With The Passage Of Time

by teenybiry

Summary

Andy and Miranda meet unexpectedly after many years.

Notes

Just a small idea that was aching to escape. It has not been edited to my usual standards, as I really CBA.
Chapter 1

Disclaimer: As always, I am just fooling with these characters. I do not make any money from them. Lauren Weisberger and 20th Century Fox own them.

xxxxxxxxxx

Andy ran through Central Park, the warm summer breeze flowing around her. She'd been away from the City that held her heart for far too long but now she could settle back into her life.

The years had brought big changes to her. She never married, unable to have who she truly wanted. She instead, concentrated on her career, letting her relationships fall to the wayside in her quest for the next big story.

She'd seen four years out at the Mirror upon leaving Runway before moving onto freelancing. Her work had taken her all over the world, from war-torn Afghanistan to North Korea, China, Europe, South America and even a stint in Russia. No matter where her work took her she remembered her trial by fire as Miranda Priestly's assistant at Runway, using the lessons she had been taught by the mercurial editor-in-Chief, the woman she still dreamed about.

She had heard that Miranda had stepped down the year before and it was a very rare occurrence when the woman was seen schmoozing at publishing events. The sixty-three-year-old former-editor had become somewhat reclusive, leaving Page Six to quip that she was preparing herself for her eternal work of stoking the hellfires.

Andy continued to run but faltered as a familiar voice hit her ears. Coming to a standstill, she listened as she rested her arms on her thighs in an attempt to get her breath back.

"I do not understand why you insist on wheeling me around as if I am some kind of geriatric, Bobbsey. I would do very well walking." Andy sensed the smile behind the words and couldn't stop her own smile from blossoming.

"Mom, you just had an operation on your knee and I doubt you would manage in the 5-inch heels you insist on wearing." A melodious voice hit Andy and she looked up and saw the piercing blue-green eyes and shock of wild red hair of one of the Priestly twins. "And how many times do I have to tell you not to call me that?"

"Mm, no matter how old you or Caroline get Cassidy, you will always be my Bobbsey's." Miranda turned her head to look up at her daughter, a small smile playing across her lips. "I think we can settle here." Miranda gestured to a bench under some trees and sat back, her shaded eyes looking up at the sky as Cassidy sat gingerly on the damp bench. "You know, the best year for me was 2006."

"Isn't that the year Stephen left?" Cassidy angled herself towards the older woman.

"Mm, the best decision he ever made." Miranda's lips quirked. "His leaving prompted me to take more time to appreciate my family."

"And wasn't that the year your assistant disappeared. The Harry Potter girl." Cassidy laughed, knowing it infuriated her mom to hear her Andréa labelled as such. They'd worked out their mom's feelings for the woman ran deeper once the rumours reached them about her blacklisting some author for making a derogatory comment about the disappearance of Miranda Girl. "Boy, Caro's idea to get her up the stairs was epic. We thought she was going to shit a brick."
Miranda turned her head and it seemed like she looked directly at her. "It was a very well-timed prank, I suppose. But Andréa was an acceptable assistant, by far one of the best I had throughout my years at Runway, and she was an exceptional human." Miranda smiled softly. "Now, how about that promise of coffee you produced to lure me out of the house?"

"I'll run and get it." Cassidy smiled down at the older woman.

"You should get one for Andrea too." Miranda looked up, catching her eyes, a small genuine smile lighting up her face. She crooked her finger at the brunette, a gesture to come closer.

Cassidy moved away, with a small smirk at Andy. "Hey, Harry Potter girl."

"Hi, Cassidy." Andy gave her a small grin before turning to gaze at the older woman. "Good morning, Miranda."

"Even after all these years, it seems I can still sense your presence, Andréea." Miranda's eyes roamed over her, from the tips of her running shoes, over her calves and thighs covered by nylon running shorts and the DryFit vest she wore until they reached her eyes. She nodded once. "Come, join me."

