Walking On A Dream

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Walking On A Dream

by pure_ecstasy6
Chapter Notes

This series I wrote back in 2016 right before I had a major car accident which I was lucky to have walked away from practically unscathed but my car was another story, wrote that off completely which sucked. I have reread this fic and revised quite a lot of it so if you read it back then I would definitely recommend reading it all over again because you'll see quite a bit has been changed but not a drastic amount. I also have plenty more of idea's for future installments! So if you have enjoyed this then keep your eye out ;)

~ The Priestly Townhouse, Manhattan.
Early February, 2013 ~

Miranda opened her eyes as she rocked back and fourth in her grandmothers old rickety rocking chair, one of the only things she was fortunate to have gotten through the inheritance from her estranged family, to see the sun had gone down. She watched as building lights started flicking on as people went about their nightly business.

As she continued to gaze out the window of the top floor of her townhouse her mind started to wander back to the one and only who got away from her threatened to come to the forefront of her mind. Thankfully before she could think anything more the sound of her house keeper, Cara, voice floated into the room from the intercom.

"Sorry to interrupt you, Miranda, but there's a woman here to see you."

"Who is it?" Miranda asked, not moving yet.

"Ah, a Kate Hendrix." Cara responded.

Miranda's eye brows furrowed. "Kate Hendrix?" she thought and shook her head. She had no idea who that was. She leaned over and pressed the intercom button again. "I'll be right down." she said and pushed herself up out of the rocking chair and took hold of her walking cane that she's had to use ever since she had an accident a couple months ago where she suffered a fractured knee.

As the RUNWAY editor made her way down the winding staircase Andrea's gorgeous face crossed her mind - that gloriously long and silky brunette hair that had felt amazing when she ran her hands through it countless times. Miranda could still remember how it felt and smelt, vanilla and coconut, the perfect combination. Then there were those beautiful soulful brown eyes that had conveyed so much love, adoration, happiness and unfortunately there had also been sadness.

For years Miranda has been able to push aside thoughts of Andrea and what they once had until her accident occurred and knowing how lucky she was to be alive every day since she has thought of the brunette beauty and continued clinging onto HOPE that they would find their way back to each other one day.

Then there were that million dollar smile that caused Miranda's knees to go weak - the smile with the perfect pearly white teeth that looked too good to be real. The unbelievably sexy body, legs that went...
on and on, fingers deliciously long that had done wondrous things to her along with that oh so
talented tongue, and luscious breasts that were the greatest size and had fit in her hands just right.

Sighing Miranda made her way down the last flight of stairs and pushed Andrea Sachs from her
brain for the meantime as she had a visitor to face. She put her wall back up and stepped down onto
the first floor. She stopped short when the woman whom had been standing in the foyer with her
back turned faced her.

Miranda's eyes instantly widened and a sickened feeling overcame her. "Kate Sachs?"

The woman nodded. "That was my married name. I'm back to my maiden name now." the woman
responded, looking at her and around in awkwardness. "I'm sorry to have come unannounced like
this."

"It's fine..." Miranda trailed off, heart beginning to race. "Has something happened to Andrea?"

"May I come in?" Kate questioned, continuing. "You may want to sit down for this."

At those words Miranda's head went all fuzzy, and her eyes blurred. She rubbed at her face and
looked to Kate once more. "Is she...?" she asked, the fear evident in her voice.

"Oh, no, she's not..." Kate responded, eyes wide and quickly reassuring her. "It's nothing like that."

"But it's something serious." Miranda replied as she motioned for the other woman to follow her
down to the sitting room by the kitchen - this room was her favourite little reading nook - as her mind
whirled with what could be going on to warrant a visit from the mother of the woman she'd once
been with.

"I'm afraid so." Kate replied as she sat down.

Miranda swallowed hard as she looked over to the drinks trolley. "Would you like something to
drink?" she questioned, heart racing.

"Whatever you're having." Kate replied.

The RUNWAY editor went to the trolley and poured two glasses of her favourite whisky and
handed one of the glasses to Kate before sitting down opposite the other woman who looked
strikingly like Andrea. She had been about to speak just as Kate did.

"My partner and I came to the city to visit Andrea to see how she was settling in."

"Yes, she has only been here a few weeks, I wasn't aware of it until two week's ago. Upon arriving
in her apartment she wouldn't let us in. Instantly knowing something was wrong I went and got the
key from the land-lord and entered. It was like a bomb had gone off. The apartment hadn't been
cleaned for weeks, there was bare minimum in the fridge... the odd frozen dinner. We found Andy
sitting in the corner of the bedroom rocking back and fourth muttering to herself and when she
realised she wasn't alone anymore what I saw next was not the daughter I knew. She pounced,
yelling at us to get out, and it was then under the dim lighting I saw the nastiest bruise that covered
the face of my beautiful girl."

Miranda's blood boiled at these words. Someone had hurt Andrea. Her Andrea.
"I saw pictures she had taken and it dawned on me what had happened." Kate continued, beginning

to choke up. "She took evidence that it happened, wrote about it, it was very detailed, and then I saw

web pages on her laptop... how to get away with murder, signs of internal bleeding, and a site for a

psych facility that a half filled out submission form."

Miranda sat back, completely shocked, her mind was spinning.

Andrea, tough, smart, utterly beautiful had been brutally hurt by some bastard and she hadn't told a

soul causing her to literally go stir crazy.

"I tried getting her lifelong best friend Doug to talk to her, but when he arrived she locked herself in

the bathroom. I'm at such a loss of what to do at this point, but then... then I see a picture of you that

was on the floor underneath the blanket in the corner, so now..." Kate downed the rest of her whisky. "Now I am here to ask for your help because I am such a loss of what to do."

Miranda finished off her own whisky before slowly nodding, placing the empty glass on the table

beside her. "Of course, but who says she'll talk to me over anyone else?" she asked, shaking her

head and continuing. "Last time I saw her it ended badly. Worse than Paris."

"I understand that, I know everything that happened between the two of you and I can't say I'm

happy about it, but I am a desperate mother and I believe you're the only one that can help her right

now."

Miranda breathed in deeply, and let it out slowly, nodding once more. "I'll see what I can do, but I'm

not promising anything."

"Thank you, Miranda." Kate replied, standing.

Miranda stood also and wasn't at all surprised when the other woman embraced her, beginning to

tremble as she pulled away. "Well, I haven't been a miracle worker yet." she responded, watching as

the other woman tried her best to pull herself together.

"I knew there has been something going on with Andy, but I... I wasn't made aware of this situation

until three months ago. As much as it stunned me at first I now realise that you're the love of Andy's

life which means I firmly believe if my daughter is going to talk to anyone it's going to be you."

Miranda's heart continued to race. The thought of seeing Andrea again was completely nerve-

wracking. Absolutely anything could go wrong just like the last time, but as she stared into the

pleading mother of her former lover she knew she had to do this, to get to the bottom of what

happened to Andrea and to help in whatever way she could.

"Here is the address and my cell and my partner's cell. If we don't hear from you we'll know it wasn't

a complete disaster." Kate said, handing her a piece of paper.

Taking the piece of paper Miranda glanced at it before folding it and putting it in her pants pocket.

She then began walking Kate back to the front door and as the door closed behind the other woman

Miranda couldn't believe all that she had heard. She sagged against the wall, closing her eyes,

remembering back to the first time she'd seen Andrea since that fateful day in Paris.

~*~

~ Melbourne, Australia - November 2006 ~

Miranda finished her lunch at her new found favourite cafe The Chocolate Lounge in the Melbourne

Central Plaza that she had to book out completely so she could have half an hour of privacy to
indulge in a treat.

Not long after she finished eating the waitress was quick to come over and tend to her. Her empty plate was taken away before another waitress approached her nervously with a very recent copy of RUNWAY Australia and asked for her autograph.

The media always made it out that she was rude to her fans and never took the time to talk with them and to take photos and sign copies of RUNWAY or photos of herself, but like most things the media was completely wrong and the editor was more than happy to meet and greet with genuine fans. It was incredibly rewarding.

Once she finished the brief conversation with the blonde, whose name was Caitlyn which Miranda had commented on saying was a fantastic name because another thing the media didn't know was she could be quite the charmer when she wanted to be, she stood and thanked the team of employee's and tipped them generously for the welcoming service before she walked out of The Chocolate Lounge and through the plaza with her security detail flanking her as she made her way out onto the busy CBD street. She loved meeting fans but not in a busy area where things could get out of hand very quickly.

Stopping she looked around, breathing in that unique smell of the Australian city that once used to be the countries Capital, as her lips moved upwards in a closed mouth smile. She always loved coming back here, it was the one place where she truly felt like it was her home away from home. She heard her security guard cough behind her causing her to cringe, he really didn't sound too good and she couldn't afford getting sick. She turned to look at him through her PRADA sunglasses. "I will no longer be needing your services today, Geoffry." she said and saw how relieved the man looked. "I think I'll just make my way back to the hotel." she added, knowing it was a lie - she didn't want to go back to her empty suite.

A few more words were shared with the man before he walked away and the sound of him having a coughing attack was heard as she began walking away from him.

Pulling out her journal she flicked through to her Melbourne bucket list page where she had lots of things she wanted to do in so little time. She's already been able to tick a few things off, but unfortunately there was over fifty more things and she'd only have time for another six at the most.

For now however she decided she would simply walk the city for a while to see where she ended up and then tonight there was an item on her list she could check off as it had to be done during nightfall; the brand new Eureka Skydeck which was one of the tallest buildings in the Southern Hemisphere and she had it all booked out just for her.

There were lots of new exhibitions which she decided she would check out throughout tomorrow and she really hoped to be able to get a boat out to Phillip Island which she has been countless times is a fabulous tourist destination, and one of the things that had her sold on the idea was that she could watch the penguin's. This has been something she has always wanted to do, but never gotten the time to do so.

Coming to a stop at the bustling corner with cars wizzing passed she looked down to her phone to see the time. 1:20PM. She had plenty more hours of the day to be spent sight-seeing new and old buildings, and hopefully ticking off a few of her idea's on her to do list. She continued to patiently wait to cross the road safely trying her best to tune out the annoying chatter around her. She wasn't fond of big crowds, but in her line of work it was something she had to grow accustom to.

"I hear what you're saying, but I don't care, I was told yesterday I could have the CCTV footage and now you're telling me I can't acquire them. I don't accept that. It's an easy yes or no, and you have
until 7am tomorrow morning before I contact the police to help me out with a warrant slapped on your desk because this footage is vital in my investigation, and I'm sure you don't want to have to deal with a police warrant."

That voice. Miranda thought. She knew that voice however it was much more firm and demanding than what she had been used to.

Slowly turning her head to the left and looking between the group of four standing beside her, her eyes widened when she saw none other than Andrea Sachs leaning against the brick wall of one of the many buildings on Elizabeth Street with her head in her phone and thumbs wildly moving across the keypad of her flip phone.

The sound of the traffic lights sounding that it was safe to cross the road registered as the large amount of people pushed and moved passed her to quickly and safely cross the street to get on with their day as she continued to stand there staring at the brunette beauty as people moved around her idle body.

Without being able to stop herself Miranda's legs began to move and she wandered over to the young woman who was in her own little world. She then stopped a couple steps away from Andrea who still didn't realise her presence.

The editor’s mind was racing. Should she or shouldn't she let her presence be known. She had always been... fond... of Andrea and she was glad to see the woman had excelled in her career, taking her all over the world where she had landed a job right here in Melbourne at one of Victoria's best-selling newspaper company. She wasn't sure how Andrea would react to seeing her when the brunette clearly wasn't fond of her what with the way she left in Paris obviously disgusted by how she treated Nigel.

The brunette who hailed from Cincinnati had been a breath of fresh air for Miranda and she knew that if things had gone differently in Paris that Andrea would no doubt still be by her side, finishing her tenure.

Watching as Andrea pulled out her wallet and quickly counted her money before safely putting it back Miranda bit her lip. She couldn't help it, she wanted to talk to Andrea to see how she was going, but just as she was about to open her mouth the brunette's cell began to ring which was answered straight away.

The woman turned to face towards where she stood, but Andrea stared down at her nails, studying them as she chattered away on her phone lost in her own bubble as if there was no bustling city around her. "Yeah, today's been a shit of a day, but tomorrow should be much better. What about you? Forty degrees? In that truck all day? Well, now I definitely can't be complaining." the young woman spoke, sighing, and in Miranda's mind it didn't sound as if Andrea was really there on the phone with the person, as if she really didn't care what was being said.

As the brunette continued to speak she looked up and halted in her conversation as Andrea noticed her, their eyes connecting, those full red lips dropping open slightly, shocked to see her. "Hey Joel, sorry but I'm gonna have to call you back later, I have another call coming through from the office." Andrea said as she began to walk closer.

Oh god, she's coming closer, what do I do?! Miranda thought and was shocked when her breath caught at the close proximity to the young woman who looked so much more beautiful than she remembered. 'She has blossomed!' "Oh, but hey you said you were going to call George, so can you tell him that I gotta go to St. Kilda
to follow up on two potential witnesses and won't be back in at the office until four? Ah, thanks so
much, you're a gem! 'Talk again soon, bye!' and with those words the brunette pocketed her phone,
took that last step so they were only a couple inches apart as people walked around them.

Miranda was so shocked to see Andrea that she was rendered speechless which was ridiculous - she
was a woman of many words and intelligence and she always knew what to say and do in every
situation thrown at her, but when around Andrea Sachs her brain had always worked differently,
there was something about the brunette that calmed her.

It also seemed that Andrea was in the same boat - shocked beyond words at how the universe has
thrown them together once more in a different city on the opposite side of the globe.

'My god, she is simply stunning!' The RUNWAY editor thought just as Andrea flashed that million
dollar smile, the cogs ticking over in that talented brain the brunette remembered how to speak again.

"Wow, Miranda, hi!" Andrea said, breaking the ice which had been melting extremely quickly
between them as that all too familiar connection fell back between them even though they had only
been in each others presence for a few precious moments.

She watched as the young woman ran a hand through that gorgeous brown hair which was
straightened and perfectly silky and shiny. She was also glad to see that Andrea retained her
fashionista side in which she learnt from Nigel and Serena and wore smart, yet very casual, couture -
last years, of course - but pulled it off brilliantly.

"I heard you were in the country, but thought you would have stayed in Sydney." Andrea said. It
only made sense as that is where Australian Fashion Week is held.

'Hmmm, she has been following my whereabouts?' Miranda thought as her lips curled at the thought.
'Interesting.' She swallowed as she felt her heart flutter at the way Andrea was watching her closely
and intently with beautifully sparkling brown eyes.

Realising she hadn't said anything yet Miranda nodded her head, cleared her throat before speaking.
"My duties finished earlier than expected in Sydney, and because the girls are with their father this
week I decided to stay longer and come to Melbourne." Andrea smiled at her as she continued speaking.

"I heard through the grape vine that you had come to Melbourne writing for The Age." The brunette
nodded and hummed. "Yeah, the offer of a lifetime. Greg shocked me one day two
months in at The Mirror and said that his newspaper was going down the drain but his brother
needed more journo's, and well... here I am!!"

"It's really fantastic, I'm beyond happy for you." Miranda replied, smiling. "You've no idea how
pleased I am to see that your writing dream has come true in such a way. I always knew you had
brilliant potential that would take you around the globe, and what a wonderful city you found
yourself in." Miranda stopped speaking then, realising that not only had she been rambling and
practically complimenting the brunette with every second word. She swallowed hard, realising that
she hadn't been able to move past her foolish crush on Andrea after-all, as much as her mind wanted
to keep telling her she had.

"I'm definitely enjoying it here." Andrea responded.

"It's one of my favourite cities in the world." Miranda murmured as she watched Andrea's eyes
continuing to look very intently into hers, and then from her eyes to her mouth, and to her eyes again
before the brunette bit her lip.

"How long are you here for?" The brunette questioned.

"Until Sunday." Miranda replied.

Andrea opened her mouth, about to reply, when her phone began ringing. "Ah, sorry, I really should take this."

Miranda waved the words away and looked around, watching as the city bustled by as she tuned out of Andrea's words to give the brunette some privacy.

"Thanks for letting me know, George, I'll see you tomorrow morning. Okay, have a good night, bye." Andrea said, quickly writing something down on her small notepad before their eyes connected once more. "Sorry about that."

"No need to apologise." Miranda responded, watching as the brunette bit her lip once more and juggled her phone from one hand to the other.

"Come over for dinner tonight?" The brunette asked, the words blurring out and looked as if they took the young woman by surprise as they did to the RUNWAY editor. Never has an ex-assistant asked her such a thing.

"Oh, I..." Miranda trailed off, having not expected to hear such an offer, and had no idea what to say in reply. She knew she shouldn't take up the offer, even though she really wanted to as she has always enjoyed the brunette's company, not to mention she couldn't think of any valid excuses. It wasn't like she had her children to go back and look after at the hotel.

"Oh, come on, humour me!" Andrea said, smiling widely, again surprising her by trying to get her to say yes.

Looking at that smile Miranda found that she didn't want to come up with some excuse. "Why not!" she responded, watching as Andrea briefly looked at her mouth once more before back into her eyes. She felt an odd feeling bubble up inside of her, a feeling that only Andrea has ever been able to make her feel, but was a feeling she had forced herself to ignore.

"Great!" Andrea replied, cheerfully, and pulled out her notepad once more along with her Stadler pen. "Here is my address and apartment number. It's super easy to find. It's the only tall building that part of Melbourne."

Miranda took the lined paper and her eyebrow raised. "An apartment in Docklands?" It was a tower that she knew would have to be way too expensive for Andrea's salary.

"Yeah, yeah I was super fortunate to have gotten it. My boss's wife is an architect who created the building and pulled some strings and voila I had a new home two weeks after struggling to find a place!" Andrea responded, that beautiful smile firmly in place. "I have a feeling you'll like it, it's incredibly modern but with this unique industrial vibe."

The RUNWAY editor arched an eyebrow. "Sounds interesting." she responded, and continued. "What time?" Still unable to believe Andrea had asked her over for dinner.

"Say... 7?" Andrea asked with her own arched eyebrow.

Slowly nodding Miranda spoke. "Alright... I will see you then." she responded, unable to believe she would be having a dinner with this magnificent woman, just the two of them alone... in Andrea's
apartment. ‘Good god, what have I gotten myself into?!’ Her mind was going ridiculously wild with thoughts.

"I'll see you then!" Andrea cheerfully said.

"Yes." Miranda murmured, nodding and watched as the brunette slowly stepped away, continuing to smile gorgeously. "See you then." and with that Andrea bit her lip, turned away and walked towards the street she herself had just come from no doubt heading for Flinders Street station. 'Dinner. Tonight. With Andrea Sachs?' She thought as she slowly shook her head before her eyes widened. 'What am I going to wear?!!' And with that thought she turned and hailed a Silver-top taxi to head back to her hotel.

~*~

Miranda looked around the bedroom of her hotel room at the couture strewn out all over the place. She stopped upon realising how ridiculous she was acting.

"What are you doing?" She loudly said, shaking her head and rubbing her face. "You're acting like a teenager about to go on her first ever date!"

At this realisation Miranda swallowed hard. "Stop being ridiculous, put something on and make a quick fifteen minute appearance, allow Andrea to make her peace about Paris and leave. Easy as pie."

However she knew with the way she felt for Andrea it wasn't going to be that easy, but she would have to push through her emotions and listen to her brain and get out of there as fast and politely as possible as it would do her no good to toy with the romantic feelings she held for Andrea.

"Look at you!" She said as she stared at herself in the floor to ceiling mirror clad only in lacy La Perla underwear. "You're nothing but an ordinary and very old woman underneath the stunning couture. She could never actually want to be with me."

Realising how correct she was she decided to put on a pant suit, ignoring all the other more dinner-date attire spread throughout the room, and picked up her hand bag. She exited her messy room as she called for her car to be out the front by the time she reached the lobby from her tenth floor suite.
Walking On A Dream

~ South Melbourne, 6:45PM ~

Miranda stopped at the apartment number on the 26th floor of the extremely unique Gravity Tower in one of the more quiet streets of this side of Melbourne.

Staring at the buzzer Miranda took a deep breath as she raised a finger and pressed it. She could hear the door bell ringing inside. Her heart racing she tried to keep her emotions in check as she could hear footsteps padding across the floorboards on the other side of the door in a hurry. She looked down to her appearance and hoped she had chosen well unsure as to what Andrea would be wearing. She had been thinking about this far too much on the ride over from her Southgate Avenue hotel.

As the door was pulled open she was met by the breathless brunette and as she ran her eyes up and down Andrea's body she was taken aback to see a purple towel tightly around the brunette, her long and gloriously creamy legs on show.

"Hi." Andrea said, still breathless. "Please, come in."

Watching as the brunette stepped aside Miranda breathed in deeply before nodding her head and trying her best to not stare at Andrea's practically nude body. "Thank you." she murmured as she stepped into the apartment. "I'm early, I apologise."

Andrea waved a dismissive hand. "Don't worry about it. Please make yourself comfortable while I quickly get dressed." she said, motioning her hand around the studio apartment.

"Thank you." Miranda replied, watching as Andrea gave her one last look and flashing that wonderful million dollar smile before hurrying away. The Runway editor closed the door behind her, Andrea forgetting to do it, and watched as the brunette disappeared behind room partition dividers over in the far left corner of the large open floor area. "Umm..." she cleared her throat, and spoke up as she continued speaking. "I brought wine. Red and white. I, ah, wasn't sure what you would prefer with what you've cooked."

"Either sounds great! I hope you don't mind eating Japanese?" Andrea replied, voice floating down from the corner of the make-shift bedroom. It was definitely a uniquely different apartment set-up, but Miranda wasn't judging.

Hearing the hint of nervousness in Andrea's voice Miranda began to reply. "I haven't had Japanese for quite some time."

"Oh, good!" Andrea responded, continuing. "Open whatever you feel like or help yourself to anything that catches your eye in the fridge."

Still wondering why on earth she had come here Miranda wandered over to the fridge and pulled it open. There were a couple cheap bottles of champagne, Jacob's Creek, Yellow and there were three bottles of Arrogant Frog Sparkling ROSE along with four six packs of Carlton Dry Australian beer. Not that they weren't incredibly bad choices she decided she would open the bottle of Bollinger she had brought.

"I swear I'm not some kind of hardcore alcoholic."

Miranda heard Andrea say as she wandered back into sight. She turned around and closed the fridge
behind her taking in the new appearance of the brunette clad in a casual yet elegant summer dress perfect for an evening meal. She cleared her throat then chuckled at Andrea's words. "That didn't even cross my mind. Besides... you haven't seen my cellar."

"Oooh, well now I'm intrigued. Is there a meth lab to?" Andrea questioned, waggling her eyebrows playfully at her joking comment.

Miranda chuckled again slightly taken aback by how easily comfortable and relaxed she felt with her former assistant. "Sorry to disappoint, I think, but no. However I'm sure I could procure a bag of cocaine if wanted." she responded in her own playful and joking way and wasn't at all surprised when she saw pure shock on the young woman's face which made her laugh and she bit her bottom lip.

"That was a joke, right?" Andrea asked.

"Yes, sorry... I couldn't help myself. However, I do have stories from where I dabbled with cocaine in my mid-twenties." Miranda replied, and blinked a few times at her very open confession. Why she just told Andrea that she had no idea. There were only a handful of people who knew this about her. "And if you tell anyone that I'll know who blurted it." she quickly added, but wasn't at all worried about Andrea leaking it as after all the brunette already had dirt on her and could have ruined and embarrassed her but didn't.

Andrea held up her hands laughingly. "Your secret is safe with me."

Miranda nodded. "Good." she said and with that pulled out the bottle of Bollinger and began unwrapping the foil around the top.

"A little bit of Bolly, sweetie darling?" Andrea asked and as Miranda looked up to see the brunette smirking she also smirked and raised an eyebrow.

"You watch Absolutely Fabulous?" Miranda commented, as she popped the cork.

"I've loved it right from the start." Andrea responded, continuing. “Quick shower, quick shower… Wash and go. Sandpaper, exfoliant, cellulite breakdown, tone and perm, auto-bronzer and birch twigs! Shall I have soap? No, no soap.” Andrea said in quite the impressive Eddy tone of voice which told Miranda the young woman enjoyed doing impersonations.

Miranda raised an eyebrow and was once again taken aback. Her lips curled. "Very impressive."

"Years of practice." Andrea laughingly said, continuing. “My family and I could quote that show until the sun came up."

Smiling Miranda poured two glasses of champagne for them in flute glasses Andrea grabbed out from the cabinets above the microwave. "So, what kind of Japanese have you made?" she asked and watched as Andrea sipped her champagne a few times. 'Nerves, perhaps?' she wondered. She had to admit that Andrea was incredibly brave to invite the famously known unpredictable Dragon Lady around to apologise for walking away in Paris.

"If I told you that would take away the element of surprise." Andrea responded, winking at her. "I've just had major cravings for it lately. I love seafood, and again, I really hope you don't mind eating it? I know I should have asked."

Miranda waved a hand. "No, that's quite alright."

"Great." Andrea said rounding the island counter and pulling out two small black soup bowls. "I
hope you like Miso soup?"

"Oh, of course. It isn't a Japanese dinner without it." Miranda replied, but honestly it wasn't a favourite of Miranda's and she very rarely ordered it when she went out for Japanese. "What else have you cooked?" She pressed again even though she did enjoy the idea of the element of surprise from Andrea however she liked to know what she would be having for dinner in advance.

Understanding her ways the brunette responded, not minding that she was giving the menu away. "Vegetable rice paper rolls, vegetable and salmon sushi, Yaki Nori sushi, and a small serving of Banzai Prawns with the Miso soup as mentioned for the first meal. Light and fresh for a perfect Summer's evening"

"A very nice selection." Miranda responded and hoped it would taste as good as it all sounds. She has eaten Andrea's cooking before, baked goods, that Andrea brought in only once in her early days at Runway. Chocolate chip cookies and vanilla cupcakes and the brunette had even dared to bring in a plate of fudge brownies drizzled with caramel for Serena's birthday which the Brazilian had been pleasantly surprised by. And so Miranda had indulged in all three baked goods when her assistant's hadn't been around.

"Would you like to go out onto the balcony?" Andrea asked breaking her out of her thoughts.

"Sure." Miranda replied and allowed her former assistant to lead the way and tried to not dwell on the reason why she couldn't take her eyes off of Andrea's arse that looked utterly perfect in the thin summery CHANEL dress.

Once out on the balcony they opted to not sit at the table straight away but to lean against the railing and look out at the view.

"I never get sick of this view." Andrea said.

Miranda hummed in agreement. She knew she wouldn't either. "I can see why. It's gorgeous." she responded as she took in the views of the ocean and the big ships coming in at Dockland's. "Cassidy would love this." she said, continuing. "She has an obsession with ships. She collects any model boats she can find. Sometimes I just think she misses her father and so by playing with these toy ships she feels closer to him."

The Runway editor could instantly tell that Andrea was surprised by her openness just as she was with herself. The start of this whole evening had definitely turned out a lot different than she had expected and she found that she was truly enjoying herself and hoped the night would continue with her feeling this way.

~*~

~ A Little While Later ~

Miranda watched as Andrea expertly brought out their Miso soup which was their appetiser as everyone know's soup barely fills the belly. She just hoped she could eat some of the soup without looking too rude if she left half of it.

The bowl was placed in front of her and she breathed in the aromas causing her nostrils to twitch inside, she really didn't like this soup. She waited until Andrea sat and picked up her spoon before doing so herself. She surprised herself by eating the whole serving even though it had the usual Miso taste that she had never particularly liked, but there was something different about this soup that made her able to stomach it. Plus it helped it helped to have Bollinger to wash it down with.
"That wasn't half bad." She softly commented, a smile playing on her lips to show she wasn't being critical, and slowly put her spoon down next to her empty bowl. She watched as Andrea flushed slightly and thanked her softly before the brunette raised her spoon and had her last spoonful of her own soup and Miranda tried her best to ignore the shot of arousal that went through her at the sight of Andrea's eyes briefly fluttering shut at the taste before she slowly licked her spoon. 'Oh my god.' Miranda couldn't believe how her body was reacting. It was utterly ridiculous, pining after a woman two decades younger than her. She cleared her throat and instantly tore her eyes from Andrea and wiped her mouth with a napkin.

"I'm glad you liked it." Andrea replied and it was obvious that the brunette was extremely pleased by the compliment from the Runway editor which were very few and far between when it came to Miranda. The brunette finished her glass of champagne and then picked up their bowls, and at that moment the Runway editor's stomach decided to rumble.

Miranda flushed in embarrassment but relaxed slightly when she saw Andrea smile. "I take that as you would like to continue eating?" the brunette asked her and the older woman simply nodded. She was glad she was wearing make-up as her cheeks felt like they were burning up.

"Great. I'll be right back." Andrea replied and with that hurried inside.

As Miranda watched Andrea enter the apartment she couldn't shake the feeling of happiness that was crawling up inside of her from being back in the brunette's company and how different it is this time, how her protective barrier has already pretty much fully disappeared. She had no idea what it was about Andrea Sachs that brought out this other side in her but part of her loved it and part of her hated it as she knew she shouldn't be feeling any of what she was feeling because at the end of the day everything good in her life always turned to shit. She wasn't sure what it was about her but it was like she was cursed and doomed a life of unhappiness when it came to her personal life. Even her daughters were slowly disappearing from her life threatening to live with their father.

When Andrea came back out their eyes connected and Miranda just couldn't shake the feeling and right in this moment she didn't care. She would lap these feelings up while she could and would not feel guilty about it.

Miranda looked out at the view once more. She could spot quite a few iconic sights of this part of Melbourne and she knew if she walked over to the left behind her she'd be able to see the observational Eureka Skydeck which she had supposed to be going to tonight but is dinner invite was much more appealing, she could also see the Rod Laver Arena and the Bolty Bridge. However as she turned her head and stared at Andrea this view was even better. The woman was absolutely stunning and seemed to be glowing in her company. It was ridiculous, but Andrea always did give off this vibe when around her. "The sunsets must be amazing from here." she mused, breaking herself from her thoughts, and clearing her throat.

"Oh, they're the best." Andrea replied. "I come out here most evenings to watch it set."

Miranda smiled at those words. "I don't blame you. I'd do the exact same." she responded before looking down to the plate which Andrea had placed on the table. "Looks heavenly. I haven't had sushi for a long while." she said, humming at how delicious it all looked on her own little platter. She then looked up at Andrea who started speaking.

"I used to make this all the time before I moved to New York with my boyfriend... ex-boyfriend-" Miranda arched a brow at Andrea's very quick change of wording to make it be known that it was an ex as if making it sound like she was single and ready to mingle. "and I stopped cooking because life got extremely crazy." She heard Andrea continue to speak and she watched as the brunette looked to the plate, motioning for her to start eating and so the Runway editor did.
Miranda picked up one of the Yaki Nori sushi rolls and at the first bite she hummed her approval. "Very good." she murmured in between mouthfuls. "Where did you learn to cook like this?"

"I've always loved cooking thanks to my Mom, she's always creating something new and exciting, but I learned to cook all this Japanese food from my college roommate at Northwestern, and then I learnt quite a few different things from Nate, my ex, as he was a sous chef." Andrea replied and Miranda watched as the brunette dipped her vegetable rice paper roll into the small dipping bowl of sweet chili sauce.

"Wonderful. You've certainly excelled at your friends cooking lessons." Miranda complimented. "I love what vegetables are in these." She said upon also eating one of the vegetable rice paper rolls, as she continued to watch Andrea eat, the young woman licking her lips. She had witnessed Andrea scoffing down countless lunches at her desk many a times when she thought no one was watching. The Runway editor had always loved the way Andrea's eyes would flutter shut as her taste buds exploded with all kinds of different flavours and the way she would make soft little moans of appreciation for every meal she ate. "Iceberg lettuce is my favourite."

"Oh yeah, I love it... the watery aftertaste is brilliant."

"Mmm... very tasty." Miranda responded. "It's one of the better lettuces." she said as they continued to eat in what was very easy and not at all awkward silence which was very rare for Miranda to experience.

Once finished eating Miranda began speaking again. "Have you been out of the city much since living here?" she questioned curiously.

Andrea nodded. "Oh yeah, every chance I get... at least once a month. I remember the first time... I just got in the car and drove. I went from Ballarat to Bendigo all the way up to Swan Hill and then over to Wangarrata....."

"You went to all of those places in a week?"

"Yep." Andrea nodded, sipping her champagne.

"And you just got in the car and left... all on your own?"

"I know, it's crazy, a single woman going off on a wild adventure but I knew I had to do it before I started my work full time and everything would get hectic, and that it did, I haven't been able to get away from the big smoke for months now and I'm starting to get the travel bug again." Andrea stopped talking, and looked up at her. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Miranda stared at the brunette beauty in wonder. "I think it's so brave of you to have thrown all caution to the wind, get in the car, and drive around the State side. I didn't have that kind of confidence when I was your age, I must say, I'm quite jealous. I wish some of your gutsy attitude could rub off on me."

Andrea chuckled. "Oh, Miranda, you're way more gutsy than you realise." She responded, shrugging. "And if you want to get more adventurous... what's stopping you, really?"

The older woman opened her mouth, but the young woman cut her off.

"Aside from RUNWAY. You've clearly got opportunities to take some time off and just relax, to let your hair down, like you have been doing right now... coming to Melbourne and forgetting about work..."
Miranda snorted. "I'm always thinking about my work when I'm not thinking of the girls. However..." she nodded. "You do have a point, and I have to say, just having these last two days on my own in a city I don't get to come too often has been refreshing. I will try to take on some of your confidence and do it more often."

"Good." Andrea beamed, raising her glass towards the editors. "Here's to new adventures in the not so distant future."

Miranda slowly smiled at those words, the smile reaching her eyes as their glasses clinked together. "Here's to new adventures." She said, Andrea's eyes glowing as she stared into them under the dim lighting. "As for your adventures around the State you must have seen so many lovely sights and have met so many people of all walks of life..."

"Oh yeah, it was wonderful, and the people here are so nice! They go out of their way to help you at the drop of the hat. If I found myself lost there was always a laid back person ready to help me out."

"Where was your favourite place on that journey?"

"I made so many favourite memories but my fondest is when I found myself in the Briagolong National Park where there is this incredible bed and breakfast with all these different rooms to choose from. I wouldn't have stumbled upon that place had my car not broken down and I had to walk for miles upon miles."

"Oh my goodness, anything could have happened to you."

"Yeah, true, but I wasn't ever worried at the time. I knew I would find a farm house somewhere along the way and I know survival stuff from when I was in the Girl Scout's."

Miranda chuckled softly. "Ah, the Girl Scout's, yes that explains a lot. You would have suited that club perfectly."

Andrea laughed. "Yes, I was in my element when I was in that group."

"So, let me guess, you're fond of camping then?"

"Definitely, I always loved when I would go out camping with my friends in the club and with my family. Now that I think about it I haven't been camping for years now. Oh, I would love to do it again soon, but unfortunately I don't think my work would allow me to, I have been so busy these last few weeks, but you of all people know what that feels like."

"Mmm, yes, indeed. Life can be a challenge when a demanding job is involved. I've only just realised, and yes it is eye-roll worthy that it had to take me this long to come to terms with, that I need to prioritise my time better so I can be home more often."

"God, here I am waffling on about my work difficulties when your schedule is so much more demanding than my own, and it makes me remember how bad I felt when you missed out on Caroline and Cassidy's recital."

"Oh, that." Miranda waved the concern away. "It was my fault entirely, I shouldn't have gone to Miami that weekend, and most importantly I shouldn't have taken it out on you but that is sometimes the only way I know how to react when I have put myself before my daughters. I must have seen like such a bad mother countless times when you were my assistant."

"Oh, Miranda, no I never thought that. Never. Your work ethic and how you never bowed down to anyone... wow, it made me admire you so much. God, I still admire you, you're like the epitome of
success."

Miranda could feel her cheeks flushing underneath her perfectly placed make-up. "Andrea-" she laughed, biting the inside of her lip. "That is... I don't know what to say, I've never had someone compliment me so many times in one sentence." It was very flattering. "That was very kind of you to say, thank you."

Andrea smiled. "You're more than welcome."

They fell silent for a few seconds before the brunette started talking again about their earlier conversation.

"What about you, have you been outside of the city of Melbourne any of the times you've come here?"

The editor slowly shook her head. "Unfortunately no, I never allowed myself to take off that sort of time, but it's the one thing I've always wanted to do." Miranda replied, wiping her mouth before taking a sip of her champagne as Andrea patiently waited for her to continue. "To see rural Victoria. The pictures are great, but I know they wouldn't do the real thing any justice."

"Oh, Miranda, there are so many breathtaking sights." Andrea replied. "The Macedon Rangers in Bendigo are amazing. The Great Ocean Road. Daylesford is full of pretty scenery. The Briagolong bush-land... my favourite place ever, and then out Mornington Peninsula way is breathtaking especially Sorrento which is where my boss lives, his house is amazing. It's an American style ranch and it's right by the sea, you can't see it but you can hear and smell it, it's a little piece of heaven."

Miranda smiled at the way Andrea's eyes lit up about these exciting places she has been able to see in the short time the young journalist has been living in Australia. "Mmm... not to be rude and change the subject, but I must say I was not at all surprised when I heard Nigel talking to Serena and Emily about how Greg recommended you to his brother George at The Age. I knew in that moment it would be the big break you deserved. I'm very glad you took this opportunity."

"I was quite worried at first, I won't lie, and it was such a huge step... being an ocean apart from my family which I admit has been extremely hard. I'm very much a Mommies girl and I hate knowing that I can't call her up and ask to see her as she can't just jump on the next available train."

"I've never had that kind of relationship with my mother." Miranda replied and saw Andrea frown. "No need to feel sorry for me or anything," she said, waving away the concerned look, as she continued. "Were your parents supportive of your big move to Australia?"

"Like me, my Mom had her own set of worries and fears, but I'm lucky to be able to say that my family has been so amazing and my Mom especially... she trusts that I trust my own instincts. My Dad hasn't been the best when it comes to my career ever since I came out about not wanting to follow his footsteps of being a Lawyer and he still to this day thinks I'm wasting my time on a career that he doesn't approve of." Andrea said, shaking her head and sipping her flute glass. "My siblings were completely thrilled about the fact they'd be able to holiday to Australia sooner than they had ever dreamed."

Miranda smiled at those words. "My younger brother, Daniel, was the same when I moved to New York City. He was absolutely over the moon about it and then he arrived and oh goodness, it was like he was a completely different person. So much happier and more himself."

"You sound like you were very close." Andrea commented.
"We were." Miranda responded.

"Where is he now?" Andrea asked. "I never heard you mention a Daniel as a family member when I was working for you."

Miranda sighed sadly. "That is because he passed away in '95." she replied as Andrea swallowed down her sip of champagne loudly and covered her mouth, staring at her.

"Oh, Miranda..." Andrea softly said, reaching forward and Miranda watched as the brunette placed her hand atop her own, squeezing softly.

"He was very special to me. The one and only family member who stuck by me when I left England." Miranda said. "But anyway... enough of me." she said, clearing her throat and squashing down her emotions, as she finished down her champagne.

"More champagne!" Andrea said, and Miranda knew the brunette could sense she wanted to change the subject, as she stood and taking their flute glasses.

Smiling Miranda nodded. "Thank you." she replied, sitting back in the seat and watched Andrea walk away, heart racing slightly as she noticed the brunette beauty was putting an extra sway to her hips as she walked. 'Good god... If only she knew the way she is making me feel.' she thought as she heard Andrea opening the fridge and filling their glasses. 'She would be instantly disgusted.' The rational side of her brain said. 'You're forty eight years old, divorced two times, with not one but two moody teenagers. Andrea Sachs wouldn't even look twice at you in a romantic way. Stop being stupid, get this dinner done, and then you can leave and focus on other more important things.' However Miranda didn't want to listen to her rational, mature side. She didn't want to do the normal and appropriate thing. She has been doing that all her life and so tonight, for one night, she would let her hair down and see where the night took her and whatever happens, happens, and tomorrow is a new day and she can take something special away from this night.

When Andrea came back out she smiled as she reached out for her glass of champagne, their fingers brushing, and as she stared into Andrea's eyes it was as if she could see that the brunette was feeling the exact same, her fingers not moving away from her own. 'This cannot be happening. It cannot. She's half your bloody age! Stop, stop, stop.' Her brain screamed at her, but she ignored it as the young woman began talking.

"The suns starting to set." Andrea commented, looking out over the horizon, fingers dropping away from each other now.

"Mmmm..." Miranda hummed, trying to get her emotions back in check upon realising her breathing had quickened at all her thoughts and feelings. She felt as if she was a love sick girl experiencing all these feelings she's never felt before. It was utterly ridiculous and she knew it and yet she didn't want to stop feeling this way. A way she hasn't felt for many decades.

"Everything okay?" Andrea's voice registered through her thoughts.

"Yes, yes." Miranda responded, nodding her head and clearing her throat. "Sorry... Just had a thought about Runway." she said, lying through her teeth and hoped Andrea didn't see it in her eyes because apparently the brunette could read her very well as many a day’s back at Runway the young woman would sense she wanted things better than she knew herself.

"I see." Andrea replied, sounding as if she didn't believe her, just as Miranda had been expecting. However the brunette didn't ask any further questions and for that the older woman was grateful. "Thank you for bringing this champagne. It's divine. I haven't had Bolly since my 18th."
Andrea said, breaking the silence yet again.

"Your 18th?" Miranda instantly replied as she stood from the small table to join the brunette beauty and they leaned against the railing once more however this time Miranda wasn't looking out at the ocean she put all her attention onto Andrea.

"Yeah, we had this crazy, awesome themed Ab Fab party."

Miranda raised an eyebrow at those words, prompting the young brunette to continue speaking.

“My parents... My mom especially, are very laid back, they never censored us from much, and trusted us from a very young age. We were allowed to do things that most of the other kids in our small town weren't allowed to. I'm glad to have had that upbringing. I appreciate so much how I wasn't wrapped in cotton wool until I could leave for college. So, long story short, yeah... my Mom grew up in a Hippie community and she dabbled in lots of different things when she was younger and knew her children would be no different so it would be better we did it under her watchful eyes instead. Mind you it was only ever alcohol now and then, we didn't have crazy Hippie like parties every weekend like so many of the kids at school thought. Simply put I was allowed to drink under their supervision from the age of about sixteen and on wards if that's what I wanted every few weekends, but I wasn't allowed to do it elsewhere until I turned the legal age of twenty one. What about you... what were your parents like when it came to that?" Andrea curiously asked.

Miranda sighed as she ran a hand through her perfectly coiffed hair. "My parents weren't always around. My mother was very into her friends over her children, you can already put together the similarities," she said, shaking her head, unable to believe how much like her mother she really was. “- and my father was always working and when he wasn't he was sleeping. I had to grow up at a very young age because all my siblings were younger than me so I became a parent in what felt like a blink of an eye and I did that until I left when I turned sixteen. I couldn't handle it there any longer. Yes, I felt bad leaving my siblings however Daniel understood. Marilyn on the other side, the middle child, she didn't... she's hated me for leaving and has not tried to contact me since. Didn't even have the decency to come to Manhattan for Daniel's funeral." she said, shaking her head. "But I'm sure you don't want to hear about my miserable childhood."

"No, it's alright... You can talk to me if you want. I'm all ears and I would never judge you, Miranda, never." Andrea replied, placing her hand atop hers again and squeezed. "I promise."

Looking into Andrea's eyes Miranda of course could see how genuine the brunette beauty was.

Right from that very first meeting with Andrea she knew that the young woman was one hundred percent true and had everyone else's best interests at heart before her own.

"How did Daniel..." Andrea trailed off, biting her lip, obviously unsure if she should have began to ask how he passed away.

Sighing sadly Miranda closed her eyes and rubbed the bridge of her nose. "A car accident. Horrific collision with an SUV. His boyfriend at the time was very troubled, got behind the wheel drunk, both didn't realise he had crossed onto the wrong side of the road and straight into the car. Both died on the scene along with the driver of the SUV who was a young PhD student, had her whole life ahead of her." she said, shaking her head. "Because of my fame, somehow a photographer had been nearby and as soon as he heard he took a photograph of the accident site. Had no care about what I would be going through and seeing that horrific, violent photo... I just... It changed me and the picture has stuck with me."

"Shit, Miranda." Andrea whispered, shaking her head also and covered her mouth with her hand.
from shock at her words. "I can't imagine the pain you must have gone through, that it must still cause you to feel. I know you probably hate hearing it, but I am so, so sorry."

"Thank you." Miranda replied, placing her left hand atop Andrea's, also squeezing. "I've turned this into a real soppy moment, I apologise." she said, noticing Andrea's eyes watering up and feeling the same with her own.

"Don't be silly, you've no reason to apologise." Andrea responded, smiling at her. "I hate that you had to go through all of that."

Miranda smiled at the brunette. "You're a very sweet woman, Andrea."

The brunette shrugged. "I'm just me." she replied, smiling. "I try my best."

They both sipped their champagne, their eyes remaining connected, Miranda could get lost in those soulful and beautiful eyes for an eternity. Eyes that looked at her with no judgement or disapproval. Eyes that have seen her at her worst and at her best. Eyes that never betrayed her, always wanted to help her in the best way possible and efficiently, and eyes that looked at her in such sadness and shock from the loss of another failed marriage and from losing her brother. Eyes that had been so confused about Miranda's decision to betray Nigel in such a way that caused those brown eyes to widen up and leave Paris all because Miranda hadn't opened up to her like she should have. They were eyes that saw a once in a lifetime opportunity to work in a country like Australia. Through all of it she knew they were eyes she could trust in from this day forward.

Clearing her throat and looking away from the brunette beauty she downed the rest of her champagne not at all caring it was half a glass she stomached within seconds. It probably wasn't the smartest, but she didn't care. Tonight was a night where she knew she could just be her. Miranda the woman not Miranda the scary Dragon Lady. "It really is breathtaking here."

"I love it, but what makes it even better tonight is sharing it with your company which I have always enjoyed." Andrea responded and Miranda widened her eyes at those words which she snorted at. "I'm being serious!" the brunette nodded, nudging the Runway editor. "You're one of the greatest people I've ever had the pleasure of knowing. Sure I confess I was a bit hesitant at first about you... but once I saw you were the way you were because you worked in a man’s world and you have to be tough on your employees so they get the job done it made me admire you. I can only hope that when I am at the highest peak I can get in my career that I can be as strong as you and not bow down and falter to men who think they know better."

"You're closer to being that person than you think." Miranda replied. "I've been reading your articles since being in Australia and you're just... you're something else, Andrea. You have a true gift... none that I've ever seen before."

Andrea's eyes widened and she shook her head. "Oh wow, Miranda, I... wow... Thank you. You have no idea how much that means to me. The greatest compliment I could ever, ever receive for the rest of my life. I will forever cherish that. Thank you."

Their eyes connected once more before Miranda cleared her throat and smiled as she pushed herself away from the railing. "Where abouts is the bathroom?" she softly asked, the champagne making her need to break the seal.

Pointing behind Miranda the brunette began to speak. "The door near the corner just passed the lounge area."

"Thank you." Miranda replied, gave Andrea one last lingering look before moving away and
entering the apartment once more, thinking about how she has said the words thank you more tonight than she has in the past bloody year.

~*~

~ Fifteen Minutes Later ~

Miranda looked at the plate of three fairly large prawns knowing they would get smaller in size once the head and tail were cut off. She wasn't much of a prawn eater only eating seafood every couple of months, but these certainly looked and smelled extremely appealing.

"I have only started eating seafood these last few years." Andrea said, breaking through the comfortable silence that fell between them as the brunette sat back down. "My family aren't big on seafood, only eating it on Good Friday, and so when I met my college roommate she introduced me to all these exciting foods. This is my favourite way of eating prawns. The sauce is simply divine."

"Interesting. My family was very similar and at the townhouse with the girls the closest thing of seafood they'll eat are fish-fingers from a box." Miranda responded shaking her head.

"Oh but fish-fingers from the box are the bomb!" Andrea responded causing Miranda to pause what she was doing, fiddling with her napkin.

"That's exactly what my girls would say, how did you-"

"They told me once when I saw them one evening shopping with Cara and I commented on their good choice of fish-fingers brand." Andy grinned.

"They never told me they saw you."

"Oh, yeah, it was after Paris. They said you wouldn't be happy had you found out they were talking to me."

Miranda waved those words away. "What happened in the past is just that... in the past. Hell if they said they wanted to have a friendship with you I'd be delighted!"

"Really?" Andrea was very clearly surprised by that.

"Really, why would I feel the need to say no?" Miranda shrugged, smiling, knowing that her eyes must be sparkling with happiness as she stared into Andrea's deep brown eyes that she knew she could get lost in if she allowed herself to.

"I wouldn't say no." Andrea responded. "They're fantastic kids, Miranda, you've done an extraordinary job with raising them."

"Thank you, Andrea, that means the world to me hearing you say that." Miranda replied, sometimes feeling that she has done an awful job with raising her bobbsey's because she believes she could have done better and have been there for them more throughout the years. Biting the inside of her lip Miranda decided it was time to change the conversation and she looked back down to the food which she continued eating. She hummed at the flavours. "The sauce definitely is heavenly."

Andrea smiled at her words. "Please, dig in." she said, motioning to Miranda's plate. "However this sauce isn't from my roommate, it's my bosses wife's recipe, I went there last weekend for a meeting with George and she had cooked this sauce that night for lobster they were having and gave me the left overs which I placed in the freezer. I love that I get to share it with you because it's stunning, so smooth and not too rich. The annoying thing is, is that it's a secret recipe and I'm still trying to work
out how I can keen Trixie into letting me have it."

Miranda chuckled. "Usually with secret recipe's people go to their graves with them."

"Mmm, true, but I have hope I can get it from her." Andrea said.

"My Macaroni and Cheese is a secret recipe, even my girls don't know what the secret ingredient is yet because I'm afraid they'll accidentally tell one of their friends even though they assure me that would never happen, but I know it would as Caroline especially is prone to letting out secrets." Miranda replied, chuckling.

Andrea laughed softly. "I used to be like that. I would always blurt out what everyone was getting for their birthdays or Christmas. I couldn't help myself."

Miranda chuckled. "My girls found the hiding spot I keep all of their presents for birthdays and Christmas. It's a spot I've had ever since they were born and I can't believe they found it." she said, shaking her head and smirking. "So now I have to find a new spot before their birthday in August."

"I doubt you'll have too much trouble doing that. I mean, your house is very big." Andrea laughingly replied.

"Well, yes, you would think that, but my daughters already know every single knook and kranny and hidey holes." Miranda said.

"Typical kids." Andrea commented, grinning. "My siblings and I are the exact same with our house."

They continued to eat with random chatter, finding out new things about one another, soft laughter coming from each women as they found themselves continuously staring into each other’s eyes for longer times than was necessary, the brunette beauty's chest and cheeks flushing now and then and then looking away nervously and clearing her throat as she rambled about this and that through her through what seemed to be fleeting bouts of nervousness from whatever that intelligently talented mind was thinking.

Miranda couldn't believe how surreal this whole situation was that she found herself in. It was ridiculous but it seemed very clear that Andrea Sachs was attracted to her. She shook her head at this thought. Why the young woman would be interested in her she had no idea. It was completely baffling, and yet she couldn't shake the excitement that bubbled up inside of her at the thought.

After finishing their main meal they had remained outside and had watched the incredible sunset. It was absolutely breathtaking but not as breathtaking as Andrea Sachs.

The Runway editor could not believe how easy the conversation continued to flow between them, but the brunette was very laid back much more than she used to be, the Australian care free lifestyle having rubbed off on the young woman.

Before Miranda knew it an hour had past and they were still seated outside under the moonlight as she listened to Andrea talk about her latest article that the Runway editor found extremely interesting and wanted to know more. It was a fascinating and touching story and it was amazing to see how dedicated Andrea was to the cause. She sat back and sipped on her last glass from the bottle of Bollinger they have shared over the course of the evening as Andrea suddenly stood up as if a light bulb had gone off in her head.

"Don't go anywhere!" Andrea said, absolutely glowing. "I just remembered something!"
Laughing Miranda shook her head. "I'm quite comfortable where I am, I won't be moving."

"Good!" Andrea excitedly said before walking back into the apartment and Miranda rolled her eyes. Tonight was the first night in a long time which she has genuinely enjoyed another person’s company who wasn’t her daughters. She looked down at her watch and saw that it was just passed 8:30 and she found that she didn't want to leave yet. Falling into this old and familiar territory with Andrea was very pleasant. Staring at the brunette beauty and listening to that lovely sweet voice again was simply amazing and she felt incredibly lucky to be back in the brunette's company, sitting here in Andrea's home.

Most former assistants wanted nothing more to do with her once they got their glowing new job at any publication they wanted, but she knew and had always known that Andrea Sachs was different than the others and knew she shouldn't be so shocked and surprised that the brunette beauty enjoyed being around her. 'She really is special and unique.' She thought to herself, smiling, and just at that moment Andrea walked back outside. She was holding a bottle of alcohol that looked very much like her favourite spirit. "Hmm, if I didn't know any better I would think you were trying to get me drunk, Andrea."

At her words the brunette began laughing, quite hysterically, and she grinned at the sound which was like music to her ears. She then watched as Andrea who bit her bottom lip as she held up a bottle of whisky. "This was one of your cast offs that you personally gave me. You told me you had a feeling I would like it. You told me you had a feeling I would like it. Do you remember?"

Miranda smiled. "I do." It was a couple weeks before the Paris trip that changed everything, causing herself to re-evaluate her life choices.

The brunette beamed at her words then looked to the bottle. "We don't have to open it, but it would be quite fitting if we did. I have been sharing it for a special occasion, and tonight has been so much more than I have ever hoped for and I would love to enjoy a few glasses with you, if you want."

Miranda's smile simply widened. "I think it would be nice to wrap the night up with a few whisky's." Andrea smiled brilliantly at her. "Great!"

"However maybe we should retreat back inside? It's getting a little chilly now that the warm breeze has gone away."

"Ah yes, the slight cool change Mike Larkan, the weather guy on the Ten Network predicted." Andrea said. "That's the one thing about this Victorian weather... it never just stays Summer temperatures, it's always up and down, and I'm still getting used to it."

"But from what I saw earlier it's supposed to be a lovely day tomorrow. Summer is well and truly setting in." Miranda replied. "Finally. I love the heat." Andrea replied. "Really? I'm more of a winter baby." Miranda responded.

"Yes, I'd love to live somewhere tropical." Andrea replied, quickly continuing. "But that's not to say that I don't love the winter either. I love both, but sadly I can't have both. I'd either have to choose to live somewhere cold or hot, and at the end of the day, I don't have the type of money for that kind of move."

Chuckling Miranda responded as they continued their conversation as they moved inside.
A Little Over An Hour Later

"Oh my... I am so sorry," Miranda said staring at the summery dress which was now ruined by whisky. She then widened her eyes at the realisation that Andrea's bra-less breasts were showing through her dress sunk into her brain and she couldn't take her eyes away as the brunette began dabbing the wet spot from the spilt liquor, but to no avail. 'Stop staring, stop staring!' She told herself but couldn't listen or tear her eyes away.

Clearing her throat she did her best to look away when Andrea began laughing. "I'll just go get changed. Maybe in something more comfortable if that's alright?"

"Yes." Was all Miranda could manage to say as she tried to forget about seeing Andrea's erect breasts. The woman was half her age for goodness sake!

A few moments later and she heard Andrea's voice once more. She looked up and couldn't believe her eyes. The brunette had changed from her summery dress to a Japanese silky nightgown which was shorter than the dress and showed off more of those divine legs.

"Ah, that's much better." Andrea said as she sat back down and put her feet back up onto the coffee table, picking up her glass which Miranda had refreshed.

"I'm so sorry about that." Miranda said once more, her mind still like mush.

"Don't even worry about it." Andrea replied, waving her words away.

Miranda did her best to look at anything other than Andrea's legs.

"We should play a game." Andrea said a couple seconds later, breaking the silence that had fallen over them.

Miranda snorted, and looked back into the brunette’s eyes. "A game?"

"Sure, why not?" Andrea asked, shrugging.

"What game do you suggest we play?" Miranda asked with a cocked eyebrow. "I don't see any board games around."

"No no, not that type of game." The brunette laughingly replied. "I was thinking something more along the lines of... Never Have I Ever."

At the brunettes smirk Miranda raised an eyebrow. "I've never heard of it."

"Oh, well..." Andrea sat back up. "It's a really fun way to get to know someone better."

"Alright..." Miranda trailed off. "You start and I'll catch on."

"Never Have I Ever... stolen money, and if you have you drink, and if you haven't you don't." Andrea said.

"Ohhh, I get it, then... well... I'll have to drink to that." Miranda said, raising her glass to her mouth.

"Really?" Andrea asked.

"Hasn't every teenager at one stage stolen lunch money for school?" Miranda replied.
"Why Miranda Priestly, you were quite the rebel." Andrea said as she also drank.

Miranda began laughing. " Barely. I lived by the rules of the parents to keep the peace in the house. It wasn't a very relaxing household."

Andrea frowned. " That sounds horrible."

" It was." Miranda replied, nodding and sighing. " But enough about me. Never Have I Ever gotten a speeding fine." she said and watched as Andrea bit her bottom lip before lifting her glass and taking a sip of her whisky.

" In my defense I was late for class, and the officer was a real jerk and wouldn't go easy on me even though it was my first time being pulled over and I had no priors." Andrea said.

Smirking Miranda laughed. " Hmm, a bit of a led foot, are we?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

" Yes and no. " Andrea laughingly responded. " I do an aggressive speed limit, but always stick to the road rules."

Miranda snorted. " My ex-husband, Eric, used to be like that."

" Well, my Mom drives exactly the same and she taught me to drive so it's no wonder I drive the way I do." Andrea said, smirking as she took another sip before speaking. " Never Have I Ever..."

~*~

~ A Few Moments Later ~

The game went on for some time and Miranda sat back thoroughly enjoying herself and listening to all of the worldly stories her ex-assistant had. The young woman has experienced many a things for someone of such a young age. " Farm life sounds really enjoyable."

" Oh, it really is, and I miss it every single day." Andrea replied.

Smiling Miranda continued. " I would love to be able to experience living on a farm, but somehow I never see it happening. " she said, and watched as Andrea shrugged.

" Never say never, anything is possible in this life."

" Well, yes, that is true." Miranda responded, smiling at the brunette's positive outlook on life.

They continued with a few more truths from this Never Have I Ever game until a question came up in which the Runway editor really hadn't been expecting. Her eyes slightly widened as her heart began to quicken with the way Andrea closely watched her.

" Never Have I Ever... kissed a woman." Andrea said and the older woman watched as the brunette beauty raised her glass and threw back the rest of her whisky before watching her closely as if really keen on the answer.

Knowing she shouldn't be doing any of this let alone being here Miranda moved on auto pilot before thinking and finished off her own glass which she knew her head would be feeling tomorrow. She watched as the brunette simply smirked and licked her lips before refilling their shot glasses. " You seem very pleased with that answer. " She commented, it was her turn to watch the young woman closely who bit her bottom lip.

" I was just curious. " 
"Mmm." Miranda hummed, leaving it at that, but knowing there was more to Andrea's look of excitement when she got the answer she wanted.

"Can I ask you something?" Andrea asked once she put down the bottle and leaned closer to her.

Raising an eyebrow Miranda nodded. "Go on."

"Emily and Serena, are they or aren't they romantically together?" Andrea questioned, eyes quizzically watching her.

At Andrea's whispered voice as if someone was around to hear caused Miranda to snort. Her lips curled into a smirk as she responded. "They are." she whispered back.

"Oh, I knew it!" Andrea said, eyes wide. "They had the whole secret lover’s vibe every time they were together."

Miranda softly chuckled as she nodded her head. "Yes, they certainly don't hide it as well as they think." She responded and then looked at the time and knew she should be leaving soon. "Do you mind if I get a glass of water before I leave?" She questioned and she was so sure a look of disappointment washed over Andrea's face before it was gone.

"Of course not, I brought San Pellegrino for you." Andrea replied, watching her as she stood and moved over to the small kitchen area which had a stunning island counter. She opened the fridge and grabbed the bottle from the small wine wrack next to the fridge, the Pellegrino room temperature just how she liked it. She took one of the glasses which was sitting upside down on the sink drying. She poured it and swallowed down some of the bubbly liquid it was very refreshing and just what she needed.

Hearing footsteps behind her Miranda placed the glass down and put the bottle back into the wrack. She then felt Andrea's presence behind her. She slowly turned around and found she was inches from the brunette. She opened her mouth to speak but stopped when Andrea did so.

"Never Have I Ever kissed a Runway editor."

At those soft words Miranda's heart plummeted and she didn't even have time to think as those gloriously lush lips captured her mouth in a searing kiss as the brunette cupped her cheeks.

Miranda gasped into those full red lips as she opened and moved her mouth in time with Andrea's. She couldn't believe what was happening and knew it shouldn't be happening but she didn't want to stop.

"We shouldn't be doing this." Miranda said a few seconds later managing to pull away from those divine lips and letting out a shaky breath.

"Maybe not, but who cares, there's no one around to see and no one has to know." Andrea whispered, pulling her body back into hers.

"You're old enough to be my daughter." Miranda commented.

"Does it look like I care?" Andrea responded.

"No." Miranda breathed, staring from Andrea's eyes to those gorgeous lips.

"Then stop worrying and let me take you to bed." Andrea replied, putting her hands around her neck and leaning in once more.
"But-" Miranda tried, but was cut off.

"No buts," Andrea responded, kissing her softly and nipping her lips and without being able to help herself the older woman joined in once more, kissing her soundly as their mouths moved in sync. "That's it, baby, just give in."

Miranda moaned into Andrea's lips before opening her eyes and pulled slightly away once again from the brunette beauty. "This can only happen this once." She whispered, leaning into Andrea once more and moving her mouth against Andrea's.

"You'll stay the night then?" Andrea asked, her voice having taken on a gleeful tone, thrilled by the possibility of having sex with her.

It was all incredibly bizarre how she found herself pleasantly in this situation and as she searched Andrea's eyes Miranda knew she should say no which is what her mind was telling her but her heart was screaming at her to fuck Andrea all night long. "It doesn't mean we're bound for life." Andrea whispered, searching her eyes and running her fingers through her coiffed hair. "It's just one night, alright? No strings attached."

"Alright." Miranda whispered, allowing the brunette to push her backwards and towards the make-shift bedroom in the open floor plan apartment with the only actual rooms being the bathroom and laundry and everything else was out in the open. It was different and uniquely odd and she had a feeling there was a reason behind this, something financial she figured.

"Why me?" Miranda asked a second later as Andrea patiently waited for an answer.

Andrea scoffed at those words. "Why you?" She asked, breathing out slowly as she nipped the RUNWAY editor's earlobe. "Look at yourself, you should know why." she whispered.

"I'm not all that." Miranda responded, her eyes fluttering closed at the sensation Andrea was making her feel, butterflies bubbling inside her stomach.

"I think you are more than what you see in yourself." Andrea responded. "And I want this... you."

"Just for tonight." Miranda said, and watched as Andrea nodded, before their mouths crashed together in a brilliantly passionate kiss and the Runway editor shouldn't have been as shocked as she was by how talented Andrea was with her mouth and tongue.

Miranda pouted when Andrea's mouth left her own but it was alright though as the young brunette kept kissing and nipping her neck causing Miranda to moan. She couldn't believe this was happening. It shouldn't be happening, she knew this, but even so she allowed herself to be pushed down onto the comfy double bed with Andrea straddling her and kissing her with a new found fervor.

They kissed for a little while longer before Andrea pulled away and kissed her neck once again, humming and moaning into her ear, causing the Runway editor to become even more aroused. "Never Have I Ever felt this way before." she breathed, moaning softly.

Andrea chuckled in her ear, and let out a low moan. "Oh, Miranda, I'm just getting started Hold on tight," the brunette said as she began trailing her tongue down her chest towards the hem of her V line low cut blouse having taken her blazer off ages ago.

The older woman moaned and arched into Andrea's hand that slipped under her bra and was now cupping her breast and rubbing her nipple with her thumb. The brunette ripped off her blouse,
carefully so of course as not to break the buttons, and her shirt was thrown over Andrea's shoulder as the brunette pulled down her bra. She swallowed hard and watched with baited breath and a racing heart as Andrea stared at her breasts which she knew weren't the best as they once were.

"Fuck, Miranda!" Andrea moaned before leaning down and capturing her left breast in that stunningly talented mouth as her other breast was cupped and massaged with Andrea's hand. "So beautiful and erect for me."

At those whispered words she felt a shot of arousal go through her to settle between her legs. She could smell herself and it was extremely overwhelming and overpowering. No one has ever brought out this side of her before. Not to mention she never thought she'd find someone who wanted to completely ravish her. It was mind blowing and she couldn't believe her eyes as she watched Andrea pulled away from her breasts and began making her way down her body, trailing that wicked tongue as she went and kissing and nipping.

Miranda breathed in and out deeply and fast as her body began to tremble in delight. "Ohhh!" she said upon realising the brunette beauty had reached her slacks and was about to pull them down. She looked down to see Andrea staring up at her as she breathed in deeply.

"You smell divine." The brunette said, eyes sparkling with eager anticipation. "Help me get these off."

With those words Miranda instinctively arched her lower body and watched as Andrea slowly pulled her pants down, kissing and licking as she went. She hasn't been eaten out in such a long time and her whole body was buzzing with slight nervousness and lots of eagerness - she simply hoped Andrea liked what she saw and wasn't disappointed.

She jumped and arched when Andrea ran a teasing finger over her pantie clad vagina. "Ohhh." she cried out once more.

The young woman chuckled softly and bit her lip before tugging on the underwear.

Getting the hint Miranda once again arched her lower body and watched as Andrea slowly pulled the black panties off and stared at her vagina. She knew it wasn't anything like the trend was, bald, she had hair which was trimmed neatly and it was the way it would always stay as in her mind it was the natural way a woman should be.

"Ohhh, Miranda." Andrea moaned, running her fingers through her hair and slick folds. "Incredible!" the brunette whispered in awe.

Miranda couldn't believe her eyes and ears.

"I want to taste you." Andrea whispered, looking up at her and searching her eyes for the permission which Miranda appreciated.

Miranda nodded, and swallowed as she watched the brunette beauty slowly lower her head, breathing in deeply once more, before that beautiful mouth captured her vagina and at the first swipe of that tongue lazily through her slick folds Miranda's head fell back into the black and red pillow case. "Ooooh... my goodness!" She cried as Andrea ate her out with tremendous eagerness and joy.

Soon Andrea's fingers joined in on the fun, two entered her and then a third finger was inside her as said fingers, which were deliciously long, began exploring her like no one has ever done before whilst the brunettes tongue gently licked and sucked her clitoris. "What are you doing to me..." she trailed off, letting out shaky breaths, as she arched her lower body off the bed, keening urgently into
Andrea's fingers and mouth as the brunette did glorious things to her and she knew it wouldn't be long now until she would climax, the quickest climax she's ever experienced. "Ohhh... noooo... don't stop!" she said as Andrea pulled her fingers out and her eyes rolled back into her head as those slender fingers were replaced with a ridiculously talented and strong tongue which delved deep inside her.

With fireworks going off behind her eyes and her mind focused on one thing - orgasming, she opened her mouth as she continued to cry out her desire. "Ohhh... Andrea! I'm so close!"

Andrea chuckled with delight at her words.

A tremble shot through her and soon her body froze and then it was trembling uncontrollably and she allowed herself to let out her release - pent up release as she hasn't been sexually intimate with anyone for quite some years - and it felt beyond fucking amazing.

Unable to believe that had just happened Miranda stared lazily at the ceiling as Andrea lanquishly moved her tongue through her wet folds before slowly pulling back and looking up at her with incredibly smoky glazed eyes looking at her in a way no man ever has. "What are you thinking?" the brunette asked.

"Honestly... I've never felt so desirable before, and never thought I ever would, and I... for some reason you calm me, and make me feel like a different person." Miranda said, shaking her head. "And I really should stop talking. This was a one off, you do understand that?" she asked, and watched as Andrea bit her lip and nodded.

"Sure... but there's no reason why we couldn't go again in the morning." Andrea responded, winking at her.

Miranda swallowed as another round of arousal went through her and she felt her cheeks flushing. "Possibly." she murmured, causing Andrea to grin wonderfully. "For now-" she yawned, covering her mouth. "It's time I make you feel how you just made me." she said and felt a tremble go through Andrea's slender body at the thought.

Just like with Miranda it didn't take Andrea long at all until she too was climaxing, rocking back and fourth into the older woman's mouth which was sucking her clitoris and fingers that moved deeply inside that deliciously tight and wet vagina.

"That was... soooo good! You're a pro at that!" Andrea said, grinning lazily, slapping Miranda's arse playfully. "You've certainly done that before."

"I could say the same about yourself." Miranda winked, wiping the back of her hand over her mouth, smelling Andrea's cum which was coated over her fingers and hand with the taste lingering in her mouth and would for a little while longer.

"Thank you for coming around tonight, it has been the greatest, and one I'll never forget. I'm honest when I say I never, ever thought anything like this would have happened, but Miranda, baby I'm so happy it did. It was all that I have dreamed of and more."

Miranda paused at those words, staring down into Andrea's eyes as she settled next to the young woman whose arms instantly went around her. "You've dreamt of me like this before?" She asked, which told her Andrea had not only had a dream like this but has thought of her in waking hours for her mind to conjure up such dreams.

"So many nights I've dreamt about us like this." Andrea responded, and then realised how it
sounded, and she quickly added. "A one-nighter, of course."

Miranda continued to stare into now unreadable eyes. It was like Andrea was just saying that because that is what they had agreed to before falling into bed together. "I'm glad I came." she simply responded, they continued sleepily stare at each other, before Andrea made the decision to be the first to close her eyes.

"Good night, Miranda." The brunette said, kissing her shoulder.

Miranda's heart fluttered at the tender touch. "Goodnight, darling Andrea." She whispered, watching as the magnificent brunette beauty fell into slumber and yawning once more she closed her eyes and with how calm and fantastic she felt in her post-coital sleepy glow it didn't take her long to fall asleep either. She knew that when she woke up tomorrow all of this would simply be a memory, but what a wonderful memory it will be.

~*~
Chapter 3

~ * ~

~ The Next Morning ~

Miranda awoke to an empty bed and as she sat up she listened for any sign of noise. She heard none. She wasn't at all surprised, after all they had agreed it to be a one night only thing, and Andrea would have been needing to get to work.

Standing from the bed which she quickly made she stretched and looked around for her clothes. Normally she'd shower, but today she felt it wasn't right to stay inside Andrea's apartment any longer than was necessary, showering could wait until she got back to her room and if she was honest she loved having the smell of Andrea's cum on her.

Once she located where her bra had been thrown she dressed and quickly used the toilet, washed her hands and fixed her appearance with some of Andrea's make-up before exiting the room. She looked around the bedroom and a small smile spread her lips.

Last night would be a memory she wouldn't forget. "Thank you." she whispered before turning and leaving the apartment, making sure the heavy sliding industrial door was locked before heading for the elevator grateful that it didn't take long for the metal box to arrive.

Stepping in she leaned back against the wall, closed her eyes, and sighed. She felt so many things but happiness is what she felt right now. She was still glowing from being thoroughly fucked by one Andrea Sachs.

It didn't take long for the doors to reopen and she walked on out and through the quiet lobby. She looked over to the front desk and was surprised to see it completely empty which seemed strange for this time of morning when an employee should be here by now to welcome guests visiting family and friends at the tower.

Knowing there was some sort of explanation for this Miranda merely shrugged it off and began walking through the doors that slid apart for her and the smell of the ocean hit her nostrils and she breathed in deeply as the sound of seagulls squawked happily nearby watching her every move.

The never ending sound of the bustling city was heard in the distance as she stared at the impressive skyline where the Eureka Skydeck stood out proudly.

It was a peaceful apartment complex, one in which she could have seen herself living in when she was Andrea's age.

Walking through the glass doors she put on her sunglasses and pulled out her phone to call for the car to pick her up a few blocks away as she knew she couldn't be seen out front of a former assistants apartment building just in case someone, somehow, put two and two together.

As she began strolling along the foot path Miranda placed her phone next to her air, listening to the ringing on the other end, just as she heard a familiar voice come from behind.

"Ahh, the good old walk of shame." Andrea commented.

Miranda's phone slowly dropped from her air as she disconnected the call and she turned around to see Andrea watching her with amusement. She opened and closed her mouth, unsure as to what to
say, she really thought the brunette had done the walk of shame in the first place, but now... now she
knew she felt stupid to even think that as Andrea was the most genuine person she has ever met and
she couldn't imagine the young woman doing the disappearing act after a one night stand without
saying goodbye.

"I left you a note to say I'm getting breakfast for us, I put it on my pillow, but it must have fallen of."
Andrea said, holding up two brown paper bags. "Croissants from the bakery down the road, fresh
out of the oven." the brunette said, smiling, and continuing. "But I understand if you have to go..."

Miranda's mouth turned into a smile at the sweet gesture of breakfast.

Even though she knew she should continue on with calling her driver Miranda found herself
nodding. "I will take you up on the breakfast offer."

At those words the brunette beauty beamed widely. She was already so cheerful for such an early
time of the morning, it was incredibly refreshing for Miranda when she was used to grumpy
teenagers. "Great! There's a fantastic little spot around the corner with a park bench that looks out at
the water."

"Lead the way." Miranda replied, beginning to follow Andrea. 'You should leave. Forget this ever
happened!' She thought, but ignored her own musings.

Once they were sat on the park bench having walked there in companionable silence Miranda
watched as the brunette pulled out their breakfast. 'Those hands really are magnificent.' she thought,
heart fluttering, thinking back to how they felt caressing her body, how deep those fingers explored
her most intimate, private place.

