Mommy's Favorite Assistant

by theywhowritesmut, TransBoyWonder

Notes

Little space and Inftailism, IF YOU DO NOT LIKE DO NOT READ. SERIOUSLY, I KNOW ITS NOT FOR EVERYONE. IF IT MAKES YOU uncomfortabE DO. NOT. READ.

See the end of the work for more notes
A Proposition

Chapter Summary

Miranda and Andy have their first little talk.

“Andrea,” Miranda called from her desk. When nothing happened, the editor decides to investigate. Where is that silly girl? Heels clicked past the double doors to find the young first assistant asleep on the desk.

It was 2 am and they had been working all day, one of the shoots had gone late. The new second assistant was nowhere to be found. Nigel had been working in his office where the rest of the team must have scattered to avoid her.

‘I thought she had gone home hours ago.’

Walking up to the desk she took in the sight in front of her. Andrea’s pale skin looked even whiter than the desk she was currently drooling on. Her blue dress was a part of two years ago’s summer issue. It looked spectacular against those beautiful curves. Miranda had noticed the fabric the second she walked in this morning.

The older woman was about to wake her up when she saw Andrea’s thumb was securely sucked between two pink lips. ‘How delicious’.

No, this must be another one of her dreams. Andrea looked so peaceful and sweet. Miranda felt arousal shoot through her body.

The editor took out her phone and snapped a picture. Then another one for good measure. Before the younger woman stirred awake.

Taking her thumb out of her mouth and stretching. The brunettes eyes finally opened seeing the woman before her with her phone out.

Andy shot straight up as a clicking noise occurred from the handheld device.

“Miranda….I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to sleep- ?” Then the young girl looked down to see a tiny bit of drool soaked her thumb.

“Text Roy, be ready to leave,” Miranda said. Grabbing her coat and walking out the door. Andrea was terrified and knew that she would be fired by the morning.

The fashion editor did not say a word to Andy on the drive. She merely opened the townhouse door. Andrea, like the good little lap dog followed. Keeper quiet but fidgeting. The older woman flicked on the light switch to her study and poured herself a drink, not sharing with Andy. Making it clear that she was not welcome to drink the alcohol. This was not new to the assistant, but it was a whole different dynamic shift in the Mirandas eyes. Something predatory lay under the surface.

“Miranda I'm sorry you saw that...it’s been a silly thing I have done since I was a kid, I shouldn't
have been sleeping at the office, I swear I’ve never done it before. I-”

Miranda waved her hand in a motion to quiet Andreas babbling. Effectively shutting the woman up and continuing to frighten her at the same time. She pointed to the sofa, and Andy chewed on her bottom lip and folding the end of her dress under her thighs as she sits.

“Do you have a mommy?” The white haired woman asked as if it was an everyday question. The pregnant silence sitting between them was thick. It’s not a question Andrea expected to hear. Not a world she ever imagined Miranda would know. Deciding to play dumb, trying for the obvious answer.

“My- my mother is back in Ohio-” Miranda starts shaking her head. The editor saw the flash of understanding in her eyes.

“That's three lies. Now, I'll ask you again. Do you have a Mommy?”

Andy looked at her cluelessly. Play dumb Sachs, she thought to herself. Miranda tried to calm the idea in her mind of someone else getting to take care of someone so beautiful, so smart, so innocent.

“A Daddy? Come along Andrea. Don't play coy, you'll only get into more trouble. Before I punish you, now tell me, I need to know. Do you belong to someone else?”

Andy paused, it was a loaded question. After so long of hiding she'd only called one person Daddy by accident, and that was Christian Thompson. Although, the next day he called her a freak for uttering such a word. Nate had never liked the nickname, and her girlfriends in college were too busy with political rallies to attend such a fetish.

Andy shook her head.

“Andrea. I have a proposition for you.” Miranda went over to her desk taking off her earrings and bracelets. Suggesting the older woman was about to get down and dirty.

“I have been a caregiver for many years, Andrea. I have known for a while that you showed traits of infantilism or what your generation may call..’ Opening up a drawer with a key she finished her sentence. ‘littles.’” Miranda got out a folder and took out a packet of papers.

“Miranda….you aren’t grossed out?” Andy felt she was about to cry. Her gorgeous boss hadn't fired her, or called her disgusting yet. What world was she in?

“Andrea, I am not as you said..’grossed out’” Miranda shook her head as if that was the last thing from her mind.

“I want to be your Mommy, and take care of you. I, of course, need to make a contract with you first. My initial response when you came here and tried to lie to me was to bend you over my knee. However, I realize you must be frightened.” Miranda adjusted her skirt walking over to the young girl.

“Before you answer...or think of going to the press. Remember that I have this picture of you.” (Miranda showed her lock screen on her phone was a picture of a sleepy Andrea with her thumb in her mouth.)

“I have no intention of showing it to anyone. In fact, Mommy loves this picture of you. I know you are a smart girl. I will give you the choice, so go ahead, read my contract.” Miranda picked up the packet, and dropped it on the coffee table with a smack.
“Agree and sign by Monday morning, or we find another part of Runway for you to work. Either way, you will never tell a soul.” Miranda walked back to her desk taking another sip of her drink.

“Take the weekend, think it over. Oh, but Andrea, no touching yourself until you have decided...and if you have any questions..” Miranda waved her iPhone in the air, and went to sit down and start writing emails.

“That's all.”

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Andy sat on her bed dumbstruck. This was insane, a week ago she was just another of Miranda’s chew toys. A lowly employee at the Ellis and Clark building. Now she was sitting, and reading, the fetish list of the most famous woman in fashion.

Rules follow as listed

Pet shall not dress themselves, feed themselves, or wash them self without Mommy. Mommy will make all life decisions. Sum will give up house/apartment/rental. To live full time with Mommy. Legal and physical assets will be Mommys. Sub will not make medical decisions for themselves.
You will not use the potty without mommy. For pee-pee you will use your diapy.
There will be no touching yourself without mommy.
Binkies, diapers, toys, extra will be included in our deal. I will get you anything you desire.
You will follow all of mommy's rules as she deems fit. I will change the rules not you.

If I sign this, it’ll be Miranda’s way or nothing. Andy thought to herself.

Andy wondered if she could keep her job, and decided to text Miranda to ask. Moments later she got a response.

‘No.’

All Andy had wanted was to belong to Miranda, yet at the same time, this was a bigger commitment than marriage. This was complete, and utter release of control.

What about her career as a journalist?

‘Why me?’

‘Really Andrea, don't play coy.’ Sachs dribbled coffee from her mouth at the response.

‘You have been staring at my breasts for years now. Do you really think I allow just anyone to do that? You and I both know it was only a matter of time.’

Andy read them gasping a little. These were things she had never tried before, 24/7 care?... Could she maybe work for someone else?

Another text to her deal maker.

It was barely received when she got a message back.

'You may on your own time. Not on our time.’

The little felt like she was talking to an evil sea witch, she was allowed on her own time? Did that
mean she would have time to herself?

One more another question, one she knew was pointless.

'Do I have to wear the diaper'.

"Andrea, under my roof we follow my rules.'

My phone buzzed again.

'You are not yet finished, you have more to read.'

Evil sea witch, or Mommy, the woman was right. Andy looked back to her packet.

8.) Sun will not date, sleep, kiss, or flirt with anyone else (without my approval).

Andy pondered that for a bit. Would that mean that Miranda would date other people? It made sense, Miranda needed to keep in front of the limelight, but would that be ok with Andy? That was a question she didn’t know how to feel about.

9.) Sub will accompany me to all galas. (No drinking alcohol at these events or ever).

10. Along with no alcohol there will be no drug usage either. Prescriptions must be run through me.

‘I do take my A.D.D meds and my depression medication.’ That thought spurred Andy to send another text.

‘I’m aware, I will have them ground into powder form, and put in with your morning routine bottle or solid.’ Miranda replied, and Andy stared at the term ‘solid.’

How did she know about her medications? Deciding not to dwell on that fact, Andy went back to reading the contract.

11.) No leaving the house without my permission (Sub will have a curfew when you go out).

Andrea laid down continuing to read. It was going to be a long weekend of this new way of life.

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[Monday morning 7:50 am]

The phone rang. Miranda was not in the office yet. Andy sat at her first assistant desk looking at her folders. She reshuffled the same four papers over and over again. Her anxiety was getting the better of her. ‘Come on Sach’s you can do this.’

The phone broke her tumbling thoughts.

“Miranda Priestly’s office”

“She’s in the building, Andy” It was Jackson the front desk man.

“Thank you Jack, have a good day.”

“You too, Andy.” There was a clear smile through the phone.
A few moments later the word was spread, and the entire office was in a frenzy. Andy walked over to her desk, watching the second assistant (Amy) flailing as she applied a new coat of lipstick.

Andy however, had no makeup on, as it was in the rules.

Miranda walked through the door, glancing at Andy through her designer sunglasses. A slight smirk touched her lips. Much like the day that Andy had put on her new wardrobe.

However it disappeared quickly as the woman wiped any trace of it away, although anyone in the office was too scared to notice such a slip up.

“Emily, go down to advertising, and get me the quota.” When Amy left Andy grabbed her folder got up from her seat.

Walking through glass white doors, the younger woman quietly turned to close them. Looking back at the white cogar who was trying to hide her amusement.

“Hello An-dre-a.” Miranda rolled the name over tongue before sipping her coffee.

“My.” The white haired caregiver seemed a little disappointed at the name, hoping it would have been mommy.

“You had your set of rules, I have my own.” Miranda immediately pursed her lips. ‘This was not acceptable.’

“No diaper, I get promoted from assistant. Not because I’ll be sleeping with the boss, but because I deserve it, and you know it. You also have to take off vacation days, Saturday, and Sunday. Plus, come home by at least 7.” Andy said in a very business matter of fact way.

“No yes you will wear diapers, Andrea this is not just a fetish, it’s a lifestyle. You obviously did not read the packet” Miranda ground her teeth. She was getting upset now. Her fists clenching out of the need to be in control.

“I read it cover to cover! You want me to be your toy! You want me to be there for your whim, you wan-”

“To take care of you Andrea!” Miranda almost choked on her words. She almost spoke words of love. This was too soon to be showing all her cards.

“Miranda, no one has seen me in little space. I act different, it’s not always sexual for me.”

“I understand that.”

“Do you?” It was less of an accusation and more of a question of the older woman’s past. The silence between them grew once more.

“I need this to be more than just your lipstick shade of the month” Miranda was both proud and hurt by the statement. Only Andrea would talk to her in such a manner. Yet, she also hated that her potential little girl would think such a thing of her.

“Yes diapers, it’s a hard limit for me Andrea. One that will make or break this deal. You may work on stories outside of Runway, but on your own time. That is our arrangement, you will be at my side throughout the day. This, is our bargain. Andrea what is there left to not understand!?” Miranda was working up a temper tantrum, and the brunette saw it coming.
Andy stood with her hands on her hips. It looked childish from the outside as it felt to her inside.

“Miranda you had at least 70 rules. You have to give me something…” looking around the room as if she was talking to the jury of her peers.

“No.” The editor did not even flinch.

“Okay, well then what about the munches?”

“What about them?”

“Well you said we would be attending high class parties?”

The white haired woman just looked at her with a blank expression. The young girl switched her weight from foot to foot.

“You aren’t going to tell me are you?”

“No.”

“Fine what about dating?”

“What about it?

“I don’t wanna see some white haired man grabbing your ass in front of me. Getting drunk at gala’s and trying to bang you in the back of the car? What will I do sit and watch as you give them a handy!??”

“I should wash your mouth out with soap for that comment, Andrea...There will be no men in my life while I am with you. It is a precaution for those submissive who want to have relationships outside of the kink setting.” Miranda had honestly no desire to date men any longer. They tended to only care about their genitals.

“What makes you think this is ‘just’ a kink to me?” Andy was ready to nitpick, they weren't even official and she was ready to fight.

Miranda stayed quite and studied her face with the intrest of a detective. Andy felt like she was being held in front of a jury.

“Allright.”

“Good.” They both were stern and acted like it was a business transaction.

“What about rule 48…..”

“Andrea are you going to pick apart the whole packet.” The shorter woman rolled thumb and index finger around the bridge of her nose. Obviously, trying to eliminate the headache that was quickly coming.

“Sex.”

