Kayla's Lungs, Part 9
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After I'd had some tea and journaled yesterday I decided that, between my sex-soaked bed and the accumulated items in my laundry basket, I'd better make a trip to the basement of my apartment building for some coin-operated "defunkification."

After I'd pulled on some sweats and flip flops, stripped my bed, and gathered everything up, I opened the door to my apartment and stepped into the fresh air of the hallway outside and immediately noticed the overwhelming smell of concentrated Virginia Slims tar wafting off of my skin, hair, and laundry, as well as the sweats that I was wearing.

And then I smelled my pussy juice all over the sheets. The sudden impact of these combined strong aromas startled and horrified me…and after a moment also started to make me horny all over again.

Feeling VERY naked on multiple levels, I hurried down the stairs to the basement as quickly as possible, and managed to get my laundry into the washers and rush back up to my apartment without running into any of my neighbors. I was panting lightly and sweating a bit as I slumped back against the interior of my closed apartment door.

The air inside my apartment was still and stale and reeked of sticky carcinogenic Virginia Slims tar after only two cigarettes.

Which means that the air inside my lungs reeks of sticky carcinogenic Virginia Slims tar after only two cigarettes.

Which means that my body reeks of sticky carcinogenic Virginia Slims tar after only two cigarettes.

"What you're doing is WRONG. You deserve to get CAUGHT. You deserve to be PUNISHED." There was that wordless voice inside my head again cutting the elevator cable in my belly.

"PUNISHED." I deserve to be PUNISHED.

Yes. I do. Because I'm BAD.

The reason why I'm BAD also happens to be my PUNISHMENT.

I get off on PUNISHING myself and being PUNISHED at the same time.

And then for the first time in my life, I thought and uttered aloud the words: *"I need a cigarette."*

The sun was streaming in through the windows in my apartment across my desk where I'd left my pack of Virginia Slims Gold Pack 120's, black Bic lighter, and ashtray. As I walked slowly towards it, I looked up again at the "Dangers of Smoking" poster above my desk, and had this incredible feeling of *commitment* as I continued to breathe and smell the stale, tarry air I'd put there.

My third cigarette ever. And just one week ago, I'd have never in a million years thought that I'd ever be a cigarette smoker.

Until Kayla came back into my life and her newfound love affair with cigarettes started killing

me.

I thought about what future smoking dirty Exam Table Me from my dream said: *"You know that the ONLY way you get to be me is to smoke…don't you Baby?"*

The third cigarette of my life. And in less than 48 hours? It seemed like a milestone somehow. I thought at that moment that once I light that cigarette, I'm making a *commitment* to wanting to be able to fully do this completely Filthy thing. This completely Filthy thing that my Siren does, so that we can be together and be completely Filthy together.

Kayla, you did this to me. You're doing it to me. And I'm deeply and hopelessly in Lust with you for doing it.

Anyone can have a few too many drinks and try to smoke one or two cigarettes. But to light up your third and to want to inhale while both sober and with complete forethought…it felt like a threshold to me. It felt like an Invitation to something Dark.

I stripped off my sweats, sat down at my desk, and studied my reflection in the hand mirror I'd left propped up on it. I laughed at how bare faced and deceptively innocent I looked. It was almost as if I was expecting to see dirty Exam Table Me from my dream staring back at me instead. I watched my naked breasts move up and down slightly as my chest expanded and contracted repeatedly with the act of my normal breathing.

I continued to watch myself in the mirror as I reached down, opened up my first pack of cigarettes, extracted one, and then lifted and placed it between my lips. Even without lipstick or any makeup, the weight and look of the glamour length slim lung disease instrument hanging from my lips made me feel very feminine and sexy, which expressed itself instantly in the way I smiled, sat, and carried myself.

I had to light up. I was overwhelmed by the urge to light up. I watched myself do it as I did it.

I took a long first drag as I set the lighter down, and desperate to inhale it as deeply as I possibly could, trembled slightly, popped my lips open unexpectedly, and did the first tiny snap inhale of my life completely by accident.

And the feeling. Unlike anything else. Virginia Slims smoke burning my eyes, my lips, my tongue, my mouth, my nose, my throat, my trachea, my bronchi, my bronchioles, my alveolar bundles. Virginia Slims smoke deep down in my lungs. The pain. The weakness. The strangling. The poisoning. The paralysis. The rupturing. The tar. The nicotine. The carbon monoxide.

I had this expression on my face and in my eyes as if I'd just met the Devil.

I really started to completely understand it for the first time. The deep Head Trip of cigarettes. The whole Dirty Dangerous Lung Sex of smoking.

