

Smoking Fine: Punking

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“And that’s it for today,” the professor stated, “Be sure to review the chapter and what we discussed. There will be a test next time we meet.”

There were some light murmurs as people slowly filed out of the room in a local, community college. One person leaving, a young woman named Riley, hurriedly put all of her work into her bag. *Last class of the week*, she excitedly thought, *time to head back home and relax for the rest of the day!*

Brushing her long, blonde hair to the side, she zipped out of the classroom, not even tossing her bag over her shoulder yet. In her haste, she ran out the door and smacked straight into someone else. She and the person fell backwards, both of their bags slipping out of their hands and falling onto the ground, their contents spilling out.

“Oh man, sorry!” Riley reacted, rubbing her forehead, “I didn’t mean to-”

“Watch the fuck where you’re going!” the person snapped back, “Shit... everything is all over the floor!” Riley flinched, realizing who she smacked straight into.

It was Ember, a very punk rock type of girl. Thick black boots with a leather top and shirt. Her face, covered in thick makeup, glared harshly at her, a single thread of her red pompadour out of place from the impact. She wasn’t a bad person, but a very grumpy, no-nonsense individual who didn’t put up with anything.

“O-o-oh! R-right!” Riley stuttered, quickly getting to work putting stuff away into each of their bags, “H-here, let me help you with that!”

Ember glared at her more, looking like she was about to lay into her. However, instead, she decided to start putting things away as well. There were some mutters and curses under her breath, nothing that Riley could make out, but that was it.

A few moments of scramble cleanup and both young women back, standing up and holding their filed bags. Riley blushed and awkwardly mumbled, “looooooook, I’m... I’m sorry. I really didn’t mean to run into you.”

Ember frowned, her black lips twisted to the side as she stared harshly at the girl. “Oh, I figured that,” the woman muttered, “Doesn’t mean I ain’t pissed.”

Riley sighed, preparing again for whatever Ember was about to say next. However, the punk girl’s frown faded into a more neutral look, an eyebrow cocking as she looked her over. “Well, whatever. What’s done is done. Watch where the hell you’re running next time.”

“Oh! Ahh, right! Promise!”

Ember nodded and started strutting off, her heel boots clicking against the tile flooring off the hallway. She paused a few feet away and turned her head back at her, saying, “see you around.”

Riley nodded herself and hurried away, tossing her bag over her shoulder. She headed for the entrance, thinking, *well, that ended better than expected at least...*

Half an hour later and Riley was back in her small, hole-in-the-wall apartment. She carefully removed her shoes, leaving them by the doorway as she went over to her green, soft couch. “Glad that’s done,” she mumbled, tossing her bag onto the old coffee table in front of it, “Time to relax and...”

Just as she fell onto her couch, her bag hit the table and spilt its contents once more. She cared less this time, but only for a moment. Among the dropped items lied two curious objects, out of place amongst the bright pink or red folders and notebooks.

Out had fallen a white pack of cigarettes and a black, polished lighter.

Riley immediately sat up and stares at the new items gracing her presence. “What the hell?” she mumbled, her face scrunching up, “Where... where did this come from?”

She scratched at her head and closed her eyes. After a moment, it became clear as day to her. “Ember,” she mouthed, “Must have... must have grabbed them by accident.”

Riley had never seen Ember smoke before, even outside when she was bumming around campus. However, what other reason could there be for her to have these things?

Riley picked up both items and looked between them. The lighter and pack felt oddly hot in her palms. “Great... how am I supposed to get these back to her? I don’t even know where she lives. Should I call the school or go back? ...ehhhh, maybe I’ll just see her next week and I can give them to her then.”

Riley sighed and moved to put them back on the table for now. But she found herself stopping for a moment, looking at the pack. She didn’t recognize the brand, but then again, she didn’t know anything about tobacco brands. She just curiously looked at the logo, a pair of lips, coated in black lipstick it seemed, with a cigarette between them.

Weird, she thought, well, whatever. Ember likes whatever she wants to.

She moved again to put the items back onto the table, succeeding in setting down the lighter this time. However, Riley paused once more when she tried to set the pack down. An image of Ember flashed in her mind, this one of a cigarette held in the girl’s dark red, coated lips. A hint of smoke drifted off the cigarette as Ember eyed her up, wherever she was, giving a devious grin that seemed out of character.

