



HOOKING HARRIET

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Hooking Harriet

a smoking fetish story by

Tamara Vincent

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For my friend B.,
who kept a copy on her hard disk

Part 1

I guess I was always bad.

Not bad as in setting cats on fire or such.

Bad in the sense that I did not like rules, and as a kid I asked too many questions and I drove my parents crazy. I was labeled “strong and independent” by my teachers, and my schoolmates were always a little wary of me.

I wanted to go against the flow.

After my parents, I drove my teachers crazy, and my school mates. Awkward questions, pranks, tantrums, Anything to cause shock, to be the center of attention.

In high school I really got wild.

The music was never loud enough, the clothes never outrageous enough, the make up never thick and dramatic enough. I experimented, I found out that forbidden things were fun. I liked the idea of people looking at me like I was a ticking bomb, like I was dangerous.

I wanted to be dangerous.

My greatest triumph as a teenager was bringing Alice Rosenbaum home one Winter afternoon. She collected MiniPonies. I introduced her to the joys of nicotine and masturbation. Maybe not in that order.

It was turning Alice on that I first realized I was a smoking fetishist, and a lesbian. Maybe not in that order.

A pretty girl with a cigarette really turns all my dials up to eleven.

Alice went all the way in no time. She sold her MiniPony collection and bought a makeup set and a zippo lighter, and we became inseparable, two nasty little goth princesses having a wild time, much to the chagrin of her parents.

She calls herself Alice Rose now. Last time I heard from her, she was working as a tattoo artist somewhere in Amsterdam, together with her wife.

So you see, I was always bad, and I really enjoyed it.

Then I got to university.

Talk about babes in toyland.

It did not take long for me to set my sights on Harriet.

She was just perfect.

Blond, pretty in an unconventional way, with sharp features and a pointy nose, her eyes sparkling green behind her Harry Potter glasses, Harriet was serious and aloof and sat at the front of the classroom to take notes.

Applied statistics.

Boring.

I sat at the front of the classroom too, not for the note-taking, but just because I liked to be front-stage and center, always. And if I had toned-down my Goth princess style from high-school, I still showed enough cleavage to distract overeager assistants, and my red hair was like a fire beacon.

Harriet was soft-spoken, usually dressed in low-heeled ballerinas, dark slacks and pale blouses. Minimal make-up, no jewelry. There were no holes in her earlobes, and she was a very vocal non-smoker.

As I said, perfect.

I approached her with a simple statistical problem. She helped me solve it. We hit it off, sorta. I started talking to her one day between classes, and I could not stop from visualizing her with a cigarette between her thin lips. I worked on her for about ten days. Then, frowning at my cigarette, she finally agreed that studying together for the final exam would be a good idea. We went for a coffee at the coffee machines. I had already decided that Harriet would become a one-packet-a-day smoker, and then we'd work on her style and on her lesbian attitude.

A girl needs a hobby, right?

“Cigarette?”

I placed the filter between my lips and offered Harriet the pack, shaking another cigarette out.

We had found a perfect spot to study together, a small mezzanine between floors, little more than a landing between two ramps of seldom-used stairs. A table and a few chairs had been parked there, and there was light coming from a big circular window that overlooked the campus grounds. One flight of stairs down there was another small landing, with a coffee machine and a pair of stools, and one flight of stairs up was a small bathroom.

Just like Harriet, it was perfect.

She gave me a hard look.

“I don’t smoke,” she said.

“Well, I do,” I said.

“Yeah, I noticed, you know.”

I lit up, I shrugged, and placed the cigarettes on the table between us. “Should you change your mind—”

She stared at the pack like it was a live cobra. “I won’t,” she said.

I chuckled, threw my head back and blew a lungful towards the low ceiling. “Who knows—”

“I know,” she snapped back. She placed her book in front of her and opened it at a random page. “Both my parents smoke, and I hate it. My sister hates it too. We won’t let them smoke in our house.”

I stared at her. “You won’t—?”

She gave a sharp nod. “They can smoke on the veranda.”

I laughed, and I took a deep drag. “Well, honey, there’s no way I’m going out on the veranda or whatever.”

She made a face. “I know, and I won’t ask you too. Just try and keep your foul-smelling smoke away from me, OK?”

I smiled at her and once again I blew smoke towards the ceiling. I squeezed my legs together at the idea of how much fun we would have in the next weeks.

I opened my book. “So, where do we start?”

“Cigarette?”

Harriet looked at me weirdly.

“Sorry?”

I offered her my packet. “Want a cigarette?”

Her eyes widened. “I told you I don’t smoke!”

I shrugged and lit up. “I thought you might have changed your mind.”

She laughed. “After one hour?”

We were at the coffee machine, on our first break after one hour of comparing notes and studying. I was on my second cigarette, because I had decided I’d take it slow on the first day.

“Why not?” I said, picking my coffee cup from the machine and moving out of Harriet’s way. “Don’t you tell me you are not curious.”

“I am not,” she said, pushing coins in the machine.

It was my turn to laugh. I blew a mouthful of creamy smoke in her direction. She gave me a hard stare but the machine pinged and she turned to pick her cup.

“Come on,” I said. “You told me both your mum and your dad are smokers, and now you tell me you never got curious about how it tastes?”

She took a sip from her cup. “I know how it tastes, thank you.”

I looked at her. “You mean you tried it?”

She snorted. “I don’t need to. I breathed a lot of passive smoke from my parents, and that was more than enough.”

I took another pull on my cigarette. She looked at me, her eyes on the red tip of the long white paper tube.

“That’s got nothing to do with the way these babies taste,” I said. I held the cigarette between my first and second finger and offered it to her. “Here, try for yourself.”

She took a step back, and stumbled against the coffee machine. “No!”

I shrugged again.

“Passive smoke has nothing to do with smoking,” I said. “No more than rummaging in trash cans behind a French restaurant has anything to do with fine cuisine.”

She shook her head. She kept her curly blond hair short, like a halo around her sharp face. “I hate the stuff,” she said.

“Are your parents heavy smokers?”

I liked the idea of keeping her talk and think about smoking. Ease her into the idea that trying one toké might be interesting.

“They waste a lot of money on cigarettes,” she said. “My dad’s mostly away at work, but my mother’s a stay-at-home mom, and she goes through those cancer sticks like they were candies.”

“And your sister?”

“She hates smoke just like I do.”

“Are you sure?” I smiled.

“What do you mean?”

I shrugged. “She’s younger than you, right?”

She nodded. “She’s eighteen.”

“And you’re sure she doesn’t have one in a while? Like, socially—”

“No, she’s not!”

“You are pretty sure.” I could already see doubt insinuating in her mind.

“She is my sister, I know her.”

She dropped her empty cup in the trash bin. “Shall we go?”

I showed her my half-smoked cigarette. “Time to finish this? I’m really enjoying it.”

“I’ll use the toilet in the meantime.”

“Cigarette?”

Harriet stared at me. “Are you kidding me?”

I lit up and kept going. We were in the parking lot by the library, and I was on my third cigarette.

“I think there is something wrong with your short-term memory,” she said.

“A foul effect of my horrid smoking habit?” I laughed.

“You ARE pulling my leg.”

I put the cigarettes back in my bag. “It’s common courtesy to offer.”

“Well, you don’t need to offer with me.”

“It’s sort of automatic. Need a lift?”

“No, my boyfriend is picking me up.”

Boyfriend. The boyfriend was an unexpected development.

“Wow. You’ll have to tell me everything about him!”

She chuckled. “He is pretty boring,” she said. “You single?”

We were by my car. I opened the trunk and dropped my bag in it. “Free as a bird,” I said.

She nodded, looking a little embarrassed.

“There he is,” she said, with a smile.

There was a jock sort of guy waiting on the sidewalk, looking at us. She waved her hand at him, and started in his direction. “See you tomorrow,” she said over her shoulder.

“Cigarette?”

Harriet just laughed.

It was a week now we had been holing ourselves up in our reading nook to review statistics for the exam, and she did not comment on my smoking anymore.