Miranda’s head shot up. Hearing her assistant who she deemed so innocent say such words freely was doing things to her.

“With other people? That's different than relationships.”

“I am aware.” Once again Miranda squeezed her eyes shut in the attempt to keep her jealousy
from exploding.

“Only if I allow it.” The statement was quicker, more predatory than it was originally meant to be, but Priestley did mean it just the same.

“What about you?” Andy tried not to sink into the little space that was obviously boiling in her brain. She put her hands around herself as if to hold back her inner child.

Miranda softened.

“Andrea I will not be having sex with anyone, if at all….” This answer didn’t please Andy either.

“What if I…” The words were once again stuck in her throat. Miranda leaned in as if she could hear them from deep within her submissives gut.

“Speak Andrea.”

“What if I want to have sex…with you..” The editor had hoped obviously but never dared believe that would be a possibility. She had at least that it may take time.

“If you are interested we may incorporate something....” Sach’s nodded in agreement.

“Okay” Andy walked around the desk and stuck out her hand. The editor looked as if she was being handed a macy’s gift card. Pursing her lips in disappointment.

“Business deals you shake hands,” Andy tried to reason.

“This is not a business deal, Andrea.”

Andy got the message, but was still was not used to this. Instead she waited for the older woman to take the lead. Miranda stood, and turned her cheek. Giving the obvious, ‘kiss here’ smug smirk. Andy leaned in and felt the warmth of the other womans cheek against chapt lips. The editor took a pen and signed her dotted line, and handed the ballpoint to Andy who signed as well.

“Now, go to HR. Give them this paper.” With that she handed it off to her little girl. “Cynthia and I have been friends for years, she knows about my life..and no Andrea, I have never had a little at my office. She will, however, know what to do.”

“Yes Miranda.”

Miranda stared down dark brown orbs in a look that made Andy’s butt hurt from the visual spanking.

“Sorry, yes Mommy.” smiling and walked out the door. Oh boy, was she in for it.

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“Tell me again, why you are moving?”

“Doug, I’m not moving states. I'm just living in a different part of town.” Andrea took a sip of tea, obviously already not allowed to have caffiene was starting to effect her.

“But you are selling your apartment?” Dough picked up a few thongs and ‘folded them into a duffle bag. The apartment had paper towels and boxes litering the floor. Miranda was going to have someone come by and clean the rest of the mess. Andy tried to take out as many push pins and sweep up months of dust bunnies.
“Yeah I know. It’s crazy.” Andy lifted a box and taped it close writing on it ‘Old Memories.’

“Honey, I get kink relationship. But, you barely even trust her. Hardly even know her outside of work. Andy, you’re going into this kinda blind.” Andy bit her lip and nodded an agreement. She had thought about all of that. But she didn’t answer, just put her tea down and put her labtop into an old college backpack.

“I’ll be here for you. Whatever happens. I just need to ask one more time; you still wanna do this?”

” Andy threw her cloths into a duffle bag and slung it over her shoulder.

Andrea brought up ten boxes up two flights of stairs. It took most of the morning, and well into the afternoon. She was hot, sweaty, and felt gross. All in all what was needed was a shower, and a long nap. However, no rest for a ‘Miranda’s girl.’

The brunette wandered around what was going to be her room. It was a light shade of purple, not small in the least, but modest even for Miranda. It had nothing in the room, but a bathroom on the side. Andy was impressed, the bathroom was bigger than her kitchen.

She felt a buzz in her jeans.

‘Pottery Barn Baby on 5th Avenue, Roy will be there in 10. Don’t forget to go potty and change. I left clothes out for you’

Andy found the clothes on a towel in the bathroom there was a pair of white Vans shoes with matching white socks, a t-shirt with yellow rubber ducks on them, and overalls. Along with a pair of underwear that had Minnie Mouse on them. Andy couldn’t help but smile, Miranda had picked these out. She didn’t have to pick out her own clothes. Although, she was a little worried about going out into a public place in little girl’s clothes. She didn’t want to be outed, nor to out the most famous fashion editor in Manhattan.

Andy got dressed snapping the overalls on, completely content. Her boobs were free, she was so happy and little she wanted to lay on the floor, and watch a kids show, maybe suck on her thumb a bit. But Miran- Mommy had asked her to get ready. She didn’t wanna break a rule already.

With that thought she went downstairs, and Roy was already pulled up front.

“Hi Roy.” He smiled, and opened the door.

“Hello little Andy.” He handed her a backpack that had a giraffe on it. Clearly meant for a child, but was full to the brim.

“Oh and Miss Andy,”

After grabbing the backpack he handed her letter in an envelope.

The first line on the letter was; ‘First things first little girl, little girls have to go in car seats.’

There was a big car seat in there, but Andy sat next to it not wanting too.
“Miss Andy...” Roy said, and Sachs felt like pouting.

“Okay, Roy.” She went into the seat, and he locked her into it. Being very careful, but obviously it wasn’t his first time dealing with a car seat. This made the little adult’s ears get red. ‘Did her mommy have other littles?’

Andy swished her legs back and forth as they drove, she was already sinking deep into little space. Feeling butterflies in her tummy at the idea of seeing her mummy.

Opening her backpack she found a jacket and a raincoat.

Andy glanced back at the letter and continued to read.

In your backpack are a few necessities for today, including a few supplies:
- coloring book (with crayons)
- notebook for your homework
- binkie
- raincoat and jacket
- onesie for your nap
- And some pain medicine

At that the brows of the little one creased, wondering why Miranda included medicine, and continued to read.

You will not be having coffee, and I do not want you to have a bad caffeine headache.

Andy hadn’t even thought of that, but glad Miranda had.

Andy kept the jacket out, then put the note and the raincoat back in the bag.

“Baby Priestly?” Roy said to Andy when they pulled up to their destination.

“Yea Mr. Roy?” She said, a little girl’s voice coming out. She tried to cough, pulling out of the simpler thoughts.

He chuckled, and told Andy they were here.

When Roy opened the car door Andy noticed that the lights in the store were on, but it said closed.

“Roy?” He just smiled, nodding for her to go in.

Andy’s legs felt like Jello, not used to walking so much in little space. People walked past her as if an adult in overalls was nothing unusual in New York City. Walking up to glass double doors a woman with pink lipstick pulled one open.

“Hi little girl, is your name Andrea?” She didn’t know what to say, knowing she probably wasn’t allowed to talk to strangers.

Sachs felt herself getting shy. Obviously, the sudden want for her new Mommy outweighed the excitement of clothes and a fun backpack. Holding her jacket, Andy started to wrap tight arms around herself. The lady must have noticed, because she called for Mrs. Priestley.

Miranda came around the corner in a white rain jacket.
“Oh darling, it’s alright Mommy’s here.” She came over wrapping her arms around Andy, swaying her back and forth. The two women sunk into the touch, although new, it felt like they had done it for lifetimes.

“Baby.” Miranda pulled out a genuine smile, and looked down at Andy (who without heels was shorter than Miranda).

“You dressed so perfectly all by yourself, I’m sorry Mommy wasn’t there to help you Bobbsey. I will be there next time. I’m so proud of you.” Her smile widened. Andy liked that she was proud of her. She couldn’t remember the last time anyone had told her that.

Miranda turned, and Andy got scared that she would leave her in little space behind much like a second assistant.

However, Miranda took her hand leading Andrea over to the sheets and bedding. Andy realized that the entire place was empty.

Tugging on Miranda’s coat to get her attention.

“What is it, Bobbsey?” Miranda asked while flipping through sheets, feeling each of them.

“Mommy, did you rent out this whole place for us?” The little adult was extremely curious.

“Of course Mommy did, and remember not so many big words.” Miranda didn’t let go of Andy’s hand for the entire time in the store. Andy tried to remember to use less big words.

Miranda pulled her baby girl onto the sofa as people came by with different bedding and curtains. They picked out things to furnish the room such as; bedding, high chairs (large), and shelves (which Andy picked out enthusiastically). Miranda designed the entire room with all the things for a little one, and Andrea got to help choose everything.

When it was time to go, Miranda told Andy to say thank you to the nice people. Which Andy wondered why she had to do, because Miranda didn’t. Yet, she was thankful, so Andy said thank you. Miranda had gone to great lengths to make it a normal shopping trip and her little didn’t understand how it had worked so well.

The two women got to the car, and Roy opened the door so that Miranda could buckle Andy in the car seat, before looking at her phone for emails. Andy was so happy she didn’t even mind. She wasn’t going to have to leave little space, that was the biggest gift of all. The little girl played with her crayons, and coloring book. They drove for another 40 minutes before Miranda interrupted Andy’s arts and crafts.

“Roy, please stop up here.” The two of them pulled over at F-A-O SCHWARTZ. Andy’s mouth hung open in amazement. What were they doing here? Miranda unclicked Andy from her seat, and the two of them got out of the car. Miranda holding on tightly to the little adult’s hand.

“Andrea, because you were such a good girl today, Mommy wants to buy a special friend. Would you like that?” Andy was so excited she nodded happily.

The two walked into the huge building greeted by toy soldiers. A guy smiled at her, and nodded his head, she smiled widely back.

Miranda kept a close eye on the man. Waiting for him to make a false move, but when Andy saw the stuffed animal aisle she let go of Miranda’s hand running to the large display.

Her caregiver was calling after her, but Andy was so excited she forgot one of the most important
When her mommy caught up she was out of breath not happy, and Andy worried Mommy wouldn’t let her be her little girl anymore. Big tears started to stream from Andrea’s brown eyes.

“Andrea! You do not run away from Mommy!” Miranda tried not to yell in the middle of the store. Her cheeks pink, various adults looked on at the two not quite understanding the situation, but trying not to stare.

“Miranda I’m so sorry, please don’t kick me out.” Andy’s tears got bigger and bigger, and pretty soon she was hyperventilating.

“Andrea...sweetheart breathe.” Miranda tried quickly to do damage control.

“I just got exci-cited..I *hiccup* did’n mean to *sob* “

Miranda took both her hands and out them on the sides of Andys face.

“Dalring I need you to focus on me. It seems I upset you. Mummy was worried. It is ok now. Andrea you must slow your breathing down.” Miranda kissed her forhead and nlerered a little at the smell of her young girls hair. Andys mind short circuted and suddenly all she could feel was warm lips against her. When her mommy pulled back and looked into brown orbs once more Andy had stopped crying. Miranda rubbed her back soothingly the feeling was so welcome that she forgot why she was upset.

“Who would you like?” Andy remember where she was, and looked around. There were bears and cats of all sizes. Spotting a white haired dragon with blue eyes. She reached up and pointed. Miranda laughed, and saying under her breath said “How fitting,” letting Andy hold the creature as they went to check out.

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On the car ride to Runway, Andrea clutched her dragon, tear stained eyes very heavy. Her Mommy was rubbing her leg in a mothering way, and humming a lullaby. As much as Andy wanted to stay awake, and hear the end of it the feeling was too good and she fell asleep.

Miranda looked over at Andrea who was fast asleep in the car seat. She continued to hum for good measure making sure that Andrea didn’t stir.

Roy smiled, shaking his head in the front seat.

If Miranda didn’t love the girl before, today would be her demise. They pulled up at Runway, and the fashion editor shook her baby awake lightly. Andy opened her eyes, seeing that Miranda had arrived at work.

“Bye bye Mama” She said yawning.

“No silly baby, Bobbsey is coming into work with Mommy.”Andy’s eyes shot open mortified.’
No way!

Sure enough her chair was unlocked, and Roy opened the door. Miranda took Andy’s hand, and turned her around checking her outfit.

“Alright now, Mommy has to work very hard today, so I need you to be a good girl.” The older women took out a binkie, putting it gently against Andy’s lips. The adult baby shook her head fiercely. She didn’t wanna be little in front of all of those people.

“Andrea, I own the building. Meaning anyone who dares looks at you cross will not be able to work in this town again.” Hearing that logic did make Andy feel better but she still was questioning. The rubber sucker of the pacifier pressed on her bottom lip soothingly rubbing.

“No, I won’t ask you again, please be a good girl.” Andy groaned and nodded opening her mouth to take the paci. She earned a smile, and a kiss on the forehead from her Mommy.

They walked into the building, holding her caregiver’s hand tightly. She couldn’t see her mommy’s eyes because white framed sunglasses hid them. However, she knew that her mummy was watching very carefully at everyone in the lobby. No one even dared look at her or Miranda.