However, the sight sent a shiver up Riley's spine. She bit down on her own lips, her free hand clenching. She eyed the carton in her hand one more time, slowly popping it open with her thumb.

It couldn't, she thought, standing up, I mean, she wouldn't really mind if...

She carefully slid a cigarette out and held it between her fingers, dropping the pack onto the counter. It looked just like any of cigarette Riley had seen before, but she felt different about it now. Holding it now, she felt an odd longing and urge, her fingers tingling.

Riley shook her head and headed for her bathroom, holding her nicotine stick carefully. Approaching the mirror, she gazed at her reflection. Still normal and mostly the same as the last time she saw it, maybe with a few hairs out of place. However, it was time to maybe adjust that.

Riley carefully brought the cigarette to her lips, clutching it between two fingers like a smoker would. Her body trembled, sweat dripping down her forehead. She felt nervous the closer it came to her, like she was about to do something terrible or nasty.

After a few slow, passing seconds, the cig was gently slid in between her lips. The taste of tobacco and nicotine felt incredibly off to her, making her tremble again. Her lips also tingled, not used to the taste or object they held.

With it, Riley looked at her reflection again. Again, it was mostly the same as before, but with her holding an unlit cigarette between her lips. The image itself shouldn't have been so different or radically out there. But, the longer she looked at it, a new tingling sensation, urge, or feeling was rising up within her.

Her lips cracked into a smile and her hands clenched. *Dammnn*, she thought, *I... I look pretty good. I feel so... adult.*

A silly thought to think since she was an adult, but she couldn't get the thought out of her mind. She felt more mature, something that she didn't really think of herself as before. It felt good, real good.

She chuckled and glanced back out in the living room. *I wonder... it wouldn't hurt if I tried lighting it up, right? I can just stuff it out in the sink after.*

Her body tingled, and she smiled more. Smoking in a non-smoking apartment? She felt a bit rebellious, even if it wasn't much.

She turned away from the mirror and headed back to the living room. Unaware as she walked, her lips tingled more. They grew ever so plumper and thicker, giving her big pout. A soft, blood-red coat of lipstick appeared on them as well. Its shade almost looked like that of Ember's own lipstick.

Riley came up to the table and snatched the lighter from it. She brought it to her smoke, still hanging from her lips. She flicked it on and lit the cig up. A second later, the scent of the burning end of the cig passed by her nose and a shiver ran up her spine.

She shook her head, trying to control herself, even though she found it impossible. She shivered once more, its taste slightly different now that it was lit. It tasted... better.

A small, cocky smile emerged on her lips and for the first time in her life, she took a drag off a cigarette. Her body trembled with delight, her eyes watering up, and her hands clenching tightly. It stung a little bit doing that, but she didn't care, too wrapped up in her smoke.

After several seconds, she proceeded to blow the smoke out gently through her lips. The rush hit her again, her thighs rubbing together and her body twitching. Pulling the cigarette out, she moaned softly, "fucking awesome."

Those two simple words though snapped her out of her euphoric bliss, her eyebrows furrowing. She had never swore casually before, and her voice sounded a bit tougher and rougher in a way. Still distinctly female, but lower in tone though.

Just as she pondered her off-sounding voice, she felt a prickly sensation on her lips. It was like being gently poked with a thumbtack. She rose a finger to them and hit something hard and slim just out of sight. There was a click as well when her finger touched it.

She glanced at her hands and flinched. Her fingernails were longer, filed instead of chewed apart, and coated in this thick, glossy, ink-black nail polish. The sight of them brought an odd sense of pleasure to Riley. They looked so much better than before, and she felt that they even fitted her better too, especially imagining a smoke held between them.

However, they also made Riley uncomfortable and worried, their sudden appearance baffling. Pocketing the lighter and keeping the lit cigarette still in her mouth, she rushed back to the bathroom. She just had to get a better look at herself.

From just a quick glance at the bathroom mirror, she instantly saw what was going on. She finally noticed her new, plump, blood-red lips. They had a mean pout to them that went perfectly with smoke hanging from them.

However, the new additions to her face were of more importance. She had a lip piercing, a single ring that went straight up the middle of her bottom one. Just below it was another piercing, a single stud that almost touched the ring. Wrapping it all together was a much smaller, silver ring piercing below the tip of her nose. It was barely visible, but it mattered not.

