The Adventures of Marge and Miriam
Chapter One: The Cigarette Break

By Robert (Don't You Dare Call Me Bob)

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Marge was aching for a cigarette. It had only been twenty minutes or so since her last cigarette break when she'd polished off three unbelievably delicious Winston 100s in rapid succession but now she was craving a juicy Newport 100 and she couldn't wait another second. Yet wait she must... for forty more excruciating minutes.

Marge worked the Lancôme counter at Macy's with her best friend Miriam. They did so by choice not necessity. Both had married and divorced exceedingly well. But they both loved make-up and relished the opportunity to share their considerable expertise with women of all ages, sizes, shapes, and levels of beauty that wanted and needed their help to look their absolute best. Most days the time flew by as they flitted from customer to customer who flocked to their counter… making a lipstick shade recommendation here or performing a miraculous makeover there.

But both of them were four-pack-a-day smokes possessed by an insatiable urge to light up. Under different circumstances their passion for smoking may have posed an insurmountable challenge but fortunately they were super star saleswomen with an understanding boss that allowed them fifteen minutes for every hour they worked to feed their ravenous habits. They traded off cigarette breaks, one of them always waiting impatiently for the other to return before leaving for fifteen minutes – enough time for three mouth-watering cigarettes. That worked out to seven cigarette breaks a day – and a little more than one pack. A pretty damn good deal actually – certainly better than anything they'd get working in an office – not that they ever consider it.

Usually it worked out pretty well. Naturally they both counted the seconds until six o'clock rolled around when they were off for the day and could light up at will. Truth be told, there was something about having to control their workday cravings that made their morning pack before and two, more or less (far more often more) luscious packs after work all the more enjoyable. There were occasions however, like right now, when control was a lot harder to come by and the sixty minutes between cigarettes seemed to stretch into an eternity.

Marge and Miriam both loved their jobs. They did own make-up each morning their consistent world-class results served as resounding testimony to their skill. They were living, breathing billboards for the products they sold. Each of them always wore heavy make-up that always managed to butt right up against, without crossing over, the fine line dividing a look that said "ultra classy… with a hint of nasty" on the one side and CFM (come fuck me) on the other. Not that going well over that line on occasion when they weren't working.

It was twenty past eleven on a Thursday and every department in Macy's was dead. Miriam had been at the other end of the counter from Marge straightening up a lipstick display but now was coming over to join her. Marge starred as she slinked gracefully toward her. Wow. Not a living soul would guess her to be a woman of 42. The same could most definitely be said for Marge who had just hit the big four-oh.

Some drooling drunken slob had probably put it best one night at ***Frankie's*** – the bar Marge and Miriam frequented three or four nights a week for unrestrained chain-smoking and a few toddies – when he said, "The good Lord was firing on all cylinders the day He put you two together."

Miriam was tall and angular – with long shapely legs that descended ***all*** the way to the ground from a tight round ass, a tiny waist, and made-in heaven pair of C-up breasts that punched out of her chest like two cantaloupes stretched tightly under an alabaster-colored inner tube. She had impossibly high cheekbones that slashed down both sides of her high oval-shaped face like railroad ties and gave new meaning to the term "cheek-hollowing" whenever she took an urgent drag on her ever-present Benson & Hedges 100 (full-flavored or menthol – she smoked both).

Miriam gleaming mane that, when combed out, fell to her mid-back. It was something from a commercial for high-end shampoo. It was as straight as the road to hell and jet-black – except for a freak of nature 2" wide Frankenstein's Bride, silver streak (she refused to dye her hair) that shimmered through the entire length like a devilish silver dividing line splitting fresh asphalt into two lanes. She always wore her hair pulled back severely – leaving every inch of her stunning face and long graceful neck maximum exposure. Sometimes she wore it in a pony tail that fell from an elaborate knot twisted at the top of her head, and sometimes she presented it with an elaborate weave piled elegantly high atop her head like a shimmering turban. Today was a ponytail day.

Miriam's eyes were a hypnotic shade of emerald green that sat beneath super thin and severely

arched brows. Her cat-like gaze captured more timid-as-a-mouse stares than the Pied Piper's flute – especially when she was fully made up (which, of course, she always was) with thick liner, heavy mascara on her long curly lashes, and perfect blend of white, pale green and emerald green shadow that extended to the ridge of her brow. Both Marge and Miriam wore the same shade of matte burgundy lipstick that exactly matched their long manicured nails. They selected their lipstick shade specifically because it left the best eye-catching stains on their cigarettes.

