

Kayla's Lungs, Part 6

Written by

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by **Vesperae**

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Epidemiologists refer to an organism that transmits an infectious disease to another organism as a "Vector." I've thought a lot about this idea over the last few days.

Cigarette smoke is a colloidal suspension of hot carcinogenic tar particles and toxic gasses, and inhaling it amounts to deliberate, premeditated poisoning and self-mutilation. Epidemiologically speaking, cigarette smoking is not an infectious disease.

And yet I feel infected. Infected by Kayla. Infected by the Darkness in Kayla's mind. Infected by the Darkness beneath Kayla's soft round beautiful breasts and the nipples that I now long to lick and suck. Infected by Kayla's hyper-narcissistic and hyper-feminine selection of Death Sticks. Infected by the Desire to know and share in the experience of what Kayla's lungs feel like as she destroys them one drag at a time.

Infected by the sudden breathtaking involution of Fear into Lust.

Kayla – Virginia Slims Poster Girl. Kayla – Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema Vector.

Poisoned, reeling, and utterly overwhelmed and exhausted, I crawled into my bed and dropped into a sleep made restless and vivid by the nicotine and carbon monoxide coursing through the blood in my brain. The perfect state of intoxication for dreaming soaking wet dreams of Kayla...

Kayla's Lungs, Part 6

Written by

Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:15 - Last Updated Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:56

A warm summer evening. I was standing about ten feet away from Kayla on the street. We were downtown, in the city, and no matter where I walked or stood, it seemed that I never got closer to her than ten feet, and Kayla didn't acknowledge me in any way, behaving as if we were complete strangers riding an elevator together.

Kayla was dressed to the nines for a hot night out – bare silky legs and arms, long silky dark hair up in a messy bun, pink stilettos, short black leather skirt, and a pink and black polka dot silk midriff tank over a pink bra. She wore an elegant long strand of pearls and pearl pendant earrings, and through the shiny translucent pink plastic of her novelty clutch, several boxes of Virginia Slims Gold Pack 120s and two black Bic lighters were visible amidst her compact, lipstick, keys, perfume, and wallet.

I had a perfect view of Kayla in profile as she extracted and dangled one of her hyper-narcissistic and hyper-feminine Death Sticks between her dark violet lips and lit it up. Kayla French inhaled her long, wanton drag, then turned, and started to walk away from me. Her pink stilettos clicked on the concrete as she began to heel her way down the sidewalk. I followed her as she trailed the smoke from the Virginia Slims 120 smoldering in her slim fingers next to her chic leather skirt. I followed her as Kayla exhaled her sweet filth into the air in front of her and it flowed around and over her head and slender neck and shoulders and drifted back to me. I followed her as she took drag after drag, as she repeatedly flicked the ashes off her lipstick stained butt, as her chest expanded with Death Stick gas against the gauzy silk of her tight form fitting top over and over again.

Kayla stopped periodically to check out the clothing in the window displays at the various upscale boutiques lining the street, and whenever she did, she'd give me another perfect profile view of her favorite ultimate self-indulgence., She'd take another of her typical extra long drags, either snap or French inhale it, and let out a massive plume of air pollution even more concentrated and dangerous than what the cars and busses and trucks in the street behind her were spewing.

As I followed her, a gentle breeze always seemed to push Kayla's Virginia Slims smoke, mixed with her perfume and Hot Chick pheromones, right into my face.

Just as she had completely burned down and inhaled all the havoc that her 120 mm Death Stick had to offer her, Kayla arrived at her destination, The Public Science Museum. As she heaved out her breasts and deeply inhaled the last and most toxic drag from her Virginia Slims,

Kayla's Lungs, Part 6

Written by

Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:15 - Last Updated Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:56

Kayla dropped the tar soaked lipstick stained spent butt on one of the broad steps in front of the museum, and crushed it out under the toe of her pink stiletto. Crushing it out left a burn on the beige leather of the sole that was visible as she climbed her way toward the Doric Greek colonnade that sheltered the main entrance.

I looked up to see a large banner announcing the current exhibition hanging between the two central columns; it read: *"The American Lung Association Presents: You've Come a Long Way, Baby / The Lungs of Virginia Slims Smokers"* .

