. "You will approve my new employment contract and an NDA. Then you will leave. That's all," she dismissed him, shrugging away his hands around her waist - pushing herself off him.

James was caught off-guard, as if physically incapable of understanding that someone had actually rejected him. *How dare she?* "What are you talking about? Get back here, Miranda!" By then, Miranda had left the room to retrieve the contracts she had the Elias Clark lawyers drawn up the moment she met James Phillip Clark. *You still let him fuck you though. You are still as insecure as the day you became Miranda. You cheated on the only person to truly love you.*

Miranda bit her lips to prevent from sobbing. *Andrea can never find out. Andrea - oh sweet Andrea. I'll make it up to you. I'll be better. I'll tell everyone about us after the contract. After I secure Runway.* With new determination, she stalked back into kitchen where James made a mess of throwing things around. *Childish imbecile. Sign these documents or I will publish the contents of the envelope and what happened last night. Considering the climate, I suggest you accept my terms or follow Weinstein's footsteps. Just imagine the stock plunge, James. You are, after all, a graduate from Stanford. Unless..."* Miranda left the insult unspoken, crossing her arms as James perused the envelope.

She had micro cameras set up in her bedroom and throughout the house after Stephen. She knew he couldn't resist bringing someone back to Miranda Priestly's townhouse. *And I was right.* The closed-circuit recording was kept in the basement, behind the wine cellar - hidden and air-gapped. *Hackers would have a field day if I placed it on the same wireless network. Miranda Priestly was only half an idiot for being insecure enough to enjoy the attention of a boy.*

"You bitch! How did you find her? How did you find the rest of them? Fuck and what do you mean last night? It was consensual!" James got angry and Miranda was ready to activate the silent alarms near the kitchen counter. *This is going to get ugly very fast.*

"I'm sure that's what you said to all of them. Some of these women will come forward when they are ready but a few of them would love nothing more than to destroy you, including me," Miranda threw a pen at James which he caught. He was furious at being slighted. *Tricked by the Dragon.*

"You tricked me into fucking you. This is entrapment and if I sign the NDA, it means you can't say anything to anyone about us. How will that work for your little plan, huh?" James knew he was grasping. He was fucked and he knew it because the evidence on him was damning. He had been paying these women through a separate account under a different name. *Not smart enough. Not nearly as smart as - NO! Don't even think about her.*

"I'm sure I'll think of something, James. Sign the papers and get out," Miranda said icily, ignoring the ridiculous voices in her head as they responded. *Who tricked who into fucking each other though? You got caught up in your stupid little fantasy. Golden boy wanted to fuck you and you spread your legs for him like a common whore.*

James huffed and signed the papers, clenching his copy and the contents of the envelope on his hand. Miranda didn't bother when he stormed our of the kitchen to collect his clothes with those documents in hand. She had her copy of the contracts and she had multiple copies made of the evidence against James Clark. *Now I have to clean this up. This fucking mess. These choices I made at the fork in the road.*
Send me messages or write them to me in the reviews. I am missing all of you this December. The holiday season is tough.

- Luce.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Disclaimer
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Warning

Chapter 4 : Rest Stop

[Saturday, the next day after the end]

Andy’s messy brown locks strewn across the pillow as she had one arm resting on her forehead. *Sloppy sleeper.* Even asleep, she radiated a gentleness and kindness that Emily secretly admired. Her thoughts were interrupted by a short silent buzz, signalling her message had received a reply. *It’s either that or some fucker messed up at the office.* The message buzz followed by a continuous buzz. *Grow some patience, Nigel!*

Trained to answer calls by the second ring, Emily unplugged her phone and slid out of bed. She carefully padded barefoot out of the room, eyeing Andy who was fast asleep on the bed. When she reached the safety of the kitchen, she pressed on the screen to answer. “H-“

“Wanna explain to me why I received some cryptic message at a God-forsaken time on a Saturday? What happened, Emily?” *Grumpy much?* “Oh hello to you too, Nigel. I would fucking love to tell you, if you let me talk and shut up for a minute. Civilised people take turns.” *Obviously I want to tell you before we have brunch together later. I highly doubt we want Andy to be the one to tell you.*

“Drop the attitude. I doubt you will make sense before I have my coffee. Use. Simple. Words. Stop it with the cryptic talk, Em.” Nigel groaned, as Emily heard him shuffling about, the known sounds of utensils clinking and the coffee machine in the background. *Fuck I could use some coffee too.* Emily looked around the pristine kitchen, eyes twinkling with mischief at the expensive coffee machine in the corner.