I smoked more now, about six cigarettes every morning we spent together, and kept her talking about the habit, her parents and her relationship with tobacco.

“Yours are different than the ones my mother smokes,” she said.

My smoking breaks had become an excuse to kick back and take a pause in our pursuit of the true value of p.

“What does she smoke?” I asked.

I was doing a More 120 with all the gusto and panache of the consumed exhibitionist. Harriet looked at me with eyes open wide behind her round glasses as I executed a French inhale.

“Virginia Slims,” she said.

“Nice,” I said. I hollowed my cheeks as I double pumped my cigarette.

“You like them?”

“What do you mean?”

“I still can’t believe you never tried even once—”

I blew the smoke out slowly, without turning.

Harriet coughed. I said I was sorry.

“I didn’t.”

“What?”

“Try it. Smoking, I mean.”

I filled my lungs again. “Pity,” I said. “You’d look sexy smoking.”

She stared at me.

“Just saying,” I shrugged. “I guess your boyfriend would like it.”

“Rob is an athlete. He doesn’t smoke.”

“But maybe he likes girls who smoke. A lot of guys have a smoking fetish, you know. And a few girls, too.”

Harriet blushed, shook her head and sighed. “I will have to work on trying to make you quit,” she said.

“I’d love for you to try, “ I said. “But I don’t think you’d make it. I’m so totally hooked—”

“You say it like you actually enjoy the idea of being addicted.”

“Oh, but I do. Believe me, once you’ll try, you’ll find out there’s nothing better than the first cigarette in the morning.”

“Only I will not try,” she chuckled.

I pushed my packet towards her. “But when you do, remember you’re welcome.”

She stood, a skewed smile on her face. “Coffee?”

“Of course.”

“How did you begin?”

“Smoking?”

I had lit another while she dialed her mid-morning coffee.

“Yes,” she said.

I smiled and exhaled through my nose. “You curious?”

I offered her my packet. She stared at it.

“Yes, I mean— If I want to help you quit, I need to know what got you into it.”

“It makes sense, I guess,” I said.

I did a slow inhale, looking at her while she stirred her coffee. “I started because I thought it would make me look sexier,” I said. It was true. And because I wanted to be bad.

“And did it work?” Harriet asked.

“What do you think?”

I crossed my arms, giving my cleavage a little extra push. I exhaled slowly, bathing myself in a soft cloud of aromatic mist.

I had started upgrading my looks as part of my seduction work. Tighter skirt, higher heels, a little more make up. More rings on my fingers, larger earrings. Small touches, adding up slowly. Harriet noticed, but did not remark on it. I was growing on her. It made me tingle.

Harriet blushed. “You are very beautiful,” she said. “But you don’t need to smoke to be beautiful.”

I smiled at her. “You are sweet, but I did not speak of being pretty. Or beautiful. I started smoking to feel sexy. To feel badass. It’s very different.”

She frowned. “What do you mean?”

I tossed my head. “Smoking makes you feel tougher, sharper. Independent. It underscores your attitude. You’re a bad girl and you are hot. Nicotine relaxes you but keeps you on edge. Your thoughts get clearer. You think I’d survive all those equations without a little help?”

I held the brown cigarette in front of my face.

“And I like the taste too,” I chuckled.

“You are not a bad girl,” she laughed.

“Oh, believe me, I am.”

“And don’t you think it silly to feel independent because you have a habit?”

I blew smoke out slowly, my lips pursed.

“It’s a habit I chose independently,” I said.

“Cigarette?”

“What happened to your nose?”

I laughed, and leaned closer for Harriet to get a better look at my nose ring. While she admired the silver ring in my left nostril, I exhaled through my nose a long plume of white smoke. She pulled back, but only slightly so. She did not cough.

“When did you get it pierced?”

I shrugged. She glanced at my cleavage. “Way back.”

“I never noticed—”

“I’m pretty discreet about it. People get judgmental. But considering classes are over—”

“It looks good on you.”

I took her by the hand. “Come.”

I dragged her up the stairs. We went up to the bathroom and I pushed her in front of the mirror. I stood behind her, my dramatically made-up face close to her sharp, clean features, my boobs pressing against her back. Her blond curls caressed my cheek. “Do you want to try it?” I asked her softly.

She stared at me in the mirror. “What?”

I pushed back a lock of red hair and pulled off one of the clip-on rings in my ear.

“Here,” I said. “Try and see how it would look on you.”

She tried to protest, but I circled her waist with my arm, and gently pushed the silver ring on her nostril.

She blinked.

“You look good,” I said.

Harriet caressed the silver ring and moved her head this way and that. “I look strange.”

“You look cool.”

“I see it in the corner of my eye,” she said, crossing her eyes. “It’s distracting.”

She moved to take it off, but I stopped her. “Wear it for a while, see if you get used to it.”

She turned this way and that again, and her glasses slipped on her nose, and clicked against the ring. She pushed them back.

“It’s strange,” she said. “But let’s see.”

We went back to our books. I lit a cigarette. A small side victory, a hair-thin crack in her defenses. A little step forward in turning her.

Part 2

Tracy joined us for a coffee two days later. She was in our statistics class, a petite raven-haired beauty with an impish smile and heavy-lidded gray eyes. We had been talking between classes about working together on the statistics tests, and now here she was, in her tight black jeans and a purple angora sweater that modeled nicely her boobs, her hair falling like a straight inky waterfall to the small of her back.

"You got a nice place here," she said as we went downstairs to the coffee machine.

"And now that classes are over," Harriet said, "we will have the afternoons too. We'll pass with flying colors!"

I lit up a cigarette as we arrived in front of the machine. "Cigarette?"

Harriet rolled her eyes. I turned to Tracy, that gave me a grin and shook her head. "Never when I drink coffee," she said. "Maybe later."

Harriet dropped some coins in the slot.

"Nice nose ring," Tracy said, nodding in her direction.

Harriet laughed. "It's sort of a joke," she said. She retrieved her coffee and moved aside. "Yesterday night I forgot to take it off when I got home. My mother almost caught me."

"I don't see what the problem could be," I said. "You're grown up, right?"

"I'm not sure she'd approve."

"I got that solved." Tracy pulled up her purple angora sweater, revealing a dangling navel piercing. Good abs, tanned skin. "I show it only to those that can appreciate it."

"Oh, we do appreciate it," I grinned. "Don't we?"

Harriet blushed, but kept staring at Tracy's abs.

The brunette accepted a cup of coffee.

"So," she asked, turning to me. "I see you're ahead of me, but when can we start working together?"

Harriet checked her watch, absent-mindedly. "I'm off for the weekend with Rob," she said. "But we could start Monday morning. We have two weeks—"

"Who's Rob?" Tracy asked.

"Boyfriend," I said.

I sucked on my cigarette and observed the brunette. There was something there I could not place.

“Oh—” she said. “I didn’t know—I thought—”

“What?” Harriet asked.

“I just— well, I thought the two of you, you know—”

Harriet stared at me and blushed. “You what?”

“Come on, you look fantastic together, and it was only natural—”

Tracy finished her coffee and placed the cup on one of the stools. “And you are always here on your own, studying and smoking together.”

I laughed at Harriet’s expression.

“We are not lesbians!” she said.

Tracy laughed. “Well, it would have been good to know it sooner. I was not sure about asking to join you because, you know— I did not mean to intrude.”

“There is nothing to intrude—”

“Well,” I cut Harriet short. “Now everything’s clear, I guess we’ll start on Monday. Say from chapter seven?”

“Sure!” Tracy said. She looked at me. “And you? Do you have a boyfriend too?” Her eyes sparkled mischievously beneath her heavy lids. “Or maybe a girlfriend?”

“I am wonderfully single.”

“I’ll see you on Monday, then.”

“There’s Rob!” Harriet said.

She turned sharply, and pulled her fake piercing off.

“Hey, maybe he’d like you pierced!” Tracy said.

Harriet ran a hand through her curls and clipped the ring to her earlobe. “He’s not the kind,” she said.

“Never say never,” Tracy winked.