I climbed the steps and crossed through the colonnade behind her, and followed Kayla into the museum, through the foyer and past the ticket windows, and up a large marble spiral staircase, which was lined with high-resolution enlargements of Virginia Slims print advertising from the late 60s on, suspended on wires from the ceiling above.

As Kayla arrived at the entrance to the main gallery in the central atrium on the second floor, the clicking of her heels on the marble stopped suddenly and rapidly echoed into silence. I turned from the print ad I was glancing at to see why she'd stopped, and looked up to see Kayla standing face to face with a life size lucite statue of a beautiful young woman, naked and completely transparent except for what appeared to be real human lungs suspended inside her chest cavity. Kayla and the statue were almost the same height and build, and I couldn't help but think that their lungs were probably very similar in shape and size.

First, Kayla read the plaque suspended next to the statue, and then she took a long moment staring at the statue's face, and then her eyes slowly moved down to her chest. After a few seconds, Kayla's breathing became more rapid and deep as her eyes probed the scene in front of her. She bent forward and looked closely into the chest of the statue, and it took several long minutes before her breathing started to return to normal as her eyes continued to devour the lungs inside it. Eventually, she stood back up, smiled, turned, picked up a program from the fanned pile on the lucite table just outside the vestibule of the gallery entrance, and began to leaf through it as she clicked her pink stilettos into the darkened chamber beyond.

I walked right over to the program table and quickly took one, forcing myself to read the introduction before I allowed myself to take in the statue on the landing that Kayla had obviously just been so moved by:

Kayla's Lungs, Part 6

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Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:15 - Last Updated Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:56

The American Lung Association Presents: You've Come a Long Way, Baby / The Lungs of Virginia Slims Smokers"

Here we seek to perfect the union of external image and hidden reality in the anatomical legacy of one particular group of women. This special group of women selected Virginia Slims cigarettes with which to destroy their lungs. All succeeded to varying degrees.

Some died in traffic accidents, or of other causes not related to smoking. Some died of causes directly related to smoking. Some died of lung cancer. Some died of emphysema.

All, however, have lungs with a clear story to tell – the story of a Virginia Slims cigarette smoker.

Each Virginia Slims smoker's lungs and trachea were lovingly removed as quickly as possible post mortem, and were carefully preserved to retain as much of their actual in vivo appearance as possible. And we've also developed proprietary advanced 3D imaging software to create the lucite tribute to the woman's body to whom the lungs and trachea belonged. We carefully position her actual tissues accurately within her tribute form, and we're committed to posing and styling each form to project maximum sex-appeal, sophistication, and femininity, right down to the precisely replicated pack in one hand, and precisely replicated cigarette in the other of her favorite style and length of Virginia Slims cigarettes.

We've taken special care to select a broad exposure range of Virginia Slims smoker's lungs for this exhibition, affording the viewer the opportunity to witness and compare what the process of smoking Virginia Slims cigarettes does to the lungs of the woman who smokes them over the course of her life.

We hope that you allow these women and their lungs to affect you, and that you remember and enjoy the time you spend with them today for the rest of your life.

I began to get wet as I finally allowed myself to look at the model statue, her lungs, and the plaque next to her, which read:

Kayla's Lungs, Part 6

Written by

Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:15 - Last Updated Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:56

"Point of Reference Model / Zero Pack-Years of Cigarette Smoke Exposure"

There was a short biography that stated that the woman whose lungs were displayed for all the world to see had been killed in a skiing accident at the age of 23, and had never smoked a cigarette in her life.

The woman was beautiful, posed naked and simply with her hands on her hips, weight shifted onto one knee, head cocked slightly and playfully to the side, with a warm smile on her face. Her lungs and trachea were pink and perfect. Like Eve herself before The Fall, I couldn't help but think.

I suddenly realized that no one else seemed to be in the museum, and it made me feel very self-conscious and guilty...like I was in a stranger's house uninvited, and I might be discovered at any time.

I crept into the vestibule of the darkened gallery and stopped in the shadows, suddenly very afraid to go in.

I heard Kayla's heels clicking softly as she made her way through the darkness to the outer rim of one of the numerous pools of light inside near the entrance. The massive gallery was filled with them, each one illuminating an individual lucite statue that glowed softly. Each statue stood on a short pedestal with internal lights shining upwards on it from below, and with a tight spotlight shining down on it from above. And each statue had a big comfortable bench positioned in front of it so that the viewer could spend as much time looking at the model and her lungs as she or he wanted to.