"It's such a beautiful day that I don't want to go into the office and sit at a desk for hours." Andrea
said, between mouthfuls of her croissant.

Miranda hummed her agreeance about the weather and had been expecting the brunette to continue
speaking to suggest that they spend the day together, but when Andrea remained silently eating and
looking out at the water the Runway editor tried to ignore how disappointed she felt.

"What are your plans for today?" Andrea soon asked.

"I love the aquarium here." Miranda said, swallowing her mouthful. "I find it very peaceful in there
so I will head there for a while after I go and get changed. Then the art galleries and next... I'm not
sure. I have this ridiculous list that I'm sure I'll never get through... ever."

Andrea frowned at those words. "Don't say that. I'm sure none of it is ridiculous and all has a
meaning behind why you want to do whatever is on the list. You'll cross everything off eventually."

Looking at Andrea who was smiling at her and searching her eyes Miranda opened her mouth and
spoke. "With my job I barely have the time for... fun."

"Well, I... I hope last night was some semblance of fun for you..." Andrea said, cheeks and neck
flushing a deep red.

Miranda bit the inside of her lip. "Last night was... Honestly, I have no words."

Andrea looked nervous now.

"I don't regret it." Miranda softly said, reassuringly, as the brunette began relaxing once more. "It
was beyond enjoyable and something I can take away from this trip to remember fondly. The way
you treated me... Miranda Priestly the woman not Miranda Priestly Runway editor, how you made me feel..." She shook her head. "I will thank you for that each and every day."

"If in another universe I'd make you feel like that each and every day." Andrea whispered, about to reach for her hand when her phone began to ring. The brunette sighed. "I'm sorry."

Miranda waved the words away. Now with her croissant eaten she began scrunching up the paper bags. "I should be letting you get to work." She said as she stood.

"Oh no, please... just wait." Andrea said, looking from Miranda to her phone.

Miranda nodded and signaled for Andrea to take it.

"Hello, Andrew? Please tell me you're ringing with good news." Andrea said into her phone and her next expression was relieved. "Oh thank you so much. I am so glad I don't have to get that warrant. Yes, I can come to your office to get the flash drive. Out the front? Sure, what time?"

Miranda couldn't help but stare at the brunette beauty. She didn't want to have to say goodbye to her but she knew it was for the best. Everything fantastic in her life always ended up ruined.

"Half an hour? Certainly, I'll be there, thanks again Andrew. Okay, bye." Andrea said, disconnecting the call and looking to her once more. "Thank god for that."

"I'm glad it's worked out for you." Miranda said, motioning to the building and around them. "All of this, I am glad that I was able to play a small part in it to get you to where you are now."

"Well, I definitely didn't deserve your recommendation what with the way I walked off on you in Paris." Andrea said, moving closer to her once more. "That was very immature. I just really wish you'd have told me..."

"I know." Miranda replied, sighing. "Who knows, maybe in another world I did, but in this world I'm glad it turned out the way it has or else you wouldn't be where you are today."

"Even though I am beyond fortunate to be here I just can't help but imagine what might have happened if I'd stayed by your side in Paris." Andrea said, taking her hand and squeezing. "Maybe this might have happened sooner."

The feel of Andrea running her fingers across her cheek made her heart flutter as she looked around to make sure no one was in the vicinity. Miranda let out a sigh and shrugged. "We'll never know, but I really should be..." She trailed off, looking towards the street with what felt like sadness bubbling up inside of her at the thought of leaving Andrea's side once again.

"I know." Andrea whispered, and the Runway editor noticed the disappointment in those brown eyes that the young woman was trying her best to hide. "Can I... Hug you before you go?"

Miranda's body overcame with a feeling she has never felt before from how Andrea stared at her and made her feel. She simply nodded as they began to stand.

Andrea stepped even closer as those long arms went around her neck, body pressed tightly into her, and breathing in deeply, letting it out slowly as they shared an embrace.

Miranda was shocked upon realising she had tears welling in her eyes. Here was this woman who she knew was all that she had been looking for in a life-partner, but was someone whom she could never be with for so many different reasons, and to know she had to walk away? She hated that and it actually killed her a little inside.
"Thanks for the beautiful memories." Andrea whispered, kissing her neck before pulling back and stepping away.

Thankful for the sun glasses she wore Miranda nodded. She knew that if she spoke her emotions would show.

"Well, safe flight home when you get there, and um... Enjoy the rest of your stay." Andrea said. "Stay away from King Street of a night if you're going to be on your own, it's not worth it."

Miranda’s stomach fluttered with butterflies at the caring words. She smiled, squeezing Andrea’s upper arm. "Thank you.. for all of it." She said. She didn't know what else to say as she remained rooted to the spot watching as the one who got away in Paris began going away once more.

"Andrea." She spoke again, watching as the brunette instantly stopped from where she had been walking backwards so as not to lose their eye contact just yet, still staring at her. Taking a deep breath she began to speak. "I'll be at the galleries most of the afternoon and if we...happened to stumble across each other..." She trailed off, suggestively. 'What are you doing?' She asked herself but ignored her words. Andrea had afterall told her to have more fun adventures and so that's what she would do, with the brunette beauty by her side once more.

She watched as Andrea began smiling beautifully. "Okay..." She trailed off, running a hand through her perfect hair.

"Okay..." Miranda also said, smiling, heart racing. "Go on, off you go, you'll be late otherwise."

Andrea heartily laughed. "Yes, boss."

Chuckling Miranda's heart fluttered as she watched the brunette beauty walk away with a very good feeling that they would be seeing each other again very soon.

'Fool. You know this won't end well.' She thought, and shook her head. "I Don't. Care." She firmly said out loud as she threw the rubbish into the nearby bin and began walking in a different direction than Andrea with a newfound bounce in her step feeling like a new woman on cloud nine.

~*~

~ That Afternoon.
Charles Nodrum Gallery ~

"That one is breathtaking."

Miranda jumped at the unexpected voice beside her but smiled upon realising Andrea had found her. 'Fate. It has to be.' she thought, heart fluttering at the sight of the brunette who made her feel so many things and more. She cleared her throat and nodded. "Mmm, it's one of my favourites of this collection." she responded, their hands briefly touching and eyes connecting. If anything though the most breathtaking object in this room was Andrea Sachs.

Clearing her throat she pointed to another painting to the right of the brunette beauty. "Frank Hodkinson. Industrial Landscape, 1957" she spoke, continuing. "That would look superb in your apartment. As would "Long Ago Last Summer, Sydney, 1963." she pointed to another on the other side of the room. "Do you enjoy art?" she questioned, turning back to Andrea as they began slowly wandering the large gallery, that familiar and comfortable calm settling between them once more as all those around them faded away. For the first time in a long time Miranda has found someone she could speak to and not have the person using her. She could just be her.

Andrea nodded. "I have always enjoyed art. My former best friend is an artist and has her own little
"pop-up gallery in Brooklyn."

At the sad tone in Andrea's voice the Runway editor frowned. "What happened?" she found herself asking.

"She broke our friendship up when Nate and I ended our relationship because she thought I chose Runway over Nate and didn't even bother to learn the full story."

Miranda swallowed hard at those words. She felt like she was this big bad curse because each and every person who came to work for her their lives were turned upside down and went down the toilet in a shitty mess. "I'm sorry," she heard herself saying as they stopped in front of another of her favourites. "See The To A Beginning, 2006" By James Gleeson which she was going to purchase for her youngest, Cassidy.

"You have no reason to be apologising, Miranda, she is the one at fault and chose to toss in fifteen years of friendship all because I had simply grown into the woman I have always dreamed of being." Andrea said, studying the piece of art.

"You don't blame Runway or... me?" Miranda asked, unsure if she wanted to hear the brunette's answer.

"I'm not sure why I would blame Runway let alone you?" Andrea replied, continuing. "I wouldn't be where I am today if it weren't for you. You helped me quite unknowingly of course to become the person I was meant to be. I just hadn't known it at the time. I mean... I had always liked fashion and all the amazing things that came with it I just never thought I'd be able to pull it off and I never really liked the women in the fashion world and didn't think I'd fit in. I thought most of them were all up themselves and thought themselves hot shit, inside and out, able to get everything they wanted but I had been wrong as I was fortunate to meet lots of different women from all walks of life who were genuinely there to work and learn and not just fawn all over the clothes. I feel a little bit bad I originally thought this way, but I am happy that my assumptions weren't correct. Working at Runway showed me that they were just like me trying to get to a good place in the working world and it wasn't just about how they looked in the expensive clothes. It was more than that. It was the beauty of the clothes themselves, how they were made, the fabrics, the different designs and colours, the amazing creativity everyone put into every single piece of couture. I'd never seen anything like that world and being able to watch you... see how much you love and adore your work, how you consumed it all with no regrets and never once let anyone get in your way of what you envisioned. Being able to watch that and learn from you from afar was the greatest experience and I will forever be grateful to you by how you pushed me to be better because you could see and had faith that I had it in me. My tenure might have ended ugly and I wasn't happy with what you did and how you didn't tell me what was going on... I am still so grateful and I now know you did what you did for Runway and I know that someday you will make it up to Nigel."

Miranda had taken in everything the brunette had said having had thought similar to Andrea when she first entered the fashion world. It was crazy how alike they were. "I always have seen a great deal of myself in you, I definitely wasn't lying when I said that to you."

Andrea smiled.

"As for Nigel... I'm working on it. Trust me." She added as Andrea looked around to make sure no one was near as the brunette beauty entwined their hands together.

"I trust you, Miranda." Andrea whispered, squeezing her hand. "And I'm so glad to be with you now."
The Runway editor let out a shaky breath just as they heard people approaching from around the corner and Andrea quickly dropped her hand.

Still unsure as to how and why this was happening between them Miranda motioned for them to continue walking through the gallery. "Shall we?"

"Lead the way." Andrea replied, absolutely beaming.

~*~

~ Later That Afternoon ~

It had been a wonderful afternoon spent together so far. Miranda couldn't wipe the smile from her face as they entered the black Mercedes and once the doors were closed she found herself plunging at the brunette without thinking first. She had a fiery passion inside of her which she has never felt before.

Andrea moaned into the kiss and kissed back with just the same amount of passion.

When they pulled apart both women stared at each other with glazed over eyes. "What you did for me in there... you shouldn't have done that," the brunette said.

"I enjoy spending my money on other people. It's rewarding for me." Miranda responded, smiling and chuckling when a shiver of arousal visibly went through Andrea by how she was caressing the younger woman's thigh.

It was absolute heaven for Miranda to be able to make the brunette beauty feel such a way and to have been able to purchase those three paintings for Andrea which they both agreed would look stunning in her apartment. She had also purchased two paintings for the townhouse - "An Enigmatic Landfall, 2004" and "Kitchen in England, 2004." both by the same artist. She also purchased "The Beginning Of The Rain, 1991." for Caroline and for Cassidy the picture she saw earlier and for her house keeper Cara who she knew enjoyed art as much as she and the girls she brought her the painting called "Aspiring Echoes, 1999." which she knew the older woman would love.

"Well, thank you, I don't know how I'll ever be able to repay you." Andrea replied, breaking through her thoughts.

"Coming to dinner with me tonight would be a good start." Miranda said, smirking, knowing she shouldn’t be even asking that but unable to help herself.

The brunette raised an eyebrow, and nodded. "Okay." Andrea breathed, looking deep into her eyes.

"Mmm, good, but first I think your bed is calling for us." Miranda murmured and she watched as the brunette beauty smirked also.

"Oh really?" Andrea softly asked, leaning into her, their lips nearly touching.

"Yes." Miranda whispered, eyes fluttering shut as the brunette started kissing her. Unlike their first kiss and roll around in bed last night which had been fast, slightly rough, and just a tad sloppy due to their inebriated states, this afternoon would be completely different - still just as intense, but very slow, with lots of teasing and soft whispers as their tongues danced together and bodies writhed with excitement.

"I love kissing you." The brunette whispered as Andrea cupped her cheeks. "You're so perfect."
Just like last night Miranda was taken aback by Andrea's compliment. None of her ex-husbands spoke to her in such a way. Her heart swelled at the honest and kind words. Never had anyone made her feel this way before. It was absolutely incredible - feeling so breathlessly wild and out of control like she was a completely different person - never did she think she would feel what it felt to be like a horny teenager.

Moaning as Andrea slid her hand over her lower stomach her eyes widened as she realised the brunette beauty didn't want to wait until they got back to the young woman's apartment as Andrea's hand slid underneath her skirt. She let out a shaky breath as Andrea cupped her sex.

"So wet and ready for me already?" Andrea murmured, biting her earlobe softly.

"Yes." Miranda moaned. "So ready." she added just as Andrea ran a single finger through her slick folds. "Ohhh..." she cried out softly, arching into Andrea wanting to feel more of the young woman. "I need you now, darling." she said and Andrea chuckled into her ear.

"Patience." The brunette replied as Andrea removed her hand from inside her pants and lingerie and moved it back up her body and into her blouse and underneath her loose fitting bra.

Miranda bit her lip as Andrea pinched her right nipple.

"All in good time." Andrea added before diving in and taking one of her breasts into that gloriously wonderful mouth.

~*~

Once they had finished their teasing play in the car Miranda had called out to the driver to enter and take them back to where it had all begun between them in Andrea's apartment.

Entering said apartment complex lobby the sliding doors shut behind them and Miranda gasped as she was pushed into the nearest wall and the brunette beauty was on her pinning her to said wall and kissing her with a new round of ferocious passion.

"Someone might see us." Miranda gasped in between kisses as Andrea ran those skillful hands through her hair.

"No one will see us." Andrea responded.

"But..." Miranda tried to speak however the brunette cut her off.

"No one will see us. It's just us here... our own little bubble."

"And I wouldn't want to be anywhere else." Miranda heard herself chiming in, kissing the divine young woman once more as they began to stumble towards the elevator, their bodies never once moving apart.

They continued making out as they made their way over to the elevator and this time it was Miranda's turn to pin Andrea up against the metal wall as the doors slid shut behind her and the lift began ascending.

Because they hadn't pressed the button for Andrea's floor they rode the lift to the top of the building and back to the lobby before ascending once more this time to Andrea's floor as the brunette turned them around and pinned her up against the wall and as they continued kissing, both eyes shut and soft moans escaping each other’s mouth, the doors opened.
They stumbled out, still kissing, as they slowly but surely made their way down the hall way to the very end where Andrea's room was located. She had a feeling they looked a hot and sexy mess.

Miranda had to begrudgingly let Andrea pull away from her long enough to get out her keys and open the heavy sliding door.

Andrea stepped into her apartment and as soon as the woman turned back around Miranda pulled the stunning woman back into her and they made their way towards the bed, her shirt was pulled off along with her bra, and she was then turned around by Andrea and pushed down onto the bed.

"I know how much you love to be in control but right here, right now, it's me who is in control." Andrea said from where she still stood at the end of the bed.

The Runway editor watched through glazed and lidded eyes as Andrea pulled her shirt off and then her bra to reveal those magnificent breasts that fit perfectly in her hands. "I can handle that."

"Good." The brunette then leaned down and their bodies finally touched one another as their lips met in yet another heated kiss and she moaned as she felt Andrea's incredibly erect breasts against her own.

The young woman pulled her mouth away to kiss, lick, and nip her neck so much so that Miranda wouldn't be surprised if she found a hickey later. She gasped and cried out as another round of wetness settled between her legs.

Soon enough Andrea's delicious mouth was back on her breasts giving both the same amount of tender loving attention that caused Miranda to become even more deliciously wet as her heart raced in her chest from feeling such a way. She had seriously expected last night to have been a one off especially when she woke to an empty bed and apartment so to be back in Andrea's bed experiencing so many more new and exciting feelings was absolutely exhilarating and she felt well and truly special in a way she has never felt before. She would cherish these feelings for as long as she lived no matter how this eventually ended between them.

"Oh my goodness." Miranda said as the lovely brunette made her way further down her body, that insanely talented tongue trailing down her stomach, swirling in and out of her belly button, causing butterflies to swell in her stomach. "You make me feel alive."

Andrea hummed, looking up as their eyes connected and the young brunette began slowly and teasingly pulling down her pants. The divine woman moaned in delight upon seeing how soaked her underwear was.

A moment later those soaked panties were pulled off and thrown over Andrea's shoulder.

Letting out a shaky breath Miranda bit her lip as she watched the brunette beauty leaning down, her eyes fluttering shut, as she felt Andrea's mouth on her vagina an act in which she truly never thought she'd ever enjoy until last night.

That stunning tongue moving tortuously slowly through her spread vagina lips.

Again she let out a shaky and slow steady breath as she laid back into the pillows and relaxed her body and allowed Andrea to take her teasingly so. She wanted to draw out her orgasm for as long as she could unlike last night where she had climaxed within minutes.

This afternoon and the night that followed was going to be slow paced and she would enjoy every second. She arched into Andrea who hummed in delight and clasped their hands together.
Good god Miranda could get used to this.

~*~

~ Later - 8:30PM ~

As the car rolled to a stop she watched as Andrea looked out the window and her eyes widened upon seeing the small yacht that was lit up wonderfully with fairy lights and candles all over where it sat on the calm Yarra River.

The driver got out and as instructed he opened her door first before quickly she moved around the car to open Andrea's.

"Oh, Miranda..." Andrea trailed off when she stepped out of the car, looking at her speechlessly, slowly shaking her head and staring at her in awe. "You didn't."

Smirking Miranda nodded. "I did. We can go down the river if you like."

"I would like." Andrea responded, beaming beautifully. "I've never been on a boat before."

"I hope you don't get sick." Miranda responded, having not thought of the little fact of motion sickness while she was making these last minute plans.

Andrea laughed at her. "Nah, I have strong iron gut, the only things I can't handle are roller coasters."

Well, hopefully that was correct, and with those words she motioned for them to wander to the yacht.

Once on board they were greeted by two very smartly dressed young men, a little older than Andrea, who showed them to the table that was exactly the way Miranda had asked it to be.

One of the men pulled out their chairs whilst the other opened the bottle of Bollinger.

"Miranda, this is.... you really shouldn't have done any of this." Andrea whispered once the waiters walked back inside the yacht.

Miranda waved those words away. "Like I said to you earlier I enjoy spending my money on others who deserve it and you well and truly deserve it. I want to do this and so many other things for you, darling." she responded, reaching across and took Andrea's hand, squeezing softly just as the yacht began moving through the calm water. "And besides this is my way of saying thank you for the dinner you cooked me last night when you really didn't have to go to all that effort."

"I didn't mind. I wanted to do it for you." Andrea replied.

"Just like this is something I want to do for you." Miranda responded, and Andrea squeezed her hand before looking at the flowers on the table and the candles, soaking it all in.

"This really is beyond gorgeous, Miranda." Andrea softly said.

Miranda watched as the brunette beauty leaned forward and smelted the selection of Lillie’s and Roses.

"Mmm." Andrea hummed as she sat back and looked at her once more. "But this must have cost you a fortune!"

"A very tiny fortune." Miranda replied, continuing. "Honestly stop worrying about the money side of
things and relax... enjoy your evening." she softly said, squeezing the young woman’s hand once more.

"Oh, I don't think that will be hard to do." Andrea laughingly replied as she picked up her flute glass. "Mmm, and I will never tire of this stunning champagne."

Miranda smiled at those words. "I'm glad."

"You have perfect taste." Andrea continued. "Like... wow."

The Runway editor chuckled. "Yes, I know, or else I wouldn't be sitting here with you." she replied, staring deep into those gorgeous brown eyes.

Andrea looked at her after those words sunk in, that she was talking about her and nothing else she chuckled again as the brunette's cheeks blushed a pinky red along with her chest.

One of the waiters came out again a few seconds later and spoke softly. "Here are the canape's you asked for." he said, carefully setting down the large rectangle plate in the middle of the small table. "And the chef is ready to prepare the rest of your meals whenever you're ready. Just come and press this button when you want my colleague or I to assist you with anything."

"Thank you, Nicholas, I can explain to my guest what else is on the menu." Miranda said.

The waiter nodded and politely excused himself before leaving.

"These look.... fucking incredible." Andrea whispered, shaking her head. "There are sooo many to choose from."

Humming Miranda nodded. "I may have gone a little over board, but I wasn't exactly sure what you would particularly want so I just went with everything and with a couple of cheeky ones." she said, pointing to one of the items of food. "Deep fried chips with a sour cream and chive sauce drizzled over." The hot chips were sat in paper which was in the shape of an ice cream cone, and you only got four chips but they were big ones, and it was the perfect amount when there was lots more to eat. "The other... Filo pastry filled with deliciously rich tomato Bolognese topped with mozzarella cheese and chives."

"Kinda like mini lasagna's." The brunette beauty said, and moaned softly. "Sounds like absolute heaven."

"And that is only the appetiser’s." Miranda laughingly responded, continuing to name off the rest of the canapes in front of them. "I decided to stick mostly to the sea food theme seeing as that is what you cooked for me last night so we have here tonight... Wasabi Shrimp with Avocado on rice crackers. Smoked Salmon on Mustard-Chive and Dill Butter toasts, Salmon Mousse on cucumber slices, Prawn atop cucumber with a curry inspired cream cheese sauce, and baked potato bites with whipped feta and asparagus, and because I know how much you love bread we also have Parmesan and onion mousse on ciabatta."

"That's it? You aren't hiding any more in the kitchen?" Andrea laughingly asked.

The Runway editor chuckled. "This is it."

"Eight all up." Andrea said, laughing some more. "Just a little overboard."

Miranda cleared her throat, feeling her cheeks flushing. "I feel silly now." she softly confessed.
"Ohhh, no... no, please don't!" Andrea instantly replied, leaning forward and taking her by the hand. "I love it all... and I will eat it all... and then you... later."

At Andrea's wink and words she relaxed once more.

"You have already gotten to know me so well that I love my food and could eat all day." Andrea spoke again, looking at all the canapes, trying to decide which she wanted first. "They all look so divine."

"Not at as divine as you, darling." Miranda chimed in.

Andrea laughed and shook her head. “Thank you.” It was clear that the brunette wasn't used to receiving compliments.

Miranda also laughed once more before she picked up one of the deep fried chips and bit into it. It was absolutely delicious and she loved eating this type of thing once in a while, but good old fashioned English fish and chips by the beach would always be her favourite way of deep fried chips. She watched as Andrea went for the prawn on top the cucumber and she smiled as the brunette's eyes fluttered shut at the taste of the curry cream. A moan like music to her ears escaped those delectable lips.

"Ohhh, this prawn... it's cooked perfectly!" Andrea announced a few moments later.

At those words Miranda tried the cucumber prawn once she finished the chip.

"I can't believe I'd ever see the day... The Miranda Priestly eating deep fried fries!" Andrea laughingly said. "Emily would have a heart attack if she knew."

Miranda began laughing and shook her head. "Since she's gotten with Serena she's been eating more... not much, but it's a start."

"You've no idea how glad I am to here that," Andrea responded. "When I heard how she was losing the weight, no matter how exaggerated, I didn't know how she was still walking."

"I think I heard something about that... cheese cubes?" Miranda questioned, biting into one of the ciabatta with the yummy topping.

"Yep, that's it." Andrea replied, shaking her head at the memory. "I remember exactly what she said to me when I saw her outside the benefit for Runway." the brunette said, swallowing her mouthful and continued to speak in quite the impressive Emily Charlton tone. "I'm on this new diet, it's very effective, where I don't eat anything, and when I feel like I'm about to faint, I eat a cube of cheese."

Miranda herself was already shaking her head and Andrea hadn't even finished speaking.

"And that's not it... she ended it by saying and I quote... I'm just one more stomach flu away from my goal weight." Andrea said, sipping her champagne.

"All I can say is that she's very lucky she didn't become severely ill like some of the models I've had to witness over the years." Miranda replied, sighing as she sipped her champagne. She never expects her assistants to look like models.

"That's another thing I've never liked about the fashion world. All the ridiculously skinny women where you can see their bones... their bones! It's disgusting yet I understand that's how they feel they need to be, and how you think they need to be in order to wear the couture, but sometimes... honestly, the couture on them looks dreadful because of how sickly they are!"
Miranda nodded. "I can understand where you're coming from, and I've had this conversation over and over again, and there's really no way to explain any of it, honestly... I do agree that it is a crazy life to be a part of, it's not for the faint hearted, and I hope to whatever... God, the Universe, whatever that my girls don't decide to change their mind and want to become a part of the fashion world in some stage of their lives because I don't want to have to watch them falling into that same mindframe struggling with all that comes with it, how they look, what they way. I really do hope they stick through the hardships of Medical School in the future to become the surgeons they aspire to be."

Andy had a brief conversation with the Priestly twins not long after she got them the Harry Potter book and they told her their hopes and dreams for their future career in the M.D. world. "The way you've raised them, so level headed and strong willed, they will become everything they want to be and more."

Miranda smiled at those words.

"I remember when my sister, Pippa, said once when she was little that she wanted to be a model someday and walk the catwalk again and again and my Mom who is like the most laid back woman in the Mid-West shut that idea down straight away and refused to allow it to ever happen."

"Good because it's not a world for everyone. None of it comes easy." Miranda responded. "I would honestly hate to watch someone close to me as a model in the fashion world. I just... I don't think it's worth it when you see what they put their bodies through, deprive themselves of... and yet... here I am..." she snorted, shaking her head. "The head of the world’s most sought after fashion magazine, promoting skinniness... Goes to show how funny and strange life can work out because I will always love and hate the world I chose to get a career in."

Andrea remained quiet and the Runway editor raised an eyebrow at the brunette.

"What is it? Do I have food in my teeth?"

"No.... it's just.... you." Andrea replied, staring at her with so much awe in her eyes. "You're... breathtaking. Hearing you speak, watching how you move your hands with your words, your facial expressions, everything that you do is breathtaking."

"Oh, stop it..." Miranda rolled her eyes. "You'll make me blush."

"No, seriously, Miranda. You're so inspiring, and it is the greatest honour to be here in your company, I know how lucky I am and how many people would kill to sit where I am now." Andrea responded.

Miranda squeezed Andrea's hand. "You're the only one I want to be here with, darling."

"I know, and that is... beyond surreal, and I will forever cherish these moments with you." Andrea responded.

"As will I." Miranda replied, smiling and she clinked their glasses together. "To us and this beautiful night ahead."

"To us." Andrea replied, smiling brilliantly with brown eyes which were gazing at her so warmly and sparkling with so much happiness all because she was sat here with her... the Dragon Lady who has on quite a couple of occasions made this beautiful creature walk out of her office in tears.

It really was a strange world they lived in.
They continued eating the canapes with soft chatter and laughter, hands dancing together briefly, before the waiter appeared again.

"That was amazing, thank you." Andrea said to him as the man took the mostly empty plate of canapes away.

"Glad you enjoyed it." He responded, smiling politely, before turning and leaving.

"Should we go for a wander of the yacht?" Miranda asked, it wasn't all that big, but it was big enough to walk right around it.

"Sure." Andrea replied, shrugging, before standing.

The Runway editor took Andrea by the hand and saw the unsure look cross the brunette's face. "What's wrong?"

Andrea bit her lip. "What if someone see's us?"

Miranda understood now and she relaxed once more. "Like you said we are in our own little bubble and from land no one can see us and the waiter's, chef, and yacht driver have all signed on it that whatever they witness here they don't speak about once they step off the boat and if they do they'll be slapped with a massive law suit."

"Wow... shit." Andrea whispered.

Miranda chuckled. "Indeed. My lawyers are very serious. So, you know what that means..." she trailed off, turning and giving Andrea a firm but warm Dragon Lady stare. "Don't mess with me."

However Andrea didn't seem fazed one bit and simply began laughing. "The fact that you tried to Dragon Lady me is hilarious. Like I said... you don't faze me anymore, Priestly."

"Thankfully there are many more plebs out there for me then." Miranda responded causing Andrea to continue laughing and it was music to her ears. "Come on, let's enjoy the views around us."

And so they slowly made their way around the yacht stopping from time to time to point to this or that and laugh at whatever each said. Their hands remained entwined, bodies brushing together, and when they stopped by the table once more she was blown away by a searing kiss from Andrea as the young woman pulled her into her arms before the brunette surprised her by starting to slow dance to the music in which they could hear that floated over the river from the land nearby.

"I didn't pick you the type to be a dancer." Miranda commented, biting her lip, staring into those lovely brown orbs.

Andrea looked at her. "Is that a good or a bad thing?"

"Oh, it's a very good thing, darling, and I love that you know how to lead." Miranda responded as the strong woman spun them around. "How did you learn?" she asked and watched as a gorgeous pink appeared on her lover’s cheeks and chest.

"Dirty Dancing movie believe it or not."

At those words Miranda's eyes widened and she couldn't help but begin to laugh. "Oh my..." she said, covering her mouth. "You’re serious, aren't you?"

Biting her lip Andrea nodded. "Yes." she breathed, softly laughing as she continued. "I used to
watch that movie religiously, and I still do, just not as often."

"You never get bored of watching the same movie over and over?" Miranda questioned. She was never the type to do such a thing.

"Never." Andrea instantly replied, staring at her. "You're saying you don't watch a movie more than once?"

"Yes, pretty much." Miranda responded as she was turned around once more. "But only because I rarely watch movies."

"No movie nights with Cassidy and Caroline?" Andrea asked.

"We used to do that, but they stopped bothering because most of the time I'd be focusing on work." Miranda replied, sighing and shaking her head. "So, you see, I am a bad mother. I couldn't even sit for two hours with my daughters to watch a movie."

"You had to have watched Harry Potter with them?" Andrea asked.

Miranda bit her lip, and silently shook her head. "I took them to see the first one, and paid attention to most of it, but I can't remember who they went with to see and watch the rest. I told you... I am awful and very selfish."

"Please stop saying that." Andrea instantly said, stopping to stare deadly serious in her eyes. "You're far from awful. You just need a little help to arrange ways to separate work life from your home life just enough to be able to give more time to your girls and actually be there in the moment with them because you know that this is your time and Runway can wait."

"Even though it's sound easy, for me, it is easier said than done. But... trust me... I am working on it." Miranda responded, continuing. "Because I know if I don't I will lose them, and I really, really don't want that." she said, and was shocked to feel tears welling in her eyes, and she instantly felt ridiculous and wanted to crawl back behind her wall.

"It's okay." Andrea said, wiping her tears away as more continued to fall.

Of course the brunette could see she wanted to crawl back into her protective barrier, but she couldn't, not now when she has already come too far.

"I'm not judging you, not one bit." Andrea said, leaning in to kiss her cheek. "You're only human, and sometimes we need to let out our emotions."

Miranda nodded, remaining silent as she managed to calm her emotions. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be silly, there's no need to be apologising." Andrea replied.

"I haven't ruined the evening?" Miranda softly asked.

"Of course not!" Andrea replied, shaking her head at her words. "Nothing could ruin this amazing night."

At those words Miranda smiled brightly and leaned in to kiss Andrea and she put all of what she felt into it causing Andrea to tremble in her arms. She knew the night was only going to become better and she couldn't wait to see where the night took them.

~*~
"This has been the most amazing dinner date." Andrea said, breaking the silence from where they stood by the railing of the yacht looking out towards the ocean. "Not that last night wasn't amazing."

Miranda chuckled in understanding. She agreed wholeheartedly that both nights have been beyond amazing. "It has been a stellar evening and I hope it doesn't end here."

"I don't want it to end." Andrea whispered, holding Miranda more tightly.

Miranda smiled at those words before leaning in and kissing the stunning young woman. "Shall we start heading back?" she queried a few minutes later as they continued to look out at the darkened view under the magnificent moonlight.

"Okay." Andrea replied, turning back to look at her. "What will we do next?"

Miranda shrugged. "No idea, but whatever it is, it will be wonderful with you by my side."

"Flattery will get you everywhere, Priestly." Andrea responded, smirking and winking.

Chuckling heartily Miranda then hummed. "Ohhhh, I hope so." she replied and then let go regretfully of the brunette beauty and began wandering to the door of the yacht where she pressed the buzzer and soon enough one of the waiters appeared and she informed them that they were ready to head back to land. She then went back to Andrea where they continued to stand in that same spot until they reached South Bank once more.

"I hope you've had a satisfying evening."

Miranda smiled at the waiter as did her gorgeous companion. "We certainly have." she replied and Andrea nodded at her words. She tipped the waiter generously before she and Andrea walked off the boat and began down the foot path in an unknown direction.

"I love walking this city. Sure, it's no NYC, but it has a great little charm about it."

"It reminds me of New Orleans." Miranda responded as she squeezed Andrea's hand before letting go as they got closer to the large crowds of people who were also wandering the city.

"I've never been there so I couldn't say." Andrea responded.

"You will have to go someday." Miranda replied. 'Maybe I could take you.' She thought, but did not say.

"Maybe." Andrea replied, smiling at her as they continued to walk.

Soon enough Miranda realised that they had walked quite a few blocks and she saw her hotel up ahead. "That's where I am staying." she said, pointing towards it.


Miranda shrugged. "Money does have its perks." she responded, and then bit the inside of her lip. 'To invite her up or to not invite her up?' She wondered before simply speaking and going with what she felt as life was short. "Would you..." She cleared her throat. "Like to come up for a night cap? I have McAllen's, it's my favourite whisky, I'd love to share it with you."

"Oh, how could I refuse such an offer?" Andrea laughingly replied, winking at her.
"Fantastic." Miranda murmured, heart skipping a beat. She had no idea what the heck she was doing, but she loved how she was feeling and in the moment that's all that mattered.

~*~

~ A Few Minutes Later ~

They made it through the lobby and up to her room with not one person looking at them. Not that it would have seemed all that odd as Andrea had been walking a few steps behind her and looked like she could be her assistant which wasn't uncommon for an assistant to be following her upstairs to their separate rooms regardless as to whether that assistant intended to stay in her room all night or not.

Once in her slightly stuffy hotel room she put the air conditioner onto a comfortable temperature before looking at Andrea who was crossing the room and was soon wrapped in her arms. The young brunette hadn't even taken in the glorious room around them and only had eyes for her.

"You know... I've heard this hotel has fabulous spas." Andrea said as she was kissing her neck.

Getting the hint Miranda's stomach filled with butterflies and she smirked. "It does, and I think that sounds like an excellent idea." she responded, licking her lips, just as they began to kiss. She moaned into the brunette's divine mouth as their tongues danced together in an already familiar way.

At her moan the brunette let out a low one as Andrea's hands ran through her hair and soon Miranda threw her head back as her darling Andrea kissed her neck once more causing butterflies to continue to swarm in her stomach.

When they pulled apart she let out a shaky breath as her eyes connected with Andrea's which were sparkling beautifully with so much happiness. "I should go run the bath before we get anymore distracted." she said as she slowly moved out of Andrea's arms as the young woman pouted but nodded. "Help yourself to whatever takes your fancy in the mini bar." she said over her shoulder as she entered the bathroom.

"Okay, thanks. What do you feel like?" Andrea responded as she heard the fridge open.

"Whatever you're having." Miranda said as she leaned over the impressive sized spa and turned the taps on. The whisky could wait until a little bit later on as she knew after last nights alcoholic shenanigans she wouldn't want to be drinking much whisky tonight.

"Why... Miranda Priestly, you're a beer drinker?" she heard Andrea say as the young woman entered the room. It was obvious the brunette remembered that the staff catered to drinks only she liked when the mood struck.

Turning around to see Andrea looking at her in surprise as she held up two beers - her favourite brand Hollandia - "On the odd occasion I enjoy a few." she replied. It always meant longer workouts in the gym for the next couple weeks however it was always worth it as it was a very tasty drop that her father introduced her to decades ago.

"I never would have pictured you as a beer drinker."

The Runway editor smirked at Andrea. "Well, you know what they say about me... Famous for being unpredictable."

Andrea laughed softly at those words. "That's the very first thing my best friend, Doug, said to me when I got the job as your assistant. He's a huge fan of the magazine."
Miranda smiled. "Well, I hope he took the news of you leaving and the Nate business better than that other friend... Lily..."

"He did. He wasn't that shocked at all when I told him Nate and I split. They're still good friends and always will be and he would never take sides, thank god" Andrea replied, smiling and continued. "Doug's like a brother to me. I don't know what I'd do without him."

"Mmm... Nigel and I used to be like that, long ago." Miranda said with a sigh and took one of the beers from Andrea. "Now I wonder if we'll ever get back to being that way after I royally fucked up."

"Hey, the one thing that I could always see in Nigel's eyes is that he looks up to you and values your friendship. That has to mean something. Surely he'll come around, and it's only been a few months since Paris. Just give it a little more time."

Miranda smiled at the brunette's sweet confidence. "I really hope you'll be right."

"I know I am." Andrea replied, pecking her cheek before beginning to strip.

The older woman couldn't get her eyes off of Andrea's luscious body.

"You know what this tub needs?" Andrea questioned.

"What's that?" Miranda asked, watching as Andrea stepped into the large tub and bent over to grab a bottle of fancy bath bubbles which sat in a corner nook.

"Lots and lots off bubbles." Andrea said, squeezing half the bottle into the water. "To soak ourselves up with."

At Andrea's hearty laughter, wink and the way she continued to squirt out the bath bubbles Miranda laughed in just as much delight at how ridiculously great the brunette was. She put down her bottle of beer and began to get undressed.

~*~

Having been in the spa for quite some time the two women had closed their eyes and relaxed in companionable silence while the jets did magical things to their backs.

Miranda jumped slightly at the unexpected feeling of Andrea's foot moving up her leg. She smiled at the sensation.

A couple seconds later she gasped and opened her eyes when the brunette beauty dared to touch her vagina with her big toe. "Andrea..." she said in a low and hesitant tone. She has never been a foot person as most of the time they weirded her out. It was hard enough touching her own feet when she needed to cut her nails or paint them. It was a strange phobia but it was what it was.

Her eyes connected with Andrea's which were unwavering and staring at her with so much lust and seduction which caused Miranda to swallow hard at the new-found set of emotions which shot through her. She took Andrea by the ankle and softly tried to move the brunette's foot away however the woman wouldn't budge.

"Just relax." Andrea whispered, running her toe across her pubic hairline.

Miranda swallowed hard once more. She had no idea when she was supposed to relax when she was fighting with her phobia and the odd sensation from what Andrea was doing brought inside of her.
"Do you trust me?" Andrea asked.

The Runway editor snorted "You wouldn't be here if I didn't."

"Well... then relax. Stop thinking and let me make you feel amazing in a way you've clearly never felt. You know, feet can do amazing things." Andrea responded.

Sighing Miranda nodded as Andrea slowly moved her big toe down through her trimmed hair through her slick folds and then moving back up and stopping just before she would touch her clitoris causing her to moan in anticipation.

"You like how it feels, don't you?" Andrea questioned, breath quickened.

Miranda bit her lip just as Andrea began circling her erect nub. "Ohhh." she softly cried out as the young woman continued doing what she was to her for a few seconds before moving her toe back down through her folds and teasingly stopping at her entrance.

Biting her lip and forcing her eyes open to stay connected with Andrea's she gripped onto the sides of the tub as Andrea slowly put her toe into her. Her mouth opened in a silent O as another shot of arousal went through her as Andrea slowly moved her toe inside of her.

Never has Miranda experienced anything like this before. It was absolutely amazing and she began to move in time with Andrea's ministrations who began to move her toe faster. "Ohhh, sweet jesus!" she cried and the lovely brunette smirked, their eyes intensely connected.

"You like how I make you feel, don't you?" Andrea softly asked, moving her toe deeper inside of her.

The Runway editor moaned and nodded at those words. "More than you could possibly know." she replied, not wanting this moment or this world they found themselves in to end. "You're exquisite." she added just as Andrea pulled out her toe and began teasing her clitoris once more.

"Are you close?" Andrea asked.


The brunette smiled at her. "Nothing to be embarrassed about."

Biting her lip at Andrea's words Miranda nodded just as the brunette plunged her toe back inside her wet vagina unexpectedly. She moaned out loudly and hoped to god no one could here. "Andrea... ohh, please." she cried, moving in time with Andrea. "So, so close." she added, and heard her lover chuckle. She opened her mouth in yet another silent O just as she arched her lower body into Andrea. Her body froze momentarily before trembling as she orgasm-ed which left her breathless and feeling absolutely amazing just like her lover had said she would make her feel.

The older woman then shocked herself by hoping that it wasn't her last orgasm for the night. She has never been like this about sex. She hardly cared for it with her ex-husbands, but with Andrea she was a completely different person and the young woman brought out this whole new side in her - awakening her inner sexual desires - and it was absolutely wonderful and she felt beyond lucky to be sharing it with the brunette beauty. It was magnificent to feel such a way.

"Beautiful doesn't seem enough when describing how stunning you look when you climax." Andrea said, breaking the silence.

Breathing in deeply and trying to calm her racing heart she smiled at those words. "You're far too
sweet, Andrea." she responded, their eyes connecting once more as she moved her fingers through the water which was beginning to cool. "Did you want to stay in for a bit longer?" she questioned, slowly reaching over for the hot tap.

"I don't mind." The brunette said, shrugging.

With those words Miranda began heating the water up.

"However I think my back has had enough of these jets." Andrea said.

"That's fine," Miranda replied, pressing the button to turn them off and the room fell silent.

"Mmm. This is sooo nice." Andrea said, sinking down into the water which was heating up deliciously, the room was cold from the air conditioner which made it easy for them to enjoy the heat from the bath.

Miranda was a woman who slept under her thick duvet and have hot showers during the summer. She loved being warm, absolutely hated being cold yet enjoyed living in colder climates where it snowed.

"Have you ever been to a hot springs?" Miranda asked curiously after a few more silent minutes went by as they enjoyed each others company.

"I have." Andrea responded, continuing. "My third month when I was here I went with some of the work friends I made to the Mornington Peninsula. It was fantastic. The one right up the top was my absolute favourite, and the view... none that I'd never seen before."

Miranda smiled. "I remember that spring very faintly. Eric and I went there for one of our anniversaries. All of those ones leading up to the top were magnificent."

"We are very similar." Andrea commented.

Miranda nodded at those words. "It's wonderful. I've never felt so calm and at peace with another person before. I never thought I'd ever find someone I could have such a connection with yet alone be feeling that way thanks to you and everything that you are." she said and Andrea smiled and those gorgeous brown eyes sparkled tenfold if that was at all possible. It was surreal to see someone so happy and radiant simply because of being in her company. Again she thought it to be utterly ridiculous and she had no idea what Andrea saw her in as her ex-husbands, Stephen especially, did everything he could to spend as little time with her as possible leaving her feeling sad and undesirable.

"I'm glad to be sharing all of this with you, Miranda, I don't want to be anywhere else. Right here with you is where I'm meant to be for as long as it lasts and I will cherish each and every moment always and forever." Andrea said.

"Always and forever." she heard herself repeating Andrea's words in a whisper. So many feelings and emotions were bubbling inside of her most of which she knew she shouldn't be feeling for a woman half her age - her mother would surely be rolling around her grave having a fit at her stupidity - but alas she was here with Andrea experiencing everything she was for the time being - living in the moment and doing outer body things for her last couple of days in Australia - she just hoped it didn't end in a complete mess, but simply in a friendly manner, taking with each other all the divine and wonderful memories.

Clearing her throat she grabbed the face washer and began soaping it up. "Turn around." she softly said and her lover did so. She began washing and massaging the young woman's back smiling as
Andrea moaned in delight and appreciation.

"Don't stop. That feels incredible." Andrea spoke.

She had no plans on stopping as she continued rubbing all over the brunettes back.

They were definitely going to be in the spa for a little while longer and Miranda didn't care if her legs began to get sore as it was worth it hearing the sounds coming from Andrea's mouth.

~*~

~ Sometime Later ~

Once out of the bath they had instantly made their way to the bed however tonight the roles were reversed and she was the one in control as she pushed Andrea down onto the bed and slowly crawled up the brunettes gloriously nude and absolutely flawless body, kissing, licking and nipping as she went before arriving to Andrea's mouth and kissed her with all of the emotions she felt.

The brunettes legs wrapped around her, pressing them tightly together, as their tongues danced deliciously. Her lover’s fingers running up and down her back, those short nails leaving soft scratches.

Miranda began moving back down Andrea's body but not before kissing Andrea's neck hoping to leave a love bite.

"Yessss. You make me feel soooo good." Andrea cried, holding her tightly.

The Runway editor smiled at those words as she slid further down Andrea's body taking her time with the beautiful breasts that fit perfectly in her palms. She massaged and kissed both giving them the same amount of attention until Andrea was crying out even louder and squirming as the sensations caused her arousal to pool between those long and slender legs.

She chuckled as she finally stopped between Andrea's legs which were eagerly spread open for her. She licked her lips and hummed as her lover began softly begging for her, arching her lower body desperately to feel her mouth on her vagina. "Mmm... someone’s very impatient." she commented, looking up and into her lovers eyes. "But I suppose I can give you what you want."

"Oh, you suppose?" Andrea asked, looking at her. "Don't feel obliged, by all means."

Miranda began heartily laughing at those words which were followed by a huff.

Smirking the older woman began to speak. "I may not like things happening in snail pace at work, but here... what I'm about to do... I won't be rushed."

Andrea swallowed hard at her words and licked her lips, a grin slowly forming across her gorgeous face. "That is perfectly A-Okay with me. You just take your time." The brunette replied, but still arched her lower body closer to her.

"What's the magic word?" Miranda asked, looking from Andrea's glistening vagina into those glazed over desire fueled eyes.

Andrea grinned as she entwined their hands together. "Fuck me, please. I want to feel you inside me... forever."

A shot of arousal went through Miranda. "I want that too." she responded and slowly parted
Andrea's vagina lips and put her tongue inside the tight young woman who cried out instantly, squeezing her hand.

"God yes!"

Miranda hummed at those excited words. She was going to take Andrea slowly tonight yet extremely ferociously at that until the brunette beauty couldn't go any longer.

~*~

Andrea came down from her orgasm and caught her breath quickly.

Miranda was sitting up when she felt Andrea stopping her, pulling her back down.

"Where do you think you're going?" Andrea questioned, peppering her with kisses along the back of her neck. "I haven't finished with you yet."

A tingle of excitement went through the older woman and she bit her lip. Turning she looked to Andrea. "I'm glad to hear it, but first I'm practically gagging for a drink."

"Hmmm." Andrea hummed, running her hands up and down her back before moving said hands to the front of her body palming her breasts.

Miranda moaned at the sensation as Andrea continued to do so and a pool of wetness settled between her legs from those talented hands on her breasts.

"I suppose you can get up from the bed for a few seconds." Andrea said a few moments later.

"You suppose?" Miranda asked, chuckling as she leaned into her lover and their mouths met.

"Yeah." Andrea laughingly replied in between kisses.

Just as Miranda rose from the bed her lover playfully slapped her on the arse. She laughed and stretched before wandering over to the mini bar. She grabbed out a bottle of San Pellegrino and took a few small gulps before handing it over to Andrea who accepted and swallowed down some.

"I think it's time you tried some McAllen's." Miranda said, as she wandered over to the drinks trolley feeling Andrea's eyes on her, watching her every move.

"Sure." Andrea's vagina lips and put her tongue inside the tight young woman who cried out instantly, squeezing her hand.

"Excellent." Miranda said as she took the bottle. "You will love this, Andrea, it goes down magnificently."

"I don't doubt it." Andrea responded as she stretched out on the bed beginning to play with herself, rubbing her clitoris.

"You're such a minx." Miranda said, watching Andrea in the mirror before pouring two glasses of whisky. She put the lid back on the bottle and walked back over to the bed. She held out one of the glasses and the brunette stopped what she was doing and accepted it, their fingers brushing, and eyes not leaving each other's. She watched as her lover took a slow generous sip.

"Oh, Miranda..." Andrea trailed off, eyes fluttering shut as the whisky exploded on her taste buds. "You weren't kidding when you said this was the greatest whisky."

Miranda smirked. "I never kid around, Andrea, you should know that by now."
The brunette laughed heartily at her and took another sip. "However I really don't think I want to know how much it costs especially after that dinner you had prepared for us on that spectacular yacht."

The Runway editor waved those words away not at all surprised that Andrea was bringing up the cost of all that she was doing for the brunette beauty. "The cost doesn’t matter and that's all on that matter."

"Miranda, the pizza had four types of caviar, and lobster tail! That is verrrrry expensive!"

"It didn't cost that much." Miranda responded, sipping her McAllen’s.

“How much is that much in your eyes?” Andrea questioned, shaking her head. "Because not much to me is like twenty to thirty bucks."

Miranda snorted. "It takes a lot of twenty dollar notes for this."

"I can imagine." Andrea replied and quickly continued. "But don't tell me."

Laughing Miranda responded. "Alright, but I'm glad to be able to share it with you. Both Eric and Stephen hated it. For some idiotic reason they prefer cheap liquor even though they have enough to be able to acquire only the best instead of all those crappy American ones from Tennessee. No offence, darling."

"It's okay. I'm not offended one bit." Andrea replied. "However I am a drinker of those crappy American whisky's from Tennessee as it's the only kind I can afford." the brunette sipped the whisky once more. "Though I can see why you wouldn't want to go back after drinking this."

"I look back to when I used to drink what you, Eric and Stephen do, and wonder how the hell I was able to stomach it." Miranda said, taking a sip from her own glass before placing it down onto the bedside table and instantly the brunette pulled her back down, entwining their bodies together once more. "You're exquisite." she murmured, repeating her earlier words.

"You are." Andrea breathed, continuing. "Kiss me."

"Gladly." Miranda replied, leaning down to close the small gap between them.

They kissed for a while, hands through each other’s hair, the brunettes nails softly scratching her back, tongues dancing, teeth biting down on lips, soft moans escaping each other’s mouths before she was rolled over and she was pushed down into the mattress.

With Andrea now on top of her, deliciously so, their mouths met once more as their tongues moved together and their hearts beat as one.

"I'm not going to be done with you until I know you won't be able to walk tomorrow."

At Andrea's words Miranda exhaled a shaky breath. "God yes.... do whatever you want to me." she said and with that Andrea did so until she was trembling uncontrollably making her cum again and again until it got beyond intense and she pushed the brunette's flawless head away from between her legs.

Her heart was pounding and her throat was dry as Andrea collapsed back down beside her finishing the rest of the whisky Miranda had placed on the side table earlier. Even though she could not go anymore the sound of Andrea humming her enjoyment of the liquor sent another shot of arousal through her body once more.
With her lovers head on her shoulder a few moments later she pulled the brunette impossibly closer. "That was... incredible." she breathed.

"Mmmm, it was incredible making you cum like that." Andrea responded.

The Runway editor bit her lip. "I've never done that before." she said, her heart racing once more, and she could feel her face and chest flushing a deep red. Her lover had caused her to ejaculate in a way she never thought she'd be able to do and she would have been embarrassed but as soon as it happened Andrea spoke to her saying how extremely sexy she was and that it was one of the greatest things she's ever seen in her entire life.

"That seriously was not only the greatest, but the hottest thing I have and will ever see." Andrea said, leaning up to tenderly kiss her. "I love that I was able to make you squirt."

Miranda let out another shaky breath as she tried to calm herself once more as her legs still trembled but not as severely as a few moments earlier. Her lover rested her head on her chest and she let out a sigh of content as she ran her hands through Andrea's slightly sweaty hair.

"Sweet dreams, beautiful." Andrea whispered sleepily.

Smiling Miranda kissed Andrea's forehead. "Thank you, darling, and same to you. Good night." she said and her lover sighed happily and it wasn't long until she felt the brunettes breathing slowed as her lover fell into slumber.

Closing her own eyes it didn't take long until she too fell asleep with a smile on her face.

'Life is bliss.' Was the last thing she thought.

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~*~

~ The Next Morning ~

When Miranda awoke she again woke to an empty bed but she didn't worry this time as she could hear the shower running in the opened bathroom. She looked at the alarm clock and couldn't believe the time - 8:35AM. She couldn't remember the last time she has slept in so late. Andrea really did take it out of her last night.

Smiling as memories of the night before crossed her mind she moaned softly as she stretched out her legs on the luxuriously soft bed before she stood and made her way into the bathroom taking the door being left open as an invitation to join the brunette beauty.

Another moan escaped her mouth as she took in her lover's nude body behind the slightly steamed up shower glass. How she has gotten so lucky to spend her holiday of an unexpected romance with one Andrea Sachs she'll never know.

Wanting to instantly join Andrea but desperately needing to release her bladder she did the latter. A few seconds went by before she washed her hands and then joined Andrea and the smile she received as soon as the brunette saw her was absolutely amazing. She felt incredibly adored.

"Hey sleepy head."

Miranda smiled at those words as her lover held out her hands for her which she eagerly took, and heartily laughed upon being pulled into Andrea's strong embrace, their mouths meeting heatedly. "Last night was amazing. There are no other words to properly explain how I am feeling."

"I was very spoilt." Andrea replied.

"I'm happy you enjoyed the night, darling." Miranda responded just as the brunette pushed her against the wall and she gasped at the cold sensation of the tiles on her bare back.

"I want to make you lose control again." Andrea said, biting her earlobe playfully.

Miranda let out a shaky breath. "You're going to be the death of me."

Andrea laughed softly at that.

"I'm not lying. This is the most sex I've had in... god only knows how long." Miranda explained. At her confession she felt her cheeks redden as she watched the realisation of what she meant register in Andrea's brain. "And now is my que to leave."

"Noooo!" Andrea instantly replied, pinning her tightly against the tiled wall. "Don't be ridiculous. If anything that only makes me so much more special and lucky that you've trusted me enough to allow me to do all that I have to you."

Miranda cleared her throat. "I really don't know what you see in me, Andrea."

"Everything and more." Andrea responded before kissing her once more.

The Runway editor rolled her eyes. "You're quite the flatterer."
"No, babe, just honest."

At that term of endearment her heart skipped a beat, she never thought she’d be referred to as someone’s babe and she found she quite liked how it made her feel. "Well, I... thank you." she said, unsure as to what else she could say.

Andrea simply smiled before that magnificent mouth began moving down her body once more. "You'd tell me if you weren't ready to go again?"

Miranda bit her lip. "Yes, but I am more than ready for you, darling."

Again Andrea smiled beautifully at her words of consent as the brunette settled between her legs once more humming in delight as she stared at her vagina. Her lover then began pleasuring her and she rested her head back against the wall, her eyes closed as a sigh left her mouth. She was one hundred percent content.

~*~

~ A Little While Later ~

"I hope you don't mind but I took the liberty of ordering in breakfast for us." Andrea said after there was a knock at the door informing them that it was room service.

"Of course not, Andrea, I'm famished if I'm completely honest." Miranda spoke and her lover chuckled.

"So am I." Andrea replied before answering the door, fully clothed now, and smiled politely at the older gentleman. "Hey, thank you so much. I can bring it inside from here so my boss and I can continue preparing for our busy day ahead." The young woman said to the hotel employee who nodded and slowly wished them a good morning before leaving.

"What are we having?" Miranda curiously asked as Andrea rolled the small table into the room.

"Hop back into bed and you'll find out." Andrea ordered softly.

Miranda's lips twitched at those words. "Well, well, someone's a bit bossy this morning."

Andrea smirked. "As for what we are having... traditional cooked English breakfast."

"Mmm, good choice." Miranda responded as her lover placed one of the trays on the bed in front of her. "With beans?"

"Um, yeah, I decided to order it with baked beans. I'm not sure if you like them or not but I didn't want to disturb you on the loo just to ask you if you do or not." Andrea replied.

"Darling, I'm English at heart, I love all things British including baked beans. Even just baked beans on toast I love." Miranda replied.

Andrea grinned. "Oh, I love that too! And all of the traditional American bean dishes."

Her lover moaned at her own words and Miranda laughed softly. She straight away knew the perfect meal that Andrea would love which Cara makes every now and then which she would have cooked for the brunette if the possibility arose in the future however she was sure Andrea would be starting to get sick of this silly little holiday romance, fling, this she was sure.

She knew she shouldn't feel sad at that thought but she did. Clearing her throat she shook her head of
her thoughts as she lifted the lid to reveal their breakfast. "Looks perfect. Thank you for ordering in. I must admit I haven't been eating the best with work being busier than usual lately. I shouldn't even be in Australia still, but alas I allowed Cara to talk me into staying. I also admit that I know I needed to get some well needed time off and that the thought of going home to the house without the girls there wasn't appealing."

"I'm glad you listened to Cara and stayed to have time for yourself and to just be, and relax. I can only hope I haven't interrupted anything that you had planned on doing these last couple of days."

Andrea responded.

"You definitely haven't. Honestly I had nothing planned. If it hadn't of been for you and how we ran into each other I'd be here in this room alone watching crappy daytime telly until I decided whether I wanted to go out and face the paparazzi." Miranda said and the brunette smirked at her.

"I hate daytime TV. It is so bad some of the shows they put on." Andrea replied.

"They're utterly dreadful." Miranda replied, before her eyes fluttered shut. "Oh darling, you have to try these eggs."

Andrea did so but only a couple mouthfuls. "I'm not really in the mood for much egg today, doesn't always sit well in my stomach, but it is one of the best scrambled eggs I've had like I can't believe I'm about to say it, and bless her, but these eggs are seriously better than my Moms."

The Runway editor softly chuckled. "My, my, now that is saying something." she replied, swallowing her own mouthful before continuing. "But I think there is some kind of secret ingredient, there must be for this yummy taste it has."

Andrea heartily laughed at her words. "Ohhh, there possibly could be, you never know what it could be."

"It's alright." Miranda murmured, placing another forkful in her mouth. "We'll figure this out."

~*~

After finishing their breakfast they decided to move out onto the balcony to drink a second mug of coffee and both agreed that the view was nowhere near as good as the one from Andrea's balcony. The calming view of the sea was always peaceful for the both of them.

They had talked about anything and everything and the Runway editor really enjoyed how vast Andrea viewed the world and how extremely intelligent and far beyond her years that the brunette beauty was. 'An old soul.' she thought, smiling as Andrea stopped speaking. "What happened... why did you just stop?" she questioned, frowning as she watched her lover closely.

"I'm rambling, and no doubt boring you completely." Andrea replied, cheeks flushing.

"No no, quite the opposite actually. Please continue with what you were saying... not only are you very beautiful and fetching but you know how to make people completely enthralled with you when you speak."

The brunette stared at her speechlessly and then shrugged. "That's really sweet of you, really, but I always see myself as the boring geek girl from small town Ohio."

Miranda's eyes widened at those ridiculous words. "Well, firstly, what you did to me last night and the night before makes you not a girl, also secondly you are so intellectual that it is beyond amazing." she said and her lover blushed at her words. "And I'm talking all the assistants I've had combined."
Andrea shook her head. "I'm sure they weren't all dumb."

Miranda snorted. "Close to it."

"Emily isn't." Andrea commented.

Miranda nodded. "Definitely not however I will admit the first time I saw her and how she gushed and fawned over me I thought she'd be like all the rest so it was to my surprise when I realised she was competent and there to work and not just there to fawn over me and the clothes."

"She's definitely a unique person." Andrea responded.

"Mmm, yes, she could have gone off to Paris like she has been dreaming about but it was like… something switched and she changed her mind and has stayed in America. After being hit by the taxi, and realising her feelings for Serena were stronger than her feelings for Paris." Miranda replied, placing her empty coffee mug on the table between them. "But I was at least able to make it up to her for taking you to Paris instead when I knew how much she wanted to go and she is now the co-editor in the art department and she is absolutely striving. I can see her going very far in her career." she added, watching as Andrea smiled at her. "Now I just need to try and do the same with Nigel."

"Like I said he'll come around especially if you have the long history like you speak about." Andrea replied, also finishing her coffee.

"As much as I'm sure you're right I've ruined so many friendships over the years that I really don't deserve his forgiveness. What I did was beyond appalling and unforgivable." Miranda said, shaking her head.

"Hey... I'm sure you've had perfectly reasonable explanations as to the things you've done and why. I know you, Miranda, and I know you aren't a bad person." Andrea softly said, reaching over and took her hand, squeezing it softly.

"I'm a very selfish person, Andrea. I've always put myself before others. I've even done it with my own daughters, skipping school and sporting events for Runway which I always deemed to be more important, but now I look back and see how wrong I was and all the special things I missed out on and now I'm paying for it as it won't be long until they'll be living with their father full time." she sadly said.

"You're far too hard on yourself and the brief conversations I had with Cassidy and Caroline were always "mommy this, and mommy that" they love you, babe, and I'm sure they're just bluffing when it comes to the whole moving in with their dad thing. All they want is you and to be with you." Andrea said, continuing. "Plus they don't like Eric's girlfriend, Candice, they always told me how annoying she is."

Miranda snorted. "Cassidy still says that but Caroline has changed her view on Candice as she is now harbouring a crush on her."

Andrea chuckled. "Ahh... young love, I remember what that was like."

"Mmmm, when life was so simple and carefree." Miranda murmured.

The brunette hummed her agreeance. "Seriously though they love you more than you think." Andrea replied, continuing. "Just talk to them and you'll see what I mean."

"I'm not sure it will be that easy, but I will give it my best try." Miranda responded and watched as the brunette beauty stood and leaned down to pick up their empty mugs. "I know I've said it before,
but thank you... thank you for seeing past the ugly and seeing the good in me even though I've no idea what it is you see in me, but I am very appreciative of all that and how you make me feel and so on." she spoke as she pulled her brunette beauty into her, their bodies pressing deliciously together.

"It's very easy to do." Andrea whispered. "You think I'm enthralling but you're tenfold. You're so enigmatic. You've seriously put this trance over me."

Miranda's heart raced at those words. She swallowed nervously at what she was about to suggest. "I know this is ridiculous of me and you have your own life, but would you be interested in spending the rest of my stay here with me?" Miranda questioned, quickly continuing. "It's okay if you decline... I'll understand." Surely three more days of this wouldn't hurt?

"I'd love to." Andrea instantly replied. "I was actually going to suggest something too..."

"Oh?" Miranda asked, relaxing again, and raising an eyebrow as the brunette ran a hand through her hair.

"Um, I know that you're keen on seeing rural Victoria so I thought that maybe I could take you down to Briagolong and show you my most favourite place I found my second month in Australia."

At Andrea's suggestion she smiled widely. "I would sound completely rude if I declined such a wonderful offer."

"You have no idea how happy that makes me." Andrea replied, kissing her soundly.

"When do we leave?" Miranda asked a few seconds later when their foreheads were resting against one another, her words causing Andrea's face to widen with a beautiful smile and a hearty laughter bubbling up inside of her.

~*~

Following Andrea into the young woman’s apartment she walked over to the coffee table and grabbed her journal she had left by accident while the brunette quickly packed a bag for two overnight stays a few hours from here.

Miranda had cancelled her hotel room and found herself feeling completely giddy about going out into regional Victoria for the first time, and what made it all the more better was that it was with one Andrea Sachs.

Once Andrea's bag was packed they locked up the apartment and headed back down to the street where around the corner was Andrea's car which the brunette had gotten cheap thanks to her boss’s daughter upgrading to a newer car.

"So, there is one tiny detail you should know about the car." Andrea said as they rounded the corner. "The A/C doesn't work so we won't be driving it all the way to where we're going."

The Runway editor raised an eyebrow at those words, a little confused. "Oh?"

"Yeah, we'll, ah, we'll be making a minor detour to Sorrento to drop my car off and pick up my friend, Joel's, car which I use now and then when he's interstate for work." Andrea explained, looking at her with questioning eyes. "I hope that detour doesn't bother you?"

"Definitely not. If anything it's a great bonus to see the Mornington Peninsula once more. Anyway, it's not like we are in any rush." Miranda said and her lover smiled at her.
"Yeah, you're right." Andrea replied, smiling as she pulled out her car keys.

Looking up Miranda saw the Holden logo on said car which they stopped in front of. It was a dark purple Holden Acclaim and it was very old.

"I know what you're thinking..." Andrea began. "It's a crap box that many Aussie bogans drive but I got her super cheap and she drives really well for her age."

"Her?" Miranda asked, smirking at her lover.

"Hell yeah! She's a sexy beast!" Andrea responded, pressing the key and unlocked the car.

She watched as Andrea wandered forward and opened the passenger door which squeaked as it was opened for her. "I think you're very biased."

The brunette simply laughed. "After you, Madam."

Their eyes connected as she stepped down the gutter. "Thank you, darling." she murmured before getting into the car and as she sat the suspension squeaked. Her lover closed the door and quickly rounded said car before getting in behind the wheel and started the engine which roared to life.

'Good god, what have I gotten myself into with this death trap?'

It was then as she watched Andrea putting on her seat belt on and putting the automatic car into drive as the handbrake was put down she realised she hasn't ridden "shot gun" in many a years. It felt extremely strange, but something which didn't take her long to get used to.

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~ A Little Under An Hour And A Half Later ~

They arrived at the outskirts of Sorrento somewhere between an hour and fifteen minutes later the trip being made shorter by Andrea sitting on the speed of 110KM which was quite illegal for most of the way along the roads to their destination. Had she been with either of her ex-husbands Miranda would have been far from impressed, but just like everything else with Andrea it was just another turn on the way the brunette beauty confidently and smoothly drove through the late morning traffic and then down the fairly quiet road towards Sorrento with her right hand casually on the steering wheel whilst her left hand rested on her lap the whole time. She still found herself well and truly baffled that Andrea was only twenty six.

Along the way to Sorrento she had learned that her lover has been driving since she was ten years old thanks to growing up on a farm with loads of land and deserted roads around their house. It explained her driving confidence for sure.

The brunette had even shown her a picture of her childhood home on her phone and Miranda thought the house was utterly magnificent - an old mid-western home that has been passed along in the Sach's clan for many generations - it was incredible and she wondered what that must be like to be a part of such a generational home.

As Miranda looked up from her phone having hoped she might have heard from Cassidy or Caroline by now she sighed as she shut her phone and put it back in her pocket.

"Give it time." Andrea softly said, moving her hand from Miranda's lap to instead hold her hand as the brunette turned the car into a long driveway.

Up ahead she could make out a very American style ranch house just like what Andrea had
described. It was gorgeous, but not as gorgeous as Andrea's family home.

The brunette looked at her again as she parked the car just out the front of the large three door garage. She saw the smirk on Andrea's face as an idea flashed through those brown eyes along with a playful glint. “What?” she laughingly asked, unsure as to what the brunette could possibly be thinking.

"Nothing." Andrea replied, chuckling as she stepped out of the car.

Knowing something was up Miranda got out of the car before looking over to where Andrea was walking towards. Her eyes widened at the vehicle she saw and she slowly shook her head. "No. Way. Hell no."

"I beg your pardon?" Andrea questioned, staring at her as she began to walk to the car. "Miranda, this car is an absolute gem. The 1973 jet black Holden Ute."

Miranda's eyes widened at hearing Andrea talk in such a dreamy voice over some old ugly car which looked like a bloody death trap even more so than Andrea's car. She couldn't believe this.

As she slowly looked from the car to Andrea she opened her mouth to speak just as she saw the grin slowly widening her lovers face. "You're joking..."

"Most definitely." Andrea laughingly replied as she began walking towards her. "You should see your face!"

The Runway editor shook her head. "You're very believable." Miranda said as Andrea briefly took her hand.

"I would never be stupid enough to be that foolish to take The Miranda Priestly in a car like that. Not to mention half of the engine is currently out of it."

The Oscar worthy brunette beauty informed her just as one of the garage roller doors opened behind them and Andrea walked on over to said garage.

As she followed Andrea she spotted a very handsome young man around Andrea's age with short blonde hair walked out and threw her lover a set of keys.

Upon getting closer to the garage Miranda took in the dark green Holden Ute which definitely had to be a newly released model in the Australian Holden range. She watched as Joel put his polishing cloth over his shoulder and smiled at the two of them.

"Hey, Dad said you took the day off, are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm all good, I just needed a day off to unwind. Everything's been hectic lately."

Andrea said a few words to Joel before the young man walked around the side of the house bidding them a farewell. "I'm going to go and use the bathroom quickly before we leave. Did you want to come inside for a drink or something?"

"Oh no, that's alright, I've got my bottle of San Pellegrino in the car." Miranda replied, smiling and watched as Andrea nodded.

"Okay, I won't be long. You can come inside still if you like, keep out of the hot sun." Andrea said as she began walking backwards into the garage, their eyes not leaving the others.
"Thanks, but I think I'll stay out here and enjoy the fresh ocean air." Miranda responded.

"Back in a sec then." Andrea replied, winking at her before turning around.

Smirking and shaking her head Miranda wandered back over to Andrea's car and pulled out her own overnight bag along with her lovers and she placed them near the Holden Ute. She then unzipped her bag and pulled out her camera. There were so many wonderful things she could take photos of here and she was going to do so. Taking photos is something she has always loved doing, but usually she never had the time, and today she was changing that.

It was quite lovely here but she had a feeling that Andrea's favourite place was going to be even better. She had no idea how she was supposed to move on from this and her feelings for the brunette when she was to leave and go back to reality. She surely couldn't continue this with Andrea once back in Manhattan as it just couldn't work for so many different reasons. They were at different stages in their lives and it wouldn't be fair on Andrea to drag her into her bullshit.

Sighing Miranda knew that she was strong, the Dragon Lady after all, and knew that in time she would be able to pretend like none of this happened because the brunette beauty deserved better than the life she could provide for her.

Pushing these thoughts to the back of her mind for now Miranda stared up at the beautiful clear blue sky and smiled in appreciation that she could be having such a beautiful holiday romance in the first place with Andrea and that they were on the same page as Andrea after their dinner the first night when they began kissing told her that it was just a bit of fun and that it didn't mean they were bound for life.

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Looking up from her camera a few minutes later from having been taking photos of the unique things that caught her attention around the house and land she was on watched as Andrea walked out of the house and into the garage.

The beautiful brunette leaned down and picked up their bags and placed them into the back of the ute's tray before once again holding the door open for her. "Ready to hit the road?"

"Certainly." Miranda replied, brushing past her lover and got into the car which had brilliant black and green leather interior. The seats were very comfortable and the inside of said car was absolutely immaculate unlike some male cars she has witnessed over the years.

"You're going to love this place." Andrea said, absolutely beaming as she started the engine. "And you'll get to meet Amelia who is like a second Mom to me."

"I can't wait." Miranda replied, smiling, as she put on her seat belt. "How far away is it again?"

"Four and a half hours, give or take depending on the traffic, but it's a very straight forward drive however once we reach Briagolong it starts to get quite bumpy as we go along the cliff tops so I hope you don't have a faint heart?"

Miranda rolled her eyes and that was all the answer her lover needed.

"Of course you don't." Andrea laughingly continued. "You're the Dragon Lady after all, how dare I even ask such a question."

Yes, exactly, Dragon's don't have faint hearts." Miranda responded as Andrea took her foot off the clutch and pressing down on the excelerator they drove down the long drive way as the engines
exhaust rumbled behind them as she watched how effortlessly her lover controlled the manual car as if she was born to do it.

At her words Andrea laughed heartily as she tooted the horn and looking into the mirror on Miranda could see Joel standing on the balcony watching them leave with what looked like a beer in his hand.

"Is he... drinking?"

"Oh, yeah." Andy laughed. "He isn't an alcoholic or anything. He just landed this morning from being away for work. He does like fly-in-fly-out work in the mines. I don't know how he does it."

"Ah, yes, I've heard the money is fairly good in that job." Miranda nodded. "Well, good on him." she added as she saw the young man held up his hand in acknowledgement. "He seems nice."

"Joel? Yeah... he's a great guy. A true blue Aussie." Andrea replied as they reached the end of the drive way and she turned the car onto the main road and they headed for the city. "Definitely friends for life, but enough of that, it's time for us to enjoy the peace and serenity the Victorian roads have to offer!"

Miranda smiled at those words as Andrea put the car into gear and the Holden Ute roared down the road. At her lovers words she thought of Nigel and truly hoped that she would be able to mend their friendship as she has always seen the man as a friend for life.

Turning to Andrea she watched as the brunette put the car into fifth gear and they cruised down the road at 110KM. "I honestly cannot wait until we get there." she said and Andrea turned to her smiling widely.

"It's going to be amazing to show you all of my favourite spots there." Andrea responded, reaching over and taking her hand.

"That it will be."

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~ Four And A Half Hours Later ~

It had been a comfortable and easy going drive with little to no hassle along the way.

They had stopped twice first for a bathroom break, Andrea's bladder apparently very small, and second for petrol.

The conversations had been incredible and once again she had found out lots more about the brunette beauty, how she grew up, listening to all the wonderful stories and it was already a brilliant start to their little trip.

Whatever followed Miranda knew would be amazing and she couldn't wait to see what happened and all the fun and exciting things they might do and she'd be lying if she said she wasn't looking forward to all the sex which would take place. She squirmed at the thought already feeling herself getting aroused.

"Everything okay?" Andrea questioned. "You're not feeling sick, are you?"

Clearing her throat Miranda shook her head and turned to the brunette beauty who looked relieved. She continued watching her lovers every move and how her body reacted when doing so. She felt her cheeks flushing upon knowing that Andrea knew what she was currently thinking and feeling as she continued to squirm in the seat.
Andrea began moving her hand where it had been resting on her right thigh for the past half hour and trailed her fingers up and now causing Miranda to swallow hard.

"You read me so well." she whispered.

The brunette softly laughed and squeezed her thigh. "I worked with you for quite some time and studied you often and now that you've let your walls down it's even easier. Not to mention I'm a woman and know what that squirm means." she said, winking.

Miranda felt her cheeks continuing to flush as she bit her lip. "Well..." she trailed off, not knowing what to say.

Andrea laughed once more. "I can't wait to taste you again."

The older woman moaned at those words as another shot of arousal went through her and she squirmed once more just as Andrea went over an unexpected and very deep pot hole causing her to jump in her seat, her head hitting the roof of the car. "Owww!" she softly cried, but also laughed, as her hand instantly reached up and she rubbed her head mindful to not mess up her hair.