Smiling around her binkie when the man opened the gate for them. He nodded, and smiling at her. It was Jackson, the same guy who used to tell her when Miranda would come in. He didn’t say a word about Andy wearing children's clothes, hugging a stuffed animal to her chest, holding Miranda’s hand, or sucking a binkie. He, like everyone she met that day, just did their job and didn’t ask questions.

When they got into the elevator, Andrea stopped out front knowing she should take the next one. When she attempted to let go of Miranda’s hand, her mommy held on firm, but gentle. Rubbing circles with her thumb over the soft skin. It warmed the little one’s hand, and she blushed.

“Baby girl, you aren’t riding up on an elevator alone. Mommy would be lonely without you.” This made Andrea smile! ‘Mommy would be lonely without me! Keep’ ma mama happy!’

“Come along my curious girl.” Miranda pulled Andy into the elevator, and Andy felt the need to hug her mummy. Andy’s big girl brain snapped into effect however. ‘YOU DON’T TOUCH MIRANDA!’ However, the little side of her wanted to kiss and hug her Mama. Tell her how much she loved her new stuff, and dragon. Her mommy, while holding onto her hand, did not seem to sense the internal struggle. Breaking the silence the caretaker whispered almost seductively.

‘Andrea when we get to Mommy’s office you need to try to go pee pee, ok?’ Once again worry shot through Andy. ‘WOULD MIRANDA WATCH ME PEE?! I DON’T HAVE TO PEE! I DON’T WANNA PEE IN FRONT OF HER! WHAT IF SHE THINKS I’M WEIRD! WHAT IF I DO IT WRONG? Relax Sachs, how do you pee wrong’

The door dinged and they were on the Runway floor. Miranda once again, made the whole room scatter. There wasn’t a single person not running to get out of her way.

“Shall we darling?” Miranda’s words were soft, and made the little adult yearn to be held.

They walked quickly down the hall, and into Miranda’s office. Andy noticed that there were two new girls working at the front desk. She guessed Human Resources must have found them. They both said hello to Miranda in unison, only to be ignored.

The double doors were open, and the younger girl could see a Pooh Bear blanket on the floor with an iPad that had a jelly case around it. As you would for a clumsy child, and this somehow excited
Sachs intensely through her anxious mental struggle.

The caregiver and little one walked through the doors, the older of the two closing the doors behind them.

The brunette was about to run over to the new Pad when she heard a clearing of the throat noise from her Mama. Turning around to see Miranda opening the bathroom door.

“Do we have to Mama?” Miranda hid a smile at the little girl’s tone but stayed firm.

“Little girls need help when going potty. Are you a big girl or a little girl?”

“I’M MA BIG GURRL!” Andy yelled and giggled bringing her hands up high as if to show how tall she was.

“Is that so?” Miranda tried her best not to smile, but the sight was just too adorable for words.

Andy nodded. ‘Mommy won’t have to worry about me cuz I’m alllll grown up!’

“Then I guess that means no one will need this new iPad that the new Emily’s put all the episodes of ‘Clifford’ on?” The little adults jaw dropped, she LOVED ‘Clifford The Big Red Dog!!!!’

So she held on tight to her dragon friend, marching into the bathroom with gusto, Mommy following behind.

The adult put the toilet lid up, undoing Andy’s overalls. Andrea blushed furiously, but sat on the porcelain throne. The shy girl didn’t even tinkle a little.

“Andrea?”

“Mhmm?”

“What’s your dragon’s name?” Miranda was not new to shy bladders, and new Andrea would need to relax.

“Mai-n-da” The girl tried to say her mommy’s name. Obviously too small for such a big word. Her knees bumped together and she looked down at her shoes.

Miranda pretended to be flattered.

“My names Miranda, too!” Andy’s big girl brain was surprised to see such a playful tone, but her little inside had taken over all thought process. Head shot up and giggled.

“No y-ow name is Mommy!!!!

Miranda smiled, and booped the little girl’s nose. Silently sighing in relief that Andrea had taken to the nickname so easily.

“Does a little princess need some help going potty?” Andy blushed, and looked down at her Minnie Mouse panties.

“No...”

Miranda soothed the girl by rubbing circles, once again, on her back. Showing a sense of compassion, and love was all the little misy needed.

She started to go pee, and just kept staring at her Manda dragon.
Miranda quickly opened one of the cupboards taking out a wet wipe (safe on little lady parts). and wiped letting it drop in the toilet before flushing. Andy was so surprised she let out a squeal at the cold wipe.

“All done!” Miranda threw her hands up, and Andy let out a fit of giggles.

The two stood up and the matriarch pulled the little girl’s overalls back in place. Washing Andy’s hands and then her own. Then returning to the room where Nigel sat in front of Miranda’s desk with a full layout.

“Hello, Nigel,” the man stood and turned to see the two women. Andy curled behind Miranda suddenly embarrassed at her cloths.

“Oh Nigel, you know I detest that nickname” He ignored the remark preferring to squat down like you would to meet a child’s eyes. Andrea, of course being as tall as Miranda looked down at him.

“I heard you had a special day today!” Obviously the important people in Miranda’s life knew, just like Doug knew. Andrea was quick to answer with a lot of excitement. Not at all thinking about how this man was a former friend, and work associate.

“I got Mandy!”

Nigel looked confused, and raised his eyebrows at his boss. Miranda looked down to signal the dragon, and Andy brought her friend up to view.

“Oh a white dragon with blue eyes, you little girl, have a type.” Miranda batted his shoulder, holding onto Andy, bringing her around to the Pooh Bear blanket. The little adult sat to watch cartoons as the adults got to work.

After a while Nigel looked over to see Andy fast asleep as the iPad continued to show a child’s show. Miranda looked to meet her friend’s view, she of course had been looking over every few minutes to make sure her former assistant was okay in her new role. Andrea had taken to everything wonderfully, better than anyone in the past. It warmed Miranda’s heart as she looked upon her little girl with adoring warmth.

“You’ve never taken a submissive to work before.”

“Is there a question in there Nigel?” Miranda didn't look up but continued to type on her computer and out sticky notes on the book.

“You two seem quite cozy.” Miranda sighed and took off her glasses looking up at him.

“I know you feel quite protective over her. Is this your way of warning me of not hurting her?” Nigel put down his binder and notebook to lean over the desk as if sharing a secret.

“You love her, I'm worried.” Miranda glanced back over at the young woman who was oblivious to their words.

“Nigel, you are coming very close to the end of this conversation.”

“Need I remind you; that you haven't taken on a female since-” Miranda waved her hand to dismiss him.

“Enough.”
“Or that your ex husb-”

“Nigel. I said enough.” He stopped leaning on the desk and took thw wire frames off his nose. Taking a deep breath in before continuing.

“Six is green. She has already fallen in love with you. Please just be careful.”

Miranda stared ahead letting his words burn into her skin. She rolled her tongue around and looked back down at the book. Nigel didn't wait for an answer.

“The next spring issue Michael wants peacocks. I've been trying to talk him out of it. “

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It was past lunch time when Andy woke up, she was still deep in little space. Miranda noticed without lifting her head.

“Good morning sleepy girl. Would you like some food?”

Andrea nodded enthusiastically.

An assistant came back with Miranda’s adult lunch, a boring salad. While Andy ate a grilled cheese with fruit that was nicely cut up. She tried to determine where Miranda's boundaries for touching were. Deciding asking for forgiveness was better than permission. Andy got up on her knees and started steadily towards her ex boss. Miranda aware that she was moving but unsure whether eye contact would scare the girl deciding to keep eating her salad and reading. Andy stopped at her chair and wondered if she could muster up the courage for this. “Can I sits?” Miranda quickly moved the napkin off her lap. Little Andy, started to climb into her lap. Amazed at the smell of the older woman. She was intoxicating. Her skin warm to the touch and the feeling of her stockings made the little girl blush.

“Hi, Princess.” Mommy said in return, pulling her into her lap. Andy saw the computer, it was a picture of a breast pump on Amazon. Andy looked puzzled, ‘was Miranda expecting?’

Miranda caught the glimpse.

“I was going to wait until you were big to ask how you felt about this kind of play..., but I thought I would do some research first. I- I think we should have this talk later. It’s almost time for my meetings. You should work on some of the homework I gave you sweetheart.” The brunettes big mind raced, as well as her arousal at the images which was a new feeling. However, she got off Miranda’s lap and sat back down on the blanket. Miranda “homework’ included connect the dots and journetreys. She must have fallen asleep doing a connect the dot, because when she woke up it was dark. The need for coffee bounded on her, and she decided to go to Starbucks to stretch her legs. She was no longer in little space, and felt the need to explore her new freedom.

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Miranda sat in the most boring meeting. No one was prepared, and she yearned to go see Andrea. Wondering if her little one was awake or asleep. Looking down in her lap the caregiver checked her phone where a baby monitor app was set up. Andy was not on the floor, nor on the sofa. She wasn’t allowed to use the restroom without explicit permission. Which could only mean one thing. The fashion editor’s heart jumped out of her chest, her baby girl was gone.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

When Andy got back to the office, Jack’s eyes popped out of his head. She smiled at him
awkwardly but tried her best to not let the grin deviate.

“Hey Jack.”

“Oh, Andy... You’d better get up there. Boss is really upset.”

When she opened the doors two assistants were being yelled at by a livid Miranda when she caught sight of the surprised Andrea.

“When. Have. You. Been.” Miranda gritted out. To be honest, Miranda was more relieved than upset, but still she was not about to let the young girl off easy.

“I went to get you coffee, and me a hot chocolate, I’m sorry. I thought you’d be in your meeting a little longer.” Andy slowly approached the desk as if Miranda was a rabid animal.

“Emily’s, leave.” The two girls in pencil skirts darted for the door closing it behind them.

“Miranda I’m sorr-” Before Andy could finish her sentence, Miranda rounded the desk hugging her tightly. She was holding a drink holder in one hand. Shocked by the sudden realization that the queen of ice was embrassing her. Andrea felt warmth in the pit of her belly. Like she’d never been hugged by anyone so full love love.

“I was so worried, you left subspace. I should have been here, it was a horrid meeting.” Andy didn’t know what to say. No one had ever been there when she came, and left little space.

“Miranda it’s fine, sometimes I leave little space. It just happens, it won’t be the last time I’m there I promise.” Andy smiled, giving her ex-boss a kiss on her soft cheek. Miranda cleared her throat and nodded, pulling away.

“Well, I have a little more work to do, but after I will come home. It’s time for you to go downstairs to Roy.” Andy was a little hurt at the idea of going to the town house without Miranda.

“I can’t stay here with you? I’ll just sit on my iPad, I won’t leave again..I’ll just be here.” Andy tried not too sound desperate.

“Andrea, whether you are in little space or out of it there are still rules, one of those is your bedtime. The other was that you were not supposed to leave the premises without me. Those were in our rules if you remember.”

Andy’s cheeks reddened at the thought of getting into trouble.

“You will be punished. That is twice today you have broken a rule. Do not push your luck with bedtime.” Miranda’s business face was on, and it was a little sexy.

Andy nodded, hugging Miranda one last time before grabbing her iPad to watch the news on the way home. When she exited the building Roy was waiting for her. She went to her new home, Andy texted Miranda to ask permission to shower. She was allowed, and took her phone into the bathroom to put on ABBA.

While taking a shower in her bathroom; she realizing that there was an entire shelf of assorted bath scents, and soaps. Including children’s toys in one of the drawers for bath time. Andy was not in the mood however. She felt a strange sense of home in the large house, but still listened for noises..hoping they would be Miranda. It didn’t quite feel like she was allowed free rein in the house yet.

After the shower and shaved. Bascing in the smells of eucalyptist essential oils. Stepping out of the shower, Andy found big fluffy white tows with M.P initials on them. The fabric softner smelt
of her exboss. Drying the tressels of wet hair that cascaded down pale skin, the young writer walked cross the hall, finding a large master bedroom with double white doors. The perfume, and beautiful white walls with flowers. On the wall was a nude charcoal drawing of a woman. It had the initials M.P. Andy went over to the pillow and sniffed it. Then laughed at the fact that she had actually become that infatuated with Miranda. Here she was trying to inhale everything that could possibly bring her close to the woman.

