
Miss Piony
An Our Girl FanFiction



BLACK WIDOW
ON THE LOOSE

Black Widow on the Loose

Feb 20, 2019

For my own amusement and hopefully yours, the very naughty version of Georgie returns in this one-shot. Will she get the revenge on Captain James which she thinks she rightfully deserves?

This is a sequel to ‘She’s nothing but a dirty mind, a player burning bridges as she goes’. If you didn’t like that, don’t read this. If you don’t like making a bit of fun of a version of the Georgie character, don’t read this. I issued a warning for the previous story, yet some were offended so I want to make it clear that this doesn’t really have anything to do with Georgie on screen and definitely not Michelle Keegan. I simply like to write different things and in some of my stories she’s nice, in this one she isn’t.

That said – if you read I hope you enjoy some black humour. There is just something thrilling with a character who is evil to the bone, or even a mad psychopath.

Funerals are so tedious, especially when everyone's eyes are on me and I must pretend to be grieving. Yawn...This fake-crying makes my eyes go puffy, so I try to keep it to a minimum and just dab with a tissue and make sniffling sounds instead. It is the second time I'm forced to take on this role. Elvis and I were never married but unbelievable as it is, Mansfield Mike was my husband at least on paper and now I'm a widow for real. The marriage was never consummated *after* we were married. He was only lucky to have me once when I was desperate, and I had the huge misfortune to get pregnant then. I married him only so I would not have to take care of the little bleeder on my own. Now it seems like I will have to anyway and I'm not sure if I'm relieved to be rid of him or furious that he left me alone with a child I do not love.

Mansfield Mike did not even have the decency to die in action, which would have added some gloomy glamour to this event. He died repainting the nursery. How pathetic is that? I wanted it repainted in yellow and may have hinted he could touch me a little bit if he did. I had arranged paint, brushes, and borrowed a ladder from the neighbour so all the useless man had to do was paint.

"I don't know about this ladder, Georgie. It doesn't 't look very stable."

"Come on, don't be such a bloody wimp! It's a perfectly functional ladder."

He looked sceptic, but in the end obediently climbed that ladder and started painting. Of course, he fucked up, fell head over heels from the ladder and broke his neck. I heard the sound but was enjoying a cuppa and *Hello!* so it took some

time before I went to check on him. He was lying there with his head in a funny angle and unseeing eyes and all I could think was that he truly was ugly to the point of repelling and now I would have to paint the room myself. With another ladder, naturally.

Even if he did not die on duty, he got a soldier's funeral and his squaddies and commanding officer were there – the captain even held a quite moving speech about a brave soldier. I'm not sure who he was eluding to because it sure as hell could not have been Mansfield Mike who barely dared to climb a ladder. Of course, I knew the section and the captain well, as I had been their medic on the ominous tour when I shagged Mike in a latrine booth.

I would lie if I claimed I was overwhelmed with joy at seeing Captain James again – I hate his guts. It is *his* fault I got pregnant with Mike. Had *he* not rejected me (still cannot believe he did!), it never would have happened. Charles James was even more annoying this day because he was still fit as fuck when he stood there delivering his considerate speech and I still felt I probably had been deprived of a sensational shag when he rejected me. *Me*. As the funeral was so boring I tried to sneak a peak at his crotch in the tight-fitting no. 2 dress uniform trousers to see if what was there was as impressive as I imagined, but alas it was hidden behind the lectern.

Outside the church I stopped in front of him, in my hands holding the flag which had covered the coffin, and someone had folded neatly and given me like some

precious gift. I had no bloody idea why. I already had one after Elvis. Did they expect me to make a matching set of curtains out of them?

"I gave the Army my husband and all I got back was a flag", I said dramatically and managed to squeeze out a tear or two.

He looked rudely bemused.

"Georgie, he died from a fall in your home, not on duty. As much as I'm immensely sad he's gone, you can hardly blame the Army for that."

And then he added in low voice so only I heard;

"And I dare say you'll be able to bear the loss."