We watched the blonde run to her beau, who was waiting for her with his hands in his pockets. Not exactly the way I’d like to be greeted by a lover. There was maneuvering space to work on that.

“You are trying to get her to smoke, don’t you?”

I turned to stare at the grinning brunette. “What if I am?”

“It would be damn cool!” she blurted. “Can I help you?”

We sat in my car.

“What do you mean help me?”

Tracy shrugged. “Help you. Play wing-man to you. Help pressure and coax sweet Harriet into a solid smoking habit.”

She smiled brightly, in an utterly evil way. Her fine features shifted completely, and she took a devilish look.

“Why would you help me?”

“Because I have a raging smoking fetish,” she said. She looked at me through those sleepy eyes of her. “And because I think Harriet would be hot as hell as a smoker.”

“You want to get in her panties?” I asked.

She chuckled. “Don’t you?”

I pulled out my packet and put one through my lips.

“Working together we could be much more effective,” Tracy continued. Her eyes followed my hand as I brought the lighter to the tip of the More and fired it. She licked her lips. “We could work different angles. Keep the pressure on.”

I looked at her, sitting in the passenger’s seat. Nice tight body, big breasts, long legs, the incredible hair she had to arrange not to sit on the tips. A nice button nose, full lips. That amazing evil face.

I offered her a cigarette.

Her eyes blazed as she took one from the packet and held it between her fingers. “She’s already on the good path,” she said. “You see it in the way she looks at you when you light up. And the nose ring—that was your idea too.”

“She looks fine with it.”

“Oh, she does. And I like your style, too.”

I brought up the lighter.

“And were I to accept your offer and let you help—”

“Yes?”

“What would your plan be?”

I clicked the button and the flame came alive.

Tracy grinned evilly. “You could start by teaching me how to smoke,” she said.

She brought the tip of the cigarette to the flame and sucked gently, getting it going. She was shaken by a bout of coughing, small puffs of smoke escaping through her lips.

“Fuck!” she said, “I’ve been waiting for ages!” She looked at me and took another small puff. “What do you say? Will you help me get addicted? We’ve got the whole weekend.”

I felt a spark of electricity in my panties.

Tracy finished her first cigarette taking short puffs and rolling the smoke on her tongue.

“The taste is not half bad,” she said between puffs.

I showed her how to tap the filter to drop the ash in the car’s ashtray.

“Yeah,” she said, and did it. “I’ve watched so many smoking fetish videos in the last year that I’ve learned all the tricks.”

She took a drag and coughed. “Well, in theory,” she chuckled.

Then, she squashed her cigarette in the tray and grinned at me. “Can I have another?”

I shook one out of the box, and she picked it between first and second finger and placed it between her lips. I handed her the lighter. “Do it yourself,” I said.

She smiled and she applied the flame to the tip.

“Just a short drag,” I said, “to get it going.”

She nodded and the tip of the More turned a bright ruby red.

She made to give me back my lighter but I shook my head and gestured for her to light me up too. I leaned into the flame. Then I took a deep drag, I threw my head back and I let out a thick column of smoke that flooded the top of the car and cascaded back in huge billows.

Tracy was staring at me.

“Well?” I asked.

“You are a dream,” she whispered. She took a big hit, removed the cigarette from her lips and opened her mouth, showing me the creamy ball of smoke on her tongue. Then she did a snap inhale.

Her eyes goggled and she coughed, laughing at the same time. “Shit, I need practice!”

“You should take it easier,” I told her. I showed her how to take a sizable pull and then breathe it in.

She nodded and did the same. Her cheeks hollowed and she pushed the smoke down into her lungs.

“Hold it in as long as you can,” I said, tapping the ash off.

She nodded, and then slowly exhaled through her nose.

“Oh, head rush!” she giggled.

She took another hit, longer, and this time she had no difficulty breathing it in and holding it down. "It's so good!" she breathed, wisps of smoke escaping through her lips. "It feels like—" She exhaled slowly, enjoying the sensation. She squeezed her legs together. "Like my lungs are turning into black lace with each new drag."

And she sucked on the filter again, trying a double pull.

"You are a natural," I said.

My cigarette was already down to a sad butt. I used it to light another.

"I've been dreaming about this forever!" she said.

"Why didn't you just start?"

She shrugged. "I was waiting for someone to teach me."

"You don't seem to need any teacher."

She looked at me, a big grin spreading on her face, smoke escaping through her nose. "Oh, but I do."

We started there in the car, furiously. I pulled off her sweater, and she laughed and hissed, keeping the cigarette off the fuzzy fabric. Tracy pushed her free hand under my skirt, boldly, and blew smoke in my face, with a sexy, delicious little cough. I buried my face in her tits and she slipped her fingers in my panties.

“We’ll be so good together!” she gasped.

I shut her up pushing my tongue down her throat. She hummed softly, and I let her go to give her time for another lungful.

“Do me!” she gasped.

I pulled her up and rolled on the back seat.

She squealed as I joined her.

Eight hours and two packets of cigarettes later we were laying together in my queen-sized bed, sweaty, aching and spent, holding each other.

Tracy was wearing only her navel piercing. I had managed to keep one of my stockings on. She ran her finger underneath the lacy top. We were smoking.

I caressed her long black hair.

“Am I good or what?” she asked maliciously.

I chuckled. “You are very good.” I licked my fingers.

She laughed, smoke coming out of her mouth and nose in short bursts.

“I’ll need to get some ink, too,” she said. She ran her finger along the tattoo under my left boob.

“All passions are founded on lust,” she read. “It’s De Sade, isn’t it?”

I pinched her ass. “So dirty and so cultured,” I chuckled.

“You’re into pain, too?” Her eyes were alight and feverish. “A sadist?”

“What if I was?” I asked. I rubbed my thighs together. Tracy was bringing forth the best in me.

She bit her lower lip. “I never tried—” she said, in a small voice.

“Curious?”

She grinned. “Always!”

She moved, changing position on the mattress. She bent down on me, and gently licked my navel. Then she came up, slowly, running her warm wet tongue along my body. She lingered by my boobs, tickling my nipple with her lips, her teeth clicking on my piercing. She kissed and nibbled my neck, my shoulder, my jaw.

Finally she found my mouth, and bit on it, pushing in, exploring.

She let me go with a deep satisfied sigh.

She took one last drag and dropped her cigarette in the ashtray.

“Spank me,” she said.

Part 3

Monday morning we got together by eight.

I was in a short black number that left my shoulders exposed and a lot of thigh, and a black leather jacket over it. Harriet looked at me. She smiled and slipped her clip-on nose ring on her nostril.

“Good morning ladies!”

Tracy was breath-taking, in a white tank top and a short denim skirt. Her nipples showed through the fabric, and we could catch a hint of her navel piercing when she stretched before she got her seat.

She opened her bag and took out the Statistics handbook, a pack of Marlboros and a lighter. Her eyes twinkled evilly as she glanced at me.

“Another smoker,” Harriet said, arching an eyebrow.

Tracy opened her packet and offered it to her. “You too?”

Harriet hesitated.

It was a second, less than a second, but it was there.

I caught it and Tracy caught it too.

A skipped beat, like Harriet had to remind herself not to accept.

Harriet hesitated, and then, “I don’t smoke,” she said.

Tracy shrugged, and offered her packet to me. I picked one and we lit up.

“You’ll get a lot of passive smoke,” Tracy said, pumping her cigarette. “Shit, I needed this.”

“First of the day?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she said. “I was in a hurry and there’s a stupid no smoking policy on the train.”

“The first one of the day is the best,” I said, exhaling.

We were totally into each other, Harriet locked out, staring in. She did not cough and she did not complain at the passive smoke. She just stared at us as we compared tastes and discussed the pleasure of a fine cigarette as one woke up.

Then we squashed our spent cigarettes, and attacked Chapter Seven.

“Coffee break?” Harriet asked.

“Damn, yes,” Tracy said. She stood, and picked up her cigarettes. “I can’t make it. This stuff is way over my head.”

We walked down to our coffee machine, and we dialed our choices.

