

## Kayla's Lungs, Part 8

Written by

Monday, 30 June 2014 21:26 - Last Updated Monday, 30 June 2014 22:42

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by **Vesperae**

#### **SMOKE SIGNALS MAGAZINE - July - August 2014**

Warning: the following story contains explicit language and descriptions of sexual activity.

#### **January 10, late morning (cont.)**

My second cigarette ever was a real breakthrough for me!

I took about thirteen decent drags, and determined to press on ahead of schedule in my usual over-achieving way, I managed to inhale five of them, and one much deeper into my more virginal than not lungs than I ever have before. And I didn't cough. Well, not until thirty seconds or so after I'd mashed the lipstick-stained tar-laden slim butt out. Shortly thereafter I hacked and hacked and hacked for a good ten to fifteen minutes, hot stinging tarry Virginia Slims mucous filling my mouth over and over again.

But I didn't barf! I was so proud of myself. Sick.

The deepest inhale came on the very last drag I took, and I could feel it penetrating deep into my tiniest bronchioles like velvety strangulation, which thoroughly frightened and thoroughly excited me. I thought of the Virginia Slims model from 1972 with the giant pack between her bare thighs. I thought of her dirty brown rotting lungs. I thought about the FTC Method. I thought about the tar and nicotine collection "filters" inside my chest. And I exhaled slowly and deliberately at the brown rotting lungs in the center of the "Dangers of Smoking" poster above my desk.

I got very turned on. I got off. I took a shower. I went to bed.

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As usual, I had deliciously vivid filthy Virginia Slims intoxicated dreams.

Almost as soon as I closed my eyes, Kayla was standing a few feet away staring down at me with a very hungry look in her eyes. We were in a medical exam room with a small reclining examination table fitted with vaginal exam stirrups. I was seated on a small rolling stool near the corner next to the closed door, and Kayla was standing between me and the end of the table. Instead of the usual all-over harsh fluorescent lighting, there was a single very bright and warmly colored spotlight shining down in a focused beam on the exam table from directly overhead, which strongly highlighted Kayla's silhouette. There were no other lights on in the room. The walls were dark. Behind the exam table was a large empty video display screen that faintly glowed a deep blue-black.

Kayla was wearing one of her favorite pairs of big geek-chic eyeglasses over very smokey eye makeup, with her long dark silky hair done up in a messy knot on the top of her head held in place by two very bright purple chopsticks. Her bangs and temple tresses and breakaway locks flowed in thick silky wild cascades around her delicate features and along her slender neck and over her pale bare shoulders. She was wearing a tight tailored midriff black silk tank and no bra, her nipples pushing clearly through the soft clingy fabric that moved easily with her breasts as she breathed fresh air over the Virginia Slims tar she's accumulated deep inside her chest. She wasn't wearing any panties, so everything from just below her loose pointy breasts, including the bottom of her slender ribcage, her tiny pale tight flat stomach, the gentle curves of her slender hips, all the way down to the enticing line of her supple pale bare thighs was completely naked, except for black sheer silk stockings, a garter belt, and 4" bright purple heels that matched the color of the chopsticks in her hair.

*"I just love that you're so completely Queer, Baby..."* She gave me a big smile wreathed in her full maroon lips, which really brought out the faint patina of yellow-brown Death coating her teeth.  
*"...Queer for the filthy rush of Virginia Slims smoke banging your sick little lungs...and Queer for other filthy sick Virginia Slims lung banger Babes like me."*

Her long nails, done in a traditional French manicure, flashed as Kayla reached down to pull her box of Virginia Slims Gold Pack 120s and black Bic lighter from the top of her silk stocking, and she continued to stare hungrily at me as she extracted an extra long cancer stick and planted it between her smiling lips.

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Kayla climbed up onto the examination table and kept her eyes on me as she leaned back onto the partially reclined surface and loaded each of her bright purple pumps into a stirrup. Still dangling her unlit extra long dose of Death, now with traces of maroon lipstick on the tip, she reached down and placed a stethoscope microphone to the middle of her chest between her breasts under her tight midriff top.

Suddenly the sound of Kayla's breathing and heartbeat filled the room from speakers in the ceiling.

I slowly and carefully rolled the stool closer to her until my face was about two feet away from Kayla's beautiful little pale pussy. My view included the carefully waxed landing strip of her mons, her spread pink lips, bare ass cheeks, wide open slender thighs, and above...her black silk coated breasts gently moving up and down with her corrupted smoker's breathing, and her beautiful hungry face glowing in the light as she continued to dangle her unlit elegant Lady Killer, and to gaze at me intently.

And then she lit up.

Above Kayla's head, text appeared on the video screen the moment she brought the flame of her lighter to the tip of her Virginia Slims 120: "When you smoke a Virginia Slims 120, every drag you take shortens your lifespan by an average of 52 seconds."