Miriam was dressed today in a tight emerald green v-neck sweater, a form-hugging white leather skirt with a 6" slit in the back that otherwise came to her mid-thigh before her shapely legs ensconced in black silk stockings that disappeared into emerald green pumps with 4" stilettos. Her hips shifted provocatively and her heels clicked loudly on the linoleum as she approached Marge.

"How're doing hon?" she asked Marge, "You look a bit preoccupied."

"It shows huh?" Marge replied with a sigh, "I am out of my mind for a cigarette this morning. I got a little out of control last night at ***Frankie's***, must've gone through three packs while I was there and loved every last one of them. But when I woke up this morning I had a skin-crawling nic-fit that my morning pack just didn't ***even*** take care of."

Miriam shook her head knowingly, "I'll bet you were mixing your Winston 100s and Newport 100s again – weren't you? This always happens when you do Marge."

Marge sighed and rolled her enormous crystal blue eyes with guilt. "Yeah… I know, I know … but I just couldn't help myself. I was only carrying two packs of Newport 100s on the way in but then that picture of a juicy pack Winston 100s on the cigarette machine caught my eye and I just ***had*** to buy 2 packs."

Miriam laughed a deep throaty laugh, "You're hopeless. I thought we had a pact to keep ourselves to four-packs-a-day… but one of us keeps going over. You're a bad influence on me."

“Yeah right,” Marge scoffed, “blame me for how much you smoke, you little fiend. How convenient. Talk about hopeless.”

“Yeah but we both love it – don’t we hon?” Miriam said with a sly wink.

All this talk about mass consumption of cigarettes put a fresh charge into Marge’s overpowering craving for a Newport 100 and she quickly glanced at her gold Rolex. Ten minutes to go. This was now officially in the cruel and unusual punishment file.

“So did you meet any interesting guys? “ Miriam asked with a leer, “I’ll bet you were in rare form last night – sorry I missed it. What did you wear, you floozy?”

“I did go a bit overboard last night,” Marge admitted with a naughty grin, “I wore my little black mini with my 5” black spikes.”

“The one that makes those amazing boobs of yours pop out like basketballs and shows all the junk in your trunk? Miriam teased, “You tramp! And if you were in a three-pack frenzy last night I’ll bet you were really showing off your snap inhales and never-ending exhales too.”

“Maybe I was,” Marge said defensively, “but only because there was this guy – a sexy Tareyton 100 man – that kept looking at me all night.” Marge’s full lower lip dropped into a sexy pout, “But he was with someone else, some twenty-something blonde bimbo with big tits – not as big as mine, but big enough – that couldn’t smoke her Max 120s for shit. Believe me I tried to lure him away. I was throwing him every trick in my bag – lung-busting double drags, baseball-sized snaps, and exhales that drilled holes in the ceiling. Stevie Wonder could see how much he was loving it –but I just couldn’t quite get the hook in him.”

“Ah, too bad sweetie,” Miriam sympathized, “better luck next time?”

“I don’t need any of luck,” Marge replied with a playful smirk and phony-coy tone, “As it turned out, he casually dropped his card in front of me when he passed by me as he was leaving with the clueless bimbo. On the back of the card was a note that said ***quote***: “*I’ll be here tomorrow night around eight – alone*
(with the word ‘alone’ underlined three times!).
Was hoping we could have a cigarette together
.” The name on the card said Robert Saunders. He looks like a Robert – not a Bob. He had an athletic build, a full head of silver hair, and was wearing a gorgeous expensive suit. And the way he smoked those classy Tareyton 100s – oh my God girlfriend! This could be love!”

Miriam squealed like a schoolgirl, “I’m so jealous and congratulations… but don’t go crazy. Get to know him a bit before you start picking our wedding colors.”

“Wedding? Who said anything about a wedding baby doll? Marge exclaimed, her eyes now burning with lust, “No, no, no! This one is definitely a fly-me-to-the moon-on-your-pocket-rocket kinda guy – and Miriam… countdown has already commenced.”

Miriam laughed a husky, sex-dipped laugh, “Think so? I don’t suppose you’ll be needing a wing-girl tonight?”