Riley stared at herself with wide, big, confused eyes. Her lips, her nails, her piercings... all combined together with her cigarette painted an emerging, bitter, gruff side that conflicted dramatically with the rest of her. It looked... weird, even beyond the fact that it was confusing with where it all came from.

“What the fuck?” Riley mouthed, “What the hell is going on?” Without even thinking about it, she took another drag.

Her body shivered as the smoke entered her lungs, worries and concerns melting off of her. She let out a sigh and relaxed for a moment, but only for a moment. Her eyes were drawn upwards to her head in the reflection. Her hair seemed to be quivering almost, like a gentle breeze brushing through it.

Then, from the roots to the tips, her blonde hair began to darken. Its bright color was blotted out as a midnight black rolled through it. Her hair shortened as well, climbing up her back just a tad. It also shrunk quite a bit on the sides of her head, giving her an almost shaved look there.

Her brow furrowed at the sight and her lips pushed out in a mean pout, her cigarette hanging in the entire time. She softly blew the smoke accumulating within her out and remarked, “What the hell is going on with my fucking hair?”

She took another puff of her cigarette, this time on purpose. She blew the smoke out much quicker, her body trembling and the girl sighing. She needed a bit of relief from this insanity and oddly, this smoke was doing just the trick.

The new drag brought a rush to her hair, her new black locks beginning to stretch upwards. From the back of her neck to her forehead, her hair shot straight up in a narrow row. It spiked up wildly, a thick layer of gel suddenly appearing within it and holding the hair in place.

It was blatantly clear to her now. She had a black Mohawk.

...and she liked it. A wicked smile crossed her lips as she chuckled, “well, at least I got something to match my piercings at least. Though, where the hell did this shit come from?”

She thought for a moment, taking another drag off her cigarette. The taste of felt so normal and natural now. She could get use to smoking one of these, or even a pack a day now. This was amazing.

As she had her newest drag, her eyes were drawn back to her reflection. Super thick eyeshadow covered her eyelids as equally thick eyeliner coated her eyelashes and the corner of her eyes. Her eyebrows thinned, turning black and sharp on her face. Her cheekbones even seemed to raise just a little bit, and her nose thinned, giving her a sharper look.

Riley’s eyes widened, and her jaw dropped. Her cigarette hung from her mouth as she gazed upon her sight. Her entire head looked like that of a punk girl, akin to Ember. It looked so wrong to her, given her whole life up to now. But yet, there was something about it that excited her greatly, her thighs casually pressing against each other.

Her jaw closed again, and her eyes fell upon the cigarette in the reflection. Even though it seemed impossible, it had to be the case.

She pulled out the smoke and glared at it. “This little shit,” she remarked, “This is what’s causing everything, isn’t it?”

Riley pouted her lip and tossed the cigarette into the sink. Part of her twinged with disappointment; there still plenty left for her to smoke. However, given the situation, she couldn’t just continue smoking the thing either.

She grabbed the sink handle and turned it, the water washing the rest of the cigarette down the drain. It probably wasn’t a good idea to do it that way, but she didn’t care. She just wanted it gone.

She let out a gruff sigh, mumbling, “Okay. Fucking dealt with. Better toss that pack as well. Can’t believe this fucking mess.”

She strutted out of the bathroom and back into her living room. She only made it a few steps before flinching and her jaw dropping. The entire living room looked thrashed with dirty plates, clothing, and items tossed about. Her coffee table was now covered in empty beer bottles and an ashtray with several butts put out in them.

Not only that, but the room was a lot different as well. The walls were painted black and coated in posters for different grunge or underground bands that she never seen before... but yet recognized anyways. Her sofa looked incredibly worn down with stains and burn marks on it, along with her other chairs. The TV was a lot wider too, with thick, but worn-looking speakers set up on both sides of it.

It like she wasn’t even in the same apartment anymore and a quick check of her bedroom confirmed that it was pretty much the same way: trashed and wild-looking. She returned to the living room and looked about the room with a big frown on her face. “Goddammit, did that cigarette do the same thing here? Fuckin’ hell, how is it doing this?”

Her eyes fell upon the carton of cigarettes on the table, hidden amongst all the clutter. She snatched them up and glared at them, checking the packaging closely. There was nothing about it from what she saw that would indicate any of its transformative properties.

Shit, she thought, wonder if the same thing happened to Ember? She was like me and after smoking this... she’s like that...

She pouted her lips, groaning, “goddammit, I gotta rid of these. Fuck waiting, I gotta find her right now and see if she can fix this shit.”