"That's a horrible thing to say!" I sobbed, my best impersonation of a devastated woman, but my eyes narrowed, and my stomach cringed with the hatred I felt.

"Cut the crap, we both know what you're made off."

It was like his dark brown eyes were piercing into my soul and knew well I never cared for Mike. That insufferable man! It was in that moment I swore to myself I would get my revenge on Captain-fucking-James one day. I just wished he had not been so damn hot.

After that and the whole funeral situation, I needed to get rid of some of my built-up frustration. Luckily, most men are more easily manipulated than Captain James

and black becomes me very well, so I was a stunning widow. I know that half of the men at the wake wanted to get into my pants, but mindful of my reputation I chose one who would have much to lose if it became known. It was not difficult to convince the vicar to a surprisingly satisfying little consolation fondle up in the nursery. I just pulled him with me and said I needed the comfort of a vicar, which was true but maybe not in the way he first thought. Once we were alone he was so easy to seduce it was no sport really.

Only afterwards, when he got to his feet again, did he notice the half-painted room.

"Was this where he...?" He stuttered with slight panic in his eyes, taking the room in as he adjusted his attire.

I nodded with a smirk. What difference would that make? It was not like Mike was here to see us. The vicar did not seem comfortable with the situation though and hurried out of the room, with the sound of my derisive laughter ringing in his ears. His alarm even more pleasing than the shag to me. How I love to make people uncomfortable or make them loathe themselves! I just knew he would spend the whole evening on his knees asking for absolution. It got even better when Mike's mum looked in and saw me lying stretched out on the floor with my dress still hoisted above my hips and no knickers. The jaw dropped on the stupid cow. She had not seen the vicar escaping but obviously she wondered what I was doing.

"I just felt the need... you know here in this room, in the presence of Mike's spirit... Haven't you heard that deep grief can make people unusually horny?" I said,

looking at her with an innocent and sweet smile while pulling my dress down. "I thought it fitting Mike would get to see me come once more before we put him to rest."

"So, you...?" she stuttered.

"You know I would do *anything* for Mike and now when he's not here I only have myself to rely on." I swept past her to find the nearest bathroom and freshen up, even more satisfied because I knew this would disturb her without really being able to accuse me of doing anything untoward. A widow coming to please her deceased husband – that must indeed be seen as a selfless act.

I did not stay satisfied for long though. Sure, I inherited a small sum of money from Mike, but it would not last me long and I had to figure out what to do about it. Then it suddenly hit me that he had given me my golden ticket back to work. I had tried before to convince mum and dad to pay a nanny, so I could return to work, but they had refused thinking I ought to be with my child. Now, there was a completely legitimate reason for me to work – I could no longer afford not to. Finally, I would get out of being a stay-at-home mum. I was thrilled to return to work - this motherhood shit is so not my cup of tea. Initially I was to train other medics, but I was sure I would soon be able to manipulate my way into being sent on tour.

I tried not to seem too overly happy the first day I left the little boy. Harry he is called but as he looks like an exact replica of Mike, everyone calls him Little Mike.

I have kept searching his face for any sign that his features will develop into something of my beauty, but apparently Mike had a very dominant gene pool.

A few weeks later, destiny smiled upon me again when I stumbled over my ex, Dr. Jamie Cole, in the Highstreet. During the first minutes of this unplanned re-union my interest was lukewarm, but then he dropped that he had specialised as a plastic surgeon and had a practice of his own. I immediately realised the potential in renewing our acquaintance. I had been wanting to fix a thing or two after the pregnancy, but we had not been able to afford in on Mike's sad salary. Now I had hit jack-pot. I immediately showed my warmest, most affectionate side to Jamie and asked if we could go for a coffee. Despite that he now was married, coffee turned to drinks, which turned to night cap and ending up in bed and I knew I had him hooked again. As I straddled him he groaned how he never had been able to get over me and that his wife was just a poor substitute. Obviously, I already knew that, but it was pleasing to hear him saying it anyway. Even if I found him pathetic, a little affirmation never hurts.