“Miranda fucking Priestly happened. *To Andy. She is ruining Andy. Ruined Andy. Damn her!* That’s the short version. Now that you have some context, your Highness. You can come over to Andy’s apartment and I will tell you the rest before she wakes up. *So that she doesn’t have to repeat it out loud herself.* Emily scoured the cupboards for some coffee beans. “Just get here before she wakes up, okay?” Emily ended the call before Nigel could reply. The more Nigel asked, the more she felt tempted to blurt everything out to him. *I don’t trust him not to call up Miranda immediately. He has to be here when I tell him. It’s Andy AND Miranda, for God’s sake.*

As Emily sipped the piping hot coffee which was not even near centre-of-the-sun hot like a certain Editor’s preference, she stared into the marble top of the kitchen island. *I never thought I would want to hurt Miranda for cheating on Andy Sachs. The second assistant who took my place in Paris and could actually be considered my mortal enemy at one point. Now two years later, one of my best friends. Fucking Andy Sachs and her Midwestern charm.*
“Emily, I’m really sorry about Paris. But I know you would love these clothes. You don’t have to pretend in front of me,” Andy said as she stumbled into Emily’s bedroom, struggling with the amount of clothes she was carrying. She had asked for clothes in Emily’s size and not her own when she was in Paris. That’s the least I can do after taking her spot.

The redhead in question didn’t say a word, except a small sniff and head tilt when Andy came back into the living room where she was, resting her leg cast on the arm rest of the sofa. Andy fucking Sachs, the resident girl scout. Andy was relentless in wanting Emily to be her friend. She could easily see past the heavy make-up and snobby British attitude. Of course, she sees the best in everyone. Including Miranda.

“So, how are you? Does your leg still hurt a lot?” Andy gave her bright smile. Just like the first day of school. Of course she would be the overly friendly girl. Emily would always have that smile in her memory and the warmth that radiated from the doe-eyed brunette. “I’m good. I don’t mind the horrible cast as much anymore.”

Andy’s warm smile then turned into a cheeky grin when Emily continued her sentence with, “would you like some tea? I’ll teach you the proper English way.” The whole warm gooey disgusting charm of hers worked on you. It worked on Nigel too. Within the first few months of her being second assistant which isn’t much of a record since Nigel is a softie. He is going to be beyond livid when I tell him. How do I say it? Bloody Hell!

Nigel Kipling afforded himself a few luxuries on Saturdays. Such as brunch with friends over mimosas and sleeping in before the aforementioned brunch. Especially the part where he gets to lay in bed and pretend that his body has not been conditioned to wake up at 5.30 am every morning. Thanks again Runway and thank you Miranda.

So when the phone buzzes and he is rudely “awakened”, he gets grumpy. What makes it worse is cryptic messages that made him squint his eyes and groan. I am not in the mood to deal with your dramatics, Em. He can feel his blood pressure spiking when Emily hangs up on him like a certain Editor. Oh she may not hero-worship Miranda anymore but the antics still remain. God forbid.

He knocks at the door and the door swings ajar slightly by Emily, he pushes past her and welcomes himself into the apartment. Going directly to check the rooms in the apartment, he finds a certain sleeping brunette sprawled across the guest room bed. Safe and sound, Six. His expression softens as he notes the dark circles around her eyes, swollen and puffy. Late nights or crying? Or both?

When he walks through the hallway and into the living room area, Emily motions for him to go out onto the fire escape. Nigel rolls his eyes but concedes. Damnit, I don’t really want to be grumpy at her! “She left work early yesterday when someone swapped with her,” Emily was doing her best pacing on the pseudo balcony while Nigel looked at her with a confused expression.

“Okay…so I’m glad she got to leave early and is now sleeping but your text made it seem like it’s a life and death problem. Since we wouldn’t be on this fire escape if it was an actual a medical emergency,” Nigel reasoned, eyebrows quirking at Emily’s tense posture. Okay, she stopped pacing. Don’t know if that’s a good thing.