"Ohhh, ouch!" Andrea commented, cringing and looking at her once again. "Sorry, you distracted me so much that I forgot that pot hole was coming up to warn you."

Miranda waved those words away as she continued to rub her head as Andrea leaned over and kissed the side of her head before looking back at the road ahead and continued to concentrate on the very narrow dirt road they were driving on with the clifftop edge right near where she sat.

Looking out the window and down the looming bottom of the cliff she spoke. "Just keep those gorgeous eyes on the road from this point on." Miranda said and her lover chuckled softly. "This road, if you can even call it that, cannot be safe surely."

"It's okay. I've driven this road for what feels like a thousand times. You can trust me." Andrea said. "Just don't have a panic attack on me if a caravan approaches us, I will get you there safely."

"You know I trust you." Miranda replied taking Andrea's hand. "How much longer?"

"Not even five minutes and a few minutes later I'll be eating you like it's the last night on earth." Miranda couldn't believe her ears as a new round of wetness pooled between her legs and her heart raced at the thought as she turned her eyes straight ahead from the looming drop of the cliff down below.

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Finally arriving at their destination Andrea parked the poison ivy coloured Ute into the small parking area just inside the gates of "Amelia's Sanctuary Inn" and once the engine was turned off both women stood from the car.

"Ready?" Andrea asked, holding both their bags having not allowed her to carry her own.

Smiling Miranda took Andrea's hand and the brunette entwined their fingers instantly.

They began walking as the brunette beauty continued speaking.

"You're not going to expect what you're about to see, I bet. I left the best part as a surprise."

Raising an eyebrow and opening her mouth to question Andrea however she stopped upon taking in
the first of the sanctuary inn rooms which were built in a way she certainly hadn't thought of. "Shipping containers?" she said, continuing. "Very unique. I like it already."

Everything stood out and all the rooms were different and colourful from the next. It was very refreshing.

"Ten are made out of shipping containers, and the other four from silos." Andrea excitedly said. "They're mostly themed rooms which are a little on the pricey side, but totally worth it, and the cheaper ones are just your standard hotel type rooms, but very modern and chic."

"I can't wait to see what they look like on the inside." Miranda replied, looking around with quite a bit of awe. Not only were the rooms unique but they all had their own beautiful gardens that represented the countries that each room was themed. "It's amazing."

Andrea beamed at her. "I knew you would think so," the brunette replied, leaning into her and kissing her cheek.

Flushing Miranda looked around a little nervously as it would not do for people to see them together like this.

"Come on, let's head for the reception and you can finally meet Amelia!" Andrea said as they continued walking each with a skip in their step. "I have a feeling you two will really hit it off."

"I hope so." Miranda responded knowing she wasn't an easy person to get to know what with being as guarded as she was however in Andrea's company she was extremely relaxed and felt like a different person so she had a really good feeling about this whole weekend and the people she'll no doubt be meeting.

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"Oh Andy, I'm so glad you decided to come after your phone call the other night." Amelia said, wrapping her arms around Andrea.

Miranda watched as her brunette beauty waved away Amelia's words.

"What with coming across Miranda in Melbourne and work being completely hectic these last few weeks and needing a desperate escape away I knew I needed to come here. Not to mention it being so extraordinary here and how I get so much inspiration when I am here."

Amelia smiled and nodded at her words. "And we wouldn't want that lovely writing mojo to slow down." the older woman responded.

The Runway editor smiled at Amelia's words. She guessed the woman to be around about Cara's age give or take a couple years. "That's exactly right," she chimed in, continuing. "I keep telling Andrea that it won't be long until she's holding the Pulitzer Prize in her hands."

"Oh, I know! Andy's writing style is none I've ever seen before. I'm always in awe." Amelia responded.

"Mmm, Andrea will go many places with her writing." Miranda said, smiling at Amelia.

"Ohh, shush you two!" Andrea said, covering her face as she blushed beautifully.

Chuckling softly Miranda winked at Andrea whilst Amelia had her back turned.
"I can put you in the France or England room, take your pick?" Amelia said, turning back around with said keys in her hands.

"Oh, it's been a while since I've connected with my old roots." Miranda said, a small smile on her face and looking to her lover who smiled and shrugged in return.

"England it is, thanks Ma." Andrea said.

"Fantastic choice, one of my favourites." Amelia replied as she handed Andrea the key.

Miranda took in Amelia's soft and incredibly warm green eyes as they were turned on her. She could see how genuine this woman was and had a feeling they were definitely going to be getting along brilliantly over these next couple of days.

"And you've no idea how happy I am to see that you've finally brought a guest with you!" Amelia said as they began walking to the door. "I never liked seeing you here on your own every visit."

Again Andrea waved those words away. "You know how much I love my alone time. Not to mention most of my Melbourne friends are busy with their families most weekends so it's nice to just get away by myself, gives me more time to write that way."

Miranda nodded in agreement to those words. She used to do that now and then by either going off Upstate to her cabin or house in the Hampton's.

"Well, even so, I can see that the two of you have a very deep friendship and I think it's brilliant, Andy." Amelia said, eyes sparkling happily for the young brunette.

Miranda smiled at those words. "You're absolutely correct." she responded causing her lover to smile wonderfully and those brown eyes met with hers which were also sparkling.

Amelia smiled once more and motioned for them to begin to leave. "I can see you're both itching to get yourself settled in." The older woman said giving Andrea one more bear hug. "Come on over whenever you're ready and I'll get the pizza oven going."

Smiling at Amelia's words Miranda spoke. "It's been quite some time since I've had a wood fired pizza."

"Fantastic. You can have whatever your heart desires." Amelia replied.

It would be a tough choice as Miranda loved lots of different pizza toppings, but she knew that she'll definitely enjoy the meal no matter what as she was becoming quite hungry seeing as they've really only had their English breakfast and a very light lunch on the way here from when they stopped at the second petrol station rest spot.

"Amelia makes the best traditional Italian pizzas. Whatever you decide to have, Miranda, you will be blown away." Andrea said.

She raised an eyebrow at those words. People had the tendency to talk things up to a ridiculous point in this world especially in the fashion and food industry however Andrea wasn't most people and she didn't doubt her lovers words one bit. "I can't wait."

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As soon as they entered their room Miranda hadn't even been able to glance around said room as she was pushed down onto the small chair by the door and Andrea's lips were on her before the brunette
was moving down her body not at all mucking about as her pants and underwear wore pulled off desperately.

Getting straight down to business Andrea spread her legs as Miranda sagged into the chair as the brunette eagerly took her vagina into her mouth. Her own mouth opened in a silent O. It was a wondrous thing the way the young woman made her feel better than all those men of the same age she's been with. She couldn't believe just how refreshing it was to be with a younger person in such a way.

A shiver of emotion - one that she's never felt before - went through her body as she took in Andrea down on her knee's eating her vagina like it was the greatest thing.

Their eyes connected and the look in those brown eyes was so overwhelmingly intense. She had to squeeze her eyes shut before getting lost in those beautiful orbs as she felt all of her emotions welling in her eyes. 'You shouldn't be feeling like this.'

Andrea's tongue was replaced with three fingers which plunged deep inside her whilst that expert tongue worked magic on her clitoris.

The gentle teasing and sucking as those fingers moved hurriedly inside her made it harder for Miranda to prolong her orgasm. That was how it seemed to be with Andrea - extremely quick orgasms, but completely different than how it went with her ex-husbands as with them there had never been any emotions - but with Andrea... the connection was way vaster than any ocean.

As she came down from her orgasm she desperately wanted to go again however knew they had the whole night ahead of them for plenty more mind blowing sex and so gently tugged on Andrea for the brunette to stand.

Andrea did and she pulled her lover down onto her and their mouths met in another heated kiss, their tongues dancing and she moaned as she plunged her hand into her lovers already unbuttoned jeans - Andrea having been fingering herself whilst eating her out - a thought which made her feel wet all over again.

Feeling how equally saturated Andrea was she moaned as she slipped two fingers inside her lover. "Ohhh god." she softly cried, loving how she felt inside Andrea.

The brunette beauty bit her lip as they stared into each other’s eyes. "You and only you make me feel like this." Andrea softly said.

"Exquisite." was all Miranda said breathily in response as she ran the pads of her fingers through Andrea's incredibly slick folds, up and down, repeatedly until Andrea couldn't take the burning sensation no longer and begged her to go deep as the brunette pulled down her jeans further as she continued to straddle Miranda, those gorgeous slender legs either side of the Runway editor's lap as she rode her fingers, head falling back and mouth opening as soft whimpers escaped.

"Absolutely exquisite." Miranda said once again as she took in Andrea's gorgeously glistening vagina that her fingers were moving effortlessly in and out of. "I want to taste you." she breathed huskily a few moments later which caused Andrea to let out a long moan.

"Yesss, please, please." Andrea cried.

Miranda squeezed Andrea's arse cheek with her left hand before slapping softly. "Swap places." she softly ordered, taking her fingers out of Andrea which caused the brunette to cry in annoyance, but did as she was told and quickly they stood and swapped positions.
Miranda placed a very comfortable nearby cushion under her knees and Andrea spread her legs for her, her jeans and undies having fallen to the hardwood floor. She moaned upon seeing her lover’s vagina which was dripping all for her. Not wanting to wait a second longer she leaned down and lanquishly ran her tongue through Andrea's folds stopping upon reaching that gloriously erect clitoris and swirled her tongue around it.

"Ohhhh!" Andrea softly moaned as she began running her tongue back down to her lovers entrance.

She repeated those actions until Andrea was crying out her name, begging her to fuck her.

"Please Miranda!" The brunette cried. "I need you!"

At those desperate cries she decided to stop the naughty teasing and give her lover what she desperately wanted. "Fingers or tongue?" she curiously asked in case the brunette had a specific want.

"Just fuck me!" Andrea responded, staring at her with pleading eyes.

"Alright..." Miranda replied, softly chuckling as Andrea grumbled her impatience causing her to continue chuckling. She parted her lovers vagina lips and licked her own lips before leaning back down once more and taking Andrea into her mouth and hummed in delight as her tongue went far and deep and ferociously so.

The sounds Andrea made were absolutely sexy and caused her own vagina to grow wetter.

Having been with men who seemed to never enjoy being in the bedroom with her for longer than fifteen minutes or necessary, if that, had put a damper on her and she thought there must be something wrong with her, but now with Andrea with all the feelings the brunette brought out of her she knew it had only been her ex-husbands problems and not hers.

It was an absolute joy for her knowing that finally she was with someone who she could make feel as beautiful as Andrea was and to be able to be given the same loving attention in return.

"You're better than any heaven." Miranda murmured, looking up and staring into Andrea's eyes.

Andrea just stared at her, remaining quiet, mouth in a silent O, and that was okay. Miranda wasn't sure what she would say in reply to that either. She continued to move her tongue inside Andrea as her lovers thighs began to shake and said thighs held her head in place tightly making it very limited for her to move.

From her locked in position between Andrea's legs her lovers cries were muffled and she could hear her own heart pounding as she brought Andrea closer and closer to the edge.

It wasn't much longer when Andrea's gorgeous body froze for a split second before Andrea began shaking and let go of her release which was incredibly sweet and she took it all into her mouth as Andrea's thighs let go of their tight grip around her head and those legs fell open once more as the brunette came down from her orgasm in a trembling manner.

"Ohhhh, Miranda." Andrea said, sighing as she ran her hands over her face. "You are..." she trailed off, laughing heartily. “Out of this world perfect. Your exes were insane to not see that.”

Miranda shook her head, but was smiling. "Oh, darling, you are the sweetest most wondrous woman I've ever met. My ex’s were blinded by the beauty of young women like you, but of course no one is as beautiful as you." she said, and Andrea rolled her eyes. "They only saw me when it was necessary and had to keep up appearances. I honestly thought that after Stephen that would be it for me that I
wouldn't bother with anyone else, but now..." 'Who knows...?'

"Well..." Andrea trailed off as she stretched and held out her hands for her. "Never say never because in this life anything is possible."

"Very true." Miranda responded as she stood and sat down on Andrea’s lap. It was a tight squeeze, but always felt incredible being in Andrea's strong arms.

They held each other for a silent few minutes, taking in those unspoken words of what the future possibly held for them. It would certainly be interesting, but for now Miranda found it best to just live in the moment, take each day as it comes, and not dwell on anything that may or may not be.

Kissing Andrea's forehead she began to stand. "Nature calls."

"Same actually." Andrea replied, slapping her on the arse, also starting to get up.

"You go first." Miranda responded.

Andrea shook her head. "You first."

Rolling her eyes Miranda held her hands up. "Fine, I'll go first." she replied as the brunette laughed softly before moaning.

Looking over her shoulder she saw Andrea's eyes practically glued to her arse. "That's why you wanted me to go first, to have a perv." she commented and Andrea blushed.

"Look at you! How could I not?" Andrea replied, covering her reddened face.

Miranda chuckled as she shook her head. "You make this old woman feel extremely wonderful."

"Don't say you're old because if you do I'll pinch you!" Andrea replied, jumping up from the chair and pretending that she would pinch her.

Instantly moving away as the brunette gained in on her like she was prey Miranda spoke as she held up a finger. "Don't you dare pinch me!" she said, in a soft warning tone, holding her hands up once more.

"Stop saying you're old and I won't have to." Andrea replied.

"I'll try." Miranda responded as her lover put her arms around her, and Andrea began kissing her.

"I really do need to wee." Miranda said, regretfully pulling away from Andrea's arms and gloriously soft lips.

"Scurry along then." Andrea said, playfully pinching her hip with a gleam in her eyes.

Miranda's mouth dropped open. "You didn't dare!"

"I did." Andrea said, biting her lip. "What are you gonna do about it?"

"Oh, i'll get you back, and when you least expect it." Miranda replied.

Smirking Andrea spoke. "Bring it on, babe."

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Once having used the bathroom and fixing their appearances they shared another kiss on their make-up free lips before exiting their medium sized hotel room.

"It really is like stepping out from a traditional English home into the village." Miranda spoke as she looked around taking in everything seeing as they had both been in quite the desire fueled daze as they came to their room earlier with only one thing on their minds that she'd barely had any interest in their surroundings.

Now however she took the time to soak everything up and the yard was beyond wow. She was impressed beyond words - the pebbled pathway to the wooden gate which was attached to the brick ten layered fence to go with the height of said gate.

On both sides of the garden which was perfectly lush and green with all different bright and colourful flowers that were trimmed just right.

The traditional dark green shrubs climbing up the triangle windows.

The fences blocking the sides of the house were dark brown trellises in an arch shape.

Hanging near one of the fences was an insect home and on the other side was a hanging bird house.

On the right side of the garden was a black painted water well with white and purple flowers surrounding it.

Back to the left side of the house was a small-ish duck, fish and frog pond with lily pads floating atop the water and stepping closer she could see large goldfish swimming around.

Near the gate was an old wooden wheelbarrow with an equally old broom beside it.

By the front door was empty milk bottles in a crate that were ready to be replaced with fresh milk straight from the cow in the mornings.

As they walked down the path and out the gate the Runway editor stopped and spotted more of the things which she hadn't noticed earlier from being too distracted by her brunette beauty.

These three things were what really made the whole house feel like she was back in England. There were traditional street lights ones exactly what you'd see in the village where she came from in front of each house.

Underneath their feet was traditional brick foot path which brought back lots of memories of running along similar paths going to the corner milk bar for bread and playing hop scotch with her friends as a little girl.

On the left side of the house near the fence was the very traditional red telephone box, and that to Miranda was what made it the best because it was pretty true - the phone boxes were on most corners where she used to live.

"Are you okay?" she heard Andrea softly asked, bringing her out of her silent musings.

"Yes, sorry. I'm in awe of this place." Miranda confessed. "Practically everything here in this yard is what I would see on a daily basis where I came from in our old neighbourhood."

The brunette smiled at her words as Andrea's hand touched her lower back for a few moments before they heard voices nearby and her lover quickly dropped said hand. "If you're in awe now then I don't know what you'll be like when you see the back yard."
Miranda couldn't wait and she said so as they began walking away from their room to the familiar reception/restaurant area. "My feelings will be tenfold, I'm sure." she said just as the people they had heard rounded the corner. It was an older couple and they smiled at them.

"G'day, how's it going?" The gentleman asked, and because they were older Miranda hoped that they wouldn't recognise her, but that was the thing about who she was - she could get recognised at any moment by absolutely anyone at any age and any walk of life- but it was the risk she was willing to take to be here with Andrea in her lovers favourite spot in which she felt incredibly special even being here.

"Good, thanks, and you?" Andrea politely responded, smiling at them.

"Very well. Just enjoying this pleasant weather." The gentleman replied.

"It's wonderful." The woman of the couple said.

"Hopefully it can be the same tomorrow for all of us." Andrea replied.

"The weather out-look seems to be like this for the next few days." The woman replied.

"Oh, fantastic." Andrea replied. "That's great, well, I hope you enjoy the rest of your stay."

"You too."

"Goodbye."

"Take care." Andrea replied, smiling as she turned back to her. "There are a lot of couples like that who came here." the brunette said. "And the smaller cheaper rooms attract the younger crowd most weekends, but the good thing about this place is that it's so vast that you don't really hear too much rowdiness from anyone."

"Mmm, and it's nice to come across people like that even if I don't talk all that much. I just..." she shrugged. "I prefer to stay low profile."

Andrea nodded. "It's understandable, and it's not like you came across rude, well not to me anyway. Your smile is always breathtaking and kind."

Miranda rolled her eyes. "You're exquisite, but very odd for what you see in me."

"Just like I think you're very odd for seeing something in me." Andrea said, nudging her softly.

Smiling Miranda entwined their fingers together briefly. "I see everything in you, darling." she whispered, and looking at Andrea's neck she could see her lovers pulse had quickened and the brunette licked her lips. She chuckled and continued to speak. "So, what kind of pizza do you think you'll have?"

"Last time I was here I went all out and had crazy amounts of topping. This time I'm thinking something light and traditional." Andrea replied, continuing. "I hope you don't mind having pizza again since we had it last night?"

Miranda waved those words away. "It's perfectly fine. They'll be two completely different pizzas and I'm sure I'll thoroughly enjoy tonight’s just as much as last nights."

"Great. I don't think I'm in the mood for anything meaty, and if my brother Dylan heard me say that he'd have had a fit." Andrea replied and the Runway editor laughed once more. "I'm in the mood for
"Mmm, yes, I love tomatoes. They'd have to be my second favourite fruit." Miranda said and Andrea raised an eyebrow.

"What's your first?" The brunette questioned.

"Oh, strawberries." Miranda replied, humming. "Freshly grown are the greatest."

"Strawberries are my favourite too!" Andrea replied, leaning into her. "But they're usually always so expensive to buy, but luckily they grow splendidly back at my parents farm which means there are always bag fulls that Mom puts in the freezer for me."

Miranda smiled at Andrea's words as they got closer to the reception area however they didn't walk anywhere near the front doors of said building they instead walked around the side of it to large cast iron gates which her lover pushed open and closed behind them and up ahead on top of a beautiful hill was what was obviously Amelia's house which was also made out of shipping containers. She was never really into the idea of shipping container homes until now. "Andrea, I never thought I'd say this, but shipping containers make magnificent homes."

"Oh, they really do. I remember how taken aback I was by how incredible they all were when I first came here. I mean, I knew that people had homes like this, but to such an extent... I never thought they could be this good if at all possible." Andrea said.

They reached the house and like earlier went to the side of said house and Andrea pushed open the gate and they walked into the backyard which was just as lush and green as the front yard of the room they would be staying in tonight.

Walking around the house she took in a perfect court yard area with lots of flowers and a cute water feature and in the middle was the brick pizza oven which was perfectly situated in the small area. It had brown wooden chairs nearby and a large wooden table like what you see in parks but it looked so much nicer.

"Amelia must be inside. Take a seat. I'll go see if she needs any help." Andrea said.

"I'll help to." Miranda said.

"No one is helping!" They heard Amelia call out and turning they saw her appear from the back of the house holding two medium sized trays as a beautiful bluey grey Australian Cattle Dog came running out beside her. Said dog looked up at Miranda with inquisitive and curious eyes with it's ears pricked up and tongue hanging out happily. The facial markings were brilliant. The hair which covered both eyes were black and had little streaks of brown down the bottom and between the length of the forehead and nose was bluey grey and underneath the neck was specks of brown, his or hers body being the bluey grey and her legs, very strong and agile looking, were a golden brown with the tops of her paws black with specks of brown. They were certainly a unique dog with lots of different markings.

"And who is this?" Miranda asked, as the dog tilted her head and looked at her as she leant down and held out her hand for the beautiful dog to smell and sus her out.

"This is my Matilda." Amelia responded, smiling as Andrea took the trays from her. "Matilda this is Andy's friend Miranda, do you want to say hello?"

Miranda smiled as Matilda made a cute little woof and held up a paw. Her heart swelling at the beautiful and very well trained dog, much like her Patricia, she accepted the paw which was as
strong as she thought it to be. "It's very nice meeting you, Matilda, you're utterly gorgeous." she said, and leaned down to give her lots of pats and attention and Matilda nuzzled into her happily and sniffing her clothes curiously. "Oh, you can probably smell Patricia." she laughingly said as she patted Matilda's head once more before standing up straight again. She was definitely a dog lover for life.

The dog happily followed the three of them into the court yard where Andrea placed the trays on the small table next to the pizza oven.

"Now are you sure there is nothing we can help you with?" Miranda asked.

"Definitely not." Amelia responded. "I do this every single day. Sit and relax."

"Miranda and I are the types that feel bad when we don't help out. You know how lazy and rude I feel." Andrea said.

"I know, I know, but all is A-Okay!" Amelia responded. "What were you thinking you wanted for toppings?"

Sharing a glance with one another Andrea turned back to the other woman. "We were thinking just a good old margarita."

Miranda nodded at those words. "That would be lovely." she commented.

"Okie dokie." Amelia responded, smiling, as she pulled out a pita bread pizza base and put a generous amount of pizza sauce atop it.

"Very saucy, just the way you like it." Amelia said, grinning at Andrea.

Andrea grinned back. "It already looks delicious."

Miranda smiled as she watched her lover watching with giddy eyes as the pizza was made.

"Everything going on this pizza is fresh from Mia's garden." The brunette pointed over her shoulder and the Runway editor looked to where her lover pointed and over the wire fence she spotted dozens of veggie gardens. "And they're only some of it. There are many more acres of land out there full of fruit and veg. It's amazing."

"Indeed. Must be so wonderful being able to live here full time." Miranda responded, looking out at the breathtaking view before turning back to their host for the evening.

"It has lots of wonderful perks." Amelia replied.

"I could see myself living somewhere like this one day." Miranda said which made Andrea turn to her in surprise as she popped a cherry tomato into that divine mouth.

"Really?"

"Definitely." Miranda responded. "The peace and quiet. Such a nice change from the bustling city not to mention... no pollution!"

"So true!" Andrea responded, breathing in the fresh air before picking up a cherry tomato and holding it out for her. "Try it, sooo juicy." she said, winking.

The Runway editor placed it into her mouth and her eyes fluttered closed at the freshness of the fruit. "Oh yes, that is wonderful." she responded, smiling over at Amelia then to Andrea. "Juicy indeed."
she added before leaning forward and taking the bottle of Moet in her hand from the ice bucket. "Shall I do the honours?"

"Please." Amelia replied, opening a container and pulled out some beautiful looking mozzarella.

"That looks divine." she commented as she took off the wrapping around the cork of the champagne bottle.

Amelia smiled as she cut off a piece and held it out to her. "We get it from a small deli an hour away. It's the best cheese money can buy."

"You've got that right." Andrea said, also taking a bigger piece of the buffalo mozzarella.

Miranda placed it into her mouth and at the flavours she nodded in agreement. "Oh my... it's so creamy and smooth." she said and swallowed her mouthful. "I definitely have to agree with the both of you that it is the greatest cheese."

Both women smiled at her as she was offered another piece which she ate. "I wonder if they'd ship to Manhattan?" she laughingly questioned just as she popped the cork.

Andrea heartily laughed at her words as Amelia softly chuckled as she placed the extremely large pizza into the fiery oven. Miranda was pleasantly impressed by how quick and efficiently the other woman had whipped those toppings on.

"Ohh, now my mouth is watering to know how it tastes melted." she spoke.

"You won't be disappointed." Andrea said, winking at her again as the brunette walked over to her and sat back down by being shooed away from Amelia when her lover tried to fuss over the pizza currently cooking away.

"Here are the glasses." Andrea softly said, their fingers brushing as she took said flute glasses.

"Thank you." Miranda murmured, smiling and her heart fluttering. She poured the glasses generously full and shared another very sweet look with her lover and desperately wanted to pull the brunette beauty into her for a searing kiss. She watched as Andrea moved back over to Amelia to hand the other woman a glass of champagne.

"Ta Darl." The older woman said, taking the flute glass and having a sip.

"Try the Basil, it's to die for." Her lover said a moment later stopping next to her once again holding out a piece to her mouth.

Taking a bite Miranda hummed. "Oh yes, that is delicious."

"But the best is yet to come." Andrea responded.

"The tomatoey pizza." Miranda commented, smiling widely at her lover's soft moan.

"Yesss." Andrea laughingly replied, leaning into her and finishing the piece of basil. "Vine ripened and straight from the garden turned into a delicious sugo sauce with a hint of chilli."

Their eyes connected and she stared into Andrea's sparkling eyes. Her lover held up her flute glass.

"Cheers." Andrea murmured.

Smiling Miranda spoke. "Cheers to a good night." she responded softly, winking this time.
Amelia then turned around and they quickly pulled apart as the other woman walked over to them and they all clinked glasses. "Pizza should just be about ready."

"Oh, and I forgot to say that the pita bread base is also home made by Mia." Andrea said.

"Sounds even more delicious. I love a good pita bread base." Miranda responded before sipping her sparkling wine but in all honesty she could remember the last time she had pizza in such a way.

"After dinner we'll have to take a turn about the garden." Amelia said over her shoulder as she turned back to the hot oven. "You can pick and take whatever you please."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly." Miranda responded, waving away the words.

"Now, now, I won't take no for an answer." Amelia replied, shaking a finger at Miranda who opened her mouth to decline once more.

The Runway editor sighed. "Alright, that's a very kind offer."

"That's better." Amelia replied, laughing, as she grabbed the pizza oven peel. "I have a feeling there will be plenty that takes your fancy."

"I don't doubt it. If only I was able to take some back home with me." Miranda responded. "I usually have pretty good lee-way, but not when it comes to fresh fruit and veg unfortunately."

"It must be a real pleasure going on private planes." Amelia commented.

"It is. I am very fortunate." Miranda replied. She definitely knew how lucky she was. "This place of yours though is really... utterly amazing. There are really no words to describe it other than I absolutely love it here and I am delighted to have been invited in such a welcoming way."

Andrea and Amelia smiled at her, and her lover walked over to the home owner of this extraordinary place and nudged her. "You really have created such a fabulous place which everyone takes a little bit of something away with them when they leave."

"Well, it was my dream and the love of my life helped me achieve it." Amelia said.

"Where is he now?" Miranda asked curiously as she and Andrea sat at the wooden table.

"Adrian past eight years ago." Amelia responded, carrying the pizza over to the table on the peel where she slid it off onto the large rustic plate situated in the middle of said table.

"Oh." Miranda swallowed hard at those words she hadn't expected. The thought of losing someone like the love of her life to death has always been an absolutely heart aching thought for her and sometimes she thought of never wanting to find true love so not to have to experience the pain of losing that one person she would have given her whole world to.

"It's okay, darl, you weren't to know." Amelia responded, continuing as she sliced the pizza expertly. "Adrian was a paratrooper in the Australian Air Force. He was out one morning on a routine mission, jumped out and his chute... his chute didn't open." the other woman swallowed down her emotions. "He died doing the job he loved all because his commanding officer had decided to have one too many sherbets the night before and came to work hung over so much so that he hadn't checked Adrian's chute pack as thoroughly as he should do each time."

Miranda covered her mouth which opened in a sad and silent O as she felt her own eyes welling up. "Oh my... Amelia... I don't know what to say. That's... horrific." she said, shaking her head.
"But again... my Adrian always knew the risks when he jumped from those planes and helicopters. He died doing what he loved and had always wanted to be and I am so proud of his achievements and to be a Soldier's wife through and through." Amelia said, wiping her eyes. "Goodness... what a way to start dinner, my apologies, my emotions get the better of me when my dear Adrian is mentioned."

"I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have asked." Miranda replied, feeling utterly horrible as her lover rubbed Amelia's back soothingly who she now sat next to. "I'm really, really sorry." she heard herself saying once again.

"I know, but it’s okay now. I've found a way to move on and to be as happy as I can be just like he would have wanted." Amelia replied, and then pointed to the steaming hot pizza. "Dig in before it gets cold!"

How she could possibly eat after hearing such a tragic story Miranda had no idea however she picked up a thin slice which was just the right thickness and took a generous bite.

At that first taste her eyes fluttered shut. "Ohhh.. my..."

Andrea chuckled as she wiped her eyes and Amelia patted the younger brunette's back. "You've won her over with your pizzas, Ma." she said looking to the older woman who the young woman leaned into.

Amelia simply smiled as they both leaned forward and took a slice.

At Andrea's words she simply smiled in response as they gazed at one another. Her lover then looked down to her slice and she watched as the beautiful brunette took a bite and watched the woman's reaction as the flavours hit her lover's taste buds. Even though they were familiar flavours her lovers eyes still fluttered and a hum of appreciation escaped those luscious lips.

'Good god. I could watch this stunning creature all day long and never get bored.' She thought as her heart fluttered.

"What do you have planned for the rest of the week seeing as you've thrown a sickie?" Amelia curiously questioned as she picked up another slice.

"That's a very good question." Miranda said, looking across the table at her lover and raised an eyebrow.

"I have a few ideas up my sleeve." Andrea responded, but said no more.

"Do tell." Miranda commented, but the brunette beauty shook her head as her eyes twinkled and motioned in front of her lips as if she was sowing them shut.

"Where's the surprise in that?" Andrea responded, taking another slice and biting into it.

Miranda let out an annoyed huff. "Fine." she replied. Her girls were big on surprises but herself not so much as they never seemed to end out well, plus she enjoyed being in control and knowing what the plans were in advance, but it seemed with Andrea she would have to get used to it not being such a way.

Being with Andrea though she was slowly learning to throw in that controlling towel and allow Andrea to take the reins. Why she was allowing Andrea this when she practically made her ex-husbands to always stand on the back line she wasn't sure.
If Miranda were to look deep down it was because of how her whole entire body and mind felt when in the brunettes company. Miranda was a completely different woman as if she was living in a parallel universe.

It was bizarre and she hated not being in complete control of her body and emotions. She knew she should be pulling back and ending all communication with this wondrous human being but she simply didn't want to and on the other hand Miranda enjoyed feeling the way she currently did and never wanted it to end.

"Oh yes, I was looking at that town on the map last time I was here and was thinking a drive out that way might be nice," she heard Andrea say as she came out of her thoughts. "And I was definitely thinking the blue pool to show Miranda while we're here in the park."

Amelia nodded. "There are so many beautiful places out this way."

"Mmm, and so little time." Andrea responded. "But at least we should have enough time for whatever we decide on doing." The brunette turned to her with those gorgeous sparkling eyes and million dollar smile.

"It's a pleasure simply being here." Miranda chimed in, looking around at the scenery. "That I wouldn't mind if we were to simply stay here at the Inn."

Andrea's smile widened. "We'll see what we feel like doing tomorrow."

"Fine with me." Miranda replied, their eyes still connected, and she so desperately wanted to kiss her lover and hold her tight.

Whatever they did tomorrow she knew would be absolutely magical.

~*~
Having eaten four slices of pizza each they had spoken and got to know each other a bit better whilst polishing off another bottle of Moet before having a wander of the garden which was absolutely divine with everything being deliciously fresh. She had loaded up quite a few bags of strawberries, blueberries, cherries, tomato's, baby zucchini's, and eggplant the latter being Cassidy's favourite as she would try and see if she could take some home. She had a feeling it wouldn't work, but she was a woman who didn't back down.

They had then retreated into Amelia's house which looked even more wonderful on the inside with lots of dark colours on the walls with shiny polished floor boards, floor to ceiling windows and exceptional pieces of art hanging on most walls. It was the kind of house Miranda could see herself living in however she loved her Manhattan townhouse far too much that had so many amazing memories in it that she could never see herself ever giving it up until she passed and it would then go on to her daughters.

"Are you alright?" Andrea softly asked, coming up beside her, arm going around her waist.

"Sorry. Lost in thought." Miranda responded, turning into Andrea's body.

"You wanna talk about it?" Andrea curiously asked.

Miranda smiled. "I was just thinking how wonderful Amelia's home is, and besides I've bored you enough with my thoughts over these last couple of days."

"Don't be ridiculous. I wouldn't ask if I didn't really care." Andrea replied.

The Runway editor nodded. "I know, but it's okay. Right now everything is more than okay here in your arms." she responded, pushing Andrea's hair out of those gorgeous brown eyes. "Where did Amelia go?"

"Upstairs getting some photo's." Andrea replied, leaning forward and kissing her neck. "She also wants to show us her new plans for the Inn."

Miranda leaned into Andrea's glorious mouth which was doing wonderful things to her neck and creating butterflies in her stomach. "Mmm." she hummed before moving her head and capturing the brunette's mouth with her own in a passionate kiss.

"So, last time you were here I told you I was in the process of creating new rooms to expand, th..."

Andrea quickly moved away from Miranda and she cleared her throat nervously having known that Amelia had seen them just now. She really hoped this wouldn't turn messy.

"- there is so much land here going to waste so I've drawn up and jotted down all my thoughts and ideas. Please, sit and have a flick through, I'd love to hear both your thoughts." Amelia continued as if she hadn't seen anything as she placed the photo album and journal on the dining table and walked over to the fridge. "I think I have some more champagne in here."

"Sounds great." Andrea replied and Miranda hummed her agreeance as she picked up the photo
album which were of the Sanctuary Inn being built by Amelia's two sons and Adrian a little under nine years ago. It was fantastic seeing the "Before and After" of Amelia's amazing little sanctuary. She then flipped open the journal with Andrea and began perusing what was written in perfect handwriting. If she had handwriting like this she'd never stop writing.

As she flipped on through she was overly impressed with what she saw.

Each new room had thorough floor plans, furniture and paint ideas. Nothing was left unturned.

"The water haven is a fabulous idea. The private mini water park out the back will have every child in Australia wanting to come here." Miranda said as she looked at the very extremely detailed plans and brilliant sketching of what the backyard would look like. She then flipped to the next page and she instantly liked what she saw. "Oh, this one is very interesting."

Andrea looked back down to have a closer look having been typing away on her mobile. "The cave."

"What's the inspiration for this one?" Miranda questioned, looking up at Amelia over the tops of her reading glasses.

"It should be all written on there." Amelia said as she looked at the page before she remembered something. "Ohhh, that's right. I have that idea written in a notebook by my bed. I sometimes wake up with light bulb ideas and have to jot them down instantly."

"I know the feeling." Andrea chimed in.

"The inspiration for that one… I was thinking along the lines of a Grand Canyon theme. Lots of large rocks... a rock climbing wall inside the house and outside both just as extravagant as each other, and a downstairs area in which you have to get down by climbing a ladder… how I envision it… it’s breathtaking. I'm thinking a water pool, or a water feature on the wall, lots of down lights which would illuminate the rocks." Amelia said, shrugging. "It's one of my sillier ideas and until I can sketch it out I'm the only one who can understand and envision what it is that I'm trying to create."

"No no, I can envision it and I don't think it's silly. From what I've already seen and heard I believe you could make it work and once it's done it will be one magnificently unique room that I would love to bring my girls to as they love exploring the Grand Canyon every chance they get." Miranda said.

"You're very kind." Amelia replied, smiling.

"Just honest." Miranda responded, waving the words away as her lover began to speak.

"And this one is never saying stuff she doesn't mean." Andrea replied, nudging her.

"Brutally so... good or bad." Miranda responded laughingly.

"I think it's a good way to be." Amelia replied before looking to Miranda. "Thank you for your kind words, that means so much to me." Amelia said.

"It's my pleasure." Miranda responded as she continued looking at the other idea's continuing to be more and more impressed with Amelia's mind. "Brilliant." Miranda commented, coming to the end of the journal just as Andrea placed her hand on her thigh under the table smiling at her and unbeknownst to her Amelia saw the knowing look between them. "Your husband, Adrian, would be beyond happy and proud to see what you've created, I'm so honoured to be staying at such an establishment."
Amelia had a new round of tears welling in her eyes. "Thank you, Miranda, really."

The Runway editor simply smiled in response.

"I can't wait to watch this place continue to grow." Andrea softly chimed in.

"And to come back would be excellent." Miranda said as her brunette beauty looked at her with hopeful eyes. 'I really hope you know what you're doing.' The sensible part of her brain said as she was turning into such mush when it came to being with Andrea.

Swallowing down some more champagne and ignoring her train of thought she squeezed Andrea's hand as conversation continued to flow easily.

~*~

~ Sometime Later ~

"Thank you so much for taking time out from your night to come have dinner." Amelia said once they reached the side gate.

Waving away those words Miranda began to speak as her brunette beauty placed her hand on her lower back. "It was my pleasure. I've had a very enjoyable night and it was wonderful getting to know someone so special to Andrea."

"Likewise. You must be just as special as Andy has never brought anyone here before even though she has many people in her life." Amelia replied.

This did confuse Miranda a little, but she knew her lover had her reasons and enjoyed her own company and peace and quiet just like she herself did. She turned to her lover and smiled. She couldn't help but to smile every time she looked at her brunette beauty. "I'm very surprised to be here, but very honoured to be shown this place with such a beautiful person."

Andrea blushed and softly nudged her. "Sweet talker." she murmured, absolutely beaming before clearing her throat and turning back to Amelia. "Thank you for the beautiful dinner, Ma." the young woman said, stepping forward, and embraced Amelia. "You're always the greatest hostess!"

When they pulled apart Miranda was then embraced briefly by Amelia.

"We'll come by again sometime tomorrow afternoon." Andrea said as Amelia opened the gate.

"Just enjoy yourselves. As long as you see me before you leave Sunday you know I'll be happy." Amelia replied.

"Ma, you know how much I love spending time with you." Andrea replied as they wandered out the gate.

"I know darl, and it's always appreciated and cherished." Amelia said, patting the brunette on the back.

They said their goodbyes before she and Andrea headed back for their room. Their hands entwined and Miranda squeezed the hand which fit perfectly in her own unlike the gruff and manly hands she's held over the years. "It has been such a long time since I have been in such an isolated and peaceful place where no one knows I'm here." she said, breaking the silence, and continued. "I haven't enjoyed myself like this in so long and it's all thanks to you." she added, her heart fluttering in her chest in a way like never before. "It's a magical feeling."
"It really is." Andrea replied. "And I love it... everything about this."

Miranda watched as the brunette pointed between them before continuing to speak.

"This... whatever it is... is wondrous... and I... I am enjoying it thoroughly."

She swallowed hard as it was obvious Andrea had wanted to say something else, but hesitated and quickly came up with something else to say. It was a quick cover, but very obvious to her and she had a feeling Andrea knew this.

"Sooo..." The brunette trailed off nervously.

Miranda smiled and squeezed Andrea's hand once more as she stared at the beautiful and enigmatic woman who has captured her attention one hundred percent unlike any other lover or person. "I like that the silence is comfortable between us. I've never experienced this before. With Eric and Stephen one of us would end up leaving the room like the house was on fire," she said, shaking her head at her words.

"Well, you have me now." Andrea said.

Miranda swallowed hard again as she was becoming too invested in whatever this was between them. "Yes... I do." she replied, so many unspoken words between, but words that they were both clearly thinking about and waiting for the right moment to speak said words.

They had the rest of tonight and tomorrow night and all day Sunday and early Sunday evening to speak about all that they were thinking and feeling and more. 'Plenty of time.' She said to herself, running her thumb along the top of Andrea's hand.

They reached their room and the brunette beauty stepped forward and opened the gate for her.

"After you, beautiful." Andrea said, smiling and winking at her.

"Thank you, darling." Miranda murmured, walking passed Andrea, their bodies brushing together causing her to gasp as a shot of arousal went through her from the quick and simple brushing of their bodies. She continued walking down the pebbled path with Andrea by her side and her lover pulled out the key from her pocket as they stopped at the door.

As soon as they walked into the room and the door was closed and locked behind them she was grabbed by the wrist and pushed against the wall with Andrea's mouth on her fiercely in a passionate and searing kiss much like how when they arrived. She moaned into her lover’s mouth and felt the young woman tremble in her arms as the brunette ran her hands through her hair messing it up and Miranda didn't even care, the feeling of Andrea's fingers through her hair and softly massaging her scalp was absolutely wonderful.

Butterflies were buzzing around her stomach and a new-found wetness pooled between her legs. She couldn't wait to feel Andrea deep inside her again.

They continued kissing as they made their way to the bedroom.

They separated long enough to take each other’s clothes off before crashing down onto the bed.

Being a woman who saw sex as mundane and every man’s addiction she was taken aback by how instantly turned on Andrea made her and how every time she looked at Andrea she wanted to rip the young woman’s clothes off to reveal that luscious physique.
They had been tangled together ever since they fell into bed - hands and tongues caressing each other endlessly into sexual oblivion - a world so intense Miranda never wanted to leave.

Their bodies a sweaty and beautiful mess as they made each other climax multiple times before falling into slumber sometime not long after midnight.

Miranda awoke to the sound of a ringing phone and in her sleepy haze it took her a moment to realise it was her phone.

Her lover rolled over onto her back beside her as she quickly sat up. "Sorry, darling." she mumbled as she stood and wrapped her night gown around herself before finding her phone in the pocket of her blazer. Her eyes widened at the name on the screen.

Having been expecting to see Runway she was pleasantly surprised to see Caroline's name on said screen.

"Hi bobsey!" she answered quickly. "Oh, you have no idea how thrilled I am to hear your voice." she said hearing Andrea sitting up behind her. "Yes, it's quite late here... two thirty in the morning. Oh, no no, it's alright. I wouldn't care if you woke me up every night to talk to me. I love talking to you and Cassidy." she said as Caroline continued to speak and her eyes widened at what she heard - two very interesting things. "You've been camping upstate?" she asked, quite shocked by this. "How on earth did you get Cassidy to agree?" she asked laughingly as she stepped out the back of the house into the warm summers night as her daughter explained to her that it had been more like glamping instead of fully roughing it in the wilderness and that they had both had a blast making new friends and learning new experiences and ate camp fire food and that they haven't called because they've had no cell service, but Cassidy emailed her however upon getting back to normal civilisation to see that the email hadn't sent due to their Father's stupidly dodgy internet connection he has on the yacht they'd left before they went camping.

Her sweet, sweet Caroline apologised profusely if she had worried or upset her in any way.

"Oh, sweetheart, I was a little concerned, but I always know that you're safe and having an exciting time with your Father. I know I haven't been the greatest Mommy over the years, but I want you and your sister to know that once I get home that's all changing. I'm not going to let either of you down again."

After a few minutes of hearing all of Caroline's adventures before passing her onto Cassidy who had just gotten out of the shower but not before Caroline told her how much she loved her and couldn't wait to see her but hopes she's having just as much fun with her own adventures in Australia and that she better be taking lots of photo's.

"I love you so much Caroline and i'll see you in a couple of days." She said just as Andrea came up behind her, wrapping her arms around her neck as Cassidy said hello sounding a lot more wearier than Caroline and ten times more annoyed and upset with her for many different reasons but recently for missing her very important and special finals soccer match with the rivaled Spence School s who have beaten Dalton for many years now however this year was the year the Dalton girls team proved how worthy and talented they really were by beating them by three points, one of those points her daughter had kicked the goal.

Miranda had been extremely proud upon hearing the news and had instantly felt sickened knowing she'd missed such a monumental moment in her daughters' lives. She knew it would take time and lots and lots of convincing to show Cassidy she was changing for the better and would make up for
all the disappointments and hurt she's created over the years.

She would make it work no matter how long it took because she didn't want to lose her daughters and if she lost one it would practically mean the other also and she didn't want their special and unique sisterly relationship to be tense over having to take sides. "I will make this right." she said to Cassidy who replied with the one word of-

"Sure."

Miranda swallowed hard upon hearing how obvious it was that her eldest didn't believe her. She had really fucked up, but she was determined to make this right. "I promise you, sweetheart. No more Runway coming first rubbish. You and Caroline should always be my first and main priority and I loathe myself for it not being that way for far too long." she said, and waited with baited breath for Cassidy's response.

However Cassidy didn't reply to what she said. "Dad wants to talk to you now."

"Don't you want to tell me all about your exciting camping trip?" Miranda tried, wanting to hear her eldest's voice for longer than a couple of short words.

"Caroline has told you most of it. I'm going out for lunch and then a movie with Louise so I need to get ready." Cassidy said dully.

Miranda's lips curled into a small smile. "A lunch date with Louise? When did this happen?" she asked, but of course Cassidy was no longer on the other side as she heard Eric's voice.

"Sorry Mira, she's gone back upstairs." he informed her.

"It's what I deserve right now." She responded as Andrea kissed her forehead before moving to sit on the arm of the chair and Miranda instinctively put an arm around the brunette beauty.

"But you know what they can both be like. They can never hold their grudges for long." Eric said, continuing. "It won't be long until she comes to her senses."

Miranda snorted. "That's what I keep being told."

"It's the truth." Andrea mouthed at her.

"Yeah, well, I just wanted to say that had I known you didn't know where the girls were I would have found the nearest phone straight away." Eric said.

"I know, Eric."

"And I... we've always had our differences and we both have many faults, but I... I don't think you're a bad mother like I know you make yourself out to be, and even though I've never understood it I know that Runway is a very important job and you aren't deliberately pushing Cassidy and Caroline away, so... stop being hard on yourself because they love you more than you know and with Cassidy... she has your tough skin and demure, but deep inside she just wants you... for you to be there, to be around more and not everything be about Runway this and Runway that, and missing that soccer match wasn't a good move, and I know you know that, but it will be more easier making it up to her than you think. This whole trip she kept talking about you and wondering if you're having a relaxing time, and that you deserve it even though you're a bitch most of the time."

Miranda snorted at those words. "Well, she's not wrong with that, but she really said all that?"
"She did, Mira, she loves you and just wants to be able to spend time with you without Runway somehow always being involved."

She nodded at her ex-husbands words as Andrea ran her fingers through her hair and she closed her eyes at the sensation as she began to speak. "I plan on making that happen and for it to continue being that way for good."

"I'm glad to hear it, Mira." Eric replied, continuing. "Cassidy's ready to go now and I'm driving them."

"Okay, well tell her to stay safe and have fun." Miranda responded.

"Sure, I will." Eric replied, but then stopped. "Oh, um, hang on."

Miranda listened as there was a rustling noise before she heard Cassidy's voice once more.

"As soon as you're back you're watching the soccer match recording," Cassidy sternly said, it was obvious she wouldn't be taking no for an answer.

"Of course, sweetheart, I'd love to. I'm sorry again I wasn't there. I'm very mad with myself that I wasn't there. Please know this," Miranda responded.

"Sure, and secondly if you go back on your word and you start ignoring Caroline and I again I'm going to live with Dad permanently." Cassidy replied and Miranda knew her daughter was dead set serious.

"I won't. I promise you, sweetheart. I really do mean it." Miranda responded, eye's welling up.

"I'm going now. See you soon." Cassidy replied.

"Okay. Have lots of fun and invite Louise around for dinner this week sometime. It would be nice to get to know her better." Miranda responded, her tears now silently falling and Andrea moved to kneel in front of her where she sat on the edge of the bed.

"Cool, I'll see if she's interested. Bye."

"Bye sweetheart. I love you." Miranda replied, hoping her voice didn't crack however it did and she heard Cassidy hesitate.

"Love you to." Her daughter replied before hanging up.

Dropping her phone into her lap Miranda stared at Andrea who also had tears in her eyes as hers continued to fall. "I don't know why I'm crying. It's ridiculous. I'm not a crier."

"It's okay." Andrea responded, and the brunette reached up to wipe away her tears.

Miranda leaned into Andrea's hands and reached up to hold her lovers right hand against her cheek.

"I told you there would be a reasonable explanation for why they weren't calling," Andrea softly said.

The older woman slowly nodded. She cleared her throat before speaking. "Caroline mentioned something quite interesting," she said, continuing. "Apparently you emailed them." and with those words she watched Andrea closely.

"I emailed them to see how things were going. I have their email addresses as they had wanted to
keep in touch with me when I left Runway as we had a lot in common and they loved talking about Harry Potter and Lord Of The Rings with me."

Miranda smiled at her lovers words. She hadn't known about this and it made her heart swell that the brunette beauty had gone out of her way to keep in contact with them when she hadn't had to. She wasn't at all surprised however.

"And in my email I might have mentioned coming across you in Melb and how crazy the universe is and that you can't stop talking about them." the brunette said and was now worrying her bottom lip as those beautiful brown eyes stared at her as her left hand squeezed her knee. "Are you mad with me?"

Miranda's eyes widened at those words and she instantly shook her head and squeezed Andrea's hand which was still on her cheek. "Oh, darling, I could never be mad with you, ever, especially when your heart was in the right place." She responded as Andrea exhaled a breath of pent up relief.

"I couldn't stand you being mad with me." Andrea replied, still worrying her bottom lip.

"It's alright, darling." Miranda replied, moving Andrea's hand from her cheek to kiss the inside of her lover's palm. She patted her lap. "Sit."

Andrea snorted. "I'll break you."

The Runway editor raised an eyebrow. "What... because I'm old it must mean I'm frail too?" she asked and laughed and wasn't at all surprised when Andrea pinched her arm.

"No! I'm too heavy." Andrea said, glaring at her for calling herself old.

"You aren't as heavy as you think you are, darling, you're a size four and you have the most perfect body." Miranda replied however Andrea rolled her eyes. "I'm serious. You're better than all the models on this entire planet." she said as she ran her hands through Andrea's hair. "Honestly." she whispered and watched as Andrea looked her in the yes, studying her, before nodding then leaned in to kiss her passionately before standing and sitting on her lap.

"But you'll tell me if you start getting sore or uncomfortable." Andrea said.

Miranda rolled her eyes. "Just shut up and kiss me again."

Her legs did end up getting sore a few minutes later. "But not because of your weight so stop thinking that." she had firmly said to Andrea before they decided on wandering the back garden under the moonlight as they weren't ready to go back to bed yet.

As Miranda stared up at the moon she could feel Andrea's eyes on her. "Why do I get the feeling you want to say something?" she questioned, turning to the brunette, studying her.

"Huh? Me?" Andrea softly asked, shaking her head, laughing softly albeit nervously. "Nooo... I'm just thinking how you're absolutely beautiful and I can't take my eyes off of you."

Miranda also shook her head at Andrea's words. "You're crazy." she responded, seeing in her lovers eyes that there was something on the tip of Andrea's tongue but the young woman was keeping it back. 'Were they words of emotions and feelings for her and only her?' She wondered and her heart swelled. If so she truly wouldn't be able to believe her luck in finding someone so special like Andrea.

"Maybe, but I am happy being crazy if it means getting to be with you."
Miranda smiled. 'This cannot... will not... end well.' Her rational side of her brain kept reminding her which she kept ignoring. She stared up at the moon once more as Andrea leaned into her, putting her arms around her waist. "The universe is a breathtaking thing, isn't it?"

"You got that right." Andrea responded, kissing her shoulder causing her body to go all warm and fuzzy.

"I haven't seen the night sky like this in the middle of nowhere in such a long time." Miranda said, unable to take her eyes away from the heavens. "Well, that's a lie, actually because I have had plenty of opportunities... in the mountains with the girls and their friends so they could go skiing and snowboarding. Places like that which I took for granted far too often because I've always got my head stuck in some kind of work... Never allowing myself to relax... to simply be."

"Like right now." Andrea commented.

"Mmm... like right now. This is... I don't know how many years it's been since I told myself to slow down, take some time off." she said, and her lover hummed.

"You're a hard worker. Runway is a major part of your life and you wouldn't be you without it, but yeah... I agree that you work far too hard, and your body needs a break now and then just like all of us, and I'm glad you decided to stay longer down under instead of heading straight back into the thick of things, and I'm not saying this because of being with you and it wouldn't be this way had you left... I'm saying it because you are well and truly deserving of a break away from work."

"I am glad too." Miranda replied, cradling Andrea's hands. "That I'm with you... living in the moment... just... having a good time and not worrying about anything to do with Runway." she said, sighing happily as she leaned into her lover. "I do feel slightly guilty. I know I should be working, but I know you're right and this break is long overdue." she added, looking to Andrea who stared back at her. She leaned forward and kissed Andrea softly and ran her fingers through that divine hair.

"Take me back to bed, and just... just hold me?"

~*~

When they awoke a few hours later the digital alarm clock flashed 7:35AM.

Back home Miranda would have had a fit had she woken to see it being this time – unless she has a prior work meeting or some other appointment she has always arrived at the office every morning at 6:00AM on the dot, never any earlier or later - this morning which was similar to yesterdays she did not care one bit as she stretched out her nude body as Andrea began kissing her shoulder. She smiled and moaned at the soft sensation. "Mmm, that feels nice, darling."

Andrea softly moaned as the young woman rolled on-top of her, her gloriously nude body pressing tightly against her own, pinning her to the bed as they began lazily kissing. She ran her fingers up and down Andrea's back softly scratching as she went which caused her lover to moan some more into her mouth.

They continued kissing for a few moments before Andrea began moving down her body.

Miranda's eyes fluttered as Andrea settled between her legs. "Ohhh, yesss... darling." she softly cried as she parted her legs widely and pushed herself into Andrea's mouth. "Morning sex is fast becoming my most favourite past time." she said as they both laughed heartily, their eyes connecting with unspoken yet obvious words dancing around in each other’s brown and blue eyes as her brunette
beauty slid three fingers inside her. "Ohhh..." she cried out once more, beginning to speak. "Today is going to be a divine day!"

~=~

Once they got up and got themselves ready they decided to skip breakfast having not been hungry yet and would get something a little bit later wherever the road took them. She knew Andrea had been looking at a map whilst she was getting dressed and obviously had a plan. She smiled at this - Andrea having come up for things for them to do - it was very sweet.

Andrea turned the car out of Amelia's Sanctuary Inn and headed into an unknown direction – her lover saying she’s never been to this place before so it would be a new experience for her also – and she smiled at this as the brunettes hand came to land on her thigh and squeezed softly.

Two hours later they found themselves driving through a small town that looked very lovely and welcoming and the scenery was absolutely breathtaking, rolling hills that went way into the distance. "This is really nice." she commented as they continued down main street of Swifts Creek.

"Amelia mentioned this place to me the last time I was here." Andrea responded. "And apparently the bakery does phenomenal scones." the lovely brunette added with a wink.

Miranda licked her lips. "I do like a good scone with jam and fresh cream."

"Sounds like the perfect meal for brunch then." Andrea replied, pulling the poison ivy Ute into a parking space in front of said bakery which was the one and only bakery in the small country town so it couldn't be missed.

"I wonder what other goodies they'll have." Andrea excitedly said, turning the car off.

"Oh, I tell you what would go down an absolute treat..." Miranda trailed off.

"What’s that?" Andrea questioned, pulling the keys out.

"A lemon meringue pie. Oh, I haven't had one of those in such a long time." Miranda replied. She watched as her lovers eyes lit up at her words.

"Yessss, I lurve lemon meringue pies!"

Smirking as she reached for the door handle she spoke. "If they weren't to have any here it would be very untraditional for any and all bakeries."

"You have a good point." Andrea replied as they stepped from the car. "However I walked into a Boston bakery last year before I came here and they had no chocolate brownies."

"None what so ever?" Miranda questioned, eyes wide. "I thought they were a must have staple in every American bakery and household."

"That's what I thought too, but apparently not for this Boston bakery. I was so shocked and found it so strange and they wouldn't give me an answer as to why they didn't cook them." Andrea said, shrugging as she pocketed the keys in her hand bag.

"Hmm, that is very strange." Miranda said, stepping up the curb, arms briefly brushing against Andrea's as they walked over to the bakery door to find it wasn't open for another thirty minutes just as Andrea's stomach rumbled. "How about we stretch our car legs and go for a wander around. I think we could check out most of this lovely little town within thirty minutes and it gives us a chance
to exercise while looking at these magnificent views. Also saves on petrol and kilometers."

Andrea nodded, but whined softly. "But I am getting soooo hungry."

Miranda chuckled and patted Andrea on the back as they started down the foot path. "You won't vanish away if you don't eat for another thirty or so minutes."

"I feel like I will." Andrea replied, pouting.

The Runway editor laughed again. "You'll be right, darling." she said as Andrea released one last annoyed huff.

~*~

Their walk had been very peaceful.

They had wandered most of the town and had stopped briefly to talk to some locals and petted two gorgeous old Golden Labradors that have been very well fed over the years.

They also stopped to watch local football juniors, no older than eight, being played however it wasn't an actual competing match just practice as the Australian football season didn't start until midway through March. She had been surprised to hear that Andrea has been converted into quite the Aussie rules football lover.

They watched lots of talented children among the mix kicking very impressive goals. They laughed in amusement over how cute the little tikes looked running around the oval.

"At least two of them will become professional when they're older." Miranda mused aloud. "That boy especially." she added, pointing to the boy she was talking about who had just taken a fabulous mark.

Andrea had nodded in agreement. "Oh, for sure." she responded. "I hope so anyway. It would be an exciting career for those interested."

"Indeed." Miranda replied and as they began to head back to the bakery and the Runway editor questioned Andrea about ever wanting children. Her lover shrugged.

"I'm still undecided." Andrea replied, continuing. "I love kids. My oldest brother, Harrison, has a two year old with his wife, Leah, and I love him to bits however I also love being able to give him back at the end of the day. So, I'm not so sure how I'd go having to do all of that and more full time."

"You could do anything, darling, you just need to believe in yourself." Miranda responded briefly taking Andrea’s hand as there was practically no one around. "You're so wonderful, Andrea, and I know you would make such an amazing mother."

Her lover smiled at her. "You're far too sweet to me." Andrea replied, continuing. "What about you?"

Miranda snorted at the words and shook her head. "Definitely not." she laughingly replied. "Definitely not indeed. I've hardly been a good mother as it is. I couldn't do all those baby years all over again."

Andrea understood and responded by saying-

"Yeah, I probably couldn’t' handle all the baby and toddler years, not to mention all the crying."
"And pooping and vomiting." Miranda chimed in, both women cringing. "I honestly don't know how I did it especially with Eric having hardly been around."

"See... that's why you're a better mother than you think you are." Andrea had responded.

They then shared a smile, hands squeezing each other’s, as they then walked back in mostly comfortable silence continuing to look and smile at each other as they went, sharing knowing looks.

Once reaching the bakery they saw a young woman out the front placing the chalk board welcome sign with the day’s specials as a young man came out carrying a metal table along with sets of chairs and three more tables and chairs.

They were greeted with warm and friendly smiles and were welcomed with the offer of trying free samples of their new red velvet cupcakes and almond loaf bread. She watched as her lovers eyes lit up. She had quite the sweet tooth on her hands.

They walked into the small bakery and over to the counter where the bite size tasters were. Her lover tried both however she herself only tried the bread having not been in the mood for cake as scones with jam and cream would be sweet enough for her. "Very tasty." she commented as she swallowed her bite of the almond bread. "Maybe we'll have to take some back with us." she suggested to Andrea who sneakily took a second piece of cake.

"Sorry, but it's so delicious." The brunette beauty said to the woman behind the counter who waved a dismissive hand at her and simply grinned. "As for the almond bread that sounds like a fabulous idea."

Miranda smiled as she watched the brunette who was so alive with happiness and those words were already so positive about the bread when she hadn't even tried it yet having been too focused on the sweet cake. The young woman soon tried a piece of the almond bread and her eyes fluttered shut briefly.

"Oh yeah, we'll definitely be taking some back." Andrea replied, continuing. "Maybe we can share it with Amelia later?"

"Of course. That would be lovely." Miranda replied. "As for the meantime... those scones are nearly making by mouth water." she said, looking to the scones in the front counter.

Andrea softly chuckled at her. "We'll take two of your mouthwatering scones with jam and cream please."

"Perfect choice." The other woman replied. "Is that for take-away or will you dine with us this morning?"

"Eating in, thanks, but I think because it's such a lovely morning we should sit outside." Andrea said, looking to her with questioning eyes.

"Fine with me." Miranda responded, perusing the other food items, and her eyes glazed over upon seeing they had the sweet item she’d hoped; lemon meringue pies which looked heavenly.

"Great! We have a batch already in the oven so I will bring your breakfast out to you shortly." The woman replied, continuing. "Would you like drinks with that?"

"Strong coffee. Hot as you can get it." Miranda replied as Andrea chimed in.

"Center of the sun hot."
"Okay... and for you?" The woman asked Andrea, jotting the coffee order down.

"Ahh, so many choices." Andrea replied, studying the chalk board on the wall in front of them. "I'll just get an iced coffee, thank you."

"Fantastic. This all shouldn't take too long."

"Thank you." Miranda replied before she and her lover turned and left the small and perfectly quaint bakery.

Back out on the side walk she smiled as Andrea pulled out a chair for her at the small table. "Thank you, darling," she murmured, sitting down. She sighed with content as she looked around. "It really is beautiful here." she commented. 'Maybe a trip back here with her girls and Andrea was in order in the future?' She thought to herself as Andrea smiled and hummed in agreement. 'You're getting far too ahead of yourself. This is only a fling and cannot become anything more. She's too young!'

Miranda pushed those thoughts to the back of her mind as none of it mattered right now. She was in a perfect place with a perfect woman about to eat delicious food and the sun was beaming down onto them just perfectly with a bit of shade from an umbrella over them enough to keep them from getting burnt.

"It's super nice here." Andrea replied, having been looking around, taking everything in as that million dollar smile curved those kissable lips. One of those talented hands took her own underneath the table causing the older woman's stomach to fill with butterflies. "Especially with how the morning sun is shining on you... you're so fucking beautiful, Miranda."

The editor shook her head at those whispered words, but smiled as their ankles touched. "Sweet talker." she said, mimicking her lover's words she's used quite a bit over these last couple days.

"Only speaking the truth."

Miranda's heart felt like it was about to skip a beat. 'This shouldn't be happening, and you know it.' Ugh, she wished she could shut her brain off, but alas she couldn't and had to ignore her rational thoughts and just enjoy the moment she found herself in knowing how lucky she was to be with this phenomenal woman who seemed wiser beyond her years. It was so easy to forget how old Andrea really was. She opened her mouth to speak just as the bakery door opened.

"Here are your drinks, ladies." The young man said, smiling warmly. "Your scones shouldn't be much longer."

Miranda watched as the brunette beauty leaned forward and took a sip through the straw of her iced coffee and those beautiful brown eyes fluttered shut.

"Mmm." Andrea hummed in delight.

Smiling Miranda picked up her coffee mug and drank some after thanking the employee who walked back inside. It was nice, but nowhere near as good as Starbucks which was her favourite.

"Ohhh babe, this is so good." Andrea said.

"I'm happy you're enjoying it." Miranda responded and couldn't control the feelings bubbling up inside of her as she watched her brunette beauty enjoy her iced coffee, they were feelings she didn't want to go away.

"However as yummy as this is it isn't as divine as your unique flavour." Andrea softly said, staring at
her intensely causing Miranda to stop short, her coffee mug half way to her mouth. "You're incredible. I hope you know that and never forget it."

The older woman shook her head. "Even though I find it completely baffling you see something in me I'm glad that you do. You've been making me feel things I've not felt in such a long time and feelings I never thought I'd ever feel. I know it's all just fun and living in the moment, but I really cherish the way you've been treating me and I feel beyond fortunate to be spending all this time for you."

Andrea opened her mouth to speak just as their breakfast was brought out. "I feel the exact same." her lover responded, squeezing her hand under the table before looking at the plate of scones which was placed in front of the both of them. "This looks sooo good!"

Miranda nodded in agreement. "Looks very scrumptious."

"I hope you enjoy it." The young waitress said before entering the store.

"Thank you." Picking up the spoon Miranda spoke. "Here's hoping it tastes as good as it looks." she said, continuing as she cut into the scone. "However there is only one place on this entire Earth that will forever do the greatest scones and that is Claire's Cottage in Sheffield in my homeland of England."

Andrea smiled at her then.

“What?” Miranda asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I just love hearing you talk, learning new things about you…” Andrea trailed off, shrugging.

Smiling Miranda looked down at her scone which steamed brilliantly, fresh from the oven. She breathed in deeply and hummed in delight.

They both took their first taste and Andrea moaned softly.

"Ohhh god." Andrea murmured. “Sooooo good!”

Miranda chuckled. "I agree." she replied though it was of course nowhere near as good as Claire's Cottage as is what she had expected.

"Yep, this will hit the right spot in my belly for sure." The brunette said. "Do you like it?"

"I do." Miranda replied. "They..." she looked to the bakery. “Have my tick of approval."

"Which is a hard thing to get from The Miranda Priestly." Andrea cheekily replied, smirking.

"True." Miranda responded, and added. "However I don't know how I'm supposed to eat all this."

"That's okay, I'll help you out." Andrea replied, winking.

Butterflies appeared in her stomach once more with the way Andrea gazed at her and she let out a long exhale of breath from the way this crazily beautiful woman made her feel with each new minute.

~*~

~ A Little While Later ~
"Thank you so much ladies. Along with the rest of us here, I am pleased that you enjoyed your stay for breakfast and we hope to see you back someday." The woman behind the counter who had served them earlier spoke as she handed Miranda's change over. The editor had a feeling the woman knew who she was and was starstruck to see her in her small town bakery with the hopes she'll come back one day.

"Keep it." Miranda responded, giving the other woman a small smile as Andrea took their bags of bread. "Thank you for the warm and friendly service." she added before she and her brunette beauty shared a few more words with the woman over the counter before they said their goodbyes and left the fantastic little eatery which she definitely hoped to visit again.

As they stepped out into the warm Victorian morning her lover unlocked the ute and again held open the door for her before handing her the bags of food they had purchased which she situated between her legs on the floor. Her lover walked around the front of the car and hopped in next to her instantly turning the engine on and cranking the air conditioner.

Her lover turned to look at her and smiled beautifully. "That was really enjoyable." Andrea said, cupping her cheek.

"It was. I am glad we came here." Miranda responded.

"I really want to kiss you." Andrea whispered.

Miranda licked her lips. "Go ahead. The windows are tinted."

"They are. I even watched Joel tint some of it. I don't know how anyone could have the patie-" The Runway editor stopped the young woman from rambling by crashing their mouths together. "You were talking far too much and I got impatient." she whispered in between kisses as Andrea gasped into her mouth.

"Mmm, that's fine." Andrea replied with glazed over eyes as those beautiful browns fluttered shut as they started kissing once more.

When they finally pulled apart from each other she watched as Andrea ran shaking hands through her silky brunette hair. "You really do know how to turn me into mush," her lover spoke laughingly. "Not to mention how to make my panties soaked. They're practically ruined now."

Miranda swallowed at those words, her heart racing. "Did you..."

"Nearly." Andrea replied, blushing profusely.

"Oh god." Miranda moaned at those words.

"I know." Andrea replied, putting the car into reserve "I've never been like this with anyone before," the brunette said as she reversed the car out onto the road before putting it into drive and began to do just that. "Honestly I think you're going to be the death of me, Priestly."

~*~

After having stopped at the Swifts Creek national park for a walk to work off some of the scones they began heading back to the Sanctuary Inn but not before making a stop in another small town for petrol.

As soon as they got back to Amelia's haven they headed straight for their room both busting for the
After both taking turns of the bathroom Andrea sat down on the couch next to her as she let out a sigh of exhaustion. "It's so frustrating and annoying how sitting in a car for a couple of hours can make you feel so sleepy." she said, shaking her head as she covered her mouth as she yawned. "Ridiculous."

"Very annoying." Her lover replied, now also yawning thanks to her. "Maybe we could go out for another bit of a hike, would be a good way to wake ourselves up, and I know the most perfect spot and it's only ten minutes down the road."

"Alright then, sounds like a good idea, I'll go freshen up." Miranda replied.

"Were only going hiking babe and you already look stunning." Andrea responded.

"Still... I've got to keep up appearances as someone might recognise me, hopefully no one does... touch wood." she said and her lover tapped the wood coffee table in front of them. "The last thing you need are rumours flying around as to why you're with me, alone in the middle of nowhere, God knows what they'd start spewing."

"That you're having a lesbian affair with your hot ex-assistant." Andrea laughingly responded, but then spoke seriously. "I could handle it, Miranda, but it won't happen. I doubt we'll even see anyone."

"I know you could, but you shouldn't have to handle anything when we're... just living in the moment, not bound for life." Miranda replied, kissing Andrea before standing from the couch. "I'll get ready and then we can go."

"I'll go over to Amelia's and put together a picnic hamper. Whip up a few sandwiches for us."

Miranda smiled at her lover words. "Fantastic, darling, thank you." she replied, and then added. "Maybe on the rye bread we purchased?"

"Sure." Andrea replied, nodding.

"Great." Miranda said watching as her lover headed for the door. "Thank you for already making this trip so wonderful." she said as Andrea stopped where she was putting her shoes back on.

The young woman slowly looked at her and there was an unreadable look in those breathtakingly beautiful eyes. "I'm just happy that I am able to be making you as happy as you are. You're absolutely glowing and I'm glad I haven't started boring you yet."

Miranda snorted. "I don't think you have a boring bone in you, my darling."

Andrea laughed, shooing her words away. "Go on, off you go before you make me blush."

Miranda laughed heartily as she entered the bathroom once more. She looked at her reflection. She did look radiant - a look she hasn't seen on her face in a very long time - and it was all thanks to one Andrea Sachs. "Who would have thought??" she asked herself aloud, chuckling and shaking her head ignoring her rational mind frame as she ran her comb through her hair, smiling widely. "Who would have thought." she whispered once more, staring at herself with wonder, heart fluttering happily in her chest and butterflies swirling around her stomach.

~*~
Meeting Andrea by Amelia's house she raised an eyebrow at what her lover had changed into - a tee-shirt which had the NASA logo on it and shorts which looked more like short shorts on her lover’s long and slender legs. "NASA?" she questioned with raised eyebrows.

"Yeah, I always wanted to be an astronaut when I was little." Andrea responded, smiling that beautiful smile.

"An astronaut, really?" Miranda said with raised eyebrows as they began walking back to their room.

"Oh Miranda, I loved the idea of going outer space. I wanted to walk the moon, still do." Andrea responded. "I was going to tell you last night when we were staring at the sky, but you distract me so easily from my thoughts."

"What made you change your mind about going up there?" Miranda asked curiously.

"Realising I got severely motion sickness when I tried doing some of the training for it. The realisation of knowing I could never go to space... that was absolutely devastating. I was like that for months, but then I began writing and realised that was my new love and a dream I set out to achieve much to my Dad's disappointment."

"And you have achieved it, brilliantly so." Miranda responded proudly and her lover smiled at her. "But I'm sorry you weren't able to make it to space." she said, reaching over to move the hair dangling in front of Andrea's right eye before trailing her fingers down Andrea's flawless cheek watching as a tremble went through her lover.

"Dreaming about space is good enough." Andrea replied, shrugging it off.

"True." Miranda commented, but could tell how much her lover was still devastated over never being able to go up there and explore all that the universe has to offer.

"Crap, I forgot to get my hat." Andrea said, picnic basket in hand.

"And we forgot to apply sunscreen." Miranda chimed in as they began making their way back to their room.

Once there they walked through the wooden gate and up to the front of the small house and Andrea ducked inside while Miranda sat on the rickety old wooden park bench.

When her lover came back out she locked the door before handing her a pair of hiking boots.

"These are spare boots Amelia never wears. They should fit you." Miranda nodded as she took them and began putting them on and they fell silent as she did so whilst her lover rubbed in the sunscreen.

"Have you ever wondered what a baby giraffe would look like walking through grass?" Andrea spoke, breaking the silence.

"Hmm?" Miranda hummed, finishing tying up her left boot before looking to where her lover was.

Near the Canadian room was a tall young blonde, no older than eighteen, slightly hunched over as she walked slowly through the grassy patch just outside the fence of said room wearing high heels. She watched as the young girl nearly tripped over, but caught herself just in time and fell into the fence instead of face first to the concrete.
Miranda snorted and tried not to laugh like Andrea softly was.

"Are you okay?" Her lover called out.

The young teenager looked over at them, flipping her long blonde hair out of her face, and gave Andrea what looked like a fake smile. "Yes, I'm fine!" she spoke in a stand-offish tone before turning and walking away albeit slowly and no doubt embarrassed by knowing they had seen her nearly falling over.

"Geez. Could be a little more appreciative that someone was looking out for you." Andrea muttered as she leaned against one of the beams which held up the front porch.

The Runway editor couldn't help but laugh now as her lover let out a huff. "She was probably just embarrassed we saw." Miranda said, her boots now tied which fit quite comfortably before standing and they began back down the pebbled path. She couldn't wait to see where Andrea was taking her this time.

Just as they reached the gate she realised she hadn't grabbed her camera, informed Andrea, and quickly went back inside knowing she wouldn't hear the end of it if she didn't have any photographs to show her girls.

When she came back outside she couldn't take her eyes off of Andrea who was looking utterly sexy in her casual summer clothing showing off those long and slender legs as she leaned against the fence patiently waiting for her as she examined her finger nails. She shook her head unable to believe that for the time being this magnificent creature was all hers.

"What?" Andrea asked, frowning slightly.

"Look at you... you're exquisite." Miranda said, continuing. "And for the time being you're all mine."

