

Current Every Day Smoker

Written by

Saturday, 01 November 2014 00:21 - Last Updated Saturday, 01 November 2014 00:31

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by **Vesperae**

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I have this image in my head of one of those large, sprawling, cheaply-made single-story beige/grey suburban office parks. Like the one in ["Office Space."](#)

You'd have absolutely no idea what happens inside based on the standard light box signage at the entrance to the parking lot from the county highway that the mass of pseudo-utopian architectural diarrhea is puddled next to. It'd read something like: "_ (some action word or made up tech-y sounding name)_ Information Solutions." But on closer inspection, you might get a clue from the large number of air conditioning units on the roof. They're there because on the inside are a mass of giant data storage servers all networked together.

This is where *They* keep *The List*.

Ever filled out an intake questionnaire about your smoking history for a doctor's appointment? You're on *The List*.

Ever applied for insurance and either told the truth or lied about your smoking history? You're on *The List*.

Ever signed up to receive promotional offers from cigarette companies? You're on *The List*.

Ever paid for cigarettes using a bank card? You're on *The List*.

The Smoking List.

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So many people want to know about your smoking. Public Health groups and Departments of Revenue at all levels of government. Insurance companies. Cigarette manufacturers and advertisers. eCigarette manufacturers and advertisers. Nicotine pharmaceutical manufacturers and advertisers. They're all so interested in *You, Baby*.

And life in the era of the fluffy white innocent happy Cloud makes it even more possible to find out lots and lots and lots of interesting things about you, or about anyone.

Since information about your smoking is so precious to so many different diverse groups, I have to believe that there is a central repository of data containing each and every one of our individual smoking histories archived in some Prozac inspired suburban office park out there somewhere. And for the right price, or with just the right little hack, all of this rich delicious information can be delivered to your end of a web connection to do with whatever feeds your particular fascination(s).

* * * * *

She stared out the window intently at nothing as she sat motionless at her desk. She pictured her lungs mostly pink and perfect for a woman her age. But of course they'd be even more pink and perfect if it weren't for all of the fucking smokers out there. They'd poisoned her. They'd taken from her. She'd have her revenge!

The thought of all that brown, sticky shit in her lungs absolutely terrified her. It gave her cold sweat nightmares. It frequently occupied her thoughts during her waking hours as well. Her body was precious. Her lungs were precious. Her purity was precious.

As the Dean of a women's university, she felt that it was incumbent upon her to personally confront the epidemic of smoking, and so she hired an investigation firm to supply her with the names of every cigarette smoker presently enrolled at *Her* university. The firm immediately correlated the student body roster with

The Smoking List,

and the Dean had the results open on the computer monitor in front of her. She'd decided to

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call a one-on-one meeting in her office with each young woman on the list, and the next meeting was scheduled to begin shortly.

Since she had a long list of interventions to do, she determined that she could really only afford to spend 15 minutes with each one, so she decided to go with a hard-hitting approach. She kept two lucite slabs on display stands propped up near the front edge of her desk where a visitor would be immediately confronted by them. Both were thin cross-sections of an actual smoker's lung, one showing advanced emphysema, and the other showing lung cancer. She also kept a rack of anti-smoking brochures targeted at women on her desk, and required every smoking intervention recipient to take one copy of each and promise to read it.

Her intervention style was very confrontational, and she was not at all averse to throwing words like "dumb" and "stupid" around. She wanted to frighten these slutty little dirtbag bitches. She wanted to shame them. She wanted to hurt them. *"The ends justify the means"* she told herself over and over.

The intercom on her desk beeped faintly.

"Yes?"

"Amanda Erin is here to see you."

"Send her in please."

The door opened and closed and 19 year old Amanda Erin quietly crossed the room and took a seat in front of the smoker's lungs cross-sections. The Dean sat between them from Amanda's point of view, and was looking intently at her.

"Miss Erin I assume you know why I've called this meeting?"

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"Yes Ma'am. It's because you found out that I'm a cigarette smoker."