“Well, Nigel. If it was actually a medical emergency, this conversation would be happening in any of these locations. Hospital, psych ward, or the coroner’s office. Take your pick. Would that be better for you? For your fucking Saturday routine?” Emily spit out the words harshly, too tired to take the gentle approach when the man in front of her kept that sassy attitude of his. Goddamnit Nigel!
“Coroner’s office? What the hell?” Nigel’s eyes widened at the implication of Emily’s words. “I stopped by after leaving Madeline’s place. Some girl I left with from Morrie’s yesterday. I wanted a shower before making my way home. The apartment door was unlocked and even slightly ajar. T-then I-“ Emily exhaled audibly. **God I really hope it was just her falling asleep. Miranda isn’t worth your life, you silly cow.**

Nigel swallowed, not liking the break in Emily’s voice and that exhalation. “Then I found Andy in the bath tub. Underwater with her eyes closed. She swears that she just fell asleep but -,” Emily’s hands wrapped around the railing and her knocks turned white. **But we know her actions could be due to what she saw last night.**

“Em?” Nigel asked, sensing that this wasn’t the end of the story since Emily only got more tense. “Yes. I mean, as I said previously, she left work early. She went directly to the townhouse after she got off work. She found Miranda and James, fucking. She caught them, Nigel. She saw them and I found her. In the tub. Asleep...,” Emily spit out the last part. **What if I didn’t stop by? What if it’s more than just falling asleep?**

Nigel felt so many different emotions flood through his system. Fear, relief, shock, anger, fear. **What the hell, Miranda! And Andy in the tub. Fuck!** The emotions cycled continuously as he processed what Emily shared with him. He felt Emily’s gaze resting on him as he stared towards the ground, glaring at it. **Miranda, why would you cheat on Andy**

They exchanged knowing glances, similar to last night’s at Morrie’s. **They probably started at the Hamptons. We suspected but we didn’t tell Andy. We couldn’t tell her. Should we have?** Guilt tore through both their minds, knowing the parts they played in omitting Miranda’s involvement.

The art director clenched his jaw and masked his guilt with an unreadable expression. **I did this to Andy. I sent her directly into the Devil’s arms.** Sure, it was good when Miranda was happy and in a good mood but what about Andy? **She deserved not to get her heart broken. I swear I thought Miranda loved Andy b-but that’s not exactly true.** Nigel sighs. **She had been sucking the life and soul out of Andy for awhile now.**

“Nigel?” Emily’s voice snapped him out of his spiral as he swallowed painfully. His throat dried up from the emotions he felt. Without answering Emily, he turned to go back into the apartment, eyes scanning the living room for a specific object. He walked around the living room, stalking over to the kitchen and opened the shelves.

Emily’s eyes widened. **Is he looking for the bloody knives?** “What the fuck are you looking for, Nige?” What does it take for a man to get a stiff drink after hearing shit news like that? You’d at least think that you Brits would know the proper way to break bad news,” he continued his search.

“Drink? I thought you were looking for knives or something,” Emily sputtered as she joined him on his search, feeling parched for some tequila.

“Why is this place like a fucking church?”

“Wrong comparison. A church would have wine for communion. ”

“Don’t you mean temple. You’re jewish, are you not? Ugh, where’s the tequila I brought over the last time?”

“Wait, you thought I wanted knives? What for? It’s so messy.”
“Well…”

“It would be easier if we used poison,” the Art Director casually mentions as he pivots towards the kitchen island.

“Poison? Why are you always encouraging murders, Em? Hey, Nige.” a sleepy voice drawled out, followed by a sigh for sore eyes. Andy’s hair was messy but it curled naturally to frame her face. Oh the just got out of bedrock certainly works for Six. She rubbed her eyes and yawned, blinking to clear her vision but her swollen eyes made it difficult. Her best friends’ “deer in headlights” expression would have been funny if she wasn’t so disoriented.

“What are you doing here so early? Em, the tequila is in the cabinet under the bookcase. And whuh-why are we day-drinking?” Andy yawned mid-sentence but turned around before they could reply. She lumbered into the bathroom, bumping into the wall multiple times before disappearing from their view.

The two of them snapped out of their shock when they heard the tap and Andy brushing her teeth. Nigel cleared his throat and walked towards the cabinet, hoping to compose himself before the brunette returns. She looks like a walking corpse. “Get the glasses, will you?”