Andrea blushed and nudged her playfully. "Stop it." she shyly replied, biting her lip and looking to the ground. "Thanks though, you sure do know how to make a girl feel special."

Chuckling Miranda spoke. "Anytime, darling." she replied then followed Andrea out of the wooden gate once more and they made their way down the path and towards the front of the Sanctuary Inn to start what she knew would be an enjoyable hike.

~*~

Turns out it took a little over thirteen minutes longer to Andrea's estimate of time down the road, but this was okay with Miranda as she was able to take in lots of the scenery which she snapped photos of to keep as memories of this wonderful day.

"Don't take a photo of me, I look horrid." Andrea said, covering her face in embarrassment. "I look awful, sweating like a pig!"

Miranda rolled her eyes as she dropped the camera away from Andrea, respecting the brunette's words. "Don't be ridiculous. You're absolutely gorgeous." she said. "And I love it when you blush." she added, coming to a stop next to her lover. "And the way you smell... to die for."

"Oh babe, now you're ridiculous." Andrea replied laughingly as they continued walking.

"Divine." She whispered, shaking her head, still unable to believe her luck.

Soon enough they came to a stop in front of a gloriously round pool of water which was named the
Blue Pool and it is apparently famous to a lot of country Victorian's. In her opinion the colour of the water didn't look very inviting. "Or so Amelia says anyway, she can exaggerate quite a bit." her lover said. "Sooo, what do you think?" Andrea asked a few moments later as they sat down on one of the logs. "Do you think it looks as great as it sounds?"

Miranda shrugged. "I mean, a little bit, but I'd be lying if I were to say it's the greatest natural pool I've seen, but it's not bad, it has beautiful elements to it with all the tree's hanging down." she responded as she began taking a few snaps.

"As much as I do think this is a beautiful area I know an even better place I want you to see where we can have our picnic lunch." Andrea replied.

Smiling Miranda motioned for them to continue. "Lead the way."

~*~

The place Andrea was taking her to had been a further fifteen minute walk which told her that Andrea liked to exaggerate or merely didn't want to deter her from the hike due to how long it would take. She didn't mind however as she was thankfully fit enough to handle it as she did cardio on a daily basis as keeping her health and stamina up has always been a main priority to her especially having young children and being close to fifty she needed to keep herself such a way to ensure she'll be around in their older years.

They came to a stop and she looked down the looming and bumpy hill which led to a camp site.

"It's just down there. About another five minute walk."

Or in Andrea terms it was a fifteen minute walk. Who knew, really...

"Alright." Miranda replied, starting to walk down the hill.

It was quite a long and downward walk dodging all kinds of different pot holes and loose gravel and dirt, she'd nearly tripped over, but her strong lover had caught her just in the nick of time, those strong arms having wrapped around her, and pulling her tightly into the brunette beauty.

They arrived at their destination a little over another ten minutes later mainly due from Miranda stopping now and then to take photo's, and half way down she'd turned to Andrea to tell her that her sense of time and minutes was absolutely terrible which only caused her lover to laugh heartily nodding her head in agreeance, but the walk had been completely worth it as they got to the end and the scenery was breathtaking.

Feeling Andrea's eyes on her as she looked around she smiled widely at the small secret spot of her lovers.

It was a peaceful haven in the middle of nowhere.

"Beats the blue pool, doesn't it?" Andrea asked, breaking the silence.

Miranda snorted. "Ah, yes. A trillion times better." she responded as she looked down the calm stream.

"Did you want to get in?" Andrea asked.

At those words she turned to her lover in surprise. "What? Oh no!"
"Why not?" Andrea asked, and to Miranda's shock and awe, began taking her shirt off.

"I didn't bring any swim wear!" Miranda replied unable to take her eyes off of her lover's perfect stomach.

"Neither did I!" Andrea replied, and then looked at her. "Oh, come on! It's the perfect weather for it and we haven't come across anyone, there's literally no one around."

Miranda bit her lip.

"Throw caution to the wind!" Andrea continued. "You know you want to."

"Fine." Miranda replied. "But only for a few minutes."

"You're the boss." Andrea replied, winking and grinning before diving expertly underneath the crystal clear water clad in her lacy K-Mart lingerie.

"It's so beautiful, babe!" Her lover said once she surfaced. "You'll love it!"

Taking a deep breath Miranda got down to her underwear - La Perla of course - and elegantly stepped into the shallow end before gliding into the middle where her darling Andrea was. "I would never be doing this for anyone else... consider yourself lucky."

"Oh babe, trust me... I know how lucky I am." Andrea laughingly replied before diving back under the water.

Miranda gasped when she felt Andrea's hands on her thighs and running up her body as the brunette surfaced.

Their mouths then connected in a heated and slightly sloppy kiss.

Andrea pulled away and went back under water.

"Tease." Miranda muttered to the empty spot before her as her eyes widened when she felt Andrea's luscious lips kissing her lower stomach and then down to her undies and she gasped again at the sudden feel of Andrea's tongue on her clitoris through said undies. "Oh my god. What is this woman doing to me?!" she wondered aloud as Andrea made her way back up her body and out of the water.

They stared at each other wordlessly and with so much emotions in each other's glazed over eyes before their mouths connected once more.

"I want to be inside you again and again and again." Andrea said in between kisses as the Runway editor was pushed backwards gently through the calm water, their bodies tightly pressed together, her legs instinctively wrapping around her lover's waist as she felt Andrea's gloriously erect nipples against her own equally erect ones. She moaned at the young brunette's words.

"Help yourself. I'm yours for the taking." She responded, gasping as Andrea kissed and bit her lip.

Andrea moaned at her words and with permission granted the brunette pushed her gently against a nearby rock which was hidden out of sight. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes." Miranda softly replied, putting her hands around Andrea's neck as her lover's hand disappeared inside her undies, fingers running through her slick folds before delving deep inside to reach all those wonderful spots causing her eyes to flutter shut and legs begin to tremble. "If you keep fucking me so much you will be the death of me." she said, words which her lover had spoken
earlier, and her young beauty laughed.

"Oh, but babe, what a way to go!" Andrea responded, kissing her neck.

Miranda snorted before moaning softly, leaning into that glorious mouth as Andrea began teasing and playing with her clitoris, making her feel wonderful things. She let out a shaky breath, her vagina burning deliciously, and she knew it wouldn't take her much longer.

When she did cum her lover didn't stop and that was alright because she didn't want Andrea to. She wanted to continue feeling those talented fingers buried inside her.

They moved quick and effortlessly and it was a little longer this time for her second climax as she did her best to prolong it. "Ohhh, darling." she whispered as her lover slowly pulled her fingers out of her and slowly rubbed through her folds as she came down from her second climax.

When Andrea pulled her hand out of her undies and above the water she watched as her lover took her fingers into her mouth and the young woman sucked on them like they were the greatest lolly pop on the planet.

At the erotic sight a new wave of arousal went through her. She kissed Andrea with all that she felt before moving down to kiss and nip at her lovers neck as her right hand went up under Andrea's soaked bra to massage both nipples. The young woman let out a shaky breath leaning into Miranda’s mouth, her lover rubbing her vagina against her thigh.

Andrea sighed at the sensations this caused.

Putting a hand around Andrea's lower waist she held her lover tightly as she moved her right hand between their bodies, pushed aside the thin material of the brunette’s underwear, and instantly plunged three fingers into her lover’s perfectly wet vagina.

The young woman cried out her pleasure, moving in time with her ministrations, clinging onto her tightly. Miranda leaned forward to kiss the magnificent woman again so Andrea's cries were muffled into her mouth.

It was a little surprising to Miranda when her lover took longer to climax, but she had a feeling Andrea had done what she'd done and did everything in her power to continue feeling her inside of her and prolonged her orgasm.

Though it didn't take much longer until the brunette beauty couldn't handle it any longer and she sagged against her once she came down from said orgasm. She welcomed Andrea's weight against her as she held Andrea who trembled in her arms.

"You amaze me." Andrea whispered, lifting her head from where it had been resting against her shoulder, their eyes connecting before the young woman kissed her shoulder then up her neck, cheek, and mouth.

Their tongues danced brilliantly together as hands once again explored each other.

"No. You amaze me." Miranda said, fingers sliding through Andrea's long hair. "Thank you for all of this." she added, a little breathlessly, as they stopped and stared at each other.

"Don't be thanking me just yet as the weekend hasn't ended." Andrea said with a hint of sadness in her voice.

They were definitely on the same page about this whole thing ending once she got on the plane back
to New York, but both felt conflicted, not wanting to leave each other. She swallowed hard feeling her own emotions bubbling up and wishing there could be a different outcome. ‘It is possible.’

At her thought her heart skipped a beat at the possibility of entering a relationship with the brunette beauty. She knew they would definitely need to talk.

Miranda was torn over what she should do - her rational side of her brain continuing to tell her that if this did continue after she got on the plane, however that may work, that whatever this was wouldn’t end well, months or years later as things always got screwed up one way or another - it was the cynical side of her brain after having so much heartache and betrayal in her life. She knew Andrea would never intentionally hurt her, but the brunette had just turned twenty six and would surely wake up one morning and realise the commitments that come with being with an older woman with young children.

It was either that which could end it or the pressures of the relationship with the paparazzi always in their faces, or she herself might do something which could end this beautiful connection - she never wanted to hurt Andrea – but she knew what she could be like.

She really was torn, and had a feeling Andrea felt more deeply about her than she was letting on, but she really didn’t think Andrea knew what exactly she’d be getting herself into.

For the meantime she squashed these thoughts away and began kissing Andrea once more.

However Andrea had other ideas and placed her hands on her shoulders and pushed her gently away so they were looking into each other’s eyes once more.

"We need to talk about... this... us..." Andrea said as if reading her mind.

"I know." Miranda responded, cupping Andrea's cheeks. "And we will, darling, but can we just..." she trailed off, sighing. "Just enjoy this beautiful day and get the talking done tomorrow?"

Andrea smiled at her, nodding slowly. "Of course, babe, we'll just enjoy today and worry about the rest later."

"Thank you." Miranda replied, leaning forward and kissed her lover once more.

"You know if you continue kissing me like that I'm going to cream in your hand all over again and I realised my lapse in judgement over doing what we've just down out in the open and with the career and fame you have anybody could have seen or could be hiding in the bushes and watching.” Andrea said.

Shaking her head at Andrea’s words Miranda spoke. "It's alright, darling, we have seen no one the entire time we were walking here and have been here, and I am pretty good when it comes to sensing when someone is watching me as I've had many years of getting used to that." she responded, running her hands through Andrea's wet hair, continuing. "I am glad we just did what we did as I haven't let my hair down in such a risky way in such a long time. You make me feel alive."

Andrea smiled widely at her as she continued.

"And as much as I'd love to make you cry out my name again there is plenty of time for us to do that again later tonight, and I already cannot wait." Miranda said as Andrea kissed her gently.

"Neither can I, I'm counting down the minutes." Andrea replied, winking at her, before pushing away from the rock and gliding backwards in the water but not before splashing said water into Miranda's face.
The older woman chuckled as she wiped her face and stared at Andrea. "Don't get too cheeky now." she responded, pushing away from the rock and moving after her lover.

"Or what?" The brunette questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"Two can play at the whole splashing game, and I'd easily be able to take you down." Miranda said, moving her hands through and out the water, splashing her lover.

Andrea squealed at the large splash in her face, wiped the water from her eyes then plunged for the Runway editor.

However Miranda was too quick for her darling Andrea and went under water and circled the beautiful body of her lover and surfaced behind the brunette, her hands pushing Andrea down and under the water. She then quickly moved backwards as the young woman surfaced and turned on her with shocked eyes.

"Oh. My. God." Andrea laughingly said. "I just got dunked by Miranda Priestly!"

Miranda began laughing at those words.

"I can't believe you just did that."

"Told you I'm good at this." Miranda replied, smirking as Andrea began gaining in on her once more. "Give it your best shot, darling, because you're gonna need it."

"Don't get too cocky, Priestly." Andrea responded before diving under the water once more.

~*~
Miranda laughed as Andrea collapsed down next to her on the pebbles which reminded her of the beaches in London. "Told you I'd take you down."

"Shut up." Andrea replied, smirking and nudged her.

The older woman laughed heartily at her exhausted over. "At least you know you'll sleep good tonight." she said as she rested her hand on Andrea's stomach which rumbled a few moments later. She chuckled softly. "And sounds like you've worked up quite the appetite."

Andrea blushed as her stomach rumbled once more.

It was a few hours ago since they'd had brunch and she herself was starting to feel hungry. She watched as Andrea leaned over to grab the picnic basket which had been kept from under the sun shaded by a lovely tree. She opened it to reveal sandwiches cut into perfect triangles with all different types of fillings and two different types of bread.

"I love multigrain." Andrea said, breaking the silence which had fallen over them save for the water moving through the stream and birds chirping around them.

"Mmm, so do I." Miranda responded as she reached in for a simple ham, cheese and tomato on said multigrain bread. "What's in that one?" she asked Andrea who picked up one of the rye sandwiches.

"Turkey with chive cream cheese." Andrea replied, grinning around her mouthful. "It's delicious." the brunette added. "And the others are turkey with watercress and apple slices. Salami and Swiss cheese. Ham and pineapple. And of course the token couple PB+J on white bread. Always has to be white bread."

Miranda snorted. "Peanut butter and jam, really Andrea?"

"Yes, I'm a kid at heart." Andrea responded.

Smirking Miranda replied. "There's nothing wrong with that."

Andrea swallowed her mouthful before speaking. "And I also chopped up some watermelon, and for hydration, sparkling water of course, and..."

Miranda watched as Andrea pulled out two small 200ML bottles of Moet.

"A cheeky afternoon drink?" Andrea questioned, waggling her eyebrows.

"I don't normally make a habit of drinking in the afternoon, but considering this is a special week away I'll make an exception." she replied, winking at Andrea.

"Great!" Andrea said, absolutely glowing under the dark blue floppy hat, protecting her perfectly flawless pale skin from the strong Southern Hemisphere sun. She watched as Andrea unwrapped the gold wrapping of the small bottle that would be enough to give them both a naughty afternoon alcoholic buzz. She watched as the cork popped out and accidentally went flying out of her lovers hand and over the other side of the river bank causing the both of them to laugh heartily in surprise.

"Remind me to find that cork before we leave." Andrea said, handing Miranda the small bottle.
before beginning to uncork the other. "That's the one thing I loathe... litterers. Disgusting."

"Oh yes, absolutely. Most people just don't seem to care." Miranda replied, and her lover huffed her annoyance over people and their laziness and stupidity of what littering does to the Earth. She then watched as some kind of realisation came over her lovers face. "What is it?"

"I forgot to bring glasses." Andrea replied, shaking her head.

"Oh, is that all?" Miranda asked, laughing, as she waved away the words. "I don't mind roughing it and drinking from the bottle." she replied just as she sipped from said bottle and then her lover did the same, relaxing once more.

Soon Miranda reached into the picnic basket and their hands met, hovering over the sandwich each were going for.

They laughed as their eyes connected.

"You have that one... it's the last piece." Miranda said.

"No no, you want it, I'm not really in the mood for salami now." Andrea replied.

"I don't normally eat salami, but I think today I will." Miranda commented, watching her lover taking a bite out of what was obviously one of her lover’s favourite sandwich fillings.

As Andrea licked the corners of her lips ridding them of the cream cheese a familiar rush of arousal went through her as she instinctively leaned forward and kissed Andrea licking away the cream cheese which her lover had missed. Her lover hummed in delight. "You missed a spot." she whispered as she slowly pulled away staring from Andrea's mouth into her lovers brown orbs.

Andrea bit her bottom lip, cheeks flushing a beautiful pink, and looked back down in a shyly manner.

The Runway editor ran her hands through Andrea's hair and smirked before running her fingers tenderly down Andrea's left cheek. She then picked up another piece of sandwich with the chive cream cheese and moaned softly when said cream cheese hit her taste buds. "You have fabulous taste, Andrea."

"Of course I do. I do like you after all." Andrea softly replied.

"Yes, well..." She trailed off still having no clue why this phenomenal woman was interested in her. Sure, she looked fucking fantastic in couture, but her body underneath was nothing appealing, just your ordinary older woman.

"Oh, you have to try this." Miranda said, a moment later, having bit into the salami and Swiss cheese sandwich. She held it in front of Andrea who bit into it, their eyes not leaving each other's.

"Mmm, yes, I must admit that's pretty good." Andrea responded, continuing. "It's the best quality salami money can buy."

"Mmm, I can always tell the difference when it comes to salami." Miranda replied, smiling as she took another bite.

They continued to eat with chatter here and there until most of the sandwiches had disappeared in their stomachs with even Miranda having a couple bites from her lover’s peanut butter and jam, but her favourite by far was the turkey with the apple and freshly picked watercress. "Thank you, my
darling that was all very enjoyable." she said as she finished the rest of her Moet before slowly sitting back against a large rock and letting out a very pleased and relaxed sigh.

"You're very welcome." Andrea responded, also sitting back against said rock, their hands meeting between each other and entwining as they silently enjoyed the silence around them.

That was until fifteen or so minutes later when they heard the sound of cars pulling up in the camp ground up the hill behind them.

"Please don't know who I am." Miranda quietly said, not at all in the mood to speak with fans today.

"Oh man. This is fucking awesome here! I'm so glad we listened to your jerk face cousin!" A girl’s voice loudly said as car doors slammed shut. "I really have to pee!" she then whined. "Come for a walk with me baby and help me find a good place. Your jerk cousin said there's a lake down there."

“Stop calling him a jerk, he’s not that bad.”

“Not that bad?” The girl began laughing as their loud voices got closer as they continued chattering away.

"Here they come." Miranda muttered, sitting up and running her hands through her hair, trying to fix it the best she could without a mirror having left her compact behind.

Her lover began laughing softly. "Here, just put my big floppy hat on and keep your head down. They don't even need to see your face." Andrea said, placing said hat atop her head.

"I don't want you to get sun burnt." Miranda replied.

"It's only going to be for a few minutes. I'll be okay." Andrea responded, keeping the hat firmly in place on Miranda's head.

Miranda pulled her hand away from Andrea’s just as they heard footsteps. She looked up and saw a dark blonde wearing similar clothing to her lover with what was obviously her boyfriend next to her, their hands entwined, clad in a white tee-shirt and black board shorts with the Australian flag on both left corners.

"Oh!" The girl suddenly said, spotting them. "Sorry, we didn't know anyone else was here."

Miranda looked down as Andrea spoke and waved those words away. Her lover picked up their empty bottles and started putting everything back into the picnic basket.

"Don't even worry about it, we were about to leave." Andrea replied politely, smiling that beautiful million dollar smile.

"You don't have to leave, you won't even know we're here." The girl said.

Miranda had to hold in a snort as she found that extremely hard to believe what with the girls loud mouth which you'd be able to hear miles away.

"We can stay out of each other’s way." The girl added and again Andrea waved the words away.

"Nah, all good. It's starting to get late so we better head back. Thanks though." Andrea responded.

"Alright, well, have a good night." The girl replied, smiling politely, and Miranda could feel the girls eyes on her curiously watching her as they walked past probably wondering why she was looking like a weirdo staring at the ground.
"Thanks, you too, be safe out here if you plan on camping out for the night." Andrea replied and Miranda smiled at those latter words as the couple thanked the brunette and the young guy spoke.

"I've been camping heaps, I know what I'm doing."

Andy nodded at him as they continued walking past as the dark blonde continued to talk from where she had left off.

Miranda was quite bummed that their peaceful afternoon had to come to an end due to being interrupted, but she knew that her lover was right and that they should head on back where they could continue to enjoy this beautiful afternoon at Amelia's.

They stood and stretched their bodies before walking over towards the small hill where there were make shift steps which they walked up the six steps before wandering through the large camp area where there were three cars with four guys and two girls standing around and talking amongst themselves holding bottles of beer and vodka cruisers with every second word being fuck until they saw them.

"Hey, hi." Andrea politely said as they walked on by.

With being such a large group of friends there surely had to be someone in the mix that would recognise her and so Miranda kept her head down and watched where she was walking.

"G'day."

"How's it going?"

"Beautiful afternoon, isn't it?"

A few of them said politely and friendly and her lover replied with a few short words.

"It's beautiful, it's a great spot to be camping. Have a good night and be safe out here." Her lover responded.

She smiled at her brunette beautys genuine concern for the young group of late teens.

"We will, cheers."

"Have a good one."

The two guys on the left said and once she and Andrea had walked out of sight they could hear the guys talking amongst themselves.

"Did you see those legs?"

Miranda's lips curled into a smile at those words.

"Gross." One of the girls said.

"Perverts." The other said.

"Oh god." Andrea mumbled, covering her face.

The Runway editor chuckled. "No reason to be embarrassed. Your legs are absolutely sexy. I can never take my eyes off them for long."
"Sweet talker." Andrea replied, shaking her head.

"Just honest." Miranda replied as they continued up the steep hill which had been much easier coming down than to walk up. She watched as Andrea's mouth dropped open upon hearing a loud wolf whistle behind them and at the sound she couldn't help but laugh. She was rarely a fan of that kind of whistling towards women, but she knew if she were a young guy she'd have done the same over Andrea who was utterly breathtaking. "You're beautiful, darling, I'd wolf whistle at you every day of the week if I knew how to whistle."

"You don't know how to whistle?" Andrea asked, changing the subject as her lover's cheeks and neck redded.

"Nope." Miranda replied. "My dad tried teaching me, but I could never do it. I remember getting so upset because I was the only one in the family who couldn't whistle."

"Aww, babe, that's kinda cute." Andrea replied, nudging her and grinning. "I'd love to see what you looked like as a child."

"Oh no, no way." Miranda responded instantly. "This nose on a pin head..." she trailed off, shaking her head. "It was never a good look."

Andrea threw her head back and laughed. "Oh please, look at how huge my mouth and teeth are. Imagine me as a six year old with this mouth and these teeth smiling and then thirteen with friggen braces!"

"Alright, correction, we both had our ugly childhood days, but we grew into our looks exceptionally well, especially you, my brunette beauty." and her words only deepened the shade of Andrea's rosy pink cheeks and chest.

"You really do like to make me blush, don't you?" Andrea responded.

"So much." Miranda replied, grinning from ear to ear as they continued to slowly make their way up to the dirt road of the Briagolong National Park where Amelia's Sanctuary Inn was located as loud thumping techno music started from behind them in the camping site telling her that the group of friends were in for one rowdy night.

~*~

A few minutes later once they made it to the top of the slope and on the main clifftop road they had to stop so Andrea could squat behind a tree unable to hold her bladder in any longer. She looked around and the wonderful scenery and smiled. She was so fortunate to be here.

"Chuck us one of your tissues, would ya?"

At Andrea's voice she took out one of her tissues from inside her bra. "God, you're sounding more and more like a true blue Aussie with each new day."

Laughing Andrea took the tissue she held out for her and Miranda turned back around to give her lover privacy once more.

Soon her lover buried the tissue under some dirt before standing and pulling up her shorts.

"Ahh, that feels so much better." Andrea said, walking out from behind the tree and smiling at her.

Miranda simply smiled as they continued walking in silence until the sound of a car coming from
behind them registered in their ears.

Turning she saw it was the local Park Ranger and the white ute came to a stop near them.

"Andy!" The man, who the editor thought to be in his mid-to-late thirties, in the car said smiling widely at the brunette. "Long time! Good to see you."

"Samuel!" Andrea replied, grinning. "Gosh, it's been nearly three months now. How'd the back packing around Europe go?"

"Absolutely brilliant. Hey, you heading back to Amelia's?" Samuel replied.

"Sure am!"

"Great. Hop in. I'll give you a lift, I'm on my way through there." The ranger, Samuel, responded. "But I can't promise I won't talk your ears off the whole way."

Her lover turned to her with questioning eyes and she shrugged.

"Thanks, mate, we'd love a lift." The brunette replied and the guy unlocked the back doors to the Ford ute and her lover stepped forward and held the door open for her.

~*~

The car came to a stop and Samuel finished what he was speaking and Andrea laughed at the story. "It was really good catching up with you, Sam." Her lover spoke.

"You too, Andy." The park ranger responded as Andrea opened her door and so Miranda did the same as Samuel turned in his seat and reached over, holding out his hand to her. "Nice meeting you, Miranda."

Miranda nodded. "You too, thanks for the lift." she said, taking the offered hand and politely shook it. "And, ah, please don't mention to anyone you heard about Miranda Priestly being in town at least until I'm gone."

"My wife would kill me if she knew I met you and I didn't tell her." Samuel responded.

"Oh, well, as long as she doesn't tell her friends until I leave tomorrow." Miranda replied, staring into his kind eyes. He nodded his understanding, respecting her need for privacy.

"No problem. Our lips are sealed." Samuel replied.

"Thank you. It's very much appreciated." Miranda responded, giving him one last nod before exiting the car. She stood with Andrea and watched as the ranger continued on down the dirt road tooting the horn before disappearing around the corner. "He was lovely." she commented.

"Yeah. Just like all of the blokes I've met here Samuel's a true blue Aussie with a heart of gold." Andrea replied, smiling as they walked through the large gates of the Sanctuary Inn.

"You have a heart of gold too, my darling, I love how you like to see the best in everyone, including me." Miranda replied.

"Well, most people I've come across so far have been great and genuine people." Andrea replied.

"Mmm, you're lucky." Miranda commented. "I can only hope your luck of finding genuine people to
have in your circle continues and you don't have to experience getting burned in the back like I
have."

Andrea looked at her. "I hate that you've been hurt by so many people over the years."

Miranda shrugged. "There's no point dwelling on the past. Those experiences simply made me a
stronger editor for Runway and woman in life and I am glad to be who I am."

"You have a heart of gold too, you know." Andrea softly said, nudging her.

"I can have my moments, but the way I've handled things with my girls I definitely don't feel I have a
heart of gold or should be worthy of having one. It should be one of coal. I remember hearing a
story… when I was a baby my grandmother looked at me when I was born and told my parents that I
have the devil inside me… so, that's got to be the obvious reason why I am how I am."

At her words Andrea's mouth dropped open in shock as she shook her head. "You only think that
way for the simple fact those words have stuck with you."

Miranda sighed. "But I was only a new born, Andrea, why would she have said that if it wasn't the
truth?" she asked, and it was why when she heard people calling her "The Devil Wears Prada" she
felt it was only fitting.

"Miranda, oh my god, you don't have the devil in you. That is the most fucked up thing I've ever
heard. Like I know that woman was your grandmother, but there must have been something
seriously wrong with her to say such a terrible thing." Andrea replied.

"She was no family." Miranda instantly replied. "Family doesn't say things like that to one another."

"Yes, exactly." Andrea replied as they continued walking towards their room. "The devil in you..."
her lover trailed off, shaking her head. "Not only is that beyond absurd, but well and truly fucked up
to even say and think such a thing!"

Miranda stared at Andrea. "I appreciate you so much, I hope you know that, darling."

Her lover nodded as their eyes connected. "I do, more than you know." she replied, and the brunette
reached out for her hand just as they heard Amelia's voice calling out for them.

Andrea looked up and smiled upon seeing Amelia. "Hey Ma, what's up?"

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to ask you to pack your things and move to another room. I've just
had a booking for the British room." Amelia responded.

"Oh, that's okay." Andrea replied, shrugging. "No problem."

"And you'll love knowing where I can put you tonight." Amelia said.

Miranda watched as her lovers eyes widened and mouth turned upwards into a wonderful smile.

"The spa room?" Andrea excitedly asked causing the Runway editors smile wider – the pure joy on
Andrea’s face was magnificent.

"You guessed it!" Amelia laughingly replied, holding out the keys which Andrea took happily so.

When Amelia left her lover turned to her and started talking as if they hadn't been interrupted.

"Miranda, I honestly can't believe you've not only been carrying those words around with you, but
you actually believed them." Andrea said, shaking her head, stopping just inside the wooden gate to the English room and their bodies collided in a tight embrace.

Miranda held onto her lover tightly and smiled into the brunette’s neck. "Thank you for seeing all of the good inside of me." she whispered, kissing Andrea's neck.

"Always." Andrea whispered in reply.

~*~

~ A Little While Later ~

"I lurrrrrve this room!" Andrea said as she fell down onto the large circular bed.

Miranda gasped and her eyes widened as she watched her lover sink down into the bed then bounce back up before wobbling up and down, and her brunette beauty grinned at her reaction.

"Have you ever fucked on a water bed before?" Andrea asked.

"No." Miranda replied, swallowing as her heart raced at the searing look she got from her lover.

"Mmm, neither have I, but I cannot wait to try it out." Andrea excitedly replied.

Miranda opened her mouth to speak just as her phone began to ring. "Hold that thought." she said, sighing regretfully as she reached into her pants pocket and pulled out her phone and smiled widely upon seeing Caroline's name. "It's my baby."

Andrea smiled at her. "Take your time, and come meet me in the shower."

Miranda nodded as she connected the call, eyes not leaving Andrea. "Hi, sweetheart!" she cheerfully said, watching as her lover wandered towards the bathroom. The brunette beauty winked at her and as she walked began lifting her NASA tee-shirt off along with her bra to reveal those glorious breasts. She let out a shaky breath which her daughter heard and questioned her immediately to see if she was okay.

Clearing her throat she spoke. "Yes, bobbsey, I am more than okay now that I'm talking to you. How was the rest of your day with your Father while Cassidy was out?" She asked and at those words Caroline went into extensive detail of her day with her Daddy and she smiled and listened to everything with patience and adoration for her daughter.

~*~

After her lovely phone call with her youngest she undressed and joined her lover in the shower.

"I hate my hair." Andrea said, huffing as she continued combing through it.

Miranda chuckled softly and held out her hand for the comb. "Let me." she said, the cool and refreshing water streaming down onto them in the large double shower that could fit at least five people. She watched as Andrea quizzically looked at her before shrugging.

Smiling Miranda took the comb and ran her fingers through her lover’s hair before doing the same thing with the purple comb. "I always wanted hair like this."

Andrea snorted. "Why?" She asked, continued. "It's thick and annoying."

"I've always had annoying thin blonde hair. I never wanted to be a blonde. I hated it, and I envied
brunettes for years and years." Miranda responded.

"I would love to see a picture of you as a blonde." Andrea said, smiling widely.

“Oh, I don’t know about that, I really didn’t suit it so one day I woke up and decided I wanted to stand out from others at Runway and had my hair done like this and have loved it ever since. I never saw it as an old lady hair style, I simply found it…. Unique. I loved, and still do, being able to stand out and have people became intimidated by me very quickly." she said, laughing as she shook her head. "And gradually I became the feared and infamous Dragon Lady."

Her lover turned around again. "I love learning about you."

"You're about the only one that does." Miranda responded.

"And you have perfect hair. I love it." Andrea said.

The older woman smiled as Andrea ran her hand through said hair and she leaned into those talented hands. "Thank you." she replied, and motioned for Andrea to turn back around, wanting to continue combing her lover's gorgeous long hair.

"My hair is forever getting knotted because sometimes I get slack with combing thoroughly as usually I'm in such a rush that I half ass it." Andrea spoke.

"Well, you clearly haven't been slack lately as there are no knots. Your hair is beyond perfect and just the right thickness." Miranda responded, continuing. "I could stand here all night combing it... that's how much I love it."

Andrea chuckled at her and took the comb back. "You're an odd one, Priestly."

Miranda smirked. "I suppose I am, but we are after all a little odd on this planet."

"Very true." Andrea said. "Just like there's a little bit of crazy in all of us."

"Some more than others." Miranda commented laughingly.

Smirking Andrea put her arms around her neck. "That goes without saying."

At Andrea's nude body pressed against hers Miranda's mind turned to mush. "True." She responded before beginning to kiss her tenderly causing her heart to flutter as her stomach went all warm and fuzzy with the familiar sensation of butterflies. "Perfect hair and perfect lips."

"You read my mind." Miranda responded, continuing to kiss her lover, as she played with the hair on the back of Andrea's neck which made her lover giggle into her mouth as apparently this certain spot was ticklish. "How ticklish are you?" she questioned, curiously.

"I'm not sure if I should tell you after the way you splashed me good earlier at the river. You just might challenge me to a tickle fight." Andrea replied.

Miranda heartily laughed at those words as she ran her hands down her lover’s long arms. "I wouldn't do that. I know not everyone likes to be tickled."

"I am quite ticklish in lots of different places, but especially here."

Miranda watched as Andrea pointed a finger against the front of her hips. "Interesting."

"And I don't not like tickle fights I just never liked it when Nate tried tickling with his rough manly
"Mmm, that's the one thing I have never enjoyed about men... they can be quite rough without meaning to be."

Andrea laughed. "There are many things I don't like about men. The major one is the peeing on the floor and never putting the toilet seat back down even though you harp on and on about it yet they never listen."

"Mmm, that's why I never shared a bathroom with either my husbands because they were forever getting in my way." Miranda replied.

"Really? I can understand that and I know it's not an uncommon thing and even though there were things Nate did that annoyed me there were still these special moments that happen in the bathroom... like right now, and the other night in your hotel.... Special, intimate moments which can occur at the drop of a hat..." The brunette trailed off, shrugging. "That’s just my experiences though, which I know are limited."

“No, I get what you’re saying,” Miranda replied, smiling. "And hypothetically if you were my future partner you would want us to share the same bathroom." She said. It wasn't a question, but an obvious fact.

"Yes." Andrea said, biting her lip.

"And to that I say we probably would and I'd love every minute because you aren't an annoying, stinky, male." Miranda replied.

"Unless you cook me eggs and it goes straight through me." Andrea said, laughing.

Miranda coughed on her sip of San Pellegrino and she placed the glass back in the little nook of the shower as her lover covered her mouth and continued laughing.

"Sorry, that just slipped out. My mouth sometimes works on auto pilot and I'll say things before thinking."

Miranda laughed at Andrea who was shy all of a sudden which was a side in which she rarely saw in the brunette beauty.

"So, I may not be a man, but I occasionally speak like one, and I know how to unblock a toilet and dry wall..." her lover was nervous and rambling.

She smirked as Andrea was about to continue speaking, but she held up a finger to her lovers glorious lips.

"And I'm rambling, sor-"

"Don't apologise." Miranda cut in, rolling her eyes. "There's no reason to get nervous around me anymore and you can be open with me and tell me whatever is on your mind. I could never and would never judge you."

Andrea slowly nodded.

"As for what you said, well..." Miranda shrugged. "When two people are together like you and I currently are things like that are bound to come up and are good to know. I was thinking of making eggs for breakfast tomorrow, but now I won't."
"You can still make eggs. We won't be leaving straight after we eat." Andrea replied as she soaped up a face washer. "Turn around."

At the softly ordered words Miranda’s lips curled and she did what her lover said and instantly Andrea rubbed the soaped up face washer over her back. She closed her eyes and leaned back into her brunette beauty humming softly in delight. "That feels so nice."

Andrea smiled, leaning closer and kissed her neck. "Who would have thought a few months back that you and I would be soaping each other up in a shower in the Southern Hemisphere."

Miranda bit her lip. "Who'd have thought it." she softly replied.

Honestly she had no idea how she would have reacted had she been told this would happen to them. She was just glad it was happening and it was absolutely wonderful.

"Thank you for being here with me." Her lover said, washing the soap from her back.

Miranda snorted as she felt her brunette beauty continue rubbing the face washer down her body paying particular interest on the backs of her thighs and her arse.

Her lover grabbed said arse and squeezed and then nipped at one of the cheeks playfully before moving back up her body. "Your ass is so very delectable."

At those whispered words she gasped when Andrea nipped her earlobe causing a tremble of desire to go through the both of them. She turned around and their mouths crashed together heatedly.

As much as they wanted to make each other climax again they refrained from doing so not wanting to tire each other out as they still had the whole night ahead of them.

~*~

Placing the hair dryer back into the cupboard under the sink Miranda tightened the towel wrapped around her and exited the bathroom. "That shower was amazing, darling. My body is now rea-" she stopped speaking, thankfully, having been about to say something extremely sexual upon seeing Amelia standing just inside the closed front door. "Oh." she said, clearing her throat and nervously tightening the towel around her. "I wasn't are we weren't alone anymore." she said, suddenly feeling self-conscious.

"Amelia just popped around to say we have to relocate again." Andrea said, disappointment clear in her tone of voice.

"We just got a walk-in booking for this room specifically." Amelia chimed in. "But the Bed and Breakfast Cottage is available."

"Hopefully I can enjoy this room someday!" Andy huffed in annoyance after she closed the door on Amelia and waved her frustration away, walking over to her. "I'm sorry about that, she came just as you were walking out, I didn't have enough time to warn you. Thank god you weren't nude."

Having thought about exiting the bathroom like so the editor was glad she changed her mind. "No need to say sorry, Andrea, I'm just sorry you can't enjoy this room any longer like you've wanted." Miranda replied however was perfectly fine with the room change. "Spending the night in a charming little cottage will be lovely." she added.

"Yeah, it's really nice in there." Andrea replied, still sounding disappointed. "But I really, really wanted us to spend the night in the water bed."
Miranda smirked at those words. "I know, darling."

Sighing Andrea began collecting their things as Miranda got dressed.

"Do you care that Amelia knows that you and I aren't here as just friends?" Miranda questioned her lover knowing how close the young woman was to the owner of this fabulous place.

Andrea shook her head. "Not at all. I know she accepts everyone who comes through these gates. She's always just said she wants me to be happy and I am."

The older woman smiled at those words. "After making you cry on many occasions at Runway it's nice to be able to make up for all that and see you as happy as you are," she said, pinching the bridge of her nose. "I just wish it could be this easy with Nigel."

"Well, I did send him an email too."

Miranda's eyes widened and she looked at Andrea. "You didn't."

The brunette shrugged. "We have remained friends, and I didn't mention anything about seeing you, but I just said a few things that might make him starting thinking about it all..."

"Has he replied?" Miranda asked, raising an eyebrow. Her lover shook her head in the negative.

"And that was two days ago now." Andrea replied, and continued. "But I'm sure, just like with your daughters, he has a reasonable explanation."

"I really should be there, at Runway." Miranda said.

"And I'm soooo glad you're not because I wouldn't be able to do this."

Andrea spoke, kissing her neck. "Or this," she moved her hand underneath Miranda's thin blouse and cupped her breast over her bra, teasing her nipple which she could feel becoming erect.

Miranda let out a shaky breath. "Ohhh god, you make me feel so many different things."

Andrea chuckled as she playfully nipped her neck. The brunette had been about to speak when there was a knock at the door causing them to both jump and regretfully Andrea took her hand out from under the bra. "That's our que to leave."

Swallowing Miranda ran a shaking hand through her hair as her brunette beauty spoke again.

"And that is to be continued." Andrea whispered into her ear before picking up their bags and walking over to the door.

Taking a few calming breaths Miranda turned and followed her lover out of the spa suite.

~*~

~ A Couple Hours Later ~

"Oh god, don't tell me you watch Home & Away?" Miranda asked, looking from the plasma screen to Andrea who was lounging on the L shaped couch.

Her lover laughed. "I have to admit, it's pretty good and very addictive. Joel's sister got me hooked."

Miranda shook her head at those words as she sat down next to Andrea and looked at the TV again. "Soap drama's, I'll never understand them."
"Alright, what do you watch then?" Her lover asked.

"I very rarely get the time to sit and watch a TV series anymore, but I love the BBC. British humour that you probably wouldn't always understand even if you did grow up watching Ab Fab" Miranda said.

"Never say never. I used to watch a lot of the BBC when I was growing up. Monty Python was a family favourite that we'd always watch."

Miranda was surprised by those words. "You watched Monty Python?"

"Uh huh. We have the complete box set back at the family ranch." Andrea replied, smiling.

Miranda shook her head. "You really are full of surprises, aren't you?" she murmured, smiling as she took her lovers hand. "Tell me more about your life growing up in small town Cincinnati?" she softly asked and as expected her brunette beauty was more than happy to do so.

They spent a good hour talking about anything and everything as they lounged on the sofa.

At one stage Miranda had put her feet on Andrea's lap and her lover once again surprised her by not only rubbing her feet, but was a fantastic masseuse.

Had it not been for the knock on the door at 8:45 announcing Amelia's arrival for a little catch-up she knew they would have easily continued talking on the couch until the late hours of the night, enjoying each other's company and not getting bored.

Listening to Andrea's beautiful voice and stories of growing up was extremely lovely. She watched as Andrea stood from the sofa only for Miranda to stop her by wrapping her hand around her lover's wrist, and pulling her back down. "Kiss me first."

Smiling Andrea leaned down and did just that. She moaned into her lovers mouth and then again in annoyance when her lover pulled away.

"Someone's a little impatient tonight." Andrea laughingly said as she walked to the door.

"You are very addictive." Miranda replied just as Amelia walked inside.

"So sorry I'm late. I got held up in reception." Amelia said.

Laughing and waving the words away Miranda watched as her lover took the offered bottle of red wine and spoke.

"No dramas, the nights still young." Andrea said.

Oh, it definitely was, and after this catch-up was over the brunette beauty was all hers once more. She nodded at her lovers words. "Indeed. Come in and relax."

"Thanks." Amelia said and did so, sitting on the arm chair by the TV which had been long turned off. "I had one of my cleaners call in sick and my back-up was also sick with the flu so I've been on my feet all day. I'm dying for a drink."

Andrea uncorked the bottle of red and poured them glasses.

"Ta darl." Amelia said taking one of the glasses and taking a generous sip just as Miranda accepted
the other, her fingers brushing with Andrea's causing her stomach to well with butterflies.

Smiling and clearing her throat Andrea moved to sit on the L part of the couch.

Miranda hated the distance - which was ridiculous because the brunette was still in reach she simply wanted the brunette right next to her all cozy - yet it was for the best because if they were sat directly next to each other she wouldn't be able to take her hands off of Andrea. She had never been such a touchy feely person until now - the brunette bringing out this whole new side of her.

"I bought a whole heap of nibbles." Amelia said, leaning forward to place her glass on the coffee table before taking the bag next to her and pulled out all the different items. "Nothing too filling, but just enough."

"Wonderful. Thank you." Miranda replied, watching as the older woman began putting out the different types of cheeses and crackers, dips, carrot and celery sticks, kabana, salami, pickles, olives, apple slices and strawberries. She sipped her wine and hummed her approval. "This is delicious. What brand is it, if you don't mind my asking?"


Andrea handed her the bottle so she could have a closer look.

"Ah yes, I've had this before. A good drop." Miranda commented.

Andrea smiled as she sat back down and hummed her own approval, but at all the different munchies on the table which her lover had placed atop a large wooden chopping board with a couple cheese knives and a few napkins in case they needed them for the dips which could get slightly messy. "Not to mention it beats Ruffino by far."

"Hey now... that was actually not too bad. I'd drink it again happily, and believe it or not my favourite Rose isn't expensive at all." Miranda said.

"And how much is cheap to you?" Andrea laughingly asked.

"Well, I think you'd have a fit if I was to answer that, but my favourite Rose is only forty five dollars." Miranda responded. She watched as her lover covered her face and shook her head.

"I'd be a broke bitch for nearly a fortnight if I spent forty on a bottle of wine." The brunette responded.

Miranda nodded. "I'm very blessed, but everyone assumes it's an easy road to have gotten where I am with the money which I earn."

"I know, and I've heard people say things about how you've gotten your money and so high up the food chain. It pisses me off." Andrea said.

Miranda smiled. "I had determination and was very, very lucky to have landed the job at Runway all those years ago." she sipped her wine, and continued. "But with you, and what you're saying, I have become fortunate to have someone who has always seen the good in me even when I made your life miserable with my tough Dragon Lady ways."

Andrea waved her words away. "Once I got used to you it was fine and now you don't even intimidate me."

'No, now I just make your panties wet.' The Runway editor thought, but did not say, as they shared a
knowing look. She had a feeling her lover understood what she had just thought as Andrea nervously swallowed and her cheeks reddened as the young woman gulped down some wine. She couldn't help but chuckle as her lover turned to Amelia and so Miranda did also and could see the confusion on the other woman’s face.

"What kind of dip is this one, I don't think we've had this before?" Andrea asked.

"Ah, that one is Blue Cheese, Fig and Pistachio and no, I haven't even tried it myself until now, quite yummy." Amelia responded. "I know you prefer your favourites." she pointed at the other dips catered for Andrea.

"You know you don't have to do that." Andrea instantly replied as she wiped her hands with a napkin.

"You know I like to do." Amelia responded.

"I know, I know, but I feel bad knowing that I can never give you much back in return." Andrea said.

"And you know I don't and never do want anything back in return. You being here with that lovely personality is great enough for me!"

Even though she heard those words Miranda knew she would be giving Amelia something back in return for the fantastic hospitality and wonderful conversations, meals and of course the incredible accommodation. It definitely didn't sit well with her if she simply walked away with not giving a donation in the little donation box on the desk in the reception room.

She smiled at the sound of Andrea's beautiful laughter and watched as her lover spoke animatedly with Amelia. She still couldn't believe how transfixed she was on Andrea. There had been times when the brunette was her assistant that she’d also found herself often staring at her, but never thought much as to why, until now.

Sure she has had the odd attraction to women over the years and has shared a few kisses with some of those women, but it never went any further than that, as even though she'd had the attraction it wasn't strong enough to go to bed with either of them.

Miranda has never been scared to think herself in a lesbian relationship, but she knew she will always be attracted to men also, but now after experiencing all this with Andrea there was no going back to men in her mind, she would admire them from afar and thats it.

Coming out of her thoughts Miranda ran her hands through her hair before leaning over to take one of the crackers and put some cheese on top. Her eyes fluttered shut when she tasted said cracker.

"You must be a mind reader."

"Hmm?" Amelia hummed, looking at her with questioning eyes.

"The brand of crackers you brought are my favourite," Miranda said.

Amelia's eyes widened and her lover spoke. "Really?"

Laughing she nodded. "Really."

"Well, even better!" Amelia replied, laughing, before holding up her wine glass. "I propose we do a toast to celebrate the evening."
"Sounds like a brilliant idea!"

~*~

Later that evening after filling up on lots of different cheeses and dips with a couple veggies and fruit to go with it they had spoken about a wide range of topics and found all three were incredibly like-minded.

After having shared a few looks with Andrea and sensing that her lover was ready to call it a night with Amelia they began standing and packing things up to bid the other woman a good night.

"You'll just have to be out of the cottage by 12:35PM tomorrow." Amelia spoke.

"That we can do." Andrea replied, continuing. "And instantly stop what you're doing. We can clean up," the brunette said, ushering Amelia away from the coffee table. "I'll walk you back to the house."

Miranda smiled at those kind words. Her lover then turned to her.

"You don't mind?" Andrea softly asked.

"Of course not." she whispered back, briefly touching her lovers lower back.

They smiled at each other before Miranda was embraced by Amelia.

"Thank you ladies for the wonderful evening." The elder woman said. "It was a delight getting to know you better, Miranda, I can see all of what our Andy see's in you."

"It was our pleasure." Miranda replied, smiling a true smile at those nice words. She then watched from the door as Andrea and Amelia wandered away from the silo cottage until she could no longer see them.

Retreating back into the small cottage she let out a relaxed sigh. She picked up the large platter board and put all the dips into the fridge and the empty tubs into the trash as there wasn't enough to be saved. She then quickly washed the board before putting it back where she had seen Andrea grab it from.

As she wandered back into the main area her eyes landed on the vase with beautiful purple flowers in them and decided to fill up the small watering can she had spotted earlier that evening underneath the kitchen sink and gave all the plants in the cottage a good watering.

This was one of the things she missed when she was away from her home - tending to her garden especially her beloved Orchards.

Smiling as she finished the little task she moved away from the small four seat table and accidentally knocked her knee into the chair and a bag fell off from it.

Leaning down she reached for the black paper bag and her eyes spotted the box inside which had fallen out slightly.

Picking up said bag the writing on the box were far too hard to ignore and her eyes instantly widened unable to believe what she was seeing.

~*~

Miranda looked up from where she sat on the couch reading a copy of last month’s Elle magazine from the collection underneath the coffee table as Andrea walked back in.
"Sorry, I took longer than I thought."

"Don't worry about it." Miranda replied, flipping to the next page and shaking her head at what she saw on the page in front of her. "Terrible." she muttered.

"Amelia was a devil and gave us another bottle of red." Andrea said.

Looking up Miranda looked at the bottle the brunette held and smirked. "I could go for a few more. That's one thing from being with Stephen, the drinking habits rubbed off."

"As long as you're still healthy inside and out I don't see anything wrong with it." Andrea responded, shrugging. "My brother, Dylan, however drinks too much which I worry about."

"Most families have that one person I've noticed." Miranda replied. "In both Eric and Stephen's families there were quite a few drunks."

"Yeah. I learnt long ago that all families aren't perfect but for years I thought my family was the only flawed, dysfunctional one in the world." Andrea said.

Nodding Miranda watched as the brunette began walking into the kitchen to begin uncorking the bottle and she stood and began to follow.

Once their glasses were filled and they had a few sips Miranda watched as Andrea went over to the table and a confused look crossed that beautiful face.

"Hmmm, did you see a plain black bag on this seat?" Andrea asked, looking up at her, biting her lip. "I brought something when you were in the Antiques store in Stratford."

Miranda shook her head. "I haven't seen anything. Not that I've been paying attention."

"I'm sure I brought it in from the car." Andrea continued, running a hand through her hair. "Maybe I took it into the bathroom."

"Maybe." Miranda replied, sipping her wine generously before placing the glass onto the kitchen counter before following the brunette. "What did the bag have in it?"

"Oh... nothing." Andrea replied, shaking her head. "It was probably a silly idea anyway."

Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly Miranda stepped closer to Andrea whose back was facing her. She put her arms around Andrea's waist. "Nothing and stupid?" she questioned softly. "I'm not entirely sure about that." she added as she pushed her lower body into the brunette’s divine arse.

Instantly the young woman gasped and gripped onto the edges of the table.

Miranda let out a low chuckle. "Oh, it's definitely not stupid." she said as she felt her lover’s heart racing much like her own.

"I don't... oh my god... you found it and now you're..."

"Wearing it? Yes." Miranda finished Andrea's sentence.

At those words Andrea turned and their mouths feverishly met as she was pushed back against the golden coloured tiles of the nearby wall in the kitchen. She gasped as she watched Andrea moving down her body to begin unzipping her pants.
The lavender purple 7 inch dildo was soon revealed and her lover’s eyes glazed over.

"Oh my god." Her lover said once again but this time her voice was even more excited.

Miranda's eyes widened as she watched Andrea take the dildo greedily into her mouth. It was one of the sexiest sights Miranda has ever seen and this is coming from a woman who thought this sexual act to be sickening.

However the way her lover took the lavender coloured dildo like a pro it made her vagina clench with desire but her needs would be coming last tonight as she wanted to drive Andrea wild to the point she wouldn't be able to walk tomorrow.

Knowing that Andrea's vagina would was practically dripping wet as she could smell her lovers sweet arousal she pulled their mouths apart. "Bed. Now." she ordered and their mouths met once more as they moved into the bedroom taking their clothes off as they went.

Miranda pushed Andrea down onto the bed and was about to join her when Andrea spoke.

"Wait." Andrea breathlessly said, holding up a hand. "Just let me look at you."

The Runway editor watched as her lovers eyes trailed slowly up and down her body twice.

"This is one of the greatest moments of my entire life. I wish I could take a photo. You are breathtakingly sexy."

Miranda watched as her lover laid back down and she waited until Andrea let her know she could join her as the brunette continued staring at her with desire fueled eyes.

The brunette shook her head in wonder. "Take me." Andrea said, opening up her legs. "Make me yours."

Never having done this before Miranda took another deep breath as she got down onto her knees on the bed. She hoped she could do this justice for her brunette beauty.

Not wanting to hurt Andrea she slowly inserted the dildo into her lover and watched as Andrea's mouth dropped silently open and eyes fluttered shut. "Is this okay?" she softly asked and was thankful her arms were strong enough to hold her up for however long she would need.

"God yes." Andrea cried, forcing her eyes to stay open as they stared into each other’s eyes.

As Miranda continued to slowly move back and fourth into her lover who wrapped her legs and arms around her, gripping tightly.

"God yes." Andrea repeated, keening into her.

Once they worked out a rhythm that worked for the both of them they began to move in sync with each other as their mouths connected passionately.

Soon Miranda began picking up the pace which drove her lover even wilder, crying out with sounds she has not heard from her lover. "Oh yes, this was far from a stupid idea, darling."

Andrea began heartily laughing at her before continuing to moan. "God yes!" It was all she could say right now.

"It's a good thing there aren't rooms right next door." Miranda laughingly said as she stared into Andrea's gorgeous browns which her lover fought to keep open.
At her words Andrea laughed once more before. "Mmmm, I wouldn't care either way! I love the way you make me feel!"

"I love making you feel like this." Miranda breathed, kissing Andrea. "You've turned me into a sex addict." She added as she kissed her way down to her lover’s neck.

Andrea laughed breathily in her ear, holding her tightly.

A few minutes later Miranda gasped as Andrea flipped them over and as she lay on her back she watched with wide eyes, which were glazed over with so much arousal, she watched as her lover rode her.

Andrea threw her head back, moaning loudly.

It was a glorious sight and one Miranda wouldn't forget any time soon.

"Feels so good!" Andrea cried, moving up and down, the dildo penetrating her lover deliciously and causing those strong thighs to begin trembling as the dildo continued hitting that sweet spot inside her lover. She watched as Andrea sank right down before the charming brunette leaned down and kissed her.

"You feel amazing inside me, Miranda." Andrea whispered into her ear, letting out a long breath.

Miranda's heart skipped a beat as their eyes connected once more.

"I don't want this to end." Andrea added, kissing her fiercely, hands cupping her face.

Miranda swallowed and licked her lips. "We have all night." she replied and her lover moaned. "Just relax and take your time."

And Andrea did just that slowly riding her until she became undone as Miranda's thumb brushed against the brunette’s gloriously erect clitoris.

However her brunette beauty didn't want to stop there. She watched as Andrea continued to ride her, her eyes were shut now, and breathing fast. "Ohhhhh!" the brunette cried. "Fuck, fuck fuck!" she said before falling quiet and her body froze as Andrea urgently pulled the dildo out of her and what happened was not what she had expected and she couldn't believe her eyes.

Andrea cried out, eyes tightly shut, as she squirted onto her lower stomach.

It was the greatest thing Miranda has ever seen - those juices coming out of her lover in such an erotic way - She watched as Andrea turned smoky eyes onto her filled with so much raw emotion for her and only her. "That was utterly breathtaking."

"Honestly?" Andrea questioned, falling beside her, beyond relaxed and sighing happily.

"Honestly." Miranda repeated, cupping Andrea’s cheek.

At her words her lover smiled beautifully at her. "Mmm. It's your turn now."

At those whispered words and how Andrea teasingly bit her earlobe Miranda moaned. "Bring it on."

"Ohhh." Andrea chuckled seductively into her ear. "You bet I will."
~ Later That Morning.  
3:15AM ~

"Miranda?"

Miranda swallowed her warm milk. "Mhmm, up here." she said and then heard Andrea's bare feet padding along the carpet.

"Hey..." Andrea softly said when she appeared in the door way. "Everything okay?" she brunette asked in a concerned tone as she walked over to her. "I woke up and you weren't there."

Waving the worried words away Miranda nodded. "I'm perfectly alright. I woke up and then couldn't get back to sleep and I really wanted to hear how Cassidy's lunch date went with Louise so I tried calling, but she's walking Patricia with Cara so I'm awaiting her call back."

Andrea didn't reply but simply held out a hand.

Raising an eyebrow Miranda took the offered hand and followed her lover into another smaller bedroom which was magnificently decorated and she watched as Andrea opened a door at the back which had stairs that led to the roof.

"Let's star gaze and talk while we wait for her call." The brunette said as they approached two sets of outdoor lounge chairs that looked wonderfully inviting and comfortable and as she sat down she found they were so much more comfy. She smiled as she watched Andrea push the other one right next to hers before laying down and cuddling into her, her lovers head resting on her chest. "It's amazing up here. I'll miss it."

Andrea let out a shaky breath and held her that much more tightly. "So will I."

Miranda kissed Andrea's forehead. The brunette continued speaking.

"I don't want any of this to end. I wish we could stay in our perfect little bubble until the end of time."

Miranda smiled sadly wondering if maybe this connection they have should continue once she leaves, but then she thought of how on earth that could work with such a distance between them knowing Andrea would be here for another eleven months on her work contract. "I'm not sure it can." she started, and instantly felt the change in her lovers body. "You're so young, and you should be out there experiencing all that life has to offer instead of being stuck in a world with boring old me." she said knowing that someday this excitement would surely wear off and her lover would wonder what on earth she's gotten herself into.

The brunette instantly pinched the side of her hip. "What did I say about calling yourself old? You're far from it."

Miranda snorted. "You're quite delusional, darling."

"No, I'm not, I have feelings… strong feelings." Andrea replied, moving away from her and holding herself up on her elbow and staring at her with fierce eyes. "I wouldn't care if I woke up in a groundhog scenario to this half a week we've spent together that continued to play out over and over and over again."

"You're very strange." Miranda replied, smirking.

"Shut up." Andrea said, smirking and tone soft, poking her.
"I've never watched Groundhog Day."

At her words her lover's eyes widened. "You've never... oh my god..." Andrea said, looking at her in shock. "You've hardly watched any of the greats."

"Well, I beg to differ." Miranda replied.

"I dunno, you sound like you need to be educated in the world of American film." Andrea responded. "From the views of the Sacher's clan, anyway." her lover added, laughing softly and blushing.

Smirking Miranda responded. "Sounds like an offer I can't resist." She said and watched as a hopeful look crossed her lover's face and from that one look and in that moment Miranda knew that right from the beginning of this whole thing she was done for. There was no going back to how she used to carry on living. She had been ruined for anyone else by one Andrea Sachs and she found she didn't want it to be any other way. She swallowed hard as this would be one major step and it scared her shitless.

~*~

A little while later the conversations had continued and even though there were so many unspoken words about what they were doing and where they were going with the feelings and connection they shared they knew there was plenty of time to talk about that later.

Cassidy still hadn't called back yet, but that was alright as Miranda knew she would when she could even if it meant they had to go back to bed and wait until later that day to speak to her daughter.

"You have a house in Cali?"

"Sure do." Miranda replied, smiling. "It's stunning, but could never be as good as my home in Manhattan." she spoke of her Californian vacation home.

"From what I've seen of your home it's absolutely wonderful. I love all the colours, the floor boards, the photographs, and the flowers, and the smells, just... everything and I could so-" Andrea stopped speaking when Miranda's phone began ringing.

"Sorry, darling, it's Cassidy." Miranda was beaming even more now.

"Take it." Andrea said, smiling.

Smiling also Miranda connected the call. "Hi sweetheart. So good to hear your voice! How was your lunch with Louise?"

"It was the greatest day eeeever!"

At her daughter's response Miranda's smile widened. "Oh, bobsey, I'm so happy for you. I cannot wait to meet Louise."

"About that... I asked Louise to come around for dinner and Wednesday night her Mom said is okay but she wants to meet you first." Cassidy excitedly said.

Miranda bit her lip and closed her eyes as she spoke. "I have two very important dinner meetings on Wednesday night then, one for Runway and one with my sweetheart."

"Of course you do." Cassidy instantly replied, and the excitement had disappeared in her voice and
was replaced with anger. "I have to g-"

"No no." Miranda quickly said before her daughter had the chance to hang up. She heard how her words sounded and cringed from again making it sound as if she was putting the magazine first. 'You're changing your ways remember!' She said to herself. "I'll reschedule and they'll have to deal with it as they aren't as important as you."

Andrea squeezed her hand and nuzzled into her neck.

Cassidy piped up again. "Really? You'll do that and actually go through with these words... you aren't just saying it until you get back?"

"Yes, and I promise you, I'll be home by 7:30PM at the latest Tuesday evening and the same Wednesday night just in time for dinner. Just let Cara know of any allergies Louise might have. Also let me know when her Mother would like to meet, maybe she and I could go for lunch on Wednesday." Miranda said and her daughter responded excitedly and talked her ear off for a good fifteen minutes before they began to wrap the phone call up.

"Oh Mom, I forgot to tell you one thing about Louise's Mom."

"What's that bobsey?"

"Louise comes from a very strict Jewish family and I know you aren't religious in any way so I hope this won-"

"Cassidy, baby, as long as your girlfriend's parents are kind, decent parent's nothing else matters except your happiness." Miranda cut her daughter off as Cassidy continued speaking, telling her how much she can't wait for her to come back home and how thrilled she is about Wednesday night but for her to be on her best behaviour and not mention Runway more than one or twice. "I can't wait to see you and I love you too. Bye sweetheart, talk to you soon." Miranda said and when Cassidy ended the call she dropped her phone beside her and leaned into her lover and let out a content sigh. "I really am going to be a better mother."

"I don't doubt it, but you know that I think you're already a good and amazing mom." Andrea replied, kissing the side of her mouth before yawning.

"We should get back to bed." Miranda replied.

"Mmm, no, let's stay out there. That breeze is nice." Andrea sleepily said.

Smiling she nodded. "Alright." and so not long later they fell into slumber under the gorgeous twinkling stars and moonlight.

~*~
Chapter 7

~*~

~ Later That Morning ~

Miranda was the first to wake as the sun slowly came up over the horizon.

The sun rising was always a beautiful sight, but not as beautiful as waking up next to one Andrea Sachs. She stared down at her sleeping beauty and knew this is how she wanted to wake up for the rest of her days. She knew it wasn't going to be easy and they were sure to encounter many hurdles but if Andrea was truly ready for the kind of commitment it would be being with her - raising two moody teenagers and simply being with the Dragon Lady who wasn't and never would be an easy person to be with and knew to expect her to have her off days and say things in the heat of the moment - then Miranda would do everything in her power to make this work as she knew Andrea was a truly magical catch and that she'd be a complete idiot if she let the young brunette go all because she was scared. She wasn't going to do that and would get over these issues and accept true love that she was fortunate to have found with Andrea Sachs and would always treat her right.

"I will do right by you. I promise." She whispered the words in which she had been thinking, leaning over to kiss Andrea softly on the lips before quietly standing and headed downstairs to have a quick shower before she would get a start on breakfast for her true blue beauty.

~*~

Miranda was walking back inside from the small BBQ sitting area on the back patio where she was fixing up the table outside for them to eat and enjoy the morning air when she heard her lover walking down the staircase. She looked over to see her lover looking a sleepy adorable mess with bed hair.

"Good morning sleepy head." Miranda said as she picked up the mug of coffee that she had been about to take up to her lover and walked over to Andrea who took it gratefully.

"Mmm, thanks babe." Andrea replied sleepily before taking a sip. "Mmm, so good." she knew it was just the right temperature how her lover liked it.

Smiling Miranda wandered back into the kitchen to check on the eggs which were nearly ready.

"Are you hungry?" she asked looking over her shoulder to Andrea who was yawning again.

"Starving." Andrea replied, softly putting down her coffee mug on the island counter and coming up behind her. "That smells really good."

"Hopefully it tastes just as good." Miranda responded as Andrea wrapped her arms around her waist she plated the two omelets. "Just like with the tv I don't have much time to cook though I wish I did however I am grateful to have a saint like Cara to help me out on the nights I'm too busy."

"I'm sure your cooking skills are amazing just like your love making skills and everything else you do in life." Andrea replied, kissing her neck that was peeking out from her thin blouse before her lover moved away and grabbed the plates.

"No, no. I've got this." Miranda said, shooing her lover away and taking the plates. "You go and sit outside."
"Alright." Andrea replied, holding her hands up.

Smiling Miranda watched as Andrea took her mug and went outside hearing her lover pulling out one of the chairs and sitting down yawning loudly.

"It's so nice out here!" Andrea's voice floated back inside.

"It's lovely, I know." Miranda responded, quickly finishing off the omelets with some herbs before picking up the plates and wandering outside.

"That looks heavenly." Andrea commented as she placed one of the plates in front of the brunette who instantly picked up her fork as she leaned down and breathed in the egg. "Mmm, thank you for cooking breakfast, baby."

"You're more than welcome, darling," Miranda responded as Andrea reached over and their hands met and she squeezed tightly. "I hope to be able to make many more breakfasts for you."

At her words Andrea's face was stretched as a beautiful million dollar smile lit up that flawless face.

"And I will be forever happy if I could make you smile like that with each and every day." Miranda said.

"You mean..." Andrea trailed off, gripping her hand. "This can..." her lover was too stunned, and the excitement was growing in those brown eyes.

"I mean... this could potentially continue." Miranda responded and as soon as she spoke she held up a hand before Andrea could reply as the brunette had opened her mouth to speak looking absolutely thrilled. "We have lots to talk about, I know, but we still have plenty of time for that and I should also say I make no promises because anything can happen and there's still months until you could even think of coming back to Manhattan." and that was if Andrea even wanted to come back in eleven months time. "Let's just enjoy the rest of this beautiful day and throughout our day, before I leave, we will speak about everything." she was glad that her flight wasn't leaving until much later tonight.

Andrea slowly nodded. "Sounds good to me." she replied, absolutely glowing.

Nodding also and lips curling into a smile she picked up her fork and started eating. Her smile widened when she heard Andrea humming in delight.

"Best omelet I've ever had." The brunette informed her.

"Oh please." Miranda said, shaking her head, laughing at the adored words.

"I'm serious! Both my parents don't know how to cook eggs well and neither do I so Nate would cook them, but they were always under-cooked and I had to grow up on over-cooked eggs. Sometimes overcooked too." Andrea replied.

Miranda cringed at those words. "No, there is a perfection in eggs that one needs to learn and have the patience for. I will gladly show you how to make my famous Priestly eggs."

Andrea raised an eyebrow, smirking. "Famous Priestly eggs?"

Miranda felt her cheeks turning red. "Cassidy and Caroline calls them that!"

"Sure they do." Andrea replied, laughingly.
"They do!" Miranda replied, continuing. "I'm not that up myself!"

Andrea began laughing. "I know, I know, I'm just stirring you."

The Runway editor watched as their hands entwined once more. "You do it very well." she responded and after that they continued eating with soft chatter and lots of laughter - Miranda loved how easily she was able to make Andrea laugh and laugh herself in such a way that she hasn't in a very long time - it was wonderful and she loved every minute. "Thank you for making me feel this way." she said, for what felt like the hundredth time that week, her hand going around Andrea's wrist stopping the young woman who had been about to pass her to walk into the cottage. She stood herself and pulled her lover into her. "I really love the woman you bring out in me."

Andrea cupped her cheeks. "That woman has always been inside you, right here."

She let out a shaky breath as her lover’s right hand moved from her cheek to just above her chest where they both felt her heart beating.

"You just haven't been around the right people to know it." Andrea continued.

"Until now." Miranda whispered, putting her hand atop Andrea's and could feel her heart calmly beating.

"Until now." Andrea breathed before they closed the small gap and their mouths met in a breathtaking kiss. "I don't want to stop feeling like this." she whispered as her eyes fluttered open and connected with her lovers sparkling ones.

"I don't want to ruin this or you..." Miranda said, clearing her throat. She really was nervous and scared about this whole thing as she didn't want to do what she has done in all her other relationships where she's eventually pushed her partner away. "You know what I can be like."

"Which gives me the upper hand advantage over your ex-husbands. I've seen you at your best and at your worst. I know you, Miranda, and I know that we can make this work and that we could be beautiful together." Her lover said and sealed the words with a glorious kiss. "I want you, all of you for life, and I will do anything to make that happen."

As bizarre as it is Miranda knew just how lucky she was and she too would do anything to keep this bond going strong between them.

~*~

~ A Few Hours Later ~

Ever since breakfast Miranda had been in a cloud nine haze and she knew Andrea felt the exact way. Their conversations and her lover making her intentions clear had left her feeling speechless yet she still wondered if it was the right thing to be doing with someone so young.

"What are you thinking?" Her lover’s voice asked from beside her and she turned to see Andrea watching her curiously.

"I know we've talked about it, but I still... you're very young."

"And yet so far we've made it work and I know we can and will continue to do so. Besides you said it yourself that I am beyond my years... an old soul. If you really had massive doubts about my age you wouldn't be here with me." Andrea responded.
"Miranda raised an eyebrow. "You honestly don't have a problem with it?"

"Not at all." Andrea replied, shrugging. "Age is just a number and we have had no problems with it and I know it will continue being that way."

"I suppose. I only worry that eventually you'll realise how old I really am and get bored of me." Miranda said, voicing her fears, her voice sound tinier than it has ever sounded.

Her lover shook her head and cupped her cheeks. "I would never get bored of you!"

"You don't know that." Miranda replied.

"But I do know that you continue to amaze me with each new day which I know you'll continue to do." Andrea responded, continuing. "And I've had my wild college days. I know it might be hard to believe, but I'm ready to settle down and I want to do that with you and the girls and to be there for all three of you. Always."

Miranda shook her head. This was all so surreal and unbelievable. She had gotten incredibly lucky in the blink of an eye and she kept expecting to wake up from a dream land but she hasn't. She has finally sound someone who is genuine and beautiful inside and out who would give everything and anything to be with her. "I don't want you quitting this job. It's such a wonderful opportunity for you." she softly, but firmly said.

She watched as Andrea nodded. "We could make the distance work in the meantime. You're worth it, Miranda." The brunette said, continuing. "We are to not bottle anything up. We need to always communicate and keep each other in the loop of things and never go to bed angry at each other."

"Darling, I promise to do the best that I can and I know what it's like being lied to and I'd hate for you to feel that way so I will never do it. Communication and keep up with each other about everything. No secrets." Miranda responded.

"No secrets." Andrea responded before opening the door. "I really should go fill the tank before they start honking at us."

Looking in her side mirror Miranda saw the cars behind them.

"Everything okay?" She heard the guy in the vehicle behind them ask when her lover stepped out of the Holden Ute.

"Yeah, sorry, just had to get some cash together." Andrea replied.

Smirking Miranda watched through the mirror as her brunette beauty put the fuel pump into the car then leaned against said car as the petrol began filling it as her lover watched the world go by.

That was until Andrea sensed eyes on her and she turned and saw her watching from the mirror. Her lover smiled and somewhat shyly ran her hands through her hair which was blowing in the slight wind and looked down at the ground, biting her lip.

Chuckling Miranda turned away and felt her heart fluttering happily in her chest. She knew it would be a great afternoon yet it would be incredibly difficult by the time the evening rolled around and they would have to part ways at the airport where Andrea was going to personally drop her off and they were going to have that romantically cliché airport goodbye.

"God Miranda!" Andrea said a couple minutes later as she sat back into the car and turned to her. "You make me so god damned flushed that my palms are sweating, and I was stumbling over my
words to the guy at the counter!"

At those words Miranda couldn't help but start laughing. She was so deliriously happy. "Oh, my darling Andrea," she said, placing her hand on Andrea's thigh as the young woman started up the car and pulled out of the petrol spot when it was safe to go. "All I can say is that you better get used to it."

They shared a smile as Andrea stopped at the give way sign. "Oh, I can definitely get used to feeling like this." the young woman replied before leaning over and kissing her until someone honked at them from behind.

Laughing Andrea pulled away and looked to make sure they were right to go before pulling out of the petrol station and drove down the busy high way taking them closer and closer to their inevitable kiss goodbye.

~*~

~ Sometime Later ~

As they took the exit into Sorrento she looked at Andrea and smiled widely. She knew that her last kiss at the airport wouldn't be their last and they had no reason to feel sad. It was silly she was even thinking of it like that when really it wouldn't be that long until they could see each other again as she could make up any excuse to come back to Australia in the following weeks.

"What is it?" Andrea asked. "I can feel your eyes on me."

Chuckling as Miranda looked away and rummaged around her hand bag for her bottle of San Pellegrino she spoke as she undid the lid. "It's just you, darling, whom I get to call my lover."

Andrea smiled beautifully and looked at her. "You're a flatterer."

"Only for you, my darling." Miranda replied, gulping down some of the sparkling water.

"How good are you with steep hills and corners?" Andrea questioned a second later

Raising an eyebrow at those words Miranda shrugged. "Perfectly fine as you saw with that horrid dirt road to Amelia's. But also..." she stopped to take another sip of sparkling water. "When we go on our yearly ski trip we would always have to drive up to the snow as Stephen was always too pissed the night before to remember to call the helicopter. It was the one task I ever gave him when we were away and he couldn't even do it." she said, shaking her head. "And those roads were pretty brutal. The girls loved it though."

"So, you don't get sick?"

"Definitely not." Miranda replied.

"Good because my favourite restaurant is right up the top near the famous Mornington Peninsula Arthur's Seat." Andrea responded.

"I know of that and have been there once, many, many years ago with Eric. It was great, but I can only imagine how much it has changed over the years." Miranda responded. "I remember how amazing the views were."

"They're pretty breathtaking, but not as breathtaking as you." Andrea replied.
"Oh, stop being ridiculous." Miranda said, laughing and shaking her head, but she had a smirk playing on her lips and she loved hearing Andrea saying those kind of things to her.

~*~

As soon as the neon red and green lights came into view under the late afternoon sun Miranda instantly began laughing. "Oh my goodness, now I know why you haven't told me the name of this place and why it is your favourite restaurant." she said as Andrea pulled up in front of the very rustic American style building of Andy’s Restaurant & Bar.

Laughing Andrea responded as she turned off the car. "As soon as I saw it I knew it would become my favourite place to eat out from in Australia."

"Without even having tried any of the food?" Miranda asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yep!" Andrea responded laughingly as she pulled out her blackberry and pressed speed dial eight.

"You're very strange, but god help me you've won me over." Miranda replied.

"I've won you over with my strangeness. Love it!" Andrea laughingly said as she put her phone to her ear. "However the best pizza's I'll ever have and always will are Amelia's."

Smiling at her lovers words she nodded and had been about to speak when she heard someone answer on the other end.