“Are you kidding?” Miriam said, “Unless I completely miss my guess this rocket captain is going to jump at the chance to fly with two heavy smoking, oh-so-experienced co-pilots… you’re definitely coming with.”

“To say I can’t wait is the world’s biggest understatement – I’ll have just enough time to pour myself into my best… flight suit.” Miriam said.

“Don’t be late – this blast-off waits for no one,” now if you’ll excuse me… the time has ***finally*** arrived for my cigarette break!” Marge said exuberantly. She quickly grabbed her purse from under the counter, spun on her own 4” stilettos and went clickity-clacking away for the break room and what she was sure were going three of the best Newport 100s her famished lungs had ever tasted.

In the distance she heard Miriam call out, “Don’t be late coming back. You’re not the only one around here who needs a cigarette!”

The store had begun to fill up and Marge walked by several men and women as she bee-lined for the break room. As usual, practically every one she passed stopped dead in their tracks to stare. Marge was that type of woman. She radiated a dazzling sexual aura that hit passersby like a sharp slap in the face. Today she was wearing a cream-colored Ann Taylor suit that was just a tad too snug in all the right places. And Marge had way more than her fair share of right places. While not as tall as Miriam, Marge still had the same long shapely legs but with a skosh more firm curvy meat on both calf and thigh – wrapped this morning in shimmering black stockings that just ***had*** to be held up by expensive sexy garters. Marge was definitely no pantyhose girl. Her ass was bordered on huge but it was perfectly formed. Her haunches rolled obscenely as they took turns stretching their half of her tight skirt as she walked. It was a scene that should have been accompanied by the backbeat of a snare drum … tuh, tuh-ta, tuh, tuh-ta tuh. Her waist, surprisingly tiny for so a buxom woman, twisted in rhythm with each rise and fall of her muscular ass cheeks.

But who are kidding here? Marge’s gigantic tits were her true claim to fame – forty-eight inches of Grade AAA womanhood overflowing a hopelessly overmatched black lace underwire bra that she had custom-made a God-only-knows-what cup-size that most assuredly contained letters that came well into the alphabet. They stood out like two fleshy blimps sensuously patrolling the airspace well out in front of her. They were incredibly firm given their mammoth size but jiggled just enough with her every step to stimulate every salivary gland for 100 yards in every direction. Today her spectacular boobs were so-far-successfully covered by an almost-see-through peach silk blouse with a high, buttoned collar that she wore under her tailored jacket. On someone else you might have described the look she was going for as conservative, but Marge didn’t even come close to pulling it off (not that she really wanted to) – especially with the valley-of sin-cleavage she proudly – a valley that any man would have gladly chewed off an appendage in exchange for a chance to explore to its full depth.

In keeping with her made-for-sex theme – Marge’s face was beyond beautiful. She wore her thick pre-maturely sliver hair extremely short – ½” all around except for a 1” tuft at the forehead. It almost looked a glowing silver halo. On anyone else the unusual style would have looked strange, even bizarre, but on Marge the effect was stunning. For one thing it fully exposed her long graceful neck (save for her earrings) and for another it called full attention to the jaw-dropping beauty of her face.

At an age when most women were rifling through the Yellow Pages for plastic surgeons,

Marge's peaches and cream complexion had nary a line or wrinkle. Her make-up artistry was wasted. More out of a sense of obligation to her craft than necessity she wore only the slightest hint of foundation, concealer, and blush. Like Miriam, she too had prominent cheekbones but hers were characterized by twin cheery-sized protrusions that popped out just southwest from her left eye and southeast from her right.

And what eyes! Gigantic crystal blue orbs awash in the middle of a brilliant ocean of white and surrounded by long, thick lashes that would have been the envy of every women who looked at her had she not possessed so many other, even more eye-catching features to draw their attention away. Like Miriam she made liberal use of professionally applied liner, mascara, and shadow – but Marge's color motif was almost always silver, lavender, and deep purple.

Granted many who saw her (mostly jealous woman) would her eye makeup made her look like a whore – but every one with that opinion would have been forced to grudgingly admit that this one came with a Rolls Royce price tag that was, without doubt, worth every penny.

