
Miss Piony

An Our Girl FanFiction



SHE'S NOTHING
BUT A DIRTY MIND
A PLAYER
BURNING BRIDGES
AS SHE GOES

She's nothing but a dirty mind, a player burning bridges as she goes

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November 27, 2018

One-shot about a very naughty version of Georgie. She has fun but what goes around comes around.

This is quite different from my other stories. Black, but I hope amusing somehow. If you like Georgie a lot this may not be a story for you. I don't have anything against Georgie, but she is not one bit nice here. She does have some fun though. If you are sensitive or prefer romantic fluff this may not be your story either. I was in a really bad mood when I started this yesterday and just felt like writing about a truly mean person. Consider yourself warned – lol, and if you decide to read I would love to hear what you think.

Credits to Tony Grounds/BBC for characters as usual and the title is borrowed from Tove Lo's 'Lady Wood' from the album with the same name, which also makes an excellent soundtrack to a story about a bad girl, should you want one.

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I'm a naughty girl and I just love it.

I cannot imagine anything more dull and pointless than walking through life being *nice*, the mere thought gives me the creeps. I love to manipulate, scheme and hurt people, preferably without them realising it was my intent, and it is all so easy because I look sweet like sugar.

I was born like this, cheerfully malicious. I do not know how come because my family is nothing like that. Once I took a psychology class and they spoke about the old nature versus nurture debate, if one's personality is shaped by inheritance or the influence of the environment. I concluded that neither explained me, I must be the result of a fortunate genetic mutation, making me unique from everyone around me. Fortunate because when you do not really care about moral codes and other's feelings you can have so much more fun in life. Avoiding people realising it is an art which I master to perfection.

I do not even remember when I started playing others against one another, probably in the playground already before I could speak, when I would hide a toy from someone and enjoy seeing how they accused someone else of taking it, ending in a fight. I early learned to manipulate my parents, so they always thought my sisters were to blame for the things I did, without my sisters understanding it was my doing. I always found new and refined methods. At the age when love letters were introduced, I wrote fake letter for others causing tears and heart breaks because I broke up on someone else's behalf. Even more fun was nicking someone's

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boyfriend. Not because I cared about him, but because I liked to take something from someone else and see them get hurt.

During the summer I turned thirteen, my body changed in a very flattering way, and I realised I had another tool at my disposal and immediately started taking advantage of that. I realised that my changed looks caused boys and men to be even more stupid than I already had thought they were. Obviously, not much was needed to prevent them from using their brain and I revelled in this newfound power. The fact that I discovered that I loved sex, was good at it and did not really have qualms about with who was an advantage. Already during the camp which I attended that summer, I managed to make three boys leave their girlfriends for me and one of the leaders drool over me, even if I was still too innocent at that age to dare to take action with an older man.

A few years later I did not hesitate in that regard and flirting with teachers, sometimes acting on it, sometimes not, turned out to be a very efficient way to get good grades. Not that I was not smart and could have gotten great grades anyway, but this was easier and fun. I soon realised that affairs with married men was to prefer over messing around with boys my own age for two reasons. Men were so much better in bed than teenage boys (too quick and focused on their own pleasure), and married men did not want anyone to know they were unfaithful which meant I did not risk getting a bad reputation. I wanted everyone to keep thinking of me as sweet Georgie and I managed to keep that appearance up splendidly.

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Towards the end of secondary school, a recruiter from the army came talking to us one day and I realised the army would be the perfect place for me; filled with men and not so many women, and no one would want to disclose an affair out of fear of dishonourable discharge -so I quickly signed up. To my family I said I wanted to serve my country and once again everyone thought I was great and selfless. They are ridiculously gullible. Already in basic training we had a scoring system among the female recruits when it came to shagging army men; 1 point for another recruit, 5 points for a corporal, 10 points for a sergeant and 15 for a major. Most of the girls only scored one point, if any. I scored all, repeatedly, but almost no one knew. For me it was enough taking victory in a successful chase on my own and convenient to stay liked by the girls even if they did not really matter to me much.