I was frozen. I so desperately wanted to go in, but I simply couldn't move.

And the longer I stood there with the realization of what I was seeing sinking deeper and deeper into my mind, the more paralyzed and aroused I became. Even from a distance it was

Kayla's Lungs, Part 6

Written by

Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:15 - Last Updated Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:56

apparent that there was definitely a progressive transition from the entrance to the back of the gallery. Pairs of female lungs and tracheas ranged from yellow to brown to black, and from recognizable to twisted to deformed within the torsos of each of the statues. And each one of them proudly held a pack of Virginia Slims and a lighter in one hand, and a Virginia Slims either between the index and middle fingers of the other hand...or firmly between her lips mid-drag or lighting up. All were posed in an appealing way – ranging from elegant to playful, and many of them reminiscent of the model poses in the Virginia Slims print ads lining the stairwell. Although all of them were naked, as if each was a contemporary transparent Greek Goddess.

I closed my eyes, on the verge of fainting, and I heard and felt my heart pounding in my chest and ears as I dripped down my thighs.

When I opened them again, I was sitting on the warm stone of the steps in front of the museum. The sun had just gone down. Disoriented, I looked down and saw Kayla's tar clogged lipstick stained butt between my feet. In the spot where she'd crushed it out with her pink stiletto, she dragged her toe a bit and made a black streak on the step radiating out from the butt. Kayla left a little smear and wad of carcinogenic gunk for the world to enjoy after she was done enjoying smearing carcinogenic gunk throughout her sick little lungs.

I heard clicking approaching behind me. *"There you are!"* Kayla threw her arms around me, and I felt her press her breasts against my back as I smiled, reached up to take her silky bare forearms in my hands, and kept looking down at her obscenely filthy looking Virginia Slims 120s butt.

Suddenly, the dream shifted completely, and Kayla hovered naked over me on my bed.

She straddled my stomach upright on her knees with her crotch spread against my belly button. Kayla tossed her long dark hair off of the pale, oxygen starved skin of her delicate shoulder, produced her box of Virginia Slims Gold Pack 120s and black Bic lighter, and began to rock back and forth slightly on my stomach, as I felt her smooth long warm legs holding me down firmly.

"So...what ARE you?! Some kind of lezzie perv who likes to eye-hump a girl while she's just trying to enjoy a cigarette on the street?!"

Kayla's Lungs, Part 6

Written by

Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:15 - Last Updated Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:56

"Yes. *I am.*" I broke out into a huge smile.

Kayla smiled, winked at me, lit up, took a long cheek-hollowing drag, and heaved out her luscious firm juicy breasts as she took the hot poison cloud deep into her chest. I felt Kayla get instantly wet, and she rocked back and forth against my body a little more. With thick jets of smoke flowing from her adorable little nose between each drag, Kayla quickly took two more cheek-hollowing drags in a row, packing her prematurely decaying lungs with an extra nasty dose of more than 4000 chemicals. When her bursting alveoli couldn't hold any more toxins, Kayla quickly leaned forward, pinched my nose closed with her free hand, forced my mouth open with her tar slathered tongue, locked her lips on mine, and forcefully exhaled the dense cloud of Virginia Slims smoke that wasn't absorbed by her filthy respiratory tract right into my lungs.

Kayla was performing the opposite of CPR on me. Kayla was performing CPD on me. Cardiopulmonary Destruction.

Kayla started to gush on my abdomen, making it slick and fragrant, and smothering me with her Hot Chick pheromones.

I began to gush as I felt my lungs strain and ache with Kayla's penetrating chemical assault on my body.

Kayla let go of my nose, and we kissed hungrily with our toxic tongues exploring each other's filthy mouths as jets of Virginia Slims smoke tickled my sinuses and escaped slowly through my nose.

Kayla leaned back, disturbing the heavy colloidal suspension of hot carcinogenic tar particles and toxic gasses that bathed our naked fragile bodies. She held up her rapidly smoldering glamour-length Death Stick next to her smiling face, and giggled playfully. *"Since you didn't have the berries to actually follow me into the exhibition..."*

Kayla's Lungs, Part 6

Written by

Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:15 - Last Updated Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:56

And with that, she placed her slender fingers gently between my breasts. I felt a shock pass through my body, and I looked down at my chest to see that it had become transparent. My lungs were still pink and smooth and like fine translucent foam trapped in a plastic bag. Just like "Eve" at the museum.