"Andy's Restaurant and Bar, this is Eliza, how can I help you?"

God that was quite a mouthful of words. Miranda thought as Andrea spoke. She raised an eyebrow when her lover only had to say "Hey Eliza" for the young girl to know who she was and what she was after.

"I'll put your order in straight away, Andy!" Eliza cheerfully said.

"Thanks Eliza. Have a good night." Andrea replied.

"You too, Andy!"

Andrea hung up and she spoke. "You're quite the regular."

"I've got quite a few regular spots in Victoria." Andrea replied, smiling at her as she pocketed her phone.

"I used to be a lot like that when I first moved to Manhattan and I am still like that, of course, just not as vast as I used to be and unfortunately I can't just walk out of the house and wander the city like I used to." Miranda replied, and looked at the brunette. "That's what it's going to be like for you now, not straight away, but it will be if we're to be together."

Andrea shrugged. "I've gotten used to the media. I've done quite the controversial stories in Australia already and have had a few journalists and camera's following me around asking me questions after questions." she replied, and squeezed her hand. "I can handle this, Miranda, please believe me. I won't back down and freak out or whatever you might be thinking."

Miranda breathed in deeply and let it out slowly as she also squeezed her lover’s hands. "I believe you."

"Good." Andrea replied, and continued speaking about what they had been before about regular
food spots. "I have heaps of favourite food spots in New York and same with back home in Cincy."

"Do you miss Cincinnati?" Miranda asked.

"Oh, of course!" Andrea replied, nodding, and accepting the bottle of San Pellegrino she held out for her lover and watched as Andrea sipped from it. "I get home sick now and then. I don't think those feelings will ever go away wherever I am living. I love going back every chance I get and when I'm old and frail that's where I want to retire... I want to be sitting on the back porch that my great, great grandmother, great grandmother, and grandmother, and mother have sat and sit."

The Runway editor smiled at her lover's words. "That sounds lovely and very peaceful." she softly said and could easily picture herself right beside her brunette beauty. It was just a shame she would be retiring long before Andrea. That's just another reason she wondered how on earth a relationship could survive with the two of them - surely her age would get in the way somewhere down the track.

However she knew that she shouldn't be dwelling on something that may or may not happen and so she shoved these thoughts back to her mind where they belonged and would continue to live in the moment with her darling Andrea for as long as she was fortunate to have with the brunette beauty.

"Once I go in and pick our food up I think we should go sit at one of the look-outs." Andrea said, turning to her with questioning eyes.

"Whatever you like, darling." Miranda replied, and continued. "What should we do in the meantime?" she asked, continuing. "I suppose we could go for a wal-" she stopped upon the brunette putting a hand around her neck and slowly pulling her in as the brunette stared at her lips.

"I think I know of something." Andrea replied, smirking before capturing her mouth in a soft and soundly kiss, that talented tongue dancing with her own, and talented hand coming up underneath her blouse and cupping her breasts.

"Ohhh, darling." Miranda cried, feeling her vagina growing wet from the simple touch. Her lover chuckled into her mouth before Andrea's right hand moved down her body causing the Runway editor to squirm before said hand disappeared in her slacks and straight into her soaked underwear. There was no teasing or mucking about as Andrea instantly slid two fingers into her which she arched into as the brunette moved and Miranda's mouth opened in a silent O, head falling back into the soft head rest, as they moved together in sync as the young woman began kissing and licking her neck causing her stomach to fill with butterflies and a new round of arousal to shoot through her and settle gloriously between her legs as Andrea pumped her deliciously so.

~*~

Miranda had just gotten Andrea off when there was a knock on the window.

The unexpected noise caused the both of them to jump.

"Shit." Andrea whispered, quickly putting her tee-shirt back on and looking at her reflection in the mirror.

"You look beautiful." Miranda softly said.

Smiling and shaking her head Andrea opened the car door and stepped out.

Miranda watched as a very attractive woman came into view with short dark hair and a pale complexion quite similar to Andrea's yet the woman had quite a butch vibe going on.
The two women began talking to one another, quickly catching up on things before the other woman who was probably a few years older than her lover walked away and back into the restaurant as Andrea got back into the car and she was handed the pizza box of pasta.

"Alrighty, let's go find the perfect spot to eat this delicious meal!" Andrea said in a giddy voice.

Miranda smiled at her lover who was oozing with excitement with cheeks still flushed from their sexual moment a few minutes ago. "I cannot wait." she responded and watched as her lover put the car into gear and reversed the car before driving out of the parking lot and back down the hill.

A few moments later they had decided on the look-out which was utterly perfect and looked out over the oceans towards the city and docklands area where her lover’s apartment was situated.

Smiling Andrea turned into the parking lot and reversed the car so they could sit in the Utes tray and to stare out at the incredible view as they ate their early dinner.

Standing from the car she was gestured to get up into the tray first.

It didn’t look very comfortable even with the blanket laid down however the gesture was very romantic and so Miranda hopped up into the back very ungracefully - she was so glad no one else was around to have seen - just as her lover followed suit making it look super easy. "You just wanted to look at my arse."

Andrea began heartily laughing. "Maybe." she responded, winking at her.

Smiling Miranda pushed hair out of Andrea's gorgeous eyes before they sat back. She let out a content sigh as they stared out at the view. Even with cars driving past behind them, noisily so, it was still very peaceful and it was another moment she knew she’d remember forever. She watched as Andrea handed her a plastic fork which she accepted before her lover opened the pizza box and to reveal the tin foil box inside containing gooey green pesto gnocchi.

In her honest opinion their meal looked absolutely nasty, but thankfully didn't smell as bad as it looked, yet it didn’t matter as she absolutely loathed pesto.

Her lover moaned with anticipation.

"You're going to love it!" Andrea told her and Miranda laughed, albeit nervously as she didn't want to eat any of it yet she didn’t have the heart to tell the brunette beauty she not only didn’t like pesto, but most of the time it never sat right in her stomach. Not to mention she hates the nutty flavour and texture of traditional pesto sauce.

Though as she turned to look at her lover who was bursting with radiance she smiled back into those twinkling brown orbs as she hesitantly stabbed the plastic fork into a small piece of the square shaped gnocchi. All she could do was hope this pesto sauce would behave and sit alright in her stomach.

Closing her eyes and dreading that god awful taste she placed the fork into her mouth.

At that first taste it took all her control to not blanch in disgust and spit it out. Oh god, it was absolutely horrible - The worst pesto she's ever had. She wondered how on earth she was going to get through this, pretending as though she was enjoying it.

The brunette on the other hand was devouring it like it was her last meal on planet earth and the Runway editor, never one for backing down from a challenge, ate a quarter of the foil box of gnocchi as she was hungry and she didn't know when the next opportunity to eat would arise.
"That was wonderful, darling." Miranda white lied, feeling bad to do so as she wiped her mouth with a napkin all the while wanting to gag into said napkin. "Thank you for sharing yet another of your special favourites with me." she added, turning to Andrea who was closing the nearly empty box of gnocchi. Her lover beamed at her, a bit of pesto sauce in the corner of that luscious mouth.

Smiling Miranda wiped it off with a napkin and her lover blushed wonderfully.

"Thanks." Andrea softly said, taking her hand and squeezing. "I'm so thankful to have been able to share all this time with you. I just hope I didn't look too much like a pig scoffing down all the food we've consumed."

Miranda rolled her eyes. "I have loved watching you enjoy all your favourites and new-found favourites over these last few days... it's been an absolute joy." She replied before raising her lover’s hand and peppering kisses inside Andrea's palm. "Thank you so much." she whispered, staring into her lover’s beautiful eyes and because no one could see them she sealed her words with a heart racing kiss.

"I don't want this feeling to ever go away." Andrea whispered, resting her forehead on Miranda’s.

Cupping Andrea's cheeks the older woman spoke. "I won't let these feelings go away. We will do all that we can to continue to make this work and keep our fiery passion alive."

Andrea smiled at her words. "You really mean that, don't you?"

Miranda nodded. "Like I said earlier... I won’t let you down." At her words Miranda instantly noticed the tears welling in her lovers eyes. "Darling... what is it?"

"I'm just... I'm... so overwhelmed by all of this. I have been dreaming of you ever since I left your side in Paris and I... I know this sounds cliché, but this really is a dream come true for me." Her brunette beauty responded. "You have changed my whole world for the better and I couldn't be more happier."

Miranda wiped Andrea's tears away with the pads of her thumbs. "Oh Andrea.." she whispered, leaning into kiss her lover once more those words having caused her heart to feel like it skipped a beat multiple times. "I still have no idea what it is you see in me, but I know how very lucky I am and I can't wait to see what our future holds." Miranda said, her lover bit her lip, nodding as they leaned into each other and embraced tightly. "My feelings for you are feelings I've never felt for another person. It's an extremely scary feeling, but I have all my faith in you and I know that you're the most genuinely honest and trustworthy person who would never harm a fly and are the perfect match for me and can and will happily stand by my side as my equal." She said, kissing Andrea softly before speaking again. “Following my heart and taking a chance on you has been one of my greatest choices. You're the one I thought I'd never be lucky enough to find and believe me when I say I will never intentionally hurt you. I have fallen for you, Andrea Sachs, you and only you."

Andrea swallowed hard at her words as a new wave of emotions crossed her lovers face.

They kissed again this time with such a fever.

Miranda wanted to make love to Andrea right there and then, but she had to force herself to control her own emotions and desires and watched as her lover tried to do the same just as a car pulled up near them.

Clearing her throat Andrea ran shaky hands through her hair. "I think that's our que to leave before I do something I shouldn't out in the open."
Chuckling as Andrea placed the floppy hat back on her head Miranda smiled at the gesture so the people nearby wouldn't see her. The family from the white Toyota four wheel drive stepped out and children excitedly ran to the railing and looked out at the view as the mother tried to round them up so they could eat dinner.

Making sure she got out of the back of the Ute, much more regally than how she'd gotten in, and once she stood she stopped Andrea who got down next to her and had been about to close the back of the Ute’s tray.

Their hands entwined, bodies touching, and the Runway editor kissed Andrea knowing no one could see who she was and she really didn't care if the family saw and got disgusted - that was their homophobic problem and not her’s - the kiss only lasted a couple seconds before they pulled apart and instantly she saw the stunned expression on her lovers face.

"Wow." Andrea breathed. "I can’t believe you just did that."

Miranda snorted. "I can. You’re absolutely breathtaking and I want the whole world to know that you're all mine."

"All in good time though." Andrea said.

"Oh, of course, darling. We'll let the whole planet know when the time is right." she replied, winking at her lover before chuckling in much delight as she rounded the car and opened the door for Andrea. "After you."

Andrea beamed at her. "Thank you."

Miranda simply nodded and closed the door once Andrea was sat behind the wheel and she moved around the front of the car and got into the passenger seat and stared at her divine lover as the Holden roared as it was turned on. "I am one lucky lady." She said, continuing. "But there is one thing I need to make very clear."

"What's that?"

"Don't ever cheat on me because that won't go down well. I've been cheated on in the past and I really don't want to feel that kind of pain especially coming from someone like you who I look up to so much for your true blue honesty in all that you do in life. Don't make me regret that." Miranda said as she watched Andrea slowly smile.

"Oh baby, I would never, ever do such an awful thing to you. I want nothing more than to be in your life for the rest of my days on Earth. You're stuck with me Miranda Priestly whether you like it or not."

"Good, glad we got that out in the open." Miranda replied, giving Andrea a nod, signalling that she could start driving and the brunette turned the engine on.

"The men you've been with in the past are complete cock-heads to do such a thing as to cheat on you, they don't know what they had, how lucky they had been."

~*~

~ Half An Hour Later ~

Miranda watched as the familiar house came into view and sighed in annoyance and slight sadness as their day was nearly coming to an end, but she also had lots of anticipation for the future and more.
Even though once she got on that plane they would no longer be in this little bubble and it would be hard work and anything could happen along the way with the attention and scrutiny they would garner from the media and what not that they would be able to handle it together.

Her lover reversed the car into the opened garage just like it had been when they first got the car and the engine was turned off and the car fell silent. She reached out and grabbed Andrea's hand. "We can make this work."

Andrea nodded. "I believe so." her lover replied, taking the keys out of the ignition and looking at her once more. "I really do." she added as she leaned over and kissed her quickly before opening the door. "I'll just go in to drop the keys off, say hi then bye, did you want to come in?"

Miranda nodded and opened the door. "Actually I will, I need the loo." She had been starting to worry fifteen minutes into the drive back here how much longer it would be as she could feel that very soon she would need the loo after that darn pesto as just like Andrea was with eggs she was the same with pesto. Even though she knew Andrea would have been understanding she simply hadn't wanted to wipe that ecstatic look off of the brunette's face from sharing yet another of her favourites with her. She had no regrets.

They walked through the garage door connected to the house and were instantly in the main area of the house. They wandered through the very large living area where there was a pool, air hockey, and table tennis table along with two large L shaped dark brown sofa's, a beautiful dark black low to the ground coffee table, and a large LG flat screen on the wall and also on the other side of the room hanging from the roof was a projector for the screen which obviously comes down from the roof. It was a brilliant setup, but could never beat her own Priestly Cinema which is what her girls call it.

"Andy!" An older blonde woman said with a dish cloth in her hand came into view from the kitchen area.

"Hey Trix!" Andrea replied cheerfully as the other woman continued talking.

"You're just in time as I've made Pimms. I had a feeling your friend here might enjoy them." Trixie replied, smiling widely, and walking over to them with two glasses.

"Ooooh, yummy!" Andrea replied, taking one of the glasses and so did Miranda.

"Thank you." Miranda said, smiling politely to the other woman and taking a sip of the drink. "Ah, could I bother you by using your bathroom please?"

"Of course!" Trixie replied, looking over to the staircase down the hall from the kitchen. "Upstairs and it's the second door to your right, you can't miss it."

"Great, thank you." Miranda replied, beginning to walk away however the other woman continued speaking.

"I hope you don't mind but my daughter isn't far off getting here and she would be over the moon if she could meet you if you gals didn't mind hanging around for a tad longer?" Trixie questioned, looking curiously from Andrea to her.

"That's fine." Miranda responded, continuing to walk away. "Andrea did mention to me that your daughter would try to come while we're here so the pleasure would be mine, but first..." she pointed upstairs, hoping her discomfort of how she was currently feeling wasn't showing on her face.

"Right, of course, oh... my Melanie is going to be stoked!" Trixie responded.
"We'll just be out on the back porch." Andrea called out.

"Alright." Miranda responded as she hurriedly made her way upstairs and rushing into the bathroom just in time.

~*~

A few minutes later Miranda had finally finished using the toilet. Even before the first bite of gnocchi she knew this was going to happen, but she hadn’t stopped eating because she was so damn head over heels for Andrea that she would do anything for her to keep her happy.

It hadn’t been ideal to use Andrea’s boss’s bathroom, but it had to be done. She took the lavender spray, one of her favourite scents, and used what felt like half the bottle. She then stared at her flushed reflection. She sighed at what she saw. The old face with wrinkles was so unfamiliar to her thanks to how she felt inside. Her feelings about this whole half a week spent with Andrea were making her bubble with happiness and thrill. She felt like a bloody teenager again.

However Miranda knew, at forty eight one years old, career obsessed, divorcee with two teenage daughters, shouldn't be feeling like this for a twenty six year old who was in the prime of her career and has had relatively no experience in relationships and being a "grown up" was still very new and fresh for Andrea. It has been so easy for her to look passed Andrea’s age as her lover acts older and wiser.

Even so her rational side of her brain continued to tell her that she shouldn't be doing this and that she was an old fool to think that this won't end badly at some point, but then there was her heart which was bursting with love and joy that she didn’t want to give up over a number.

Sighing Miranda shook her head, washed her hands once more, and dried them. She wasn't going to think any more about this.

What happens, happens and for now she would be the silly old fool and enjoy the beautiful brunettes company.

Opening the drawer she was glad to see lots of different make-up selections. She picked one that would suit her skin tone and reapplied her make-up, and once she did she exited the bathroom and began making her way back down the hall. She could hear Andrea's laughter coming from downstairs and it made her heart swell.

"Hello. Come over here." She heard as she passed an opened doorway. She stopped mid-step and turned and looked into a large lounge room where she spotted a bird cage in the corner near the opened window where a lovely warm afternoon breeze filled the room.

Looking around and not seeing anyone around she walked into said room and over to the bird cage where there were two native Australian birds - one black cockatoo and a Gullah. "Well, hi there." she said as the Gullah piped up then and made that all too familiar bird noise which caused her to laugh softly.

"How are ya?" The cocky asked her causing her to continue laughing.

"I'm very well, thank you." Miranda replied, putting her finger on the cage and the birds looked at it quizzically. She took a deep breath of the breeze and hummed in delight at the smell of the ocean air. It was exquisite and times like this it made her miss being in the Hamptons. She would have to take Andrea there very soon.

Taking a few more deep breaths she looked back to the birds and bid them goodbye before turning
around and began to leave the room however stopped when a large photograph on the wall caught her attention.

In said photo frame was Joel dressed in the professional AFL team Hawthorn jersey and shorts and in the photo he had jumped up high into the air, knee's resting on one of the guys from the opposite teams shoulders, and took an impressive mark, the red football in his hands expertly.

Considering how impressive the photo was and knowing that Joel was no longer in the AFL she found herself wondering what happened for why he was no longer playing as she had only spoken to Andrea briefly about her friend who kindly let use his car now and then when most blokes wouldn't want anyone driving their prized possession.

Looking around she spotted a mantle piece on the right side of the room and walked passed the dark grey L shaped sofa and even though she knew she shouldn't look around and pry into this family home she gazed at the photo frames which lined the mantel piece. She stopped upon seeing two photo's which had Andrea in them. This didn't surprise her knowing how friendly Andrea was and happened to strike a friendship with her boss' family.

One of a wedding of family or friends that Joel and his family knew that clearly Andrea was friendly with who were no doubt people to do with the newspaper Andrea worked for.

The second photo was her lover sat with Joel, Trixie, an older man she guessed to be George, along with a young man, a little bit older than Joel, in a dark green jumper and as she looked closer in the background she saw Christmas decorations hanging from the brick wall, but what caught her eye was the barb wire along the top of said brick wall. This photo was taken in a prison and she wondered why on earth Andrea would have gone to such a place but knew there would have been good reasons.

Knowing she has taken long enough upstairs she turned and quickly left the room and made her way back down and outside to the back porch where her lover was, this having been a curious insight into her lovers Australian life that she realised she didn't know too much of.

Andrea stood as soon as she stepped outside. "Hey." the brunette beauty said, smiling widely. "Everything alright?"

Miranda nodded as her lover briefly touched her arm. "My stomach was a little unsettled, but I think I'm fine now." She softly confessed so that only her lover could hear.

"I hope it wasn't the gnocchi!" Andrea instantly replied just as softly and looked very concerned. "I'd hate to know it's made you sick."

"Oh no, that was far too nice to have made me sick." Miranda fibbed. She really couldn't believe how the young woman made her feel because whenever she hated something her ex-husbands had loved she would firmly let them know how much she loathed whatever it was so it simply goes to show just how bloody smitten she is for the brunette beauty.

Miranda was saying and doing these things for Andrea because she wanted to make the stunning woman smile over and over and over again and as happy as can be and not make her frown or cry and if she did make Andrea cry she hoped it would always be from tears of happiness and hysterical laughter.

"Do you want a Panadol or something?" Andrea asked. "Actually I have one of those gastro stop pills in my bag from a few months back when I got nervous I was getting sick after being around someone who'd just gotten over the stomach flu and I couldn't afford to get sick like that."
Knowing it wouldn't hurt to take one just in case it wasn't the food she watched as her lover rummaged around her hand bag and she heard the noise of tablets being popped out of the packaging and she was handed one. "Just in case, but I'm sure it's nothing." Either way it would at least delay her from needing to get rid of the pesto she'd eaten.

"I'll take one too, but I'm not worried as we've hardly been around anyone else these last couple days." Andrea said, placing the pill in her mouth and swallowing it down dry, her glass of Pimms already empty.

Miranda nodded and did the same however with a few sips of Pimms.

They then sat down as Trixie came outside. "Would you ladies like something to eat? We have roast chicken which should be ready to come out of the oven or there is lasagna which I cooked earlier."

"Oh, you know how I can never pass up some of your lasagna!" Andrea said, grinning. "But only a small slice as we ate gnocchi half an hour ago."

"Sure thing." Trixie replied, smiling and then the woman looked at her with questioning eyes.

"None for me, thank you, we had Andrea’s favourite gnocchi not that long ago which was very filling." Miranda politely declined.

"Ahh, the famous gnocchi. I still haven't tried any." Trixie replied, looking from her to Andrea. “But it's okay, I know it’s Andy’s special spot. One day we’ll go there.”

Andrea smiled at the other woman.

“I'm just glad to be able to have Andy apart of our family. Everyone is always welcome in this house. My daughter, Melanie, is going to go nuts meeting you in her own home."

Miranda chuckled at those words. "It's alright. I'll have experienced much worse."

"I can only imagine. I honestly don't know how you do it." Trixie responded.

"Sometimes I wonder how I do it too." Miranda replied before the other woman excused herself and headed back into the house. "I've no idea how you could fit anything more in." she said, looking to Andrea.

"I'm a Sachs." Andrea said, grinning. "We were born to eat. Plus I simply adore Trixie's food. The tomato sauce is to die for!"

"There's nothing wrong with an always present appetite." A man’s voice was heard and looking over to the steps was a gentleman around about her own age who was obviously her lovers boss George.

"Exactly!" Andrea laughingly replied, continuing. "How's your weekend been, George?"

"Busy busy like usual. My work never ends." George replied and Miranda snorted.

"Sounds like me." She softly said.

George chuckled as he sat down opposite them sipping his Carlton Dry beer. "How was your weekend?"

"Wonderful." Andrea replied, looking at her. "We had a really great time, getting out there with the nature."
George smiled. "Glad to hear it. I was at the house earlier... it's coming along nicely."

"Ahh, great." Andrea replied, placing her hand on Miranda's thigh and squeezing softly.

Miranda smiled at this and placed her hand atop her lovers as George and Andrea continued to talk.

A few moments later Trixie came back out. "Here you go, sweetie."

Miranda watched as her lovers eyes widened at the large slice of lasagna.

"That's a huge slice, Trix, I'll never be able to eat it all!" Andrea laughingly said as she picked up the fork.

"Just do your best." Trixie replied, sitting back down and sipping her Pimms.

Miranda sipped her own glass and was impressed with how yummy the alcoholic drink was however she has had much better from traditional English pubs back home.

"I don't think I'll be eating again until sometime late tomorrow. I don't even know how I'll walk back to the car." Andrea said, continuing to laugh.

Miranda along with Trixie also laughed and a few moments later as her lover was half way through eating the lasagna the sound of a commodore was heard out the front of the house.

"Oh, here we go, our daughter the fan girl has arrived." George said, standing from the table and Miranda did so also as George wandered down the stairs and walked around to the front of the house.

"Does she know I'm here?" Miranda asked, the thought only having come to her then, as she looked to Andrea and Trixie.

"I thought it best to let her know so she didn't faint from shock and surprise." Trixie responded.

"Ah yes, good idea." Miranda replied, chuckling.

"I'm not sure how she's going to react." Trixie said, forewarning the Runway editor.

Miranda waved those words away. "Don't worry about it. I love meeting every one of my fans and seeing all of the different reactions." she said and her lover and Trixie smiled at her before they heard George's voice along with a girl who was talking about her car problem before abruptly changing the subject

"Oh, and I'm visiting Shane tomorrow."

At those words Trixie piped up. "You aren't going alone!" she said, and it wasn't a question.

Miranda's phone began ringing then and it was Nigel.

"I'm not stupid, mum, Blake's coming with me." The girl said coming into view with her head stuck in her phone. "I'm texting him now and he's ordering the new part for my car as we speak, Dad," She pointedly said to her Father.

Miranda hesitated before connecting the call and stepping just inside the house. "I can't talk right now, Nigel, whatever it is you can handle it." and with that she hung up. She wasn't at all surprised to hear the next words from Melanie.
"I knew you jokers were kidding about The Miranda Priestly being here, bloody hell, you know how much she means to me and you do this!" Melanie said, sounding far from impressed.

Miranda bit the inside of her mouth.

"Seriously, Mel, you know I wouldn't do that to you." Andrea spoke, continuing. "She's jus-"

"Right here." Miranda said, walking out from inside the door, pocketing her phone and watching as the young blonde registered what she was seeing before the girls mouth dropped open.

"No. Way."

"Yes way." Andrea replied. "Mel, please meet Miranda Priestly."

"Lovely to meet you." Miranda said, holding out a hand. "I hear you're quite a fan of Runway and a budding designer."

Melanie instantly shook her hand. "Yes, yes... I... Oh my god. Guys! I really thought you were taking the piss out on me! I didn't think this would be real!" Melanie said, and was nearly crying now. "Of course this had to happen when I'm half way to drunksville because of Blake's birthday pub crawl!"

Miranda laughed. "I wouldn't have even thought you were drunk, relax, and sit. Tell me about the kinds of things you're currently working on. Oh, and Happy Birthday to your partner."

"He'll be so stoked you said that! Thank you! Oh my god, thank you for being you!" Melanie responded, reaching out for her hand once more.

"Andrea mentioned you're a big fan of DIOR." Miranda said as the girl took her hand.

"Yes, oh my god, so so much. I get so much inspiration from DIOR and Runway of course!"

"Of course." Miranda said, smirking. "I have got a whole heap of DIOR just sitting in my office. I would love to be able to give them to you."

At her words Melanie's mouth dropped open. "Oh my god! That would be... that would be beyond amazing! But no way, I couldn't take them from you!"

"Don't be ridiculous. Your figure would suit the DIOR I have wonderfully." Miranda said.

The young blonde just stared at her speechlessly.

"I'll have my assistant mail them to whatever address you'd like ASAP." Miranda continued. "And now I have only done this a few times, but you've met me at the right time where I am in a brilliant mood, and I heard that you frequently visit Manhattan with your mother and I'd be more than happy to give you a personal tour of Runway as long as you give me enough days in advance to clear my schedule for either morning, afternoon or evening."

The tears were now flowing from Melanie's eyes.

"I... Miranda, my god, I'd love that so much!" Melanie managed to speak a couple seconds later, wiping her eyes with trembling hands from the surprise and excitement she felt.

"Fantastic. I'll give you my assistant's card to arrange this set-up when you know you'll be there next." Miranda said, pulling out said card which the young fan took with shaking hands and wide watery eyes.
A few moments later once Melanie got her emotions under control the young blonde pulled out her sketch book causing Miranda's eyes to widen at what she saw. "Oh my..." she said softly, tracing her fingers along the utterly brilliant designs.

"They're terrible, I know." Melanie instantly said, twiddling her thumbs nervously.

"No." Miranda softly, but firmly said, as she flipped to the next page. "Far from it. You keep this kind of work up and you will go great places, and I know the types of people who can help you become your own label if that is what you truly want."

At those words Melanie’s hysterical state made another reappearance that was tenfold causing Miranda to feel incredibly happy to have just turned someone’s life around giving this young talented girl the happiness she felt just by giving a couple small gestures.

It was an absolute joy for her to be able to be in the position she was to be able to do such genuine offers now and then to the true fans who truly deserved her time of day unlike the so called fans who come up to her and ask her to sign pictures of herself and copies of Runway for them to put them up on eBay to try and make a few bucks out of them.

So, to be here today to see Melanie the way she was and her family just as taken aback was absolutely wonderful and a moment she would remember for a long time as Andrea squeezed her hand under the table.

~*~

~ Half An Hour Later ~

They’d stayed a lot longer than she had expected, but she had to admit it was lovely sitting on the porch enjoying the sea breeze with intelligent conversations and lots of laughter and tears with a couple of Pimm's.

However her lover had a few more drinks and George had gotten Andrea to try a new Scotch he had purchased over the weekend which meant that Andrea had turned to her with her slightly drunken eyes and asked if it would be okay for her to drive them back to the city.

The question and the way Andrea had looked at her had made Miranda laugh heartily. She was perfectly fine with driving back as it would be a nice change from riding as a passenger. She has always enjoyed driving she just didn't get the chance to do it much what with working in the city all the time and hating driving in those bustling streets, her nerves always getting the better of her.

She had been taken upstairs to Melanie's room where she was shown the young girl’s collection of Runway which was very impressive and it felt very rewarding to be able to see this and how fans reacted to her work. She had signed one of the copies which Melanie informed her she would be framing and putting up on the wall.

Melanie had shown her the copies she loved and the things she disliked and would have done slightly different. The insight from this talented girl was truly wonderful and she took all of what the girl had to say and even said she would use some of her suggestions if that was alright with Melanie in which the young girl had been over the moon about.

They had just come back downstairs and were about to leave but not before Melanie suggested they all take a photo together and just one of her and Melanie, and the photographs turned out great.

Miranda then shared a quick hug with Melanie who thanked her over and over again before she began walking down the steps and around to the front of the house to the car whilst Andrea shared a
few words with her boss as they got into conversation about the article her lover was currently working on.

Not at all minding that they took their time talking Miranda leaned against the car and checked her E-mail and was over the moon to see an email from Cassidy. She read it and replied just as she heard her lover approaching with Melanie and the others who were sending them off after having welcomed her, a literal stranger, into their home with open arms.

"What happened to your rings?" The young blonde asked.

"Oh, ah, my fingers got really swollen the other day from the heat and so I decided to take them off for a while and give my fingers some rest." Andrea replied, shrugging.

"Oh, fair enough." Melanie replied.

Andrea opened the car door before chucking her the keys.

"One for the road." Trixie said, grinning, as she handed Andrea a red plastic cup of Pimms.

"Oh god!" Andrea laughingly replied. "I really shouldn't!"

"Life’s too short! One more won't hurt!" Trixie responded as her lover took the cup.

"Oh, fine." Andrea said, still laughing as she sipped the drink as Melanie came up to Miranda once more.

"It really was once again such a pleasure and a dream meeting you, Miranda, thank you so much for everything."

Miranda smiled. "I'm glad to have met you and I truly hope we can do work together in the future," she replied and they then said their final goodbyes with these lovely people before she turned on the engine, put the old Holden commodore into drive, and accelerated down the drive as her lover leaned over and tooted the horn, waving her hand out the wound down window.

"That was really amazing what you did for Melanie. It's made me fall for you so much harder." Andrea said, leaning over and playing with the backs of Miranda's hair causing a tremble of arousal to go through the older woman.

Miranda let out a low breath, and smiled, turning briefly to her lover who spoke once more.

"Thank you, Miranda."

"You don't need to be thanking me, darling." Miranda laughingly said.

Andrea simply smiled at her and sipped some more of her drink before a thought came to her lover.

"You do have your license, right?"

Miranda laughed at those words. "I wouldn't be driving if I didn't, would I?"

"Well, I suppose." Andrea replied, having thought about that for a second, and then laughed.

Rolling her eyes Miranda pulled out her hand bag for Andrea. "Check my ID if you wish."

"No no, I believe you." The brunette replied and then stared at her once more. "Wow."

"What?" Miranda questioned, looking to Andrea with a raised eyebrow.
"I'm just suddenly taken aback by how sexy you look behind the wheel of my car."

Miranda snorted at those words.

"However I am tempted to look at your ID to see your picture." Andrea said.

Biting her lip Miranda nodded. "Alright, if you see mine I get to see yours."

Laughing heartily her darling Andrea responded. "Alright then, you've got yourself a deal!"

~*~

When they reached the city Miranda suddenly got quite nervous behind the wheel and hoped Andrea didn't notice. She hasn't driven in large city bound traffic like this in a very long time and soon enough she would literally be driving in the city.

"It's okay, just stick to the left lane." Andrea's voice registered through her nervous thoughts.

'Of course she picked up on it!' Miranda thought, biting her lip. This young brunette seemed to know her better than she knew herself sometimes.

"You don't have to do any kind of overtaking. You just stick to this lane and concentrate on what's ahead of you, and there's only a few sets of traffic lights up ahead. You've got nothing to worry about." Andrea said, the city skyline loomed ahead which continued to get closer and closer.

"It's just..." Miranda trailed off, sighing. She rarely showed her weakness and she hated feeling this way. "I haven't driven in this kind of congested traffic in a long time."

"I'm here." Andrea said, placing a hand on her thigh. "Nothing is going to go wrong. You're an exceptional driver. I'm beyond turned on watching you."

Miranda's breath caught just before she slammed on the brake upon the car in front of her doing the same, the sound of horns tooting up ahead were heard, and she looked in her rearview mirror and was thankful that the man in the car behind them was too preoccupied on his phone and has kept a good gap between them. If he hadn't of done so he probably would have rammed the back of Andrea's car and even though it might not be a good car it did the trick for what Andrea enjoyed doing. She closed her eyes and took a few long and slow breaths.

"Babe, look at me." Andrea said softly, squeezing her thigh.

Slowly Miranda opened her eyes and turned to the left to look at her brunette beauty.

"You're perfect. You'll blast this. Just a few more blocks and we're at mine. Don't even worry. I'm right here. You're amazing at everything you put your mind to." Andrea said, smiling that beautiful smile.

Miranda shook her head as the traffic slowly began to move once again. "I still don't know what I did to get so lucky to have you in my life like this." she spoke, and added. "It's such a good feeling."

"I feel the exact same way." Her lover responded, and they shared a look, their eyes sparkling.

~*~

Andrea's words had been correct and they reached her lover's apartment building with no hassles her nervousness having been for no reason however she wouldn't want to make driving in that kind of traffic a daily thing. She was incredibly glad she was able to pay for private town cars wherever she
She parked the car in Andrea's parking spot down the quiet side street of the apartment complex.

They got out and walked into the building and into the elevator where Andrea voiced how she was about to wet herself.

"I can't believe Trixie with all those bloody drinks!" The brunette said and laughed as she danced from one foot to the other. "She's terrible!"

Miranda smiled. "I really had a nice time, and that sea breeze I could get used to waking up to every morning."

"Oh yeah, it's divine." Andrea replied, hurrying out of the elevator when the metal doors opened and fished out her keys, inserted them into the large industrial door and slid it open. "I'll be two minutes."

"No rush, take your time, darling." Miranda replied, taking a seat on the couch and pulled out her journal to do a quick bit of writing. Putting all her thoughts down onto paper was always calming for her. She wrote for a few moments before closing her journal which had seen better days when her lover collapsed onto the couch next to her.

"Don't get me wrong I love going to Amelia's, but I love coming back to my own home." Andrea said as she watched her lover take her hand and entwined their fingers together.

"I'm the same." Miranda replied, and smiled as she looked around the apartment. "I have to say that there is something that has caught my eye about this whole place."

"Mmm? Sounds interesting..." Andrea trailed off.

"I know it's going to sound strange, but each time we've been in and out of this building I haven't seen or heard anyone, no neighbours, nothing." Miranda said and watched as her lover smiled.

"That's because there's no one else in the building."

At Andrea's words Miranda raised an eyebrow. She shook her head. "I don't understand. How does that work?"

"Trixie is an architect and designed this whole place. It got made a couple years back and had been ready to go on the market, but then a whole heap of issues arose... something to do with the city council, investors, and the construction people had a few issues about some parts of the building and no one was allowed to start bidding on rooms for that reason and here it is, still empty aside from me which is a real shame as the whole place is absolutely amazing."

"How'd you become so lucky to live here? Do you pay any kind of rent?" Miranda questioned.

"When George heard that I was living in a shabby little hotel room for about a month until my lease came through on an apartment I was applying for he said that wouldn't do, he talked to Trixie, and then came to me with the key and... here I am." Andrea replied, smiling. "I was very lucky because that apartment I was waiting access to was tiny as a shoe-box. The bathroom was practically in the kitchen. As for the whole rent thing, well not directly to Trixie, I just pay for whatever gas and electricity I use."

Miranda watched as her lover stood and walked over near the TV and picked up a scented candle.

"However I don't use the down-lights much as I have all these candles courtesy of Trixie's sister who..."
works for Party Lite and gets free candles literally whenever she wants. My closet is practically over flowing with them." Andrea said, pointing to said closet behind the couch Miranda sat on.

Taking the offered candle Miranda breathed in deeply. It was vanilla and cinnamon and smelt divine. "Oh yes, I love these kind of candles. I used to buy Party Lite back in the day, actually I think I might still have some packed away somewhere."

Her lover smiled before speaking, taking the candle from her and placing it back where it belonged. "They're the best candles I've ever used. This one you just smelt lasts for up to twelve hours!"

Miranda laughed softly. "Yes, they're quite impressive how long they can last." she said as she watched Andrea continuing to point out her favourite candles and bringing them over for her to smell. She took a purple one and hummed. "Mmm, Jasmine, lovely."

"Yep, I love that one too!"

Miranda was handed yet another. "Magnolia, this one is different, I like it." she said, breathing in the scent deeply once more before putting it down and picking up another. "Oh, this one is full of different floral undertones."

"It's called Desire." Andrea said before placing it back down onto the coffee table. "But this one is my all-time favourite."

The Runway editor watched as her lover picked up a dark orange candle and took a long sniff of it and moaned softly. She wasn't at all surprised when a pool of arousal settled between her legs at the sound which was like music to her ears.

"Ohhh, I will never tire of this smell!" Andrea said, bringing it over to her and leaning down. "Safari Sunset, absolutely perfect."

Miranda breathed in deeply and hummed her agreement. "That is wonderful, darling." she said and watched as Andrea collapsed next to her once more.

"It makes me imagine being in Africa in like a huge tent... glamping in the wild life."

Miranda chuckled at her lover who winked at her.

"Doesn't that sound brilliant?" Andrea asked her, leaning into her.

Putting an arm around her lover Miranda agreed one hundred percent. "It is a very lovely thought." she replied, and it was easily something she could see them doing if all goes well between them in the future. "There are so many wonderful places all over Africa I know you would just adore."

The brunette beauty beamed at her words. "You're so dreamy." she breathed, leaning closer into her. "I don't want you to leave."

"Neither do I." Miranda replied as Andrea began kissing her softly. Her hand instinctively moved down Andrea's body as her lover moved into a straddling position on her knees and her hands cupped the young woman's stunning arse. "But work is starting to call for me and I am missing my girls like crazy."

"I know." Andrea replied, moaning and leaning into her mouth as she kissed her lovers neck. "But know that I'll be missing you like crazy."

"I know you will be, my darling, just like I will be missing you." Miranda replied, moving her hands
to the front of her lover’s body and moved upwards underneath Andrea's tee-shirt and cupped her lovers braless breasts causing a delicious moan to escape those luscious lips.

"We will make this work." Andrea said, kissing her with so much fiery passion. "And we will forever be beautiful together, bound for life."

Miranda smiled at those words as her lover ran her hands through her hair, messing it up. "We certainly will be." she responded as they began kissing once more.

~*~
Chapter 8

~*~

Having made love for which would be the last time until they saw each other again she lifted her head from the pillows on the bed and her nose twitched. "The scent on your pillows… I’ve been trying to put my finger on it, but it smells like men’s cologne?"

Andrea began laughing softly at her words. "I know, I've always loved the smell of cologne, so I have a couple of bottles. Sometimes it makes me feel better if I'm having a moment of loneliness. I know, it's silly." the brunette shook her head as Miranda cupped one of Andrea's cheeks. "Alas it's something I've done for years, but now however... thanks to you, I don't want another man in my life ever again."

Miranda raised an eyebrow.

"I'm serious." Andrea whispered.

"I just... hope you won't get bored of me." Miranda admitted.

Andrea began shaking her head. "You're utterly ridiculous if you think I could ever get bored of you, Miranda Priestly!" the brunette said, rolling onto her and kissing her which caused so many amazing feelings to bubble up inside of her. "And it's already quite obvious that we can satisfy each other better than any man or woman out there!"

Miranda licked her lips. "Mmm, that we do." she replied, as they stared into each other's eyes. "And what an absolute pleasure it is to be able to do so."

Andrea kissed her once more before standing and held out her hands.

Miranda took said hands and stood from the low to the ground bed. She was getting far too old for such a bed. She cringed when a couple bones cracked in her body, but her lover didn't pay any attention as their bodies and mouths collided together once more.

"I should be alright to drive you to the airport." Andrea said when they pulled apart. "It's been a few hours now since my last drink."

"About that..." Miranda trailed off, kissing Andrea once more before continuing. "I was thinking instead of saying goodbye at the airport that we do something else."

"Oh?" Andrea asked. "Like what?"

"Let me fix my appearance and I'll show you." Miranda replied, walking into the bathroom just as her phone signaled a text where it sat on the coffee table. "Would you check that for me? It's probably one of the girls or Nigel."

"Sure." Andrea said and soon her lover appeared in the door way. "Well, well... what do we have here?"

Miranda raised an eyebrow. "What is it?"

"A message from Larry," Andrea said, looking at her and smirking. "Having drinks before you leave?" her lover read the message.
"Oh, that's nothing, just send back an apology that I have to cancel." Miranda said, reapplying her make-up.

"You've been seeing this guy?" Andrea casually asked as she typed away on the Motorola.

Miranda snorted. "He's an older gentleman that I was kind of seeing, but he's starting to really lay on the feelings, and I've been trying to slowly detach myself from him for a while now to let him down gently."

"So you have been seeing him." Andrea replied before holding up her phone. "Ooooh." She laughingly said, nudging her.

The Runway editor rolled her eyes at Andrea's reaction but was amused by the other woman's playful response. She turned and squinted at the writing on the phone. She nodded. "That's fine, send it off." She spoke, having just made out what it said without her glasses on.

"You know I don't blame him for feeling the way he does about you. You're perfection." Andrea said, putting the phone down on the bathroom counter.

Miranda shook her head at those words and shooed her lover away. "Go on, off you go, I need to wee and then we need to be on our way as we don't have much time."

Chuckling Andrea turned and left the room to go and get herself ready as well. "What should I wear?"

"What you're wearing is already perfect, darling." Miranda responded, wanting her lover to be comfortable when with her at all times, not feeling like she has to conform to wearing couture every minute of every day.

~*~

~ A Little While Later ~

The car came to a stop and Miranda watched as Andrea looked out the window and her brown eyes widened upon seeing where the car had stopped in front of.

"Miranda..."

"Mmm?"

"Please don't tell me what I think you did."

Miranda simply smirked. "I did, just for the two of us."

"Oh my god!" Andrea covered her mouth. "You're ridiculous! This must have cost you a fortune!"

"Only the best for you, my darling." Miranda replied as the driver opened her lover's door.

"I can't believe you did this." Andrea was completely shocked as she stared up at the looming tower of the Eureka Skydeck.

Miranda tipped the driver and spoke. "We'll be needing another car later to take us separate ways."

The driver nodded. "I'll have that arranged."

"Good, and I want the cars here at 9:45." Miranda said.
"Will do, Miranda." Her driver said, turning and hopped back into the black Mercedes.

Miranda looked to Andrea who still looked incredibly stunned. "I wanted to do this for you because I can afford it and I wanted us to say goodbye somewhere much more beautiful than the airport so just relax, and enjoy yourself. We have the place to ourselves for thirty five minutes."

"You're crazy." Andrea commented, staring up at the building in awe.

"And here you are, wanting to be with me, the crazy old lady." Miranda replied and softly chuckled.

"Oi, you did it again!" Andy said, rushing after Miranda who was speed-walking away from her on person. "I should pinch you right now!"

"And yet you're not."

"You're off the hook before there are people around."

Laughing some more Miranda motioned for Andrea to walk beside her. "Come on, let's go and enjoy these last few minutes with each other." she said, briefly taking Andrea's hand as the group of people having walked by were now out of their vicinity. She gently tugged on said hand as they began walking to the front entrance.

“I’ve never been up there.” Andrea said, looking to her.

“Neither have I. It will be a first for the both of us.” Miranda responded, and they both beamed at each other.

~*~

By the time they got greeted inside and made their way to the top the sun had well and truly set and the city lights were sparkling brilliantly.

Having dismissed the few employee's having been hovering around hoping to get as many glimpses of her as possible and eager to help them with whatever was needed Miranda was glad the prying eyes were gone for now as she opened a bottle of Bollinger and poured them large flute glasses of the golden liquid.

"Thank you for this." Andrea said, once again, placing her glass down and putting her arms around her neck. 'Even though I feel like I don't deserve any of it."

"Nonsense. You deserve the whole world, darling." Miranda replied, sipping her champagne before also placing her glass down and putting her arms around her Andrea's waist. "Which I would happily give you!"

"You're far too good to me."

"The feeling is mutual." She replied.

The brunette beauty grinned. "Are there camera's around?"

Raising an eyebrow Miranda shrugged. "Probably."

"So, I... shouldn't kiss you, then?"

Smirking Miranda leaned into her lover. "I had the cameras turned off and the employees have signed confidential papers that they cannot speak about anything they may see, just like the
employee's on the yacht. We're safe to do as we please."

"Really?" Andrea asked, licking her lips, staring at her mouth. "Sooo, I can kiss you all I like then?"

"You may." Miranda replied just before her lovers mouth was on her own and she was pushed back into the window causing her to gasp into Andrea's luscious lips. Her heart was racing as she tried to not think about how many storeys high they were.

"You aren't afraid of heights, are you?" Andrea asked as she began kissing her neck.

"No, I've just never been taken against a window so high up in a skyscraper." Miranda replied, gasping as her lover bit and licked her neck.

"We can stop if you're feeling frightened." Andrea said.

Miranda instantly pulled away from her lover to give Andrea her best La Priestly glare causing her lover to laugh heartily. "I am the Dragon Lady, I don't get frightened."

Smirking Andrea simply began kissing her again. “There is a first for everything.”

Miranda chuckled as they continued kissing.

Even though they wanted to go all the way they managed to control themselves and pulled away from each other breathlessly and hand in hand they wandered the entire sky-deck and went out onto the balcony where they had shared another searing kiss against the railing she'd pushed her lover into.

They now sat at the small high top table across from the bar on very comfy stools sipping their glasses of Bollinger and enjoying the view and each other with relaxed conversations trying their best to not dwell on the fact that they wouldn't be seeing each other again for who knows how long however she was glad that Andrea was adamant she would remain working in Australia at least until her contract ended as it was an incredible experience for her and she'd be idiotic to leave.

When the time came to leave the premise so the last lot of people could come up before the whole tower shut down for the night to the public.

They stood and instantly embraced each other for a good few moments, holding each other tightly not wanting to let go as their hearts beat as one.

"We will make this work." Miranda firmly said as she cupped Andrea's cheeks and stared into those gorgeous brown orbs she could drown in.

"I know." Andrea replied. "I'm just going to miss you so much."

"As will I." Miranda replied.

They kissed once more before slowly heading to the elevator where they begrudgingly stepped into the metal box and made their descent to the ground which only took forty seconds, it was a very bizarre elevator ride.

Outside near the two black Mercedes they kept the goodbye short and sweet as it took all of their self-control to not reach out and take each other into their arms once more without caring of the crowd of people which were around now out to enjoy the night lift of Melbourne.

Miranda watched as Andrea begrudgingly got into the car in front of her own and she watched as the
driver drove off into the traffic. She got into her own car and both cars followed each other.

A couple of minutes went by and she let out a sad sigh when she watched as Andrea's car turned off into a different direction and she watched until she could no longer see the car as it got lost amongst the nighttime traffic.

"Until next time." She heard Andrea's earlier words and when she shut her eyes she smiled as she saw Andrea's face beaming that million dollar smile at her. She reopened her eyes, a smile still on her own lips. She knew it wouldn't be too long until she saw her lover beaming that beautiful smile at her again and that it would well and truly be worth the wait and she was already excited with anticipation for that moment in the future whenever it may be.

~*~

Miranda looked up at the sound of the elevator opening. She smiled at the all too familiar face. "I forgot something again, my keys this time."

Andrea dropped the grocery bags she held seemingly not caring if any of the items broke as she crossed the short distance between them and collided into her, hands instantly going around her neck and their mouths meeting.

"That was the longest thirty minutes of my entire life!" the brunette said when they pulled apart to stare at each other.

They kissed once more, all their feelings pouring into said kiss, and it was breathtaking.

"The longest indeed." Miranda responded when they rested their foreheads against each other.

"I'm so glad you're forgetful like me." Andrea whispered, kissing her again before pulling away and taking her by the hand and walking over to the elevator and pressed the button.

"Your groceries." Miranda commented, looking over to the forgotten Save The Planet reusable grocery bags.

"Oh, right." Andrea replied, cheeks gorgeously flushed. She kissed her once more before going over and picking them up.

They entered Andrea's apartment and her lover spoke as they moved into the room. "Do you remember where you had them last?" the brunette asked, placing her groceries onto the island counter.

"Possibly the couch." Miranda responded as she moved over to said couch and flashbacks came to her. She looked around, smirking, and jumped as Andrea unexpectedly came up behind her, arms going around her waist.

"That was super sexy. I wish we could have seen what we must have looked like." Andrea could always sense what she was thinking just like when they had worked together.

Miranda laughed at her lover's words. "You looked stunning as always."

"Sweet talker." Andrea replied, kissing her shoulder before moving away. "You had your bag sitting on the washing basket in the bathroom earlier and then when we came back into the kitchen where you put your bag before we left so they must have fallen out somewhere around those places."

"Yes, the washing basket is the most likeliest of places." Miranda responded as her lover wandered
into the bathroom whilst she knelt beside the couch and felt underneath and in-between the cracks of the furniture cushions with no luck. "Any luck?" she called out.

"Just using the loo first!" Andrea called back.

Miranda laughed and shook her head. "Of course you are. Stalling my leaving."

"Nope, nature simply called." Andrea responded laughingly.

"Sure, sure." Miranda responded, looking around the room.

"I'm sure you don't mind waiting around a little bit longer." Andrea said. "It's not like your flight is going to leave without you."

"Yes, the luxuries of flying on private jets." Miranda responded, and she of course didn't mind if she wasn't on the plane on the time she was meant to be.

In all honest she didn't want to leave the gorgeous brunettes company but knew that reality was calling. She searched the bedroom, underneath and behind the bed with no luck. She moved back out into the main living area and back over to the couch and had another look underneath before stopping and looking up. "You know what I think?"

"What's that?" Andrea asked, she could hear the brunette washing her hands.

"That you deliberately hid them so that I would come back like so." Miranda said and her lover began laughing.

"Don't get too up yourself now, Priestly."

Miranda laughed at her lovers words. "Me? Never." she replied, smirking. Not able to think of anywhere else her keys could be she sat down onto the couch with a huff. "Oh well, I guess I'm staying here until I find them."

"Fine with me!" Andrea responded happily at the thought.

Miranda smiled, relaxing into the couch, and waited for her brunette to join as just as something silver and shiny caught her attention underneath the coffee table and as she leaned down she realised it was her keys and she grinned as she reached under and picked them up but her hand also picked up something else which had been kicked under the table. It was another ring like object and as she stared at the item her eyes widened. Unable to believe what she was seeing but knew exactly what it was she looked around wildly.

~*~

Unable to believe her eyes Miranda looked up as she heard the bathroom door close behind Andrea.

"No luck in the basket, but they can't have gotten far-" The brunette stopped speaking upon looking at her.

Miranda had not only found something underneath the coffee table but in said drawers of the rectangle table which were now laid out over it. She watched with hardened eyes as Andrea's own eyes widened and the young woman suddenly was lost for words, mouth opened and closing.

"What?" she snapped at the brunette. "Nothing to say for yourself?" she asked as Andrea continued to stare from the items to her. "Nothing at all?!"
"It's not what you think." Andrea said, tone panicked.

Miranda stared at the woman she thought she knew with unwavering eyes. "Oh, I am thinking plenty right now and it is all very obvious what has been going on here."

Continuing to stare at her speechlessly Andrea shook her head, pointing to the photographs atop the coffee table. "It's not what you think! We broke up, I swear to you."

Miranda scoffed at those words. "How do you explain this then?" she questioned, holding up a photo from the photo album she had scoured minutes before that had the brunette with an all too familiar young man.

"Dated on the back in your hand writing just last weekend. “Joel and I - Sunday Sippers by the beach - life is absolutely fabulous!” Miranda said, looking from the photo to Andrea with so much anger boiling up inside of her. "One bloody week ago and now you're trying to tell me you broke up!"

Andrea opened her mouth. "But we-"

"No!" Miranda snapped, the brunette instantly shutting up, and she held up other photos. "These pictures don't look like a couple whose relationship is on the rocks-"
"George and Trixter's 25th Wedding Anniversary." Miranda angrily said, throwing the picture towards Andrea, looking down to the next one. "Bowling date night with this handsome fella!"

"And the house George kept talking about!" she held up another picture of Andrea, Joel, and George all wearing shabby clothes covered in dirt and paint. "It's your house you're getting built to live in with Joel! We drove passed the house two times and you didn't once look at it, you didn't even say anything! And all the other things that George and Trixie spoke about concerning Joel... why I didn't twig... The way your phone kept going off with messages over these last few days, it was Joel,
wasn't it?! I should have known. I should have realised things seemed a little too sus and why you were so close to him and his kind, kind family, but I wanted to believe the good in you. I foolishly trusted you!” she said in blind rage as she discarded the photo she held. "Oh, and let's not forget this one!” She practically roared as she snatched up another photo. "September 30th, 2006 - I just died of happiness - Joel proposed!

She threw the photos down in complete disgust as Andrea dared to step closer to her and so Miranda took a step back. "Don't you dare take another step closer." she said, holding up a shaking hand caused by the anger she felt. "I have no idea what to say..." she trailed off, shaking her head. “Oh, wait... No, I do." she said, watching as the brunette swallowed hard. "You really are my biggest disappointment." she said, continuing as she was on a roll. "And this apartment you've been living in practically scot-free because you're not only screwing the woman’s son who owns the place you're also engaged to him. Fucking engaged! And yet here you are screwing around with me behind his back... an innocent, genuine man!"

Andrea was still opening and closing her mouth speechlessly and pathetically so.

"What were you going to do once I left?” Miranda asked.

"I...” Andrea tried, but the Runway editor didn't let her.

"You were just going to go to him and break it off with no explanation and then come back to me
and pretend nothing was going on?” Miranda asked, shaking her head. She watched as Andrea looked at her once more.

"Yes."

Miranda’s mouth dropped open and the feeling which bubbled up inside of her was one she has never felt before and it was a feeling she couldn’t even explain. She couldn’t believe what she had just heard. "I can't believe this... Have you any idea what you've done?"

"Yes, I know full well what I have done!" Andrea cried. "I made a huge mistake. I saw you on the side of the road and I... my feelings which I had managed to shove in the back of my mind came flooding back and I was... I was a goner. I know I should have been honest right from the start, but if I had then you would have left and none of this would have happened."

"You're bloody right it wouldn't have. How many times have I told you how broken I was from being cheated on countless times and here you are doing the exact thing to Joel!"

"As soon as I got back here tonight I had planned on calling him and telling him what has happened." Andrea instantly said.

Miranda began laughing in disgust at those absurd words. "You were... oh my god, you were going to tell him over the phone?" she asked, shaking her head and opening and closing her mouth. "Oh... wow. I... I don't even know how to reply to that."

"I would have felt terrible continuing to lie to him. Do you really think I enjoy knowing what I've done?"

Miranda threw her hands up at that question. "Honestly I really don't know. You went to all this trouble to take down every single photo and things that link you to Joel as if he doesn't even exist... The man you supposedly love so much so that you accepted his marriage proposal... not to mention you carelessly threw your ring underneath the table with all these photos and various knick knacks."

"You came just as I was doing it... I didn't have time to put any of it anywhere else, and I thought... oh god, fuck! I didn't think you would need to look under there." Andrea replied. "I know I've fucked up, but it has always been you that I love, like really, deep in my gut true love, love! I want you that's why I couldn't help myself, I was selfish, like you!"

Miranda's mouth dropped open. She shook her head slowly, pointing at Andrea. "Don't you dare try to make yourself feel better by using my own excuses for my behaviours that have never been as awful as what you very nearly pulled off without me even knowing!" She tore her eyes away, her whole body buzzing with anger and sadness, but she wouldn't let Andrea see her tears anymore. "Were you ever going to tell me about him?" Miranda questioned, and she wasn't at all surprised when the brunette hesitated but thought she had covered it up.

"Yes."

Oh, Miranda's blood was boiling to the brink now because she knew so well how to read Andrea. "Stop with the lies!" she said, shaking her head. Andrea was going to quietly break it off with Joel and come back to her like nothing had happened and she couldn't believe it. "You were never going to tell me."

"Because I knew this would happen and I don't want to lose you!" Andrea loudly replied.

"Well, guess what? You have lost me, for good, and there's nothing you can ever do to change what you've done." Miranda responded, unable to believe how foolish she had been, yet had been
expecting something to happen all this time while she was living this stupid, mid life crisis.

"No!" Andrea instantly cried, stepping closer. "Don't say that." The brunette desperately tried reaching for her. "You don't mean that!"

"I told you not to come near me!" Miranda seethed as the brunette who she once thought was beautiful inside and out tried touching her again. "There is no going back from this!"

"You don't mean what you're saying. Let's just talk about this... we... I can fix this. Please Miranda. We can get passed this. Please!" Andrea tried.

Miranda swallowed hard at Andrea's pained, begging voice. She stared at her former lover and felt nothing and only saw a woman she didn't know. "You were supposed to have been the one for me. You had it all, Andrea, all the qualities I've been searching for... you managed to tame the dragon even without realising it back in our Runway days, but now?" she closed her eyes, and shook her head as she fought to control her emotions which were threatening to well in her eyes at any second however she wouldn't let Andrea see just how broken she is - anger was the only way she could get through this for now. "You've lost that. There's no coming back from this." She repeated, staring at Andrea again, the woman she truly thought could do no wrong. Oh how wrong she had been. She was sickened with herself. "You disgust me."

"No." Andrea cried once more. "No! You don't really think that, this, this... oh Miranda, this can be fixed. I know it can be, we just... We can get passed this if you only let me explain." The brunette said, pathetically regurgitating words.

She shook her head, her whole body trembling. "What you have done is unforgivable. You're a cheat, a very pathetic one, and I can never forgive you for that. I have never been more disgusted by someone in my entire life and whatever lame explanation you're trying to create in your head I don't want to hear any of it!"

"Mir-"

"No! You don't get to speak! You were supposed to be the genuine one with the heart of gold." Miranda angrily said.

"I still am. I just made a mistake, a really stupid, fucked up mistake when I should have gone about this so differently! I truly am sorry I created this mess and pulled you into it unwillingly, I shouldn't have done that, and I know that now but please... please I'm begging you don't leave, you need to hear me out!" Andrea replied.

"No, a mistake is accidentally deleting the Sedona shoot file and owning up to it, but this? Oh Andrea... this is betrayal to a whole new level not only to me but to Joel. Have you even stopped to think what this is going to do to him? Do you even care?" She stopped to catch her breath, god she was so angry, and she saw Andrea open her mouth to speak but cut her off. "You're just like the rest of those who have fucked with me, and there's no coming back from that. You sicken me and I honestly don't even want to look at you." she said, picking up her keys and hand bag and began to walk away.

The brunette reached out, grabbing her firmly by the wrist, trying to stop her by tugging on her. "Please, please don't leave!" Andrea begged. "Let me fix this, please, you have to let me. It can't end like this."

"This is all on you and now you have to live with what you've done." Miranda said, ripping her hand from Andrea's grip and walking to the opened door. "Don't bother trying to contact me as I never
"You can't mean that! I know how you feel about me and those feeling don't just fly away with the click of your fingers!" Andrea said, desperately trying to get her to stay, chasing after her.

"I already feel nothing but loathing for you." Miranda replied, not looking at Andrea as she took out her phone and connected it. "Airport. Now." she ordered harshly before disconnecting, snapped her phone shut and walked out of the apartment without looking back.

~*~

The walk down to the car which pulled to the curb just as she was exiting the apartment complex was a complete blur to Miranda however she vaguely remembered hearing Andrea chasing after her, having run down the stairs to beat the elevator at the lobby floor before the metal doors opened, Miranda would have been impressed with the fitness level that took had it been any other day.

Andrea continued to try her best to stop her from leaving to no avail and the words "You are a bitch for barely letting me speak and for not understanding my side of this whole mess!" echoed in her ears as Miranda tried her best to ignore them as her driver awkwardly did his best to close the door without touching the brunette who continually tried pushing him out of the way to get to her, but the driver acted as a barrier.

Once the driver was able to close the door he hurriedly walked around and got into the still running town car and without even waiting for her to tell him to go he drove off, fortunately knowing her well enough to know not to speak or look at her as she placed her CHANEL sun glasses over her eyes as her tears fell silently down her cheeks. Her heart and ears pounded, as her whole life was turned to absolute shit in the blink of an eye. She knew all of this had been too good to be true, and she had been a completely idiot for believing that fate had put them together.

'You stupid old fool.' She thought to herself, thinking back now and seeing all the signs, the things that didn't add up and the things Andrea avoided speaking of, things that Miranda didn't think anything of because she had complete trust in Andrea because she knew it wasn’t uncommon for an employee to become friendly with their boss’s family, Eric was and still is like that with his former boss.

Her photographic memory thought back to the picture of Andrea at the prison and how at the time she'd failed to notice in the photo the brunette was wearing the engagement ring.

Then there was the moment with Melanie outside the Anderson Estate.

"What happened to your ring, you're not wearing it?" The young blonde asked.

"Oh, ah, my fingers got really swollen the other day from the heat and so I decided to take them off for a while and give my fingers some rest." Andrea replied, shrugging.

"Oh, fair enough." Melanie replied.

Miranda couldn't believe how it was all staring her blatantly in the eye, the truth that was being hidden from her had been right there all that time, but she had been oblivious in her love-struck emotions.

As the tears continued to flow, and her body trembled, she knew this was something which would take a long time to get over. She has never felt so much hurt and sadness until this day, and to know it was from the one person who she had been falling in love with?
It killed her slowly inside.

One thing was for sure - she planned to never get into another relationship again - they weren’t worth her time or eventual disappointment and heartache.

Here’s hoping she would actually listen to herself this time.

~*~

~ The Townhouse, Manhattan.
Twenty Hours Later ~

Miranda opened the door way into her home which was eerily quiet without the girls running around creating a muck. She turned to driver the one and only loyal person she knew in this life aside from her daughters, as he placed her bags near the staircase. "Thank you, Roy." She said, touching his upper arm.

"Not a problem, Miranda, same time tomorrow morning?" He asked.

Nodding Miranda spoke. "Work never stops." And that's how she always wanted it to be.

They said their goodbyes and she closed the door behind them before she kicked her heels off and padded down the hardwood to the kitchen which was lit up for her. She stopped at the island counter, emotionless, and stared at the piece of paper with Cara's scribbled handwriting.

My apologies Miranda for not being here to greet you, my granddaughter has gone into labor! :D All house work has been done & your dinner is in the oven (your favorite meal!) to keep warm and ready to be served upon your arrival.
Enjoy the peace and quiet.
See you Monday.
All my love, Cara xoxo

It was a very sweet message and very thoughtful of Cara to have made her favourite meal when she hadn't asked Cara to do so however she wasn't at all surprised because her house keeper and cook was a very sweet lady and apart of the family.

The thing which hit Miranda as she reread the note was that she couldn’t even remember the name of Cara's daughter let alone granddaughter and not only was there that glaringly obvious fact she barely knew the woman who cooked, cleaned, washed Patricia, picked up Patricia's poo, took her for walks, sat in the car with the girls on the way to school and after school activities, and all these thoughts hit Miranda like a ton of bricks as tears began welling in her eyes and streaming down her face.

She not only cried for being a terrible mother and friend to Cara, but for the lost love that could have been with Andrea Sachs had the brunette not been so stupid and thoughtless.

All of her fans and admirers and whoever else think she swans around living this great and joyful life were completely delusional. Life has never been easy for Miranda, and she wished she could scream that to each and every delusional person. She was nothing more than a sad, pathetic, lonely woman who brought everything on herself by either shutting people out of her life or for not even trying to befriend anyone, or letting herself befriending a person she thought she could trust until she got burnt and stabbed in the back which always, always happened.

At least with Andrea she had done none of those things this past week. She had been there for Andrea and only for Andrea and listened to her speak about anything and everything, didn't judge
and most importantly hadn't pushed her away even when her feelings got stronger and her mind told her to run and not look back. She was honest about everything the entire time. At least she could feel good about that, but she didn't, all she felt was sadness and anger of such an awful betrayal of love and trust.

Angrily wiping the tears from her eyes she knew there was no reason to be shedding tears over Andrea's own stupidity and immaturity. The cowardly brunette doesn't deserve her tears and she wasn't going to give the woman a second thought ever again.

Looking around the empty house she shook her head. This would not do. She wasn't going to stay in this house on her own for a second longer.

Tonight was where everything would be different because she wasn't going to let this defeat her. She was going to show Andrea just how strong she was by moving on with life and not giving the brunette a second thought she set foot down the hall way to be a better woman and mother for her girls.

Changing her life around for the better, making more effort to not only make herself happier, but her daughters. She could not continue with the way she has been living or she would end up dying a lonely woman and she definitely didn't want that. All she needed in this life was the love from her daughters.

Grabbing her bag she turned off the lights and called for her driver to turn back around to pick her up once more.

"Sorry Roy, but I'm going to need you to come back, somethings come up."

"Oh, ah, no worries Miranda." Roy's gruff, very manly voice responded. "Allow me up to five minutes? I've just ordered Chinese and I haven't eaten since lunch."

"That's fine." Miranda replied before hanging up. She then stepped down into the foyer and waited for him to arrive in one of the comfortable chairs by the door way knowing that she would be giving Roy a generous tip tonight, not just for coming back now, but for all he's done for her family over the years that consisted of more than just driving them around.

Roy took Caroline and Cassidy to the mall when Cara couldn't go with them, he sat in on their piano practices and soccer matches cheering them on from time to time. He was there for her daughter's winning match the other week when it should have been her cheering them on.

The man took time out of his own life to do so when he himself has children around the same age. She has never stopped to give this a second thought until now and she shook her head at herself in disgust. She would definitely be making it known to Roy just how appreciative she is for what he has done for her daughters over the years.

For now she walked outside into the chilly New York air, a stark contrast to the hot Australian forecasts, when she heard the car horn beep and hurriedly got into the vehicle.

"Where are we off to?" Roy asked, looking at her in the rear-view mirror.

"Eric's yacht. He's currently docked in-"

"Red Hook, yep, was speaking to him earlier today. Traffic permitting I can get you there in no time. There was an awful head-on collision just before you landed, so glad you didn't have to see that or the children." Roy said, continuing to waffle on like someone she used to know, and usually she would be annoyed by the constant chatter she enjoyed it tonight as she wasn't left to her own
thoughts of all that has happened.

~*~

Miranda took a deep breath before raising her hand and pressing the buzzer as the yacht moved calmly in the water underneath.

"Yes, who is it?" Her ex-husbands familiar voice was heard through the intercom.

"Hi, it's me." She said and instantly the door was clicked open and she entered just as she saw her ex-husband walking down the hall towards her. "You mind if I come in?"

"What sort of question is that, Mira?" Eric asked, laughing as he stopped in front of her, watching her closely. "You've been crying."

"Oh, no, just very tired." Miranda replied, hearing how false her words were.

Eric shook his head. "Mira, you know I know you well enough to know when you're lying."

"Fine, yes, I've been crying because I'm exhausted and just want to see my babies."

"Right. So it has nothing to do with your former assistant?"

Miranda opened and closed her mouth, not expecting Eric to say that, and had no idea what to say. "How do you mean?"

"The girls let it slip you were with her." Eric said. "At first I found that a little odd until I remembered back to how you spoke so fondly of her. It sounds like you were with her for quite some time." He said, as if trying to fish for information.

Miranda waved her ex-husbands words away. "Yes, I saw her, but I wasn't with her for long and it was only to humor her and no, my tears aren't anything in relation with that lowly former assistant. She has no place in my high caliber lifestyle." she said, swallowing hard at her lies. "Besides she talks too much, is very self-centered, and eats far too much in one day. She's someone I could never be friends with."

Eric stared at her and she could see he wasn't believing everything that she said. "If you say so." he replied, then motioned for her to come further into his home.

She looked around, unable to remember the last time she had stepped inside, seeing that lots had changed since.

"The girls will be ecstatic to see you. They are in the lounge. I can bring you a McAllens if you'd like?"

"Oh no, I won't stay for long, I just need to see Caroline and Cassidy for a few moments."

Eric waved the words away. "You're staying. Now, drink?"

Miranda smiled at his polite generosity she knew he was only giving her for the girls' sake. "You don't even need to ask." She responded, rolling her eyes. "But yes, thank you, that is just what I need."

"Or five." Eric commented laughingly as he disappeared out of sight.

Miranda snorted. "Something like that."
"I'll be in shortly. I should let Candy know you're here first." Eric said.

Trying not to cringe at the nickname "Candy" Miranda nodded. "Thank you, and thanks for letting me in."

"You'll always be a part of my life, Mira, and I won't deny you access if you want to see our daughters, you know I'd never be like that."

At Eric's words she felt herself tearing up once more. "Be that as it may you have every right to not allow me to see them. This is your time with them."

"None of that legal stuff matters to me anymore, Mira, I know we both got very dramatic back in the days when we were fighting for our girls, but I want you to know that now you're always welcome here... anytime."

Miranda raised an eyebrow at these words, finding it hard to believe how friendly he was being towards her. "I find it hard to believe that your wife would be too happy about that."

"Contrary to what you and our girls think my wife quite likes you and you know how much she loves Runway."

"I always thought that was a front for free clothes." Miranda commented.

Eric laughed as he came back into sight, handing her a glass of whisky. "Come on, the girls and I just finished watching the newest Lord of the Rings and before that they made me sit through their soccer match at least three times today so don't say I didn't warn you."

Miranda heartily laughed at those words. "I think I can handle that." she replied. It would sure beat being home all alone. She walked through the doors of her ex-husbands house boat which she has always adored.

"Mommy!!!!" The girls yelled excitedly as soon as she walked into the room which has changed over the years due to Candice living here. She smiled widely as she watched Caroline and Cassidy jump off the couch and raced over to her along with Patricia who got up and bounded over.

Miranda knelt down as the girls collided into her along with Patricia who barreled them all over, licking her in delight. "My goodness, I haven't been away that long, have I?" she laughingly asked as the girls got up and settled down Patricia just enough so she could get up, but before standing Miranda hugged Patricia tightly, and kissed her on the head. "That was the greatest welcoming. I'll cherish it forever." she spoke, looking down at her daughters whose hair she ran her fingers through.

"I can't believe you're here!" Caroline excitedly said.

"I couldn't wait until tomorrow to see you. I had to see you now." Miranda replied, smiling as the girls took her by the hands and led her to the couch.

"Are you staying the night?" Caroline asked.

As much as she'd like to mainly so she didn't have to go back to the empty house she shook her head. "Oh, probably not, sweetheart."

Instantly her daughters frowned.

"Well, maybe if it's alright with your father and Candice." Miranda said and at that her daughters were bouncing with joy once more.
They then began bombarding her with questions after questions about how it was like in Australia, what was the weather like, how many photo's did she take, did she bring them back anything, did she see any wild kangaroo's, and when could they go there as a family again.

Miranda patiently listened and answered each and every question.

It was so fantastic seeing those faces beaming with joy from surprising them tonight and it made her heart swell.

They soon cuddled into her.

"Oh, my babies." she whispered, an arm around both of them, and she continued. "I've missed you so much."

"I've missed you too." Caroline whispered.

"So did I, so much more." Cassidy whispered.

"I promise I'll be around much more for the two of you from this day forward no matter what time of day or night it is. I want us to do more things as a family. I am going to be the mother you deserve and the mother I should have always been to the both of you. I'm very sorry that I've upset you over these last few years, years which have been very important with juggling Dalton and medical school not to mention piano and soccer... so many things I have missed out seeing the two of you excel in and I... I am disgusted with myself that I put Runway first. I was very selfish and I hate myself very much for the way I have been acting. I definitely haven't been any kind of role model for you both and I definitely don't expect you to forgive me right away, but I plan on making up for my behaviors and so many missed times together." She said as she stared at her girls in wonder.

They were so, so very young and yet they’ve already achieved and conquered so much in their fourteen years – starting University when they were five, growing up with so many adults around, and so she hadn’t been surprised when they came to her once they graduated Columbia and said they wanted to go to Dalton like normal kids their age and experience what that was like. Even though the school work was extremely easy for them they enjoyed it for the friendships they’ve formed over the years. “You’re both so beautiful and brilliantly intelligent, and I will be around a lot more like you deserve… if I am forgiven, of course, but I won't blame you and I will understand if you wish to continue living here with your Father and Candice.”

"You're already forgiven yet I do agree with you, you have a lot of time to make up for." Cassidy firmly said, looking at her very sternly.

Miranda's eyes widened, having not expected Cassidy to be so quick to change her attitude, and she was about to speak when Cassidy kissed her neck. She definitely hadn't been expecting such quick turnaround from Cassidy who was always the stubborn one.

"I love you, mommy, and nothing you could do would ever change that."

Miranda's eyes began welling with tears. She was so thankful that Cassidy wasn't holding a grudge anymore.

Footsteps were heard behind them and Eric cleared his throat. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

"Not at all." Miranda said.

Eric smiled as he handed her a new glass of whisky as she had already finished the first.
"Thank you." she softly said.

"There's a bottle over on the drinks trolley if you want more." Eric said, smiling at her as he sat down in the arm chair next to the couch they were sat on.

"Dad, can mom stay the night?"

Having expected Caroline to ask this question Miranda smiled upon hearing Cassidy.

"Oh, I'm sure we could arrange that only if you help make up the bed." Eric responded.

"Yessss!" Both girls cheered excitedly.

"Thanks Dad!" Cassidy said, getting up and colliding into him, hugging him tightly before Caroline joined in.

