

## The Devil vs. The Dame

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# **The Devil vs. The Dame**

by [SarahShalomDavid](#)

## Summary

Miranda finds that she has fallen in love with her rival's daughter without knowing it and it isn't until a case of attempted murder that she discovers the truth.

## Notes

This has also been posted on ff.net

Outside the sun shone despite the coldness in the air that made people pull their coats tighter against them with their glove encased hands and bury their faces into their scarves as whilst their hats were pulled down to try and warm the tops of their ears. It was the start of December and Christmas lights sparkled everywhere that you looked whilst the stores played seasonal music on repeat. The rush to buy gifts had not begun yet although everyone knew that it was coming. 'Santa' was already on the side of the street ringing a bell and asking for donations to whatever charity was written on his bucket.

Inside the hospital, there was a different rush as medical staff ran around tending to the variety of patients that had been admitted or were waiting to be admitted to their wards that day.

Room 4493 was up in the private area of the hospital and was pristine in its decor, it contrasted a great deal to the normal rooms that were provided to patients.

On the hospital bed lay Andrea Sachs, she was already in a hospital gown and had had a CT scan on her head in order to check for any more worrying damage other than the cut that she had suffered to her forehead.

Miranda Priestly sat beside her in a chair, dressed in her usual fashionable designer clothing whilst being perfectly composed. She was watching as a nurse put the cast on to Andy's arm, she had opted to have a simple and plain white cast because she did not want to choose a colour that might not go with whatever clothing she had to wear to Runway but also she knew that people could write on the white much more easily. It was Cassidy and Caroline that inspired the concept of allowing writing and drawing on her cast as they had grown closer over time, each time she delivered the book to Miranda's house, ever since the incident the first time, they had increasingly had more conversations and interactions together. Miranda was aware, of course, but for some reason allowed it without ever bringing it up to either the girls or to Andrea.

Nurse Simmons left the room, explaining to them both that she would be back with the CT scan results as soon as possible.

"Thank you Miranda", the dark-haired woman said softly as she turned her head to look in the direction of her boss.

Miranda frowned slightly, "Whatever for Andrea?", she asked.

Andrea smiled her usual happy smile despite laying in a hospital bed, "For being here", she said simply.

The older woman sighed heavily, "Well if it hadn't been for me then you wouldn't be here in the first place", she admitted with a guilt-filled voice.

"It wasn't your fault Miranda", Andrea said with conviction, "You were not driving that car and you were not the one that hit me".

"I know that Andrea", Miranda responded with a firm tone of voice, "However, if you hadn't have pushed me out of the way then it would have been me in that hospital bed instead of you".

"Well personally Miranda, I'm glad that it was me that got hit instead of you", Andrea admitted with a sigh, "Although I would have obviously preferred your ex-husband to not go insane and try to mow you down in the street but... given the option of you or me? I think I chose well".

"How could you say that?!", the white-haired woman demanded, "How could you being in a hospital bed with a broken arm and possible brain damage be a good choice?".

Andrea rolled her eyes a little at what the woman had said or rather almost shouted, "I don't have brain damage Miranda", she stated, "We haven't even had the CT results back yet and also I feel perfectly fine".

The Editor-in-Chief simply glared at her assistant's response, "I still don't understand how you could possibly deem this as a 'good choice', it was stupid Andrea, you could have been killed".

"I know but so could you have been", Andrea responded before running a hand through her dark hair, "The reason I say it was a good choice is because...".

"Because what Andrea?", Miranda asked impatiently after the other woman had gone momentarily silent all of a sudden.

"Do you really want to know?", Andy asked as she looked up at the woman.

The Editor-in-Chief rolled her eyes, "Of course Andrea. When have I ever said something that I didn't mean?".

"Never", came the whisper from the woman in the bed.

"Precisely", was the singular word response from the woman who was now standing beside the hospital bed, "So...spill".

Andrea paused for a moment as she looked up at her, taking a moment to absorb the beauty of the woman in front of her, "Because I would rather it be me that was hit rather than... rather than the woman I love".

The white-haired woman was as silent as Andrea had been moments before, "I lo...", she began to say before she was interrupted.

A loud click and clack of heels echoed in the room as someone entered, the woman's hair cut short and highlighted with blondes whilst her sunshades still covered her eyes and her designer clothing complimented her perfectly, as well as protect her from the cold of the outside weather. She had already pulled off her outdoor coat and her assistant was behind her with it in her arms.

"Oh my darling", the woman said in a pristine British accent, "I came as soon as I heard".

Miranda was silent as she observed the woman approach the opposite side of Andrea's bed, leaning in to kiss the woman's head, and holding her cheeks within the palms of her hands.

"I'm okay mother", Andrea replied with a smile as she reassuringly put her hands over the top of her mothers although she felt very nervous about the reaction that she might or might not get from Miranda at that point.

The Editor-in-Chief was shocked as she found herself sitting back down in the chair beside the bed, she could not believe her eyes nor her ears. How did she not know this? How did she not know who Andrea's mother was? Why did nobody tell her that Andrea Sachs, her assistant of the past year and a half was the daughter of her rival? Why did Andrea fail to mention that she was the daughter of Anna Wintour?!

"Why didn't you call me?", Anna asked her with her hands still cupping her daughter's face, "I had to hear from Donatella that my daughter had been hit by a car and taken to hospital".

"I'm sorry mother", Andrea said very softly, "but I am fine, I promise".

"What happened?", her mother demanded to know, "Donatella said that she didn't know anything other than that".

Miranda cleared her throat slightly, "She was protecting me", she admitted.

Anna rolled her eyes, "I should have known it would have had something to do with you", she commented.