“Cigarette?”

Tracy nodded and took one of my mores. I pocketed the box without offering it to Harriet. She stared at me, surprised, but said nothing.

“You know, I’m thinking about getting my nose pierced, too,” Tracy said. She took a sip of her black coffee.

“What about keeping it discreet?” I asked.

She shrugged. “You and Harriet look so good with your nose rings, I think I don’t really give a damn.”

Harriet caressed her clip-on. “I’m sort of getting used to it.”

“You look so damn cool,” Tracy said. “Say, what about you come to me to the body shop this afternoon? Help me choose.”

Harriet shifted her weight from one foot to the other. “Well—”

“Come on, it’s the first full time-day, we can take two hours off to hang out together and do some girly thing!”

“I’m in,” I said. I looked at Harriet. “I can give you a lift afterwards.”

She was still uncertain.

“Well, I’d like to get a nose ring,” Tracy said dropping her paper cup in the can. “Maybe tomorrow, if not this afternoon. You think about it.”

After lunch break, we walked back to our nook. The small room was hazy with stale smoke, and smelled like an ashtray.

“We should get an ashtray,” Tracy said, lighting up.

We put the textbooks aside, and I took out a sheaf of printouts.

“I downloaded a few data-sets,” I said, “so we can try and do some analysis and exercise.”

“Find the goddamn p,” Harriet said.

It was the first time I heard her use a swear word, if mild.

“Good thinking,” Tracy said. She rummaged in her bag and came up with a scientific calculator.

“Here you are,” I said, handing out copies of the data.

“What’s this stuff?” Tracy asked, holding the sheets by a corner, between thumb and forefinger, her cigarette between first and second finger.

“Data about the smoking preferences of the French, between 1965 and 1975,” I said. “Courtesy of the European Institute for Demographics.”

Harriet chuckled. “You are sort of obsessed with smoking, aren’t you?”

“Baby, you can’t understand,” Tracy laughed. “It’s a fucking love story.”

We started reading the data, and taking notes.

I bummed a cigarette from Tracy.

“Do you think I should get a tat, too?” Tracy asked.

We had stopped working on the smoking data at four, and took a drive downtown, in a small tattoo and piercing workshop where Tracy had had her navel pierced one year before.

Harriet came along.

We had hot-boxed the car, chaining and talking, the pretty blonde forgotten on the back seat.

Only we had not forgotten about her. We were just working her up, making her feel excluded, putting a little pressure on her.

I checked her out in the rear view mirror.

It was a dangerous game. We wanted her to feel cut out and overlooked, but not so much that she would just go and ditch us. We wanted her to be part of our group, we wanted her to need to become one of us.

She had sat in the back of the car, biting her lower lip.

“A tattoo?” she asked now.

Tracy nodded, browsing a big catalog. “Yeah, something sexy.” She looked up at the biker-type behind the counter, that just nodded at her.

“I’m terribly indecisive,” she purred, grinning at him.

“You take your time, miss,” he rumbled.

Tracy turned to me. “What do you say? Nose ring and tat?”

“Why not?” I said.

Harriet looked at me. “You like tattoos?”

I smirked. Holding my cigarette between my lips, I slipped my left arm out of my leather jacket, and I pulled down the top of my tube dress. Harriet stared at my pierced jug, and her lips formed the words of the De Sade quote underneath.

“Classy,” the guy at the desk said.

“Gorgeous,” Tracy said, breathing out smoke. She turned to the man. “OK, let’s start with the nose, then I’ll think about a design and come and get inked at a later time.”

The man nodded.

Tracy glanced at Harriet and winked. “This way you’ll have time to do my friends, too.”

Harriet blushed and was about to speak but I cut her short.

“Yeah,” I said, “I’d like to get a navel piercing.”

“My mother will kill me,” Harriet said.

But she was grinning as she checked out her new nose piercing in the car’s mirror. The diamond sparkled wickedly. It was hard to take my eyes off her ass.

“She won’t even notice,” Tracy said. She was sporting two thin silver hoops on her left nostril. “And then she’ll want to get one too.”

Harriet laughed. “You don’t know my mother,” she said.

Tracy lit up. “She’s a smoker, right? She can’t be that tight-assed. Cigarette?”

I accepted the offer and lit up. The piercing in my navel was itching. Harriet stared at us, her arms crossed.

“And your boyfriend will love it,” Tracy went on, blowing smoke. “You look sexy as fuck with your nose pierced.”

“Well, thanks!” Harriet grinned. “I think I will surprise him, tonight.”

“I am sure you will,” I said.

The following morning, Harriet was not there.
I had a cigarette with Tracy, and then I called her.
She was at home.
No, everything was fine.
No, her mother had not given her any problem.
She had actually said that Harriet looked good with her nose ring.
No, she was fine, really.
She'd be back tomorrow and she'd explain.
She clicked off.
Tracy was grinning like the Cheshire Cat.
"What have you done?" I asked.
She laughed an evil laugh.
"I won't spoil Harriet's story," she said.
She stood, her boobs bouncing in front of my face, an inch away from
the burning tip of my cigarette.
"Come on, let's go to your place and fuck each other's brains out."

Harriet came in wearing a pair of shapeless jeans and an equally shapeless sweatshirt. Her curly blond hair was in a mess, and her eyes were red and puffy.

She said she was all right.

She watched me and Tracy lit up, and then she suddenly let go, pouring out all her misery and pent-up anger and frustration. It was crazy the way it was sudden and unchecked.

Bit by bit, cuddling and pushing her gently on, we patched together the whole story.

Harriet's mother had basically shrugged off her nose piercing. She asked her if she had a number of different rings, and she could change them. Sort of underwhelming, after the much anticipated scandal. Similarly, her father and her sister had taken the thing in stride, her sister actually asking her details, wanting to know if it hurt, and how much did it cost.

After the somewhat uneventful dinner, Harriet had decided to surprise her boyfriend, probably hoping for a little of the excitement and scandal that her new jewel had so far failed to provoke.

And excitement and scandal she got, but not the way she had imagined, when she walked in on her boyfriend as he was busy with two girls.

Here Harriet just collapsed and started crying, humiliation and shame crushing her. Tracy circled her shoulders with her arm and cooed endearments, blowing mouthfuls of smoke in her face.

We let her cool off, and then we walked with her to the bathroom, where she retreated into a closet to cry some more while sitting on the toilet.

"What the hell have you done?" I hissed.

Tracy shrugged. "I sent Rob two hookers."

I had to smother a loud outburst of laughter.

"Two hookers?"

"Better be sure. A guy can maybe resist to one readily available and paid for whore, but two?" She smirked. "No way."

"It must have been expensive," I grinned.

"You need to pay for a job well done," she said.

“What are you talking about?” Harriet asked.

She had got under control.

“About my tattoo,” Tracy said. “I’m gonna go and get it done today.”

“Cool,” Harriet mumbled.

I locked my arm in hers. “Here’s what we’ll do,” I said. “We’ll put this bad experience behind—”

“Right,” Tracy said, “Screw the wanker.”

“—and we’ll do it the way girls have always done it, since the dawn of time.”

Harriet looked at me quizzically.

“By going on a shopping spree,” I said.

Tracy got a purple butterfly on the nape of her neck, where her long black hair would normally hide it. This way, she said, she would show it only to those that could appreciate it.

While the tattoo-shop guy worked on Tracy, Harriet browsed the shop's catalog.

When Tracy was over, Harriet got both her earlobes pierced, with three simple hoop rings each, of growing size. Then she got her navel fitted with a tear-shaped silver and onyx pendant.

"You should get some ink too," Tracy suggested, while the man fitted Harriet's navel with the piercing.

"Maybe another time," she said, giving a wary look to the broad-shouldered man.

"Whenever you feel like, miss," he grinned.

"What you need now," I said, "is some proper clothes."

We made a short stop in a Chinese market and fitted Harriet with a pair of skinny stretch jeans, fashionably ripped, and a Hello Kitty top that left her navel exposed.