Eric laughed heartily as they started to pull away and stand up. "Why don't you go and get started on that so it doesn't have to be done later and then you can show your mom your soccer video."

Miranda nodded. "I can't wait to see it."

The girls beamed at her once more.

"Mom! You're not going to believe the goal Cass kicked from the left side of the goal post, so close to going out of the line with Alison right on her, and the ball nearly went out but Cass wowed when she kicked the ball twice and then BAM pulls a lefty and kicks it straight passed Madison Harley into the goal post." Caroline excitedly said, reenacting the moment. "It was absolutely awesome!"

"It was so embarrassing. Roy was practically screaming in the bleachers." Cassidy replied, blushing.

Miranda smiled as she watched her eldest twiddle with her thumbs. Cassidy wasn't one to gloat or bring all the attention on to her as she got shy and nervous quite easily, but also had an impressively strong back gone and confidence that went for miles and she could stand up for herself and others when necessary whereas with her youngest of four minutes was extremely out there and had lots of confidence and loved confrontation. She was great when it came to that and was quick to shoot back with words bigger and better, but sometimes took it a little too far.

"Sounds very impressive indeed. Go and do what your father has asked and then we can watch it."

"Okay!" The girls chorused.

"Come on, Patricia, let's go upstairs!" Cassidy excitedly said and she and Caroline began cheerfully and loudly making their way upstairs with their beloved pet barreling after them.

Swallowing another sip of whisky Miranda looked to her ex-husband. "I'm sorry that they put you on the spot like that. I will go home after we watch the video and they go to bed."

"Mira, just relax. It's all okay. Candice doesn't mind nor do I and anyway you saw how overjoyed the girls are to see you. You can stay." Eric responded.

"But I really should have call."

"Uh uh, no more of this." Eric cut her off. "You don’t have to call to come around and see your daughters."

"You've gotten bossier than I remember." Miranda commented, smirking as she continued to sip her
whisky.

"And fatter." Eric laughing said, patting his belly.

Miranda shook her head. "I wasn't thinking that at all, but now that you point it out, yes, you do have quite the stomach on you." she laughingly said in a soft and non-judgmental way.

"Blame Candice's mom. She's forever bringing food around here as if she thinks I can't cook." Eric said, shaking his head.

"Well..." Miranda trailed off, smirking at the look Eric gave her.

"Are you saying I'm a bad cook?"

"Not all of what you cook is bad, but some of it is questionable." Miranda replied, biting her tongue.

"Like the meat loaf I made that winter back in '98." Eric said, nodding. "Yeah, I suppose I'm not the best."

Miranda smiled. "But at least you have one up on me, the girls prefer your curry chicken over mine."

"That is true." Eric replied, grinning.

"As for Candice's mother's cooking it could never be as good as Cara's." Miranda said.

"Oh, good old Cara, I miss having her around all the time and smelling all the wonderful food wafting from the kitchen."

Miranda shrugged. "Maybe you and Candice will have to come around for dinner soon."

Eric's eyes widened at her words and he shrugged. "I suppose we could work something out."

"Fantastic." Miranda replied as her ex-husband began speaking once more unable to stop smiling.

"You know what I really miss of hers?" He asked her.

Smirking Miranda nodded. "The bean casseroles."

"Mmm, now they were killer! I definitely miss those!" Eric responded.

Miranda snorted. "I definitely don't miss your flatulence that came afterwards."

"Yeah, they were beyond bad." Eric responded, continuing. "But I am talking about yours by the way, mine were like roses in comparison."

Miranda opened her mouth in shock and felt her cheeks reddening. "Oh please, piss off!" she said, throwing a cushion at him, a small smile on her face at the easy banter that came back to them as if none of the legal battles and tensions over the years ever existed. It was super refreshing and she could get used to this.

Eric began laughing loudly as their eyes connected, both sparkling with how comfortable their old banter easily flowed between them as if none of the divorce drama had ever occurred, and the way she was at ease with her ex-husband was a feeling she has missed terribly. She smiled and shook her head, sipped her whisky, before the girls reappeared.

"That was quick." Miranda commented, watching them closely, having a feeling that she would have
to fix the bed up.

"We have talented hands and can work fast." They chorused happily as they landed on the couch either side of her and instantly cuddled into her.

"Wait until future dates hear them say that." Eric whispered to her as he passed the couch that he leaned over and placed the cushion back in its rightful place next to where Cassidy sat.

Miranda coughed on her sip as her eyes widened and she began laughing at the thought she wasn't ready to deal with just yet as she still saw Cassidy and Caroline as her babies. "Oh, Eric!" she slapped him on the arm as he went by.

"That's what she said." Eric said, winking at her.

Miranda wiped the tears from her eyes due to the laughter bubbling up from inside of her. "My god, I forgot how crude you can be!"

Yes, this was the Eric she knew and loved as he continued laughing as he wandered out of the room before reappearing with a glass of his own for whisky. She knew she wanted to have many more nights like this from this point on wards.

"Should we put the video on now?" Caroline eagerly asked.

"Ready when you are, bobsey's." Miranda replied, coming out of her musings.

Cassidy pressed play on the DVD remote and the wide screen lit up and the green soccer field appeared and the school teams were announced and soon enough she watched with so much pride and more tears welled in her eyes as Cassidy and Caroline appeared wearing their Dalton blue and white soccer uniform and she adored seeing Priestly on the backs of their jersey's.

Even though she had missed this game it was very special sitting here tonight with her family and it was a night she would never forget.

~*~

~ Two Weeks Later,
The Townhouse ~

Miranda opened the door to be greeted by the familiar delivery man however she was confused as she wasn't expecting anything in the mail which he was asking her to sign for.

The only time Miranda receives anything in the mail is when she's at Runway where she gets gifts and items from people she knows within the fashion industry and then there were all the gifts and letters from die-hard fans.

So, frowning, she took the pen from the courier and signed for the very large packages which the delivery man helped her move into the foyer and she thanked him, tipped him, before closing and locking the door.

Turning she studied the packages before her eyes widened. Due to the width of each package she knew instantly what they were. She didn't even need to see who the sender was however she still took the small piece of paper and read the familiar handwriting.

Thanks, but no thanks.
I can no longer accept your gifts.
Putting the note into her pocket she opened the packages and pulled out the photo frames of phenomenal art

"What's all that?" The girls cheerfully asked as they bounced down from the kitchen having just finished breakfast.

"Nothing of importance to me." Miranda replied, dragging the pictures into the second closet across from the staircase and shut the door and hopefully on that part of her life.

Taking a few deep breaths she turned back around to face her daughters who were watching her quizzically. "You know what I think we should do?"

"School and learning!" Cassidy replied, beaming.

"No no, don't you get bored of all that studying?" Miranda asked. "Don't you just want to have some fun?"

"That's outrageous!" Caroline said, shaking her head as Cassidy continued.

"You know us better than that. School is fun."

They both rolled their eyes.

"Studying is life, duh!" Caroline said as if she should already know this.

"Alright, you've made your points, and I should have known better that it's one of your passions however I have a fabulous idea. I want to pull you out of school for the day and we can drive up to the cabin for the weekend. It's Friday and one day off school won't hurt."

"But... we've never missed a day of school."

"Like... ever!"

"They'll be so disappointed in us."

"It's like... like such a sacrilegious thing for us to do!"

"What will our teachers think?"

Miranda couldn't help but to start laughing hysterically at them. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. They were crazily addicted to educating themselves so much so that they believed they shouldn't miss a day of schooling. She wiped her eyes which began to water from all the emotions she was feeling. "Oh my goodness... never in my wildest dreams did I think I would raise such smart and school orientated girls, but I suppose I shouldn't be so shocked considering you started University at five years old."

The girls beamed at her knowing how lucky they were to get such a head start. "Well, we are child prodigy's, Mom."

"Like you've said you've never missed a day off school ever which means your teachers won't mind. They often say you're both such hard workers and deserve time off now and then." Miranda said as they began walking upstairs. "But if you don't want to come on an awesome adventure then that's perfectly fine. We can stay home and do what we always do on the weekend." she added, looking
They turned back to her.

"What about Runway?" Cassidy asked with arched eyebrows.

"Well, I'm planning on putting Emily in a trial run as my co-editor for when I won't be able to be at the office. She has all the qualities and the perfect attitude needed." Miranda replied, stopping at the second floor landing and looked at her daughters. "What do you think, bobsey's?" she asked and saw the shocked looks on their faces from being asked for their opinion.

"She is very serious about Runway." Caroline said.

Cassidy nodded. "I think she's a great choice, mom."

"And it would mean we can vacation more." Caroline said, smiling widely.

"Exactly." Miranda said, smiling, and continuing. "Now... what do you say... yes or no to going to the cabin?"

"We're in!" Cassidy and Caroline chimed excitedly causing Miranda to smile widely.

"Wonderful!" Miranda replied, and had been about to continue when her girls spoke.

"But on one condition." They said.

Miranda raised an eyebrow. "What's that?"

"We need to stop by school so we can get our assignments and whatever else we'll need." Cassidy said and Caroline nodded at her sisters words.

"We can study before we go to bed just like we do here after we have a day together." Caroline said.

Miranda began softly laughing. "Of course, sweethearts, we can do that. Now, come on, let's start packing our things together. I'll ring Emily first though."

"And our teachers." Caroline said.

Cassidy looked at her firmly.

"Yes yes, and your teachers, but I know they'll be perfectly okay with this, sweethearts, so stop worrying." Miranda said beginning to walk towards her bedroom. "This little trip is going to be great and I want it to be our new tradition."

"To go upstate more?" They asked.

"Yes, bobsey's, more than once a year." Miranda responded, smiling over her shoulder as they beamed in delight.

"That would be awesome!" They chorused and the Runway editor heartily laughed as she entered her bedroom.

Yes, this was a wonderful idea and she couldn't wait to get the weekend started.

~*~
Six Months Later,  
May 2007 ~

After tucking the girls into bed who have come down with the flu she had been about to sit and go over the book when her MacBook signaled a new E-Mail.

Not expecting anything to do with Runway she put on her reading glasses and sat at her desk clicking open her E-Mail. She froze instantly upon seeing who the sender was from.

Melanie Anderson.

She hasn’t heard from her since that last day in Australia and she had no idea what to expect from her. She knew it could be a message containing anything as she has no idea what Andrea has said or done since their love affair ended.

With slight trepidation Miranda clicked open the E-Mail and none of what she had expected appeared but something completely different which had her blood boiling with rage and her hands clenched tightly into fists.

Hi Miranda! Just thought you might like to see a pic of the happy couple =D They got married yesterday and it was such an extraordinary day!

I have been busy with University the last few months but my parents and I will be in Manhattan for Christmas. I will let you know which dates when it comes closer as I really can’t wait for the tour of your amazing magazine if that offer still stands-

The message continued as the young blonde raved on about the latest issue of Runway yet none of it mattered to Miranda except for the picture in which she couldn't take her eyes off of.
"You've got to be kidding me." She seethed unable to believe her eyes.

Andrea had gone back to Joel and pretended like nothing had ever happened after those fateful days in Australia as if none of it had even mattered to her.

"Unfuckingbelievable!" She said as she slammed her laptop shut and she had to stop herself from picking up her phone and giving that pathetic coward a piece of her mind, but she knew to not do that as there was no point wasting her breath a second longer on that cheater.

Walking over to her drinks trolley she downed four shots of McAllens before grabbing her phone and hitting one of her speed-dial numbers and she waited impatiently as the phone rang.

"You've reached Larry. You know what to do after the beep." The gruff older gentleman’s voice said informing her he was busy.

Downing another shot of whisky she spoke. "I accept your proposal." she said before dropping the Motorola from her limp hand and went upstairs where she screamed into her pillow.

~*~
Miranda paced the entire length of her home office.

Since receiving the information of Andrea's wedding to Joel which Miranda had fumed over she had done something ridiculous herself and not only had Larry move into the townhouse but eloped with him a week after reading that E-Mail from Melanie Anderson. He was a good, decent man and her girls finally had a father figure who was actually genuine and wanted to know and care for them.

The year that passed went by quickly in a blink of her eyes as she had thrown herself back into Runway yet still managed to keep her word of promise to her girls and spent more time with them which meant their relationship had strengthened wonderfully and they talked several times a day which wasn't how it used to be, she knew so much more about her girls that they'd open up about and it was all absolutely wonderful, the unconditional love they shared grew stronger with each new day and the three of them were closer and happier for it.

Ever since seeing that wedding photo Miranda has done her best to not give Andrea a single thought however on the odd occasion the brunette beauty did slip into the forefront of her mind and especially in her dreams which played out in all types of different scenarios.

This evening was one of moments where the thoughts of Andrea came flooding back as she stared at her computer screen seeing two E-Mails from Joel Anderson that had come through two hours ago and she has been hesitating whether she should open or merely dismiss and delete. She had no idea what to expect, a sense of de-ja-vu coming over her, but this time she was freaking out about what they could both contain.

Had Andrea broken up with him and now he was letting out his anger on her?

If this was the case and the truth has been revealed then he had every right to do so.

Taking a deep breath she clicked open the first E-Mail and, like the last time, instantly couldn't believe her eyes as her heart raced and a weird feeling overcame her as she stared at the picture.
For some unknown reason she felt oddly happy and surprisingly wasn't angry or upset because what was the point when there was nothing she could do about it. She continued to stare at the picture wordlessly. She honestly had no idea what she should say or think.

Standing up and walking the length of her office a couple of times she sat back down and clicked out of the E-Mail and stared at the other unopened message. What more could he possibly have to say as it was clear that Joel had no idea about the affair, but still she was confused as to why she was receiving these E-Mails.

Miranda had really hoped that Andrea would have told Joel the truth and broken it off with him and come back to her after a respectable amount of time to cool off and think things through before reuniting, but clearly she was being a delusional fool to think such thoughts.

Shaking her head for even having that tiny hopeful dream she gulped down some whisky before clicking open the E-Mail and she nearly spat out the liquid at what she saw.
“An invitation? You’ve got to be kidding me?!” Miranda asked the empty room, staring at the picture.

Surely this E-Mail had to have been sent to her by mistake?

Reading over the invitation she realised that on November 16th she would be in Australia that week. She chewed the inside of her lip, thoughts of Andrea flashing passed her eyes, the hopes of what it could bring if they saw each other and talked things through like the young woman had wanted that she’d shut down instantly, but just like that fateful, life-changing night she instantly she shook her head and closed her laptop. "I am not going." she firmly told herself out loud. "You would be the elephant in the room and would be awkwardly fielding off questions as to why you were there." she added, and knew she was right, however she still couldn't stop holding onto this slight bit of hope that maybe Andrea wants to see her and the thought made her heart race. "Stop being a stupid fool, look how that ended the first time you let yourself act foolish. She clearly doesn't want you anymore."

Nodding at her own words she knew she was correct and she'd be beyond an idiot if she went back to that place where Andrea had established this life in the home Joel built for her that they now lived in with their newborn.

It has been made obvious that Andrea has moved past from the affair just like she had expected would happen eventually.

She knew she needed to stop toying with the thought of seeing the brunette, and needed to accept it would never happen, and move on. She needed to stop giving the woman another minute of her time because after-all she did betray her and is her biggest disappointment.

With that thought she opened her MacBook once more and deleted the E-Mail's and exited her home office to head upstairs and get ready for bed and shut off all thoughts about Andrea once again.
If only she had listened to her brain and not her old foolish heart as the black Mercedes turned into the drive way of the familiar house from the photo's she'd found in Andrea's photo album on Facebook she'd accessed through Caroline's account when her daughter had stepped out of the kitchen.

It was a very modern house yet rustic and had quite the American ranch vibe to it which she knew Andrea enjoyed as it reminds her of her family home in the Mid-West.

As she looked around the drive way she only saw three cars - Joel's poison ivy Holden Ute and a matching coloured Holden Commodore sedan with the number plate Andyz99 which she knew to be her former lovers favourite number as it was the only ever high score she could get on the pinball machine at her home towns local arcade. She wasn't at all surprised to see that Andrea has a matching Holden poison ivy in a sedan model because of the way the brunette raved about Joel's Holden and how much she loved driving it.

Looking to the car next to it was a dark blue Holden Commodore, an older model, but not as old as Andrea's old Holden used to be. This one had been beaten around the bush more than a few times as she took in lots of large dents and scratches.

Biting the inside of her lip she suddenly felt like this hadn't been the right thing to have done to come here as either this was a low key event or she was incredibly late and everyone had left already. 'You shouldn't have come.' she thought to herself however she squashed those thoughts down as she picked up the light purple, very shiny birthday bag and opened the door to exit the car as she was here now and she would go through with this however awkward it may become.

Standing from the vehicle she wandered across the pebbled foot path being extra careful in her four inch Prada heels. She stepped up the stairs onto the front porch and stopped at the door which was an impressive iron steel.

Taking a deep breath she raised her hand and pressed the doorbell. She heard it ring inside and she only had to wait a few moments until she heard footsteps. and with a lump in her throat, the door was unlocked to be faced with possibly Andrea, it was pulled open where she became face to face with a topless Joel.

It took him a moment until he realised who stood in front of him underneath the Chanel sun glasses and floppy hat one of her few favourite items from James Holts collection from late last year due to it's memory it made her think of from her days with Andrea.

"Miranda, hi, come in. This is a nice surprise." Joel said, opening the door wider and stepping aside for her. "Welcome." he added, grinning that charming smile she'd seen in all the photographs and remembered from the day she'd briefly met him.

Miranda walked on inside smiling and thanking him. "I'm here for Evelyn's welcoming, but I have a feeling I am incredibly late and it's all over?"

"Oh man, no that was on the 10th, we had to reschedule. You should have gotten an E-mail from me or Andy." Joel replied.

"Umm..." She cleared her throat, she knew exactly what must of happened, with Andrea deliberately
not E-mailing her the changed event date. She stood there continuing to feel awkward. "No, no I didn't get the E-mail, but I... well, here's my present for Evelyn if you could please pass it along. Ah, it's been nice to see you again, and this house... you've done a fabulous job, well done. I will leave you to it." 'Oh god, this is awkward enough as it is, stop rambling and just leave!' She smiled politely, beginning to step away. "Thank you for inviting me in the first place, it was a lovely gesture."

Joel waved away the words. "No worries, I know how much you mean to Andy even though you had some kind of falling out, and I thought maybe if you came you gals could work things out. She's always talking of you and how she wishes Evelyn could have some of your guidance in her life as she grows up." he spoke as he motioned for her to enter as he walked over to the couch where there was a clothes basket and he took one of the black tee-shirts and put it on.

She had no idea what she should say to that so she remained quiet as she watched him closely all the while checking out the home around her.

"I don't know all of what happened between you and Andy except that you both had another huge disagreement and decided to walk away from each other again however I can tell you with confidence that Andy still speaks very highly of you and I thought you coming to Evelyn's party would be a good way for you to both talk things out, kiss and make up, whatever you chicks do." he laughingly said, continuing with a shrug. "However unfortunately you just missed Andy. She's gone to the city for the night to a friend’s baby shower, everyone seems to be having babies lately." he laughingly said, so casual with her even though he barely knew her. "I'll be headed there very soon to drop Evie off as I gotta jump on a plane for work. It'll be my first time apart from Evelyn and I'm freaking out but I'm on-site manager and I'm contracted to be there. I don't know how I'll go for a whole three weeks so far away."

"I remember that feeling. It was very hard when I went to Paris not long after I gave birth to the twins. I was anxious with worry the whole time that they were okay and happy and safe. I don't know what to say to help you unfortunately as that feeling never goes away once you have children." Miranda heard herself saying, conversing with the younger man.

Joel laughed softly and waved her words away. "I'm a big boy, I'll be able to handle it."

'What about Andrea, how will she handle it what kind of support system has she got?' Was the more important question in her mind as the sound of Evelyn crying came through the baby monitor.

"I'm assuming you'd like to meet Evelyn?" Joel asked, smiling.

"Oh, of course, that would be lovely." Miranda replied.

"Great! Follow me!" Joel excitedly replied, turning and headed for the staircase.

Biting her lip Miranda wondered once again why she was here - it was completely stupid and part of her was glad Andrea wasn't here as she had a feeling that would have been messy and complicated, but of course there was that part of her that was devastated she couldn't see that gorgeously flawless face with that million dollar smile.

As she walked after Joel she took in some of the photo's which lined the wall up to the second floor and as she reached said floor she stopped at two of the photo's - the first one being the wedding photo which Melanie had taken, and next to it were the professional photo's. "I remember receiving this photo." she commented, staring at Andrea who she had hoped would come back to her begging for forgiveness instead married the man next to her. She sighed inwardly.
"Bloody Melanie, always taking photos when you aren't aware of it!" Joel laughingly said. "It was nearly 1AM and I was about ready to pass out from exhaustion, but Andy..." he shook his head, smirking. "She was ready to continue on with the night life of the party looking stunning, and there I was... looking awful and exhausted."

Miranda smiled at the words about Andrea. That was the brunette she knew thinking back to quite a few nights when she could have easily fallen asleep but her ex-lover always wanted to continue with whatever they were doing, not that Miranda complained though, as Andrea's company was the greatest and she missed those nights so much.

Squashing down her thoughts and feelings she turned to Joel and cleared her throat ignoring how false and forced she thought Andrea looked in nearly every photo lining the wall with her husband by her side. "Oh, I wouldn't worry about that, you look very dapper in that suit and I wouldn't have even known you were exhausted." She spoke. "You're an amazing couple." She forced herself to say even though she hated hearing herself voice those words, The dress Andrea wore for the wedding wasn't at all what she would suggested the brunette wear. She knew Andrea deserved to be in Valentino instead. "May I ask, who designed the dress?"

"It was the dress Andy's mom wore to her wedding so it was very special for her to wear it to her own. Honestly she could have rocked up in a brown paper bag and I'd still have married her!" Joel laughingly said.

Miranda swallowed hard. She hated hearing Joel speaking of Andrea in such a way. She wished she could turn back the clock - she knew this was something she would always think that she wished she had done so she could have listened to Andrea's explanation and just maybe, maybe have continued to be with the brunette romantically, to be hers and only hers instead of hearing about the life the other woman has been living with Joel Anderson. "Oh, that's very sentimental, her Mother must have been over the moon when she saw her."

"Kate was, she was crying through most of the day, happy tears of course."

"Of course." Miranda looked to the photo of Andrea again. "She really is stunning."

"Yeah. She's my goddess. I'm so lucky." Joel replied, grinning as he gazed at the photo.

'I should be in your place.' Miranda thought, and obviously did not say as she ground down on her teeth. 'Why didn’t I handle that night better? We could have gotten passed all the hurdles, but you ran away. Andrea isn't the coward, you are.' Realising what was now a mistake she turned to Joel motioning for him to continue up the stairs she she could meet Evelyn before fleeing back to her own miserable life.

Clenching her fists she tried to concentrate on what Joel was saying about another photo that Melanie took and pointed to it as they walked up the staircase.

In the photo mentioned Joel and Andrea were sat out the front of their house which looked like it was still being built at the time, staring at each other, smiling widely. Andrea looked absolutely breathtaking with her hair a lighter brown with slight hints of blonde. Again she wished she could be in Joel's place, but it was clear as day how happy Andrea was and she knew that she needed to move on and not get between this obviously wonderful loved up couple who have now welcomed a child into the mix.
It was true at the end of the day that Miranda only wanted Andrea to be happy and loved and even though it was sad for her to know that it couldn't be with her she knew she had to move on and simply wish Andrea the best of luck with the future. Though she will always have these thoughts and regrets of the way she reacted that night in that life-changing apartment complex. She hates so much for flying off in a fit of rage, but what happened, happened and she felt no animosity for the brunette any more.

"It's lovely. All these photos are lovely. You make a wonderful couple." Miranda said, and even though those latter words were hard for her to say she did mean it even though she knew she and Andrea made an even more striking couple.

"Thanks a lot. She's the dream girl!" Joel replied, grinning over his shoulder.

"Mmm." Miranda hummed, remaining quiet as she wandered down the hall to where Joel entered a room which had Evelyn in colourful block letters on the door. "The design in this room is fantastic." she commented as she looked around.

"Thanks, but most of it was Andy's ideas. She picked most of the colours and paintings. She has a good eye, my girl." Joel replied as he stopped in front of the cot.

"Very impressive. It all feels very similar to your letter of announcing the birth of Evelyn." Miranda commented.

Joel laughed. "Yeah, my 7 year old niece wanted to help announce Evie and so we were like do whatever you want with this invatition, create it in your own unique way, and that's what she came up with. You should have heard Andy's laughter when she first saw it, it was bloody brilliant."

Miranda smiled, wishing she could have heard that beautiful laughter which was like music to her ears. She watched as Joel lent down and picked up Evelyn who continued to cry. "Aww, what is it, lil miss?" he cooed, kissing Evelyn on the top of her head before turning around and gently handed her into the editors arms.

It has been a very long time since Miranda has held a baby, but as soon as she held Andrea's little girl in her arms ll those natural motherly instincts came flooding back.

Evelyn opened her eyes slightly and she gasped upon seeing familiar and so beautiful brown eyes
exactly like her mothers. Oh, this little thing was going to grow up to be a stunner just like her mother and she only wished she could see Andrea with Evelyn. She continued to gaze at Evelyn who got herself quite comfortable in her arms, one of her tiny hands took hold of her thumb, and it felt so wonderful and natural to be holding this little bundle of joy in her arms.

Beginning to sway on the spot continuing to stare down in awe at the beautiful daughter Andrea had given birth to she jumped slightly upon hearing the loud noise of an engine from outside, one which sounded like a motorbike, and she was right when not even a second later she heard it being revved which only caused Evelyn to cry louder in her arms. 'Bloody hell, whoever that idiot is outside needs to be taught a lesson when there's a newborn around!'

"Oh, you bloody ripper!" The blonde next to her said, having other thoughts on the noise disturbance for Evelyn, as he grinned widely. "I swear my best mates tools are coated with magic."

Miranda laughed at his infectious personality at those words as Evelyn looked at her once again. She wasn't at all surprised by how relaxed she felt with Andrea's daughter in her arms.

"Do you mind if I quickly leave the two of you alone?" Joel asked.

"No, of course not, we'll be right here. Isn't that right?" Miranda said, looking down to Evelyn who was still clinging onto her thumb.

"Won't be long." Joel said and Miranda nodded as the young man exited the room.

Without helping herself Miranda wandered the second floor which was all quite charming and had lots of books scattered around it. Aside from all of the dark black coloured walls in certain areas which must come from Joel's tastes it all screamed Andrea everywhere she looked.

Even knowing she shouldn't she had a quick look in the master bedroom which had a dark grey duvet with dark green sheets which were peeking out underneath the messily made bed and the feature wall behind was, no surprise, dark green. It was clear Joel had a lot of influence in the creation of this room. She poked her head into the bathroom which was spacious and unlike the bedroom this room looked like a bomb had exploded - towels all over the place, all different kinds of products scattered across the counter top around the two sinks, Joel's side being slightly tidier than Andrea's and she got a flash of how her own bathroom would look if she shared it with the certain brunette and sadly she would never be able to find out and laugh at the continuous mess which she had a feeling would occur every time her lover used the ensuite.

Miranda really did hate that Andrea was married to someone who wasn't her.

Knowing she shouldn't be in this room let alone this house she hurriedly exited the room and made her way downstairs to collect her bag and coat just as a poison ivy coloured motorbike came zooming past the window as she reached the first floor.

It was Andrea's husband on the motorbike and Joel rode around the entire house testing out his newly fixed motorbike before turning it off at the back of the house and spoke with his friend who had followed him by foot on his tiny joy ride.

"Look at your Daddy out there," Miranda said, looking from Joel to Evelyn. "He's very impressive and will teach you many amazing things. You're very lucky and will always be in good hands. You can always trust me on that as I know how to read people exceptionally well and your Daddy is one of the greatest kind man in this crazy world we live in." she said, and tried to keep her emotions at bay. "However I hope that one day maybe you and I will be lucky enough to meet again and to get to know each other and I can teach you some of my own wisdom and knowledge, maybe you would
like that, maybe you won't but I hope we'll find out."

Evelyn made a happy noise at her as she began sucking the Runway editor's thumb.

"You're extremely precious and so beautiful like your Mommy." Miranda whispered as she walked over to the coffee table where she saw Evelyn's pacifier and took her thumb from Evelyn's mouth and replaced it with the pacifier as she continued to stare at the bundle of joy in her arms. Evelyn really was the most gorgeous baby she has ever seen aside from her daughters of course who had been stunning bundles of joy with their curly red hair.

With Evelyn now asleep in her arms she decided to go back upstairs to put her back in her cot. "Until next time." she whispered, tracing a finger along Evelyn's cheek before she turned around and stared at the rocking chair in the corner and easily envisioned Andrea sitting in said chair with Evelyn in her arms.

Miranda walked over to the desk on the wall near the open door that had a notebook with birds similar to the birds on the letter announcement of Evelyn's birth and the front read; For Your First Words. it was an incredibly cute and fantastic idea as she sat down and stared at a photo of Joel, Evelyn, and Andrea. So many thoughts crossed her mind all of which she wished she could be experiencing this joy of bringing a newborn into the world even though over a year ago she would have dismissed the idea completely.

Biting her lip she picked up the pen and looked over to Evelyn. "You won't mind, will you?" she asked the sleeping baby. "I don't think you will." she said and took a deep breath before she began writing.

A few seconds later she finished her note, reread it, and folded it to give to Joel to pass onto Andrea just as she heard the man enter the house downstairs however as she gripped onto the small piece of paper she suddenly got cold feet over her heart wrenching note of putting all her emotions and spilling her love into one small piece of paper. She looked around and shook her head. 'What are you doing?' She asked herself. 'You can't break up this family and you know it.' She was right and she knew how selfish she would be if she did such a horrible thing at least without having spoken to Andrea face to face first. She unfolded the piece of paper and picked up the pen and once more wrote a few more words.

*I will always be there for you if you ever find yourself lost and alone. You know where to find me, always & forever.*

She folded the note back up and she picked up the purple shiny bag she'd brought and pulled out the teddy bear which she'd found last week in San Francisco – She knew instantly that it was the perfect present for Evelyn as well as a Myers gift voucher of five thousand dollars to help with whatever they would need in the near future – She knew Andrea would have a fit at the large sum of money, but it was her way of doing things and she would always want to help Andrea any way she possibly can regardless of what had happened between them.

Miranda tucked the note into the teddy bears shirt and placed the bear on a perfect spot on the shelf above the desk.

If Andrea found that note and came to her then she knew they were meant to be if not then so be it. If not she would move on the best she could with Larry yet she knew deep down she would continue to hold onto HOPE without being able to help it her heart would always belong to Andrea Sachs.

"So sorry about that." Joel said as he hurried back into Evelyn's room. "I haven't been able to get that started for days."
"It's alright, we've enjoyed our time together." Miranda replied, looking over to Evelyn who was still sound asleep and briefly at the teddy bear when Joel was paying attention to Evelyn "But I really must be going now."

"Oh really? Because I was going to suggest if you give me say five minutes you could follow us into the city and you could see Andy." Joel suggested. "I know she'd be thrilled to see you. She always says how rare it is for you to be able to come to Australia for time away with your hubby."

"Oh." Miranda said, swallowing hard at the thought of seeing Andrea but she knew that wouldn't be right. Not now. That would only make all of this worse and she wasn't going to be responsible of wrecking a family. "No no, I must be off, and I was actually thinking that maybe it would be best if Andrea weren't to know I was here. I know it's a big ask."

Joel frowned. "Like I said before... I know that things didn't end on good terms between you two, but I really thought you might be able to work things out."

Miranda shook her head. 'Oh god, if only he knew the real reason why you were here.' She thought and swallowed hard again. She knew how much the truth would break his kind and genuine heart as she could see all the love in his eyes he held for Andrea and now Evelyn.

"Surely you wouldn't have come here if you were thinking otherwise." Joel said, breaking into her thoughts.

"As right as you are I realise now I shouldn't have come as Andrea doesn't want me in her life and she has every reason to feel that way. I didn't let her have the benefit of the doubt and I blamed and judged her quickly when I shouldn't have."

"About Paris again?" Joel asked.

"Yes, that debacle came up, and it always will. She hates how I ruined Nigel's career." Miranda said, lying through her teeth and felt utterly horrible for doing so, but she had no other choice. "I don't even know how to explain the friendship that occurred that week last year, but it wasn't right." 'Or maybe just not the right time.' She thought hopefully as she cleared her throat. "I wasn't a good friend, I judge too quickly, and i didn't treat her the way she should have been when shit hit the fan like it always does in my life."

Oh god, she couldn't believe how she sounded and the tone of voice she was using, her emotions about to show. In her mind she was practically shouting her lesbian heart for Andrea right to Joel's face however he seemed to remain completely unaware because of course he would... why would he ever suspect that his loving wife entered a lesbian affair with her, the ex boss twenty years older than "Andy"?

"I suppose that's fair enough. I've certainly had my fair share of friendships dying off, but if you ever change your mind you know where to find us as Andrea does talk about you often and she misses the friendship." Joel said.

'If that were true she would have reached out to me by now.' She thought as she smiled at Joel. "Thank you." she responded, looking to Evelyn once more. "And thank you very much for welcoming me into your beautiful home. I really appreciate it." she added as she began exiting the room.

"Oh wait, what do I say about that?" Joel questioned, pointing to the bag which held the Myers gift voucher and a box of chocolates.
Shrugging Miranda wracked her brain. "Say..." she cleared her throat, feeling incredibly awful she was making Joel lie for her. "Say it was left on the front door step."

Nodding Joel looked down to Evelyn. "I suppose that could work, couldn't it, bug?" he asked, touching his sleeping daughter on the chest. He was so in love with his family that it was becoming too overwhelming for Miranda. She had to leave. Now. "Please never take this beautiful family for granted."

"I'd die before doing that." Joel replied, continuing to coo over Evelyn.

Miranda nodded and swallowed down her emotions. "I'll show myself out." and with that she hurriedly left the house and was thankful to see the town car just parked still outside the pathway.

As she got into said car she felt completely motionless and num. She had no idea what would happen next in her own life, but knew she had to put this part of her life behind for. For now at least. As it wasn't doing her any good continuing to think over and over and over about what happened and might happen.

~*~

~ One Year Later - February 2009 ~

With her girls at the Hampton's with a group of their girlfriend's and combined friends and with Larry in Los Angeles for a business conference Miranda found herself scrolling through Andrea's Facebook thanks to Caroline not only forgetting her laptop but leaving it open and Facebook signed in.

Scrolling through she read all of Andrea's posts from the last few days as this was a once a week ritual she had started doing. She was aware she was coming across stalkerish, but she couldn’t help herself, she wanted to take in any and all she could about the brunette beauty and to see if she was happy and safe.

Getting to the last post she'd seen she read the newest ones.

January 2009:
*Hey family and friends I have finally caved in and have come back to the realm of FB- this shall be interesting. For now, peace and love to all of you.*

There were no other posts until three weeks later.

*Ahhh, work has been crazy, but I love it! Now for a relaxing weekend off my feet!*

*The next day:
For our Saturday adventure we are headed off for a hike. It's going to be very fun! ~
*We made it to the end with surprisingly no winging from Evie =) Wow! It's so peaceful here. I don't want to go back let along hike the rest of the way back, I'm exhausted! I need to get back to the gym. Haha.*

*The next night:
Tonight I cooked gnocchi for the first time ever! I wish I could say I made the gnocchi myself but I cheated and purchased some from Woolies. However my carbonara is a secret family sauce! Yummo! Evie is already devouring it =D*
The next day:
Out the door at 5:15AM today to drive into the city and then get on a train to Dandenong - lots of interviews to be done today!

~
A Few Hours Later;
I'm shocked. I finished all I had to do in Dandenong by midday! Now I'm on a V/Line headed back to the city to get a much needed lunch.

~
A Week Later;
Another long work week over now to pack and head to Amelia's for the weekend while Evie and Daddy have a special weekend together. I wonder what state the house will be when I get back, hmmm... :D

~
Several Hours Later;
Made it to Amelia's, ahhhh, the serenity! I will forever love this place!

~
The Next Day;
Enjoying the peace and quiet and working on my new article. I'm loving it! I am so proud to be a part of such a moving story.

~
The Next Day;
Lazy Sunday sleep in, waking up at 9AM, never get to do that anymore. Breakfast and then back to home I go! =D

~
Later;
Home sweet home. A little exhausted though - why on earth does sitting in a car make you so drained?! =/

~
Cleaning, cleaning, cleaning - always so much cleaning to be done.

~
The Next Day;
Not working until the afternoon so Evie and I got up and went for a walk and the morning sky was beautiful.

~
Dancing to the Wiggles with my girl - love these days <3

~
A Few Weeks Later;
Writing outside under the gas heater while the hubby is inside making dinner. What chaotic mess will I come into later?

~
Later;
Joel made arancini balls - I'm impressed, honey, they're very delicious! Thank you, mwah xx

~
The Next Night;
Trixter's bruschetta - super delicious!

~
A Little While Later;
Just saw a chicken casually chillin in a tree. How random.

~
Two Weeks Later.;
AWOL from FB because of work being hectic, but I am enjoying being able to do what I love in such a beautiful country.
Later That Day;
Saturday morning spent outside in the garden building our vegetable and herb patch! I cannot wait until summer so we can start seeing all this beautiful food grow!

That Night;
Just a bit of light reading before going to bed - Game of Thrones - the greatest novel series.

The Next Day;
Off to Sydney for the night - interview can only be done there and I'm definitely not complaining - I can't wait to explore another part of this beautiful country :D I hope the hubby has a relaxing night to himself whilst Evelyn has a sleep over with God Mama Bridget!

Later;
Haven't even been in Sydney for an hour but I'm already enjoying it! The people are all so warm and welcoming.

Oh my god, I have been converted into a Jameson fan (thanks Jeremiah!) sorry Dylan, but this boozey drop is beautiful and oh so smooth :D

The Next Day - Early Evening;
Came home to be greeted by a bouquet of roses! Awww, thank you, honey :D

Later;
And this is why I can't leave Joel for even a night. This is an appropriate dinner in his eyes *face palm* Three oven fried chicken strips, steak cut chips, four mini guiches, and an absurdly amount of ketchup doused over everything! No wonder why Evie is currently sick.

Miranda saw there were comments and she decided to read them.

Melanie Anderson: Oh Joel, he'll never change!
Jacinta Jones: How does he go cooking for Evelyn?
Andrea "Andy" Sachs: Actually he's really great with Evelyn and what she eats but on occasions like tonight allows her to eat junk food when I'm not around, it's just his own diet which is questionable at times! LOL Gotta love him though :)

There were more comments, but Miranda couldn't be bothered reading about Joel's response and those that followed when she knew Andrea would be smart enough to raise Evelyn on a healthy diet.

Fire is crackling now all that needs to happen is for Joel to hurry up and get here so we can roast our marshmallows - it will be Evie's first time :D

Miranda smiled at the thought of that, she could easily envision herself with Andrea, Evelyn and the girls sitting around a cosy fire roasting marshmallows and eating s'amores. It was beyond lovely to think of.

Sighing with sad frustration she continued reading Andrea's posts even though she wondered why she still did this when it didn't help with trying to move on from the brunette beauty.

I love my new trackie pants they're sooo comfy and money put towards a fantastic charity!

Underneath was a picture of Andrea wearing a pair of grey sweat pants that had a panda on them and the WWF logo which she knew all money went directly to said charity as she herself donated each year to the cause.
"Oh hello there, what are you doing home so early?"

Miranda jumped at the sound of Cara's voice and quickly closed the laptop and looked up at her house keeper who watched her quizzically. "I, um..."

"Is everything alright? Would you like to talk?" Cara asked. "I could put on a pot of tea."

Swallowing and running her hands through her hair Miranda nodded. "Tea would be great, but I don't need to talk. Let's talk about you and that beautiful grandson."

At her words Cara beamed excitedly and began speaking about the ball of energy which was her grandson, Harry, and even though Miranda smiled and nodded and hummed at all the right moments she really wasn't listening as she kept thinking of Andrea and how happy she seemed, and yet for some reason, she knew looking at Andrea's Facebook now and then would continue to be her secret guilty pleasure.

It was utterly ridiculous, she knew, and yet she didn't care. She wanted to be in Andrea's life any way she could and if this was the only way then so be it - she will take it.

~*~

~ Five Months Later - July 2009
The Townhouse, Manhattan ~

As much as the editor had wanted her guilty pleasure to be a weekly this Miranda had tried her hardest to distance herself from Andrea's Facebook profile and it had worked until today as she stared at the latest post from her ex-lover.

The brunette beauty not only looked absolutely stunning with short hair which did take Miranda aback for a couple of seconds but the style suited the young woman exceptionally, as said woman was photographed in a dark blue Richard Nicoll dress which featured a deep V-neck that flashed a lot of that exquisite and flawless flesh and the back had a matching V-neck which showed off that divine back.

The jewelry her ex-lover wore were just as perfect and complemented the dress - a star necklace that sat wonderfully around Andrea’s neck she'd once loved kissing and there was a matching star jewelry draped around her right wrist which gave the whole ensemble an edgy look.

Andrea's hair was curled just enough and her closed lips were kept with a soft shade of natural looking lip stick.

The whole look was utterly amazing and Miranda couldn't take her eyes off of Andrea before she read what the picture's post said.

~

A co-worker was unable to attend the TV Week Logie Awards tonight and everyone else was busy so I thought it was a wonderful opportunity and I put my hand up and took on the extra work load and it paid off brilliantly. I got to meet some fabulous Australian actors and actresses along with some American actresses, Jessica Chastain in particular, and I even managed to get a photo! I will post it later! Lots of extraordinary singers also. All the press interviews I got are really fab and I can’t wait to share them with the public once published! What a night I'll never forget! :D Now to head home as I am DRAINED!
Also a big thank you to my Anderson family who made me feel like a model tonight practically demanding I have a photo-shoot before I left! Haha :D Thanks guys, you make me feel utterly fantastic! xoxo
Miranda smiled. She was thankful that Andrea has become a part of a very loving family. It gave her peace of mind knowing that the brunette beauty was in good hands.
She scrolled down to the next post from the next day.

Driving across the boltly bridge with Joel always brings back amazing memories of our first date where we randomly drove around before finding a perfect look-out and sharing our first kiss. I have to keep reminding myself how lucky I am to have this man in my life. Love you, honey xxx

Miranda froze where she sat then as she swallowed hard at those words. Oh how much she wished Andrea was lying about those words and was only keeping up the duties of being the loving wife she pretended to be.

Clearing her throat she scrolled down, ignoring her thoughts, looking at a few more posts and saw a photo of Joel.

That's right ladies he's all mine!

Again she had hoped that it was just Andrea keeping up the normal appearances of a loving and appreciative wife but honestly she couldn't be sure and once again she felt foolish. 'Can't you see how clearly obvious it is?!' She asked herself. 'Andrea's love for Joel is strong. She's never coming back to you.' She really wanted to believe herself but at the same time she didn't want to. 'But what if her destiny isn't with Joel but with me?'

Regardless what she thought or wanted if Andrea felt the same as her she would have contacted her by now.

Once more Miranda closed the laptop feeling defeated but like usual was quick to dismiss her thoughts, feelings and emotions and pretended as if all was fabulous in life as she joined in on Cassidy and Louise's one year anniversary party of living together as the loud music which she had completely blocked out just moments before was heard as she stood from the stool at the counter in the kitchen and sought out to find her daughters.

~*~

~ One Week Later ~
Miranda was back at it scrolling through her ex-lover's Facebook feeling miserable as she read all of Andrea's happy, love-dovey posts.

~

*Cute dinner date with the hubby in Footscray. Best meal out in a long time!*

~

*Long week running around the city chasing lead after lead, but it has paid off and my article is getting rave reviews :D and now I came home to this box of chocolate heaven! Who doesn't love Forrero Rochers?!*

~

*So I got home from being at Mia's to find that Joel has been on the bog all night - serves him right for eating 9 day old meat lovers pizza! - he's lucky to not have ended up in hospital!*

Miranda snorted and shook her head. 'Men, when would they ever learn?!!' She’d had a similar experience with Eric back in the day.

~

Further posts;

*I've been run down with work lately and Joel surprised me with a cute lunch date today at work. *carblife =D*

~

*Joel is spoiling me once more and cooking dinner for the first time in months. This shall be interesting!*

~

*The next post was a picture of the New York City skyline with the words underneath; I miss so many things about this dreamy place *sigh* *

~

*Second night in a week Joel says to me he is cooking dinner and I get all excited to see what he has prepared to come home to this- a bowl of store bought Easy Mac! Oh boy! I really shouldn't be too shocked as it is our guilty pleasure!*

~

*Partying with the Anderson's is always an interesting night!*

~

*Oh, watch out, Melanie's at it again dancing on the dance floor!*

~

*Going away for work this week to Sydney again. Looking forward to getting away from it all!*

~

Miranda frowned when there were no more posts what so ever to be seen. "Looking forward to getting away..." she repeated under her breath. Either something had happened or Andrea had simply taken a break from posting to Facebook nearly every day since last month and a half ago. Usually her ex-lover was more active than this on Facebook sharing the ups and downs of life in the Anderson/Sachs household.

Biting the inside of her lip she closed Caroline's laptop before standing and walked down the hall and upstairs. She picked up her phone from her desk and pulled up her contacts and scrolled down to look at Andrea's name, her thumb hovering over the call button, and taking a deep breath she pressed the button and put her cell to her ear.

With a racing heart and not at all sure what she was about to say her stomach dropped when she heard a robotic voice on the other end.
"The number you're calling is unavailable. Please try again later or leave a message after the beep."

In Miranda's mind this was a clear sign that she wasn't meant to talk to Andrea because had the brunette picked up that would be the universes way of saying maybe they were meant to talk, but because she didn't the Runway editor dropped her phone and went to her bedroom to begin getting dressed for work and would once again try her best to keep Andrea far from her mind as it wasn't doing her any good living in this world of watching Andrea from afar.

~*~

~ Five Months Later.
December 2009.
The Townhouse, Manhattan ~

"Have you been into mom's study lately?" Caroline asked.

"Nope, why's that?" Cassidy asked, not looking up from her laptop.

"The top right drawer of her desk is locked and you know the rule about nothing ever being locked or kept secret in this house." Caroline replied.

"It's probably nothing. Maybe she locked it by accident."

"Oh yeah because mom does things by accident? No way. Everything is always thought out when it comes to her and you know it. She's hiding something." Caroline said.

"Then she has a right to just like how you hide your little tequila and wine stash." Cassidy responded.

"Oh come on, you're telling me you really don't want to find out what's inside?" Caroline questioned, sighing exasperatedly.

"Caroline, we don't pry." Cassidy replied, mimicking their mom's voice and words.

"You're no fun!" Caroline responded, beginning to walk out of her sisters room. "I'll figure it out myself." she said over her shoulder.

"Have fun." Cassidy called out, shaking her head, continuing to type away on her laptop. She had more pressing issues with her studying which was exactly what her annoying but lovable sister should be doing.

~ Later That Day ~

"So much for we don't pry!" Caroline said, poking her head into their mom’s home office where Cassidy sat behind the desk. "You're full of it!"

"The curiosity got the better of me!" Cassidy responded.

"And you didn't think to come and get me?" Caroline asked, pouting and crossing her arms.

"Oh please, I knew you'd figure out where I was. You're like a sad puppy always following me around when you're bored." Cassidy replied, smirking as her sister scoffed.

"Whatever." Caroline huffed. "Am not."

"Just the truth and you know it." Cassidy replied, laughing now.
"Pffft." Caroline huffed once more. "Now come on, do you know how to pick that lock or not as it's quite the old antique our mother's desk?" she asked, running her hands across the immaculately polished dark brown desk.

"Yes, I could easily pick the lock, but I know where mom keeps the key." Cassidy replied.

"And you kept me waiting all this time?!" Caroline asked, eyes wide, glaring at her identical self.

"Oh my god, you act like it's been a whole day when it's only been five hours, oh my god you're too much to handle sometimes!"

"That's long enough, shut up." Caroline responded, rolling her eyes. "Now come on, hurry up! We don't have all evening! Mommy dearest will be home any minute. Where's the key?"

"Calm your farm." Cassidy replied, looking towards the mantel piece. "Hidden behind the fire log photo frame Dad made her."

"How long has it been hiding here for?" Caroline asked, picking up said photo frame that had a picture of them and their Mom outside their Hampton's beach house to see the shiny key.

"As long as I can remember." Cassidy replied. "I don't know why she hides it though seeing as she never usually locks it... until now."

"And goodness knows what's inside!" Caroline responded, handing her sister the key. "Maybe mom finally got sick of Irv and his head is in there!"

Cassidy began laughing at her sisters words and shook her head. "You're an idiot."

"Well, it could be plausible. No one has seen him in ages."

Cassidy stared at her with a "REALLY, Caroline?" look on her face.

"Come on, you have to agree." Caroline continued.

Cassidy shook her head. "Mom would hide his ugly mug somewhere much better than her desk drawer. I really don't know how you have that high IQ in that brain of yours!"

"Shut up!" Caroline said, slapping her sister on the arm.

"Shut up!" Cassidy mimicked laughingly as she inserted the key into the drawer.

"Oh. My. God. I can't look!" Caroline loudly announced, spinning around, listening as her sister slowly pulled open the drawer and fell silent at whatever she saw. "Well... what is it?" she impatiently asked.

"It's... a photo." Cassidy slowly said, covering her mouth and gasping loudly as she grabbed Caroline's hand. "Of Irv's dead body!" she added in a very serious and scared voice as she gripped her sister's hand.

"What?!" Caroline squealed loudly as she spun back around and stared at her sister with wide eyes and her mouth dropped open upon seeing her sister was trying not to laugh.

"Oh fuck, you're so gullible!" Cassidy said, laughing hysterically now and once more shook her head as she held up the picture for Caroline to look at.

"No. Way." Caroline gasped, eyes wide once more, looking from the photo to her sister. "That's
"No shit, Sherlock!" Cassidy replied as Caroline grabbed the picture and stared at it.

"Read what it says on the back." Cassidy said.

Caroline turned the photo over and she read her mother’s hand writing out loud. "With Andrea at Amelia's Sanctuary Inn - A night I will cherish always and forever. Year 2007" she then stared at her sister. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

Cassidy held her hands up. "I'm not saying it's unlikely, but-"

Caroline cut her sister off. "Oh, come on! It's so fucking obvious! Mom was, and obviously still is, sooooo gay for Andy!"

"I'm not saying anything until we find out the truth, but you can't just bombard her with this." she said just as her pocket buzzed. She pulled out her pager. "But right now we are needed back at work." she said, slowly looking up at Caroline and instantly her sister knew what was happening.

"Oh, shit, no. Mr. Robinson?" Caroline asked.

"Is being prepped for the OR." Cassidy responded as she took the photo from her sister and dropped it back into the drawer and quickly locked it back up. "That poor man. He's gone through enough!"

"I know, but hopefully we can finally help him." Caroline replied and they hurriedly left their moms study.
"Hi, sweethearts, how was your night at work?" Miranda asked as she walked into the kitchen.

"Learnt some new things." Cassidy replied, sipping her tea.

"Mr. Robinson is still touch and go." Caroline sadly said, sipping her beer, she needed it after her long, grueling night.

"I'm sorry to hear that." Miranda said, hugging the both of them. "But he is in good hands with the two of you."

The twins smiled at their mom, trying their best to keep their spirits up.

"How are you?" Caroline asked a couple moments later as their mom poured her morning coffee.

Miranda turned around and raised an eyebrow at her daughters who were watching her closely specifically her youngest, Caroline. "I'm fine." she replied, laughing softly as she watched the two of them quizzically.

"Well, that's good... I..." Caroline stopped talking when Cassidy kicked her leg under the table. She turned to Cassidy who shook her head. "I won't be home for dinner tonight."

Their mom looked from her to Cassidy. "Alright..." Miranda trailed off, continuing to stare at them before speaking once more. "Why am I getting a weird vibe going on between you two?"

Cassidy laughed. "Between us... weird? Pfft, never."

Caroline watched as her mom arched an eyebrow again.

"Hmm, alright, well do either of you need a lift this morning?"

"My bed is calling me." Caroline replied, stretching where she sat at the island counter stool.

"Same." Cassidy said, continuing. "Tomorrow morning I'll need a car to take me to meet Rochelle for brunch at 11AM though."

"I'll let Roy know." Miranda replied.

"Thanks mom. Love you," Cassidy said, kissing her moms cheek before standing and put her almost empty tea cup into the sink before exiting the room.

"Bed time!" Caroline said, finishing her glass of beer as she too stood from the island counter stool and smiled at her mom before kissing her on the cheek. "See ya later. Love you."

"Love you too, sweetheart." Her mom replied as she made her way to the staircase where she followed her sister upstairs to get ready for a days rest after a very, extremely exhausting night.

~*~

"Considering the two of you are not working tonight I was hoping I could speak to you and your"
Caroline looked up at her mom's words as she took off her black studded boots. "Sure, I'll meet you in the lounge shortly." she responded, desperately needing to pee as she headed for the first floor powder room.

Her mom nodded and began walking upstairs.

"Shit!" Caroline whispered to herself. She had a feeling they must have fucked up and left some kind of clue that they had been prying into their mom’s personal life.

Once she pee'd she hurried upstairs and entered the lounge room. "Okay, before you say anything we can explain!" It was better to be honest about it than lie.

Her mom raised an eyebrow. "What are you-

"We saw the picture of Andy!" Caroline blurted.

"Oh my god... you're such a motor mouth!" Cassidy said, shaking her head, turning to her mom.

"Well, this is..." Their mom cleared her throat and looked away for a few moments. "I don't know what to say when the reason I wanted to speak to you is because I thought we could go to the cabin in a fortnight for the weekend."

Cassidy and Caroline watched as their mom rubbed her face.

"Well, I suppose you should know the truth." Their mom said.

"Mom, you don't have to tell us anything. We understand that photo is private and Caroline and I shouldn't have gone snooping." Cassidy said.

"Yeah, what she said, we are very sorry mom but surely you've gone snooping in our rooms before." Caroline chimed in.

"Oh my god!" Cassidy covered her eyes. "Why are you constantly so annoying?!" She asked, glaring at her sister. "Just shut the fuck up!" she whispered.

"Actually no, I have never looked around your rooms however I have accessed your Facebook account without your approval." Their mom replied, looking to Caroline.

"Ohhh! I knew you weren't so innocent!" Caroline loudly responded clapping with excitement, she always loved juicy drama.

Miranda arched an eyebrow. "Have you been drinking?" she asked, there was a certain glow in her daughters attitude tonight and she didn't know why.

Caroline bit her lip. "I had a beer with someone after work."

"Oh, with someone?" Miranda asked, watching her daughter quizzically. "And might I know who this person is?"

"Oh, no way! I'm not telling until you spill about that Andy pic." Caroline replied.

"Mom, you don't have to." Cassidy said once again but her Mom had other ideas as she began speaking.
"When i was in Australia Andrea and I... we had an affair, and it was lovely while it lasted, but it ended very messily and that's that."

"I don't think that is that when you have a picture of Andy that you hold on to." Caroline replied.

"I have fond memories." Her mom instantly responded, voice firm. "That's that, like I said."

Caroline opened her mouth to speak just as her sister spoke, kicking her leg. "Owww!" she muttered.

"Thank you for telling us." Cassidy said, walking over to her mom and hugging her. "And... you're okay?"

Their mom nodded. "More than okay. I have two amazingly talented and beautiful daughters and a loving husband."

"Who hasn't been around often." Caroline couldn't help but point out.

"He's a very busy man with his business in Australia." Her mom responded. "Any more questions?"

"Ye-" Caroline tried to speak, but Cassidy quickly cut her off.

"No." Cassidy said, taking Caroline by the arm. "Shut your hole, you've put your foot in it enough tonight." she whispered as they walked out of the room. "Good night!" she said over her shoulder.

"Good night, mommy." Caroline also said, following her bossy sister.

"Good night, sweethearts." Miranda responded, staring at the now empty spot in front of her, completely confused by what just happened.

~*~

~ Later That Night ~

Seeing the light still on in her moms bedroom Caroline knocked on the door.

"Come in." her mom softly called out.

Pushing open the door Caroline poked her head in. "Hey..." she said, looking at her mom who was propped up against pillows, under her duvet, her reading glasses on and the Runway mock-up in her lap. "Can I talk to you?"

Her mom smiled. "You don't even have to ask, bobsey, hop in."

Caroline crossed the room and climbed into her mom’s bed. "I'm sorry that I went prying in your drawer, I knew it was wrong and private, but I couldn't help myself... it was all my idea and not Cassidy’s so please go easy on her and I'm sorry for being such a motor mouth and don't always think before I speak." she said as her mom began softly laughing and leaned into her.

"Thank you for apologising, and as for your "motor mouth" that's one of the things I love and adore about you, sweetheart, you're confident and don't hold back. Yes, I am disappointed that the two of you went behind my back and didn't just come to me about it however I can understand your suspicions as I would have been exactly the same if I found something locked in your room."

"Oh, they're just my sex toys." Caroline said, before covering her mouth, eyes going wide. "See! What is wrong with me?" she asked as her moms eyes widened also and began laughing.
"You're one of a kind and I love you so very much." her mom said, continuing. "Just please, please come to me next time if there is ever something on your mind."

"I will, I promise." Caroline replied, biting her lip.

Miranda snorted. "Of course, you already have something on your mind and you won't stop wondering until you know. Go on, ask away!"

"You and Andy... why did it have to end? I can see in your eyes how much you love her and are pained because you can't be with her." Caroline softly said.

"It's a long story." Miranda replied.

"I have all night." Caroline said. "My mind and body is trained for all nighter's."

"First tell me who you're seeing." Her mom asked, smiling, and nudging her.

Caroline bit her lip nervously.

"Spill..."

"Darcy." Caroline said and instantly her mom closed her eyes, shaking her head.

"Oh, Caroline, don't you remember what happened last time and how devastated you were?"

"I know, I know." Caroline replied, sighing. "But I can't help how I feel about her!" she said, and continued. "I'm sorry, I know she screwed things up and put you in the firing line also, but I love her Mom, I really do and I know she feels the same way. I believe she has changed. She has a totally different attitude now."

Miranda sighed and ran her hands through her hair. "She's not dealing anymore?"

"No, she doesn't do that anymore, it's in her past. I know she's telling the truth."

As much as Miranda didn't like Darcy she only wanted her daughter happy. "Well, don't expect me to welcome her back into our home with wide arms just yet after what she did."

"I understand." Caroline responded, continuing. "And if it fucks up again-" she stopped upon the glare she received from using such language. "Sorry... if it gets effed up again it's my own fault and I should have listened to you."

"I just want you to be happy, Caroline, and if you really believe Darcy is the one and a changed woman then there's nothing I can do to stop you."

Caroline nodded. "Just... trust me."

"I do, bobsey, I just don't trust her."

Sighing Caroline spoke. "Alright, now that I've opened up to you it's your turn to speak about Andy, and my god is she stunning or what?!" she said and watched as her mom smiled sadly at her words.

"I may get emotional."

At her mom's words Caroline shrugged. "Get it all out. You know I would never judge you." she replied as her mom began speaking.
It all started at the corner of Elizabeth and Collin's Street in the heart of Melbourne. I saw Andrea standing there, and I was... I was a goner.

~*~

~ Two Years Later & Eight Months Later. August 2011. Larry's House, St. Kilda, Melbourne, Australia ~

"Ahhh, bugger!" Larry said and she looked up to see the golf ball flying into the bushes that her husband was playing on the projector screen.

"I swear that games rigged." Caroline said as she entered the room.

Miranda watched as her daughter handed Larry his glass of red.

"It doesn't seem to be rigged when you're playing it." Larry replied.

"Oh yeah, that's 'cause I'm talented at everything I do." Caroline replied, laughing playfully and smirking.

Miranda snorted and shook her head. "Watch it now, not everyone likes cockiness." she said as Caroline wandered over to her with her glass of red. She held out her hand for it, but her daughter stopped and at the look on Caroline's face she knew what it meant. "Two sips. That's all."

Her eighteen year old grinned and gulped some down.

"Firstly that was more than two sips and secondly a lady never drinks in such a fashion." Miranda said, standing slightly and leaning over her desk to take her glass.

"Yeah, I must have been a dude in my passed life." Caroline responded, licking her lips. "That wine is better than the last red you two were drinking."

Larry swung the electronic golf stick made for his video game before speaking as he continued standing in his golf stance, watching the ball as it finally got onto the green. "This one's Australian and one your mum hasn't tried it until now." He explained.

"And I quite like it." Miranda said, smiling.

Larry smiled at her over his shoulder before preparing to take another shot.

Caroline walked over to her step-dad and tusked at his golfing skills. "I think you need to find another hobby, dear old Pa." she said, patting him on the back.

"Sports have never been a strong suit of mine, but I need to look somewhat competent as if I know what I'm doing for this golf resort for the company’s yearly meet up." Larry responded, taking another swing.

"Where are you going again?" Caroline asked, sipping her boring glass of mineral water.

"I can't remember the name, but it's in New Zealand." Larry replied.

"Clear water Resort." Miranda chimed in.

"I've never been to New Zealand." Caroline said, and then her eyes widened. "Hey! Maybe I could tag along?!"
Miranda raised an eyebrow, surprised by those words.

"Don't look so shocked now! I still have two weeks here in Australia then it's back to what I do best." Caroline said, looking from her mom to Larry. "What do ya say?"

Larry shrugged. "Sure, but you would get bored as there will most likely only be men and women around my own age."

Caroline shrugged. "I like old people." she said, nudging and winking at Larry. "I'm sure I wouldn't get bored."

"If you'd like to come then I don't see why not. I'll arrange a ticket for you." Larry replied, smiling widely. "But I am only flying in, staying two nights, and then coming straight back here."

"That's settled then! Looks like I'm coming to New Zealand with you!" Caroline excitedly replied.

"Thank you, Caroline, it will be extremely nice to have you there." Larry replied.

"Oh, shush now, don't get all mushy on me old guy!" Caroline said, putting an arm around Larry.

Miranda smiled at how chuffed her husband was. Her heart swelled with happiness over both her daughters getting along with Larry instead of them being awkward and grumpy like they used to be with Stephen where the tension was always so strong every time she entered a room the three of them were left alone in was enough to cut in half.

She sat back, sipping her wine, continuing to watch her daughter and husband talk and laugh, stirring each other up.

"Alright, move over, old guy! Let me show you how it's done!" Caroline cheerfully said, taking the golf club and got into position. Her daughter took a few seconds before swinging and the ball went soaring and looked like it would land extremely close to the green. "Look at that beauty fly!"

Sighing in content and glad she had finally found an honest and genuine man Miranda continued to smile as she thought just how great life really was, but as usual thoughts of Andrea threatened to come to the forefront of her mind but she squashed them right back to the nether reaches of her mind. She had to focus on the present with a loving husband and fantastic daughters all of whom would do anything for her and it would do her no good if she continued dwelling on the past when there was nothing that could be done to change what happened.

Standing she sighed and stretched, sipped her wine before putting the glass down and wandered over to her husband and daughter. "Step aside and let me have a go."

"You." Caroline pointed. "Playing golf?"

Miranda's mouth dropped open. "Well, for your information I have played golf before and I was quite good at it."

"Go on then, let's see what you've got, Dragon Lady." Caroline said, holding out the golf club, winking at her.

Miranda heartily laughed as she took said golf club and began playing with the two of them just as Cassidy walked in. "Ah, sweetheart, just in time! Come and join in on all the fun."

Smiling her eldest nodded. "Would love to!"
"Fantastic!" Miranda said before whacking the virtual golf ball again, it landed on the green and rolled right into the hole.

"Ohhhh, piss off!" Caroline yelled, shaking her head and staring wide eyed at the screen. "What a fluke!"

"Oh, sweetie, I'm so sorry that you're jealous of my exceptional golfing skills." Miranda laughingly said as she looked over to her daughter who stuck her tongue out at her causing her to laugh even more when Cassidy joined in.

"You know it's true! Jealous biatch!" Cassidy laughingly said which had Caroline stick her middle finger up at her.

Miranda watched as her daughters continued to stir each other and Larry joined in.

Life really was great.

~*~

~ Later ~

Miranda laughed heartily as she reentered the entertainment room where her daughters were now playing tennis with each other, squealing and yelling, as they both tried their best to win and not back down both just as competitive as the other.

Larry had been called into work to see a client suffering from PTSD due to being in the Army for several years and witnessing god awful things and had rushed to his office the other side of the city.

She had continued to sit in the room, on the couch this time, with her laptop on the coffee table in front of her with work which needed to be done but she decided it could wait and instead she wanted to play a game of tennis with her daughters.

"Oh, look out, the fluker is gonna try and do the same with tennis!" Caroline laughingly said, handing over the racket to her. "You and Cass can play first, I need to pee!"

"Okay, bring it on." Miranda replied, winking at her eldest.

"I'm not going to go easy on you." Cassidy warned.

"Oh, I don't doubt it." Miranda replied just as Cassidy started a new game and she looked over her shoulder upon hearing a couple of E-Mails come through on her computer.

"Don't tell me you have to continue working." Cassidy said, pouting.

"No no, work can wait, right now I'm having a great night with my daughters and that's all that matters." Miranda replied, putting an arm around Cassidy, squeezing before her eldest un-paused the game and they got into it.

Sometime later Miranda collapsed down onto the couch. She'd worked up quite the sweat playing several games with both daughters. They all won a fair amount with none of them going easy on each other.

Leaning forward she took her glass of San Pellegrino and drank most of the glass before sighing in content and tapped the keys of her laptop to wake it up before clicking into her E-Mails.

"Mom, you've got to play with us at least once mor." Caroline stopped talking upon looking over at
Miranda stared with wide eyes at the screen where Joel Anderson's name appeared with two messages and it was like de-ja-vu as her heart began to race and she had no idea what to think.

"What is it?" Caroline asked.

"Mom, you're starting to freak me out." Cassidy said, walking over to the couch.

Caroline did the same thing, and they sat down next to her.

"Oh, um, it's just something Irv said." Miranda said, waving her daughters' concerned words away. "You know what he's like... the usual ridiculousness. You'd think even though I rarely see him these days that he would stop with this nonsense."

The girls shared a look with each other before looking to their mom quizzically. "Are you sure that's what it is? You know you can talk to us."

Laughing Miranda stood and put her arms around her daughters who stood also. "Yes, I know, bobsey's and I appreciate the two of you so much how you're always looking out for me." she said, wandering over to the projector screen. "Come on, let's play one more before we start getting ready to go out for dinner." she said, biting the inside of her lip and looking over her shoulder to her laptop. She was itching to know what was to be said in those messages, for better or worse, but at the same time knew that none of that part of her life mattered anymore as she had Larry and her girls and that was enough. She would not wreck another marriage, not again, she couldn't possibly.

~*~

With her girls upstairs getting ready to go out Miranda found herself pacing the length of the lounge room very reminiscent to the last time she'd received E-Mails from Joel. She was contemplating on whether she opened the E-Mails or completely disregarded them and pretend she'd never seen them as she has done so much these last couple of years to forget Andrea. She hasn't looked at Andrea's Facebook since that last time and that's how she knew it had to stay.

But here she was facing these E-Mails with whatever they could possibly contain.

"I need to know." She whispered to the empty room. HOPE was the word she still had at the far reaches of her mind when it came to Andrea but was a word she forced herself to never think of because she had a good and happy life with Larry. She clicked the E-Mail and proceeded to see what it contained.

“Another invitation.” She whispered as she stared at the screen. “Why now, after all this time?!?” she wondered as she stared at the picture.
Either way it was clear she wouldn’t be going. She couldn’t and wouldn’t.

With a sad sigh she deleted the E-Mail and stood to get ready for her night out with her family. She knew it would be hard to completely disregard what she’d just seen, but it was what had to be done for her families sake.

~*~
Chapter 10

~*~

~ A Week Later.
Larry's House, St Kilda, Melbourne, Australia.
August 2011 ~

Miranda sat down at the island counter and sipped her hot chocolate. It was late, but she couldn't sleep. These three years she has managed to get by and live life as happy as possible with Larry and her girls. Not just her own, but Cassidy and Caroline's attitudes on life have changed for the better and Runway was still America's number one purchased magazine even after she has drastically cut back her hours. It simply showed her that she didn't have to be pushing herself so hard and she can't believe she had been living like that for so long.

With Runway doing magnificently she knew she should be on cloud nine with the perfect life she was lucky to have, but she wasn't. On the outside to her girls and Larry and the people she worked with she put on the happy face, but on the inside she was miserable.

Four years since her love affair with Andrea and she has been kind of successful in pushing Andrea from her mind like she had vowed to do as she left the house the brunette had built with Joel however with the invitation last week being on her mind ever since and tonight of all nights a day after Patricia's passing so many emotions overcame her, and she landed on Andrea and her beautiful vibe and divine heart. She knew Andrea hadn't intentionally meant to hurt her and lie to her. She wished she could go back to that night and change the outcome of it.

Jumping when the lights were turned on and Larry appeared in his pajama’s in the door way.

"You can't sleep to?" Larry asked as he moved into the room and over to the fridge to pull out the carton of Great Ocean Road milk and filled a mug and placed it into the microwave for a warm drink.

"Mmm." Miranda hummed, remaining quiet, not wanting to talk to anyone, but her former lover which was out of the question.

With one look Larry knew what she was thinking and she sighed as she rubbed her face. He was the only other person apart from Andrea and her daughters who could do this. He was the only other person aside from her daughters who knew the truth of what went on between her and the brunette and he hadn't judged her one second.

"Go to her. You have been invited back to her home." Larry said, pointing to the invitation that was in front of Miranda and which she had been staring at for god knows how long now. No pressure, just think about it. Were the words Joel had written underneath the invitation. Why he was trying so hard to get her to see Andrea she'll never know, but what she did know was that he would never want to see her face again if he knew the truth of what she had been doing with Andrea behind his back.

"I can't." Miranda firmly said.

"Saying "I can't" is ridiculous. We can all do anything that we put our minds to." Larry responded.

Miranda shook her head. "Always the therapist, aren't you," she commented.
Larry smiled. "Can't help it, it's who I am."

"Mmm."

"Look, you know I don't like seeing you like this. Go to her, be with her, and get it all out. You've been bottling these emotions for far too long."

Miranda snorted. "I can't just go to her and be with her. I'm married to you, which is what I chose."

"Just like Andrea married Joel because she didn't want to be alone if she couldn't be with you." Larry commented. "You know that you've made me a very happy man these years we've had together, but I can see you aren't happy the way you deserve to be and I know that she-" her husband pointed to the invitation. "Can make you happy in the way you want and deserve."

"But that would mean... you're saying..." Miranda trailed off, couldn't believe what she was hearing, as she stared at Larry and shook her head. "No, I won't do that to you." she firmly said, taking her husband's hands.

"This isn't working anymore and it was hard at first, but I have accepted it now." Larry firmly said, squeezing her hands. "I want you to be happy. Go to her."

Miranda swallowed hard as the tears she has been keeping in over the years formed in her eyes full force. "What are you going to do?" she questioned softly, staring into his kind eyes.

"That doesn't matter. I'm tougher than I look. Maybe I will find someone else someday." Larry said, shrugging.

Still unable to believe her ears Miranda moved closer to her husband. "I do love you, you know, I didn't and wouldn't have married you otherwise." she said, wiping Larry's tears away.

Her husband nodded. "I know." he softly said, raising her hand to his mouth and kissing it. "I know."

~*~

~ Three Weeks Later. September 2011 ~

Always one for making a grand entrance she decided to make her appearance a little under two hours into Andrea's surprise party hoping that Joel got some good photos of the brunette beauty's surprised face. She thanked her driver. "I hope you don't get too bored waiting around."

Mark waved her words away. "I have my iPad and Redbull. I'll be all good. You just concentrate on enjoying yourself."

"Thank you, I think I will, I have high hopes for tonight." Miranda replied.

Smiling Mark spoke. "I'm glad to hear it. I'll see you later."

With that Miranda nodded before grabbing her Gucci bag and stepped out of the car.

As she carefully wandered across the familiar pebbled footpath she glanced at all of the cars, there were dozens upon dozens, and just like a couple years back the feeling of hesitance and nerves starting bubbling up inside of her, but she would not back down. She would find out why she had been invited.
Stopping at the front door she pressed the buzzer and heard its familiar sound from inside over the loud music coming from the shed behind the house. The party was obviously in full swing however she had seen movement upstairs from the car so she decided to be introduced to the party this way by whoever opened the door.

She didn't have to wait long until the door opened and very reminiscent to the last time she was here Joel opened, this time with a shirt on, and what looked like vomit on the left chest area of said shirt. He was flushed in the face and a little sweaty. "Hi, I have a feeling I arrived at a bad time." she said after he said hi and stepped aside for her.

"Ah, yeah, just a tad."

Miranda frowned. "What's happened? You look run off your feet."

"A sick wife and a sick kid, that's what’s happened." Joel replied, walking over to the couch where there were stacks of folded clothes and went through them until he found the tee-shirt he wanted and began pulling the one he wore off to replace it with the new. "Long story short Andy got a bit too heavy handed with the vodka waaay before she arrived home and continued hitting the booze hard once she was here and then of course started throwing up at around 8, I'm surprised she managed to hold it in that long, and so I bring her inside and into bed and with the sound of her throwing up from down the hall Evelyn starts being sick and balling her eyes out."

"Oh..." Miranda trailed off, wondering what on earth would have prompted Andrea to get black out drunk. "What a turn of events."

"They have finally passed out, but there's no more partying for me, I would feel bad if I didn't stay in here and listen out for them." Joel said, and then looked at her. "I am really sorry about this... just like last time you come all this way to only see me."

Miranda shrugged. "There's always tomorrow to wish her a happy birthday."

Joel smiled at those words, and was about to speak when there was knocking on the still opened door.