I waited a few weeks to bring up the subject, but one day I would not let him take off my bra. When he wondered why I told him I was so self-conscious about how my boobs looked after breast-feeding.

"Dearest Georgie, you have amazing breasts but if you're not pleased with them, you realise I could help you fix that?"

"Would you do that for me? Oh, Jamie, I adore you!"

Once again, I marvelled at how gullible and easily manipulated most men are.

A few months later, Jamie had fixed me up with an exceptional pair of tits, larger and even more beautiful than the original had been before Harry ruined them. I also took the opportunity to erase some teeny tiny wrinkles with a decent portion of Botox, made my lips poutier with some other injections and did an eyebrow tattoo. I was more gorgeous than ever, and Jamie stared at me like I was some canvas which he had been able to transform into Mona Lisa. Well, maybe not the best parable as *she* has really thin lips and I certainly do not, but you get the picture.

"Georgie, you look like a really, really sexy... doll", he groaned. I'm was not hundred per cent sure what to make of that, it was not like I had aimed to look like barbie. On the other hand, I guess she is every boy's wet dream. One week later I dumped him.

I was really pleased with life. Work was good. I looked great. I saw little of little Mike – also great. The only thing that was missing was a great lover. Since little Mike half-ruined me down south, lovers that give me fulfilment are harder to come by. I actually asked Jamie if there was any restoration work to be done in that area, but it did not seem as easy to remedy as soggy boobs. He told me I just had to keep doing my kegel exercises, maybe get myself some beads. Beads, ha! A bowling ball feels more fitting in my current state.

Then I met someone at work. Immediately when I saw him, I knew he would be *fulfilling*. Tall, muscular, sexy stubble, steel blue eyes, supremely masculine and cocky as hell – the new captain turned me on at first sight. His official name was Captain McClyde, everyone called him Bones, but I secretly thought of him as Boner and he made my mouth water and my lower abdomen clench. I had to have him.

I know I caught his eye early on and he was not the shy kind. He stared at me without shame whenever I walked past him in the corridors or the mess and I smiled on the inside knowing he admired my figure. I was not serving under him, so he had no reason to hide his admiration, and I certainly would not mind *being* under him.

To begin with, I ignored him, treated him like a superior officer yet a nobody to me. I knew that would increase his interest. He made no obvious move but kept following me with his cool gaze and I knew he was making inquiries about me. He would be told I was an excellent soldier and the grieving, unattainable widow after another soldier, which would raise his curiosity even further. Simultaneously, I heard rumours that he and Captain James were known to be antagonists for some reason and that made him even more attractive to me.

After a month or so of beating about the bush, he finally made his way to me in my capacity as a medic. He claimed he had a sprained ankle and needed some bandage.

"I'm Bones by the way."

"I know." Stroking his ego by acknowledging I knew something about him. "I'm Georgie."

"I know", he smirked back. Of course, he did.

"So, Georgie, what do you do when you're not attending to other soldiers' sprained ankles?"

"Not much, I'm very focused at doing a good job." I had a feeling he would appreciate a high work morale.

"Oh, nothing that I like more than a keen and eager soldier." The smile cheeky, making the words slightly dirty. I liked that.

"But tell me, could you imagine not to focus on work for an evening and go out for a drink with me?"

I deliberated if I ought to say no and keep him in suspense longer, but I had already played this game for some time and was very much in the mood for scoring.

"Maybe."

"Maybe?!" He sounded incredulous at that I did not throw myself around his neck. He was clearly used to that, but Georgie Lane is not any girl.

"Maybe, if you take me somewhere nicer than the local pub where the whole regiment goes for beers."

He whistled.

"So, you're a high-maintenance girl?"

"Make of it what you want, but that's what it takes."

"No problem. I'll take you somewhere so nice you'll never want to leave. Unless it's with me, to somewhere even nicer."

It was very obvious what he had in mind; the same as me, even if I kept pretending hard to get.

