

IT HURTS TO BE A  
*Woman*



JENNIFER REYNOLDS

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# **IT HURTS TO BE A WOMAN!**

**By**

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## Chapter One

The two women sat and glanced at each other. One of them bold and confident looking, an expression of arrogance on her beautiful features and with an air about her that would have led any casual onlooker to realize that this was a woman used to getting her own way. Whereas the other female appeared more vulnerable, for her face was tear-stained from crying and her whole aspect was one of someone who was distraught and upset.

The slightly older and confident looking woman spoke,

'Now pull yourself together Janice. There's absolutely no point to you getting yourself all upset. I've told you before, there's not a bloody man in the world that it's worth crawling for! In fact, all *they're* good for is crawling to *us*!

The younger woman sniffed and wiped her eyes, then nodded in agreement with her friend.

'You're right Shirley', she replied. 'But at this particular moment it's not the whole of mankind I'm thinking about, only my Andy!'

'He's a bastard!' the older woman almost spat. 'He two-times you with that *slut* from his office, and when you find out, suddenly it's *your* fault for not being provocative enough and constantly seducing him every night! The damned sauce of it! Only a *man* could have the gall to try and shift the blame like that. They've got their brains and their consciences between their legs!'

Janice tried to laugh at her friend's description of men. 'He mightn't be the office Romeo if they knew how he's been falsifying his targets all these years', she said. 'I suppose part of the extra commissions and bonuses he's been claiming have been spent on entertaining his girlfriends and renting hotel rooms!'

Her companion sat bolt upright as if in shock.

'*What* did you say? He's been defrauding his employers and you've not used that against him? Are you *mad* my dear? If you want, you've got him by the balls!'

The younger woman nodded. 'Well yes, I know I could drop him right in the shit', she answered. 'But I couldn't do that to him, I really couldn't!'

'Yes you bloody well can!' Shirley told her. 'Let the little wretch suffer a little, like he's made you suffer!'

Janice shook her head. 'No, I still care for him. I don't want to see him end up in court!'

The older woman shook her head in disbelief. She was clearly exasperated by Janice's refusal to take her opportunity for revenge upon her husband, for *she* would never have let *any* man betray her without fighting back like a tigress!

She thought for a moment, then said, 'So take your revenge another way! What *else* is there about him? What other weaknesses does he have? Think! There's always something!'

Janice giggled, then shook her head once more. 'Well, there *is* one other thing & But I couldn't say! I really couldn't!'

Shirley took hold of her companion's hand and squeezed it in reassurance. 'Tell me!' she insisted. 'If you don't let me in on the secret, I can't advise you. Now *tell* me!'

Janice giggled again. 'Well perhaps his latest girlfriend would like to know that now and again he likes to put on one of my flimsy night-dresses and parade around the bedroom before he screws me! He finds it a real turn-on!'

'You are joking?' asked Shirley, the indignant look she had carried on behalf of her friend instantly being exchanged for one of humor. 'What on *earth* does he look like? Jesus, *that* has to be a bizarre sight!'

'It is! It is!' laughed Janice. 'It's all I can do not to wet myself laughing! If only he knew how *ridiculous* he looks! It wouldn't be so bad if he went the whole hog and dressed up properly, but the sight of him needing a shave, his short haircut, and then with a pair of hairy legs sticking out from the bottom of my night-dress! Well, it's just too much for words! His turn-on, is my idea of a *turn-off*.'

The two women collapsed into uncontrollable gales of laughter, and they both had to dab at their eyes to stop the mascara from streaming down their cheeks.

Eventually their chuckling subsided, and Shirley's face took on a more serious look as she mused over an idea that was forming in her imagination. Then she looked at Janice contemplatively, saying,

'You know my dear, it's good to see you cheering up a bit and laughing again'. She paused for a moment, then carried on talking, 'Well now, I think I might see a way you could take your revenge on your husband, and at the same time we could both have a little fun along the way. And if things work out as I expect them too, you'll certainly have a few more good laughs at his expense!'

The younger woman leant forward; her curiosity aroused. 'Really?' she asked. 'This all sounds rather mysterious! What sort of *'revenge'* have you in mind? Nothing too serious, I hope! & I told you, I don't want to see him end up in court or anything like that!'

'No, no!' Shirley enthused, 'Don't worry. We'll just use the *threat* of that to force him to do as we say! That, and the additional lever of telling him that we'll expose him to all and sundry as someone who likes to wear women's frilly negligees!'

By then the older woman was warming to her plan and enthusiastically she outlined to Janice her thoughts, almost falling over her words as fresh images flooded into her imagination. The

two women talked over Shirley's ideas, retaining some for future use, and discarding those that either seemed too difficult to achieve, or those that plainly appeared too ridiculous.

When they finally ran out of words and sat looking at each other, there was a pregnant pause, as if neither woman could bring herself to ask the obvious question of the other.

Strangely, it wasn't the older and more confident Shirley that broke the silence, but instead it was Janice that voiced the thought they both had.

'Well?' she asked, 'It's been fun discussing all that we could do to him, but are we *actually* game for such a thing, or not?'

'He's your husband', came the reply from Shirley, '*You* have to decide, and I'll go along with whatever you say. But before you answer, let me just say this; if he *was* my husband, *I'd* make the bastard crawl!'

Janice nodded slowly, as if deep in thought, and her eyes shut for a moment as if she was contemplating for one last time. Then she took a deep breath, looked directly at Shirley, and answered,

'So let's do it!'