"Joelster! How's it going? You coming back out?" A guy asked, continuing. "Your beers gettin' warm."

"Sorry, man, but I'm gonna have to call it a night. You guys continue on though."

"Did you want me to tell the others? We can start packing up..."

"There's no reason for the party to stop." Joel replied, shrugging. "But I'll come out and tell everyone Andy and I won't be coming back." he said, looking to her once again.

"I'll listen out for them." Miranda softly said before Joel could even ask her to.

"Thanks. You're a life-saver! I'll be back shortly."

Miranda nodded at his words and closed the door behind him. She then picked up his discarded tee-shirt and began walking up the staircase looking at all the familiar photos. There weren't too many new ones, only one and two here and there, and she found the laundry which looked like a bomb had gone off and so began to clean it up before putting a load of washing on and already washed clothes, still wet, into the dryer.

Once doing that she poked her head into Evelyn's room where the little girl was soundly sleeping. As
she stared at her under the night light she couldn't believe just how quickly she has grown up when it felt just like yesterday when she was holding her in her arms. She smiled as she stared down at the beautiful girl who was looking like her mother with each new day.

Stepping over to the master bedroom door she took a deep breath before pushing open the half closed door and saw Andrea sprawled out on the double bed.

Smiling Miranda walked over to said bed and sat down on the edge, mindful of the bucket nearby, and she hesitantly reached out with a shaking hand and placed it on Andrea's cheek. "I've missed you, darling." she whispered to the slumbering brunette beauty.

Andrea groaned, swatting her hand away. "Go away, Joel, you're annoying me. We'll have sex tomorrow night."

Miranda softly laughed at the grumbled, and incredibly slurred words. "Darling, it's Miranda."

At those words Andrea blearily opened her eyes and looked up at her. "You always appear in my dreams, I hate it, go away! You don't deserve me, you were the one who walked away this time, my biggest disappointment. I really thought you were the one, that's why I did what I did, and I thought you'd be the type to understand, but I was wrong and now Joel and Evelyn are the loves of my life and at least I know they'll never hurt me. Get out of my dreams and leave me the hell alone, bitch!"

At those hardened and slurred words as the brunette continued to blearily look at her with blood shot eyes void of any emotion a familiar numbness overcame Miranda and she stared speechlessly at the woman who would always have her heart, but was the women she could never be with. How she was going to move on from this she had no idea.

"Shoo, pest!" Andrea said, hand flailing towards her.

'You shouldn't have come.' Her rational brain said which usually she listened to, but with Andrea her heart turned to mush and that's all she could think with. 'Listen to her words and what the universe is saying to you! Go, walk away, and get over this foolish fantasy crush.

Actually listening to herself this time Miranda stood and fled the room and hurriedly made her way downstairs just as Joel came back inside.

"Everything okay?" Joel asked, looking up at her. "Please don't tell me they are being sick again?"

Miranda reached the first floor and shook her head. "No no, they aren't." Miranda replied, glad she wasn't breathless as she'd practically flew down the stairs, all thanks to her daily cardio sessions. "I just heard you and thought I should come back down."

"You could have stayed up there longer." Joel replied. "Andy would probably have spoken to you in her sleep. She does that sometimes. Always speaking about weird things Sometimes she says your name but her words are all jumbled and nothing makes sense."

"She didn't say anything and I didn't want to wake either of them however I did clean up the laundry and put on a load of washing for you." Miranda responded, it was the least she could do, as she gathered her bag.

"You didn't have to do that." Joel said.

"It was no problem, my OCD habits kicked in." Miranda replied.

"Great, could you do the kitchen?" Joel laughingly asked.
Miranda forced a laugh and a fake smile that was not even close to reaching her eyes because she knew she had no right to be in this house and Joel was oblivious to that because of course he was. "Well, I must be off."

"No way, you're staying for a drink! Unlike last time I'm in no hurry to go anywhere."

Miranda swallowed hard. "I really shouldn't." It was true at least as she has been trying to be healthier and drink less.

"I insist! Just one drink!" Joel replied, opening the double door fridge. "Take your pick."

Miranda bit the inside of her lip. 'Leave. Now.' her mind screamed however she knew if she did that could look incredibly suspicious, and she couldn't let anything become known to Joel. "Oh, why not, I'll have a Moet." she said, motioning to the small 200ML bottle in the fridge door, the sight of it bringing back the memories of her with Andrea down by the lake.

"Fantastic choice and Andy's favourite." Joel replied, smiling as he grabbed the small bottle and pulled the cork out quickly and swiftly as he then took a glass hanging above the counter and poured the golden liquid expertly.

Bollinger was Andrea's favourite and she firmly believed those words to have been true. She accepted the glass from Joel and didn't tell him that he was wrong.

"There you go, enjoy."

"Thank you." She replied, and then had no idea how she could enjoy it when her whole body was screaming at her to leave and actually never look back this time because whether Andrea had been awake or asleep it was clear even through her drunken state that she wanted nothing to do with her anymore when she turned her back on her and didn't give her a moment to reason with her. She cleared her throat as the house fell silent between them, the music outside still continuing to thump. She had no idea what to say and so she gulped down some of the champagne. "How... how's the motorbike?" she awkwardly asked a couple seconds later.

Laughing Joel spoke. "Has never worked better thanks to those magical tools. She's a real beauty to hit the roads on."

"Mmm... I can imagine." Miranda replied even though she hated motorbikes.

"How's your work at Runway America coming along?" Joel asked, continuing. "Andy has been keeping a close tab on the work you've been doing and raves about how phenomenal it is, and I quote, "I swear this woman becomes more brilliant with each new issue. I don't know how the eff she does it." and that's only some of the words she has said, all good things, of course."

Be that as it may Andrea had still made it very clear to her how she felt about her and that's all she could think about seeing and hearing the hate in Andrea's hardened voice and face.

Twenty two awkward minutes went by with small chit-chat with her doing the best she could to be polite and listen to what Joel rambled on about not at all seeming to care that he was doing most of the talking.

When she managed to finally get out of that house she hurriedly got into the Mercedes causing her driver, Mark, to jump at her unexpectedness. "Drive!" she firmly and angrily said before pressing the button for the privacy divider to go up as the car began reversing out of the make-shift car park.

She was beyond pissed off with herself for thinking she could walk back into Andrea's life and it
would all fall back into place. She understood now that would never happen and all she felt was numbness. She leaned forward and grabbed the tiny bottle of McAllen’s atop the small mini bar in the spirits compartment and downed it, the small amount sliding down her mouth in seconds.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid!" She hissed before downing another which she ripped the annoyingly small lid off.

~*~

As Miranda stumbled, elegantly so of course, into Larry's Melbourne townhouse she made her way down to the back of the house and into her husband’s home office.

"You!" she roared yet in a low voice. "I'm never taking your advice again." she said as she moved his swivel chair around to situate herself on his lap. "You, my husband, and my daughters are the loves of my life and that is all I'll ever need."

"It didn't work out with Andre-"

"Fuck Andrea!" Miranda hissed, cutting Larry off. "I never want to see her face again!"

Larry studied her and he knew she didn't fully mean what she was saying in her moment of anger and yet he didn't say anything.

"I married you. You are my husband and you aren't leaving me, am I clear?"

Larry smiled and took off his glasses. "It's a pleasure to remain by your side if you're sure that's what you want."

"It is what I want." Miranda responded. 'Be a wife to your husband and get over she who won't be named.' she thought through her alcohol buzzing mind as she cupped Larry's face and roughly kissed him. 'This is all you need.' and this time she knew she would listen to herself as she began unzipping her husband’s pants.

~*~

~ One Year Later - October 2012 ~

Miranda woke in agony. Eyes wide in fear she looked around. Her ears were pounding with the sound of her heart.

"Miranda, can you hear me? I'm a paramedic, and my partner and I are here to help, but you need to remain calm. Can you tell me how many fingers I'm holding up?" The man asked.

Through her blurry eyes and head feeling as if it were about to explode she zeroed in on the fingers in front of her. "Four," she groggily spoke and if she thought her head hurt it was nothing like her leg. "My leg." she cried in pain and lifted her head and as much as it hurt she looked at her leg and she cried from shock and fear from what she saw. "Oh my god!"

In her left leg was a piece of metal that had gone right through her just underneath her knee.

Well that explained the agonising pain.

"Do you remember what happened?"

"My leg." Miranda said once more, still in shock and confused as to what was going on.
"Your leg will be okay. We had to leave that in until we get to the hospital." The paramedic’s familiar voice said calmly. "I need you to lie back down for me."

Miranda did so and it was only then she realised she was wearing a neck brace as tears fell down her cheeks just as she remembered how she got here.

~ Earlier That Day ~

Humming along to the song currently being played on the radio she boosted the heater up and sighed as the warm air hit her face perfectly. She then glanced at the time. 4:15PM. She would get back just after nightfall and it would give her enough time to prepare dinner for Larry's arrival back into the country from being in Australia for four weeks. She was thinking of making something with lamb and lots of deliciously roasted vegetables which is exactly what she knew he would like.

Smiling to herself she was very pleased as to how well she has stepped up to be a better spouse for Larry. She'd slightly cut back her hours at Runway and or worked from home a lot more when she didn't really need to be at the office. She had also cut back Cara's hours so she could start spending more time in the kitchen perfecting her cooking as she has always enjoyed cooking just never had the time to do it.

Miranda Priestly was definitely a changed woman - well, in her home life that was - She was still the feared Dragon Lady that walked the halls of American Runway and occasionally Australian Runway to see how things were going in the Southern Hemisphere edition. She felt better for being happier and more relaxed.

Turning up the radio as another song came on that she liked thanks to the girls forever playing their pop music every day, not that she was complaining as some of them were fantastic and incredibly catchy.

Approaching a particular sharp bend she has never liked as deer’s liked to hang around here, but thankfully there shouldn't be any out just yet as the only times she has seen them have been at night time. She drove around the corner just fine as a semi-trailer approached from afar.

A few seconds passed and the song continued and she smiled as her favourite part began. She turned the heater back down and then turned her eyes from the road briefly to smile at the Shetlam Horses in the paddock she and the girls usually stop at every time they go to the cabin to feed them vegetables.

When she looked back to the road ahead to once again concentrate her stomach dropped disgustingly as she noticed the very large semi-trailer with its four shipping containers on the back had veered off onto the wrong side of the road, her side, and all she could and have time to do was swerve around the front of the semi-trailer cab, as it was better than being slammed by heavy tones of shipping containers that were sliding out of control coming straight for her, and hope for the best.

However the best didn't come as she lost control of the silver Mercedes and before she knew it she was headed for a ditch in a very rough collision.

Her daughters and Andrea flashed before her eyes as her whole body lurched forward, her forehead hitting the steering wheel, the pain didn't even have a chance to register as everything went black.

~ Back In The Ambulance ~

"My phone." Miranda managed to say through the pain. "My phone... I need it... now." she said, trying her hardest for her voice to sound strong and intimidating but it didn't work however her eyes were able to convey her Dragon Lady stare which worked wonders and the younger paramedic
rushed to grab her hand bag and pulled out her phone. "Speed dial six." she said then gasped as searing pain shot through her leg as she took her phone with a shaky and bloodied hand. Her heart was still racing but now for a completely different reason. She was about to talk to Andrea. She had to in case something went wrong as her leg was in bad shape and she knew she would have lost a lot of blood.

"The number you have called has been disconnected." A robotic voice on the other end said.

Closing her eyes and feeling a new wave of tears flooding she gripped her phone and let said tears fall. "Shit." she said having not realised Andrea had changed her number. She wondered how long that's been a thing for. 'I love you so much, Andrea.' she thought before shooting pain went down her leg once more and she passed out, the pain becoming too much for her once again.

~ A Little While Later ~

"Mom?" Miranda heard as her eyes fluttered open and she groaned, reaching up to place her right hand on her forehead which was wrapped in a bandage and was pounding horribly.

"Mom?" She heard again in a worried tone.

"Please look at us." It was Caroline's voice that time. People wondered how she knew by their identical voices but she just knew, had always known the difference.

Miranda turned and blearily blinked her eyes as they adjusted to the dimly lit room and she saw her beautiful mirror twin daughters standing by her bed side. "Bobbsey's." she spoke, her voice still groggy and a little rough. "Come here." she whispered, and they instantly did so practically falling onto the bed, mindful of her leg, and both heads were placed on either shoulder as they cried their relief that she was awake and okay.

"We thought we lost you." They both said, crying and sniffling, and holding onto her impossibly tighter.

"Oh my babies." Miranda cried as she put her arms around the both of them. "I am the feared Dragon Lady and no one is getting rid of me just yet. I'll be terrorising those Runway halls for many more decades and loving the two of you until the end of time."

"I don't know what I'd do without you." Caroline cried.

"You won't have to worry about that for a very, very long time, sweetheart. So, stop these thoughts." Miranda replied, but her girls continued crying. "I need the both of you to look at me."

They did so, slowly lifting their heads and staring at her with watery and red eyes.

"I'm perfectly fine." She said as she ran her hands through their hair then down their freckled cheeks and wiping their tears away. "I'm not going anywhere, okay?"

Cassidy nodded and Caroline slowly did also as both girls' lips trembled.

"I'm so sorry I scared you like that." Miranda said, looking the both of them in the eye, her own tears still falling, but she tried to be strong for her daughters who must have been going through hell these last few hours not knowing what was going on with her and if she would be okay. "Never again." she said, taking their hands and kissing each one. "Never again."

"Promise?" Cassidy whispered, voice cracking.
"Pinky promise." Miranda whispered back just as her girls fell down into her once again and held her tightly telling her how much they loved her and would do anything for her. She could have been faced with a worse off outcome when that semi-trailer veered onto her side of the road and as she held her daughters she thanked her lucky stars in the vast universe for letting her survive.

~*~

~ A Few Hours Later ~

Her doctor had come in and informed her that her leg was in bad shape, but would recover given time, but it would require rehabilitation and pain medicine for quite some time. This didn't bother Miranda as she knew she had the strength in her to overcome this and knew that she was simply lucky to still be a living, breathing human being.

With her girls off to the hospital cafeteria where she had made them go to have something to eat she sat up, albeit slowly and cringed at the twinge it caused her leg, and leaned over to grab Caroline's phone and bit her lip. She knew she shouldn't do what she was about to, but she couldn't help herself.

Clicking the HOME button the screen of the iPhone lit up and she put in her daughter's passcode 2662, yes she knew she shouldn't know it, but she did and clicked onto the Facebook app and was glad to see it was kept signed in. She tapped the search engine and typed in Andrea and her beautiful face appeared and she clicked into her former lover’s page.

She scrolled down to the very last post she had seen from Andrea, all those months ago, wanting to catch-up on the brunette's life that way. She saw that her ex-lover hasn't posted much throughout 2010 seeming to have taken yet another more longer hiatus from her social media account until mid way through last year.

2011
We're taking Evie bowling tonight for the first time - this is going to be a fun arvo! =D

~
Our little Evie is all tuckered out after bowling and a play at the park! Now for TV time, dinner, bath and bed!

~
The Next Day;
Bike hunting for our girl who we can't believe is turning five soon and is already shown an interest in riding bikes. Got on Joel’s old small bike with no training wheels and was buzzing around on it every day this past week. I can't wait to see her face when she sees she has her own bike! =D

~
A Week Later;
Evelyn's birthday went brilliantly, all the little kidlets behaved and the mess wasn't as bad as I thought it would turn out to be. Now to say goodbye to Daddy who has to go to work for three weeks =( We'll miss you, honey xox

~
That Night;
It's 1:45AM and I can't sleep, I hate these nights when my brain won't shut off :( 

~
Twenty Five Minutes Later;
Still wide awake, standing in the backyard and star gazing and thinking back to a memorable night at the Inn sometime ago. It's always sad when friendships don't end the way you had hoped.

~
Not Even Five Minutes Later;
Having no idea that Andrea had taken a photo to remember that day but was now speaking of it on her Facebook and mentioning the year that caused Miranda's breath to catch. She covered her mouth as she stared at the photo.

If that wasn't a sign of HOPE then she didn't know what HOPE was anymore.

Knowing she had vowed to Larry that she would remain by his side those feelings she was thinking before the accident occurred she knew were an absolute joke. She knew that she couldn't stay married to him because that was only giving him his own false hope when he didn't deserve to go through that when the evitable pain from the truth was going to be bad enough.

Staring at the photograph and those words Andrea had typed and shared without knowing she would ever see this Miranda couldn't help but have her fingers crossed that this meant Andrea was going to call off her own marriage. She knew it wasn't out of the realm of possibilities that Andrea might be feeling the same way as she was and someday they may find their way back to one another because why else would she be reminiscing if she didn't feel anything for her?

The Runway editor could and would easily accept and forgive Andrea for what she did because over the years she knew that the brunette had only down what she did from having fallen in love with her long before she had met Joel and she had been put in a very tricky situation and she did the first thing that came to mind; pretend that she was single and ready to mingle with her and only her.

She still hated that Andrea lied to her in such a way but she knew she couldn't hold onto that grudge forever. She was a mature adult and could accept the brunette's apology.

With a tad of anticipation she continued to scroll through her former lover's Facebook. She went through a few more uneventful posts;

~
**HAPPY AUSTRALIA DAY EVERYBODY! Have fun and be kind to one another!**
*I really do live in a beautiful country.*
~
**Today is Anzac Day in Australia and we are up early to head into the city to honour and remember the brave Soldiers who lost their lives so that we could live ours. I ask you all to have a minutes silence and really think about that.**
~
**It was a fantastic turn out at Fed Square today. I am honoured to be able to be a part of Anzac Day in Australia <3**
~
**Back at home and making Anzac Biscuits with Evie. I thought it was a nice way to end the day, but it is my first time baking these so so hopefully they turn out well - wish us luck! :D**
~
**Oh wow, I am impressed! Our cookies turned out perfectly and taste super yummy!**
~
**Watching Gallipoli for the first time tonight with Joel. We’ve got the box of tissues ready!**
~
Movie finished and I’m sat here motionless. They knew they were going to die and it’s safe to say I shed lots of tears. When it ended I looked to Joel and asked “Is that how it ended?” covering my mouth in shock, tears running down my cheeks and seeing my husband with the same emotions. He replies to me “The British were bastards. The attack should have been stopped. It was a pointless war. It's incredibly hard to comprehend such a devastating horrible way for those incredibly young
lives to be lost.” Watching a movie like this, and attending the Anzac Day memorial really makes you stop to realise how we are all standing on Earth today all thanks to those brave souls. Thank you.

~

A Week Later;
Late night drive whilst Joel and Evie are at the cinema - Might go up to my fave spot in Sorrento and watch the ships go by.

~

With Joel having a very rare boys weekend camping trip I woke up today to a very awesome lady at the door! AMELIAAAA! <3 She surprised me and is staying for the weekend, yaaaay! Evie and I are about to make pizza's with her for lunch.

~

Evelyn is staying the night with Grandma and Grandpa and now the question is what should Amelia and I do?!

There were several more posts, but her impatience got the better of her and Miranda scrolled up to see more of the posts from a couple months ago.

~

AWOL due to work, boredom of Facebook and thinking that hardly any of you really want to know the ins and outs of our day to day life, but I am baaaack! Decided to give it another try as a few of my babes have told me they missed seeing my posts (shocker!)

~

So, I've been a moody wife lately - sorry honey - but my husband is lovely and gives me my space and lets me bitch and whine and still comes home with flowers for me. =D

~

Getting our drink on - I deserve it!

There was one comment.

Joel Anderson: You deserve it, honey xxx

Miranda bit her tongue. He was no doubt the reason her former lover was so moody.

~

Date night at the Hawthorn pub. Getting on the Carlton Dry!

~

Cows always make me home sick. I had to stop to take a picture of these beauties.

~

Devouring popcorn at the cinema with Evie waiting for the movie to start!

~

Just finished watching HOP with Evie. Awww, very sweet and funny movie. The next movie we can't wait to see is The Smurfs! =D

Miranda smiled at those words. She had to admit she missed watching kid’s movies as they really are quite enjoyable. She continued reading more posts into the insight of Andrea's life. She stopped upon one particular post and her stomach swelled in butterflies at what she read.

~

I took Evie onto the Sky Deck today - she absolutely loved it! - And there was only one person missing <3 but wow, I couldn't believe how much the emotions hit me like a ton of bricks!

The editor cupped her mouth. "Oh my god." She whispered, heart-aching. She clicked onto the comments section.
Melanie Anderson: Everyone okay?
Jacinta Jones: hey girl, that doesn't sound good, inbox me xx
Rebecca Griffiths: I have a similar moment like that too up there. My ex-boyfriend stormed off and left me up there in a mess of emotions. If only we could turn back the clock and slap him in the face! Inbox me if you need to talk xx
Andrea "Andy" Sachs: Hey guys, no need to worry, it was just one of the first nights in Australia with an old friend from America. I was merely overwhelmed by my emotions at how much my life has changed since the last time up there - I am very lucky.

It was quick thinking from Andrea to reassure her friends and family, but Miranda knew better and it caused her heart to race. The hope seemed to be growing. "I am very lucky." She read the words aloud and she didn't believe she meant them about Joel like people would have naturally assumed.

Hoping she was right she continued scrolling and there were a few posts here and there but nothing too exciting or alarming - lots of dinner dates, weekends with Amelia, a road trip to Daylesford with Joel and Evelyn and how they stopped for McDonald's and to feed the kangaroo's, lots of other random things.

Miranda then finally reached the current month and there weren't as many posts as the previous years.

~

Drinking on the Sky Deck with too many thoughts swirling around my mind, but lately this is the only place I feel at peace.

Miranda's heart ached once more. It was now clear as day that it was obvious they still felt the same and her former lover was struggling to cope with her day to day life with Joel and Evelyn and no doubt not knowing how she could break not just her husbands heart but her daughters also.

~

We’ve found a fun new way to keep fit - roller blading!

The picture of Andrea and Evelyn underneath in their rollerblading was absolutely adorable and she couldn't stop herself from saving the picture which she would send to her E-mail shortly.
Joel has his mates over tonight and I'm out by the fire enjoying a few drinks also.

Sleepless late nights thinking of life and the past. I know people say you shouldn't dwell on things you can't change, but it's something I've been doing more and more often lately and it's f*cking hard to switch off! :/

“Please be about me.” Miranda whispered.

I woke up today to find this cute German Shepherd dog on the front porch and he was so lovely and gentle. I thought it was an early birthday present, but unfortunately that isn’t the case. He lives with the new neighbours down the road, but I kept him for a little while before Joel forced me to walk him home.

Because it's my birthday coming up I don’t want anyone throwing me a party or buying me presents. If you wish to do something for me then please, please donate to help Evelyn’s best friend Madeline Chambers 'Make-A-Wish' so she can fulfill her dream <3 I have been donating twenty bucks each week, but we still need over three thousand so please do whatever you can because all the money counts!

Miranda's eyes swelled at those beautiful words, the words touching her heart, as she smiled so proud of Andrea for wanting nothing but those to help this little girl. Underneath was a photo of the brunette with a little girl in her lap with various tubes on her body. Her heart ached at the sight, she always hated seeing innocent children like that, and later today once she'd had breakfast she would definitely be looking into this little girl's story to make her dream come true sooner rather than later.

Wiping her eyes she continued reading the posts.

Of course my girlfriends had to ignore my wishes for Madeline and drag me into the city for a girls night for my birthday, but I must say it was an enjoyable night and helped me get my mind off of everything, and we gathered at the local and I watched as everyone in the pub donated to Madeline's donation box that I have been carrying around with me everything. Now I'm about to be dragged up on to the kareoke stage - someone come and save me! :D Thanks for a fantastic night ladies! :D

Miranda smiled at that. She loved the idea of watching Andrea sing karaoke. 'Maybe someday.

Joel left for work and Evelyn has a weekend slumber party in St Kilda. What to do with myself?!

Miranda's eyes widened at those words and she zeroed in on the date. She had been at Larry's that day and could have sworn she saw the back of a brunette who looked so similar to Andrea in the town car a few blocks from Larry's, but refused to allow herself to speak and tell Mark to stop the car to see if it had been her brunette beauty, having told herself she would have been imagining things.

'It was her. It had to be!' Miranda thought. Her heart raced knowing they had been so close to each other yet so far away without knowing.

I have decided to head up to Amelia's for the weekend as staying at home gets far too boring! Sanctuary Inn here I come =D

Miranda smiled. She really did hope she could go back there someday.
I love these rainy late night drives to Amelia's.

I'm back home and work is about to get super hectic, I am doing a TV interview on The Project (I cannot believe it and am already waaaay too nervous!) next week and I have to prep myself for that and I will be watching my little girl start Kindy (I'm going to cry so much!) and then who knows what will happen!

It was still so crazy how fast these years have gone by and how Evelyn has grown up so quickly. It was incredible and she really hoped her words to the little one could be true - that she could get to know Evelyn and share her thoughts and wisdom of life with her and be there for her whenever the girl needed.

She scrolled up to read more posts but saw that there was none for several weeks until just three weeks ago Andrea posted a status and Miranda nearly spat out her sip of San Pellegrino and what she read;

I have some news and unfortunately this will come as a shock to a lot of you, but Joel and I have separated. It is a sad time, but we will get through this and still be the greatest parents for Evie. We hope you respect our privacy and allow us space.

Miranda's eyes widened and she reread the words, her mouth dropping open, and looked around the room thinking that surely she was seeing things. She had to be imagining this or dreaming or something!

Her heart skipped a beat as she reread it once more and saw underneath that there were 105 comments, but for some reason she didn't want to know or see what they contained as she knew if Andrea left Joel for her she wouldn't be confessing it on Facebook. She simply hoped that her friends were being supportive.

She looked at a post which was put up a week after that revelation.

Due to what has gone on I am taking a break from Facebook for I'm not sure how long. I may even deactivate my account because I really don't care for this social media crap anymore. I apologise to those who I have hurt and disgusted-

Miranda blinked at those words. "Disgusted." she spoke. They were strong words and she had a feeling her former lover had confessed EVERYTHING.

-However I won't apologise for wanting to follow my heart and mind. What happens next is unknown, but I already feel a weight has been lifted. For now, that's it for me on Facebook, to those who still want to know me after a shock of a lifetime lesbian bombshell then you know how to contact me.

'Lesbian bombshell. Oh fuck.' Miranda couldn't believe what she'd just read. Andrea had actually gone there and spiled the entire can of worms.

Now it was beyond true and real that anything could happen next and whether Andrea comes back to her she didn't know, but she would continue to live on HOPE. 'My god, I live on it.'

"Oh my god." She whispered as she dropped the phone and stared at the wall in front of her.
"You saw Andy's last post." Caroline softly said as she walked back into the room.

Jumping at having not heard her daughter entering Miranda looked up. "Sorry, I know I shouldn't be looking at your Facebook."

Caroline waved her words away. "Don't worry about it." she responded as she sat down on one of the two chairs next to her bed as she sipped her juice box. "I wasn't sure if I should have told you about it or not."

"Mmm." Miranda hummed. She was still in shock and surprised and in awe that Andrea had finally found the courage to leave Joel and be the woman she wants to be whether that meant she would be a part of Andrea's new life or not, but she was simply glad Andrea was finally free. "She did it, she came out." She was so lost in her thoughts of the possibilities of what might happen next.

"You okay?" Caroline's voice registered and she turned back to her daughter.

"Yes." Miranda said, smiling. "There is still hope."

"There is always hope. That's what you've always taught Cass and I."

Miranda smiled at those words and the words she'd just read that came from Andrea. "She came out." She repeated once more in shock and awe at all of what this could mean. She could only hope this meant a much brighter, happier future for not only her but the both of them, together at last the way it was always meant to be.

~*~

~ Present Day (Four Months Later) 
February 2013 ~

Miranda stepped out of the town car and looked up at the incredibly modern apartment complex. Andrea's job was clearly paying her former lover good money to have been able to so quickly find a new place now that she's back in the country. This made Miranda happy.

Walking through the glass doors she headed straight for the elevator as the reception lobby man gave her a nod of acknowledgment as if she knew she was the "Dragon Lady" and to not question why she was here. The doors to the metal box opened and she stepped inside, clicking the button for the 7th floor.

The elevator soon delivered her to said floor and she walked down to the end of the hall to Andrea's apartment - Room 26 - funnily enough it was the age her ex-lover had been when this whole affair began.

As she raised her hand to press the buzzer she realised her hands were shaking.

Taking a deep breath she rang the buzzer twice.

"Whoever you are go away!"

She heard the familiar yet hardened voice of Andrea her heart continuing to race as swarms of butterflies ran havoc in her stomach. She pressed in the buzzer and kept her finger there, letting it ring an annoying amount. This got the brunettes attention and she heard loud footsteps storming along floor boards.
"This better be a damn good fuckin' emergency!"

The door was unlocked and thrown open, the brunette turned and walked away in an obvious fury. Apparently Andrea was opening the door to people she hadn't even looked at first.

Looking around awkwardly Miranda cleared her throat and stepped inside. She definitely hadn't been expecting a warm greeting however Andrea could have opened the door to mass murderer for all she knew.

Andrea began laughing then, knowing who was behind her. "So what? You've come to do my mother's dirty work even after you said you never wanted to see my face again?"

Apparently Andrea had looked through the peep hole first. Miranda looked around the darkened apartment before spotting Andrea leaning against the floor to ceiling window and staring out at the view.

"Because if that's the case you can leave." Andrea said as she moved closer.

"I'm not going to leave. I think it's obvious that we need to talk, it's been a long time coming." Miranda replied as she put her hand bag down on the couch along with her coat which she took off. "You know I'm right." she spoke as she gripped onto her cane.

A few moments later she heard Andrea sigh in defeat.

"Fine." The brunette said, moving over to the small two seater sofa on the other side of the L shaped one. "Don't expect me to talk though." she added, leaning forward and taking her wine glass from the very familiar coffee table which had apparently been shipped over from Australia. "There's beer or wine in the fridge. Help yourself although it's all cheap so it won't be to your standards."

Ignoring the last words Miranda looked around. It was hard to know what direction the kitchen was in with all the lights off and no candles on which her ex-lover had enjoyed all those years ago in her old apartment.

"That door." Andrea pointed to the right of where the brunette sat.

Miranda nodded and walked through said door and flicked on the lights. The room was illuminated and it was practically empty except for a kettle and toaster on the counter. The fridge was directly in front of her. There were bottles of Ruffino wine next to said fridge, some opened and empty and some completely full. She pulled both doors open. The left side was the freezer and the right the fridge. Inside the fridge was bare minimum, a small carton of milk, left over pizza that looked to have seen better days, and bottles of Hesler beer.

Looking to the freezer she spotted boxes upon boxes of Jenny Craig meals and she shook her head. She closed both doors and picked up one of the bottles of white wine and found a glass, filled it up, before walking out into the main room where Andrea sat unmoving staring into the darkened room having not looked at her once.

It was clearly something crazy which her former lover had been through and she didn't want to upset or anger the woman any more than she already is, and even though Kate had practically begged her to come here Miranda had no idea what she was going to achieve and whether the outcome would be good or absolute shit.

"Turn the light off." Andrea said, cutting through her thoughts, as she stepped through the kitchen door.
'Alright...' Miranda replied, doing so, and the whole apartment was pitch black once more except for the moon and city lights filtering through the window which was just enough brightness for her to be able to see where she was walking and make out where Andrea sat.

Sitting down on the L shaped couch she sipped her wine before placing the glass onto the coffee table and looking towards Andrea who looked beautiful underneath the moonlight but her face had streaks of mascara down it. The young woman had her knees up on the couch, right arm around said knees, and left resting on the arm of the chair with her wine glass as she stared out the window.

The room was silent for a good few minutes until Andrea stood. "You shouldn't be here. You never want to see my face again, remember? I'm pathetic and disgusting so just do both of us a favour and leave me alone as I've been doing just fine."

"That may be so however something happened to you these last couple of weeks and you've kept it to yourself."

"Because I can handle it and don't need people like you coming in when they haven't been invited." Andrea instantly replied, continuing. "So, again, do me a favour and piss off."

Miranda sniffed, and pinched the bridge of her nose. Part of her knew she should just leave but the other part of her couldn't as she wouldn't be able to live with herself knowing something dark was going on with her former lover. "Whether you like it or not I made a promise to your mother that I'd get to the bottom of this."

Andrea scoffed. "Oh, because you're oh so brilliant and you think you can waltz on in here and get me to open up? Well, guess what Priestly, you're the last human being I'd open up to. I've moved on from you."

As soon as Andrea said those last few words Miranda instantly knew they were false because what the other woman didn't know was her mother informed her of the photo of her Andrea had been cradling when Kate let herself in. "That may be so however I am staying at least until you talk to me like a proper adult."

"Pffft." Andrea huffed, shaking her head and threw back the rest of her red wine.

"And believe me I can sit here all night."

"Whatever." Andrea said, walking into the kitchen and poured herself another glass in the darkened room. "The lights stay off."

"I know, you told me, I may be old but I'm not deaf." Miranda responded, and continued. "You obviously eat a lot of carrots because my eyes are hopeless in this lighting."

"What?" Andrea snapped, confusion in her tone.

"To see what you're doing in the dark like that." Miranda responded. "I said you must eat a lot of carrots."

"Well obviously, you're a mother, surely you know carrots are a daily snack." Andrea said, tone softening but only slightly, and surprisingly continued speaking. "Having a child makes you eat better duh."

"That it does." Miranda replied, smiling. "Cara was brilliant with all the creative things she would make look appealing and fun to eat for two very fussy children. Thankfully they got better with age."
"Well, thankfully Evelyn is exactly like me and loves her food."

Miranda continued to smile. "I bet she's a real mommy’s girl."

"Daddy’s little princess, actually. She can get him to do anything. He's a big sucker and doesn't know how to say no."

"Ah, so you are more of the stern parent?" Miranda asked curiously, she was just glad Andrea was actually talking to her.

"Yes and no. I just do my best."

"That's all you can do, but I'm sure you're a wonderful mother." Miranda replied. "I've always thought you would be."

The brunette remained quiet at those words.

Alright then, Miranda had jinxed the moment by her words as Andrea once again stared out the window wordlessly, and the Runway editor sat there trying to think of what on earth she could say and do to make the young woman open up to her.

It was going to be a long night.

~*~

~ Half An Hour Later ~

The atmosphere in the room had remained silent with the odd light chatter which was mainly forced on Andrea’s end however it’s been nearly an hour now and even though she could sit here all night she’d prefer not to as her leg would become far too sore and she had stupidly forgotten her pain killers and it would only be another couple of hours until she’d be in agony thanks to her longer than normal rehab session this afternoon before the arrival of one Kate Sachs.

The brunette stood and she looked up. "Where are you going?" she questioned.

"Going to release my bladder if that's okay with you?" Andrea replied, looking in her direction.

"Mhmm." She replied and watched the woman’s dark figure walking slowly away.

Giving the other woman a couple of minutes she stood and wandered down the small hallway. She heard the toilet flushing and the tap running before the door opened, the dim light of the bathroom illuminated the brunette, and instantly without being able to control herself a gasp escaped her lips upon seeing Andrea's purple and dark bruise around her left eye and down her cheek. "Oh, Andrea." she whispered, her right hand instinctively reaching up to gently touch Andrea’s cheek however the other woman moved her hand away before she could even touch her. "What happened?"

"I tripped."

"Who did that to you?" Miranda asked more firmly this time as the bathroom light was switched off and Andrea brushed passed her. She followed after the brunette fearing what the rest of her body might look like. "You have to tell me."

"Actually, no, I don't. The only reason you're here is because of my mom coming to you otherwise you'd have had no idea and I really wish that was the case because I really don't need to talk about it and most importantly I don't need you."
Well, Miranda would be lying if those words didn't hurt her, but she had hope that Andrea didn't actually mean them.

"I was doing just fine." Andrea added.

"No. You are far from fine." Miranda replied, and thought back to what Kate had told her about what she'd found her daughter searching on the internet and repeated the earlier words. "How to get away with murder, signs of internal bleeding, psych hospitals.... none of that says you're fine. Now stop with this ridiculous immature attitude and tell me what happened?"

"I think it's pretty fucking obvious, Miranda, don't you?!!" Andrea shot back, voice hardened once more.

Miranda's mouth snapped shut at the quick, and angry response. She opened and closed her mouth, but was too fearful to voice what she was thinking.

"I got attacked, beat up." Andrea said, throwing her hands into the air. "There! Are you happy now? You know what’s happened and now you can walk away again and never look back just like what you've wanted."

"No. I'm not happy." Miranda replied, taking a step closer. "And no, I am not going to just walk away." She added, her tone firmer and she hit her hand down onto the back of the arm chair she stood near. She was outraged by why has happened to her former lover. "You were attacked and you've been dealing with this all on your own."

"Because I'm a big girl and I know how to look after myself."

"Look around you, Andrea, you're sitting in darkness, plotting ways of revenge and slowly driving yourself into crazy territory. You are far from fine because that's not the way to deal with something like this."

"Well, fuck Miranda, I didn't know what else to do. I've never been beaten up before, have i? How am I supposed to fucking react when something like this has happened? If you're oh so perfect what the fuck would you do?"

Miranda swallowed. She honestly had no idea, and her silence was all the proof Andrea needed.

"Exactly, fuck!" Andrea said, laughing dryly. "So, stop telling me how and what I should be doing to cope with this."

"Was it Joel?"

"Fuck off! He's not a wife basher just because I suddenly turned lesbian on him!" Andrea angrily snapped.

"I'm sorry, I just... Andrea, I'm merely worried about you. Did this person... did he... did he rape you?" She asked, the thought she had been fearing the most.

"No." Andrea replied and instantly Miranda sighed in relief.

"Oh, thank god." The older woman whispered.

"But he could have." Andrea continued. "He was about to..."

Miranda heard the change in Andrea's voice, embarrassment and shame. "What happened?" she
asked, so desperately wanting to reach out for the brunette.

Andrea began laughing hysterically. "The only reason I didn't get raped is because I shit myself... I literally shit myself, and he laughed at me, spat in my face, and then hit me... blow after blow after blow. That pain was unimaginable and I passed out. I don't know how long I'd been laying there. I honestly don't even know how I got back here. It's all such a haze."

"Why didn't you go straight to the hospital?" Miranda asked watching as Andrea's whole body began to tremble at finally opening up about this traumatic moment.

Andrea laughed again at her words. "I don't know, maybe because I remember how I shat myself from the fear of being raped!"

"Then you should have called me or... or someone, at least someone Andrea so you didn't have to go through this alone when none of this was your fault!" Miranda was angry that this man did this to her.

"Yes, because that would have been a smart move... calling you after the way things ended between us." Andrea replied, shaking her head.

"Clearly none of that matters right now does it because I'm right here and I would have been right here for you had you called me on the night this occurred. Surely you know that."

"After what I did?" Andrea shook her head. "I didn't think I deserved your sympathy."

Miranda shook her head at those ridiculous words. "What about Joel?" she asked. "Surely you told him, the Father of your child?"

Andrea snorted at those words. "I'm the last person he wants to hear from." The brunette replied, shaking her head. "That's why I came back here. I didn't have anywhere else to go, and I hated seeing him devastated, and I hated myself so much more, but I... I couldn't live with myself anymore, acting like I was a happy wife when I had this massive secret with my heart belonging to someone else... to you. I shouldn't have continued being with him, but I was a coward and thought you'd never want anything to do with me again and I was afraid of being alone so I did the worst thing possible. I married a man I didn't truly love. I'm a terrible person and a bloody idiot." Andrea said, absolutely seething, and gripping the back of the couch in a death grip. "So this..." the brunette motioned to her face and body. "I deserved this. This was my punishment for all of the betrayals and deceiving."

"No." Miranda firmly said, stepping closer. "No one... no one like you deserves to have endured the pain you have. No one."

"Well, that's how I feel." Andrea replied, standing her ground, sticking to her words.

"And is that why you haven't gone to a doctor?" Miranda asked, shaking her head.

"Kind of, but mainly because I don't want to have to deal with the bullshit questions from doctors and the police when I'm fine. I'm showing no signs of internal bleeding."

"You don't know that for sure." Miranda said.

"Well, it's been nearly a week and I'm starting to feel better." Andrea replied.

"Oh, come on, Andrea! You're a better liar than that!" Miranda responded.
"Oh, gee! Thanks, I guess." Andrea said, walking over to the table and picked up her glass of wine and downing some of it. "Do you think I intended on doing all that lying? That when I saw you that day on the corner of Elizabeth and Collin's that I set out to betray you and Joel? Fuck Miranda, I was perfectly happy and content with Joel... I loved him, I did, I do and thought he was really, really great, that finally and just maybe I found the one for me because I knew my delusions for you would never, ever, become a real life fantasy! But then there you were... and I just, my mind turned to mush and all those dreams and pent up feelings, and desires came rushing back and I was-"

"A goner." Miranda whispered the words which her former lover had used on that night the truth had come out.

"Yes. I realised that my love was stronger for you than it was for Joel. That I was... that I am in love with you." She could hear that Andrea was crying now. "That I would have done anything to be with you!"

Miranda's heart raced upon hearing all those words.

"It was never just going to be a one night thing for me when all I ever wanted was for us to be bound for life, but I royally fucked up and have ruined any kind of future with you and I... I deserve it all."

Miranda shook her head once more. "Stop being utterly ridiculous." she replied and made yet another move closer to Andrea and tried to touch her. "Please... I just want to hold you."

"I want that more than anything... to feel you in my arms again, but if you hold me now I'll start crying and I won't be able to stop and I don't want to have to deal with the water works right now as this... seeing you tonight, having you here but not sure what the fuck you're thinking and if you even want to be with me anymore..." Andrea shook her head, and let out a long and shaky sigh. "I just won't stop be able to stop crying."

Miranda took a step back without really wanting to. She didn't care if Andrea cried in her arms all night if only she could hold her, be there for her how she should have always been. "I understand. I can wait."

"But, I... This is still very strange." Andrea said.

Miranda arched an eyebrow. "How do you mean?"

"You being here." Andrea commented.

"I was concerned for you. I had to see you and know that you're okay." Miranda replied, and instantly Andrea spoke.

"Yes, but cut the crap, Miranda... surely you want to say something to me... get out any more anger you surely have inside of you towards me. I don't blame you. You should be yelling at me."

Miranda slowly shook her head. "Oh no, there's nothing to say." she replied, and heard Andrea scoff.

"Oh please, like I believe that." Andrea whispered.

"Honestly, there is no point. I've put all that anger behind me because what happened, happened and there's no point in yelling."

"Really? I find that hard to believe. You aren't the type to get over a betrayal in such a way. You practically told me that as it is all those long years ago."
Miranda shrugged. "What can I say? I'm a changed woman. I started talking to someone a month ago and I have gotten it all out into the open and in the end saw it from your point of view. Yes, what you did was one hundred percent fucked up however that's the thing about love, it makes people do silly things and clouds people's judgement. So, I am telling the truth when I say I'm not angry with you anymore."

"Okay..." Andrea said, still sounding a little unsure.

"And I do wish I had of allowed you to speak that night... to tell your side of the story better." Miranda said and instantly Andrea let out a sigh of sadness. "I know it wasn't fair the way I acted, but after everything I had just found out I just... I couldn't... I didn't know what else to do other than put my wall straight back up and allow you nothing because that's what I always used to do, it was natural instinct for me, and I'm sorry..."

"Okay..." Andrea whispered once more, seemingly taken aback by these words and not at all sure what she should say or do as if all this might be too good to be true.

"So, it's alright... relax. You don't have to fear the wrath of the Dragon Lady." Miranda said which she was glad to hear made her former lover laugh softly. She smiled at the sound. "There's that beautiful sound I love." she softly said, smiling at Andrea as the young woman let out a shaky breath. "From here on wards everything can be different. Everything will be alright." she said, taking another step closer to Andrea. "But if you don't want me to be here, to stay, then... say those dreadful words and I will leave and you'll never have to see me again."

Andrea sniffled at those words. "Well, if you're in love with me, like I think you are then you already know the answer to that."

Smiling widely at those words as tears filled in her eyes she took that last step into Andrea's personal space as the young woman practically lunged at her, holding her tightly, and she did the same back to the love of her life who sobbed uncontrollably into her neck from all the pain they have both gone through these last five years.

If she had anything to say about it then from this day forward she and Andrea will never spend another day apart let alone five hours.

~*~
"Are you sure this is a good idea?"

Miranda looked up from her iPhone at Andrea's words. "Very much so. I'm not leaving you here on your own for another second."

"But wha-"

"No no, no buts, just stop talking and pack a bag. You're coming with me."

"Bossy boots." Andrea replied, but had a small smile playing on her face in the dim lighting of the room in which the brunette allowed her to put on. "Even if you think otherwise I have been coping. Yes, I went a little crazy for a while there plotting murder and then realising what I was thinking of doing and thinking that maybe I needed to seek psych help, but then the thought of that freaked me out and after saying all of that out loud it does make me sound crazy." The brunette shook her head. "But really, I am okay. I am strong and managing this the best way I can."

"I believe you, Andrea, but even so I wouldn't be able to sleep knowing you were alone when you don't need to be." Miranda responded.

"I don't want to be alone anymore either. I am... so much more okay now, with you." Andrea softly said albeit a little nervously.

Miranda smiled at those words. "Good." she said, finishing her glass of wine before looking to the brunette once more. "And you are surely wanting a decent meal by now."

"I've been eating just fine."

Miranda shook her head. "It's all frozen meals. None of that is just fine."

"But it's Jenny Craig." Andrea replied.

"Even though there are healthy elements to those meals they're still processed and that's not the diet I want the love of my life to have." Miranda said, and instantly snapped her mouth shut at what she'd just let slip and waited with baited breath for Andrea's reply.

They stared wordlessly at each other.

"Okay, I'll come to the townhouse with you." Andrea finally agreed, and apparently decided to not comment on what the older woman had just said.

This was alright with Miranda as there was plenty of time for them to talk. "Good. A home cooked meal is just what you need."

They smiled as their eyes twinkled together.

A few minutes later they got into the town car and were on their way back to the townhouse.

The car was silent for a few minutes until Andrea broke it. "You came to visit me twice back in
Australia."

At Andrea's soft words Miranda nodded. "Yes."

"And both times you didn't get to talk to me because I wasn't home and the second indisposed and each time you told Joel to not tell me you came."

"Yes." Miranda responded, biting her bottom lip. "I felt bad asking him to lie, I still do, but both times when I wasn't able to see you it was like... the universe was telling me as clear as day we weren't meant to see each other again... until now. Although I really didn't believe I'd ever be in your company again."

"I wanted to contact you so many times, Miranda, to reach out to you but with the way you reacted and the things you said I thought it best to not and continue to live in misery however that being said there were multiple times I was about ready to throw in the towel and all caution to the wind and pick up the phone to call or get on the next plane out to New York. I got so close once... I got to the airport, but I suddenly got cold feet about how you would react, and didn't want to see you staring at me with so much hatred in your eyes and so I raced out of there like the coward I am."

"I wanted to reach out to you many a times too, and the way I acted asking Joel to lie for me, goes to show I'm a coward also."

"I want you to know that even though I have been here a couple of months I was just waiting to get my life back onto track and then I was going to come to you. Now that Joel knows the truth there is no reason why we should hide and be apart from each other, but I understand if you think otherwise because at the end of the day I did hurt you."

Miranda let all those words sink in before hearing Andrea letting out a slow breath and that all too familiar hand took her own.

"I don't want to be a coward anymore." Andrea whispered, sitting closer.

Miranda's heart and mind melted at those words. "Neither do I." she whispered in response as she lifted Andrea's hand, kissing it. "Neither do I."

~*~

They entered the townhouse and she watched as Andrea bit her lip as she looked around.

"You're sure about this?" The brunette asked.

"More than sure. Besides it's not like I'm asking you to move in." Miranda replied.

"Good point."

"You can stay for as long as you want, darling, just as friends or... more." Miranda softly said, briefly touching Andrea's lower back and watched as the young woman smiled at her.

"You know I want more, but I think we should take this slowly... things are so messed up and I've already put such a drastic upheaval in Evelyn's life that is hard enough for her to understand to be putting this... us... onto her as well."

"Oh, darling, I understand completely. It wouldn't make sense to rush this... I just didn't want you being alone after what that monster did to you, my precious Andrea." Miranda replied, smiling as she lifted a hand to gently cup the brunette's unbruised cheek knowing the other side of her lovers face
was still sore. She was about to speak to say she'd show Andrea up to the spare rooms for the brunette to take her pick just as Caroline appeared on the staircase as she came downstairs dressed magnificently in Versace. "Look at you, all the girls will be flocking you tonight, sweetheart."

Caroline heartily laughed at her. "It doesn't matter how many girls approach me because I'm only interest in Darcy. I think tonight's going to be the night where I'll get up the nerve to tell her how much she means to me."

Even though Miranda wasn't thrilled about her daughter being with Darcy she only wanted her baby to be happy. She watched as Caroline reached the bottom of the staircase and instantly came up to Andrea and hugged her in a warm and welcoming embrace which made Miranda's heart swell. She was so lucky to have raised such polite and oh so generous daughters.

But it wasn't long until Miranda saw her beautiful Andrea’s body beginning to tremble from being hugged again, feeling safe, and at home as the brunette let out her emotions tenfold. She smiled at Caroline who was more than understanding of how Andrea was feeling with no judgement in her eyes.

Stepping closer she took the duffel bag from Andrea's had which had gone slack.

"You'll feel incredibly welcome here no matter what happens." Caroline said which only set off Andrea's water works even more.

Seeing as her lover has bottled up all these emotions for not only days but years she knew she needed to be strong for Andrea as she let it all out all the while getting through such a difficult and traumatising time. "Come on, let's get you upstairs and settled in for the night." she said as her daughter stepped away and gave Andrea a small sad smile.

"Things will start looking brighter again." Caroline softly said.

Andrea squeezed Caroline's arm before following her up the staircase her tears continuing to flow down her flawless cheeks as they slowly made their way to the spare bedroom on the second floor not too far from her own room.

When they reached the top of the second floor, a very familiar spot for the both of them when her girls had tricked Andrea into coming upstairs to deliver the book - oh how Miranda remembered that night so clearly, so shocked to see Andrea standing there, afraid of what the brunette was going to think of her - but tonight she was instantly she pulled into Andrea and their bodies collided tightly.

At the tight embrace the water works were now starting in her own eyes. She knew she had to be strong, but seeing her lover in such a state was extremely hard. She knew she would do everything in her power to hold true to her words and be strong for Andrea and to make the brunette beauty's life brighter once again like Caroline had said.

~*~

After Andrea managed to calm her tears her brunette beauty lifted her head from where it had been resting against her shoulder where they had sat down on one of the sofa's in the small sitting area of the second floor.

As Andrea sat upwards next to her Miranda continued to run her fingers through the hair which she loved so much.

"I don't think I've ever cried so much before." Andrea said, breaking the silence of the room, just as she began blowing her nose in the tissue Miranda plucked out of the Kleenex box for her. "Except
for when I was a baby of course." she added, softly laughing.

Miranda also laughed. "Of course."

"What were Cassidy and Caroline like when it came to the crying throughout the night?" Andrea asked, a little randomly but merely wanting something else to think and speak about for now.

Miranda smiled at the question. "Cassidy was the crier and in turn that would have Caroline start up, but they weren't as bad as some babies I've heard about. How was Evelyn?"

"Terrible." Andrea responded, shaking her head. "I'm so glad those days are mostly over."

Chuckling Miranda spoke. "Yes, you're still in for a long ride with lots more tantrums and then teenage drama."

"Oh, noooo, don't make me think like that." Andrea said, covering her ears. "She is utterly fantastic the age she is and I don't want her to grow up."

Still smiling from being over the moon to be back in the brunettes calming company Miranda spoke as she pushed hair from Andrea's eyes. "Unfortunately you have no control there, but she's still only four-"

"And a half." Andrea cut in, grinning. "She keeps reminding everyone how close she is to turning five."

Hoping to be able to meet Evelyn soon Miranda replied. "You've got plenty of time to continue enjoying these younger days."

"Thank god for that." Andrea replied. "She's already growing way too fast as it is."

"Mmm, I remember that feeling." Miranda commented. "But now I get to watch them continue to grow into beautiful young women and it's absolutely joyful... there are no other words to describe the feeling of watching your children grow into young women. I can't wait for you to experience all of that."

"And I hope you're by my side the whole time." Andrea chimed in, squeezing her hand.

Those words made Miranda's heart race as their eyes connected. With a fluttering heart she took Andrea's hand. "Let's just see what happens." she replied, but boy oh boy she wanted that future with her Andrea and she hoped this time it would actually work. "Do you feel like a night cap?"

"It's just what I need." Andrea replied.

"Great. Let's go downstairs." Miranda said and began standing however she was stopped by Andrea who clasped her hand around her wrist and turned her back around.

"But more than anything what I need is this..." Andrea softly said before closing the gap between them, their mouths meeting for the first time in over five long and painful years.

As their mouths moved with each other and their tongues danced their familiar dance it was like those five years never existed as they were finally back in each other’s arms and warm embraces just like it should have always been.

When they eventually pulled apart for air Andrea's mouth was instantly on her neck which created familiar butterflies inside Miranda's belly.
"I've missed you so fucking much it was literally killing me inside." Andrea whispered.

Miranda held on even tighter to Andrea, if that was anymore possible, and she ran her hands up and down her lovers - she was so, so, so delighted to be able to call this stunning woman her lover once again - back.

Soon their foreheads rested together so they could stare into each other eyes, eyes she forever wanted to drown in as she cupped Andrea’s cheeks. "Don't ever hurt me again because my heart won't be able to handle that again."

"I would rather die than hurt you ever again. I know what I did was stupid and I've regretted it every day. Please believe me when I say from this day forward I will always and forever be fai-"

Miranda stopped Andrea's rambling, knowing her lovers words were pure and true from seeing the honesty in those lovely brown eyes, and kissed her before speaking. "Stop talking, I believe you." she said right before kissing Andrea once more.

A few seconds later Andrea pushed her away and stared deep into her eyes. "You have no idea how much I want to take you to bed, to be able to make love to you, ravish you, and taste you again."

Miranda trembled at those words. She wanted that too, so much so, but knew they shouldn't fall into bed with each other so soon after reuniting.

"But I know that we shouldn't. There's still so much to be said and we definitely shouldn't be rushing this, but oh Miranda, I want you more than you know and my mouth, for years now, has been salivating to taste you again."

Miranda licked her lips as arousal settled between her legs. "Well, had you not wanted to take me to bed straight away you shouldn't have said all of that however you're right. We definitely have more to speak about and I think we definitely need that night cap before we do find ourselves in bed instead."

"I can't wait until we are, to make love to you again." Andrea whispered, kissing her softly this time, before the brunette slowly stepped back as she looked down and took her hand and entwined their fingers which rested perfectly in each others like she remembered all those years ago.

Smiling and winking at her lover she tugged on Andrea's hand as they replied, winking at her before they took their next steps forward into starting their new life together.

~*~

They had been sitting downstairs for a little while when Caroline walked past to head into the kitchen.

"Hi, sweetheart, about to leave?" Miranda asked, smiling before looking to the time. She shook her head. 10:45PM. She couldn't believe that in this generation this was the time people started heading to the clubs.

"Yep, just having a couple pre-drinks before Roy comes." Caroline replied.

"Where are you going?" Andrea curiously asked.

"She Bar, just down the street. I'm meeting some friends and then Darcy is going to come a bit later on. Because it's Thursday it's two dollar pussy shots which always turns into an eventful night." Caroline laughingly responded.
At those words Andrea nearly spat out her sip of whisky. "Wha-"

A car beeped outside, cutting Andrea off.

"Dammit, that'd be Roy, he's early!" Caroline said before looking down to herself. "How do I look?"

"Very gorgeous, bobsey." Miranda responded.

"You're very sweet, but also very biased." Caroline laughingly replied, rushing into the kitchen and pulling out a bottle of beer for the short trip down the road.

Chuckling Miranda spoke. "Have fun and be safe." She replied, very glad that the night club was only several doors down on the always awake Lexington Avenue.

"You know I always do!" Caroline said over her shoulder before walking down the hall. "See ya's!" she added just before they heard the front door shutting behind her.

"What on earth are pussy shots?" Andrea asked, looking at her speechlessly.

At Andrea's words Miranda began laughing. "Maybe we'll have to find out someday soon."

"Really?" Andrea asked, eyebrow raised.

Again Miranda laughed at Andrea's shocked words. "Yes, really." she said, and continued to speak. "I might be old, but I still like to experience new things, you know to keep up with the trends. My girls won't let me live it down if I don't." she said just before Andrea pinched her. She smirked at the soft glare she received from Andrea, enjoying the familiarity that easily came back between them.

"I remember all that we spoke about and my stern rule of not calling yourself old."

"I don't doubt it." Miranda replied, and then squeezed her lover's hand, as that similar cloud nine feeling came rushing back into her body. She was extremely lucky to have this second chance and she would forever cherish every moment from this day forward with her brunette beauty and would do whatever she could to make this work in the long run unlike all her other relationships. Andrea Sachs was special and unique and held her heart always and forever.

~*~

~ A Few Hours Later ~

Having not been tired enough to part ways and go to sleep they continued to sit up, talk and simply catch-up on life events that have happened since parting ways back in 2006.

It had been a quiet and peaceful evening listening to Andrea speak so fondly about her work and Evelyn, and then the young woman patiently listened as Miranda spoke about Runway and the girls, and just as expected the brunette dodged speaking about the attack so she decided to not bring it up. She knew her lover would talk to her when she was ready, but she still really thought Andrea needed to go to the police and would try her best to get it to happen.

Having moved upstairs she watched as Andrea wandered her study taking in everything she saw.

"Oooh, we really do have lots in common." Andrea said, continuing as she picked up a book about the afterlife. "Common interests in books and music." she said, flipping through the book, smiling, before putting it back. "You and I really are the perfect match." she added, looking over to her as the young woman ran her fingers across the books as she continued walking around.
The Runway editor’s heart fluttered at those words. "You are very right." she replied before pointing to a nearby photo frame which hung on the wall next to the large book case that her lover still stood by. "Put the palm of your hand against the right side of that frame and push."

Andrea raised an eyebrow, did as she said and she watched as her lovers eyes widened in shock and surprise for the second time that night. "Niiiiice." the brunette practically whispered in awe as she stared at her then back to what had just happened.

The photo frame was a secret door way she'd had installed when she'd first moved in. "Go on." she said, motioning her head for Andrea to enter.

"Okaaay." Andrea responded, still stunned, as she slowly stepped into the darkened room which lit up, sensing their bodies in the room.

Miranda turned to the small pass-code box on the wall and put in her code which was wired into her security system. If anyone stepped in here without her permission and was unaware a code was also needed before walking any further the police would be here instantly as what she was about to show Andrea were extremely valuable to Miranda and always will be then there was the fact they were worth millions, but of course the money didn't matter to her it was what was in here that mattered.

"Wow." Andrea breathed, turning to look at her. "This is..." she trailed off shaking her head. "I feel so lucky to be seeing this."

Miranda smiled as she stepped next to her lover who instantly took her hand and stared at the bookshelves. "Every single issue of Runway that has ever existed." she softly said and watched as Andrea reached out before stopping in hesitation.

"Can I?" Andrea asked.

"Of course." Miranda replied, squeezing Andrea's hand before her lover stepped forward and took one of the copies from the middle. She instantly recognised that one. "1953. Particia Cornby. She was one of the many models I wish I had of been around to meet and that I wish she were still here to work with again and again." she said, staring at the front of the copy.

Andrea smiled at her words before carefully putting the issue back.

"Here is my other favourite." Miranda said, taking another copy from the other and passed it to her lover whose eyes widened.

"Marilyn Monroe." Andrea said with so much awe.

"An extraordinary woman. Another which I never got to work with."

"That really sucks. I wish you could have." Andrea replied as she finished looking through the issue and Miranda put it back. "Which would be your absolute favourite?"

Miranda smiled. "That's easy, but I have more than one. That Patricia one I showed you as she's wearing one of my all time favourite collections of Coco Chanel and Elizabeth Taylor 1988, but I've always had a soft spot for Gia."

"You met Gia Garangi?"

"Plenty of times. I liked her so much the first time I had to get her back for a second front cover appearance which as you know that's a rare thing that I do with Runway." Miranda responded, preferring to find new models for each new cover, wanting to be different from all the other fashion
magazines out there.

"My sister loves the movie." Andrea said.

"I've not seen it. I like remembering her the way I knew her to be not any of the nonsense the media has spouted over the years and goodness knows what they've made up for the movie doesn't interest me even though I do quite like Angelina." Miranda said, and looked at her lover to see her smiling at her. "What?"

"I just love listening to you speak and hearing all of what's in that brilliant mind of yours."

"You're ridiculous." Miranda replied, but her lips curved into a smile.

Andrea responded by leaning into her and their mouths met. "Would you..." the brunette bit her lip. "Take me to bed and just hold me?"

Miranda's heart skipped a beat at the small request. "I would love to do nothing more."

Andrea smiled beautifully. "Thank you."

"No need to thank me, darling." Miranda responded as they walked back out into her office.

"No, thank you for everything... for accepting my apology, for taking me back into your arms and life, and for showing me such a secret and sacred place. You have no idea how much this all means to me."

"I... love you, I honestly truly love you and that's all that matters as life is too short and we've already wasted enough time apart." Miranda replied.

They kissed once more before she guided her lover down the hall and into her room where she again saw Andrea's eyes widen in shock. "I have a feeling I'll be seeing that look multiple times until you get used to this house." she laughingly said as she closed the door behind her.

Andrea laughed and blushed. "It's hard not to react in such a way... this house is exquisite."

"Not as exquisite as you." Miranda instantly commented, and this only made her lover blush more.

"Come on, let's get ready for bed."

~*~

The next morning Miranda was the first to wake up, as usual, and she rolled over as a wide smile spread her face when she took in Andrea next to her who was fast asleep. All of the stress, angst, and pain having all gotten too much for her causing her to finally let herself fall into what was no doubt the best slumber she has had in the last five years.

Gazing down fondly at the brunette beauty she knew this is exactly how she wants to wake up every morning and she would because they were going to make it work this time around because no matter what bumps they encountered they would be strong enough to get passed them and not let it ruin the special connection they have.

Yawning she quietly stood from the bed to release her bladder.

Once she did so she walked back out to find Andrea standing up from her bed. "Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you, darling."

Andrea waved the words away in an all too familiar sleepy state. "It's fine, I've grown accustom to it
with Evie whose up at 5am each bloody morning and expects me to be as well."

"Well, you're in luck as you've had a sleep in longer than what you've been used to." Miranda replied.

"Really?"

Smiling Miranda nodded. "Mhmm, its 6:30." she replied just as Andrea crossed the room and wrapped her arms around her neck and leaned into her.

"This is late for you as well." Andrea commented. "For a Friday morning usually you'd be at work by now."

"Since the accident I have been sleeping a lot more because of the pain killers and so I have changed what times I have been going into the office and because I have Emily as my co-editor now she is in at 6am on the dot." Miranda replied, as she clasped her hands around Andrea's waist. "But also when I came back after you and I..." she cleared her throat. "I did change my schedules in the morning so I could be in the car at 7:30am to sit with the girls on the way to school and on the way back from school or whatever activities they did on the day which I attended each and every one of them because there was no way I was letting them move out of home."

Andrea smiled at her words. "As soon as I saw you last night I got a different vibe from you... more relaxed."

"Yes, I have gotten more relaxed over these last few years, not worrying about Runway as much as I used to, and concentrating more on myself and the girls." Miranda responded, smiling. "And it has definitely made us all happier. There had also been a change in Patricia." she added, looking over to her bedside table where inside a silver frame was a beautiful photo of Cassidy, Caroline and Patricia. "I hadn't realised just how miserable our lives had been, how all of us had been effected."

"I'm really happy for you. I did worry if my lying to you would have made you continue the way you were after experiencing yet another betrayal."

"I could have, and because I was so angry I was tempted, but I knew my relationship with my girls was at stake and that there was no point staying angry with you for long. At the age you were I might have done the same thing if the love of my life appeared the way I did on that busy Melbourne side-walk."

"I still can't believe we came across each other like that." Andrea replied, smiling.

"The Universe works in funny ways." Miranda replied, smiling also, and that moment flashed passed her eyes. "You were so beautiful standing there staring at me in awe and surprise, but then when I went back to Sorrento on both occasions I didn't get to speak to you I honestly thought it was the Universes way of telling me we weren't meant to be, but now I see that we weren't meant to be at that stage in our lives as we both still had a lot of growing up and learning to do, and now after plenty of time doing just that we are more than ready to be together."

Andrea responded by kissing her with so much love and passion.

"You and I meeting the way we did that day in Melbourne was fate, darling, and I know we will make this work."

At her words Andrea smiled brilliantly at her. "I love you so much."

Miranda's heart skipped a beat. "Oh darling, I love you too." she responded then sealed her words
with another heart stopping kiss.

When they pulled apart Andrea was flushed beautifully in the cheeks. "I could kiss you all day long."

"So could I, darling, so could I." Miranda responded before watching as her brunette beauty pointed to the ensuite.

"I'm bursting." Andrea laughingly said.

Smiling Miranda stepped aside and watched as her lover hurried into the bathroom leaving the door slightly ajar. "Do you feel like a coffee?" she softly called out.

"Oh, thanks, but I've given up on caffeine." Andrea responded.

Miranda had thought of doing this, but she loved coffee far too much however has simply cut down the amount she has throughout the day thanks to the help of her daughters. "Tea?"

"That would be so lovely, thank you." Andrea replied.

Smiling Miranda questioned Andrea once more. "What flavour?"

"Surprise me."

Raising an eyebrow Miranda nodded and chuckled. She knew the perfect tea that her lover would adore. "Alright, I'll meet you in the kitchen."

"Sounds good, gorgeous."

Miranda's heart fluttered at those words before beginning to walk out of the room albeit slowly with her cane. The first half an hour in the mornings were bad for Miranda, her leg aching until the pain killers kicked in, but she pushed through the pain, and hoped that soon enough all the pain she felt would go away now that her heartache was already on the mend and things were starting to look brighter.

Her life had been considerably better than she had expected after the affair ended with Andrea, she had put her girls first which helped change all their attitudes, but also how she viewed and lived life. She had been happier and healthier in her day to day routine with Cassidy and Caroline however with Andrea oceans apart she had been miserable as she tried to pretend she was happy with Larry.

Now that she didn't have to pretend anymore and had Andrea back in her arms and house? Her life was going to be even better and she couldn't wait to start her future with her brunette beauty who is the love of her life.

~*~

She looked up and smiled when her lover walked into the kitchen. She quickly stood and pulled out a stool for Andrea.

"Thank you." Andrea said, sitting and picking up her tea cup. "Mmm, smells heavenly."

Just then and noisily so Caroline practically stumbled into the room.

"I didn't expect to see you up until at least lunch time, sweetheart." Miranda said.

Caroline sighed exasperatedly. "I only got home like a little over two hours ago and have hardly slept
"a wink." her daughter said, shaking her head. "The way I feel now I am glad I don't drink like that
often."

"Did Cassidy go out too?" Miranda asked.

"Nah, too loved up with Louise, as usual." Caroline replied, and then grumbled when she couldn't
reach the blender on the top shelf. "Why is that kept there? It's such a stupid place!"

Smiling Andrea stood and helped. She reached up and grabbed the blender just as the brunettes shirt
hiked up to reveal a nasty blue and purple bruise that covered Andrea's left hip and wrapped around
to her back.

Miranda gasped and covered her mouth at the sight.

"Oh, Andrea!" Miranda said, the shock clear as day in her voice, and her heart was racing with
worry, fear and rage, lots of rage towards whoever did this to her lover.

"Ohhh, yeah, it looks worse than it feels." Andrea said, looking to said bruise and pulling her shirt
back down quickly.

"You're going to see a doctor immediately!" Miranda firmly said.

"I'm fine." Andrea responded with an annoyed huff.

"That does not look fine." Miranda said, turning to look at Caroline for her daughter to chime in
being the medical expert she was. "You heard this ridiculous woman, she firmly believes she doesn't
need to see a doctor. What do you say about that?"

"Can I have another look?" Caroline asked.

Huffing once again Andrea pulled up her shirt and they both watched as Caroline looked and then
softly touched the bruising causing the brunette to cringe. "I may not be the greatest when it comes to
this kind of thing, my expertise is to do with all things neuro-" her daughter grinned. "and I am damn
good at it."

"Enough with the smugness." Miranda said, smirking, she really was a proud mother and always let
it be known.

Smirking also Caroline looked firmly at Andrea. "You'd be a crazy person to not go and get that
checked out. I've seen cases like this which are left without being thoroughly examined and the
person ends up on their death bed."

"See." Miranda said, glaring at her lover. "Get dressed. We're going now."

Sighing Andrea threw her hands up. “Alright, I’ll humour the both of you, but you’ll see that there is
absolutely nothing wrong with me except for ugly bruising.”

“Be that as it may it is best to be safe than sorry.” Caroline chimed in.

“Exactly. Clothes on.” Miranda said, clapping her hands.

“But... what about breakfast?” Andrea asked, pouting.

“We can have a late breakfast after you see the family doctor as I am not allowing you go another
minute without that being looked at.” Miranda responded.
“Fine.” Andrea said, grabbing her tea cup and heading out of the kitchen.

“Stubborn or what.” Caroline commented.

Miranda hummed her agreement.

“I heard that!” Andrea called out.

Caroline couldn’t help but laugh. “Sorry!” she called out just before turning on the blender and her green smoothie blended itself together and she cringed at the loud sound as her headache was still raging inside her hung-over brain.

“Will you be here for dinner? Cara is cooking quail.” Miranda said.

Caroline looked at her over her shoulder. “Ooooh, yeah, count me in. I’ll be leaving for work at 8:30 though.”

“It will be well and truly ready by then.” Miranda replied, smiling as she stepped down from the stool.

“Great. I can’t wait, and it will be great getting to know Andy a bit better.” Caroline replied, turning the blender off when her drink was exactly how she liked it.

“I’ll see you later tonight, sweetheart.” Miranda said, kissing her daughters cheek before moving and walking out of the kitchen following her lover upstairs as she pulled out her phone and made an emergency appointment with her family doctor and then booked them a table at this wonderful little restaurant around the corner for brunch that she knew Andrea would enjoy thoroughly.

~*~
Chapter 12

~*~

With yet another annoyed sigh Andrea lifted her blouse for the young intern.

“Ouch, how’d you do that?” The bubbly blonde asked, putting her gloves on.

“Lacrosse injury. Blow to my head and hip, but I’m fine, barely hurts.” Andrea responded and Miranda could instantly hear the lie in her lover’s voice. Her lover was in pain, but was firmly keeping her brave face on as it’s what the brunette thinks she deserves this pain for all the hurt she has caused.

The intern on the other hand believed Andrea’s words. “How long ago did this happen?”

“Only a few days ago. I’ve looked into internal bleeding and I’m confident that I’m not showing any signs of that.” Andrea replied.

The blonde intern nodded and smiled friendly at the both of them. “Okay, I’m going to take a look with the ultra sound.”

“How long will that take?” Andrea asked.

“Not a fan of hospitals, huh?” The intern asked.

“Just think this is a waste of your time.” Andrea replied.

“We don’t like our patients saying that. We have time for everyone who comes through our doors.” The intern replied over her shoulder as she began getting the ultra sound machine ready to bring over.

“All the wealthy patients, you mean.” Andrea muttered.

At her lovers muttered words Miranda took Andrea’s hand.

“I have read into this hospital. It’s true.” Andrea whispered, looking to her.

“I know.” Miranda replied. “But they’re talking about putting on a pro-bono wing.”

“Really?” Andrea asked.

Miranda nodded. “I hope it happens. We need more places like that in this city.” she replied, before squeezing Andrea’s hand.

“You’ve got that right.” Andrea replied before sighing and looked over at the intern who was taking her time.

“Thank you for coming here for me to give me peace of mind. You’re the love of my life and I already hate seeing you like this, but I would hate it even more if something serious was wrong and I just stood back and did nothing.”

Andrea squeezed her hand. “I know, and I’m sorry I was reluctant to come here, as you know my emotions have been all over the place since this happened. One minute I’m cheerful and the next a moody bitch.”
“It’s perfectly alright, darling, you have good reason for reacting in such ways.” Miranda responded. She would help Andrea get a really good counselor with her connections with Larry and his business she knew it wouldn’t take long at all. The only thing that would take long was to get Andrea there to talk to someone about this trauma, but she knew her lover didn’t want a bar of that right now, it was going to take some time and she was glad she had all the patience in the world.

“Okey dokey, let’s get this ultra sound happening.” The intern said, coming back over to them with said machine, and picking up a bottle and shaking it. “This is going to be cold.”

“I know, had it done before.” Andrea replied. “I have a baby girl.” the brunette said, continuing. “Or well, technically she isn’t a baby any more. She’s four and loves making it clear that she is four and a half turning five in a couple of months.”

Both young women were laughing softly at the brunette’s words and Miranda smiled as the intern began moving the ultra sound over her lovers’ stomach, staring at the screen and examined it closely.

Miranda watched as the intern nodded.

“Everything looks good here.”

“I told you so.” Andrea said, looking at her firmly.

Miranda smiled, but continued watching as the blonde continued moving the ultra sound around a bit more before pausing with an unreadable expression on her face.

"I don't see any internal bleeding or dama-" The intern stopped suddenly then, pausing what she was doing as she stared at the small monitor.

At this reaction the older woman was instantly alarmed. "What is it?" Miranda asked.

Clearing her throat the intern pulled the ultra sound away and looked to to her and then Andrea. “I’m just going to go and get my attendant to have a look at this.”

Andrea swallowed hard and instantly a worried expression crossed her face. “Why?” she asked instantly, looking from the screen to the blonde to Miranda then back to the intern. “What’s wrong? You said everything looked good!”