"Do you never give any thought at all to your lungs or to the lungs of those around you? Is there something wrong with you? You were smart enough to get into this place, and you're still smoking?! And I see here that you started smoking when you were 14?! You've been regularly, deliberately filling your lungs with tar and nicotine and carbon monoxide for five years now?! God...I can smell it on you! You reek of carcinogens! Disgusting!"

"I know that it's bad for me and that I shouldn't smoke, but..."

"But what?! What else do you need to know?! What?!"

Amanda looked down at the floor.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you young lady!"

Amanda looked up hopelessly. *"But smoking...feels...good..."*

"Oh. I see. If it feels good...hey...just do it Baby! Miss Erin, I'm going to need for you to take a good long look at each one of these lung specimens on my desk..."

* * * * *

I was downtown on my day off relaxing and shopping, and I decided to take a seat on a bench in the middle of a busy outdoor public mall. I put my thumbprint on my phone and logged in to "Locate a Smoker." For \$9.95 a month, this social app correlates the GPS data of the phones

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of anyone on *The Smoking List*, and allows a subscriber to filter search results with incredible specificity.

I selected "Current Every Day Smoker" and "Female" and "18-50" and "Virginia Slims" and "Within 0.5 Miles" and tapped "Enter."

3 Results:

1) 42 year old Virginia Slims Menthol Gold Pack 100's smoker, inside an office building, and therefore, probably not smoking currently.

2) 33 year old Virginia Slims Gold Pack 120's smoker, inside a shopping center, and therefore, also probably not smoking currently.

3) 28 year old Virginia Slims 100's smoker, on the street one block over.

I got up and took a brisk walk around the block between where I was and the location of Woman #3. When I turned the second corner, I saw her immediately. She was standing and talking on her phone in the middle of the sidewalk, and she was just pulling her box of Virginia Slims and purple Bic lighter from her purse. She laughed at something the person she was talking with said and lit up.

My phone chirped when it detected my proximity to her, and a little dossier popped up on my screen:

Name: Mariella Winters

Age: 28

Status: Current Every Day Smoker

Current Consumption: One Pack Per Day

Preferred Brand: Virginia Slims 100s (Highest Tar, Nicotine, and Carbon Monoxide Content of

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Brand Range)

In Brand Manufacturer's Database? Yes / Scan of ID Attached

Age of Smoking Initiation: 13

Age of Daily Smoking Initiation: 14

Estimated Current Level of Lung Damage: 13 Pack-Years

I watched her smile and plant the filter of her freshly lit Virginia Slims in the center of her full luscious lips and nurse it hard. I watched her suck Death from the filthy smoldering nipple, part her lips, and heave the load of cancer gas deep down beneath her rising breasts. I watched her hold the drag inside her chest where it could really soak into her brown rotting lungs. I watched her let what was left of the super concentrated wad of air pollution that she'd inhaled out of her chest through her slender throat and still smiling puckered lips. I watched the toxic waste hang in the air in front of her like a menacing specter.

I watched Mariella repeat the deliberate, premeditated abuse of her body two more times before she finished her phone call. When she did, I reached into my own purse to pull out my box of Virginia Slims Gold Pack 120's. I deliberately left my lighter in there as I pulled one out, smiled, and slowly approached her.

"I'm so sorry to trouble you – would it be possible to get a light from you?"

* * * * *

Meghan Connolly, Senior Vice President of Brand Marketing, had just finished reviewing the Benson and Hedges numbers for the Northeast, courtesy of *The Smoking List*, when she decided that it was time for her to light up one of her own. Since she had the luxury of being able to work from her home office, she could smoke whenever she had the urge to light up without having to leave her desk. She sat back in her padded office chair and reflexively ran her left hand over her swollen belly as she lit up. She felt a sharp kick in her stomach when she inhaled, and then her unborn daughter settled back down to absorb the nicotine and carbon monoxide that her mother was about to feed her developing brain and body once again.

"Shhh...Mommy's getting you the hit as quick as she can Sweetie!"

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Meghan was seven months pregnant with her first child and was still deeply inhaling the smoke from a pack of Benson and Hedges Premium 100's every day, just like she has been since she was 15.

