

Hourglass

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by [Planxty](#)

Summary

Erica helps La'an prepare for an away mission.

It was almost a given at this point: if the mission required going to a primitive planet, La'an could expect being on the away team in case things went sideways and they needed someone who could fight with their fists as well as they could with a modern weapon. However, this time, La'an wasn't sure how well she would be able to do that. This planet modeled its society off of Earth in the mid nineteenth century, and it was a mystery to La'an how a person could even walk with all the corsets and crinolines.

Erica was staying behind, but still offered to help with the complicated wardrobe.

"Maybe see if you can keep this one," she suggested as she laced La'an into her corset. "It looks amazing."

"I'm only relieved it doesn't feel nearly as bad as I feared." Snug and stiff, yes, but not painful or uncomfortably confining.

"I'm serious! Take a good look at yourself before you have to put on the frilly crap."

La'an followed Erica's suggestion and turned to face the mirror. Erica had been right, this was quite a look: bust lifted, waist nipped in, hips flared. She placed her hands high on her ribs and traced them down over the curve of her body as she studied her reflection, but her contemplation was interrupted by the sound of Erica's stifled laughter. La'an turned her head sharply.

"Sorry." Erica held a hand over her mouth to cover another giggle. "I just realized how ridiculous this is, that you're technically still in your underwear."

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