The intern cleared her throat again, dodging her question as she began walking towards the door. “I just need my attendant to look at this. I will be right back.”

Miranda watched as the blonde hurriedly exited the room before looking to her lover who let go of her hand and rubbed her face.

“I knew we shouldn’t have come here.” The brunette said.

“So you could just sit back in an oblivious state until you collapsed from internal bleeding?” Miranda asked, shaking her head. “That’s smart.”

“Pfft.” Andrea huffed.

“Darling, look at me.” Miranda said, and Andrea slowly turned to her. “She is new and is simply double checking. I believe it’s all going to be alright.”

“Mmm.”

“Anyway where did that macho “I’m fine, it’s nothing more than an ugly bruise” go?” Miranda
mimicked Andrea’s voice for which she received a glare.

The brunette remained quiet and twiddled her thumbs before finally speaking. “I just want this all to be over so I can go back to feeling more like me again and not... dirty and bruised.”

“I really do think you should go to the police.” Miranda softly said, and was surprised when she didn’t get a quick response of Andrea saying she wasn’t going to do that. “You told me that you did everything by the books once you got home. Took photos and have all the evidence you need for the police, and with the skin fragments from underneath your finger nails from when you scratched him should be more than enough for the police to find him.”

“It’s going to be a long process and I just... I don’t want to have to deal with this anymore than I already am.” Andrea replied, closing her eyes and covering her face as she huffed once more.

“He needs to be put behind bars, darling, you know this deep down that it is the right thing to be done because if he doesn’t get locked up he’ll only continue doing much worse to other women out there.”

Slowly nodding Andrea responded. “Whatever the outcome today I will go to the police, but... will you be by my side the whole time?”

“Always.” Miranda replied, and leaned forward to kiss her lover just as there was a knock at the door. “Hold that thought.” she murmured. “Come in.” she called out as the door opened and the intern and her family doctor walked on in. “Robert, good to see you.” she said, standing and smiling. “How are you? Are Cheryl and the children well?”

Small talk ensued for a few seconds before Robert began to examine Andrea. “How long have you been playing lacrosse for?” he asked.

“On and off since college.” Andrea replied, but Miranda wasn't convinced the brunette has played since graduation from Northwestern.

“Just recreational fun or professionally?” Robert asked.

"I wanted to play professionally at college however that didn't happen for various reasons.” Andrea replied.

"Fair enough.” Robert replied, smiling. "I've always been interested in playing."

"Oh, you seriously should, you won't regret it. It's one of the most enjoyable sports out there.” Andrea replied.

Miranda would definitely be asking Andrea later if she has actually dabbled in lacrosse over the years they have been apart. As she thought about it she would love to be in the crowd supporting Andrea. She knew her lover would be one of the best players in the team.

"So, I know you're small talking me to try and keep me calm, but what's the prognoses, doc?” Andrea questioned. "Should I be worried?”

Robert turned to his intern. "Would you like to say?"

The blonde intern, Miranda only then thought to look at her name tag, Carrie grinned widely and for some suspicious reason she had a feeling she knew what she was about to hear and she swallowed hard.
"I'd love to, Rob!" Carrie cheerfully said as her hands briefly touched Robert's causing Miranda's eyes to widen and she quickly looked away. She knew this man to be a happily married husband devoted to his wife and hoped to god what she saw was only a crush on Carrie's part and Robert wasn't doing anything to encourage it.

"Congratulations, you're pregnant!" Carrie announced excitedly.

Even though it was what she had suspected Miranda's eyes still widened at hearing those words and she fell back into the seat as she looked from Carrie to Robert to Andrea who looked just as stunned as she felt.

"Ummm... what?" Andrea laughingly asked, shaking her head. "No, no, no, that cannot be right. We were always careful and I mean always because I never wanted to be pregnant again."

Carrie cleared her throat just as Robert spoke. "I think we'll give you a couple moments."

Miranda nodded. "That would be best, thank you."

Nodding both began exiting the room, but Andrea stopped them by speaking. "Wait, how far along am I?"

"Three months." Carrie responded as Robert walked down the hall.

Andrea looked down to her lower stomach with confused eyes. "This doesn't make any sense."

Carrie, having been looking at her with questioning eyes of whether she should stay or go, Miranda motioned for her to do the latter and the young intern gave her a small smile before leaving the room, but Miranda could still hear Carrie's next words.

"Hey Robbie, wait up!" The blonde called out, running down the hall way as the door slowly closed behind her.

Hoping Robert wouldn't betray his wife she planned on ringing said wife to see how things were going once they'd had brunch and came to terms with this new found information.

Turning back to Andrea her lover spoke. "I can't be pregnant. This is ridiculous. We were both happy with just Evelyn." the brunette said, looking down at her stomach once more.

"Maybe you accidentally missed a day of the pill without realising?"

"No, I stopped taking the pill, it made me feel sick and I kept putting on weight from it. Joel always wore condoms, he knew where I stood on another child, and he was always careful when we had sex which please believe me when I say was few and far between." Andy said, urgently reaching over for Miranda's hand.

Believing Andrea she spoke. "Three months ago maybe he didn't wear one or he did and it broke in the heat of the moment?" God she hated talking about this, thinking about Andrea having sex with him and not her. "Or... maybe he might have forgotten to put one on?" She said, trying to help Andrea get to the bottom of this.

"We were always careful though and I just couldn't see him forgetting to put one on." Andrea replied. "Three months, three months..."

The Runway editor watched as her lovers beautiful brown eyes widened.
"Ohhhh, shit, shit, shit!" The brunette hissed, remembering now, covering her face with her hands and groaning. "Three months ago. Fuck! We were both drunk, and shitty with each other, but then one thing led to another and I wanted to keep him happy so we ended up on the floor and clearly he was too occupied with his urgency to do it in his inebriated state that I was stupid enough to not even think of condoms."

"These things can happen, but..." Miranda cleared her throat. "There should still be time if, you know, wanted to..." she trailed off. "I wouldn't judge you." she added and instantly Andrea's eyes widened in understanding as to what she was saying.

"No way." Andrea said, shaking her head. "No way... I wouldn't be able to live with myself after doing such a thing."

Miranda bit the inside of her lip, kicking herself for even mentioning it. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. I should have known you better."

"Oh, babe, it was a fair enough question." Andrea replied, taking her hand. "I just... couldn't do something like that and not to mention Joel... he'd kill me. I never wanted to get pregnant again when it had been so hard the first time around when Evelyn was born. The relationship got incredibly tense from his job flying up state for three weeks then coming home for three weeks and having missed so much in between as the cycle continued on and on and on to the point I have no idea how I got through it. Sure his parents were just down the road, but that... just wasn't... I couldn't handle it. I swear I'm shocked I don't have any kind long-lasting post natal depression because I honestly thought I was going to go mental those first few months. Then of course there was the fact I was living this... this lie..." Andrea shook her head, turning to look at her with sad eyes. "I am a horrible person to have done all of this, to you, to him, to my daughter..."

"Darling, listen to me, I don't think you're a horrible person. You were young... we... we both acted like love sick teenagers rushing into that love affair without evening thinking it through..." Miranda said, squeezing Andrea's hand before raising it and kissing the inside of her lover's palm. "You are not horrible. You are only human and we all make mistakes. All that matters now is that you've learnt from it and you've come out a stronger woman."

"Thank you for saying that." Andrea whispered, staring into her eyes. "I just... can't believe this."

Miranda nodded. "I know."

"Joel... God, he's already going through so much and then to have to deal with this news." Andrea said.

"Did you want to call him?" Miranda asked, reaching for her phone.

"No, this is something he should hear in person and once my bruise goes down. I don't want him or Evie seeing me like this and finding out what happened. The less who know the better."

"Alright, well..." Miranda stopped when once again there was a knock on the door. "Come in."

Carrie popped her head in. "Sorry to be rude, but I've got patients lining up to see me."

The Runway editor nodded. "Of course. We can talk more about this later." she said, looking back to her lover who nodded at her and began to sit up.

"Would the mother to be like to know the gender first?" Carrie asked.

"Oh no, that's something my ex should be here for." Andrea replied. "But, ah, I'd love to be able to
Miranda smiled at her lover’s words however she knew it should be Joel here instead of her. "Joel wouldn’t be happy if he knew I was here, I really shou-

"No." Andrea said, stopping her. "But you're here and I want you to be here and to be the one I hear the heartbeat of the beautiful human growing inside of me, but only if you want to stay. This is a lot for you to take on as well so soon after we've found each other again."

Swallowing at the whispered words Miranda ran a hand through her hair as she slowly sat back down and took her lover's hand and stared into Andrea's lovely eyes. "This will be a huge step for us and our future, and I..." she cleared her throat, feeling emotions welling up in side of her. “I really want to be in it with you, and be here for you and your children, and do right by all of you, to give you all the love I have inside of me."

Andrea had tears welling in her eyes as she smiled beautifully at her. "You always know how to leave me speechless." she said, laughing softly.

Smiling Miranda looked to Carrie who was pretending to mind her own business on the other side of the room. "You can begin now."

Carrie smiled and walked on over and began to find the heartbeat of the child growing in her lover.

It didn't take long until the sound came through the speakers. She instantly gripped Andrea's hand. "Oh my..." she whispered in awe as her lover turned from the screen to look at her, smiling widely with watery eyes.

"That's our baby." Andrea whispered.

Miranda stared at Andrea speechlessly before nodding and swallowing. "Yes." she replied, squeezing Andrea's hand. She knew this was never what she thought she'd ever do again however Andrea was the love of her life and if that meant raising another baby (or technically two) she knew she was more than ready for it. "That's our baby." she whispered, their eyes connecting.

"Ours."

Miranda felt the tears falling down her cheeks at that one word which resonated so many feelings inside the both of them. She had never felt so overwhelmed before. "I will do right by all of you." she vowed, repeating her earlier words, her whole life having changed in the span of a day in more ways than one.

~*~

~ Half An Hour Later ~

"Are we nearly there?" Andrea asked just as she heard the familiar sound of her lover's stomach rumbling.

"One more step." Miranda said, guiding her lover up a set of stairs.

Andrea laughed. "Where on earth are you taking me?"

"Patience, my darling." Miranda replied, moving around her lover. "Keep your eyes closed while I take the blind fold off."
"Okay." Andrea said, keeping to her word as Miranda took it off.

"Alright, you can open them now." she said and watched as her lover did so and looked around with awe and a wide smile.

"Ohhh... Miranda, this is..." Andrea trailed off, looking around. "Absolutely breathtaking," the brunette added when those beautiful eyes landed on her.

The young woman took in the cosy table for two which was done up beautifully with candles and fairylights surrounding it for them to sit and have brunch that overlooked the New York City skyline. "I love it, I love you, thank you baby."

Miranda smiled, taking Andrea's hand. "I had a feeling you would. It has a similar vibe to your old apartment balcony. I came here... often, and just... thought about the times we had together." she replied, smiling, as she led her lover to the small table near two gas heaters. "I was planning on a couple cheeky orange juice and Moet's but now with... this little one." she said, placing her hand on Andrea's stomach. "OJ it will have to be."

Andrea looked at her. "I cannot believe it. I mean... a second child?" the brunette shook her head. "It's been hard enough with Evelyn. I was a woman who never wanted children, but here I am. Don't get me wrong... I love Evelyn to the moon and back, but I..."

Miranda squeezed Andrea's hand when her lover let out a shaky sigh. "You've done a wonderful job so far and you're going to be just as good with this little one."

"And you... you're sure you want to do this... with me?" Andrea questioned, searching her eyes."I understand if you're unsure, this is a lot for you to take in as well."

"I know I once said to you I wasn't interested in children again, but now... here... with you... and this little one." Miranda rubbed Andrea's stomach. "And your gorgeous Evelyn... I'm more than okay, and ready and prepared for this. I have been granted with such a beautiful blessing and I'd be an ol-" she stopped herself before Andrea had time to even move to pinch her and watched as her lover smirked.

"That was close." The brunette commented, eyes sparkling as she waited for Miranda to continue.

Smiling Miranda continued. "I'd be an absolute fool to not be with you after all these years of wanting you like I've never wanted anything else. So, yes, I want you and I to be an us always and forever with our children. It's a joy to have been given such a lovely family with you."

Andrea smiled as tears began welling in those gorgeous browns.

"Oh, darling, I didn't mean to make you cry."

Andrea waved her words away. "Happy tears." she replied, continuing. "You'd think after being pregnant once before I'd know what all these hormonal moods meant. So stupid. Crying one minute... winging the next."

"Far from stupid, Andrea, you've been under a whole heap of stress lately, but not anymore because I'm here to help make everything better and brighter."

"You have no idea how happy I am right now... being here with you... I never thought it could happen. I honestly thought I had screwed anything between us for good."

"The happiness you're feeling is how I am feeling." Miranda replied, smiling. "And what can I say?
My love for you is far too strong to let the past stand in the way of us... you... My true love.”

The brunette kissed her then, pouring everything she felt into said kiss causing Miranda's own eyes to well with tears and her heart beat with overwhelming happiness.

"I love you so much, Miranda, I will never hurt or lie to you again." 

"Oh, Andrea." Miranda kissed her lover once more. "I love you too." she whispered before they continued kissing. She... they... were now walking on a dream which was reality.

It was actually happening this time, for good, and Miranda could finally say that life was blissful once more.

~*~

~ Nine Days Later.
Runway Offices, Elias-Clarke ~

Looking up at the sound of commotion out of her office and out of sight she heard Elise's voice in a hushed, but firm tone.

"I'm sorry but you can't just come walking in here like this without an appointment!"

Miranda was about to stand to see what the problem was when a familiar little girl came running into her office stopping short upon seeing her. She was about to open her mouth just as Joel came into sight.

"Here we go." She thought as Joel turned hard eyes onto her.

"Where is she?"

Calmy swallowing some San Pellegrino Miranda cleared her throat before talking. "At my home." she replied, knowing there was no point in lying.

Instantly she saw the hurt in the man’s eyes, but he quickly toughened up. "Unbelievable! I fucking knew it!" he hissed as Evelyn wandered over to her book shelf and ran her hands over the spines so much like her mother. "She comes back to this city and straight into your arms!"

Miranda shook her head. "That's not what happened at all."

Joel scoffed. "Oh, I'm sure it ain't."

"It's not. I wasn't even aware she was back in the country let alone Manhattan." she replied, looking back down to her work and began jotting down some words pretending to be unphased by Joel's appearance and his obvious anger.

Evelyn walked back over to Joel and tugged on his leather jacket. "Daddy, I need to wee."

"You'll have to wait." Joel replied. "The toilets are for employee's only."

"That's not exactly true." Miranda chimed in with a soft tone and Evelyn turned to her and smiled shyly. "The bathroom doors only have those signs up as it's Elias-Clarke's law after an accident happened downstairs a few years back. You can use my toilet, it's through there."

Evelyn looked to the door which she pointed at before turning back to her and smiling widely so similar to her mothers. Her heart skipped a beat knowing she would be calling this sweet pea her
daughter given time.

"What do you say?" Joel said, looking down to the girl.

"Thank you!" Evelyn cheerfully replied, and began skipping towards the door.

"You're quite welcome." Miranda replied, smiling and the door closed behind the little girl and so she turned to Joel. "She's so precious." she said, but as expected Joel ignored her.

"Look at you." Joel said, shaking his head. "What is so great about you aside from your wealth?" he shook his head. "I don't get it."

"Neither do I, honestly." Miranda replied, continuing. "But believe it or not she didn't come to me straight away. We've only been in each other’s lives for less than two weeks."

"That doesn't make sense. Where has she been all this time? It's been three months!" Joel said, staring at her.

Miranda shrugged. "Working... trying to build up her life here again, wanting to make a safe haven for herself and for her daughter, but then..." she sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. "then she came back to me, her mind set on what she wants." She watched Joel's fists clench. "I'm sorry, I know this isn't what you want to be hearing, and I understand completely you want to talk to Andrea." She said, holding out a piece of paper in which she had scribbled down her address however Joel didn't reach for it. She sighed. "Just take it. You can go there and see her."

"I can't say all I have to say to... her... in front of Evelyn. She's upset enough as it is." Joel responded, rubbing his face in frustration.

"I'll keep an eye on her then. I'm here for the rest of the afternoon. She'll be perfectly safe." Miranda suggested, continuing. "I have children of my own. I wouldn't let anything happen to her or out of my sight."

"Beyond my better judgment I'm going to allow that." Joel replied, continuing. "But only because I don't want to upset my daughter any further." he added, snatching the piece of paper from her hand just as Evelyn emerged from the bathroom.

"'Randa has the same hand soap that Mummy loves. Bush Pepper from Tasmania!" Evelyn said, looking at Joel with wide eyes, and held her hands up and wriggled her fingers. "Have a smell!"

"Oh, friggen hell!" Joel said in an angry tone as he looked back to Miranda with hardened eyes. "How did I not pick up on it... the two of you going off to Amelia's for a so called friendly weekend... then all of a sudden you drop off the face of the earth and Andy is moping around for weeks on end, but then we get married and all is fine and good until she sees the wedding announcement of you and your... beard or husband... whatever... and adopts this whole new weird attitude. You appear at our home twice, and then act suspiciously strange and ask me to lie to my wife when you weren't able to see her... because why? You second guessed yourself and realised that... what, it was a bad idea for you to be there? That you'd be tearing a family apart? My family!" Joel shook his head, fists clenching and unclenching. "You must think I am a bloody idiot."

"I don't." Miranda quickly said, standing. "I really don't and I really think we shouldn't be doing this right now." She said, looking towards Evelyn who was beginning to look confused and upset. She turned back to Joel, and spoke in a soft yet firm tone. "You have every reason to be angry and you can say all that you wish to me when your daughter isn't present."

Joel kneeled down in front of Evelyn.
"What's going on Daddy?" Evelyn asked with a worried voice. "When can we see Mummy?"

"You're going to stay here for a while with... with Mummy's friend while I go to see Mummy and then I'll come back and we can see her together."

"Why can't I come with you now?" Evelyn asked.

"Because Mummy and Daddy need to have a grown up conversation." Joel replied, kissing Evelyn's forehead. "Be a good girl while I'm gone and I'll be back shortly."

Evelyn slowly nodded, looking from Joel to Miranda to Joel again still a little unsure about all of what was going on. "Okay, daddy, I'll be good."

Joel nodded, and stood, turned back to Miranda and moved closer to the Runway editor who stared at the man unwavering. "You're lucky you aren't a man because how I'm feeling I could get a few punches in."

At those whispered words Miranda didn’t even blink. This man didn’t intimidate her. She has dealt with much, much worse. "Well, there's a punching bag at my home. Feel free to use it." She replied, sitting back down as the man began turning around. "Take your time." she added and as expected she didn't get a response.

The young man left and she watched him like a hawk before quickly taking out her phone. She knew Andrea wasn't going to be happy about this however her lover would have to face the music sooner rather than later.

She dialed and looked to Evelyn. "Why don't you pull out one of those chairs..." she pointed to the two in front of her desk. "Next to mine and you can help me with my work?"

"Really?" Evelyn asked, wide eyed.

"Why not." Miranda replied, continuing. "But first I need to make a quick phone call." she said, after helping move the chair and Evelyn sat down as the phone began to ring. "Look at the pictures if you like." she added and she moved over to the windows in the corner, waiting for her lover to answer however the call went straight to voice mail. "Darling, I need you to remain calm after what I'm about to tell you, but Joel has just come by demanding to know where you are and I... I couldn't lie to him. I feel bad enough as it is..."

~*~

~ A Little While Later ~

"And the chairman wants to see you." Emily said through the phone speaker after they finished talking about next month’s issue as they were doing last minute changes.

"Alright, thank you." Miranda replied, hanging up.

"'Randa..."

"Mmm?" Miranda hummed, writing down a few notes.

"What does the chairman mean?" Evelyn asked, continuing as she continued to scribble a picture. "Does he sit on a chair all day?"

Miranda softly laughed at those words, looking down at Evelyn who looked up at her curiously.
"The chairman is the boss of this whole building..."

"Wow. It's a really big building!" Evelyn said, eyes wide once again. "How can he do it all on his own?"

"Well, he has help." Miranda replied, continuing. "He is my boss, and just like me he has his own boss."

Evelyn nodded in understanding. "I think I'd prefer sitting on a chair all day... like Mr. Bean does protecting the art photos!"

Miranda chuckled softly, slightly remembering that film. "That would get a little boring after a while, don't you think?"

"Mmm... maybe." Evelyn said.

"What would you like to do when you're older?" Miranda curiously asked, watching the little girl closely.

"I'm gunna play footy on the TV like Daddy used to!" Evelyn cheerfully said, looking up at her with so much excitement pouring out of her. "And Mummy says that by the time I am old enough to play that girls will be playing on the TV just like the big boys do."

"Mmm. Your mommy is a smart woman." Miranda replied. "You should definitely always listen to her as she usually ends out being correct." she added, and really did hope for Evelyn's sake and all the other girls out there with the same dream that it would be the way Andrea hoped it to be with females playing Australian Rules Football in the future.

Evelyn smiled at her beautifully before leaning over her desk and pointed her finger at one of the pictures. "I like this one." She said, changing the subject completely in a way children do.

Smiling Miranda spoke. "Mmm yes, I am quite fond of this shoot, and that model there..." she pointed to one of the two blondes. "That’s Elise's sister."

"The girl sitting out there?" Evelyn asked, wide eyed and looking to the young assistant in the outer offices before looking back to her.

"Yep, that's the one." Miranda responded.

"Wow." Evelyn said, skipping the page to where there was another photo of the same model. "She's very pretty." she added before looking up at her curiously. "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course. What is it?" Miranda asked, dropping her pen and pulling up the latest Pier 59 shoot on her MacBook.

"Do you love my mummy?" Evelyn asked causing the Runway editor to stop what she was doing and turned to the little girl.

"Why do you say that?"

"Mummy has a picture of you and she looks at it every night before going to bed when Daddy isn't looking, and once in her sleep she said she loved you so much that it hurt, so... do you love Mummy the same?"

Miranda hadn't been expecting these words. Swallowing she nodded. "Yes, I love your mother very
much. Is that..." she cleared her throat. "Something you'd be okay with?"

"Mummy needs to be happy again. She's been very sad lately."

"How sad, would you say?" Miranda questioned, frowning.

"Crying when she doesn't think I can hear from my room but only when Daddy isn't home." Evelyn replied.

"Have you told your Daddy?" Miranda asked.

Evelyn shook her head. "He's always working and when he's home they don't really talk." the little girl frowned.

Miranda was saddened by this, hating so much that her Andrea has been suffering in silence.

"Which means Mummy needs to be loved by you because she said that once upon a time you made each other really happy." Evelyn said, continuing. "But Mummy and Daddy will always love each other too."

"Oh, of course." Miranda replied as Evelyn began playing with her hair. "They will always be a big part in each other's lives and your life, and if your mother and I... well, I would never want to replace your Daddy, do you understand?"

Evelyn nodded, beaming up at her. "I understand. I am Daddy's Princess after all."

Miranda began softly chuckling. "Oh, sweetheart, you're so very grown up already!"

"Grandma says I have an old soul like Mummy!" Evelyn replied, smiling wider if that was at all possible as the little one moved closer and was practically sitting in her lap as small inquisitive hands touched her very unique hair.

Miranda had been about to speak when Evelyn continued.

"Your hair is sooooo soft! How do you get it like this? And can mine be like that too?"

Smiling at those words Miranda spoke. "You can have whatever you want the world has to offer." She responded and once again Evelyn beamed at her.

"I like you a lot 'randa!" Evelyn said.

Miranda's heart swelled from Evelyn's words and the way the little girl was watching her.

For the first time in her entire life - aside for the exception for Eric - she didn't at all care that someone was calling her by a nickname. She wasn't sure why Evelyn has adopted the name 'Randa for her when the girl knew fully well how to pronounce her name, but she wasn't complaining. She saw Evelyn as the sweetest, precious thing and to think she and Andrea had another on the way was beautifully surreal.

Life really was bliss and she would forever be grateful to have this new little family.

~*~

~ That Afternoon - The Townhouse ~

They walked into the townhouse and Miranda was instantly greeted by a fabulous mother and
daughter reunion.

"Mummy, Mummy, Mummy!" Evelyn yelled excitedly, letting go of her hand and running into Andrea's arms as the brunette knelt down, wrapping the little girl in her arms before standing up and embracing her tightly.

Andrea's eyes were tightly shut, a wide smile on her face, before she pulled away and kissed her daughter's cheek and stared at her, saying over and over again how much she loved her and how much she has missed her and how sorry she was to have been gone for so long and for making her upset over these last few weeks.

"It's okay, mummy, I know you had to be by yourself for a while." Evelyn said.

There were lots of tears followed by happy laughter as they were over the moon to be back in each other's company again.

They walked down into the sitting room and settled on the couch and they began speaking with Andrea asking her daughter how she has been, what she has been up to with Daddy, and lots of other subjects.

It was a beautiful and heartwarming scene and it again reminded Miranda that this was now going to be her day to day life with these two wonderful and beautiful souls with another, whatever the gender it didn't matter, on the way and it brought tears to her eyes.

Clearing her throat, she turned around and excused herself as she wandered into the kitchen. "I'll get that milkshake on the go for you, Evelyn." she said over her shoulder.

"Oh, a milkshake?! Aren't you the luckiest!" Andrea said, cuddling her daughter once more and then Evelyn began laughing as her lover began tickling her.

Chuckling softly Miranda continued into the kitchen and got everything she needed for the chocolate shake.

"Are you alright?" Andrea asked not even a second later, coming up behind her and putting her arms around her waist and rested her chin on her shoulder, squeezing softly.

Miranda smiled and leaned back in Andrea's strong arms. "More than alright, darling, just the realisation that I'm going to see you and Evelyn and this little one for the rest of my life overwhelmed me. It's such a wonderful thought. Our future is really going to be so, so beautiful!" She responded before turning around in her lovers arms to face those gorgeous brown eyes she could forever get lost in. "How did it go with Joel?" she asked and watched as the brunette bit her bottom lip.

"Our conversation was short, he said lots of things, but one thing that is for sure is he won't be keeping Evelyn from me. He wants us to have fifty/fifty so that we get to spend equal time with her." Andrea replied, tears welling in her eyes from gratitude. "I've no idea how that will work as I hate the idea of her having to go back and fourth between us, but all that doesn't matter right now, all that matters is that I have my baby girl, my growing baby, and my soul mate who I get to share my family and the rest of my life with."

Miranda smiled at those words as her heart swelled once again. "And what about this little one.." she trailed off, touching her lovers mostly flat stomach, watching Andrea closely and instantly the look she saw she wasn't at all surprised.

"I didn't tell him." Andrea said, shaking her head and sighing. "It just wasn't the right time. I don't want him so angry with me when I tell him."
Nodding Miranda spoke. "I understand, there's still plenty of time." she responded as Andrea began running her fingers through her hair in such a way she has missed so dearly over the years.

"Thank you for understanding." Andrea sighed again. "I know that this won't always be easy. We will have our hard days not just with our children, but our relationship however the one thing I do know is that our love is strong enough for us to overcome anything and everything."

Miranda kissed Andrea in reply with all that she felt and more leaving them both breathless and moaning for more, but they kept it together knowing Evelyn was a few steps away.

With their foreheads resting against each other as they breathed in sync and stared into each other's eyes. She was so thankful that she could once again be like this with Andrea from this day forward. "Always and forever."

At her words Andrea's eyes lit up perfectly. "Always and forever." the brunette whispered before sealing those promised words with a heart pounding kiss.

~*~

FIN

Notes: Click for the next chapter to see the sequel - One Month Later.
As Miranda began to wake her lips formed into a close mouthed smile as she felt Andrea in her arms, her right arm draped over her lover’s body with Andrea's left hand resting on her upper arm. She hummed softly as she opened her eyes and she felt Andrea stirring, coming out of slumber, before rolling onto her back and their eyes connecting.

"Good morning." Andrea sleepily said, rolling onto her right side and draping an arm over her.

Miranda smiled wider. "Good morning, daring." she breathed as they both leaned in and their mouths met for their morning kiss. "Mmm, I will never get tired of waking up like this." she said, kissing her lover once more. "My life has become the greatest." she added as she began kissing Andrea's neck and then began shimmying down her lovers body where she tenderly kissed the round
stomach which was starting to become beautifully bigger with each new day. "Good morning, my love," she said, heart swelling with so much happiness as she ran her fingers along the bump as her lover ran her fingers through the her hair.

Looking up their eyes connected, both sparkling with all the love they felt. She looked over to the alarm clock. 6:15AM. Plenty of time for them to roll around before Evelyn would be pulling them up at 7AM. The little girl was still up at 5AM but thanks to Caroline or Cara here at that time of morning she was amused by them until Evelyn had enough and decided she wanted her mommy’s awake.

Miranda moved back up Andrea's body and began kissing her once more. It was slow and languid before she moved back down and kissed, nipped, and licked her lover’s breasts which were getting more sensitive every day. Her lover let out a long low moan of satisfaction.

Soon Miranda made her way further down her lover’s body to settle between perfectly pale and flawless relaxed thighs. She breathed in her number one favourite scent and saw Andrea's vagina to already be glistening and very eager for her tongue and fingers.

Andrea propped herself up against the pillows and spread her legs wider for her.

"Mmm... someone’s impatient." Miranda said, chuckling as she looked up, trailing her fingers up and down her Andrea’s thighs teasingly, as their eyes connected and she watched as her lover bit her bottom lip.

"For you, always." Andrea said, watching her every move.

With her lovers eyes on her the Runway editor leaned down and ran the tip of her tongue teasingly through her Andrea’s slick folds, the hairs from the landing strip tickling her tongue.

Andrea cried out, muffling the sound the best she could with the palm of her hand as Miranda continued her teasing.

"Ohhh... Miranda!" Andrea cried once more, hand dropping away from her mouth to grip the bed sheets. "Don't tease!"

Miranda chuckled as her brunette beauty arched into her desperately.

Knowing that her lover didn't want her mucking about she got down to business of making Andrea climax for the first and certainly not the last for today. She used her right thumb to rub Andrea's clitoris which always drove her woman wild.

It wasn't long until the brunette's legs began to tremble telling Miranda that it wouldn't be long for her lover this morning. She moaned knowing she would be tasting her Andrea’s sweet release very soon. The brunette beauty moved along with her ministrations in sync with her tongue and fingers. "Ohhh... you never fail pleasuring me!" her lover said, continuing. "You always know how to make me feel amazing!"

"And I always will." Miranda said, looking up and their eyes connected as she delved her tongue deep inside her lover. Her brunette beauty placed a hand atop her head, pushing her further into her vagina, and their other hands entwined as she watched her lovers eyes roll back into her head.

Andrea's head fell back against the head rest and her luscious mouth opened in a silent O.

Miranda watched in awe as her lover began climaxing and as always it was the most beautiful and
breathtaking thing to watch. Her lover squeezed her hand as Andrea's body continued to tremble through the feeling of ecstasy.

Not able to stop herself Miranda put two fingers into her brunette beauty's hot core knowing that her lover could easily go again.

"Yessss!" Andrea cried, hands falling limp beside that divine body. "Don't stop!"

Miranda chuckled. "Don't plan on it, darling." she replied, moving her digits in a slow and steady pace wanting to drag out this second orgasm.

Just as she'd hoped she managed to draw it out as a few pleasurable minutes went by and her lover came into her hand and then began pushing said hand away as the feeling became too much for her to handle for this moment of time but she knew once night time rolled around they would be going at it likes rabbits for hours on end.

Wiping her mouth Miranda looked up to see Andrea holding out a hand for her to move back up for their usual morning snuggle.

Smiling and more than happy to do so Miranda lay next to her lover their bodies entwined with Andrea's leg instantly going over her right leg before resting her head on Miranda's chest.

"You are incredible." Andrea said, moaning softly as she still came down from her orgasm.

"Just like you, darling." Miranda responded, smiling.

They stayed like that for a while until Andrea sat up, head in her palm, resting on her elbow and watching her.

Their eyes connected before leaning into each other and shared a passionate kiss.

"What's the time?" Andrea asked upon pulling away.

Looking over to the alarm clock behind her lover, who yawned, she saw there was still time before Evelyn would jump in bed with them, trying her best to drag them out. "6:45."

"Just enough time." Andrea replied, winking at her.

Miranda smirked as arousal shot through her. "We should take this into the shower."

Andrea grinned. "Sounds like a great idea." the brunette replied, beginning to stand and held out a hand for her.

Smiling Miranda accepted said hand and stood following her stunning lover into the ensuite.

Walking into the large three person shower it didn't take long for the glass to steam up as the perfectly hot water cascaded down onto them with the temperature they both liked. Her lover then came up behind her, arms coming around her waist to begin palming her breasts as those full luscious lips began peppering kisses along her shoulder as that gorgeous baby bump - their baby, she still couldn't believe she could say that - pressed wonderfully against her back as her lovers hands moved down her body and the brunettes fingers moved across the top of her pubic hairline before moving down and those talented fingers began teasing her slick folds.

Soon Andrea's middle finger began rubbing her clitoris wonderfully so as her vagina began to soar with that delicious sensation.
"Oh god." she moaned, leaning back into her lover - gently so, of course, and her head rested back against her lover's shoulder who was just that tiny bit taller than her without heels on. She turned her head so their mouths could meet passionately causing further wetness to settle between her legs as her lover's fingers plunged into her expertly.

Their tongues danced and a moment later Andrea gently pinched her clitoris which sent her straight over the edge and she trembled in her brunette beauty's arms, crying out softly.

"That's the way." Andrea said, moaning into her ear, encouraging her as she orgasmed. "Let go, Miranda" she whispered, running her free hand up and down Miranda's left thigh. "Mmm, you're so fucking sexy."

At those words which were still so surreal for her to hear she continued to cry out from the intense orgasm as her heart raced at the words her lover spoke and the way Andrea made her feel. She still couldn't believe her luck and even though she wasn't sure how Andrea could find her sexy - not that she was complaining! - knowing just how fortunate she was.

When her body began to calm down her lover continued to slowly move her fingers between her folds as she continued to come down from her delicious orgasm. She gently moved Andrea's hand from between her legs and turned around so they could look at each other.

Instantly her hands went into Andrea's hair and she ran her fingers through the wet and silky strands.

"It's a little knotty, sorry." Andrea whispered, blushing slightly.

Smiling Miranda spoke. "It's still perfect." and then she kissed her lover and hummed in delight when they pulled apart. "Second best way of waking up."

Andrea smiled. "One month together and many more ahead!"

Miranda's heart raced at the thought. "Bring it on, darling." she responded, both of them grinning as their mouths met again, not able to take their hands off of each other, which was how it always was between them, and they moaned into each other's mouths as their hands moved between each other's legs once more.

~*~

Walking downstairs they found that the kitchen was already accompanied by Caroline and Evelyn who were creating a mess whilst trying their best to cook breakfast. "What's going on in here, bobbsey's?" she asked, as she wandered closer to get a better look at what was being made.

On the stove was frying pans one with eggs which Caroline was keeping an eye on and in the other was pancake batter messily placed in circles and by the looks of it Evelyn was the one who had done this with pancake batter all up her arms, in her hair, and on her pajama shirt.

"Chocolate chip pancakes!" Evelyn said with so much excitement only a child could have at this time of morning.

“Blueberry pancakes too.” Caroline chimed in, continuing. "Along with eggs, bacon and waffles." her youngest said as she watched the red head lift up the waffle maker to see a very burnt waffle. “Shit.” The red head hissed, scraping the burnt waffle out to try again.

Evelyn's eyes widened. "You swore!"

"Sorry." Caroline said, looking over to Andy who just laughed, waving the apology away.
"Did you want any help?" Miranda couldn't help but ask.

"No no, the two of you go and sit in the dining room or wherever you want to. We could even bring you breakfast in bed. Evie and I have this under control, isn't that right?" Caroline said, looking to Evelyn for moral support who nodded and grinned widely.

"Cooking is sooo fun!" Evelyn replied, as she splatted some more pancake batter onto the frying pan which was now empty as the little girl had taken the others off.

"Alright then. Just… try not to burn the house down." Miranda said over her shoulder as she and Andrea walked back out of the room.

"Oh, haha, I am not that bad of a cook!" Caroline shot back.

Well, that was questionable at times, but each time her daughter did give cooking a go Miranda always ate what was put in front of her and this morning would be no different and she knew that her lover would be exactly the same when it came to Evelyn's cooking.

Andrea took her by the hand and they exited the room, turned left and wandered down the small hallway to the downstairs dining room where they situated their selves at the table with soft chatter and waited patiently for their breakfast.

~*~

After a slightly disastrous breakfast of under cooked pancakes and over cooked eggs and waffles, the bacon surprisingly having turned out perfectly, and the kitchen left looking as if a bomb had gone off they continued to sit at the dining table as their food digested.

Miranda watched as her lover sat back and rubbed her stomach.

"I gotta say I still enjoyed that." Andrea said, causing Miranda to nearly choke on her sip of coffee.

"Oh, you don't have to pretend to be polite, it was horrendous." Caroline said.

Miranda bit her lip, remaining quiet.

Andrea shook her head. "The eggs were cooked pretty well in my opinion and sure the waffles were burnt but they were salvageable and the pancakes, well, I've eaten pancakes like that plenty of times due to my sister Pippa not being the greatest cook along with my Ma."

"I will say that the taste was all there, well, except for the burnt waffles." Miranda chimed in. "And for Evelyn’s first time cooking pancakes you did a fantastic job."

Evelyn beamed at her brilliantly.

"Thank you so much for cooking us breakfast, sweethearts." Miranda said, finishing off her coffee.

Caroline snorted. "We tried our best, but it's safe to say that I should stick to my medical skills and stay out of the kitchen."

"But we are still making cheesecake, right Caro?" Evelyn asked, looking at her with so much hope in her eyes.

Miranda smirked. "Cheesecake sounds heavenly. I haven't had that in a long time."

"Neither have I. I can't wait." Andrea replied, winking at Evelyn.
"Well, considering I brought the idea up and I have a feeling you won't give up asking." Caroline said, nudging Evelyn and she laughed as she continued speaking. "I suppose we can give it a crack! But for now it's time for me to go to bed."

Her daughter stood as she covered a yawn with her hand. She then finished her beer before playfully nudging Evelyn once again before wrapping her arms around Evelyn from behind. "And you!" she excitedly said, tickling her newfound sister. "Have fun ice skating with your dad! I'm jealous I have to miss out!"

"I wish you could come!" Evelyn replied once she stopped laughing.

"Next time!" Caroline said, kissing the top of Evelyn's head before looking over to her and Andrea. "I'll be home for dinner."

"I'll let Cara know." Miranda replied, tonight being one of the nights Cara will be cooking for them.

"And we'll make that cheesecake." Caroline said, looking to Evelyn once more who beamed excitedly at those words.

Miranda and Andrea smiled at how happy Evelyn was. It was utterly wonderful to see and the Runway editor was just so pleased that she was able to love not only Andrea but Evelyn and their little bundle of joy that is growing inside of her lover whom she couldn't wait to meet.

"Adios!" Caroline said before beginning to exit the dining room.

"See you later." Andrea said.

"Nighty night!" Evelyn said. "Don't let the bed bugs bite!"

"Sleep well, bobbsey." Miranda said.

"When can we all go skating together?" Evelyn asked not at all surprisingly a few seconds later as she and Andrea finished their coffee and tea.

Looking over to her lover she smiled as their eyes connected. "Considering we have nothing planned tomorrow... what do you say, darling?" Miranda asked.

"Sounds like a great idea!" The brunette responded, looking to Evelyn. "Ice skating two times this weekend... someone's very spoilt!"

"We can go in the afternoon once the girls have had sufficient sleep." Miranda responded.

Evelyn grinned happily before her eyes widened. "Can I have another pancake?" she asked, changing the subject completely.

Miranda chuckled softly as Andrea stood and spoke.

"One more."

"But I think I'll cook the rest of that batch sitting lonesome in the corner of the kitchen." Miranda chimed in, thinking it best to show Evelyn how to properly cook pancakes.

Andrea laughed in agreeance. "Yeah, that's a good idea."

"Do you want to come and help, Evelyn?" Miranda asked.
"Yeah!" Evelyn excitedly said, jumping down from the chair and racing ahead into the kitchen.

"You'd think after all the times Cara and I showed the girls how to cook pancakes Caroline would have remembered." Miranda said to Andrea who laughed softly as they entered the messy kitchen where there was pancake batter splattered all over, egg shells on the island counter and floor, one of said egg shells cracked open and oozing down the side of the stove top.

Miranda wasn't one to get cranky when it came to such messes. It only amused her and she always wondered how on earth kids could manage to get things all over the place like so.

There was lots of cleaning to be done and she would tackle it later on in the day.

She started cooking the small batch of pancakes with Evelyn who listened and watched intently for the sides of the pancakes to start bubbling.

Once they were she helped Evelyn flip them over without burning herself on the edges of the frying pan and so that the pancakes were perfectly flipped instead of done messily.

A couple more minutes and they were cooked and Evelyn plated two for herself and sprinkled extra chocolate over the top with lots of whipped cream.

"I thought I said one more." Andrea laughingly said.

Evelyn bit her lip, looking hopeful. "They're only thin ones, Mummy!"

"She has a point." Miranda chimed in, smiling.

"Alright then." Andrea replied, looking to Miranda, shaking her head but smirking. "Softy." she whispered, nudging her lover who only continued to heartily laugh.

Once the pancakes were eaten thanks to Andrea demolishing the rest Evelyn went upstairs to get herself dressed and ready for her fun day with daddy who picked her up half an hour later after wanting to spend as much of the day with her as possible – their situation wasn't ideal and she knew soon they would have to work out a better solution - but for now it is how it is.

Smiling Miranda turned to Andrea as the brunette slowly closed the door having watched their daughter get into the town car - which she had insisted Joel use - and hummed in delight when her lover instantly pulled her in for a tight embrace.

"Thank you." Andrea whispered, kissing her neck.

"What for?" Miranda asked, raising an eyebrow and pulling away to stare into those gorgeous browns.

"For everything... loving me and Evelyn the way you do." Andrea replied.

Miranda's heart swelled. "Oh, darling, you know I am more than happy to give all my love to the both of you and to this little handsome one." she said, rubbing her lover's stomach.

"Handsome?" Andrea asked with arched eyebrows. "You think our baby is a he?"

Smirking Miranda shrugged. "I have quite a good feeling that I am correct." she responded and Andrea smiled widely. "But of course it doesn't really matter. All that matters is that he or she is happy and healthy and can live life to the fullest."

As she stared into her lovers eyes once more she was taken aback to see tears welling.
"I'm sorry, I'm just..." Andrea wiped her tears as they fell. "So overwhelmed by being with you again. How fortunate I am after fucking up majorly all those years ago. I never thought I deserved your forgiveness, but I am truly thankful to you for doing so because I really, really didn't mean to hurt you the way I did. My love has always been so strong for you."

"Oh darling, I know." Miranda said, holding her lover tighter. "I know." she whispered, kissing her lovers cheek and then mouth as the tears continued to silently fall which she caught.

"Ugh, these stupid hormones!" Andrea said, waving her hands in front of her face as Miranda wiped the tears away, laughing softly.

"You're so beautiful." Miranda said, unable to believe her eyes that this was the woman she would be spending the rest of her life with. Somedays it seemed too good to be true, but she knew this was it, this was the one for her and she firmly believed that Andrea will never hurt her again.

"I hope you still think that when I am fatter and grumpier."

Miranda rolled her eyes and scoffed at those words. "I can have my fair share of grumpy days, as you already know, so that's fine because you're very adorable when grumpy as for your being fatter-" she rolled her eyes at the word. "Don't be absurd, of course I will! You, my darling Andrea, are beyond beautiful..." she cupped her lovers cheeks. "You will always be beautiful to me."

"What did I do to deserve you?" Andrea whispered as a fresh round of tears fell.

Miranda shook her head, shrugging. "I think this every single day when I see you come home to me. I will forever be grateful to have love from you and only you."

Andrea captured her mouth, pouring all of what she felt into the kiss which made Miranda's whole body tremble with speechlessness at this beautifully bizarre relationship she has found herself in for the rest of her life.

~*~

~ That Afternoon ~

With the house practically to themselves for the whole afternoon they had decided to go back upstairs to bed for another roll around in a sweaty mess before reemerging and making their way slowly down to the kitchen.

As soon as they entered said room both women were laughing at how ridiculously messy the small room was.

"I'll start on the sink area and that frying pan... is..." Andrea laughed again. "Burnt to the shithouse."

Laughing Miranda nodded. "Mmm, it's definitely seen better days. I don't even know if we'll be able to clean it all off." she said, picking up said pan to inspect it. "I don't even know if bicarb can do the trick."

The brunette laughed some more as she began collecting the egg shells and putting them into the trash and placed everything in the sink and then grabbed the sponge, soaped it up, and wiped down the island counter before doing the sink.

"Even the floor needs to be mopped!" Miranda said as her slippers stood in a particularly sticky spot.

"I love mopping, I'll do it." Andrea responded once she had finished wiping all of the counter tops
perfectly and in record time.

Miranda looked over her shoulder with a raised eyebrow.

At the look in her eyes Andrea raised an eyebrow also. "What?"

"You love to mop?" Miranda asked, laughing, it was the strangest thing she's heard. "Why on earth...?"

"I dunno... it's like, calming." Andrea responded. "Surely there's some kind of house work you enjoy to do because it calms you?"

Instantly Miranda shook her head. "Can't say there is," she replied, continuing. "The one thing aside from you that is calming to me is having a nice hot bath." So was the piano, but she hasn’t played in such a long time.

"Mmm, a bath." Andrea hummed at the thought. "We should have one tonight."

The very first time they had a bath together flashed across Miranda's eyes as they fluttered shut briefly and she smiled. She then felt Andrea's arms around her.

"I have a feeling we are thinking about the same thing." Andrea said, kissing her neck.

"Mmm. I think we are." Miranda replied, leaning into her lover’s mouth.

"Maybe we will have to replay that glorious night later on." Andrea murmured as she began palming the Runway editor's breasts over her shirt.

"Ohhh, darling, that would be wonderful." Miranda replied, her whole body and mind turning to mush from the way her lover made her feel, but just as a shot of arousal went through her - she couldn't believe she was ready to go for the third time that day! - her lover pulled away from her teasing ministrations.

"Good god, woman! You know how to distract me easily!" Andrea said, letting out a shaky breath as she rinsed out the sponge.

Miranda also let out a shaky breath and cleared her throat as she tried to regain normal composure. She ran her hands through her hair and once again began tidying up. "I can't help it, you're just so delectable."

They talked for a bit more before making quick work of finishing off the rest of the kitchen making it look good as new before they decided to go upstairs for a lazy afternoon on the couch, snuggling up to each other, watching one of their favourite old classic black and white films which is what they have been doing most Saturday afternoons when Joel has had Evelyn. It has become quite the tradition and Miranda absolutely loved it never having done anything like this with her ex-husbands. It felt truly wonderful to have someone who constantly wanted to be with her as if she was Andrea's drug.

"Life is truly blissful."

~*~

~ A Couple Hours Later ~

Looking up Miranda smiled as her lover handed her cup of tea. Her brunette has successfully helped
her in cutting back her caffeine intake to only two a day, and she realised how not hard it was, and how her body and mind felt better for it.

Also now because of her lover being pregnant she couldn't drink alcohol, not wanting Andrea to feel left out, and so Miranda has cut back on her alcohol intake to only a couple glasses of reds on Friday's and Saturday's.

As she stared at Andrea who chuckled at the cartoon playing on the television she still couldn't believe how her life had turned around. Miranda honestly never thought she would experience true love again apart from that beautiful week in Australia, but here she was with her brunette beauty, finally being able to see what it was like being with Andrea Sachs in a very serious relationship.

Every night she loved when her phone rang to hear Andrea ringing to say she was out the front for her to let her in, how her knees went weak at the sound of her lovers voice every morning she woke to Andrea who had stayed the night. She really was a goner. A love sick puppy. Andrea was her true love and it felt amazing.

Smiling she came out of her musings as Andrea cuddled up next to her once more under the blanket as they sipped their tea and began softly talking as the end titles continued to roll on the now muted TV screen. She never thought she’d enjoy days like this, lazily snuggled on the couch doing absolutely nothing, it was heaven.

It was truly enjoyable to not have to be worrying about anything and the only thing she had to think about was what they would be having for dinner – should they dine out or eat in - and should they go for a stroll beforehand.

Sighing in content Miranda closed her eyes as her lover had already done the same and they both dosed off for a little while.

~*~

As usual Miranda was the first to wake from their afternoon nap as her lover continued to sleep beside her. She carefully got up without waking the brunette and stood, stretched her legs, and began to wander the house.

She soon came to a stop in the piano/sun room which brought back many fond memories of sitting up here day dreaming back to those days with Andrea in Australia and thinking she would never be truly happy again.

Miranda was overjoyed that now she could smile a true smile that reached her eyes.

She walked over to the piano and sat down and began to play, finding inspiration for the first time in a long time as her fingers began moving effortlessly and expertly across the keys, as the sound of one of her favourite melodies she came up with herself filled the room brilliantly.

She was sat there playing for quite some time before realising she had company and she stopped playing as she turned to see Andrea leaning against the door frame watching her. "Good afternoon, sleepy head." she commented, smiling.

Smiling Andrea spoke. "Good afternoon." she said, wandering into the room. "That was lovely. Please, will you continue to play for me?"

Smiling at the question Miranda nodded. "Of course, darling." she replied, patting the spot next to her. "Come, sit with me."
"I've always wanted to learn the piano." Andrea commented as she sat down and watched as Miranda's fingers moved across the keys once more.

"I could teach you if you like?" Miranda asked.

"Now?" Andrea asked.

"Why not." Miranda replied, shrugging.

"I'd love that, thank you."

~*~

They sat at the piano for quite some time as Andrea slowly got the hang of it. She watched as the brunette played an easy song just as she sensed eyes watching them and she turned to see Caroline standing in the door way holding her camera. "What are you doing with that thing?"

"Taking a picture of this perfect moment between you both." Caroline esponded as she wandered into the room. "It's a great picture too." the red head added, holding the camera out for them to take a look.

"Oh no, god, I look so serious!" Andrea said, covering her face.

Chuckling Miranda looked down at the picture as she stopped playing and smiled widely. "You look stunning, darling, I love this picture." she said, and it was a moment and picture she would cherish forever. It was fantastic to be able to make new memories with her lover. "Thank you, sweetheart." she said, looking up to her daughter.

"Like I said it was a perfect moment." Caroline replied, smiling. "I'm going to have something to eat and then I'll start cleaning up the kitchen."

"That's already done, Andrea and I did it." Miranda replied.

"You didn't have to do that." Caroline said.
Miranda shrugged. "It didn't take long at all."

"It was kinda fun. We laughed a lot." Andrea responded, smiling from Caroline to her.

"We did." Miranda said, smiling also, staring into Andrea's sparkling eyes.

Taking this as her que to leave Caroline did so and once her daughter left the room they instinctively leaned into one another and their mouths met.

~*~

~ Later ~

"Were you still thinking of doing something different to your hair?" Miranda asked as she walked into the bathroom where her lover was getting ready to go out. She had been called into Runway and the brunette beauty wanted to come along saying how great it would be to see the office again and Emily who Andrea couldn't wait to see the shock on the Brit's face.

"Definitely. It would be a nice change." Andrea replied. "I can’t think of anything to do with it though. I’ve already done most things I can think of. I cut it once a year for Worlds Greatest Shave leukemia cure campaign.”

Smiling at Andrea's words she walked over to her lover and ran her hands through said hair. "You're extraordinary, I love that you do that.” she replied, staring at her lover in the mirror. "I have an idea and I think you will look magnificent."

"You do?" Andrea asked, turning around in her arms.

"We can use the beauty department at Runway." Miranda said, and Andrea raised an eyebrow.

"You know how to do haircuts and all that?" Her lover asked.

Miranda softly laughed at those words. "Darling, I'm a woman of many talents." she responded, winking at Andrea before checking her reflection. Her lover squeezed her hand.

"We are beautiful together." Andrea whispered.

Miranda's heart fluttered as she looked at their reflection. “That we are, darling, that we are.”

~*~

~ Some Time Later ~

"Oh yes, this is perfect." Miranda said, spraying Andrea's hair once more with her favourite hair spray before moving. "Come and have a look in the mirror."

"Okay, boss." Andrea laughingly replied, winking at her, stepped down from the chair and walked across the tiles and onto the carpet and to the vanity.

Miranda watched as her lover took in her new hair style and her heart swelled when Andrea turned and beamed at her.

"Oh, babe!" Andrea softly said, touching her hair. "You amaze me with each new day. This is beyond perfect. I never saw myself with curly hair until now and I really love it! Thank you so much! I am going to have to repay you in many different ways later on.”
"Oh my, I love the sounds of that." Miranda responded, smirking.

Leaning into each other they began kissing just as they heard footsteps coming towards them and they quickly pulled apart, but when nobody entered, continuing to walk passed the closet the love birds continued kissing, bodies in a sensual embrace.

"Thank you so much." Andrea whispered again when their foreheads were resting against each other.

Gazing into Andrea's eyes the Runway editor smiled before taking Andrea's hand. "Come on, let's go home and show off your new hairdo to our daughters."

Still beaming the brunette beauty squeezed her hand and nodded as they walked out of the large closet, flicking most of the lights off as they went, and made their way down the hall way each with a bounce in their steps.

It had been a fantastic day and the night was going to be even better.

~*~

~ That Night ~

"There's my girl!" Miranda said, smiling widely as she came from the second floor to stop just before the foyer door which opened. “I feel like it's been forever since seeing you last.”

“God mom, it's only been a week!” Cassidy replied, rolling her eyes in Priestly fashion.

“A week is long enough!” Miranda responded, pulling her daughter in for an embrace. She then turned to Louise and did the same thing. The blonde was like a daughter to her.

“How on earth are you going to handle it when we are gone for a whole month?!” Cassidy asked as she took off her boots and coat due to the house being nice and cosy for this January weather.

“Don't even remind me!” Miranda replied, as they headed down to the kitchen where Andrea, Evelyn and Caroline were cooking up a storm. “I will be calling you every day!”

“Oh god.” Cassidy muttered, but had a wide smile on her face.

“Cassidy!” Evelyn said excitedly and jumped down from her step-up steps for the island counter and raced over to Cassidy in the door way.

Cassidy was delighted to see Evelyn, leaning down and picked her up. “You're beginning to get far too big for me to do this, you know.” She said laughingly.

“62 days until I'm five!” Evelyn said in excitement.

Miranda chuckled as she watched her daughters continuing to chatter away. She was beyond proud and appreciative of how quickly her sweethearts accepted not only Andrea but Evelyn into the family and saw Evelyn as their sister. It was absolutely wonderful and moments like this always made her heart swell. “Thank you, universe, you work in mysterious yet beautiful ways.” She whispered as she looked around watching as her lover laughed away, quite hysterically she noted, with Caroline as Cassidy joined in on the joke and even though Evelyn didn't know what was going on she still beamed and reveled in the cheerful and glorious atmosphere in the kitchen.

Walking closer once more she picked up the chopping knife and continued to help.
Miranda smiled as she continued listening to her family chatter amongst themselves not at all feeling the need to speak as the atmosphere was enjoyable as it was. She loved the weekends where they would all get together and cook dinner on Saturday and Sunday, spending the whole weekend together doing lots of different things.

Five years ago Miranda never thought her life would look like this - so bright and wonderful and being able to get up and walk around on cloud nine - but here she was feeling like a brand new woman because of the luck she was given in the form of one Andrea Sachs who she knew was her "True Love".

As if her lover could sense her line of thought she felt eyes on her and looking up she saw her lover watching her closely with that gorgeous million dollar smile in place and eyes which were twinkling with so much joy and love. “I love you.” Her brunette beauty mouthed and the feeling that overcame Miranda as she continued to get lost in those brown eyes was one feeling she would never be able to explain.

~*~

With dinner all done and plates practically licked clean she along with her lover, Cassidy and Louise sat back in their seats at the dining table sipping their respective drinks and enjoying light conversation as they heard the clinks and clashes coming from the kitchen where Caroline and Evelyn were decorating their cheesecake which they had made earlier that evening when Evelyn came back from her exciting afternoon of ice skating.

“What on earth are they doing in there?” Cassidy asked with a shake of her head and Louise laughed.

Andrea nearly spat out her drink. “I have noooo idea!” She laughingly said as they heard a chorus of "Oh noooo!" coming from the kitchen.

“I feel like we should be in there helping.” Louise said.

Smiling Miranda spoke. “Even though that kitchen will become a mess once more I know this is something they want to do on their own and it's a wonderful thing knowing that they're cooking together and having a good time in the process.” She said just as the kitchen erupted with squeals and giggles. Her heart fluttered at the sound.

“Are you all ready to be wowed?” Caroline asked a few moments later, poking her head into the room.

"Honestly I don't know." Cassidy responded.

“Yes!” The rest of them chorused and then watched as Evelyn walked in holding the large plate, expertly so, with the large cheesecake on it.

"Oh god, be careful bug, don't drop it after all that hard work!” Andrea replied, and she could sense that her lover wanted to jump up and help her daughter out, but refrained from doing so which Miranda liked. Evelyn couldn't be babied for all her life.

As soon as the plate was put in front of them they were all impressed.

As she looked down at her generous slice which was soon placed in front of her that Evelyn had very carefully cut Miranda couldn't believe her eyes. The cheesecake had chocolate swirls piped around, and along the sides of the top of the cake had malt-teasers around the sides of the cake was covered in chocolate buttons. “Oh sweethearts, the presentation is beautiful.” She said, looking up
and smiling at her girls.

“That is all Evelyn. She came up with the idea.” Caroline replied, smiling as she put an arm around her little sister’s shoulders.

Cassidy grinned as she picked up her fork. “I can't wait to try it.”

“Mmm neither can I.” Andrea excitedly said.

Miranda also picked up her desert spoon and sliced into the cheesecake which had a thick and crumbly base just how she liked it.

“Oh goodness!” Andrea said, moaning softly as her eyes fluttered shut. “I love this so much! It's my favourite ever cheesecake!”

“Really?” Evelyn asked, excitedly bouncing on the spot.

“Really, really!” Andrea replied.

Smiling at her lover's words and how Evelyn reacted Miranda couldn't wait to try it. She raised her spoon to her mouth and as soon as the cheesecake hit her taste-buds she hummed in delight. “Oh yes, this is fabulous.” She chimed in. The cheesecake was silky and divine, it had all the right flavours, but what made it the best was the presentation. “Best ever indeed. Come here.” She said, waving Evelyn over who was more than happy to jump onto her lap. “You do realise I'll be wanting you to make this all the time now?!” She asked, tickling her daughter in the sides.

“Oh only if Caro makes it with me!” Evelyn squealed in delight, eyes sparkling like her mothers.

“The pleasure would be mine.” Caroline replied as she began eating her own slice of yummy cheesecake, a huge spoonful hovering in front of her mouth causing Evelyn to laugh hysterically as the red head stuffed her mouth, the desert going all over Caroline's lips.

~*~

~ Later That Night ~

Miranda looked up from the book and watched as her lover wandered out of the bathroom in only a pair of boxer shorts and rubbing Aloe Vera cream all over her body but particularly her beautiful baby bump and to try and control the stretch marks as best she could though she wouldn't care if Andrea had stretch marks as her lover would always be drop dead gorgeous in her eyes and the stretch marks would only strengthen her love and attraction for Andrea knowing that their children have grown inside this phenomenal woman.

Putting aside the book on the ground by the bed as her bedside table was currently overflowing with other bits and pieces to do with RUNWAY.

“Mmm, come and lay down and let me help you with that.” Miranda said, holding out her hand for not only her lover's hand but for the tube of cream.

“Ohhh,” Andrea moaned at the mere thought. “A massage would be heavenly.”

“Come join me then.” Miranda responded, licking her lips, desperately wanting her hands all over her divine lover once more.

~*~
~ Several Moments Later ~

“Mmmm, thank you so much for that baby.” Andrea moaned, stretching out as Miranda re-joined the brunette beauty in the bed after washing the lotion from her hands.

Miranda grinned as she crawled over to her lover who held out eager arms for her and only her.

“Nice and relaxed now?”

“Mmm relaxed in so many ways.” Andrea responded, reaching out for her, hands cupping her cheeks and their mouths connecting as her lover pressed her body deliciously against her own and instinctively their hands moved between their bodies, nestling between each other’s legs.

Fingers plunged inside one another as they moaned and moved in sync, their tongues dancing, their breathing more rapid, as they rocked together in a heated delight.

Her brunette beauty ran her finger nails down her back, just the way she liked it, leaving a burning sensation in her wake.

She bit down on her lovers bottom lip causing a shot of arousal to tremble through the brunette who let out a long sigh, those gorgeous long legs beginning to shake.

Andrea began rubbing her thumb against her clitoris. “Are you close?” The brunette whispered.

“So close.” Miranda whispered back, moving her mouth to her lover’s neck to kiss and nip the soft skin as her lover plunged her fingers faster as she did the same inside Andrea.

They cried out in unison as they each forced their eyes to remain open, staring into one another's glazel over eyes, as they began to climax together.

“Exquisite.” Miranda whispered a few moments later as she lazily ran her fingers through Andrea's gloriously slick and creamy folds. “So exquisite.”

Andrea captured her mouth. “I love you so much.” She whispered, kissing her neck before biting her lip. “Again?”

Miranda pulled back and raised an eyebrow, lips curved. “You know you don't need to ask.”

At those words and grinning devilishly Andrea flipped her over and the Runway editor let out a low moan as her lover trailed her tongue down her neck to her breasts which were tenderly kissed and teased before continuing to trail on down her lower stomach which caused her to let out a shaky breath as another strong shot of arousal went through her body. She watched as that talented tongue moved lower, and lower, her brunette beauty then settled between her legs.

Andrea parted her slick folds before that strong tongue, which knew how to do wicked things to her each and every time, entered her and instantly Miranda's eyes fluttered shut as she arched her body into the brunette who continued to eat her out as the clock ticked away in the background, the amount of time it took her to cum didn’t matter to Andrea, and good god could she stay like this forever feeling all the things her lover made her feel, the wondrous sensation between her legs, her heart fluttering, legs trembling, as she got closer and closer to climaxing into her lover's mouth.

With the brunette beauty Miranda always experienced mind blowing orgasms, her lover putting her first before her own needs, and tonight was amazing as always - slow and passionate with her lover taking her time, lazily taking her, doing her best to draw out the eventual climax - She remembered how shocked she was when Andrea told her that very first time that she would eat her for an eternity if she could. Right from that very first night she felt one hundred percent loved and attractive thanks
to Andrea and her genuine heart of gold.

It didn’t take her long until she was gushing her arousal and her lover hummed in enjoyment.

“That's the way, my love.” Andrea encouraged, lapping her up. “You taste so fucking good. I love you so much.”

Soon enough the sensation became far too much for Miranda to handle and she gently pushed her lover from between her legs, entwined their hands, and tugged on the brunette beauty who crawled back up to nestle herself beside her, their mouths connecting.

Miranda, never being one to think she would enjoy tasting herself that was until she got with Andrea, moaned into those luscious lips as she tasted herself and something which was uniquely Andrea.

Her lover, not being able to help herself, cheekily ran her hands through her folds once more and Miranda's eyes fluttered shut as she let out a long moan. “Ohhhh, darling, you'll be the death of me!” She said as her body ridiculously arched into her lover, wanting more which happened a few seconds later when Andrea delved back inside her. “You’re so bloody devilish!”

Andrea bit her lip, remaining quiet, their breathing quickening once more as her brunette beauty made her whole body hum and tremble with so much intensity.

Crying out over and over she bit down onto Andrea's shoulder as the brunette kissed her neck, no doubt leaving a love bite, she climaxed into her lovers hands once more. “Shiiiiit!” She cried. She has never experienced such a feeling before, but it was absolutely incredible as her whole body trembled. She kept her eyes shut as fireworks went off behind them, and a few seconds later she slowly came down from the third and last orgasm for the night. “That was...”

“Fucking incredible.” Andrea finished for her, reading her mind, kissing her once more.

“I love you.” Miranda said, wrapping her arms around Andrea and passionately kissing her.

They pulled apart sometime later and their heads rested on their respective pillows as their hearts beat as one while their breathing slowed.

Silent minutes went by as they gazed into each other's eyes, never needing to fill the silence with unnecessary chatter. It was moments like this that Miranda absolutely loved as she has never experienced such a connection with anyone before.

Her eyes fluttered shut when Andrea softly cupped her cheek before running her fingers down said cheek along her wrinkles, over her lips and smile lines, and back again. She bit the inside of her mouth, wondering what on earth the young woman must be thinking to see something so extraordinary in her. It was baffling.

When Miranda reopened her eyes she saw Andrea smiling that beautiful million dollar smile at her.

“So fucking beautiful.” The brunette whispered in absolute, and genuine, awe.

At those awed and whispered words Miranda shook her head, remaining quiet as their eyes continued to stare into each other's.

“Thank you for letting me be yours.” Andrea whispered.

Smiling Miranda leaned forward. “You don’t have to thank me.” She replied, rolling her eyes as she kissed her lover once more before beginning to sit up.
Andrea pouted instantly. “Don’t leave!” The brunette adorably whined.

Laughing softly Miranda stood. “I’ll be five seconds.” She responded as she padded across the floor and into the bathroom where she used the loo. She could hear her lover moaning softly, hearing the sheets rustling as her lover stretched out in their bed and she smiled as she looked around the ensuite as her heart swelled with so much happiness as everywhere she looked reminded her of her brunette beauty and how fortunate she was to have the young woman back in her life and in her home.

Heading back out into the room she stopped short, slightly taken aback, as she looked to the bed where her lover was slowly but surely fingering herself. Their eyes connected and Andrea smirked at her, opening her mouth in a silent O. “Ohhh, you little minx.”

At her words Andrea laughed heartily as she removed her fingers from inside herself and ran them luxuriously slowly through her slick folds. “I can't help it that you do this to me.” The brunette said, then moaned softly as she dived back into herself.

Miranda moved over to her bedside table and picked up her glass of San Pellegrino and sipped it slowly as she continued watching her lover.

“You love to watch me, don't you?” Andrea asked in a sultry voice.

“God yes.” Miranda replied as she placed her glass back down and walked to the end of the bed.

“Tell me what you want me to do.” Andrea breathily said, removing her fingers once again, and opened her legs wider, biting her lower lip.

“Play with your clitoris.” Miranda softly said and watched as Andrea began to do so, rubbing and pinching her erect nub.

“Mmm, yesss!” Andrea hummed.

“Go inside.” Miranda softly ordered.

Andrea moved her fingers through her folds and then inside herself. “Mmm.”

“Faster.” Miranda said, eyes glued between Andrea's legs, listening to that glorious sound of those talented fingers moving in and out of her lovers extremely wet vagina.

Andrea began pumping her two fingers. “Ohh yes, like this?” The brunette cried, forcing her eyes to remain open as she watched her, awaiting her next orders.

Miranda swallowed as she nodded. “Yes.” She whispered as her whole body tingled from how her brunette beauty made her feel. “But now... Now I want you to get on your knees.”

“Mmm.” Andrea hummed, pulled her fingers out and did what she was told.

Once her lover was on all fours Miranda licked her lips. “Continue what you were doing, but slower.”

Holding herself up with her left hand Andrea began doing what was asked and continued fingering herself.

Miranda let out a shaky sigh as her knees hit down on the bed.

“Do you like what you see?” Andrea asked through her desire.
“Always.” Miranda responded as she moved closer to her lover, her hands running up and down Andrea’s back causing her lover to moan even more. She leaned down and began kissing all of her lover’s back, causing Andrea to let out a shaky moan, before she bit down onto the top of Andrea’s left arse cheek.

“Ohhh!” The brunette cried, body shaking from the sensation which shot through her. “You make me so wet!”

Soon Miranda sat back up on her knees. “Sit down.” she said as she herself did the same, resting against the pillows.

Andrea did as was asked.

“Lean into me.” Miranda murmured, and the brunette did so, leaning most of her weight into the Runway editor as she continued fingering herself. “Stop.”

The brunette stopped her ministrations, fingers still deep inside, waiting for further instructions.

“Remove your fingers.” She ordered and watched as Andrea did. “Raise your hand.”

Breathing quite heavily Andrea lifted her hand and under the dimmed light Miranda stared at her lovers glistening cum coated fingers. She moaned at the sight, her hand instantly wrapping around the brunettes wrist and moved said hand closer to her. She breathed in deeply, her heart fluttering and vagina becoming wetter by the second, as she took those fingers into her mouth and as she slowly licked the sound her lover made was divine.

“Ohhh, fuck, Miranda!” Andrea then cried, as the Runway editor took her fingers like a lolly pop.

Miranda hummed in delight, eyes fluttering closed as the taste of her lover.

Soon Miranda pulled Andrea's hand away which fell limp beside her lovers body as Miranda's hands moved to the front of the brunettes body, she cupped those gorgeous sensitive breasts and massaged them softly and slowly, pinching gently now and then causing Andrea to hiss in pleasure.

Miranda then moved her right hand down her lovers body, over her beautiful bump that was still quite small but would be growing bigger very soon, and then in between Andrea's legs to that soaking vagina she loved so much. She instantly plunged her fingers inside and her lover cried out, falling back into her more.

Fast and steady she fingered her lover with three digits, and in the heat of the moment Andrea's head turned where it rested against her shoulder and their mouths met in a sloppy, open mouthed kiss.

“I love you.” Andrea whispered, arching her lower body into her.

“I love you too.” Miranda whispered back just before rubbing Andrea's clitoris with her thumb which caused her bruette beauty to come undone. “That's the way, my darling, cum for me.” She whispered, coaxing her lover who began to climax and tremble in her arms.

The sounds her lover made were absolutely glorious and she loved knowing that every day for the rest of her life she would be able to make Andrea cry out in such pleasure. “I am so, so lucky.” She whispered as Andrea reached behind her body and clasped their left hands together.

Soon the room fell silent as they remained in that position whilst they got their breathing and heart rates under control, fingers still deep inside Andrea.
When that did happen and they calmly breathed, Miranda slowly pulled her fingers out of her brunette beauty who hummed. She then watched as her lover took her hand and put her digits into her mouth and sucked on them, eyes fluttering shut.

It was a very erotic scene before her eyes and the editor moaned. “Thank you, universe.” She whispered.

“Mmm, yes, agreed.” Andrea responded before moving forward, turning on her side, and collapsing down onto the bed with a huge grin on her face.

Also grinning Miranda laid down as their bodies entwined perfectly together.

They stared into each other's eyes for however long before Andrea covered her mouth as a yawn escaped. “I'm going to sleep like a baby tonight.”

Miranda softly laughed and nodded. “I agree, but honestly since being with you I've slept the best I ever have.”

“I'm the same, and when I am apart from you, I toss and turn and can't sleep without you in my arms.” Andrea replied.

Miranda smiled at those words as her heart fluttered and was glad they were rarely apart of a night these days. “Goodness, I am well and truly blessed.”

Andrea kissed her. “We both are.”

The room was silent for a few moments before Miranda began to speak. “Like you said this morning… it's been a month between us and we have vowed to take this slowly, but now I think is the right time for this.” She said, pulling out a velvet purple box from underneath the bed pillows. She watched as Andrea stared at it. “Open it.” She said, smiling as her lover slowly reached out for it.

Watching as Andrea did open it Miranda laughed softly as her lover did so at what she saw sitting nestled in the box of Reese’s Peanut Butter Bites.

“I know you saw the box and was probably expecting jewelry.” Miranda softly said.

“No.” Andrea quickly cut in. “No no, I... Wow.”

Miranda smiled at the beautiful look on her lover's face. “Will you make the next step with me and move in?” She asked as her lover stared at the house key which sat atop the chocolate.

“Ohhh Miranda, yes, yes!” The brunette said, throwing an arm over her and kissing her. “I love you so much and I can't wait to live with you permanently.” She added, kissing her tenderly once more.

When they pulled apart Miranda watched as her lover picked up the house key. “I was trying to think of a romantic way of asking you to move in, and well I know you love the peanut butter chocolate, and then this idea came to me.” She bit her lip. “I hope it's not too cliché or anything, I'm still learning about being romantic so go easy on me.”

“You're so adorably beautiful when you're unsure.” Andrea whispered, cupping her cheek which she knew was a deep red. “And this... Absolutely perfect. This is better than any piece of jewelry. Thank you, thank you!” The brunette kissed her again. “I couldn't have asked for a better way to have been asked to move in with you, Miranda.”
The editor smiled. She was glad to hear that. “I want to share all that I have with you. Always.”

“And forever.” Andrea whispered, finishing Miranda's sentence, grinning as so many emotions flashed across those stunning brown eyes. “Thank you, universe!” The brunette cheerfully and laughingly said as the brunette rested atop her body as they gazed into each other's eyes with full smiles plastered on their faces.

“Life is truly bliss.” Miranda breathed, words that she spoke so often because she was so shocked by her luck, as their eyes remained glued to one another and she smiled widely at all of the love she saw in her lover’s eye’s that was for her and only her.

"The truth is... I gave my heart away a long time ago, my whole heart... and I never really got it back." ~ Unknown

~*~

FIN.

Chapter End Notes

All of the manips were done by my fabulous friend Martha who I can't thank enough for the amazing photoshop skills! The other pictures of Anne were found on Google and aren't mind, obviously, and no copyright is intended,
I also have many, many more storylines planned for this universe so if you have enjoyed going down memory lane and rereading this revised series then please keep your eyes out for further installments! :D

Oh, and there is no such place called the "Sanctuary Inn" that was all my imagination as were the original characters I came up with.

The picture from the Skydeck is mine which I took back in 2011 when I got to go up on it.

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