True, there was an attraction to Miranda, but in the fashion editor’s rules…. Andy wondered if her Mommy would ever feel for her romantically. Laying down as the memory foam enveloped around her. Clinging to her Mommy’s pillow, before she could worry too much about their future. Andy had fallen fast asleep on top of the covers.
Andy woke up to darkness, the bedroom was crisp and silent. The writer had forgotten to put on jammies, resulting in shivers wracking through her body. Andy had fallen asleep on top of Miranda’s bed not realizing how late it was, and yet could tell it had been awhile by the crusted drool on her chin. White toned legs found the side of the bed, and Andy pushed herself up lazily. Sliding off the tall bed, feet padded onto the floor. The young woman found and rifled through her backpack, looking for the pink pacifier. Inside there was a silk indigo robe, that was undoubtedly her ex-boss’. Sucking the pacifier to keep her breathing normal, it felt more like a coping mechanism at the moment than a need to ‘play.’ Sachs put the robe over her soft shoulders and tied the fabric tight, nipples becoming peaked at the brush of material. Taking the back of her hand and wiping whatever saliva was left, the night was familiar in the sense of waking up alone with the need for comfort. However, unlike others the brunette was in Priestley's castle. Deciding to go investigate, Andy’s cold toes padded over hardwood floors.

Tiptoeing down the stairs, she was blinded immediately by the fluorescent light. Blinking the blindness away, there was the sound of rustling paperwork as she walked into the kitchen. Miranda had her papers spread out on the counter, and a tupperware full of cut strawberries. She had changed from her day clothes at some point in the evening, Andy didn’t remember when. The fadedness of her makeup made her face seem warm, inviting. The comfortable button down accentuating gorgeously plump breasts, yoga pants hugging her shapely thighs.

Miranda didn’t look up at first, but she heard a light sucking noise that caught her attention. Raising light blue eyes up to gaze at the most beautiful sight in all her years at Runway, Andy had bed head, really bad bed head. A tightly balled fist was rubbing at her eye, the floral binky secured snugly between pink plump lips. The white haired woman’s heart warmed at the sight, admittedly legs going weak at the knees.

“Hello, sweet girl.” Miranda’s voice was a little husky, she hadn’t spoken to anyone in hours, and her throat wasn’t prepared. She had expected to finish with her paperwork and like most nights, crawl into an empty bed. When Miranda had come home she ascended the stairs to get changed in her wardrobe, and found upon the brown-eyed beauty snoring. It was foreign to have someone in her domain, not a soul had been in her boudoir in decades. Yet again, another wall being let down in the last 24 hours for her new submissive.

Andrea forgot that Miranda was her ex-boss for a moment, just excited to have the older woman home. The little adult walked over to the exhausted editor, wrapping sleepy arms around slim shoulders. Andy let her head fall into Miranda’s chest, the Dominant having taken her bra off hours ago, felt the warmth of the young girl’s cheek against her nipples. Sighing in comfort, previous tension from work released with every breath she took. ‘The hormones are working,’ she thought.

Miranda rubbed Andy’s back, noting that the robe looked more glamorous on the young body then it had ever felt on her own.
“Andrea, darling?”

The young girl ‘hmmed’ in response, fingers trailing delicately over Miranda’s back to send rich goosebumps across toned arms. The mature woman took nimble fingers to ‘pop’ the binkie from Andy’s lips.

“Your limits.” Miranda took stock of how hard her own nipples had grown. The feeling of tight skin, about to burst. ‘Mommy wants to-’ Andy’s blush grew from her ears to bosom. It was an adorable display of her ‘greeness,’ leading Miranda to shift her weight at the awareness of her arousal.

“I need to hear your safe word, Andrea”

“Crimson.” She said with confidence, ‘get ahold of yourself Sachs, this is what you were waiting for!’ Jaw clenching with the hope ‘fake it til you make it’ would bring some assembly of courage.

“And?”

“Cerulian if I want to continue,” Andy gulped feeling heat grow in her belly, mind beginning to race. ‘We are about to have our first scene! HOLY SHIT! She had said spankings were coming.’ Miranda took the hand holding the child’s security binky, and let her long nail scratch down the cream colored column of the little girl’s throat.

“Va-vo-violet i-f i have a- medi-dical i-issue.” She was practically trembling before Miranda with a mixture of desire and anxiousness. Andy broke the eye contact to look at her feet, she was trying to keep her cool. Miranda misunderstood the action, stepping back from their embrace. Clearing her throat she set the binkie down on her paperwork, running fingers through her unkempt hair, previous volume and product long gone. The editor decided a different approach would perhaps work best. They were not romantic partners, but that didn’t mean Miranda wouldn’t push the abundance of feeling she had.

“I want to feed you Bobbsey.” Andy searched into her eyes trying to understand. Looking down at the strawberries confused. Yes, she had missed a meal but surely it was too late for her to be eating fruit.

“No Andrea,” the brunette didn't quite get it. Miranda, always being a woman of action met their distance taking young fingers in her own grasp. Stealing a moment to settle her own foolish nerves, Priestly leaned forward, letting her forehead touch Andy’s. Both felt warmth deep inside, unsure on who would break the sudden comfort. Equally amazed at the acceptance of vulnerability, Miranda tried to gently issue her command.

“Sit.”

The older woman let go, sauntering over to the old iPod in the warm den. Syrupy cotton-coated lullabies played over the surround sound, much like the ones she sang to Andy in the car. The younger woman walked over to the leather sofa, unsure of how to be respectful, hoping to crawl inside of herself from pure overstimulation from the need to please. Pulling the bottom of the robe under her bottom, Andrea sat on her feet, knees relaxing to the side. Miranda grasped her favorite black alpaca blanket setting herself closer than she would let anyone on this earth be to her. The heat of her legs against Andy’s thigh had her doing her best not to sigh at the contact. She wound the blanket around her little girl, watching as she chewed on the inside of her cheek to keep calm.

“Bobbsey, are you frightened?” Andy shook her head quickly meeting Miranda’s gaze, but she quickly put her thumb between pink lips. It was obvious she was nervous, but the editor took comfort in the fact she wasn’t afraid.
“I have not forgotten about your punishment, however, first I believe you need to eat.” Miranda wanted to say ‘Mommy needs you, suckle at me my gorgeous little girl,’ but didn’t want to overwhelm her either.

“Darling, I’m going to take out Mommy’s breast and you are going to suck on it.” Andy was completely unsure of herself, she had never done this before. Her mind reeled back to the earlier hours where she had seen the laptop photo. ‘Oh my god, Miranda wants to breastfeed me!’ It technically wasn’t in their list, not that the girl could remember. There had been a brief section on being fed….this wasn’t what she had thought. but it wasn’t in the hard limits either….

Miranda saw the puzzled look on the little one’s face. This caused her to worry that this would drive the girl away. It was something she had always wanted, desired it for years. Never had she shared it with any other little, had even been taking hormones just for it, unsure on who would drink her milk at the time. Knowing that a million boys and girls would kill to touch them at the dungeon. Honestly, the mommy didn’t think she would actually let someone do it. She wanted the sensation of weight on her chest, experiencing the feeling of engorged breasts. Only to have it followed by the release of it leaving her chest, the pull on her nipples as a sweet mouth suckled in comfort.

“Ohkay Muhmmy.” Andy said around her thumb, sinking deep into little space before they had even begun. If this scared her away then it needed to be talked about now. No time to explore like the present.

“I have something better Bobbsey.” Miranda said eyeing the suckled thumb. She unbuttoned her blouse tantalizingly slow under Andrea’s gaze. A small scar on her collarbone was exposed, the young woman wondered why she had never noticed it before. As soon as the thought arrived it was soon swapped by the beautiful perfect dust colored nipples coming into view. Saliva collected in the young girls mouth at the sight. Her Mommy smiled, opening her arms to pull Andy’s back across Miranda’s thighs, belly up and bum propped, mouth right under Miranda’s right boob. All of the oxygen left the childlike woman’s lungs. She had died and gone to the seventh heaven somewhere in between her anxiousness and now eagerness.

The fashion editor was a woman who got what she wanted. This was no exception, and Andy immediately took her thumb out of her mouth, pruned from the saliva. Miranda traced her fingers over the little wrist.. Feeling the thud of anticipation pumping in the little’s veins. Andy hungrily attached her lips to the nipple, Miranda’s jaw instantly going slack into an ‘O’ shape. The Ohio girl smirked and licked the nub testing the waters as it were. Her Mommy;’s lip twitched, but she didn’t comment as the haze look filled the caregiver’s eyes.. Andy really didn’t have much experience, but figured it had to kinda be like a straw? Sucking lightly for a few moments, nothing quite came out until suddenly warm sweet liquid dripped onto her enclosed tongue. It felt like she had gotten away with murder. It was tantalising, and teased her decision to suck harder, causing a thicker stream like a gold mine had erupted.

“That’s a good girl,” Miranda said and let herself sigh audibly, head rolling back and easing into the position with catlike desire. Andy was amazed at the taste, the smell of Mommy’s breasts, the tingling in her princess parts. She hadn’t realized how sexy and intimate this would REALLY be. At the same time it felt as if it was the most naturally thing that had ever happened to the two of them. It was comforting and deliciously sensual all at the same time. Andy realized how hungry she really was. The milk was thick and hot, nothing like the 2 percent she remembered being served at dinner in plastic children’s cups. Listening to the music Andy tried to place where she had heard it before. It was classical now, unlike the adolescent lullabies of previous songs. Curling her toes and feeling a trickle of milk cascade down her lip. Starting to run down her chin. Her
Mommy looked down, aware of the sudden stopping in sucking. Taking the black blanket and wiping her baby's chin calmly, Andy's shoulders fell back, no longer worried of spillage, she relaxed back into the world of liquid bliss.

Miranda sighed once again and ran her fingers over her princess’ scalp letting nails rake over the velvet locks of black hair. Miranda was lost in thought, as she let her eyes close and sinking into the sofa. Eventually she knew that her breast felt a tug, as if enough was enough.

“Other side, Bobbsey.” The older woman shifted bringing an arm across Andy possessively. Releasing her breast from her girls lips. Tucking a boob back into the creamy button down and bringing her other out to play. Andy looked at the new fountain of milk with childlike enthusiasm. Wiggling a little to meet the nipple. Miranda heard the milk inside the young girls stomach slosh. However, before she could feel the flush of heat at the noise, she was distracted as Andrea took one lick around a dark areola, confirming satisfaction with the taste before capturing the whole thing into her hot wanting mouth.

“gAh-” Miranda gasped at the action looking down with a raised eyebrow at Andrea. She only replied with a gurgled giggle before closing her eyes to concentrate on sucking. Dark brows furrowed for only a moment, time ceased in the house and quickly the brows relaxed completely. The low music stopped and all that could be heard was a tick of the grandfather clock in the den and light sucking from a baby’s lips.

Miranda let her fingers spread over her little’s stomach. Deciding very quickly that it wasn’t enough contact. She untied the knot of her own robe, seeing a very naked, very embarrassed Andrea Sachs. This amused the Dominant, not remembering the last time she herself had been embarrassed by anything. She must have been younger than Andrea, yet surely the girl knew her body had no age to show, only luscious curves of intoxicating flesh. An occasional scar on her stomach, which Miranda took time to follow the lines of flesh trauma.

Andrea possessed light stretch marks, like blades of lightning lengthened on the tops of her hips. Miranda didn’t think anything of it, knowing full well that her girl was strikingly stunning. No insignificant blemish would change that.

Keeping her eyes closed, Andy didn’t need to look to see the devilish desire on her caretaker’s face. She knew that Miranda was attracted to her, but didn’t understand how. Remembering the confidence she was going to fake, she concentrated on letting her tense body relax as she continued to suckle.

Miranda took deep breaths as Andrea teased and tested the limits with her front teeth.

“Little girl, you still have a punishment. Do you so desire to find the line?”

The nipple was released with a wet pop and Andy’s eye flashed open like a deer caught in headlights, she had honestly forgotten. The milk was so yummy and the submission of little space was so delicate. Her mind had been too focused, now her bum clenched with the hope of a gentle reprimand.

“Mama, please no!”

“Andrea, you remember what happened today. That will not be acceptable, you must learn.” Her gorgeous girl scowled in defiance to the words.