“Come on,” Tracy said. “You’ve got to flaunt it!”

Harriet laughed. She bought a pair of cat’s eyes sunglasses, and put them on, slipping her prescription glasses in her bag.

“You’ll have to help me,” she said, chuckling, “because now everything’s in a haze.”

“Who cares,” Tracy said, taking her by the hand. “You look as cool as fuck.”

Harriet laughed. “Tracy! Language!”

“Oh, come on, baby,” Tracy taunted her. “Try and say it!”

“What?”

Tracy nudged her. “Come on!”

“You want me to say fuck?” Harriet asked.

We all burst out laughing.

“Oh, honey, louder, please!”

Harriet grinned. “Fuck!” she said.

“Well,” I said, “it’s a start. Now what about we get you contacts?”

“She looks hot in her glasses,” Tracy said, pouting.

We moved on to the next shop.

At the end of the afternoon we sat on a bench, me and Tracy and Harriet between us. She borrowed my compact to check herself out in the mirror. She had tried a little more make up than usual, and her eyes were bright and dramatic, the contact lenses giving them a strange golden hue.

“Cigarette?” Tracy said.

She offered me her pack, right in front of Harriet. The blonde took her eyes off the mirror and stared at it.

I flipped it open.

“There’s only one left,” I said.

“Shit!” Tracy took it back and peered inside it. “OK, let’s do it like this —”

She put the cigarette between her lips and I lit her up. She gave it two deep drags, and then took the filter between her fingers. “Come here,” she grinned, leaning over.

I placed a hand on Harriet’s thigh and leaned closer to Tracy, her wicked eyes sizzling, and we put her lips very close. She put her hand on my nape and held me steady. I opened my mouth and sucked in the stream of smoke Tracy was slowly blowing.

We let go of each other and, my hand still firmly on Harriet’s thigh, I straightened up, threw my head back and exhaled the second-hand smoke with a long soft hum of pleasure.

Harriet was staring at us with her mouth open. Tracy smiled ruefully to her and double pumped her cigarette. “Wanna try?”

And before Harriet could speak, Tracy had locked her in a gentle but firm hold, their pierced noses touching, lips brushing, and she gently and steadily poured her smoke in Harriet’s welcoming mouth.

Harriet’s eyes goggled, she pulled back and coughed.

She closed her eyes and shook her head.

“Fuck, that was rough!” she blurted.

On our way home, we stopped in a drug store and bought cigarettes and booze. Harriet came in with us and just looked and stared.

She would not smoke, but she accepted a gulp of rye. Then we dropped her at her place, and went to my apartment to get our clothes off and celebrate the start of the final phase of our plan.

Part 4

The following morning, Harriet was late. She did not answer her phone, and she joined us well after ten.

"I had a few things to do," she said dismissively as she sat down. She was wearing a dark blue tank top and a pair of black jeans, and a short black jacket.

"Nice hair," Tracy said.

Harriet's blond curls were tighter and fluffier, and had obviously been somehow altered, giving them an almost platinum shine.

She ran her fingers through them. "I felt like a change," she said. Her triple earrings jingled.

We recapped our program and sat down to plough through another chapter. Harriet had some problems with the basic of Bayes' Theorem. She went through the same paragraphs again and again, softly snapping "Fuck!" every few minutes. Tracy glanced at me and tapped my feet with hers under the table.

We took a break for lunch, and after that went for a brief walk in the park.

"Cigarette?" I asked.

Tracy accepted and lit us both up.

Harriet stopped. "Well, and what about me?"

I looked at her. "Pardon?"

"You once told me that it was a matter of courtesy to offer your cigarettes when you have one."

I smiled at her, and offered her my packet. "Want a cigarette, Harriet?"

She scoffed. "You know I don't fucking smoke," she said. "But it was a matter of principle."

"Yesterday night you were not so against trying," Tracy said. Her cheeks hollowed as she took a deep drag.

"Yesterday was different," Harriet said, defensively.

The brunette arched an eyebrow. "Really?"

She leaned closer, her breasts brushing against Harriet's. "Maybe you just like it like this," she whispered. She pushed herself up on the tip of her feet, one hand on Harriet's shoulder, and her lips parted gently as she

poured smoke in the blonde's lips. Harriet breathed it in, her eyes half-closed, and then placed a hand on Tracy's side and gently pushed her off.

She exhaled gently, her eyes running from me to Tracy and back. "This is different," she said.

I circled her waist with my arm, doing a hard double pump.

"Try mine," I whispered, brushing her lips with mine.

For the rest of the week this became our routine. We would study and try our hand at various exercises, me and Tracy chaining without shame and Harriet quietly enjoying our passive smoke. You could catch her sometimes, taking deep breaths and filling her no-longer virgin lungs with our smoke.

Then, during our breaks, we would share a cigarette, passing the smoke from mouth to mouth, from throat to throat, our lips brushing softly, our bodies touching.

Once or twice Tracy got carried away, and her lips would press with more strength on my mouth or Harriet's. Our hands would linger on our shoulders, our sides. Tracy pushed gently her thigh between mine, and in one occasion Harriet's hand caressed my tit.

I stared at her.

She blushed.

"I was thinking of getting my nipples pierced," she said.

I caressed her breast through her tank top. "It would be nice."

Then we would go back to our work. Our final test was approaching.

We dropped Harriet at home on Friday night. We watched her go, her nice ass swaying. She had started wearing higher heels, and it did her backside a lot of good.

A younger girl was coming out as Harriet went in. They greeted each other. Her sister.

“It’s about to happen,” I said.

We watched the younger girl push a pair of button earphones in her ears, and start off at a light jog.

I caressed the inside of her thigh.

“Are you sure?” Tracy asked with a nasty smirk.

She caught my hand between her legs. She nodded.

“She’s getting hooked.” I patted my hand on her chest. “Not here, but here,” I tapped her head.

She squirmed on her seat, and undid two buttons in her blouse.

“I bet right now she’s thinking about stealing a cigarette from her mother’s packet,” I said.

She leaned closer. “You are making me hot,” she said.

“Really?”

She nodded, and nuzzled my neck.

“It’s the idea of Harriet stealing her mother’s cigarettes that makes you hot,” I said.

She nodded.

“You can just imagine her. She got in, and called hello, and her mum greeted her, a cigarette between her fingers.”

Tracy hummed.

“And Harriet saw the packet, there on the small table by the door. Open.”

“So easy,” Tracy said. She licked my earlobe.

“So tempting,” I agreed. I pulled her closer, my hand closing on her boob. “And so she decided to give it a try.”

“She likes the taste,” Tracy whispered in my ear.

“She likes the idea of being a bad girl,” I replied.

Tracy rubbed herself against my side. “She’s be so fucking hot as a bad girl,” she said, dreamily.

“And right now she is sitting in her room, on her bed,” I said. I moved Tracy’s long hair out of the way and I kissed her butterfly. “And she’s thinking about giving it a go.”

“She has a lighter—” she moaned.

“She stole mine, today,” I whispered.

Tracy arched her back, humming.

“And so she goes and clicks it alive. She brings the flame to the tip of her mother’s cigarette and she sucks a little, like she’s seen us do hundreds of times—”

“She’s so attentive,” Tracy chuckled. Her breasts were pressing against my side. She was moving up and down, soft and insistent.

“She gets her cigarette going,” I cooed in her ear. “She looks at herself in the dresser mirror and she hits it for all she’s worth.”

“Oh!”

“The smoke tumbles down inside of her,” I said. My hand was gently crawling inside her waistband. “It fills her up, saturating each alveolus, pushing out clean air and staining her punk lungs a deep, dull black like charcoal—”

“Ooh, please—!” she gasped in my ear.

“She exhales, feeling dizzy, feeling excited. Her panties are damp—”

I caressed her mound.

“So damp—” she sighed.

We shared a long, wet kiss.

“And then she takes another drag, deeper, harder—” I said.

“She likes it,” Tracy whispered.

“Ooh, she likes it soo much,” I cooed. “She loves the way it feels, as the nicotine starts flooding her bloodstream, reaching her brain—”

Tracy let out a long moan.