And at the same time, a clear audible beep began to sound over the speakers when Kayla inhaled the first load of her Virginia Slims 120's lung cancer potential, and the beeping continued in addition to the stethoscope sounds of her quickening heartbeat and journey of the thick hot cloud of carcinogens rushing into and out of her deeply abused lungs.

And every time Kayla took a drag, and in the exact amount of time that it took for her to load her pretty painted mouth with a long nasty drag of cigarette smoke and cycle it deeply through her respiratory tract, a digital clock appeared on the screen above her head and counted down rapidly from 0:52 to 0:00 through the brightly lit cloud of virulent Virginia Slims smoke drifting above her. And then the screen above her head flashed "Lifespan Successfully Shortened."

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This went on and on as Kayla wrapped her hungry maroon lips around her glowing shrinking coffin nail again and again, the beeping getting louder and stronger each time. And with every drag, I watched and smelled Kayla's glistening pussy, ass cheeks, and thighs get wetter, and wetter, and wetter. I watched Kayla's pink little clit swell and part her upper pussy lips, begging to be kissed and licked.

The thunder of Kayla's raging nicotine laced heartbeat and wheezing smoke filled airways, the mounting alarm, the countdowns, the "Lifespan Successfully Shortened" graphics, and the gathering thick toxic mass of Virginia Slims smoke smothering the tiny room wrapped themselves around my mind like tendrils drawing me ever closer to the edge of the Abyss.

Kayla hollowed her cheeks and inhaled hard and deep and looked like a wild animal in heat repeatedly beating off her sick brown horny lungs. Kayla's pussy had completely soaked the paper covering of the exam table, which was now dripping into a small puddle of hot sweet toxic Virginia Slims girl nectar on the linoleum floor below her.

She took her 23rd and final drag of the Virginia Slims Gold Pack 120 down to the filthy lipstick-stained tar-soaked filter, and snapped it deep down into her Lung Cancer Poster Girl tar-bags and broke out into a huge smile. With a heavily fuming needle-like half inch coal kissing the charred beginning of the filter, Kayla crushed out the intensely used butt in a small glass ashtray centered right on her tiny little belly button, as she slowly exhaled long thick deadly plumes of Virginia Slims smoke right into my face from the depths of her toxic lungs over the course of three cycles of breathing. The thick aroma of Kayla's deep wetness, mixed with the oppressive caustic waste spewing from her pretty painted mouth and adorable little nostrils strangled me with lust.

I ached with every fiber of my body to slide my tongue deep into her hungry wet blossom and taste her. But I couldn't move. I was frozen. I struggled and struggled to move...and then suddenly everything changed.

Kayla was gone. Her smoke was gone. Her nectar was gone.

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I was now the one sitting back on the examination table with my legs up. But I was also still somehow sitting on the rolling stool in the corner watching myself do it. Sitting In The Corner Me was just plain old me. But Exam Table Me, reclining back comfortably with her feet up in the stirrups and her bare little pink naughty bits spread wide under the bright spotlight, was an entirely different version of me. Still me, but almost completely unrecognizable.

Exam Table Me had long wavy shoulder length hair with tasteful highlights and lowlights, gently sculpted brows, dark smokey eyes, and was wearing a thick shiny dark red coating of "Good to be Bad" lipstick. My nose was pierced with a thin gold wire hoop. I was wearing big gold 3" dangle hoop earrings and a tight black silk cameo choker with the initials "VS" in gold on a red floral oval pressed tight to the soft skin over my trachea. I had on a translucent black baby doll top that hung down to just above my navel over a red push up lace bra, and nothing else, except for the same bright purple 4" heels on my bare feet that Kayla had worn. I was neatly waxed and very smooth all over.

I looked so pale and hungry. Like a starved Vampire version of me. I looked fierce. Serious. In need.

I watched Exam Table Me repeat the little ritual that Kayla had done of placing the stethoscope microphone between my breasts beneath my bra and flowing baby doll top, and the acoustic tide of my breathing and heartbeat filled the room.

Exam Table Me gave Sitting In The Corner Me a big smile wreathed in full blood red lips, which really brought out the faint patina of yellow-brown Death coating my teeth. *"You must realize that... THIS...is who you will become if you keep on deliberately inflicting cigarette smoke on your priceless fragile body. Don't you?"*

Exam Table Me laughed tenderly at Sitting In The Corner Me, and then grabbed and opened a gold metallic clutch from a side table, quickly producing a pack of Virginia Slims Gold Pack *Men*

*thol* 120s and a purple Bic lighter. Exam Table Me glanced down at the pack of cigarettes in her hands and then at Sitting In The Corner Me, smiled, and said

*"You're gonna try a lot of different kinds of suicide sticks, Baby. You're gonna become a serious cigarette smoker. You're gonna enjoy the rush of menthol cancer gas filling up your sick little lungs sometimes. Other times, your perverted disease bags will crave the destruction of sweet regular tar. You're gonna smoke every day. You're gonna quickly make your way up*

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*to a pack a day, and then you're just gonna smoke all day every day, but you're also gonna get off on smoking all day every day. You can't imagine how good it feels to deliberately snuff yourself a little with toxic carcinogens hundreds of times a day until you're completely on the downward spiral trip of smoking cigarette after cigarette after cigarette."*

Exam Table Me shivered for a second and smiled when she heard the flip top box pop open under the pressure of her long blood red nails, then quickly and effortlessly extracted and sparked up a ridiculously long and incredibly self-indulgent Mentholated Cardiopulmonary Destruction Device.