Andy stepped closer, pulling the cell from the armband around her bicep. She checked her progress on her running app and saw she'd managed almost four miles. "I suppose I can sit for a while." She smiled brightly and heard Miranda's breath catch. "You look great, no burns."

Miranda laughed, a light tinkle that was like musical chimes. "No, I take care not to get singed while I'm stoking the flames."

Andy's laughter joined hers. "You really do look fantastic, Miranda. It's been a long time. How are you, really?"

Andy watched as Miranda clutched the armrests of the wheelchair she sat in and took a deep breath. "I have been better." She gestured to her leg. "I tore the cruciate and meniscus skiing in Aspen last month, I had surgery last week."

"Ouch." Andy winced trying to hide her initial reaction, knowing her eyes would reflect shock at the explanation Miranda offered.

"Quite." Miranda frowned at the Nike baseball cap on Andy's head. It shaded Andy's eyes too much for her liking. "You have been gone for quite a few years now. When did you return?"

Miranda bit her lip at the admission she knew the brunette had not been in New York, she would see it as confirmation her career had been followed.

"I returned last week, I got an editorial job at the New Yorker." Andy was thrilled at the sight of the hint of pleasure in Miranda's eyes at the news. "Features Editor." Andy's smile was blinding for a moment before looking away.

She pulled the cap from her head and ran her fingers over her hair, smoothing it down in a gesture anyone who knew her understood reflected her anxiety. When she turned to face Miranda again, Andy caught the muted gasp as Miranda's eyes landed on the streak of white running through the front of her hair.

Unable to tear her eyes away, Miranda attempted to deflect her attention. "Next step, editor-in-Chief." Her eyes never left the shock of white hair and she clenched her hands, stopping herself from reaching out to touch the woman.
"I can only hope." Andy smiled softly and gestured to her hair. "My sister tells me it's very Cruella-esque. It took a while but I kinda like it."

"It is certainly distinctive, Andréa." Miranda rolled her eyes at Andy's laughter. The laughter itself was bleak. and unlike the boisterous laughter she remembered.

She sat in the place Cassidy had vacated. "I was in Columbia when this happened, a random man held an MK47 to my head for almost an hour in a hostage situation at a bank. It was a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time rather than chasing a story. The streak is not one of those overnight miracles, what folklore calls Marie Antoinette syndrome. I didn't suddenly wake up with a white streak like Rogue in X-Men." Miranda chuckled. "I noticed about three weeks after the incident and over the last two years it's grown into my natural length."

Andy looked up as Cassidy returned and handed her a Starbucks cup. "I didn't think of asking what you had, and because I wasn't sure I got you the same as mom."

"Mm, a no-foam, skimmed latte with an extra shot. Perfect." Andy hummed as she sipped her drink and saw Cassidy and Miranda's matching smirks. "What?"

"It's been what, thirteen years, and you still remember mom's coffee order?" Cassidy's smile widened.

"I never forgot the three drip coffees with room for milk either." Andy leaned back and eyed the redhead, she'd grown into a beautiful young woman. "So, what do you do, Cassidy?"

"I work as a freelance photographer." Cassidy blushed. "Caro had all the smarts, she's finishing up her J.D at Stanford." Cassidy looked at Miranda. "I got a text while I waited for coffee, Brooke wants to meet at the Boathouse, are you almost ready to move on?"

Andy looked at Miranda and saw her frown. "Go," Miranda waved her hand airily in the direction of the boathouse. "Be back here, 30 minutes sharp, bring Brooke along if necessary."

"I can see you home when you've had enough, Miranda." Andy offered, unable to stop herself. Part of her wanted to extend her time with the beautiful older woman, curious to know why she gestured her over after so long. There had to be some reason for it.

"Acceptable." Miranda smiled as Cassidy strolled away confidently without a backward glance.

"She's turned into a stunningly beautiful young woman." Andy admired the straight lines and confident gait of the retreating woman.

"I did not realise that was where your proclivities lay." Miranda's tone was icy.