Yet, sex is only one of the ways I use my fellow humans to amuse myself. There are so many ways to hurt people or trick them to do things that are bad for them. The spring after I had finished basic training and went on to train to be a combat medical technician, my sister Marie was to get married. I was so bored hearing about the guest list, take part in dress fittings, cake tastings, hearing about how much she loved her ugly bloke, yada, yada... So, on the wedding day, I thought it fitting to have a small revenge on her for putting me through all that.

The morning of the wedding, I helped her with the finishing touches. She was looking at herself in the mirror, her beautiful wedding dress on and I had to admit she was very pretty and looked way too happy. So annoying.

"The shop girl was so wrong when she said you looked chubby in this dress", I said.

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"She said I look chubby in this?!"

"Yes, but she was *so* wrong. You look just beautiful."

See, that is how it is done. You give a compliment but plant a seed of doubt. Now I knew she would wonder all day if she looked chubby after all and I was giggling spitefully on the inside.

I did something similar when my friend Jill was trying out new glasses a few weeks later.

"What do you think of these ones?"

"They look good, your eyes don't look like they sit narrow when you wear them."

"Do you think my eyes look narrow otherwise?"

"No, but they look great in those glasses."

It is so easy to make people doubt themselves, to make them feel miserable and it gives me so much positive energy. I also love leading them to do things that are bad for them.

One of the guys at work had given up smoking and endured for two months. I knew his girlfriend hated it, so it had been a deal-breaker for their relationship. I seldom smoked but did sometimes at parties and when the section hung out in a bar one evening I asked a girl beside us if I could nick a cigarette.

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"I'm so in the mood for a smoke tonight", I told him and blew some smoke in his direction. "Oh, sorry, I forgot you quit. Let me know if it bothers you and I'll put it out."

"No problem... actually... could I?"

So easy. He was back to smoking and I laughed to myself when I heard his girlfriend had broken up with him a few weeks later. This is how I'm constantly amusing myself. As I said, there are many sources for fun when you do not mind if you hurt people, but instead take joy in it – but of course, sex, breaking hearts and destroying relationships remained my absolute favourite and I was so skilled at it.

One afternoon, my other sister, Lulu, dragged me along to the kids' theatre Peppa pig with her two children. They love me, I'm their favourite aunt and I'm good at pretending I like them. Lulu's husband had decided to go to a football game instead, so she wanted company and I was prepared to be very bored. In the entrance I met an old class mate, Cindy, and she introduced me to her husband, Jim. I knew Jim, intimately, but Cindy did not know I did. We had had a short-lived relationship a few years ago. Shorter than he would have liked, longer than I had planned because he had turned out to have such a satisfying dick. Not satisfying enough to keep me longer than a few weeks, but now when I saw him I was reminded of it. I did not acknowledge that we knew each other since before, but squeezed his hand, fluttered my eyelashes and used my softest voice.

"How *nice* to meet you, Jim."

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He cleared his throat to say it was nice to meet me too, did not expose our past either and I knew that he already wanted me. I thought that this Peppa Pig show might turn out to be interesting after all. Inside the theatre, I made sure that we established eye contact and I smiled coyly at him. Cindy occupied with the kids and oblivious, naturally. Ten minutes into the show I nodded slightly in the direction of the exit. He looked questioning, but I told Lulu I had to go to the toilet and headed out. I knew he would come after me, he would not be able to resist. I pulled him with me into the handicap toilet (the most spacious one), hoisted up my skirt meanwhile he quickly unzipped his jeans and then I straddled him sitting on the toilet lid and rode him until I came, then got up and pulled down my skirt.

"Hey, what about me?!"

He was upset which was to be understood, but I did not really care. I had had my fun.

"Too messy for a kids' play, and I need to head back or I'll be missed."

"You can't be serious!?"

"Why not? After all, men do like that all the time, come and then it's over", I told him and left. Maybe he stayed there for a while and took care of it himself, what do I know. Satisfied, I took my seat again and even laughed at Pippa Peg for the rest of the show.

-OG-

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When I was on my second tour in Afghan I met someone, who changed things a bit. Elvis Harte, a very handsome Italian special forces soldier. He was the male version of me. Not mean like me, but definitely sleeping around and breaking his fair share of hearts. Of course, he did not know that I did too, I made sure I always kept it nice and clean on tour. I knew from the moment I saw him that I would have him, but I could also see that he was one that appreciated the chase, just like, me so I kept him waiting. That nurtured his interest into flaming love and when I finally let him into my bed, we turned out to be very compatible. So compatible that I was considering if maybe I was falling for him a bit. I did not really wish for a long-lasting relationship, but sex was so good I could not break up. When he asked me to marry him, I felt I really was not up for it, but I wanted to keep sleeping with him for as long possible, so I said yes. I never intended to marry him, I thought I would break the engagement any day.