Didn’t matter what time it was, Riley instantly thought up a plan to go back to school and see if she can ask around about where Ember lived. The staff had to know something. At this point, no one would really recognize her in this state, so she didn’t need to wash off any of her makeup or feel... embarrassed? No, that wasn’t the word. She didn’t feel embarrassed about her looks, more that she’d rather not let anyone know what was going on with her.

She quickly grabbed her wallet, keys, and the pack & lighter, stuffing them into her pants before heading for the door. *Maybe I can keep the mohawk or the lipstick though?* she thought, *or maybe the nail polish. I mean, they're not crap or anything. I could...*

Just as she reached her front door, she froze. A weird thought blindingly flashed through her mind, shoving its way to the front and sticking there. It was about her appearance now.

She looked down at herself, seeing the same old shirt, jeans, and shoes as before. Nothing was different about them in the slightest, spared from all the changes thus far. But yet, the thought said something to her that cluttered her brain, *these are fucking awful. Imagine going outside with your looks wearing that crap?*

Riley frowned and casually grabbed at her shirt, pulling it a bit out. It was so bright and clean, the same with her pants and shoes.

Riley's frown turned harsher, evolving in an ugly, hate-filled scowl. She couldn't go out like this. The punk looks were one thing, but the clothing? They were trash and clashed horribly with the rest of her. Even though she just bought this attire a few weeks ago... it just wasn't right in the slightest.

"Fucking hell," she muttered, her hand sliding across her bulged-out pocket. She just got done saying no to smoking... but yet, an urge was rising, and this "problem" was blowing up within her head. It didn't matter how trivial it was, it needed to be fixed.

She pulled out the pack and huffed, taking a smoke from it. Her fingers trembled as she held the small stick between them. She brought it ever so closer to her lips, sweat dripping down her forehead.

In went the cig and soon after, out came the lighter. She flicked it on and lit it. The familiar taste and smell came rushing back, her body quivering. A low, sensual moan escaped her maw and she muttered, "fuuuuuck..."

And with that, Riley took another drag. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up, and her arms trembled and twitched. Her legs tensed, and her thighs rubbed gently together as a warm sensation struck her slit. It was a new feeling to her, one that she happily welcomed.

She pulled the cigarette from her lips and gently blew the smoke into the air. However, strange as it looked, the smoke, instead of dissipating, drifted downward. It rushed straight into her blue t-shirt, absorbed right into it. The coloring of the fabric lightened, turning white and thinning. The collar of the shirt dipped down, reaching deep down to her chest as her sleeves shrunk in. The hemline pulled upwards, resting just below her belly button and showing some of her midriff.

Wrapping it all together was a blood red logo that appeared on the shirt. It looked almost like it was written and smudged on, making the logo for Aerosmith of all things.

Riley couldn't help but smile at her new shirt, but knew it was not enough. She took another puff of her cigarette and blew, the smoke flying back down her. The hazy air struck her jeans and the material instantly darkened, as if a thick coat of ink was sprayed into it. The material turned smoother as the pants legs shot up her legs, taking on a leathery feel.

As the pants legs stretched up past her knees, the leg holes merged with one another. Material fused into each other, forming one large hole that stopped at the midpoint of her thighs. A leather belt with a hard metal buckle appeared within the belt loops, tightening the new skirt to her.

She ran a hand across the leather skirt, smirking. "Fuck yeah," she said, her smirk turning more wicked by the second, "this is what I'm talking about."

She happily took one last drag off her cigarette, her shoulders shaking as she puffed it right back out. Her body urged her to hold the thick smoke within her lungs longer, screaming out to be satisfied. However, her clothing needed to come first.

She puffed out a large cloud and delightfully watched it move down to her shoes, the last issue to be dealt with. The shoes took in the smoke and blackened like her skirt, also turning to leather as well. Laces vanished and buckles swiftly replaced them, her shoe collars extending upwards. The collars grew and grew, turning into dense boot shafts before stopping below her knees. Buckles climbed the new footwear's shafts, stopping right at the top.

Her new boots were perfect for her, Riley looking on with awe. She pulled out the cigarette and gave it a look. Shaking her head, she mumbled, "seriously, got no fucking clue how you do this, but whatever. I'll have to grill that bitch about this."

Popping the smoke back into her mouth, the punk girl returned to her plan of action and grabbed the door knob. She twisted it and flung the door open, ready to hurry through it.