A few evening later I let him take met out and his choice of posh bar did not disappoint. Not his outfit either, he was even more good-looking in civvies. I was pervying over his arse in the tight-fitting jeans and the bulging muscles under the slim shirt. He was drooling over me in my super-tight dress, showing off my spectacular figure in ways the uniform never can. I would have liked to keep him waiting, but I had a hard time keeping my hands off him and half-way through the evening we had our tongues down each other's throats and then we took a cab back to his and went at it like freaking rabbits.

He did not disappoint, no he was the most marvellous shag I've ever had. Miles better than Elvis and *him* I almost considered marrying because we were so compatible in bed. Yet, Bones was in another league and my slightly enlarged entrance no match to please for a man so wondrously well-equipped. When he finally fell asleep many lust-filled hours later, I thought I was in love with his dick.

The weeks went by and we had sex as often as we possibly could, at and outside work. I was beginning to feel I was addicted to him, or at least a certain part of him, to the extent that I started to wonder if this maybe was love. I felt I had found the perfect match, the man who would keep me satisfied for life.

Then a series of disturbing things happened.

First, we got to hear through the grapevine that Captain James and his wife were being transferred to the regiment. The thought of having his judging eyes on me and his delicious, unattainable body so close to me, especially in the company of his *wife* disturbed me. On the other hand, this might give me an opportunity to finally revenge on him for rejecting me and making me end up with Mike and a baby.

Secondly, Bones started acting weird. He started to withdraw, seemed less interested in me and having sex. One day I sought him out in his office, where we had had sex on the desk numerous times, but today he barely looked up when I knocked on the door frame and entered.

"Oh, is it you."

"Don't sound so excited", I said, annoyed.

"What?"

"What's the matter, Bones? You seem all distracted."

Now I had his attention, I knew he would come around if I let him know I was not best pleased.

"I'm sorry, Georgie. I am. Distracted I mean."

"So, what can I do to relieve you of your distractions?" I stepped closer with the intention to offer him some sexy massage which naturally would end up with us on the desk once again.

To my dismay he flinched.

"I'm sorry, there's nothing you can do right now. Maybe it's better if you just leave."

"I'm not gonna fucking leave without an explanation! You have been all over me and now you're suddenly cold like a dead fish. I deserve better than that! I thought we had something for real."

Now he looked truly surprised.

"I didn't realise... I never thought... Georgie, I didn't take you for the affectionate kind and I thought this was nothing but a great shagaton to you."

It was so great I never wanted it to end, but I could not admit that to him without embarrassing myself.

"I have feelings for you." I tried, hoping it would make him realise his mistake and see that this could be a deep, meaningful relationship.

He briefly buried his face in his hands and let out a big sigh.

"Then I'm truly sorry because I never intended to hurt you. I thought this was simply mutual physical attraction, nothing more. You see, my heart belongs to another. Always has."

"Another? *Another!* Who's that?"

I was furious and wanted to know who my competitor was.

"Are you sure you want to know?"

"Yes!"

"Okay, if you insist. We used to work together, she's just a fantastic girl. Medic, like you, but much more natural – which is really my style", he smiled apologetically, and I could not believe my ears. Natural up my arse.

"Unfortunately, she's happily married so she'll never be mine and the reason I've been distracted recently is that she and her husband are transferring here. I know they'll be here from next week on and even if she never can be mine, I don't want her to see me like a guy shagging around at work. So, I think it's for the better if we end this."

I felt like I was going to evaporate in pure fury. Molly Dawes James had gone and done it again – robbed me of a delicious man and on top of that she and her husband would soon be here, to work, so I must put up with seeing them every day.

I tried to contain my anger though, so Bones would not see how I upset I was. In that moment I was more resolute than ever that I would revenge on the Jameses – both of them! When they came here, I would find out a way to pay back and I would make Bones realise how amazing I am compared to that dreary Dawes.