Then I found out that he was cheating on me. The bastard – how dared he cheat on *me*? No one cheats on me! I quickly decided that I would keep enjoying him in bed for as long as possible and simultaneously get revenge. I would continue to shag him up to the wedding day and then say no at the altar, exposing to everyone that I had found out he was a philanderer and humiliate him.

On the intended wedding day, I looked absolutely fabulous. I knew that he surely would regret cheating on me when I dumped him looking like *this*, he would be so sorry. I was in my very best mood waiting for him in the city hall, because my revenge would be so sweet. *Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned*, as they use to say. Then his bestman, a gorgeous captain named James came running and told

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me that Elvis had dumped *me*! I was so furious that I cried and cried, not only had he humiliated me, he had deprived me of my revenge. I do not think I have ever been so angry and I vowed that if our paths crossed again I would make him regret this. Of course, everyone thought that I cried out of sadness, and I let them believe that.

Two years later, I had not yet set eyes on Elvis again and was going out with another guy. Jamie was a cute and well-equipped doctor, but he kept on nagging me about marriage and kids and I was starting to get fed up with him, so when I stumbled over captain James and he asked me if I would come on tour to Kenya I gladly accepted. It was an excellent opportunity to get away from Jamie and to also get better acquainted with captain James, or Charlie as Elvis had used to call him. I would not mind sleeping in his tent, and if we worked together I was sure I would find a way to get there. However, my plans were disturbed when I was kidnapped by Muslim terrorists. They were not nice at all, they beat me and put me in a cell and when I fluttered my eyelashes at them they just put a bag over my head. These men were completely immune to female manipulation, even from me and I was scared for the first time in my life. I did not intend to leave this world in such a pathetic way, I deserved so much better.

Fortunately, Lady Luck agreed with me and I was saved by a special forces team and things started to look really interesting when the captain leading the unit turned out to be Elvis. Finally, our paths had crossed again, and I would have a chance to get my revenge. I pretended to be grateful yet pissed off with him, said I never would forgive him (which was true), but also a little bit flirtatious and soon

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the combination of resentment and a hint of interest made him hooked again. Like a bee to honey.

Not much happened between us right there in Kenya, except him trying to apologise for jilting me and some snogging when we were in a hotel by the coast for decompression. I went to his room and started kissing him but then pretended to come to my senses and said I could not cheat on my boyfriend. As if I cared about Jamie, it would not have been the first time I was unfaithful to him, but I wanted to string Elvis along. I was very satisfied when I left his room with the knowledge that I had woken his desire. Back in UK I eventually dumped Jamie, but not before I had gotten engaged to him and nearly married him, to secure the jealousy and accompanying increased interest of Elvis.

Now that he had gotten into his head that he had to win me back, he made sure that we met again and again, and nearly a year later this cat and mouse game (he thinking he was the cat, me knowing *I* was) led to us both being in Afghan simultaneously. Then one night in the camp, I felt it was time to pretend that I had forgiven him and was prepared to take him back. We ended up in his bed and it was such a great shag that I almost wondered why I had not come around before. He really was phenomenal. When he undressed me, he found the engagement ring he once had given me hanging on chain around my neck. Of course, I had put it on just the day before with the aim to make him believe I was sentimental about us, and when he saw it he seemed moved just like I had planned.

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"We're so good together, what a mistake it was to leave you. Would you wear this again?"

He held the ring. He was right, he *had* made a big mistake and soon he would pay for it. I would dump him very publicly to make him the fool this time, putting on the ring again would be just the perfect way to make his fall harder, so I did. Next morning, before we went on patrol, I flaunted the ring for everyone to see so they would know we were back together before I ditched him – but then he went and did it on me again. He was blown up by a sodding IED and died right in front of my eyes. Furiously I tried to resuscitate him but unsuccessfully. I just could not believe the bastard did that, robbed me of my revenge and left me alone again, and because I had shown everyone that ring they kept treating me like a grieving widow afterwards. I was not one bit sad, just fucking mad.