“Stand.” Andy did as she was told, although with much lag. Hoping the longer she dragged her feet the more time would stand still. Miranda once again slipped her breast back into place and threw the blanket off. She walked over to the ottoman and softly sat waiting for her girl to face the
“You have never been punished before I presume?”

“Why’d you say that?” Andy answered with a child’s voice. Looking down at her toes, robe still open and exposing her bald pussy and hard nipples.

“Because you would not move at such a slow pace if you knew how little it does for your favor, darling.” Andrea rushed over and practically fell to her knees beneath Miranda.

“That is a sweet show of submission little thing.” Andy looked down to the carpet and tried to think back to the packet. Her toes dug into the carpet, wondering just how she would be punished. Besides the lame slap during sex from Nate, no one in her adult life had hit her bottom.

“You will be disciplined by a spanking. I will start with my hand and then continue with a cane. You will be canned and repeat the reason for me doing so. This is a gentle punishment Bobbsey. I do not repeat my kindness, if you can remember from your previous employment. My spankings can be quite an enjoyable experience. However, that is not so this time little one. Be prepared, you will be plugged in the end.” Andy’s eyes shot open once more with horror, she had never let anyone put anything in her butt. Knowing that it was in the rules as a possible form of discipline, ‘..discipline by extended anal plugging. However, she wasn’t expecting it for her first scene.

Miranda saw the thoughts racing through her submissive’s head, knew she was analytical and trying to analyze the information she just received. Miranda realized it was quite a lot for the first session, but this was what the Dominant had decided. It was exactly the kind of fantasy that had kept her awake months ago, and something struck her that it would tease Andrea for just as long afterwards.

Miranda went back into the kitchen, Andy heard the heels click on the hardwood of the steps. Keeping her head down as she saw the stilettos return with a chair.

“This time, I will give you something to lean on.” The white haired Mistress let the chair land on soft carpet to extend her kindness.

“Rise and undress.” Andy sat up quickly like a frightened animal stripping of the robe. Looking around for a place to put it. Knowing that the nightmare probably cost more than her water and trash bill combined in New York.

“Sofa, quickly.” The girl didn’t need to be told twice, quickly draping her robe over the leather and returning to the front of the chair.

Miranda walked from behind, Andy couldn’t follow her with her eyes so she relied solely on the noises from behind her. ‘FUCK’ was the only repeating thought running through the girl’s mind.

It sounded like wood and something opening and closing. There were no longer sounds just the taste of milk and the scent of Miranda’s fabric softener filled the air. Andy let her shoulders roll back and tried her best to stand up straight. Keeping her eyes planted on the floor, her submission had to be strong. She would not let her new dominant down.

“Bend over.” It was such a short sentence but it shot adrenaline through Andy quicker than any drug could ever achieve. She let her arms cross over the chair and bent over. It was not very far over, as it was a barstool from the kitchen. The assistant briefly wondered if Miranda had disciplined girls on this chair before.
Her chest hung from the weight, nipples pressed against the finished stool. It did not help the hair that stood at attention on every inch of Andy’s body.

Miranda enjoyed the view, perfect globes of naked flesh. When the girl had leaned over Miranda was sure she might orgasm on the spot. Andrea’s beautiful lips did not hide her clitoris. It was already protruding and the pinks and dark blossom colored surface led way to a shadow of an opening. The dim light caught the slick nectar that coated every inch of her vagina. Her Mommy’s eyes raked up, knowing that that hole did not belong to her, yet. Tonight she would take that tight ass. The one she had watched form fit every outfit for too long. The perfect maroon shade was exposed, so Miranda walked slow and quietly appraising her new toy. Leaning down and she blew against the young woman's anus.

“FFFFFFUUUUHHHHk” Andy cried out her knees trembling at the unexpected breeze.

“That's another 5 Andrea. You know not to swear.” Miranda said sharply, unhappy at the slip, but proud of her ability to make her baby so turned on. Stepping back she felt the carpet move under her ebony heels. This was her favorite part, the pulse of potential, dominance that came when someone was so vulnerable under her.

“We will start slow, you will count.” Andy took a deep breath and held it.

Miranda's palm came hard down on perfect smooth cheeks.

“One!” Miranda practically let out a moan at the way her gorgeous girl had jerked under her hands. It was Sadistically satisfying, the seasoned woman wondered how her juniors blood tasted. Pondered the degree that she’d beg, god. White haired woman wanted to hear her plead.

Taking the other hand to the girls left cheek, Miranda heard the sound before feeling the sting in her hand.

“T-a-t-t-two.” Her Mommy became relentless very quickly, Andy was hoping the warm up process might be gentler.

“Tell me why you deserve this discipline, Miss Sachs.”

“I broke the rules an-” Miranda grew bored very quickly at the stiff explanation.”THREE, OH MY GA-” Mature lips smirked and look down at the burgundy skin.

“I-I ran away in excitement...I “ La Priestly, anchored her hand down fast upon her ex-assistants right rump. Andy squealed out incoherent vowels mixed with gasps. Evidently the maternal woman had not lost her touch.

“FUUUOOOOR” It erupted more akin to a growl, Miranda really didn’t think she was going anywhere near as strong as she was going to. These whacks were just warm ups, yet the delicious girl was squirming and twitching with anticipation.

“Continue.” The editor breathed out, relishing in the moment between power and undeniable spark of passion blooming. Thong ruined earlier in the evening, the poor underwear was no beyond repair.

“I….I left without letting yo-”

“Who?”

“Mu-mommy, MAMA didn’t know where I was. I- um I went to starbucks.” It was undeniably pitiful explanation and Andy heard how ridiculous it sounded. Acknowledging that; she had
indeed made an error. Andrea never should have gone out without permission. ‘THERE WERE SO MANY RULES HOW ON DAY ONE WAS I SUPPOSED TO REMEMBER THEM ALL?’ All the same, there had been rules broken, now her fanny faced judgement. Pulled from thoughts of rebellion and internal dialog, Andy was awoken with a burst of heat to her hindquarters.

“FIIVE, SSS-S-SIX.” Miranda's hands stung, but not more than the dark cherry rear below her. It was moments like this that make Miranda Priestly really appreciate the extra payment to have the townhouse soundproof. Very aware of the judgmental attention the workmen had freely given.

Stealing agonizing seconds to rub the hot flesh, Andy flinched, but let out a low sigh when she felt hands massage the hurt. Andy had read on a kink website somewhere that this was good, that her dominant was supposed to do this. It had something to do with making sure blood was something something. She honestly couldn’t recall the rest, but knew that this was not Miranda’s first rodeo.

“Andrea,” Miranda’s shirt accidently brushed hot flesh of her bum and Andy almost yelped. Cool air ruffling from so close behind.

“YeS mUmmy?” Andy said, her breath ragged. Miranda displayed a genuine smirk from behind her ex employee. It was all simply too wonderful to be her reality.

“What color darling?”

“C-c-Cerulian…..Mommy.” The last part was said in a shameful whisper. Miranda would have none of that.

“Are you embarrassed Andrea?” The sing song mock of her low rumbling voice shot through her submissives core. Sending swells of panic through every inch of skin.

“What?” Brown hair flew as he head snapped back to meet her dominant. ‘God fucking damn, how do you tell the head icon of fashion herself that you want her to fuck you?’

“HEAD DOWN.” Miranda yelled, surprising them both momentarily. The monarch gritted teeth together, aware of the flood filling through Andrea’s resolve. If she had second thoughts the caretaker’s heart would shatter.

“Nooo, I’m not, I mean I don’t feel- I’m not..I” Miranda stepped back and Andy was suddenly very afraid that she had made a big mistake.

“Is my little girl mortified?” Andy didn’t really understand the game they were playing. Priestly, on the other hand knew exactly what she was doing and how to take this.

“No Miranda I’m not at all I-” A hand came down hard on her backside. The sound reverberating in the townhouse was a childlike wail.

“What. Do. You. Call. Me?” Miranda said, with knew heat in her words that she was ready to discipline all night long so her Andrea knew whom she belonged to. Who owned her completely.

“Ma-Mommy I’m sorry, I’m sorry! I didn’t mea-” Another slap came on her left cheek without warning. Then another, and another, on the same cheek 5 more slaps.

“What number Andrea?”
“THIRTEEN!” She gasped out of agony as a tear cascading down freckled cheeks. This was humiliating nevertheless, her arousal was evident to them both. Andy abruptly the overwhelming sense of guilt at her body relishing the assault. If her parents knew what she was doing.

“Where did you go Andrea? You do not get to daydream as I speak to you.” A slap came down once again on the left cheek. Andy let out a moan and then a ragged pant.

“I’M SORRY MOMMY!”

“Where Andrea?” Miranda continued to rape her girls name, astute to the effect. It brought the assistant from her thoughts back to the scene. The older woman’s fist clenched in the reminder to keep herself steady.

“I thought..” Andy spoke barely above a whimper,”I-I…” Miranda released the stress on her hand and pawed at the young woman’s cheeks. It was enough to bribe the girl to finish the sentence.

“I thought about how….how inap-how dirty this is…” Saying the truth, Andy was acutely aware that the knowledge could be used against her. Biting bruised puffy lips in hopes to ease her own discomfort.

There was no noise behind her, only the feeling of nails sliding over flesh. A bit of time passed before a cane fell onto her ass. At first it was a sharp sting, but then it grew in intensity.

“Se-seven-seve-teeeen, aGHH-” Miranda had to grin at this, she was a quick study.

“Did your mother do this too?” Andy shook her head fast but then remembered her rules. ‘Never lie, I’ll be disciplined even worse.’ Deciding to change directions quick she nodded with a cry as more tears swelled.

“Y-Yes.”

“When was the last time.” Andy didn’t even have to think of it, she knew. It was belittling and she would ever forget it really. Being the last of many many experiences between her elders.

“Please, M-mama don’t make me say it.” It was a delectably innocent plea that Miranda met with the long white cane, it swiftly undulated after coming into contact with Andy. She shot upright only to have a hand push her head back into the chair.

“Do you wish to try my paitence?” The brunette let out a sob and her lip trembled as she admitted to it.

“I was 15, m-my parents caught me…” Miranda had to experience, she had an appetite to learn every crevice of Andrea’s mind. Needing to know how to drive her girl to the edge, what made her crave touch. The things that kept her up late at night with shame or desire.

Another snap of the cane against the fat on the young exassistants backside. It was obviously not something she had expected. Which was quite adorable to notice. Miranda kept her hand on the girls back, stroking the exposed flesh under her.

“I-I was t-t-toucc-hing myself.” This was not oblivious to how many deep infantalism desires came from past shameful acts.

“Who were you thinking of?” It was deffinitely not something her Mommy had thought she’d learn so quickly. But the truth was sticky and sweet.

“M-my,” then a sob escaped her again, followed by a slap of the cane. Andy twisted her head to
the side and ground her eyes shut, the hiss of pain flowing through the room.

“NinE-nineteen.”

“It was the mother of a girl I babysat. She, she was the mayor of our small town.” The last part of her sentence was said between gulps.

“A woman of power? My, my, my, darling you appear to have a type.” Miranda leaned forward to whisper in her ear. Andy wanted to stop talking about it, just get her spanking done and crawl into a corner. Her vagina had other ideas as did her Mama.

“Did your mother or father do it?”

“My, mother caught me...and my dad did it.” Andy thought back to that time. It was in the summer vacation. They had gone to Alabama, it was humid and her parents had been out of the motel room. They weren’t a family with much money. There were two dingy beds in a room with a wall unit airconditioner. She had sat in the bathroom, thinking the door was locked and parents asleep. Remembering how hot her body had felt, sitting in the bathtub. Remembering the curve of the Mayors pantsuit. Sweat lazily sliding down her forehead. It was all extremely short lived.

“Hand or belt?” Andy let her fingers grab onto the chair, nails scrape the wood.

“You are so close to the end Andrea, tell me.” It was the closest thing La Pirestly would present as a raft.

“Belt.” She was viciously rewarded with another cane to bruising ass. That was the last straw, knees buckled and she fell to the floor. Miranda released the wood in her hands and dropped to the floor. Holding the girl close to chest.

“Shhhh Darling.” Andy hadn’t noticed the silent sobs racking her body until she felt snot and tears leaking out of her. She tried so hard to keep it together in the midst of it. The small time girl had never let anyone know of her summer vacation beating.