Kayla's eyes went wide with playful mock surprise as she stared at my chest. *"Oh MY! Would you just LOOK at these pretty pretty clean pink lungs! Do you wanna see what I've got going on in here? Do you wanna see MY lungs? DO YA?! Are you SURE?!!!"*

I smiled and enthusiastically nodded "Yes."

Kayla took my hand and placed it between her breasts, and just as I felt her rapid, poisoned heartbeat with the tip of my middle finger, Kayla's chest became transparent as well.

And there they were, flanking her poor little nicotine and carbon monoxide strained heart. The secret hidden places beautiful Kayla gets off on repeatedly and relentlessly abusing.

Kayla's lungs looked considerably different than mine. Kayla's lungs were grayer, and slightly less smooth and foamy, and more granular in appearance. A faint patina of yellow-brown tar reached from her trachea to deep into her airways, all the way to the outer alveolar bundles in Kayla's respiratory tract.

All that, after only three and a half pack-months of Virginia Slims exposure! Puff after puff. Cigarette after cigarette. Pack after pack. Day after day. Every drag she takes makes her lungs and body sicker, and sicker, and sicker.

Kayla beamed at me lovingly as I studied her lungs and compared them to mine. Her first three hungry, indulgent drags had reduced the first inch of her Virginia Slims 120 to ash, so she tapped it off before taking another ravenous drag.

Kayla's Lungs, Part 6

Written by

Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:15 - Last Updated Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:56

I watched Kayla's lungs and chest shrink as she exhaled through her nose, only to expand rapidly as she parted her lips and flooded them with the massive drag she'd just taken. I watched the nearly opaque mass of Virginia Slims smoke rush down her trachea, and then occupy and define the countless branches of her bronchial tree. Kayla held her breath and let the smoke nestle deep inside her body, and I watched the slight vacuum in her outer alveolar bundles draw the toxic mist into them, clearly defining the five lobes of her petite diseased girly-girl lungs.

Kayla threw her head back and contracted her chest, and I watched the hot cloud of carcinogens coalesce and rush back up through Kayla's respiratory tract and out her painted toxic lips like a depraved living smokestack.

With her hot juices now dripping down her thighs and all over the front and sides of my abdomen, Kayla looked down at me, smiled, and began caressing my transparent breasts. And as she did, I noticed that there was still a lot of residual Virginia Slims smoke moving back and forth throughout her bronchial tree with her normal tidal breathing, long after she'd exhaled. I watched it dissipate slowly as the excess mucous in Kayla's lungs absorbed it.

Kayla brought the smoke-oozing lipstick and tar stained filter of her Virginia Slims 120 to my lips and cooed: *"C'mon...take a drag Baby...we both know that you want to make your pretty pretty clean pink lungs SICK and DIRTY like mine..."*

I replicated the massive drag and snap inhale that Kayla had just performed without any difficulty. With the tar from my first cigarette still fresh and foul on my palate despite brushing my teeth and gargling before I went to bed, my mouth watered and I tasted the drag I took in the dream. And I felt it burning its way deeper and deeper through my trachea and bronchial tree as I looked down and saw my lungs becoming opaque with carcinogens just as Kayla's had. Kayla smiled and watched my lungs fill with Death as she teased my rock hard nipple with her index finger. I felt the weakness spread outward throughout my body in waves from the tightness in my chest, and I gushed again as I smiled and exhaled an impossibly huge cloud of Virginia Slims smoke slowly into Kayla's face.

"Ooooooooooh...that's so BAAAAAAD for you Baby..." Kayla laughed and laughed and laughed...

Kayla's Lungs, Part 6

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Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:15 - Last Updated Thursday, 28 February 2013 14:56

I came hard and repeatedly, and as the tremors echoing throughout my body pushed me back to consciousness, I heard myself moaning and gasping for breath alone in the Dark.

I coughed, and tasted a few milligrams of burnt wet Virginia Slims sludge suspended in the respiratory mucous on my tongue, and I smiled.

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