I had to pretend being devastated for half a year, made a spectacle of myself at his funeral because I did not want people to think I was cold hearted, but their pity made me want to spit them in their faces. I wanted to have fun again and as soon it seemed socially acceptable I went on tour, saying that keeping myself occupied with work was the only thing that would make me heal.

Back under gorgeous Charlie's command, I was plotting how I would win him. He was actually one of exceptionally few men that interested me a little beyond bed. Elvis death had taken him hard and I sensed that it had created a rift between him and his wife because he felt he could not share that with her. I made sure he knew he could share it with me. I if anyone also knew what it was like losing Elvis. I talked

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about it often with him, made myself seem vulnerable, made him feel guilty for what had happened to Elvis as he had been the officer in command that day, made him feel that he needed to take care of me and make it up to me for Elvis being dead. On the inside I was laughing triumphantly, soon he would be mine. His wife did not bother me, she was just a stupid girl I barely knew anyway, and he was way out of her league. More in mine.

I almost managed to ruin it all when we were on a training exercise in the Belizean jungle. Charlie and I were to be team leaders for two competing teams. I had heard from a local boy the day before that there was a boar trap in the direction I knew Charlie's team would take towards our target. I did not warn anyone because I thought it would be perfect if he ran into it, in the lead as always, and hurt himself just a bit, so I could nurse him and get my opportunity to seduce him. But it all backfired because that damn trap was much more dangerous than I had imagined, and a wooden spear impaled his leg.

I had to stay with him alone in that damn jungle for a few days while the others got help. I took care of him, but it was nothing like I had imagined he was too seriously injured for any seduction and towards the end nearly delirious. I thought he was going to die and it annoyed me enormously that my plan had failed. All I wanted was to get away from there and have a relaxing day at a spa to clean away the mud and sweat, but I pretended I gladly nursed him. Just before he was rescued he said something that gave me hope though. Told me that his feelings for me had crossed a line and that we were bonded by Elvis' death. Mohahahahaha! Finally, Elvis had served me any good. Now Charlie just had to recover so I could get on with my plan.

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It took nearly half a year before he returned to the section, but it was worth the wait. He was sexy as hell when he stood before us once again and I felt certain that he must be good in bed.

Yesterday I walked into his office just as he had finished a call with his wife. He was upset and confided in me that she had told him it was for the better that they split up. I pretended to be concerned and reminded him gently that I needed his support even if his wife did not need him.

Now I prepare myself to go to him. I can feel that he is ripe for the picking. He is low because of her call (even if it is impossible to understand how he can care about that cockney cow) and he is probably horny after all these weeks on tour without sex. I am. I wash myself to smell fresh but dab some extra water on my skin to achieve a sexy damp glow. I loosen a few hair strands from the tidy plait. I paint my eyelashes long with the mascara I have hidden in my kit for special occasions. I chew my lips hard, so they become red and pouty and finish off with some Vaseline to make them glossy. Finally, I pull down the zipper on my uniform shirt to flaunt some cleavage and pleased look at myself in the small mirror. I look stunning.

I knock on the door to his room.

"Who's there?"

"Georgie."

"Come in."

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I enter and stay just inside the door that I have closed behind me, lean my back to it and make sure to pull back my shoulders so my tits look extra perky. The chase turns me on as always, but more than usual with him. I can feel my taut nipples press against the shirt fabric, pointing his direction and for sure visible to him. Perfect, no man exists that would not be aroused by that.

"Hi Charlie." I use my sexiest voice.

He clears his throat.

"Errrm... Hi Lane. What brings you here at this hour?"

"I needed to see you."

He does not say anything, just cocks an eyebrow, questioning.

"Let me rephrase that. I need *you*."

"In what way?"

Of course, he must understand that, but I like that he plays the game.

"I think you know, Charlie."

"No, you have to tell me."

"Seriously Charlie, are you going to make me beg for it?"

I let my tongue flit out to wet my lips, not too obvious, only sensually.

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"Beg for what? And please don't call me Charlie, I've asked you not to."

Now I pout my lips, pretend to sulk.

"Is that so bad? Then I suppose I'm a bad girl. What are you going to do about it, Charlie?"