“I have you.” Andrea caught before letting out a primal scream, ass in utter agony. Miranda saw the rawness of coming down from such pain. Cradling brunette locks into white smooth neck, Andy’s shuddering of breath only grew.

“Breathe for me darling.” Miranda said, voice velvet against the tight pitched screaming that thundered in both their eardrums. Doing as instructed, letting a heavy wet breath inside her coarse throat. Andrea pawed needily at her dominants back, trying to bring her closer. The woman never felt so bare before another person. It was an ironic thought, because Andy was indeed naked in her ex bosses arms. Sniffling the last sound of sadness, like a snuf of a flame, the young girl started to feel lax. As though marathons were run in meer hours.

“Andrea, you did so very well. A dazzling sight, I am going to take care of you now.” The admission was not a question, but a fact. Andy didn’t know when the older woman started to move but soon she was to her feet. Feeling phantom fingers trail over her unprotected lower back. Hands trekking beyond shoulders and heavy arms. Miranda encased her little girl in the same silk robe. A hiss of hysteria broke out on the ex assistants features, the feeling of fabric on blistered behind.

“Darling, let me draw you a bath.” Miranda’s mind was reeling, she had helped with plenty of aftercare, but always in a hotel room or dungeon. Never bringing prey home to the dragons den. This was unexplored terrain, frankly the older of the two woman was trying to keep the unsure fears out of her voice. Being aware that some littles enjoyed bathtime, was a different animal
entirely than giving a bath.

Young limbs pulled a dazed mind forward, Miranda keeping hands on the submissives body at all times. Hoping that Andy didn’t subdrop before she even had a chance to prove her worth as a dominent, or big. Both, hiking up hardwood stairs, Andrea was pulled from nothingness at the sight of her Mommy taking off high heels finally.

Letting out a childish giggle at the thought, La Priestly was stunned by the sound escaping the young woman. Matching gazes down to meet her barefeet.

“Andrea, surely you have seen me without shoes in the past?”

“You wore them the whole time you fed and beat me.” This made another rolling surge of glee sprout from the brunette. Her dominant continuing to cast befuddlement. ‘Well this is an unusual turn of events.’ Miranda let herself determine the next move, much like a queen deciding to chop a mans head off. Their relationship was new, this dynamic was not one the long haired woman had ever experienced. Andy had never seen the white haired temptress like this.

Miranda let out a giggle at the whole situation and this shut her younger paramour up very quickly. Having never seen her ex-boss actually laugh. It was a sort of snort and howl, almost joyous.

“Bobbsey, come.” Walking in front of the woman who had already captured her ‘frumpy old’ heart, reaching her hand out freely. Tenderfoot girl let a shy grin bloom, entwining cold fingers with scorching ones.

Thank you for reading <3
Miranda aided Andrea into the oil bathtub. The brunette sinking deep into the jet tub with a heavy sigh. The editor grabbed the girls waist to help lower her in. Andy’s bottom was an angry shade. New waves of jagged pain erupted when the porcelain rubbed against hot flesh. Bronze eyes were bloodshot, puffy, and crusty. As the bath filled with warm water, Andrea watched her former boss. The older woman seemed like an illusion. Something the young girls mind conjured up, a fairy godmother with a large cane. Or a witch, Miranda took different vials measuring them with her eyes before pouring into the bubbling tank. Concentration lining her white brows, the creases formed into waves of empathy. The alabaster hair concealing the feeling of heat that rose. ‘She stopped crying, even was laughing.’ There hasn’t been genuine laughter in my house in a decade.’ The feeling of dread still torrent on the bathgivers mind. ‘What if she decides this is all just too much?’ Feelings of inadequacy came rushing into blue orbs like a light on an old country porch.

“Lean back darling.” Miranda did not let the hesitation reach her throat. Stealing away the images of the cowardly lion on his way to Oz. The younger woman was oblivious to the internal struggle. Her ass stung and head felt heavy, as if she was truly swimming in the depths of the ocean. Instead of a tub on the higher side of Manhattan. Though in both situations the shark was near. Andy obliged the command, and setting her head down to feel a towel rolled under her neck. This was by far, already, turning out to be the best bath, ever. Miranda made light, twisting the knobs off when the water covered everything but the hills of her girls knees. Taking soft, barely weathered from years of privilege, hands to brush over rug burned skin.

“I fall a lot.” Andrea said sheepishly following her paramours gaze. The apparent sincerity plucked them both from cloud nine. The large mirrors were fogged and the pale granite was a shade so delicately La Priestly that Andy had not expected anything less. That did not mean that being here was still not a ginormous shock.

“I am aware.” The former assistant attempted to hide the embarrassment, in the time at her dominants company she had more than torn a few skirts from tripping. High heels were never a strong point for the wanna-be journalist. Her mother never wore them, all the women in her life had not shown interest in the forms of elegance that Miranda deemed non negotiable. Hence the brunettes trial with such beautiful contraptions.

“I didn’t think you really noticed,” She managed to squeak out when her Mommy kneeled to the floor. The sight of her authoritative figure coming down to her level was unfamiliar. Miranda’s pearly white shirt had dark spots from rebellious spits of water that had flung itself onto her. This was all too bitter sweet.

“You ‘didn’t’ think I noticed you? After all of this, and you still do not believe me Andrea?” It came out more accusatory than hurt. Which is exactly how Miranda hid it, hoping that the feeling of rejection was not evident in her tone. Her nipples strained against the shirt, the rim of her skirt deepening in shade at the bits of water. The older woman was aware, remembering a time as a child when her mother had always told her she kept more water out of the tub then in. The thought quickly was cast away at the gentle huge of ghostly resolve across Andrea’s face.

“You’re just really busy and I was just a lowly assistant...I honestly figured you would have had...I don’t know? Maybe bigger fish to fry?” This was even further unsettling, not the phrase the young girl should have used to a multimillionaire. Especially one who was notorious for being terrifying and unforgiving. In spite of the outburst, the snow haired woman did not dignify such silliness with a response. Instead, she opening a nearby linen closet to retrieve voluptuously fluffy towels.
Settling back to the floor, delicately picking up one of the folded linen and going to work. First submerging the ashen towel in the bath. Then taking slow but thorough work to run the sudsy cloth up Andy’s arms. It was firm and yet so sensual, Miranda proceeded to get the days germs and troubles off any inch of her little girl. At the same time, there was such thoughtfulness, almost as if Andy was really still a babe and needed Miranda.

After pale arms lifted the Editor proceeded to her unshaven legs. It had been cold out and honestly the young assistant didn’t have time to do it. Miranda noticed, of course because every ‘imperfection’ was something to be noted, at least that’s what the brunette thought. Contradictory to that line of thought, her Mommy saw it as a great opportunity. Something she had frequently desired doing to a submissive. Not missing a beat, she lifted Andrea’s leg from the tub and set it on the rim of the bath. Rising from the floor, very regally, and collecting shaving cream. Then rummaging through cabinets in the mammoth sized bathroom to grab a new razor. Setting her goodies back onto a towel on the side of Andy. The young woman shifted uncomfortably as she started to connect the dots.

“Um, Miranda you don’t have to do that...It’s ok…” She was immediately met with a scowl. The thought of punishment very evident on her caretakers face. Quickly the tune on her girls tongue changed.

“I mean- Mommy, you don-”

“It is stated;” the elder of the two interjected, ‘in the rules that while you are not in little space you do not have to use that title.” Another breath came out almost sounding like irritation from Miranda, at the mere thought that her submissive would ‘want’ another title for her.” That being said, your aftercare is very important. You will behave until I allow you to go to your room. Is that understood?” The question was rhetorical but both knew that Andy had to answer it, nonetheless.

“Yes Mommy.” She said without even really thinking about going back to uncomfortable formalities. Andrea liked the way it hung in her mouth. It felt sensual and appropriate for the way she was being treated. A genuine smile slid it’s way onto her dominance face at the subtle admission of control.

“I do not ‘need’ to do anything Bobbsey. You are worthy of care. I have always believed that beauty deserves to be nurtured and well looked after.” It almost sounded like she was referring to a hand bag or some nice boots. But Andy could see the double meaning behind all of the words. The intimacy Miranda was trying to create and the affection that bloomed in such an affirmation. ‘Miranda takes care to the things that matter to her. That is me now.’ Andy thought staring at careful palms that held fresh cream. Lathering up her right calf felt like foreplay in and of itself. The tantalizingly personal act of skin and the cool biting sensation of shaving cream. The smells from the product wafted in the air. Something girly and expensive no doubt, Andy didn’t expect anything less. A pink handle razor emerged and the dominant slid through foam like a sly in a snowstorm. Cutting through the suds, It was so simple, but undeniably domestic. Miranda’s motions were hypnotizing, like the best kind of opera the girl from Ohio had ever acquainted herself with. Minutes passed tantalizingly slow, the editor enjoyed every stroke and smooth surface she uncovered. Hazel eyes scanned the bathroom in attempts to occupy her mind with something other than the look of seduction performing on Miranda’s face. When all the little cactus prickles of hair were gone, her mommy took the soapy ankle and wiped it down with another washcloth.

“Where did you go to school?” She tried to break the tension, Miranda wasn’t a talkative person in
general. But Andy didn’t want to sit in silence, her vulnerability felt like it was on display on saks fifth avenue for any girl to gawk at. Clearing her throat to try and make the ache her lower abdomen to decrease. Miranda gave a inquisitive glance as to why such a thing was important. Recognizing the girls discomfort of her arousal was sadistically entertaining. She had been quite enjoying the silence that had been encasing the waves of heat.

“It’s my aftercare, right?” Andy stated, trying not to sound whiny, but failing. She needed to take her mind off her crushes hands shaving her inner thigh.

“Very well silly girl. I attended Vassar.” Andy just stared at her with a ‘go on’ expression printed in her smile. Miranda held onto information much like a chastity belt she was thinking of gifting Andrea if this conversation were continuing. Deciding to grant the young girl with information, in hopes that it would give her little some trust.

“Originally I wished to major in fine arts.” Manicured fingers dunked the razor into the bath to clear the suds and continue over her baby’s inner calf.

“Like drawing?” Andy didn’t mean for it to sound anywhere near as accusatory at it was given.

“Illustration was a passion of mine, yes?” This part of the question was a ‘dare you make fun of me childish challenge.’ It was not a scornful tone, the playful nature of it actual bud stray rays of happiness in the women.

“I didn’t know you could draw.” The brown eyed girl nibbled on her plump puffy lip. When interviewing for Miranda, Andy had done her research. But there was not much really on google to be said, besides snide comments and an unforgiving nature. Purely that her drive and ability to produce for the magazine outweighed other mere mortals.

“There are quite a lot of things you do not know about me Andrea.” The sentence held no malice. It was purely a closed door invitation. Andy let her fingers wipe at her tear stained face. It had to be morning already.

“Should I be scared?”

“Perhaps,” Andy giggled at that, some strange idea that her old boss had skeletons in her closet at this point. The girl wasn’t naive to believe that her paramor was innocent but at the same time the gentle looks did not seem those of a mass murderer.

“What did you draw?”

“All sorts of things.” Chocolate eyes rolled at the continuous lack of detail. It was indeed like pulling teeth, it’s a good thing Miranda didn’t have to attend interviews anymore. Andy scooted up on her butt a little, a shard yelp escaping at the friction. Her Mommy grinned from ear to ear sadistically. Another shade of red pin pricking onto the tips of Andy’s ears. Deciding some battles were too easy to conquer the ocean eyed woman went on.

“Figure drawing was a favorite of mine.” Andrea licked the moisture that had collected off her upper lip, hanging onto the words like coarse rope. If she would end up falling in love the rope may just be the nurse in the end.

“I would have thought you’d say fashion. What made you change career paths?”

“My parents did not believe it was smart for a young woman to dwell on small dreams. They wanted big things for their only daughter. There was a family name to be held, a legacy to carry on.”

“That’s awful!” Andy squirmed sympathetically at the thought of Miranda’s lost desires. Delicate
arms dunked both legs back into the bubbly water.

“Is it? I don’t think so.” The elder of the two cocked her head to the side regailing the long forgotten change in life.

“Why not, you had to give up on your dreams?”

“No, I just chose a better one.” Dark eyes studied the editor trying to find the lie. But it may have been more honest than either realized. Miranda grabbed some shampoo and instructed her to sink into the water. Andrea followed the instruction wetting her hair and then rubbing the water off her eyelids. Skilled nails scratched over her scalp. The submissive let out a hum of pleasure that turned into more of moan than intended. After rinsing the soap from her locks Miranda picked her girl up and wrapped a towel around her milky frame.