“Yes, fine. You understand now why I am making a fuss? You must have thought I was being overdramatic. I assure you-“

“Fuck it. This is more than overdramatic. What do we do now? Have brunch and then what? What about her? What about her? Nigel breathed out, careful not to raise his voice despite feeling very much like screaming.

Emily snatched the bottle from him and poured herself a shot. She gulped and groans internally from Nigel’s questions. She was angry, annoyed, tired, exasperated and torn up all that the same time. Andy’s heart was shoved into a meat grinder by a woman who happens to be her boss and could call anytime. Miranda still treats me like the fucking assistant when I have been Head of Layouts for a year. I can’t wait for Monday. Yi-fucking-pee!

Andy was confused as to why the living room was oddly quiet since two of her best friends enjoyed bickering at all and any time of the day. They sat on the sofa silently sipping tequila. Do people even sip tequila? What’s wrong? “Did something happen while I washed up? Why are you both quiet all of a sudden and drinking at 10 in the morning? Did you two fight again?” She shook her head at their odd demeanour while walking to the coffee machine to pour herself a cup.

Emily stood up and joined Andy in the kitchen, leaving Nigel to finish his drink. “I told him what you told me yesterday. So we’re drinking. What do you want to do? Do you want brunch? Where?” Emily was at the beginning of a ramble, nervous and worried about Andy.

She reached to cover Emily’s hand with her own and smiled. “I’m glad you told him, Em. And yes, I would love brunch. Can’t even remember the last time I ate actually. Any suggestions, Nige?” Nigel joined them at the kitchen and only looked at Andy with somber eyes while the brunette placed her mug down. Nigel shook his head but widened his eyes at Emily, as if sending a silent message to the redhead. Get your shit together, Em. Even Andy is better. Wait - why is she so calm?

“I think we should go to Granger on the corner. They serve wheat pancakes for Em and they always have a table when we go with you, Nige. It’s so sweet that the owner tries to flirt with you every time we’re there. What do you guys think? Yay or nay?” Andy suggested, sighing when she read Nigel’s pointed look at Emily.
“If the two of you are going to continue behaving like this, I don’t care where we go. You sort this weird thing out right now and you let me enjoy a normal brunch. Stop acting like you two killed someone or are planning to. If you want to ask questions about Miranda, go ahead.” *Great now I said her name out loud. This is real. Yesterday was real. In-in-out. In-in-out.* The sharp pain in Andy’s chest cavity returned, nagging at her. *Empty.*

“Fine, why are you calm? Emily said you were in the tub yesterday. You know you don’t have to pretend for us, Six,” Nigel replied, wiping his face as he gulped the rest of his tequila. “What’s the next step, Andy? What will you do about Miranda and your uhm-you know?” Emily asked, exhaling with some relief because she got to ask Andy these questions aloud. *Yes because feeling relief is my priority right not. God, I need to keep my wits with me.*

“I’m calm because I’m angry. While I am positively bloodthirsty, I don’t want to kill her. Or that man. I don’t want to see her. I’m not pretending for you. I’d rather pretend until my insides matched my outsides. My heart is broken. I feel broken in places I-I can’t even properly describe but I refuse to cry anymore, Nige. I just can’t. Look at my eyes. I’m all cried out and I’m so sure I look horrible. No need to add further damage,” Andy said softly, trailing with her usual self deprecation.

“Silly cow, stop fishing for compliments. You don’t have to cry. You don’t have to see her. Don’t do anything you don’t want to do,” Emily affirmed and gathered the mugs and glasses they used. She needed to break the heaviness of Andy’s reply. *Will you ever be unbroken, Andy? How?* Andy smiled sheepishly as she allows herself to be pulled into a side hug by Nigel. He whispers, “With some fishing line, I’ll fix you up, Six. Like old times.” Andy’s smile grew wider at the reference.

“So you’re both supportive then. I’m going back to the townhouse tomorrow.”

“What do you mean you’re going back?” *This is bollocks! She’s going to pretend like it never happened? Stay with Miranda?* Emily was horrified at the thought of Andy returning to Miranda after what the brunette witnessed. Nigel just stared at Andy, curious as to why and what Andy next moves were. *Six has a plan and she’s not sharing.*

“Miranda will be there but I want to see the girls before I tell her that I know,” Andy sighed, having expected that reaction from her friends. “Em, why don’t you hop in the shower? Then we can head out. The guest bedroom should have clothes in your size,” Andy continued, her tone leaving not much room for argument. She was undeniably grumpy from her hunger. More than anything, she wanted some pancakes and to get her friends to support her plans.

