

Busted Missy (For Sinistress)

Written by

Tuesday, 31 December 2013 16:47 - Last Updated Tuesday, 31 December 2013 17:03

"Busted Missy" (For Sinistress)

by Vesperae

SMOKE SIGNALS MAGAZINE - January - February 2014

"Kayla's Lungs, Part 7" is underway, but it isn't ready yet. I feel obligated to offer nothing but my best to the fans of the series, and I'm still working through some lingering distractions that are preventing me from giving the story the full attention and erotic energy that I feel it deserves. I promise that your patience will be rewarded, and am again very grateful for your continued well-wishes and support.

To jump on the conceptual numeric bandwagon of the changing of the calendar, 2013 was a *very* difficult year for me. I had to deal with a range of health and loss issues among family members and close personal friends, developed some serious health issues of my own that I'm still recovering from (not smoking related), lost a job, got tangled up in two different legal proceedings related to the loss of that job, had to move twice, including a move cross country (I hate moving more than just about anything else, by the way), and started a very intense new job in an industry in which I previously had no experience, requiring extensive training. The dust is still very much settling, although I'm in a much better place psychologically and physically than I was a year ago at this time, and am very much looking forward to better days ahead.

To you all – my Sincerest and Most Heartfelt Wishes for a Healthy, Happy, and Prosperous 2014! :)

Many regular readers of this column are likely already familiar with my friend Sinistress, a.k.a. Sinocalypse, who contributed some very popular clips to the member area of Smoke Signals Online last summer. She also has a very active web presence via [her YouTube channel](#) , [her Clips4Sale store](#) , and [her personal subscriber site](#) .

If you're not familiar with her work, Sin specializes in SF content that explores a range of DS

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topics – from sissy training and other BDSM themes, to masturbation and viewer masturbation instruction and denial, to religious taboo themes, to the health implications of smoking, often combining multiple themes at the same time in many of her clips, although she most frequently focuses on the health implications of smoking as a turn on. On top of being a very visually attractive SF model, she's very intelligent, thoroughly understands the DS SF, and is a wonderful spoken word performer who really knows how to have fun with whatever theme or themes she's exploring in a given video. Sin is very talented at connecting with the viewer/listener, and she has a diverse and loyal following as a result. As I've said before and will undoubtedly say again, really good SF audio can be every bit as compelling and erotic to me as really good SF video, and Sin's health implication DS SF content contains some of the best examples of this that I've ever found.

Given our shared health implication DS SF interests, we struck up an infrequent but fun email exchange a number of years ago, and Sin was kind enough to allow me to remix several of her early YouTube videos into two clips, which I have posted to my YouTube channel: ["Seduction Is Killing You"](#)

, and

["The Desire to Put Smoke Into Your Lungs"](#)

.

Sin wrote me last summer and asked if she could use some of my writing in her videos, and I of course told her that I'd be delighted for her to use anything that she wanted. She's done several clips since then that share a great deal in common with the themes and topics that I write about in this column, including two direct adaptations: "Smokey Sadist," adapted from the first piece in [my November–December 2013 column](#), and her especially delightful "I Am A Smoker," adapted from [my May–June 2013 column/clip](#), both of which can be easily searched and purchased at [Sin's Clips4Sale store](#)

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She also did a clip last summer called "Doctor Sin," also available at [her C4S store](#), that I highly recommend to anyone with a health implication DS SF. It inspired me to write the following script for her, which I eagerly await her interpretation of.

The Scene: The viewer is a young woman who has just recently started smoking. She/the viewer smokes Virginia Slims 120s because she thinks that they make her look glamorous and sexy. Sin is an authority figure in her life (perhaps a doctor, nurse, principal, teacher, school counselor, mother, older sister, aunt, etc.) who is confronting/taunting/lecturing her sarcastically

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about her smoking.

At least in a DS SF sort of way.

* * * * *

Well, Well, Well!

"You've come a long way, Baby!"

Isn't that just *Special*.

There's no use in denying it, Missy.

You're *Busted*.

I saw you lighting up a nasty extra long girly cigarette with your nasty little smoking girlfriends yesterday.

I watched you suck a long drag and then inhale all that nasty cancer gas deep into your precious little lungs.