I successfully suppressed the urge to cough as I held the Virginia Slims smoke deep inside my lungs, and again felt a deep sense of accomplishment in maintaining my composure. After a few seconds, I slowly relaxed my diaphragm and intercostal muscles and released a substantial stream of carcinogenic gases up and out of my irritated respiratory tract and through my pursed lips. I watched my breasts start to fall as I exhaled directly at my reflection in the mirror until I momentarily disappeared behind a cloud of thick white toxic gases glowing in the sunlight.

I could feel my lungs screaming inside my chest, begging to know why I was doing this to them. I could feel waves of weakness spreading throughout the tissues of my body, like droplets of brown poison dissolving in a fountain. I could feel my bronchioles constricting and my chest getting progressively tighter and tighter. I could feel the poisons rushing through my bloodstream.

With hot fresh tar stinging my mouth, I decided to put my coffin nail down in my ashtray for a second and go to the kitchen to pour myself a fresh cup of tea. After a couple of quick sips, I couldn't wait to take another drag.

I watched the freshly lit smoldering Virginia Slims Gold Pack 120 approach my lips between my fingers. I studied the tar pattern radiating out from the center of the filter from my first drag for a moment, and then took a very focused quick drag with hollowed cheeks, and sucked it deep down into the mysteries within my chest. I watched my nipples get hard and my breasts heave outward and up as I felt the drag attack my lungs. I held my breath, and looked at the filter of my Virginia Slims again, which was now oozing smoke and was decidedly browner with tar following my second drag.

I promised myself that I wouldn't cough, and kept thinking to myself over and over: "Take it skank."

And I took it. I kept it together, didn't cough, and exhaled my cloud of Cancer and Heart Disease and Emphysema like any experienced Future Tragic Female Smoking Statistic. So proud. I PUNISHED myself completely with that drag. My lungs were shrieking now. The entire inside of my chest was on fire, and my heart was pounding furiously in my ears.

I set my extra long Virginia Slims down in the ashtray, and just watched the coal burn and spew toxic concentrated air pollution into the sunlight for a couple of minutes while I sipped my tea and waited for the spinning in my head to settle down.

I picked my Virginia Slims back up and held it up between my index and middle finger and smiled and vamped in the mirror for awhile as I thought again of dirty Exam Table Me.

"Take it skank. Take a long nasty drag of this Virginia Slims smoke and put it deep into the very last place that it belongs – my lungs." I said aloud and very assertively to my reflection.

So the third drag of my third cigarette went deep down into my lungs. And something amazing happened. It started to hurt less for a moment, and I held the terrifying mass of caustic gas deep down in my most sensitive and delicate respiratory tissues where they could do the most possible damage.

Then the relaxing Joy of releasing a big cloud of sticky carcinogens from my toxic depths

started to take on an unimaginable charm.

As the drag hit home shortly after I'd finished exhaling, my brain began to swim with oxygen deprivation and nicotine, and my heart started pounding so furiously that I began to be afraid that I might have a heart attack, so I reflexively put out my Cardiopulmonary Destruction device. And while it was mostly unsmoked, the first part of it was smoked more than I'd ever smoked a cigarette before, and it was my first real glimpse into the complex experience of the Smoker's World…into Kayla's World…into Kayla's Precious Dying Sexy Lungs.

But less than sixty seconds after I'd put it out, the moment was over, and I ended up face down over the toilet hurling again, just like I had when I tried to smoke my first Virginia Slims 120. Once again, I was going too fast. I was pushing too hard. I wanted it too much.

I brushed my teeth, gargled, and washed my face. I threw myself on the couch amidst drifting tendrils of smoke lingering in the sunlight streamed air of my apartment and had an incredible buzz that lasted for about twenty minutes or so. And just about the time it started to wind down, my pulse started to return to normal. I sat up and realized that I would live to kill myself again. So exciting. So incredibly Exciting.

My chest, however, continued to feel like there was something desperately wrong deep inside it for hours after I deliberately and deeply inhaled those three drags. Not overwhelming. Not immediately life-threatening. But something desperately wrong just the same. Because there *was*
something desperately wrong going on deep inside my chest. I'd deliberately filled it with Virginia Slims tar, with an endless smorgasbord of thousands of deadly combustion products, and my respiratory tract will never be completely healthy ever again.

I will never be completely healthy ever again.

Because I knew that I wanted to do it again on purpose even though my body was too weak to smoke again for awhile. In fact I knew that I wanted to do it again and again and again every day for the rest of my life, and couldn't wait to pervert my body into being able to do it whenever I wanted to do it.

"You know that the ONLY way you get to be me is to smoke…don't you Baby?"

I do.