“Ugh! Fine, you two better not leave me out of anything,” Emily called out, feeling self-aware of how disgusting she felt when Andy mentioned a shower. Nigel sought out the coffee pot for a refill, feeling an impending sense of doom about the future as he took note of Andy’s neutral expression tinted with some mirth. *Probably at Emily’s fear of missing out.*

“I don’t understand why you would want to put yourself through it. I know you and the twins have gotten close but they will understand. Darling cow, they can’t possibly expect -,” Emily said softly when Andy relayed her plan with them over pancakes.

“I know both of you don’t understand but I am guarding my heart. It would hurt a million times more if I didn’t explain or tell them in person. I need to see them, to give them hugs. They need to know that I’m not abandoning them, that I would never do so if there was another choice. I’m not there for Miranda,” Andy said resolutely as she poured syrup over her pancakes, earning her soft a groan and eye-roll from Emily. *Not for Miranda. Yeah, well loving the twins as much as you do is definitely not for Miranda.*
Nigel has been subdued and silent since the apartment, only smiling at the teasing she earned when the owner of Granger gave them seats immediately. “Emily…” Nigel broke his self-imposed silence, his mind having gone into overdrive at the logistics required for Andy’s plan to be executed.

“Oh of course we will. I hope you didn’t have any doubts about us helping you. I’m worried. I have a right to be,” Emily sniffed and resumed eating, suppressing the need to groan aloud at the impossibility of trying to get Miranda to do anything.

Nigel interrupted any further words from Emily with a deep laugh. *Emily, worshipper of the High Priestess of Fashion is going to help the disgraced second assistant. Oh fucking Lord. “Don’t you worry. Just leave it to the both of us. You worry about what to say to the twins.”*

"Just like that? No lecture?" Andy asked, surprised. "Oh honey, I'm the good cop remember? You have your mother, Emily for that. She's the bad cop."

At that, Andy threw her head back in genuine laughter. The thought of Em and Nige having a child together was absurd. What made it more ridiculous was that they would share a child like Andy, unfashionable and total klutz. The image tickled every part of her mind, even the ones haunted by the scene she saw. The three of them laughed, enjoying the rich tones of Andy’s laughter.

*It’s been awhile, Six.*

*You might just be okay after all, you silly cow.*

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**[Sunday afternoon]**

She exhaled audibly, tapping into those breathing exercises that she spent the whole of yesterday perfecting. *It hasn’t been that long.* The key to the backdoor dug into her palm as she clenched it in her fist. *I hope you know what you’re doing.* While they were on their way, she sent a text to Miranda to tell her that she was on the way. *To tell you that I know. To see your expression when I relay my disgust and anger. To get the satisfaction of berating you and calling you every bad word I know in my very impressive vocabulary. To slap you for breaking your promise.* She looked to her side, the man beside her looked at her warily. Similarly unsure of their next actions, Nigel hesitated but rang the doorbell.

The door revealed a casually dressed Miranda. Pursed lips and bored expression failed to affect the guests. They could tell something was off-kilter with Miranda. She internally shrugged at the micro-expressions she saw in Miranda’s eyes. *Guilt? Are you even capable of that emotion, Miranda?*

Her eyes hardened at that thought and she licked her lips before allowing the word to roll off her tongue, “Miranda.”

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Sorry for the delay. The last few weeks of term before the holiday break has been crazy. I’ve started a [blog](#) for PoeticHeretic related stuff. Check it out when you have time. And as always, thank you for reading. - Luce

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Chapter End Notes
Hey guys, I'm ending Lost and Insecure here (for now). Despite having prepared the edits and almost finishing the fic, I have been going through some difficult period in my life. My maternal grandmother passed away and I need to focus on family. My attention to posting and keeping up with the fic has been shot to hell. Those who write will know that posting a fic is a lot more than just uploading chapters. One day, I hope I will be able to post the other chapters as sequel to L&I.

I'm sorry to all who have invested in my comeback. I'm disappointed as you probably are too. Please take care, everyone.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!