"Oh, no. I did not mean anything by it. Just, um..." Andy stopped herself from babbling and took a deep breath. Turning she caught Miranda's eyes. "... She's what I imagine you would have been like. And as an FYI she's a little too young for my taste. I'm not exactly a sprightly young thing, able to run around Manhattan in killer heels."

Miranda eyed her curiously. "So, you do not deny your attraction lies with women?"

Andy shrugged. "Over a period of time, I found my sexuality was not as black and white as I initially imagined." She shook her head. "It's been a long time since I had to explain."

"The years have changed you." Miranda's tone was quiet and somewhat gentle. "I should not be surprised, really."
Andy sipped her coffee, watching as Miranda did the same. "Why did you gesture me over?" Andy refused to follow the old rules about not asking Miranda questions.

"You stopped," Miranda smirked when Andy snorted. "You must have heard what I said to Cassidy?" Andy looked curious. "2006 was the best year because it is when I had you in my life. I saw you and I must admit it surprised me. But at that moment I realised how much I have missed you."

"Miranda, I..." Andy trailed off and saw the hint of something expectant in Miranda's eyes. "...wow, I don't know what to say." She admitted.

Miranda shifted in her seat, looking away. "You saw the press coverage after Stephen, how difficult he made things." She pursed her lips. "I didn't believe, back then, I was in a place to ask you to return to me."

"I would have returned," Andy admitted. "But I was also pissed at you."

"Are you still..." Miranda licked her lips. "...pissed?"

"No," Andy smirked. "I would most likely have cussed you out though. There were so many times it was only by my own sheer stubbornness that I stopped myself from doing just that." Andy chuckled as Miranda rolled her eyes. Standing up, she placed her coffee to one side and moved in front of Miranda. Kneeling down, she gazed into her clear blue eyes. "That night in Paris, I was in no position to kiss you, however much I wanted to."

"I would have kissed you back," Miranda whispered. "Although I may have pushed you away afterwards."

Andy's smile was reassuring. "No, you wouldn't, I wouldn't have let you if I had seen a single trace of anything that gave me hope. We would have grown together and made memories. We would have travelled this passage of time together."

"But your life would have been so different. Hounded by the press and left waiting for me to take the time for you. I would not have been good for you." Miranda stated sadly. Their eyes locked. "But maybe now we have the chance to do things differently. We could work towards travelling the next passage of time together."

"I'd like that," Andy stated. "Once you are back on your feet, I'll take you to dinner." Andy bit her lip. "And hopefully, if I'm lucky I'll get that kiss I wanted all those years ago."

Miranda leaned forward, wrapping the palm of her hand around Andy's jaw, her eyes focussed on Andy's lips as she pulled her closer. Brushing her lips softly against Andy's, she whispered. "I am not a patient woman, Andréa. We have wasted enough time."

"Somehow, with the passage of time, and the deadlines life imposes, surrendering became the right thing to do." Andy quotes breathlessly, observing Miranda's large smile.

"It will be the sweetest of surrenders, my darling." Miranda's whispered words filtered through her mind as lips captured hers again, in the sweetest of kisses.

xxxxxxxxxxx
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

This was initially a one-shot, a small idea that was aching to escape, that is now a two-shot. It has not been edited to my usual standards, as I really CBA.

Chapter Notes

Yeah, I'm marking this chapter with a giant NSFW. Feel free to let me know what you think.

Disclaimer: As always, I am just fooling with these characters. I do not make any money from them. Lauren Weisberger and 20th Century Fox own them.

xxxxxxxxxx

After leaving Runway, Miranda had travelled, escaping the aching loneliness of her empty life. New York no longer held the appeal it used to. Her house was far too big for her now her children had flown the nest and Patricia had gone. Her children were adults, and she was inherently proud of the beautiful women they had become. They were set on making their own way in the world, succeeding from their own hard work rather than relying on her name.