I slipped back into my Virginia Slims reeking sweats and made my way back down to the laundry to put my stuff in the dryer, and ran into one of my neighbors who was also doing laundry – a woman who I recognized from one of my biology lectures last semester, but who I'd never spoken to before. At first, I was paranoid about the way I knew I smelled, since I assumed that she was a bio major, and probably not only didn't smoke, but was also understandably anti-smoking. But I happened to walk past her and catch a whiff of very fresh and very strong cigarette smoke tar on her, which both titillated me and put me at ease, essentially shifting one kind of stress for another of equal intensity.

We both politely said *"Hi"* and somewhat shyly avoided each other as we went about our respective laundry chores.

As I was pulling a handful of quarters out of my sweatpants pocket, I glanced over to see that she had her back mostly to me and was carefully focused on filling a washer with all sorts of different lacy bras and panties. And then I looked down at the laundry sorting table in the middle of the room next to her where she'd set her bottles of soap and fabric softener and purse down, and I saw that her purse was open. Inside was her iPhone, her bag of quarters, a white and black zebra striped Bic lighter, and an elegant greenish-blue flip top box pack of 100mm cigarettes with the words "Benson and Hedges Premium Menthol" printed on it in chic raised letters.

And then I took a moment to really notice her for the first time. Even though she was doing laundry, she was still wearing lipstick and eye makeup, several hoop earrings and a diamond stud in each ear, a very tight and revealing red tank top, cute black tights, and sandals with rhinestones. Her fingernails and toenails were painted deep violet. She was curvy and petite, with an adorable upturned nose, full lips, and long curly blonde hair.

And of course, brown rotting precancerous lungs beneath it all.

When I heard myself speak, it actually surprised me at first. *"Didn't we have Taxonomy together last fall?"*

She turned and looked at me, paused for a second, smiled, and said: *"Oh yeah! I remember you! You used to always sit down front and take lots and lots of notes!"*

I suddenly felt very self-conscious in my grubby sweats and flips flops and managed to offer *"… geekazoid…"*
as I shrugged, blushed, and laughed nervously. I tried to recover by asking
"Are you a bio major?"

"I'm a bio ed major. I want to teach middle school." She smiled.

Her phone rang. She'd finished loading the washer and had started the cycle, so she answered, looked at me, smiled, and mouthed *"sorry"* and gathered her bottles and purse and walked out of the laundry with her phone pinched between her shoulder and her head turned sideways, cascading curls of her long blonde Benson and Hedges Menthol tar stinking hair off to the side as it flowed behind her.

As I dropped the last quarter into the dryer and started it, it occurred to me that she probably didn't even notice the Virginia Slims stench all over me, since, like Kayla, she was probably even more deeply poisoned with cigarette smoke tar throughout her airways than I was, and as a result, was essentially immune to the awareness of just how acutely toxic and off-putting cigarette smoke smells. I had the thought again that it's likely that once you turn your body sufficiently toxic by smoking cigarette after cigarette, eventually introducing more of the same toxins probably feels less and less foreign, and more and more familiar.

As I climbed the stairs from the basement back to my apartment, I could feel the residual weakness in my body from smoking making my limbs feel heavier and less alive. I could feel the tightness in my inflamed and newly damaged lungs aching deeply inside my chest with every step I took. No one could possibly ever go through this process of starting to smoke and NOT know beyond any shadow of a doubt that they are destroying their lungs and bodies a little

more with every drag.

I huffed and I puffed and I shuffled my way back up to my apartment thinking about Miss Biology Education Major Who Wants to Teach Middle School. Given her major, I thought about the fact that there is absolutely no way that she could NOT have an intimate and thorough understanding of why cigarette smoking is incredibly Dangerous and Deadly. To say nothing of the fact that she had to start smoking at some point too, so she's been through what I'm going though right now. So she must Get Off on the fact that she knows that what she's doing is incredibly Dangerous and Deadly…

That's right Baby. It's so deliciously ironic and thrilling to do the one thing that you *know absolutely*
that you should NOT do. So go ahead. Do it.

I thought about her desire to shape young minds. I thought about how her breath and hair and clothes will shape young minds. I thought about how a glimpse into the contents of her purse might shape young minds. I thought about how chance encounters with her while she's indulging in a 100mm menthol cancer stick outside of school might shape young minds.

I pictured her making a trip to Veritas Scientific Supply and picking up a "Dangers of Smoking" poster, and tacking it up in a prominent spot on the wall of her classroom. Don't smoke. It's BAD for you.

Hot Pretty Benson and Hedges Smoking Biology Teacher. Deal with it kids.

I made my final trip to the laundry room to get my stuff and fortunately/unfortunately didn't run into her or anyone else.

After I put my laundry away and made my bed and straightened up my Virginia Slims reeking apartment, I decided that I was ready for some pampering, and to shop for some more fashionable "gift wrapping" for this body that I seem so throughly and suddenly bent on destroying slowly from the inside out.

First stop? Salon. For hair color. And definitely…piercings…

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