"Maybe you're right. It was fun while it lasted, no hard feelings." I said, gave him a cute smile and walked over to give him a chaste kiss, even though I had to fight not to flit my tongue between his lips once again.

I turned in the door, fishing for some affirmation.

"You said you liked natural, but I never heard you complain over my tits."

"Oh, *all* tits are nice", he said sheepishly. "But yours *are* a bit big and compact, now that you ask."

I wished I had not.

There was a lot of talk about the Jameses upon their arrival at the regiment. What a great captain and leader *he* is, who sure will be up for promotion to major soon; what a brave and exemplary soldier *she* is; and what an outstanding army love story the two of them as a couple are. It made me want to vomit. I fucking hate them!

She and I were colleagues of course and she was introduced to me already on her first day. I had already decided that the best approach was to befriend her, that way I would be able to slowly and unnoticed create a wedge between them. All in good time.

I have no idea what Captain James and Bones saw in her. Both are clearly out of her league. She is quite tiny and has dark hair like me, but there the similarities end. Her breasts barely visible in the uniform, so they must be sad little things. I remember Captain James calling my arse bony once and have to admit she has more of *that* than me, but she really does not have a curvy figure. Her green eyes are far too big for her face, as is her mouth when she smiles. No, no one can call her beautiful – yet she has captivated them. I do not get it.

She did not talk of her husband and I pretended I did not know they were married. When on duty she called herself Dawes, so it was not difficult to pretend I did not know.

Slowly, I start to mention him in our conversations. Still not acknowledging I know they are married, but I talk of the new captain and as I foresaw she was curious what I had to tell and did not inform me of the relationship. First, I drop we have worked together and have past. Then I drop how he was there for me when I was in despair after my fiancée dying in action. Then I drop how we one night on tour, when we both were missing our loved ones and in desperate need of comfort, passionately found it in each other. It was very steamy and memorable, but I find

it embarrassing and try to stay out of his way I told her. Especially as I know he is married.

Molly was a great listener and she was also very good at containing her feelings. When I told her how we went on all night and no one ever knew, and will she promise not to tell anyone, I saw her clench her fists and grit her teeth, but she did not say anything. Oh, my God how I would have loved to be a fly on the wall when she faced him with it. I wonder if she was furious or just very, very sad.

Next morning, Molly does not come to work but I have a surprise visitor. An unpleasant surprise visitor. I'm alone in the med centre, checking on our supplies.

"Lane, I'd like a word with you."

I turn around at the harsh familiar voice and is met by an equally familiar stern face, with eyes black as charcoal with rage.

"Captain James, how nice to see you he..."

"Don't you fucking dare open your mouth, private", he brawls. I have forgotten how incredibly hot he is when he is angry. In two long strides he is right in my face, towering over me. The situation seems somewhat familiar.

"What do you think you're doing telling my wife lies?"

"Your wife? I haven't met your wife? Who's that?" I say innocently.

"Don't fucking lie to *me*! I know you know Molly's my wife and for some twisted reason you told her that something happened between you and me in Bangladesh, when the only thing that happened was that I asked you to piss off and you went shagging poor Mike instead. Luckily, my wife loves me and knows I love her, so she has the good sense to believe me over some gossiping stranger."

Bugger, I had pictured how she ran home to him, yelled at him, packed her bags and left him but it does not seem like that is about to happen.

"You're rotten Georgie, rotten through and through. Sometimes I think the only good thing about Elvis dying is that he didn't live to see just how evil the woman he had fallen in love with was. Just so you know, you won't get away with this. I will file a report."

He steps even closer and when he talks I can feel small drops of spit on my face.

"Don't you *ever* try to mess with me or Molly again. I promise you it will end badly – for you."

With one last disgusted look at me, he turns and leaves the room.

When the rush of adrenaline subsides, I think of what he said. File a report! I cannot let that happen. What if I was to be dishonourably discharged! My job is everything to me and as long as I'm around and Bones is around there is still a slight chance I can win him back. I have to resort to drastic measures. Soon I have

figured out a brilliant plan which will be the ultimate revenge as well as keeping the Jameses from reporting me.