Cassidy now had her own apartment in SoHo with a girlfriend, Brooke, and Caroline was completing her studies in California, planning to become a criminal lawyer. She knew they no longer needed her, although they claimed otherwise quite often.

Skiing in Aspen had been a mistake, but one she would never, if given the option, change. Alone on the slopes on that clear April morning, she had fallen, not fully realising the damage she had inflicted to her knee. Pulling herself to her feet, she made her way slowly and painfully back to the resort, where she promptly collapsed. It was quite embarrassing but she would not have been in the city now if not for those events and frankly, that did not bear thinking about.

That morning in the park had changed things. It was only Cassidy's sheer determination, a trait inherited from her, which had her leaving the house at all. But it brought Andréea back into her life.

She recognised she had always cared a little more for the brunette than was perhaps appropriate but what amazed her more was finding the woman in question returned the sentiments.

And now, six weeks later, they were settling into a kind of routine. Initially, they met at the townhouse for dinners with Cassidy and her friends but the last week had seen them meeting for lunch, strolling arm-in-arm through the lunchtime crowds and enjoying the warm, summer days. Miranda was sure to be careful when walking, her balance was not always the best, and her refusal to wear anything lower than a four-inch heel often slowed their progress. Andréea did not seem to mind how slowly they walked, apparently delighting in her company as they got to know each other and reconnected.
At times she could sense Andrée’s sadness and she questioned her about it. The stunning woman had lived thirteen years unable and unwilling to put down roots, and now at thirty-eight, she admitted to feeling like she had missed out on certain rites of passage. Such honesty was refreshing, but her heart ached a little for the perceived missed opportunities. Marriage and children were something Andrée had once dreamt about, but she had known that settling for anything but love was not an option for her.

And it was love they felt for one another. The swirling kaleidoscope of emotions Andrée had always brought out in her could not be anything else. And yet, she was fearful, that life would tear Andrée away from her again. It was an intolerable thought and she slowed things down between them, unwilling to rush headlong into something neither of them was ready for. With this in mind, they had continued to share brief kisses but she had held Andrée at arm's length.

It wasn't that their age difference was an issue or that she did not desire Andrée, she did, very much so, but she was older and unsure if it was even possible for her to share certain intimacies. Now, after careful consideration, she had made the decision it was time to move forward.

Miranda knew what she was about to do could go incredibly wrong, if for whatever reason she could not give the younger woman what she needed, but she recognised how close she was to what she had craved all along, her Andrée. The beautiful, funny, intelligent, challenging woman who had haunted her dreams since the moment of her makeover. The realisation of her feelings had been gradual all those years ago, hitting her in full force upon the young woman's disappearance from her side in Paris.

Getting herself ready for the evening, she cursed as she twisted to fasten the hidden clasp of the black and white Oscar De La Renta belted jacquard dress. She was nervous, having agreed to dinner at Andrée's Central Park Apartment. She had arranged an Uber, as she no longer had the need for a full-time driver, and her heart pounded in her chest.

Miranda was about to spend time alone, for the first time, with the woman who, she had to admit, she had loved for almost fourteen years. Taking her purse, her hands shook as she locked up the house and carefully made her way to the waiting car.

The journey to Andrée's was over in minutes, blessedly the traffic was in their favour. She was greeted warmly when she buzzed Andrée's intercom and made her way up to the third-floor apartment.

As soon as the younger woman opened the door, her breath caught as she took in the beautiful red Versace Cady dress. Andrée's hair was in a half-updo, the streak of white pulled away from her face. Her eyes blazed from the tip of Andrée's Louboutin clad feet to her eyes.

"Absolutely beautiful. You are simply breathtaking, my darling." Miranda husked.

The compliment had Andrée smiling one of her brightest megawatt smiles. "Ditto," Andrée stated. "Please, come in, Miranda." She stood to the side and gestured with the sweep of her hand for her to enter. "Let's get you comfortable."