Now there is an annoyed crease between his eyebrows and when he speaks there is a warning undertone in his voice.

"Lane, I have things to do... can you please tell me what you want."

"Don't you know?"

"If you don't plan to tell me I think you should leave."

He looks down on his papers, plays hard to get. So sexy, but so am I.

"I'm not leaving until you give me what I need."

He probably cannot believe his luck at what I'm offering and now begins to feel sexual frustration, because he gets to his feet and lashes out;

"*What* exactly do you need?"

Now he stands right in front of me, towering over me, his eyes piercing and almost black. He breathes a bit heavier than usual, frustration mixed with desire, I can tell. I breathe faster too, my beautiful tits rising and falling under the shirt.

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"Spit it out, Lane. What are you here for?"

He looks a bit dangerous now, wild. This is going to be good, so good. Nothing is like a man fucking you in frustration and anger mixed with strong desire, thinking he is punishing you in some way. Then, when I afterwards will laugh him in his face triumphantly, he will realise his mistake, realise what his lust has made him do to the one he really loves, and he will feel so pathetic. My first wave of pleasure will be my orgasm, my second when I step on the debris that will be left when his guilty conscience tears him apart. How I love this. How I love that men are so easily led by what is in their pants rather than in their heads or hearts. This feeling of raw sexual power must beat love and affection by miles.

"I'm here for *you*. I want you Charlie, and I know you want me. You showed me your real feelings in the Belizean jungle and I have not been able to stop thinking about you since."

I have not been able to stop thinking about how I can play him, but I know his male ego will fool him to think I'm in love with him.

"I'm married, Lane."

Oh, he puts up some resistance. That will only make the victory sweeter.

"Only on the paper, Charlie. You told me yourself that she said you'll be better off separated. She's already made the choice."

"You don't know Molly."

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"But I know what you want, Charlie."

I put my palms to his chest, the lean muscles I feel under his shirt makes me want to rip it off. To my surprise he takes a step back.

"Stop calling me Charlie, for fucks sake! And don't assume you know what I want!"

"You want *me*."

I still feel sure of it, no matter what he says. Now he takes a step closer, grabs my shoulders hard. Here it comes any second, the passionate hard kiss. I part my lips slightly to prepare for the crash and probing tongue.

But he stops his face and inch from mine, our breaths mingling but we do not touch. He makes me so turned on.

"Listen carefully, Lane."

His voice now ice-cold calm.

"You're going to take your bony little arse and walk out that door. I don't want you. I only want my wife and right now that is painfully clear to me. If you're not out of here in ten seconds, I'm going to put you up for dishonourable discharge. Do I make myself clear?"

He has never been hotter, but this is not going according to plan at all. Bony arse? WTF!

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"Crystal clear."

"Sir." He is seriously pulling rank on me.

"Sir."

"I'll pretend this never happened. Now piss off."

I stand outside his door, breathing upset, he practically lobbed me out. Unbelievable! I lost the game. It has never happened before. Never! Except when Elvis first jilted me by the altar, then died on me. I hate both of them. I'm so immensely frustrated. Fuck! What am I going to do now?

-OG-

Fuck fuckety fuck! He has been sucking on my breast for half an hour and finally fallen asleep, but when I was going to put him away he stirred at the loss of my warm embrace and immediately started screaming, indicating he wanted the other one. Little leech, never leaving me alone, making me feel like a milk machine. I stare hard at the little human and I do not feel the motherly love everyone expects me to when I see this redhaired ugly creature.

After Charlie threw me out, I was so frustrated and angry, yet horny and unwilling to accept I had lost the fight so determinedly I went to find *any* man. The first one I ran into happened to be Mansfield Mike. Not Monk, not Rab who at least are attractive, even Fingers has something to him - but Mansfield Mike with his red hair, pale skin and constant burping, he was the one who was fortunate to get the

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Georgie-treatment. I did not care who in that moment. I pulled him into one of the latrine booths and fucked him. He had an unsatisfyingly small dick and it did not last long of course, he was far too excited, but it was a way to release the pressure of my failure.