I do not get how it all could go so terribly wrong. I had such a beautiful plan. There was this family day at the regiment, with loads of visitors, stands with food, drinks, games – you name it. I had managed to arrange a small explosive device, hidden in a discrete backpack and I would leave it close to Captain-Fucking-James and Lance Corporal-Dreary-Dawes and they would be blown into pieces, everyone thinking it was a terrorist attack. They deserved it after all they had done to me, and with her gone, Bones would for sure come running back to me.

Unnoticed, I placed the backpack close to where they were seated in the grass, enjoying a picnic, smugly congratulating themselves to their happy life and I laughed on the inside knowing it would not last long. There would be a few collaterals among the people sitting around them, but who cares *really*?

There was a timer on the bomb and after placing the backpack under a table, I sat down at a safe distance and prepared to watch the spectacle. My pulse raced as time ticked, pure anticipation and joy. Finally, I would be rid of them. When only a minute or so remained, Bones strolled into my field of vision and I fleetingly admired how gorgeous he was but was focused on what was about to happen. Then, to my dismay, he spotted the backpack and noticed it seemed deserted. Curious, he walked over to it and looked inside. Immediately he saw what it was, but instead of

throwing it away and save himself, the fool held on to it and started running away from the crowd screaming to everyone to take cover. I could only stare and chew my lip.

When he found himself in the open field he stopped, and I think he had intended to throw it there and run, but all he had time for was to look up and meet my horrified gaze and then, with a deafening bang he was red-misted.

Fuck, fuckety, fuck!

Everything was chaos after that, everyone running, screaming, but I just sat there staring into empty air, wondering how my devious plan could have back-fired like that. The only man I ever cared about turned into something similar to ketchup. Quite disgusting really. And the Jameses were completely unharmed, clinging on to each other for dear life. Where is the fairness in the world, huh?

I have no idea how they figured out it was me and not some terrorist. It took them a week of forensic work and questioning witnesses but then they came knocking at my door and took me away. Honestly, I was too much in shock over that anyone had figured it out and I was caught, to remember much of the trial. It must have happened, though, because here I find myself imprisoned for life – at least that is what they tell me. I think my attorney wanted me to claim that I'm mad, but I refused to. I'm not mad – I had a brilliant plan!

I'm so freaking pleased I got those tits and eyebrow tattoos, because it means I look good even without bra or makeup. Not that any men ever come by to admire me, but I know I will get out of here. Somehow, I will get out of here and get the life I deserve, I know it. But I miss Boner.

Now they come and tell me I have a visitor. That is a first and I wonder who it is. To my surprise it is mum with little Mike.

"I wanted to bring him once Georgie, so you have the chance to say goodbye to him, but after this I'll not put him through it again. It's not fair to a child."

I have not really thought of him before.

"Who will take care of him?"

"Dad and I, together with your sisters and Mike's family."

I'm so relieved, that everything has been solved.

I will not have to take care of the little bleeder anymore, never again be reminded of the terrible lapse of judgement that was Mansfield Mike.

"Thanks mum. Good bye."

I see her wipe away a tear and feel slightly uncomfortable over her display of emotions, wishing they would just go.

"Good bye Georgie. Remember that we love you, no matter what."

"Yeah, whatever."

"I feel sorry for her."

Molly lay rested on Charles bare chest and he was stroking her hair gently.

"Who?"

"Georgie."

"She tried to make you believe I slept with her and then she tried to blow us up, and you feel sorry for her?!" he asked incredulously.

"She must have gone mad out of grief over Elvis and Mike."

"Somehow, I don't think so. I think she's just evil."

"But you always say no one is wholly bad or good?"

"I've changed my mind. I think there is one exception who is wholly bad. But now, my lovely wife, there are many things I'd rather think of than Georgie when I'm in bed with you."

Laughing they disappeared under the duvet and forgot all about Georgie Lane.