“She is so totally buzzed—”

My hand between her legs was flooded in her juices.

“Her lungs are getting more brittle with each toke,” I said. Tracy’s breathing was faster, she was moving against my body, her hands pulling at my top, my leather jacket creaking against her skin. “She lets herself go on the bed, totally relaxed,” I said, “and she exhales a colossal cone of white smoke towards the ceiling.”

“Do me!” Tracy growled in my ear, urgently. “Fuck me right now, you bitch!”

I pushed my fingers inside of her.

The weekend started uneventfully. I spent most of Saturday afternoon in bed with Tracy, smoking and trying a new set of handcuffs and a riding crop. She was very responsive, her submissive streak in full bloom.

It was fun.

After Tracy staggered home, I took a long cold shower and I sat on my bed, wrapped in a towel, smoking and enjoying the quiet.

My phone rang.

Harriet.

“Hi, what’s up?” I asked.

Harriet gave a little cough, like she was clearing her voice. “I was just —” she paused. I imagined her sucking on one of her mother’s cigarettes. “I felt like talking.”

“Why not?” I said happily. “Just let me get a cigarette and some clothes and I’ll be with you. We could go for a drink.”

She hesitated, then, “Yeah, sure.”

She sounded relieved.

“I’ll come and pick you up, then we decide what we are gonna do. Deal?”

Again she gave that brief, sexy cough. “Deal,” she said.

We hung-up and I had a brief private laugh.

Harriet hopped in my car, wearing a short skirt and a sleeveless blouse.

“Everything fine?” I asked. “Your mother giving you a hard time?”

She sighed and relaxed against the seat. She breathed in the stale smoke that filled the car, without even noticing.

“No, my mother’s just—”

She shook her head.

“What?”

“What about we walk, and I tell you?” she said.

I looked for a parking and we took a stroll through a small park area. The streetlights were coming up, and there were just a few people walking in the dusk.

A normal early Sunday night, that quiet time after dinner but before hard clubbing began.

I took out my cigarettes, and I offered her one.

Without comment, she took it from the box and placed it between her lips.

I looked at her, arching my eyebrows. “Well, this is new,” I said.

She shrugged. “Give me a light.”

I lit up mine and hers, and then we sat on a bench.

She struggled with her cigarette, doing a good job of breathing it in and holding it down.

We sat like that, our hips touching, and smoked in silence.

“I had a cigarette with my mother, last night,” she said, staring at the ground. She was smoking her second cigarette with me, and now she evidently felt like talking.

“Oh,” I said.

She looked at me. “It’s not that I am addicted or anything, but—”

“You don’t have to explain—”

“It’s a social thing, OK?” she snapped. She took another drag. The smoke calmed her down. It was not the first of the day, that was obvious, but she was getting her fix of nicotine.

“And last night—?” I said.

She shrugged. She snorted out a cloud of smoke. “We were sitting on the couch, me and my mother. Watching a movie. She lit up. Normally I give her a piece of my mind when she does. Me and my sister, we don’t like our parents to smoke inside. But last night I just thought, what the fuck. I waited for her to be engrossed in the movie, and I took one of her cigarettes, and lit up.”

I shifted on the bench. I tried to imagine Harriet, curious and missing the flavor, and the thrill,, lighting up by her mother’s side.

“She did not even notice, not straight away. She was squashing her stub when she finally saw I was halfway through my cigarette.”

“And she flipped out,” I said.

Harriet shook her head. “No. She was real calm, and she was—happy? She asked me how long I have been smoking. I told her I’m not a smoker, and she laughed, and said for a moment I had her thinking otherwise.”

Harriet’s mother sounded like my kind of woman. “And so?”

She dropped some ash on the ground, and took another drag. “So nothing, we just sat there, and talked, and smoked some more. It was good. Relaxed.”

I suddenly saw where she was going.

“Your sister,” I said.

Harriet nodded. “She caught us, when she got back from her after-dinner jog. She barged in complaining about the smell and there I was, lighting up my mother’s cigarette and—”

“And she flipped out,” I said.

I handed her the packet again, and she nodded and lit up.

Three cigarettes in a row, and she did not even seem to notice. I was impressed, and pleased.

“She accused my mother of corrupting me,” she snorted. “The little bitch. And when I told her that our mother had nothing to do with what I was doing, she bit back at me like she was fucking rabid. She called me a hypocrite and a liar and a slut. She said that now she understood why Rob —”

I put my hand on hers. “It was the heat of the moment.”

Harriet did not look convinced.

“This morning she was so spiteful—”

“She should have a smoke and relax,” I said.

She looked at me, and chuckled. “Yeah, it would do her a lot of good.”

“Is it doing you good?” I asked.

She sucked on the filter, thinking. “I like it,” she finally said. “Mind you, I am not addicted and all that, but I like one once in a while.”

“It’s perfectly normal,” I said.

“That’s what I told my sister. But she just screamed murder at me.”

“Well,” I said, “we can take the night off, and leave little miss perfect to unwind on her own.”

She nodded, and took a long drag again.

I took her hand. “Let’s go and get drunk somewhere,” I said.

By the time we went back to my car it was past two o'clock and we were both pretty smashed.

Harriet leaned against the side of my car and giggled. She ran her hands along her arms. The air was cool and she was covered in sweat.

"You can't drive," she said.

I laughed. I was drunk and light-headed and horny.

"Give me a cigarette," she said.

I showed her my packet. "There's only one left."

Harriet stared at it for a second. Then she took it carefully between thumb and forefinger. "We can share," she said.

I watched her light up. Her eyes in mine, she did a quick triple pump and then she pursed her lips. "Come on," she said.

I pressed into her, my hands on her shoulders, and she leaned her head on the side, a little, and our lips brushed. I drank up her smoke, slowly. I moved a little, up and down, rubbing my tits against hers, and after a moment I blew the smoke in her face.

She sighed. "Tracy will be jealous," she said.

I arched an eyebrow. I took the cigarette from her fingers, and took a double hit. "Why?" I asked.

We leaned closer again, my hand on her neck, she offering her mouth to me. I poured my smoke into her, and she accepted it, willingly, eagerly, gasping a little.

"I think she's into you," Harriet said, holding the smoke in.

"Really?"

She blew a stream of smoke through her nostrils. "Come on, I am drunk but I'm not blind."

I took my fill again. "We are just good friends," I said.

This time her lips locked on mine, and I breathed my smoke inside of her as she pushed her tongue gently inside my mouth.

"Very good friends," she breathed, blowing smoke in my face.

"She shares her smoke with you, too," I said. "And she seems to like you a lot. You seem to like her, too."

She took the cigarette from my lips and sucked the last life out of it. "It's gone," she said in a sad tone, letting it fall to the ground.

“I’ve got more at home,” I said in her ear. I licked her earlobe, tasting the metal of her earrings. We were rubbing against each other shamelessly, my thigh pushing between Harriet’s legs. She breathed the last of the smoke on my chest, bathing my tits in aromatic mist.

“I’m not like that,” she said.

I kissed her again, long, wet. Her ass was rock-hard in my hand, her boobs pushing against my chest as she breathed me in.

“Let’s go to my place and see if it’s true,” I said.

I woke Harriet up the following morning with a pinch on her nipple and a fresh cigarette.

She accepted them both gladly. She sat up in my bed, stained sheets bunched around her and failing to cover her nice tits, and took the first hit of the day. She closed her eyes, leaned against the wall, and exhaled slowly. The smoke rose around her face, all wrecked make-up and dissipation, and wreathed her hair. With her platinum curls, she looked like her whole head was steaming.

I leaned close and ran my hand under the sheet, down her thigh. She hummed gently, and rubbed against me. Her leg pushed between mine, and we were locked again, our tongues intertwined, her hand squeezing my tit, her thumbnail playing with my pierced nipple, until we tumbled into a sweaty, panting tangle of limbs, sheets and ecstatic gasps.