"Heh, hey Riley. Was about to knock. You psychic or some shit?"

Ember was standing outside the door of Riley's apartment, arms folded and a smug smile across her face. Riley felt a rage burn within her, her hands clenching. She grabbed hold of the punk girl and pulled her into the apartment, Ember seeming to go along with it.

Riley slammed the door and turned around, getting in Ember's face. "Okay bitch," she growled, pulling out her cigarette, "What the hell is going on around here?"

Ember glanced around the room, her smirk not leaving the entire time. In fact, she only seemed to laugh, remarking, "wow, this place looks like shit. Reminds me of my apartment."

"Don't fucking change the subject! What is going on with these shitty cigarettes?"

"For shitty cigarettes, you seem to be smoking them just fine." Riley tensed up, now realizing she had just taken a small drag in between sentences. Looking down at herself, her

body was a bit paler, and her stomach was rather toned. No longer did it have this small amount of stomach pudge that she just couldn't work off.

Riley angrily look at Ember, pulling the cig away from her mouth and shouted, "wh-whatever! Fucking spill! What the hell is this?"

"Well, I'm sure you already found my cigarettes," Ember remarked, "Don't worry. You didn't steal them or anything like that. I slipped them in when we were putting everything away."

"You... you fucking planned this, didn't you?"

"Oh hell no," huffed Ember, rolling her eyes, "Like I wanted to run into some scrawny ass bitch like you after I finished class. It was just more of a fun coincidence. I say it worked out well from what I can tell."

"No, it fucking didn't!" Riley shot back, pointing her smoke at her, "I look like some punk bitch like your ass!"

Ember's eyebrow arched, and she folded her arms again. "Oh? It's my fault you're like this? I'm sure you noticed you were changing after a little while. You could have easily stopped smoking and prevented this."

Riley frowned, her hands clenching again as she trembled angrily. She wanted to shoot back, yell at her, or maybe even smack her across the face. However, her words pierced straight through her, whether she liked it or not. Ember was right. She did notice the changes... but didn't stop herself. She instead ended up getting a mohawk and even after realizing what was going on, decided she wanted new clothes as well.

Her eyes looked to the side and muttered, "well... it doesn't fucking matter. Can you fix this shit going on with me?"

"Fix you up and turn you into that boring ass lil' baby you were?" Another chuckle escaped Ember's lips, her smirk growing meaner. "I mean, I probably could. I could get rid of everything about you from your clothes, to your lips, to those nails, and even that mohawk."

Riley flinched. "You'd... get rid of everything?"

"Well yeah. Don't you want me to fix this shit?"

"Y-yeah..."

"Okay, then I'd have to get rid of everything. No in between here. What ya got will go away for good. Got a fucking problem with that?"

"N-n-n-no."

"...well alright. Start by giving me that cigarette then. You won't need that."

Ember reached for Riley's hand, but Riley yanked it away as fast as she could. She spat, "h-hey! Fucking hands off!"

"But don't you want to turn back?"

"Y-yes... I guess." Sweat was glistening across Riley's face, her makeup thankfully not smudging. Her body was shaking, quivering nervously. Between all of the questions from Ember and the cigarette still within her hand, letting out a small fume of smoke that poured past her face, she was a nervous wreck.

Ember seemed to notice as well. She chuckled and said, "man, you look like a fuckin' tweaker right about now. Take a hit off that cigarette to calm yourself the fuck down."

"B-but that's what's causing-"

"So what? You can't think straight when you're like this. Either take a puff off that cigarette to cool off or just give it to me already. I think we'll know the answer then."

Riley looked between her and the cigarette, still burning away in her hand. She bit down on her bottom lip, her teeth clicking against the metal piercing in it. *Fucking bitch*, she thought, *all of this... she setup me the fuck up and now... now...*

Her eyes lingered on her cigarette long and hard, her body trembling harder. She had to resist the cigarette right there and then or she'd never turn back. She could never be the quiet, bland girl with a boring life again. She could never be the good little student that always showed up to class and did as she was told. She could never be the girl that stayed home and never went to parties, just focusing on her studies. She could never be...

Riley quickly brought the smoke back to her mouth and took the longest, strongest drag she could possibly do. Her entire body trembled in pure, euphoric bliss, her underwear dampening. She huffed and huffed, sucking in as much smoke as she possibly could. When she could do it no longer, she slowly opened her mouth, smoke pouring from her thick lips.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck," she moaned, "fuuuuuckin' a' man."