Miranda glanced around as Andrée stepped behind her and took her jacket, hanging it on an old-fashioned coat stand that lived beside a table that held a bowl for her keys. She'd been told how forgetful the woman could be when life became chaotic, she kept things in set places so she could always find what she needed.

Turning around, she failed to realise how close Andrée was. They collided and it was only Andrée's arms wrapping around her waist that stopped her from tumbling backwards.
The warmth and security of Andréa's arms was her undoing. Her hands moved up, cupping her Andréa's face. Her eyes locked on her lips. They were beautiful. Plump, soft and red and inviting. She brought them down to brush against her own, sighing at the delicate touch. The sexual tension, which had been growing increasingly apparent between them, skyrocketed. Miranda found it almost unbearable.

Looking up into Andréa's dark expressive eyes, she could see the desire in the gorgeous hazel orbs. So she was stunned when Andréa stepped back. "Um, would you like wine?"

She shook her head. "No. Come, sit with me, Andréa." Miranda asked. Entwining their hands, she led the brunette to the comfortable leather sofa. "I like what I've seen so far, your apartment is warm, like you."

"Thanks." Andréa tugged her fingers nervously. "I sense you have more to say." She whispered.

She could see Andréa was building scenarios in her mind, she felt her stiffen and pull away further. "My darling, no. It is nothing bad, I assure you." She wanted desperately to offer reassurance.

Acting with a decisiveness that surprised her, Miranda pushed herself towards the brunette until she was hovering over her. She observed as Andréa's eyes widened and comprehension dawned. The smile she received was almost blinding and she saw the deep desire and mischief growing in Andréa's eyes. "Do you want me, Miranda?"

She knew she was blushing. She wanted the woman inside her right then and there but knew it would not be something they would rush. After keeping the brunette at arm's length, she knew she deserved a little teasing. "Dinner?" She queried, breathlessly.

"Spiced chicken salad. It can wait." Andréa took control of the situation and pushed her onto her back on the sofa as she knelt between her legs. She lay there, looking up into the eyes she adored. "Now, is here okay?" Andréa's words trickled into her consciousness and she nodded enthusiastically.

Andréa kept her gaze on Miranda as she found the hidden clasp and zip of her dress and pulled it loose, revealing the lacy, black front fastening bra.

Miranda's arousal was soaking through her black lace panties as Andréa continued to pull the dress down over her hips and legs. Breathing deeply, she knew Andréa would smell her arousal. She removed the dress carefully, placing it over the back of the sofa and with nimble fingers, she unhooked her bra, pulling it from her and tossing it on top of her dress, where it promptly slithered to the floor.

Andréa sat up, pulling the zip of her own dress and extracting her arms, it pooled to her waist. Miranda's breathing was ragged as she took in the fact the younger woman was not wearing a bra.

Andréa's lips trailed kisses from her lips, cheeks, down to the bottom of her neck. Miranda moved her head back and sighed before Andréa's lips moved up to find hers. Her own parted and Andréa's tongue entwined with hers in a delicate dance.

Andréa's hands moved through her hair gently, releasing it from the usual hair-sprayed hold. They were both breathless as they broke the kiss. "Can I take you to bed?" Andréa whispered.

At Miranda's nod, Andréa stood, letting her dress pool at her feet. She bent and scooped it up, before placing it alongside her own. She took her hand and led her to a room on the other side of the apartment. The room was large and comfortable and a small lamp cast a small glow of light
onto the large, freshly made king-sized bed.

She sat on the bed, moving up against the headboard and watched as Andréa crawled beside her sensuously. She looked like a large cat, getting ready to pounce, and she did. Andréa straddled her and ran her hands down her arms, as she initiated a blistering kiss.

Miranda's hands slid over her back and came to rest against her ass, squeezing the bare cheeks beneath the thong she wore. Miranda experienced a sense of rising anticipation over the fact Andréa was with her, almost naked. The feel of her warm, bare skin was driving her wild. She felt Andréa smile through the kiss.

"Everything okay?" Andréa asked.