We used each other until we were once again completely spent, our heads buzzing with the aftershocks of multiple orgasms. We hung on to each other, dazed and exhausted, and we drifted to the early afternoon on a heady mix of sex and nicotine.

The cold water in the shower brought us back to life.

We enjoyed each other's attentions for long minutes, water dripping down our bodies, soaking our hair, sending sparks through our nerves. The shower box glass was like a sheet of ice against my back, Harriet's mouth like a furnace, her tongue exploring my folds and making pleasure explode in my brain like fireworks. I held on to her head, my fingers intertwined with her wet platinum hair, helping her keep her rhythm. I moaned. I shook my head, my wet hair flailing my cheeks like cold whips. I pulled her up to her feet and I tasted myself on her lips, a long lingering moment. Then I grinned and I went down on my knees for her.

We raided my wardrobe.

I fitted Harriet with black tight capris and a black lacy bra, and a black see-through mesh sweater.

“Look in the closet for some heels,” I told her.

I watched her bend at the waist, her beautiful ass up in the air, smoke trailing while she rummaged in the jumble of shoes in my closet.

I put on a calf-length hobble skirt, with a wicked line of silver buttons in the back, and a purple corset-like top that turned my jugs into wonders, and left my navel exposed. With my leather jacket and some heels, I’d look bitching hot.

“What do you think?” Harriet asked.

She was balancing on a pair of 4-inches platform pumps, deep purple.

“You are good enough to eat,” I said.

She scoffed. “What, again?”

She made as to undo her pants.

I walked closer and took her hand away from her waistband. I stood on my toes to reach up and kiss her. I slipped my hand inside of her capris.

“Later,” I said. She squirmed, gasped, giggled. “Now we need to tart you up a little.”

I applied the make-up liberally, going for tones of purple to match Harriet's choice of shoes. Matching purple would be our theme of the day. Purple eye-shade, long purple lashes tipped with black, purple vinyl one-inch fingernails, and a thick, shiny coat of purple lipstick on her lips.

"Try now," I said, pushing a cigarette between her lips.

She eyed me, frowning. She took a drag and then took the cigarette between two fingers. Her eyes goggled as she saw the thick wet purple mark on the filter. She exhaled in a single gasp, and then turned and stared at herself in the mirror.

On a sudden inspiration, I rummaged in my stuff until I found a single strand of purple hair extension, and I clipped it in her platinum hair, a single lightning bolt of color in her smoke-like head of hair.

An amethyst nose plug completed the set up.

Harriet nodded approval and squashed the cigarette in the overbrimming ashtray.

I fixed myself up with a shard of purple amethyst hanging from my neck and resting in my cleavage, and then Harriet fussed with my hair, clipping two purple extensions in, and brushing my hair so that I looked like a redheaded Bride of Frankenstein, with violet shocks at my temples.

She took the cigarette away as she sprayed me with hair spray.

"We don't want you to catch fire," she said.

Her tits caressed my cheek.

"Really?" I asked her, kissing the curve of her breast.

She chuckled, and put the cigarette back in my mouth.

We took a walk down to the 7/11. We both needed cigarettes. People stopped and stared at us, two hot rock'n'roll chicks striding like we owned the sidewalks, trailing a cloud of smoke.

I let Harriet go first. She bought a bottle of Absolut and a carton of Lucky Strike, and a pack of cheap lighters.

"Luckies?" I asked her when she got out. She ripped the carton open, extracted a packet and lit up. She offered to me. I took one.

"I like the look of the package," she said. "I saw it on Mad Men."

She took a drag and savored the tobacco before she did a snap inhale. "It's good."

"You look sexy as fuck!" I said.

"I am sexy as fuck," Harriet chuckled.

I patted her ass. "Tracy will love it," I said.

She snorted. "You think so?"

A malignant idea sneaked in my brain.

"I think we could have lots of fun with little Tracy," I said.

Harriet's eyes flared. "How?"

I shrugged, and took her by the arm. We huddled close as we discussed my evil plot. Harriet absolutely loved it.

The coming week would be quite fun.

Part 5

Monday morning.

Harriet was back in her dull black slacks and blue top. She stared herself in the mirror, sucking on the second cigarette of the day.

“I’m boring,” she said.

I squeezed her ass and kissed her on the neck. “No, you are not.”

She leaned against me and sighed.

“Ready?” I asked.

She grinned evilly. “Let’s do it.”

Tracy felt something was up as she came into our nook and placed the books on our table. "You girls are fine?"

"Never been better," I smirked.

She gave me a look.

She sat down and took her cigarettes out.

"One before we start," she said, glancing at Harriet. She offered the pack to me. "Keep me company?"

I accepted and took a cigarette.

"Me too," Harriet said.

She grasped Tracy by the wrist and held her while she picked a cigarette and placed it between her lips. Tracy stared at her, wide eyed. "You are smoking?"

"Light me up," Harriet said, urgently.

"You are smoking!"

Harriet scoffed. "What if I am?"

She held Tracy's gaze, her lips curled in an insouciant grin. "What about that light?" she asked.

"Uh, sure—"

Tracy fumbled for her lighter while she shot me a bewildered look. I just winked.

Harriet leaned into the flame and sucked it up, starting her cigarette. Then she sat back, her arms crossed, the cigarette held by her face, between two fingers.

Tracy lit up in turn. "You look good with a cigarette," she said.

"I know," Harriet snapped.

Tracy just stared at her, open mouthed.

The start set the tone for the rest of the day. We acted normally, but Harriet kept being rude and aggressive towards Tracy. She was rough and dismissive, sarcastic and cruel.

She mostly ignored Tracy's questions and observations, and when it came to discuss the chapter we were studying, she spoke only to me, acting like Tracy was not there.

But when Tracy offered an opinion, she had no problem mocking her.

During the coffee break she upped the ante.

"Get me a black coffee," she said to Tracy, "while I go for a pee."

And disappeared upstairs.

Tracy turned to me. "What the fuck happened to her?"

I shrugged. "I have no idea," I said. "Guess our plan worked."

"Shit, it worked!" she grinned. "Why is she so nasty?"

"She's pretty hot," I said.

"She's hot as fuck." Tracy sighed.

Harriet came down the stairs again.

"My coffee?"

Tracy blushed. "Uh, I—"

Harriet smirked. "I thought it was an easy request," she hissed. She punched the buttons on the machine, violently. "But I guess I overestimated you."

“—and you could see her nipples actually getting hard!” Harriet laughed.

“You’ve been absolutely horrible,” I said. I kissed her. She reciprocated, humming softly.

“And she is actually enjoying it!” she said.

“Are you enjoying it?”

She gave me a nasty smile. “A lot.”

We were in my car, driving around after our study session.

“Keep it up for another two days,” I said, “and she will jump your bones.”

Harriet pushed the cigarette lighter in the dashboard and put a fresh cigarette between her lips. “I plan to keep it going the whole week,” she said.

She applied the incandescent coil to the tip of her cigarette. “By the weekend poor Tracy will be begging on her knees for me to bang her.”

“And you will.”

She filled her lungs, holding the smoke down.

“Only if she’s a good girl,” she smirked.

We stopped at the body shop.

I wanted a navel piercing, and Harriet had a few ideas.

"I'm here for some improvements," Harriet said to the biker guy behind the counter.

He grinned, and took her by the hand, leading her to the dentist chair in the middle of the room. "What can I do for you, pretty lady?"

She pulled off her top, letting her nice tits fly free. "I need nipple rings."

The man ogled her jugs and then nodded. "Let me show you some styles."

She went for simple hoop and ball rings.

The man applied the tissue and band aids and explained her how to keep her new tits in working order.

She nodded like a good girl, glancing at us with a wicked light in her eyes.

"And then I was thinking about a tattoo," she said.

She browsed the catalog, but her idea was pretty clear. She showed him. The man whistled and nodded.

"Take off your trousers, sweet lady," he said. "This is going to be a long job."

She grinned. "You take your time, I want it to be perfect." She lit a cigarette. "And I'm not that sweet."

She dropped her slacks, standing in her lacy pants and band aids. The man felt her thigh appreciatively.