Meghan loves her job almost as much as she loves her cigarettes, because she gets to tempt people to start smoking all day, every day.

Meghan knows all about how being exposed to *in utero* maternal smoking makes it easier to start smoking later. Meghan's mom smoked while she carried her, and Meghan was able to start smoking fairly easily, because her brain already craved nicotine. Meghan thought of her daughter growing up to be a smoker like both her grandmother and mother were, and about how sexy she'd be with a burning cigarette between her fingers and her lips, and how she'd quickly learn to use a cigarette to seduce whoever she wanted to. Oh...and to experience the process of starting to smoke all over again! Meghan suddenly envied her unborn daughter and caressed her distended belly lovingly. She smiled and took an extra long toxic drag, inhaled it deep down into her alveoli, and got off on the rush of poisoning them both.

Meghan thought back to the first time that Stephen saw her in college. She was standing in the corner of the living room at a house party wearing four inch black heels, black stockings, and a little black dress as she lit up a Benson and Hedges. As she looked up and snapped a big ball of smoke deep into the darkness beneath her exposed, underwired cleavage, she spotted him watching her, and he was obviously into both her and her smoking. He walked up to her immediately and introduced himself. She kept smoking. They hit it off. She kept smoking. They talked. She kept smoking. They danced. She kept smoking. They went back to her place. She kept smoking. They kissed and groped each other. She kept smoking. They attacked each other like animals in heat. And the more she smoked, the hornier it made them both.

Meghan loves how Dirty she feels when Stephen bangs her while she's pregnant and filling her filthy lungs with deadly cigarette smoke. So elegant. So simple. So very wrong. So fundamentally Bad. So exciting. So in control of his perversion. So committed to the indulgence of scratching her own nasty little smoking itches.

Meghan was getting very wet, and she could feel her clit getting hard. She took one final

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double drag of her almost spent Benson and Hedges, and watched the smoke belching from the enraged coal and dark brown filter as she inhaled sharply before she stubbed the lipstick stained butt out in her oversize cut glass ashtray. She closed her mouth gently, and as she let the most damaging part of her cigarette flow in thick slow jets from her nose with her regular tidal breathing, Meghan reached out for the gold pack and her 14K gold lighter sitting next to the still fuming ashtray and lit up another.

Meghan let the freshly lit and freshly-kissed Benson and Hedges 100 rest in her left hand on her belly where her unborn daughter was still rushing from her last cigarette. With the smoke from the coal rolling right up into her face, Meghan began to get off on the sound of her poisoned heartbeat racing in her ears. She reached down with her right hand, hiked up her dress to expose her thighs, and began to caress and pleasure herself. Meghan felt her nipples go hard as the skin on her swollen breasts began to tingle. She began to leak tainted colostrum, and as her bra became wetter and wetter, she felt Dirtier and Dirtier, and she got more and more turned on.

Meghan lifted her Benson and Hedges to her trembling lips and let it dangle softly between them as she took a long drag, parted her lips, inhaled it completely into her ravaged respiratory tract, and began to finger bang her hungry pussy hidden below her swollen belly as she began to rub her wet hard nipples with the fingers of her left hand.

Meghan again released the rich poisonous smoke slowly from deep within her corrupted lungs through her lips and nose, and thought about the recent increase in young pregnant women continuing to smoke during their pregnancies, according to the most recent trends on *The Smoking List*.

She wondered how many of them got a Sick Little Thrill out of doing it like she did.

Meghan imagined herself nursing her daughter as she chain-smoked in a warm sunlit room, the air nearly opaque with the accumulated smoke of Benson and Hedges 100 after Benson and Hedges 100. She thought of her daughter feeding on her breast milk laced with nicotine and countless other toxic poisons at the same time that she was repeatedly flooding her lungs with concentrated air pollution. She let her fingers focus on her right nipple, and simulated the action of being hungrily suckled, as her breast soaked colostrum over and over into the lace of her bra cup. Her unborn daughter suddenly kicked straight down at her cervix, and Meghan came, and came, and came, her hips bucking up and down and her pussy shooting sticky fragrant ejaculate all over her dress and chair and rug.

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