Andy was lead to ‘her’ bedroom. Her Mommy opened the door as if it was just another place in the house. But it wasn’t, the lilac walls were the same as when the day had begun. But while she had slept evidently the room had been furnished and decorated. It didn’t make sense, surely she would have heard them come in?

“Cara let them in, making sure not to wake you. It was important for you to sleep, you have had a very long day.” Andy just nodded and tried to memorize the room. On the walls were butterflies in a slightly darker shade of purple. A few framed painting hung on the wall. One of which had a young girl at the beach with her bottom bare and a floral hat. She looked over her shoulder with dark eyes and plump cheeks. To the left wall was a oversized toddler crib. One that she had seen in pottery barn. But this was the size of adult. It had bars around it that were slightly taller that Andy’s chest. It was a dark brown with highlights of burgundy. The bedding the same that she had picked out on their trip. In the far left corner was a large changing table. Which Andy didn’t even know what to think of, under it held drawers with light handles. Everything looked pristine and matched in a way that only Miranda Priestly would do. There was a rocking chair to her immediate right. It was by far the oldest thing in the room. Slightly to the left of that, in between the crib and chair was her closet. She’d yet to go in to see but that was her guess. The bathroom was straight ahead. On the floor was a carpet which had pink and purple patterns woven into it. A dark dresser to the immediate left of the door and it had a lamp and a record player. Slightly to the right was a stack of records for them to choose from. It was everything she could ever want in a room. It only missed one thing.

“I love it Miranda.” Her Mommy studied her face as if understanding that it was indeed up to par. Nodding slightly but never one for compliments went about changing her baby.

“This is not a room for work. You may play and relax in here. You will sleep in here, but you may not bring your laptop to write in this room.” It was a strange rule to Andrea. But Miranda had strict rules about playrooms and technology. She’d really wanted to ban cellphones being in the room as well. Knowing that Andy would no doubt still be working on her phone. But at least it was harder to break the rule.

“Where can I write?”

“The study,” The young woman’s toes pawed at the carpet anxious at the idea of being in close quarters like sexy goddess’s home office. It seemed childish, since they had now done more than just share a desk. But work was a very important part of the editor’s life. The fact that Andy was daned trustworthy to sit and be quiet in her presence was…

“The kitchen if that is comfortable, or the den.” A shot of desire filled through her little at the
mention of where they had no more than two hours ago had a scene. Opening the dressed Miranda picked out a bleached white button onesie. Pulling the fabric over her damp hair and guiding toned arms through the holes. Stealing the towel, reluctantly Andy let go. She came to the brunettes bare pussy and let her fingers linger a tad too long. Warm fingers brushing through her labia as if on accident. Bringing the snaps on the crotch to a joint pop. Then, returning to the dark mahogany dresser to find a pair of thermal pale pink pajama bottoms. They had light purple piglet’s silhouetted, a warm feeling came over the submissive at the sight of them.

“What is it Darling?”

“I love Piglet, he’s always been one of my favorites.” Miranda’s eyes lit with maternal instinct to buy every piglet designed thing in existence. The pajama had come in winnie the pooh matching set, figuring that every little girl enjoyed the wonders of Winnie the Pooh. The editor had, had a catalog sent over and simply circled the outfits she deemed acceptable for Andrea. This had been a purchase that she had hoped wouldn’t go untouched. The girl simply looked adorable in it. Going to the changing corner in the table, she opened the drawer to find 5 binkies clean at on a soft cloth that lined the wood. One of which had piglet on the front with a butterfly. Handing the binkie to the precious girl who studied it with the feeling of joy that practically brought out tears.

“I had hoped you would approve of your room.” Andy wanted to ask so many questions, why had she done so much? Why the butterflies and who painted those gorgeous works of art that hung. Had she done them? None of them seemed appropriate but one thing was for sure, her gratitude.

“Miranda...it’s beautiful, you did all of this in such a short time. I can’t believe it. Thank you so much.” The Domme just nodded again, truly glad to have someone in her sullen house to bring some noise. It hadn’t been filled with anyone in so long. She brought the towel to the bathroom and slightly moved the door so she could hang the towel on the hook. The white haired woman wasn’t sure of what to do now. It didn’t feel right to leave her gorgeous girl by herself. But she was out of reasons to stay.

“Let’s get you settled” Andy walked into the crib seeing that it was slightly off the ground but enough that it was still for a young person. Popping the binkie into her mouth and happily sucking it as deep as she could. The place where a fluffy pillow sat on top the mattress was the only park of the mattress that was not increased in the securing bars. Stepping over her cloud of fluff she was able to lower herself onto the most comfy bed she had ever felt. This was so worth giving up her apartment for. Leaning her drying her onto the pillow a sigh escaped her. She didn’t realize just how late it truly was.

“Goodnight Bobbsey.” Miranda leaned in and brushed rebellious stray hairs out off the now closed eyes. Looking at how long her lashes were.’ An angel amidst a world of fools. She does not realize how precious she is.’ It was such a hard thought process to sit with that Miranda needed to leave her girls nursery. Hoping that her steps on the carpet didn’t stir the now peaceful soul in front of her. Miranda headed for the door. Leaning down to where the rocking chair in the corner sat, next to it a butterfly nightlight. Flicking the light in hopes that the low beams of light didn’t wake the brunette either. Then twisting the door knob slowly and snuck her way out of the secure cocoon of slumber.

Letting out a breathe she hadn’t realize was caught in her lungs. Miranda dragged herself to her own bedroom down the hall and went about her bathroom routine. Melancholy desired flooding her system at the now stale bubbles that clung to the sides of the bath. A naked young woman had sat there not long ago and now her bedroom was once again empty. Spitting out toothpaste and washing off the brush. The feeling of the sandman on her pillow was an understatement. Miranda didn’t sleep much but the feeling of the day, her boiling hot hands from the impact play. Her
arousal had ruined her undergarments the second she had started feeding Andy. That was hours
ago, the sun was rising now. Moving the covers back, the Mistress stopped seeing the indent of
her little Goldie Lock’s in her bed. Another wave of desire shot through her and it was Obviously
she would not be going to bed any time soon.
Glass of Denial

Chapter by TransBoyWonder

After two orgasms and some much needed sleep blue eyes cracked open at around nine in the morning. Evident that she wasn’t going to be getting much done in the ways of going into the office today. Changing into a pair of designer yoga pants and a loosely fitted emerald blouse, cut with yellow stitching. The Mistress descended down the stairs to her thousands of dollar coffee machine. Miranda poured her first of, what was to be, many cups of coffee for the day. Reveling in the robust dark roast that she’d flown in. Cara came around the corner with a newspaper, not even surprised to see her boss engulfed in her favorite beverage so early. Tossing The Post in front of her before grabbing a pair of red oven mitts from the bottom drawer.

“Mornin Miranda.” She said passing by her to open the oven. A fresh quiche with portobello and sausage came wafting into the room. The two women knew that it was the brunettes favorite. The monarch of the housing enjoyed seeing that her house keeper was pleased by the new arrangement.

“Good morning Cara. Please tell the gardeners that the new shrub’s are hideous.” Letting the pie tin set on the stove and closing the stainless steel oven with a click. A humming sound came out of the woman in agreement.

“Already taken care of, they’ve been removed from the grounds. You may want to take a glance at page six this morning.” Rain was pouring outside and a low thunderous boom shuddered through the room. Creamy features on Miranda twitched at the noise. Years of growing up in a cold house taught her long ago to be afraid of the outdoors. The housekeeper made no mention of her discomfort, simply turned the corner outside of the kitchen and not a moment later the record player came to life with Billie Holiday. The head editor sighed happily at the sound of the trumpet on a rainy day. It was one of her more favorite albums. The melody of “As Time Goes By’ danced through the kitchen and eased the once tense shoulders of Miranda Priestly. Taking a long sip of her coffee and continuing to gaze outside at the charcoal puffs in the sky. Veins of angry black outlining her morning view. Cara came back in not paying the woman any thought as she turned the kettle on and moved her beautiful homemade quiche onto an alabaster plate to display it in all it’s triumph. Setting it on the bar, aware that it would be the first thing the former assistant would notice. Her white nurse shoes squeaked lightly on the tile in rythme to the music. Leaving the warmth of their morning routine to go move the wash along.

The editor glided to the piano keys. Cracking open a cupboard to find all of the sippy cups and bottles beautifully displayed and sanitized. A colorful array of pastel pinks, purples,greens, and yellows. Humming her approval and taking out the purple cup with daisies and bumble bees pattern illustrated across it. Going to the oversized refrigerator and finding the freshly squeezed orange juice. Pouring it into the plastic childs cup and returning the pitcher. Screwing the top on and taking another sip of her coffee in blissful thought.

Andy woke up to the light sound of piano and horns. Opening her eyes to the darker room. A light from under the doorn dimly lit up her new room’s walls. Sighing and stretching like a feline at the warmth of her seductively comfortable bed. Andrea could hear the rain before she made it out of her warm cocoon. The need to pee being the most immediate necessity. There was a sound of light footsteps and then the door quietly opened to show a gorgeous Miranda pearing in affectionately.

“Good morning Andrea.” The brunette smiled sweetly and swung her legs over to the opening of her crib.
“Morni’n, can I use the bathroom please?”

“You may not.”

“Miranda, please. I really have to go.” Andy moved her heel under her groin and ground down on her foot. Bladder clenching with need. The act did not go unnoticed by her Mommy. Who hummed, a small shiver running down her spine at the sight.

“Part of the rules. You signed them, if you recall.” Leaning down pale pink lips brushed on to the young writers forehead lovingly. Then handed the sippy cup to her.

“Darling, if you do not use a diaper then you may urinate in your cloths. But the toilet is off limits.” Andy gulped, she was thirsty. It was ridiculous because of the amount she had pee. The maternal figure walked over to the drawers to pull out light peach sailor shorts and a white t shirt that had fruit printed on it with smiling faces. Mischievously eyeing the diapers in a silent victory.

Andy knew that the drink wouldn’t help her case, but thirst won out. She started sucking on the nosil. Little streams of orange hitting her hot tongue, she gorged them down. It was so sweet, the memory of lapping at Miranda’s breasts flashed through her mind. Letting out a cough on her OJ. That’s when it happened, a little bit of pee trickled down her leg. Andy stopped coughing and appeared horrified at the moment of release. It felt so good. ‘No, get yourself together. You do not wear diapers.’ She reminded, angrily squeezing her thighs together like a knot in a hose. The editor watched emotions flying by on her baby’s face. The young woman had a little extra love around her thighs, and seeing them flex in embarrassment, that idea that she was in control. Well it was truly adorable.

“Stand up,” seeming confident in the next hour Miranda dressed Andy. Letting her hand trail over the slightly tensed stomach. The girl sucked in a deep breath at the feeling, her ass flexing involuntarily trying to hold her bladder with the strength of Thor.

Andrea finished her orange juice down stairs knees clenched together under the table. The music had been turned down and Cara was outside but a piece of quiche was displayed at the table with a hello kitty plate and fork. They were tiny and adorable, but the that didn’t excite her nearly as much as the food that sat there.

“You’ve seen to captivate my housekeeper,” Miranda said as she took her mug back to the machine. Andrea bit her lip with a shit eating grin.

“Does she know?” The realization that perhaps she should go back upstairs and change flashed through the brunette. Wrapping her arms around her braless chest in embarrassment. Grey hair snapped to the side at the disapproving gaze of her dominant. However, a millisecond later an understanding softness dissolved the anxiety in her brows.

“Cara is very observant, and open minded, I pay her to be.” Miranda walked out of the kitchen with her cup, not explaining anymore than that. Andrea’s socks did not dissolve the cold floor too much. The house was warm but the pitter patter of water on the windows made the home feel...well dare she say it welcoming. Andy could hear her Mistress speaking in another room, deciding that was an invitation to go about her morning she eased into the kitchen taking out a mug. It was strange, knowing where everything was located as an assistant, was different than a..lover?