Andrea glared slightly at her mother, "Stop it", she said firmly, "Please don't mother".

Dame Wintour nodded, "Fine", she said quietly in response to her daughter, "but what happened that meant that you had to protect her, I know that she's your boss but I bet it isn't in your job description to defend her with your life, you aren't in the secret service my darling".

"My ex-husband apparently decided that he would drive his car with the aim to run me over", Miranda Priestly said calmly, much more calm externally than she was inside, "Andrea and I were on our way to Donatella's studio when it happened".

Andrea reached out and took hold of Miranda's hand, comforting her in a small way.

"I didn't see the car coming towards us but apparently Andrea did because the first time I was made aware of anything being wrong as her pushing me out of the way", she revealed as she held on to Andrea's hand. "As I turned around I saw the... the car", Miranda took a breath as Andrea squeezed her hand, "I saw the car hit her and it was then that I noticed who was driving although by the look on his face he appeared to be rather annoyed that he hadn't managed to hit me".

"Do your ex-husband goes crazy and it's my daughter that suffers the punishment?", Anna questioned with annoyance in her voice.

Andrea groaned in more annoyance than what her mother was showing, "Will you please just stop it?", she requested of her mother, "I did what I did by choice, Miranda didn't force me to do it".

Anna sighed, "I just don't understand why you would do such a stupid thing", she admitted, "Why Andrea?".

"I asked her the same thing", the Runway boss commented.

"So?", Anna asked as she looked at her daughter, "Are you going to enlighten me as to why you thought it was necessary to risk your life for her?".

Andrea looked up at her mother, "Because I love her", she said with ease.

The Vogue Editor-in-Chief's eyebrows shot up, her eyes went wide, and her jaw dropped slightly.

Miranda also had an element of surprise on her face as she had not expected the woman to be so open with it to her mother, even more so the fact that her mother happened to be her rival in the fashion world. She did, however, recover quite quickly, quicker than what Anna herself did. She stood up and moved to sit on the edge of the hospital bed, "I love you too", she said softly as she smiled lovingly down at the woman.

Andrea smiled brightly upon hearing the words that the arrival of her mother had previously interrupted.

"You...", Anna whispered in surprise.

Andy looked up at her mother, silently waiting for her to formulate a response.

She sighed, "I suppose that would explain why you refused to leave Runway", Dame Wintour commented, "Despite the writing position that I offered you".

"You turned down a writing offer?", Miranda questioned, "You idiot".

Andrea laughed, "Would you really have been happy with me leaving to work for your competitor?", she asked, "Really? Because I can not imagine that would have gone well".

Her boss sighed and laughed a little herself, "True".

"Also, you're forgetting a very important fact", Andrea highlighted.

"What's that?", the white-haired woman asked.

"That I love you", she said simply, "I didn't want to leave you".

Despite their differences, despite their dislike for one another, and despite their competing nature, both Miranda and Anna managed to be civil to each other throughout the hour that the Vogue E.I.C. was present in the hospital room. She left after the CT scan results came back clear and her daughter was being discharged into the care of her rival - something that she

was not too keen on but she knew that it would be an argument that she would lose when it came to her daughter. Her daughter had the same fierceness and determination that she herself also had.

Andrea had gotten dressed and was sat on the bed when Miranda spoke, "Why didn't you tell me?", she asked.

"Tell you what?", Andy asked as she looked up at the woman standing in front of her.

The older woman rolled her eyes, "Really?", she questioned, "You know exactly what Andrea, why didn't you tell me that Anna Wintour is your mother?". "Also I thought you were from Ohio not England or New York", she added.

"I am from Ohio, well technically I was born in New York but I was raised in Ohio", Andrea explained, "I only found out a few months ago that she's my birth mother". "I was adopted when I was only a few days old and never knew who my birth parents were", she continued, "the reason I didn't tell you was because it didn't come up and I didn't think it was that important or relevant".

She listened carefully to what the adopted woman said, "How is you being the daughter of my rival not important?".

"Well I never gave her any inside information on you or Runway, nor did I tell you anything about her or Vogue", Andrea said as she observed her boss, "It had no effect on my ability to do my job".

"When were you going to tell me?", she questioned, "After our first date? When we got engaged? After we got married? When Andrea?".

Andrea's jaw dropped slightly, "Well...", she began but then paused before starting over again, "Well I didn't exactly expect you to love me back... ever. So I didn't really consider then when part and although the date, engagement and wedding definitely featured in some dreams I always thought that they were far-fetched and unreachable dreams".

Miranda nodded slightly with a sigh, "I suppose it's better late than never".

Andy smiled and tugged her closer to her before planting her hands on her boss' hips and reaching up to kiss her gently on the lips, "I love you", she said happily.

"I love you too", she responded as she kissed her assistant again, "But don't think that I'm having your mother over for dinner anytime soon".

Andrea sighed, "And there I was thinking that we could all have a lovely Christmas dinner together", she said with false seriousness.

Miranda's eyebrow shot up, "You best be joking", she commented.

The younger woman grinned and nodded, "Of course I'm joking", she said with amusement.

Runway's Editor-in-Chief shook her head, "Come on", she spoke gently, "Let's get you home, the girls will be overjoyed to see you".

"Especially when they realise they can redesign my cast", Andrea commented with a smile as she stood up.

The white-haired woman shook her head, "More fool you, you could end up with anything on there, I hope you know that".

Andrea simply grinned as she wrapped her arms around the one who had her heart, "I know", she said simply before kissing her, "Although I think I want you to sign it first".

Miranda smirked knowing exactly what she was going to write on her cast.

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