

Preparation

by peppermint

Minerva makes ready.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Minerva makes ready.

It's not mine. I only wish I had boots like that.

Minerva laced up her thigh-high boots, stopping to admire the line of her slender leg in the full-length mirror. The buttery-soft, black leather framed the red silk stockings she wore quite nicely – and the matching red garter belt as well. No knickers – she wouldn't need them anyway – but the red-and-black, overbust corset did a fine job of framing her assets. The heel of the boots was not too high, very comfortable for walking in, and accentuated the curve of her arse rather deliciously.

"Hello, beautiful," she murmured, blowing a kiss to the mirror. She stood there for a moment, contemplating her pale, smooth skin and shapely form. Her hair had been gathered back into its usual severe style, but with a touch of her wand, she could have it cascading down her back in rippling waves of shining mahogany. Whether that happened depended on if *he* was a good boy or not.

She pulled her plain, black robe on, making sure it was securely fastened. The final touch was her prim schoolteacher's spectacles settled on her nose and fine, black leather gloves to cover her hands.

Minerva exited her dressing room, pulling the door firmly closed behind her, and went to her sitting room to make sure everything was ready for the evening's activities. She had plenty of Scotch in the liquor cabinet, a selection of fortifying snacks waiting under a Cooling Charm, and her favored implements laid out on the low table in front of her settee.

She poured herself a glass of Scotch, selected her favorite riding crop from the collection of floggers, whips, and paddles on the table, settled herself into her favourite armchair, and waited.

Yes, I am in the running for the "Authors We Hate Because they Don't Bring the Smut" award. Vote for me!

prompt from MagicallyDelicious:

Write a drabble beginning with "Minerva laced up her thigh-high boots..."