Ember chuckled, quivering herself and biting down on her own lip. "Shit girl," she said delightfully, "you make that look so good. Mind if I have one of those too?"

"Fuck off," Riley moaned, glaring harshly at her, "You gave me these things and I ain't giving you shit back." Her white top expanded in its chest, subtle cleavage beginning to develop. Her small breasts grew more and more, swelling up to a nice, firm pair of D-cup size breasts. Judging by the way her nipples poked against the cotton tee, her bra didn't seem to be there anymore.

"Don't be a bitch," Ember snapped, "Those were my goddamn smokes in the first place."

“And now they’re mine,” Riley fired back, flipping her the bird.

The original punk girl’s eyebrow raised again, one of her fingers stroking her chin. “Yours now?” she asked, “So, if that’s the case, I’m guessin’... you don’t want to turn back?”

Riley looked at her, her glare remaining harsh as ever. She took another drag and blew it into Ember’s face. Her hips expanded, stretching her leather skirt as she snapped, “does it look like I wanna fucking go back to be a boring ass bitch who did jackshit?”

“Oh really?”

“Fucking really. Guess what? You got me. I fucking love looking like some punk rock bitch with attitude. I fucking love my clothes, my hair, makeup, and piercings! I feel fucking great and goddamn does it feel good to smoke!”

“You know, I did see a sign outside that said this was a no smoking apartment.”

“Oh fuck off and fuck them too!” Riley spat, tossing the cigarette on the ground and stomping it out without a care. “I’m going to smoke in here whether they say no or not.”

Ember grinned again, her teeth even showing. She looked absolutely delighted, almost so that it unnerved Riley just a little bit. The mohawk girl mumbled, “what’s your deal? You high or something?”

“Nah,” the redhead remarked, “I’m pretty sober all things considered Riley.”

Riley flinched, and a scowl appeared on her lips. “That name...” she muttered, “I... I don’t want you to call me that.”

“Why the hell not? It’s your-”

“It’s fucking shit, alright?!” Riley yelled at her, “don’t fucking call me that. I just... I just hate it now! Uuuugh, these stupid ass cigarettes of yours! Now I don’t even like my own goddamn name.” Despite saying that, Riley simply took out the pack again and lit up another cigarette.

“Well fine, what would you prefer, your highness?”

The mohawk girl was quiet for a moment, taking a puff of her new cigarette. Her tension and anger dropped a little, her shoulders falling. She blew the fumes out and remarked, “you know, just call me Ramona, alright?”

“Ramona it is,” Ember answered, walking up close to her. She looked over the new Ramona, sizing her up from top to bottom. After a full minute of doing that, she said, “so, besides stopping by to check up on you...”

“Yeah, how the fuck did you know where I lived anyway?”

Ember ignored her, continuing, “I was also going to offer you a chance to come with me and see a concert.”

“There’s no concerts going on around here.”

“Not in any places the borin’ ass news would mention,” Ember chuckled, shaking her head, “You got a lot to learn about being a punk girl now. You wanna come check it out or do you wanna just hang the hell around here?”

Ramona looked around her apartment for a split second, but saying, “sure, why the hell not? I’m up for whatever you got at this point. Not like things can’t get any weirder.”

“That’s good. I’ll drive.” Ember smacked Ramona playfully on the ass, even groping her under her leather skirt before heading for the door.

“HEY!” Ramona snapped, taking another quick drag off her new cig, “Don’t fucking do...” Her anger quickly subsided after her puff and she began to relax.

More importantly, her eyes slowly drifted down towards Ember’s own ass beneath her thick, leather pants. It was pretty big, her ass crack popping out of her pants. It was so very firm and round, absolutely perky, as if it took years of hard work to sculpt its perfect, amazing shape.

Ramona twitched, and a dirty thought rose to her mind. Ember already smacked her ass, so it was only fair that she could do the same to her, right? Maybe she could even grope it a little, feel its soft, perky form underneath all of that leather. That would be fine, right?

Ramona took another puff of smoke and followed her out the door, strutting behind her and swaying her hips from side to side. A devilish grin appeared on her lips as she thought, *besides, even if it wasn’t “fair” or “equal”, I still wouldn’t mind touching that ass of hers. She really owes me for all of this awesome shit she’s put me through...*

THE END?