As with Kayla, the text on the screen above Exam Table Me stated: "When you smoke a Virginia Slims 120, every drag you take shortens your lifespan by an average of 52 seconds."

The beeping was underway and I felt the warm flood welling up between my thighs. I watched my breasts heave up into the light, my future rotting brown smoker's lungs brimming with Virginia Slims Gold Pack Menthol 120s smoke just beneath them. I watched my nipples go hard as my breasts fell under the weight of my long slow exhale. I watched the digital clock on the video screen above Exam Table Me's head count down from 0:52 to 0:00, and then flash the "Lifespan Successfully Shortened" message.

*"You know that the ONLY way you get to be me is to smoke...don't you Baby?"* Exam Table Me puckered up long and hard on the Virginia Slims Menthol 120 and snapped a massive ball of thick mentholated diseases past my shiny dark blood red lips and deep into my sick rotting lungs. My nicotine and carbon monoxide spiked heartbeat and the onslaught of tar wheezing through my chest boomed through the speakers, with the alarm still growing louder...and louder...and louder...

Another intense drag. Another intense dramatic snap inhale of deliberately inflicted theoretical lifespan shortening. *"The Danger gets me off."* Exam Table Me hissed huskily as I deliberately held a big nasty tar-laden drag Virginia Slims Menthol 120s smoke deep in my lungs. I felt myself flush as Sitting In The Corner Me watched and listened to dirty Exam Table Me casually exhale big fat long plumes of lung cancer and heart disease and emphysema several times after every drag, like some kind of narcissistic toxic waste generator who would love nothing more than corrupt all of the healthy pink lungs the world over with her deliberate filthiness.

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I look Hot. I look Confident. I look Mature. I look Sexy. I look Mysterious. I look Dangerous.

I can become Exam Table Me. I can do This. Exam Table Me could definitely be with Kayla.

I could be with Kayla...smoke Virginia Slims with Kayla whenever and wherever...French kiss Kayla's sweet toxic Virginia Slims mouth...lick and suck Kayla's sweet toxic Virginia Slims breasts and nipples...taste and pleasure Kayla's sweet toxic Virginia Slims pussy.

Exam Table Me could make love to Kayla for hours and hours and hours...and smoke and smoke and smoke...and die and die and die...

Suddenly I felt my very real middle finger sliding into my very real aching pussy, and became aware of the slick warm puddle soaking the sheets and coating my thighs and my ass.

I watched and listened to Exam Table Me continue to suck harder and harder and unleash onslaught after onslaught of Virginia Slims smoke on my delicate wasting respiratory tract, the alarm now shrieking over the hammering of my poisoned heart.

The base of my middle finger tickled my engorged clit as the tip pressed down on my G-spot, and I came and came and came in gasping tearful waves, eventually moaning *"Oh Kayla..."* over and over and over as I returned to consciousness.

I will relish the Risk of becoming another Future Tragic Female Smoking Statistic. I will deliberately become a heavy cigarette smoking woman, specifically because I know that it is the single worst possible thing I can do to my body and still do all the time, every day. I will be pretty and sexy and feminine with a deadly long lipstick-stained cigarette constantly smoldering between my slim fingers and ruining my body. I will be Hot.

I will be there with Kayla in tender moments as she lights up and kills herself. Kayla will be there with me in tender moments as I light up and kill myself. We will encourage each other to

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smoke more and more just by being together. We will deliberately watch each other smoke whenever we can. We will sit naked in candlelight smoking freely and looking longingly into each other's eyes as we stroke each other's hair and caress each other's faces. We will cradle a hand on each other's chest or back when we both take long hungry drags so that we can feel each other's ribcage expanding with deadly cigarette smoke. We will touch each other's breasts and tease each other's nipples as we exhale wave after wave of tidal carcinogens into each other's laughing faces. We will cough together. We will wheeze together. We will finger bang each other deeply as we take turns dragging and inhaling and exhaling Virginia Slims smoke back and forth through each other's poisoned lips and dying lungs until all of the tar hit has been completely absorbed by our combined bronchial tracts. We will kiss each other deeply and tenderly and passionately while we smoke.

We will both take great pleasure in dying, and in each other's dying. We will both take great pleasure in watching our lives go up in smoke with every forbidden cancer stick moment of our Sweet Doomed Affair.

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