Marge love to be stared at and the devastating impact she had on those she came across. Her presence was so intimidating that she was hardly ever approached by strangers and when she was it was usually by sweet but pathetically nervous gentleman – from teens to codgers – that stammered some semi-coherent drivel about how gorgeous she was and then quickly waddled away in a feeble attempt to hide the hard-ons that usually their tented pants.

But at the moment she was oblivious to the swath she cut through her onlookers. She was in a life-or-death mission to gratify her famished lungs before blacking out. She'd have met any interruptions to her quest as would a hungry lioness about to dig into a fresh kill.

Just before reaching the swinging double doors that separated the main store from the backroom, Marge opened her purse. Inside were two fresh packs of Winston 100s and two packs of Newport 100s. Her breath caught at the sight of all those luscious cigarettes and her mouth began to water. She reached into her purse and removed one of the Newport 100 packs and her gold Dunhills lighter just as she pushed her way through the doors. Then she made an immediate left down the short hallway and clickity-clacked her way into the break room.

With rapid efficiency she took the Newport 100s in left hand and smacked the unopened side at

the top against the coiled right index finger. Five cork filters popped out to greet her. She pinched one of the filters between two nails and smoothly extracted the cigarette from the pack and bringing it to her lips in a fluid motion. Her lips clamped tightly around the filter and made it stand out as she flicked her Dunhills and deftly directed the flame to the tip of her cigarette.

Immediately her cheeks hallowed as she began to draw with near maniacal urgency. Her lower lip curled around the now vibrating filter and the cigarette rose up near her nose. For a full five seconds smoke poured into her mouth until it was filled to capacity. She then relaxed her lips and allowing her cigarette drooped as she inhaled deeply through the corners of her mouth. A thick wisp of smoke escaped her lips to be vacuum into her nostrils while the rest of the smoke dove deep into her lungs. A wave of pleasure roared through her entire body as she again tightened her lips around the filter for another drag. Smoke poured from her nostrils as her mouth again filled with more delicious smoke. Midway through her seven second drag she raised her right hand with her index and middle fingers spread into an exaggerated ‘V” that finally closed around her Newport 100 midway between the filter and ½” hot orange to pull it away from her lips. For a moment she just stood there stuffed with smoke from the bottom of her lungs to the back of her teeth before her lips parted and a baseball-sized ball of coagulated smoke leapt out to hang there, suspended in space. Then her tongue curled upward against the roof of her mouth before snapping down violently. She let out a tiny gasp and her monumental chest heaved as the smoke ball suddenly collapsed and plunged down her throat and into her eagerly awaiting lungs. With her eyes closed and wearing a look of dreamy contentment, she bent her right knee and leaned back – pushing her stiletto against the back wall of the break room. She stood like that for several seconds, savoring the smoke that she still held captive.

At long last she brought her foot to the floor and bent slightly from the waist, hooded her upper lip and sent a thick 2” wide ribbon of thick smoke streaming past her tits and down to her shoe tops. Even after 22 years as a dedicated smoker, Marge continued to be astounded by the indescribably wonderful sensation that came from that first double drag.

Her lungs weren’t yet emptied and tendrils of smoke wafted from her nostrils as she once again raised her Newport 100 to her parted lips. She was still crazed and launched into her second drag with undiminished intensity.

Her cheeks caved again and her Newport 100 began pouring its delicious mentholated contents into her greedy mouth. This time she disrupted the drag a bit sooner and pulled the filter a few inches from her mouth to snap a tight cloud into her lungs but immediately began another, longer drag as smoke gushed from her nostrils. Then she withdrew her cigarette to hold it vertically with a limp wrist at shoulder level between straight fingers. As she snapped another glorious smoke bomb she watched as tiny ribbons of smoke trail from the lipstick-coated filter.

After another moment of savoring the smoke in her now much happier lungs she threw her head back, jutted her jaw theatrically, and aimed a plume of smoke at the low ceiling.

It went on like that, dragging, snapping and exhaling her way through three Newport 100s in the span of less than 15 minutes. As she crushed out her third she said quietly to herself, “Damn that was good.” Then she stood and took a massive breast in each hand. She shimmied around for a second to give her pulchritude a bit more comfort. Then she began clickity-clacking, swaying and jiggling her way back to the Lancombe counter as eyeballs and jaws fell to the linoleum in her wake. Miriam would be waiting anxiously. It was her turn to take a cigarette break.