"Yes. I just still can't believe that I am here with you like this." Miranda admitted, flipping Andréa on her back, and kissing her. Her hands caressed Andréa lovingly, her fingers finding the waistband of her thong and pulling them down, past her knees before she kicked them off the side of the bed. The younger woman was trembling.

Andréa pushed her up, slowly removing her panties as her lips blazed a trail against her jaw and neck before pulling her back down between her legs.

That first intimate contact generated a deep growl from within her. Bending, she enclosed her lips around a hardening nipple, suckling it. Andréa moaned, urging her closer. She sucked harder, swapping between both breasts. She ran her hands over warm, toned stomach and down her thighs before running them up over her neatly trimmed mound, slipping a finger between the folds to find her clit.

Andréa was already wet and she worked a finger across her hard clit, making her hips buckle and push up against her, seeking more. Miranda repositioned herself between those long legs, tracing patterns with her mouth and tongue over Andréa's body, starting with her face and neck, her chest, stomach, waist and hips, until finally to her sweet, warm nether lips. She flicked her tongue across Andréa's clit, suddenly hungry for more.

Andréa's legs wrapped around Miranda's head, her breathy moans growing louder, it was unbelievably alluring. She slid her hand down, pushing one, then two fingers into her, amazed as she tightened around her fingers as she plunged deeper. Andréa became more vocal and her hands reached up to find an anchor, wrapping around the pillow under her head as her hips bucked and she climaxed calling her name.

"God, I love you." Andréa sighed breathlessly.

Andréa had ignited the fire within her, being responsible for such an intense reaction left her feeling triumphant. She moved up, straddling Andréa's thigh but winced at the discomfort as she placed her weight on her knee.

Andréa moved, laying her down gently. Moving down, she grabbed onto her thighs and swiped her tongue through her folds. Andréa hummed at the first taste, and the vibration sent an intense shockwave of pleasure through her.

She began to move her hips, riding Andréa's mouth and spread her legs more to allow the brunette more room to manoeuvre. Andréa's fingers trailed down and matched the speed of her tongue. She thrust her hips, wanting more, but also never wanting the moment to end.

Their joint moans filtered through the room and as her climax claimed her she stopped moving, her
back arched with the explosion of pleasure coursing through her.

A sigh escaped from Miranda's lips as she regained control, she pulled Andréa up and caught her lips in a searing kiss. Pulling back she caught the brunette's eyes. "I am not all hearts and flowers, my darling." She explained quietly. "But I do love you. I think I always have."

"I don't want this to end." Andréa husked. "I want to just lie here with you until the end of time."

They lay facing one another, hands entwined, maintaining contact. Miranda realised they had all the time in the world now to love each other but did not wish to leave the bed. She listened as Andréa's breathing changed and pulled her into a close embrace. Moving the hair from her face she placed a soft kiss on the other woman's forehead.

"Not all hearts and flowers, Miranda? Really?" Andréa smiled, her eyes closed.

"You're my one exception, it seems," Miranda whispered as Andréa's stomach grumbled. Her smile blossomed as she saw Andréa's blush. "And although I do not necessarily wish to leave this lovely little bubble of warmth, I think we should take the time to feed you." She chuckled.

"Mm, If I could I would stop the passage of time," Andréa stated, peeling herself from the bed and standing naked in front of her.

Miranda's eyes roamed over every inch of exposed skin. Sitting up, she pulled Andréa towards her so she was straddling her lap. Her hands moved up to Andréa's chest and circled her nipples with her thumbs. Andréa's breathing turned ragged and her eyes darkened, becoming reminiscent of molten chocolate. She could see the blush rising up her cheeks and moved her hand up to her neck, pulling her head down to capture those pouting lips with hers. She could feel Andréa's heart beating hard and fast.

Their bodies pressed closer, as their kisses became frenzied. Miranda knew she would be happy to stay in the moment until the world stopped turning. Andréa was her one true love.

xxxxxxxxxx

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!