"If you tell anyone, you're dead", I said as I left him. Of course, he thought I had been stricken by a passion I no longer could deny and that he would have me again someday. As if. For the rest of the tour he followed me with adoring puppy eyes and made me want to puke. I never thought of that I missed my period. That had happened before on tour, due to the tough conditions. I did not think of it when we first came home either and when I finally went to see the gynaecologist to have confirmed what the pregnancy test (all three of them) had told me, it was too late to have an abortion.

"Congratulations, Ms. Lane", he said as I was lying in the not so charming gynaecology chair, my legs apart. It felt surreal.

"I don't want this baby." Mansfield Mike's baby! I wanted to cry.

"It's too long gone to be removed. I'm sorry if you don't want it but I'm sure it will all be fine."

"I don't want no baby! I don't want to be a mother. Please, I'll do anything."

I parted my legs further, inviting, but then he looked at me in horror. Apparently, I had misjudged him, and he was not up for my unsubtle invite.

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"Ms. Lane, I'm going to pretend I didn't understand what you just said. You should be ashamed of yourself. Now get dressed and don't come back, you need to find yourself another gynaecologist."

Bugger.

When the bump began to show, Mansfield Mike came running of course and wanted to be part of it. First, I was going to reject him, but then I realised I needed someone to support me. I did not want to be a single mum either, then I would have to take care of this unwanted baby by myself all the time. So, I agreed to marry him. Can you imagine, *me*, the gorgeous Georgie Lane, married to Mansfield Mike! I refused to change last name, would not lose myself to him like that. I'm so out of his league we don't even measure on the same scale. Of course, I have been horrible to him ever since. It is one of the few joys I have these days. Never again will I have sex with him and I yell at him all the time when he is home, so when the baby was born he set me up in a flat in Manchester meanwhile he is staying at the regiment most of the time. I like it that way, except that I'm alone with the baby so much.

I'm so unbelievably bored. I cannot believe that I'm stuck here in this miserable life, being a mum to a baby that did not even have the decency to be cute like me but is the spitting image of Mansfield Mike. All I want is to go back to work again. I would not want to work under captain James again though. Everyone else thinks it is so beautiful that I have found love again after Elvis, except the captain who gave me a look of disdain when he heard the news, like he saw right through me. I

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heard he and his wife are happily reunited and just had a baby too. I'm sure their baby is a cute copy of Charlie.

Mum comes visiting this afternoon and I present her with my brilliant idea.

"Mum, if you and dad paid for a nanny, I could go back to work."

"You mean you would want to leave a two-month-old baby to a stranger?"

"Yes. Isn't it a great idea?"

I do not understand why she looks so appalled, this is a perfect suggestion.

"I can't wait to go back to work, and I'm dying to go on tour."

Now it looks like her eyes almost are about to pop out. She looks really stupid.

"Georgie!"

"What?! I hate this! I hate this boring life sitting trapped in a flat with an ugly baby who just sucks on my breasts until they get all soggy and the nipples sore, and then vomit on me as thanks. I don't get to sleep, I never get to have any good sex anymore – I certainly won't have sex with that loser of a man who is the father..."

"It's your husband you're talking about! And your child!"

"Oh, I'm so fucking tired of everyone expecting me to love this life. I hate it, I hate it, I hate it!"

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My mum unsteadily gets up from the sofa, she looks shaken. I do not see why. Why does every woman have to love being a wife and having babies?

"Georgie... I barely know what to say. I'm shocked. This is not how your father and I raised you."

"No, you raised me to live a boring life like yourselves, but I need *more*. Please pay that nanny for me, I must get away."

"Absolutely not. There is no way we're going to do that – and I think it's better if we don't see each other for a while."

"Yeah, just go, if you won't pay for that nanny I don't want to see you anyway."

She looks sad and disappointed, but I do not care. If she will not help me I have no use for her and I'm too tired to keep up the pleasant façade. For once I just want to be myself and she can accept it, or she can sod off.

She leaves and I'm alone with the little leech and a miserable life which is not the least like I wanted it to be. Where did it all go wrong? I will clearly need to find myself a lover. One who is well-equipped now that the baby has ruined me down there forever and one who can pay for a boob job, so my tits will be beautiful again.

Then I will show them, Georgie will be back, as gorgeous as ever and men will keep falling at my feet.

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A/N: What goes around comes around...

My next story will be nicer, I promise. Already in a better mood today.