You've obviously been smoking for awhile now.

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You really know how to put on quite a little show with a lipstick stained coffin nail, don't you?

Geez...

I'll bet you spent hours practicing in front of the mirror...

Posing and tarding it up with your glamor length girly cancer sticks.

You beat your fragile perfect body into submission, didn't you?

Taught it how to be Poisoned regularly.

What an *Accomplishment!*

You showed your lungs who's the Boss of them!

You're a "real" cigarette smoker now, Baby!

Just another Future Tragic Statistic...

Another American Cancer Society Poster Girl...

Brown and rotting on the inside.

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The stuff of Spooky Public Service Announcements.

Congratulations.

I bet you're pretty impressed with yourself.

Look what you can do!

You can fill your precious little lungs with concentrated air pollution!

Oooh...so *Naughty*...

So *BAD*.

Proud of yourself?

Of course you are.

It's *your* perfect body, Baby.

You can ruin it if you want to...

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If it feeds your Twisted Little Ego.

They're *your* precious little lungs, Baby.

You can destroy them if you want to...

If it Gets You Off.

It's *your* one and only life, Baby.

You can cut it short if you want to...

If it gives you a Dirty Little Thrill.

Every time you light up a cigarette, an alarm goes off in your pretty little head.

You Love it...

The *Risks* of smoking excite you.

And the alarm going off in your pretty little head gets louder and stronger with every filthy drag you take.

Oh Yes...

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The *Danger* of smoking turns you on.

Each drag is deadlier than the last, with heavier concentrations of Tar...

And Nicotine...

And Carbon Monoxide.

You know that.

You can *Taste* it.

You can *Feel* it.

Deep down inside your aching chest beneath your pretty poisoned breasts...

Where the weakness grows and grows.

Your precious lungs are designed to deliver life-sustaining oxygen to your fragile perfect body.

Your precious lungs aren't designed to absorb all of the filthy toxic gunk that you've started forcing into them.

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You know that.

You got an "A" in Health Class.

But that's the whole point, isn't it?

You *Know* what you're doing to yourself...

Dirty drag after dirty drag...

You paralyze and destroy more and more of the protective cilia throughout your trachea and bronchial tree.

Girly cigarette after girly cigarette...

You cause your inflamed bronchial tract to produce more and more mucous to try to compensate for all of the cilia you've crippled and destroyed.

Pretty pack after pretty pack...

You repeatedly irritate your airways and cause them to constrict more and more, making your lung capacity smaller and smaller.

Dirty drag after dirty drag...

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You prevent your lungs from being able to remove inhaled bacteria more and more ...increasing infections...which steadily grow into chronic bronchitis.

Girly cigarette after girly cigarette...

You force your poisoned filthy lungs to spasm and cough more and more in a pathetic attempt to remove all of toxic waste you repeatedly assault them with.

Pretty pack after pretty pack...

You rupture more and more of your delicate alveoli...you lose more and more of your lungs...you lose more and more of your life.

Dirty drag after dirty drag...

You get closer...and closer...and closer...to Emphysema.

Girly cigarette after girly cigarette...

You coat your entire respiratory tract from your pouty painted lips to your rotting alveoli with more and more carcinogens.

Pretty pack after pretty pack...

You get closer...and closer...and closer...to Lung Cancer.

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Killing yourself slowly is so Romantic...

So Sophisticated...

So Exciting...

So Glamorous...

So Sexy...

Oh *Yes!*

Just another Future Tragic Statistic...

Another American Cancer Society Poster Girl...

Brown and rotting on the inside.

The stuff of Spooky Public Service Announcements.

An endless procession of pretty packs of Emphysema in her fashionable purses...

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An endless stream of stinking girly Cancer Sticks smoldering between her slim fingers...

An endless tide of Death rushing into the darkness beneath her pretty poisoned breasts.

In Love with the feeling of her precious perfect body wasting...

In Love with the feeling of her precious perfect lungs dying...

In Love with the feeling of her precious perfect life going up in smoke.

There's no turning back now.

That's it...

Just keep Killing yourself, Baby.

[Email Vesperae](#)

Vesperae's discussion and DS multimedia forum:

[The Sublime Desire of Cigarette Smoking](#)