"I'll keep that in mind," he scoffed.

Tuesday morning Harriet arrived late and placed a brand new ashtray on the table. She greeted me warmly and turned an icy stare on Tracy. The brunette positively cringed.

Harriet had done without her glasses and was now wearing contacts that gave her eyes a strange hazel hue. She had replaced her nose stud with a bold golden ring, and her pierced nipples were evident through the sheer fabric of her ivory-colored sleeveless blouse.

She sat taking up more space than usual, and pushing Tracy in a corner.

We lit up, and started reviewing the program. Our exam was getting closer. Harriet did not deign to use her lighter. Whenever she started on a fresh cigarette, she'd snap an order to Tracy, and the brunette would pull her lighter.

"She's getting under your skin," I observed during our first coffee break. Harriet was upstairs in the bathroom, and Tracy was getting her a black coffee.

"Fuck, I'd love for her to get under my skirt!" she hissed. Then she looked at me. "Does it show so much?"

I laughed. "That you get wet every time she looks at you? Nooo—"

She was about to answer when Harriet joined us.

She picked up the paper cup and her face contorted in rage. "You let it go cold!" she hissed, pouring it into the trash bin.

Tracy stared at her, trembling, while the blonde punched her order and whispered "Useless bitch!" so that we all heard it perfectly.

From that moment, Tracy started following her, two steps behind, and light her cigarettes without the need to be told to.

The following morning I did a double take as Tracy came in and greeted me. She had her hair in a long braid, and it was the first time I remembered seeing her in a skirt.

“Well?” she asked me. “What?”

“Nothing,” I grinned.

She shrugged. “I wanted to try something new.”

I laughed. “Oh, I know exactly what you want to try!”

She shushed me and brushed her lips against mine.

“I’d love to do a threesome with you and our new queen bitch,” she whispered.

I patted her ass. “Who knows.”

“Are you two going lesbian?” Harriet asked, walking in.

Tracy froze.

Harriet was in her Sunday regalia, black capris and mesh top, her face carefully made up. She gave Tracy a scathing look. “You going for the good girl look?”

Tracy quivered. “Do you like it?”

Harriet scoffed, and placed a cigarette between her purple lips. Tracy hurried close with her lighter.

“Get me a coffee,” Harriet grunted.

Tracy ran to the stairs. “And be careful not to spill it!”

Tracy ran down to the coffee machine, and I exchanged a grin with Harriet.

“Enjoying yourself?” I whispered.

She touched her earrings and nodded. “It’s getting better by the day.”

On Thursday, Harriet kept Tracy standing for most of the morning, having taken her chair to prop her legs up. She was wearing a slit skirt, and we were all able to see her new tattoo, a purple garter circling her thigh, a rumpled pack of Luck Strikes tucked in it.

Tracy could not take her eyes off it.

Harriet had also acquired a nice set of cat's paw tats on her ankle.

"What next?" I asked her while Tracy was on her coffee round. "Are you going to get her to massage your feet?"

Harriet gave a throaty laugh and threw her head back, exhaling a big cone of smoke.

"What happens?" Tracy asked, coming in with the three cups. Her voice trembled.

Harriet ignored her, and took her coffee, complaining it was too sweet.

Tracy spent most of the afternoon on her knees, massaging Harriet's purple-nailed toes.

She looked in heaven.

Friday morning, I was late on purpose. I wanted to give Harriet and Tracy some time alone together, for their relationship to finally solidify.

I walked into our study nook at ten, and the place was deserted. The books and notes were on the table, and there were a few stubbed out cigarettes in the ashtray, but the girls were nowhere in sight.

I went down to get me a coffee, and then I walked upstairs to the bathrooms.

I walked in, checked my hair in the mirror, and caught the unequivocal sound of moans and gasps coming from one of the stalls. I chuckled to myself and got closer.

There was little doubt of what was going on inside.

Smoke billowed from above the door.

Tracy was heaving rhythmically, her groans increasing in volume and intensity.

A body slammed against the door, and I caught Harriet's platinum top, bobbing up and down.

A second slam. A third.

Harriet let out a low growl, and she punched the wooden frame. Bang. Bang. Bangbang. Bangbangbang.

Silence fell suddenly.

I heard the sound of scampering feet.

Then the door opened.

Harriet was fitting her boobs back in her bra. There was a cigarette dangling from the corner of her mouth, and her lipstick was smeared on her face, and on Tracy's.

She grinned, grabbed me by the front of my shirt, and she pulled me in unceremoniously.

Her tongue was in my mouth before I could say anything.

Tracy giggled and joined us.

Epilogue

My bed was getting crowded.

“You know what?” Harriet said.

“What?” Tracy whispered.

We were laying side by side, naked. Harriet took a long drag on her cigarette and waited for Tracy to straddle her, and bend down, and drink the smoke from her lips.

“I don’t give a fuck about statistics,” Harriet said.

Tracy’s boobs brushed my cheeks as she slid down towards me, and passed the smoke. I smoked her like she was a cigarette, and then sent her back for more.

“I never gave a fuck for statistics,” I said.

I turned and pushed gently against Tracy’s back, circling her waist with my arm. I felt her torso expanding as she sucked up the new load of smoke from Harriet’s lungs.

“Then why—?” Harriet asked.

“Because I wanted to seduce you, silly,” I said.

I squeezed Tracy, and she squealed and blew out a pillar of smoke. “I did the same,” she said. “You two were so gorgeous—”

Harriet took Tracy’s nipple between thumb and forefinger.

“Aren’t you an enterprising little slut,” she grinned.

Tracy lowered her gaze. “Yes, mistress, I am. Thank you, mistress.”

We laughed.

“So now what?” I asked.

Harriet ran a hand through her pale curls.

“A good shower?”

Tracy tickled the ring in Harriet’s nipple. Harriet slapped her hand away, and Tracy smirked.

“Bitch!” she hissed.

They locked in a long kiss, their tongues at play.

“It will be crowded in the shower,” I said. “But I meant in the long term. Now that we do not have a project to work on any longer.”

“Oh,” Harriet said, “I do have a project. And I will need you both to help me.”

Tracy sat up, eager. “What project?”

Harriet smiled cruelly and gestured for me to hand her another cigarette. She lit up and sucked on it ferociously, like her life depended on her. "I want to get my sister hooked on these babies," she said, holding her cigarette up. Smoke escaped her nostrils and she was like a dragon, reclining on the bed and bathed in her own fiery breath. "I want her to develop such an addiction to nicotine that she will go mad. I want her to crawl for a cigarette, I want her to become the fucking poster girl of cigarette smoking. I want her to become the most enthusiastic supporter of the idea of getting your lungs baked and your heart stressed."

Tracy squirmed. "That's so cool, mistress—" She looked at me with a light in her eyes. "Isn't it cool?"

"Won't your mother have anything to say?" I asked. But already plans were forming in my head.

Harriet snorted. "My mother is with us on this one. We talked about it two nights ago, while we were having a smoke on the veranda. She can't stand the sanctimonious little bitch anymore, and her continuous whining. So, no, my mother will actually lend a hand, happily."

She tapped the filter of her cigarette. "What do you girls say?"

"What's her name?" I asked. "Your sister's?"

"Martine."

I moved and rolled by her side, dragging Tracy with me. I cuddled against Harriet's side, Tracy's boobs pressed against mine.

"We will help you hooking Martine," I said. "Now let's go take that shower."

About Tamara Vincent

The thoroughly corrupt product of a strict Catholic education, Tamara Vincent (not her real name) discovered at an early age the twin passions for horror and erotica, by reading H.P. Lovecraft and Anais Nin back to back.

After long years spent slaving as an accountant, she finally landed the perfect job for a smoking fetishist, and currently works at a tobacconist's with her girlfriend.

Writing naughty and creepy stories is her way to escape a dull day job, and pay for her (many) vices.

If you like to read more or be kept up to date about Tamara wicked plans she holds a naughty blog at <http://tamvin.blogspot.com/>
... and she can be reached on Twitter, @GhostTamara

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