‘I’m not her lover, we are strictly in a power exchange.’ Andrea reminded herself, if the older woman could see the longing in her eyes she would surely be kicked out. Sex, love, and BDSM
are three very different things. Cut from her dive into the deep end of anxiety a sing song ringtone
struck through the room. It was ‘You’ve Got a Friend in Me’ the Toy Story version with Billy
Crystal singing. Grinning stupidly she retrieved her phone from the plug in the hall.

“Morning Dougie.” Andy grinned going back into the kitchen and starting to make coffee.

“She lives, thanks so much for the texts telling me you are safe. That the devil mistress didn’t
sacrifice you to her coven!” A strangled cracking in the man's voice showed his lack of actual
worry. Moreover, he had spent a great deal of time thinking of jokes to poke at his best friend.

“Sorry..Life’s been kinda interesting..” That was an understatement but the brunette didn’t know
how to explain everything that had happened in the last seventy two hours in a matter of
sentences.

“Yeah I bet, your bum welted yet?” The grin was evident in his voice. Andy was 27 year old and
couldn’t believe the blush she felt at the mere mention of her very sore ass.

“What makes you think I’ve already gotten in trouble?” Was the wittiest retourt that she could
think of.

“Because you my dear, are a brat!” A surprise scoff was all the gay man heard on the line. As
Miranda ease dropped from the other room. Cracking a smirk at the memory of her palms
breaking the sound barrier between her, and Andy’s ass.

“I am most certainly not! I follow the rules!” The lie came with a squeak at the end. Deciding that
she was far to old to listen in on a phone call the editor pocketed her own cell.

“Oh come on Andy! Every little lolita has to be a bit of a brat or it’s not fun!” An angry glare
spread over the girls face at the idea that she was so easily read. Miranda walked back into the
room to replace the record with a new one. Skimming over her very broad collection and
delicately putting the black record back into it’s blue sleeve. Her coffee sitting on the desk next to
her. Puffs of steam rolling out, the light grey light shining into the room the two were in. Andy
shook her head, if she didn’t get her act together soon she’d be saying stupid teenage declarations
of love.

“Dough I gotta go.”

“Oh Andy! Don’t be like that!”

“No, It’s ok it’s not that. I just need to go an-”

“OH shit she’s there! Oh crap your voice got all high and submissive you are totally whipped!”

“Shut up,” Andy muttered quietly as if not to break the beautiful painting of her mistress in front
of her. Miranda smiled smugly at the conversation she was hearing. It was adorable and priceless.

“Love you Andy!! Text me!!!!” The call ended abruptly and the brunette started to look at her
text’s. Seven of them from Dough, two from her Ex and one from her Dad. Deciding none of
them needed her immediate attention the brunette walked back over to where her abandoned mug
sat on the counter. Going over to the only thing that could hurt her worse than the orange juice.

“No coffee darling.” The whites of the girls eyes flashed in horror.

“It was in the rules, the ones you read and signed.” Taking a delicate sip of her morning
cappuccino in silent delight. Miranda walked around the kitchen island and into her study.
'No coffee, how in the hell am I gonna do this?!' On the counter next to the children’s plate and fork were two small pills and her white ADD meds and depression meds. In a small dixie cup. Luckily not made into powder this morning. Sighing at the cup in agony Cara came gliding in the back door and saw the former assistant struggling with something, the look written on her face.

“Good morning Andy.” The brunettes chin jerked to the side, having not noticed she was no longer alone.

“Good morning, Cara. The quiche smells awesome.” The housekeeper smiled at the girls adjective, knowing full well Miranda had never used the word “awesome” in her whole life. It was one of the many things that made the young writer in front of her a perfect match to her boss.

“Thank you, why don’t you have a seat dear and I’ll cut some for you?” Andy gritted her teeth in the same struggle as before. Cara was not oblivious to the action but couldn’t figure out why breakfast looked like such a hard decision.

“You do like mushrooms?”

“Oh god, yeah Cara I love your cooking you know that!” Andy realized instantly her reaction must have caused offense.

“I just need to get a few things done this morning before breakfast!” Running out of the kitchen and bounding up the stairs to the bedroom Andy sighed and felt her stomach clench again. God she needed to get it together, Miranda wouldn’t want her to urinate herself in front of Cara for fuck sake!

Andy went into her bathroom that was attached and tried to open the lid, only for it to not budge. ‘Figures Miranda wouldn’t play fair.’ Whatever lock was keeping the lid down wouldn’t be unlocking with the sheer will of the fit the girl was about to start. Sighing in desperation she walked across the hall and back down the stairs to her Mistress’s office. Knocking lightly on the door.

“Come in.”

Miranda had a notebook and sat behind her desk, not looking up for a moment as she finished her thought. Turning to her cellphone and shutting the notes off. Andy took that as her cue and started to talk. But Miranda shook her head and motioned for the door. The brunette walked through it and closed it behind her. Then thought quickly putting her knees on the floor and letting her head bow down. A humm of approval had her smiling.

“You may sit up.” Andy raised her head and took a deep breath before her ramble.

“I know we talked about the diapers and but I just can’t do it yet...so um can I just used the bathroom and um…”

“Andrea, you know why I will not let you use the bathroom?” Andy raised her eyebrows not really knowing the answer to this trick question.

“Because it’s your kink and um, we made an agreement.” Miranda took off her glasses and held them against her chin before letting out a soft ‘no.’ Then standing up, towering over her submissive.

“Because it is not your hard limit. You know how I know that darling?”

“Um, how?”
Because you are making excuses, you have not drawn a line in the sand. You have not used a safe word. You are enjoying the squeeze of your bladder. You love how I will not allow you to use the grown up potty. Continue this act for as long as you’d like. I have great carpet cleaning service. Darling this is a waiting game and I am so very patient.” Miranda kissed her girls head and inched her finger up. Andy got up and held her stomach.

“I can’t do it,” Andy shook her head knowing that the pain was not gonna go away.

“Humiliation seem to be a fetish of yours.” Miranda said in light intrest.

“I’m serious if I don’t go soon I’m gonna-”

“Soil yourself? How beautiful that would be. I might just record it for my own delight. This does not need to happen, I have plenty nappies in your bedroom.”

“I can’t.”

“Really, Andrea-”

“No I mean I can’t hold it til then.” Miranda cupped the girls sex as her bladder won and overflowed down her pants. Going between manicured fingernails. Andy wrapped her arms around her dominant and let herself snuggle into her neck. The sour smell of urine invading both of their noses.

“Absolutely stunning.” A soft sound of protest escaped the younger woman.

“If you do this again however, I will put your nose into the carpet. Little girls must wear diapers. It is a rule, I do believe you have learned your lesson.” Andy nodded quickly blushing, her head felt like a balloon. As if she was floating and her mistress’s words were somewhere far away. Miranda rubbed her back and seemed to bring her from the trance. Going into the small bathroom attached to her office to clean the girl’s thighs and he fingers. The brunette felt an ease in her gut and was not even slightly embarrassed at her erect nipples or the slight moans that escaped when her Mommy took a towel to her skin.

“Would you like to eat breakfast?” Andy bit her lip and wondered if she was referring to the egg dish or whatever the those tight yoga pants had under them.

Cara did not ask questions, she simply called the cleaners to come in at lunch time. The older woman had worked for Miranda a long time, so things like a little urine on the carpet were the least of her worries. Andrea was visibly embarrassed through breakfast. However, Miranda did not comment on it, she simply went about working on her laptop and making calls for the majority of the day. The house cleaner left to run errands around eleven. Miranda had added a few extra things from her usual routine but that didn’t faze Cara. Who held a list in one hand and a file full of legal paperwork she was to bring to the post office. Waving her keys to her boss and stepping out into the garage, she wished Andy a good rest of her afternoon. As the navy blue door softly clicked sut, Andy realized that the small barrier between her and her boss was gone. With Cara in the house there seemed to be some small sense of ‘normalcy.’ ‘To Love Somebody’ by Nina Simone playing over the speakers. She had eaten next to the wall outlet and tried to sit on her phone to message Doug when a stern look from her Mistress did not allow it. Remembering rule number five a little too late.
5.) Screen time will be when I allow it. No cellphones at any meal, no computer in nursery.

Well crap, she had already broken two rules and it had been before ten in the morning. What the hell was she going to do. She had not taken her meds, that still sat next to her placemat at the kitchen table. She had picked up her plates and washed them out. Knowing perfectly well that you didn’t just leave your dirty dishes in someone else’s house. For the rest of the morning she had sat beneath her mistress who types away and spoke on the phone. Her knees on a cushion from the sofa. Her head bowed down. Every now and then goosebumps would spread at the feeling of her dominants fingers brushing through her hair, it was soothing in a strange way. As if she was here to give her dominant comfort in her tension of a work day. Thinking back to working in the office and wondering how the girls had taken her sudden absence at work. Brought out of her thoughts by a finger pointing to the yoga pants next to her head. Andy looked confused for a moment. Miranda had the cellphone in one ear and patted her lap once more raising an eyebrow. Thinking quick the brunette set her head down on the warm thigh. Earning nails scratching her scalp sinfully. A soft sigh leaving her at the jubilant moment. Letting more weight of her tense shoulders relax. If Andy had ever been into puppy play this would have been a perfect example of why.

“Andrea.” The brunette stopped daydreaming at the garage door and turned back down the hall. Miranda was no longer in the kitchen and the music had stopped. The lights were dim once again. Rounding the hard floor of the ‘kitchen table’ area that they had been spending the majority of the morning. Heading up the steps, the white banister swirled up to the next level where there was a guest room and a small office space. However Andy’s favorite spot to work while waiting for instructions was a small window seat positioned between two large book shelves and some fresh flowers. The sudden realization that there may have been assistants before her. Ones that had been laid down on that very same cozy spot and had their labias spread out like a deli sandwich for devouring into. No, she wouldn’t let herself think of that. Following the steps up to the next floor which had Miranda and her nursery on it. A basket in the hallway with the clothes she had soiled this morning. The white double doors to her dominance chambers were open and inviting. Yet Andy felt like a knight going into the den of a lion.

“M-Miranda? Did you call me?” Miranda came around the corner wearing a yellow skirt with a giant white button and black stitching. However the lemon colored bottom did nothing for her. No, it was the laced bra in that held her Mistressed breast that made her practically cough on her own saliva. Her chest had always been a point of wet panties for Andy. But to see them only held by some see through material was enough to make her drop to her knees and bow her head.

“Darling, I did not call you into attention. You may stand up.” Miranda was taken back by the display of submission. She had needed to get dressed for a meeting and knew that Andy was avoiding her. Trying to over analyze the practice of submission this morning. It had been to delicate of a scene. One that did not involve brute force but something so delicious. Andy’s head in her lap had ruined her underwear beyond compare. Feeling how much trust she had in the older woman.

“I don’t think I can.” Miranda now saw that the girl in front of her was trying her best to remain still, but shaking slightly. Putting her hands to her side waiting for an embarrassing answer. That she wasn’t ready to see her mistress so bare. That she wasn’t sure of her sexuality or that this was a little too much skin to see for her. That it wasn’t what she had wanted. Miranda had not planned on showing her a peep show. She merely needed to discuss something and was in the middle of changing. Surely the girl had seen a woman in a bra before for god sakes?

“Excuse me?” Brown eyes looked up to meet the icy white cougars.

“You are the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever met, Miranda. I don’t think I can stand.” The look of irritation on the older woman’s face eased. She had heard young men at events call her a
beautiful MILF. But that is not what Andy had said. Her eyes held no sense of hero worship or green submissive falling too soon. No, she held the potential for undying love in those eyes. Like she would do anything to be, for Miranda.

“Darling,” Miranda looked over at her bedside and a small smile came over her face. “I was just going to tell you I have a meeting. That you would need to stay here for a while and do a few tasks for me. However…..” Shaking her head she couldn’t say it. Couldn’t allow herself this much vulnerability again. Coughing slightly and wiping the smile off of her face she changed her mind.

“We will be going to a party next week. I’d like you to take your friend Douglas and buy something on my card. Send me pictures, let me pick it out. Then I’d like you to work on your manuscript.” Andy got up to her feet and looked confused, Miranda’s demeanor had changed.

“Shall I get your coffee while I’m out?” Andy said grinding her teeth together. She once again found herself feeling like a lowly assistant.

“Call your friend, Andrea.” Miranda walked back into the bathroom and felt her hands shaking. She could not fall for the girl. It was too much. She heard Andy turn around and close the bedroom door behind her.

End Notes

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