

Fran carelessly flopped into the inflatable chair, the vinyl bulging under the sudden weight despite her slim build. The chair itself was nothing special; a broad cushion of air with a thick barrel back and headrest attached. It was, however, a pleasing shade of transparent blue to the Viera's mind. Her lengthy hair was draped across its backrest, kept out of the way. There were fancier versions of the same item available, but most of them commanded outrageous prices on the open market. Apparently the popular opinion was that the space they took up in transports was better used for other, more profitable goods.

Fran guessed she couldn't blame the merchants, but she'd have preferred cheaper prices for the luxury. Not that she was dissatisfied with the chair creakily moulding itself around her hips, but it had cost her more than she'd ever have considered reasonable. Still, ever since she'd seen one in her younger years, she'd always wanted one to call her own and now she finally had one. Sheltered in the small hut she occupied deep within her species' native forest, the Viera didn't need anything fancy to sit in.

It hadn't been easy to blow up, but since she'd filled it to the brim with her air, Fran had been pleased with her handiwork. They had always looked so comfortable from afar, but she'd been sceptical about how it would actually feel, given that it was just a cushion of air inside a smooth material, but she hadn't been disappointed. It had taken a short time to grow accustomed to the best ways to sit on the inflatable chair without her armour digging into it threateningly, but she couldn't deny that it had been worth the time and every Gil she'd paid for it. It was nothing short of heavenly to be held aloft by nothing but air trapped within the confines of a vinyl cushion.

Fran understood the basic idea behind what it meant to 'burst' an inflatable and, so far, she'd been cautious towards the chair wherever her claw like nails had been concerned. This had basically just meant that she avoid grabbing the chair roughly with them, which was an easy enough rule to remember. Another precaution had involved trying to stop the sharp edges of her lingerie styled armour from digging into the cushion at particularly rough angles. Now, lounging comfortably in it, she decided to indulge her second habit that marked her as an outsider to the majority of her kind.

Reaching into the front of her bodice with her long fingers, Fran pulled out a packet of cigarettes from their hiding place between her ample breasts. Considering how counter-intuitive her armour was when it came to storage space, she'd had to become adept at improvising. The cardboard pack wasn't exactly comfortable concealed between her bare breasts, but Fran had learned to ignore them after a time.

Opening the pack, the Viera pulled out a cigarette and set it between her lips. Letting it rest there, she withdrew one of the lighters she kept hidden within her bodice. Closing the pack, she set it down on her thigh, resting between her soft, supple flesh and the chair's inflatable arm. Leaning her head down, she flicked the lighter into life with a mechanical click and held it up to the cigarettes tip.

Her reddish brown eyes fixed on the flickering flame; she'd only managed to smoke a handful of times in the past, since cigarettes weren't exactly easy to get her hands on. A puff of blue tinged smoke escaped past her lips as she lit up, wafting around her lithe features as she drew on it. Letting the flame die, Fran dropped it carelessly alongside the pack, took the cigarette between the two, long, foremost fingers of her right hand and lifted it clear of her lips.

Another, short puff of smoke flowed past her lips, before she returned the cigarette to them and took a short, deep drag from it. Her eyes focused on its tip as it glowed ember bright, blue tinged smoke wafting upwards from it as she filled her mouth to the brim with the thick, heady smoke.

Lifting the cigarette clear, she delicately held it to one side, well clear of the inflatable under her tight rump and flicked its butt to send a head of ash falling into a pot set aside just for that purpose. Fran's shoulders rose, her chest rising against her bodice as she inhaled the smoke down into her petite lungs. She held the thick, heady substance within her body for a long second, revelling in the sensation, before she exhaled a long, thin, focused stream of smoke into the air in front of her.

As it left her body and her muscles loosened, the Viera slumped deeper into the inflatable chair with a gentle creak, making sure to keep the burning cigarette held to one side. Her sharp eyes followed the smoke as it broke apart in the air, coiling slowly back in on itself as she watched, dissipating slowly.

Fran smirked at the sight, before bringing the cigarette smoothly back to her lips. Its tip flared again as this time, she took a longer, deeper drag. She could feel herself salivating as the delicious smoke flowed across her tongue, filling every inch of her petite mouth. She lifted the cigarette clear and held it quickly to one side as she flicked another head of ash into the pot, her elbow resting comfortably on the inflatable armrest of the chair.

Letting her head loll backwards, Fran closed her eyes slowly and focused on the soft burning sensation that tickled the back of her throat as she inhaled the smoke down into her body. Again, her stomach and sides expanded as her lungs filled, heaving her breasts upwards into her bodice. This time, she only held it within her body for a second before expelling a heavy, thick plume of smoke into the air directly overhead. Opening her eyes, the Viera watched the smoke flow fluidly from her body with a mixture of amusement and pleasure.

The inflatable chair creaked gently as she threw one long leg over the other, sinking deeper into the vinyl as her entire body relaxed into the pliable vinyl. Licking her lips slowly, Fran's eyes turned towards the cigarette perched between the tips of her two foremost fingers, disappointed to see how quickly it was burning down. Flicking its butt again, she hurriedly brought it back to her mouth. Her lips closed around it and the cigarettes tip glowed as she took a deep, hard drag from it, her cheeks indenting ever so slightly under the pressure. When she lifted her hand clear, though, this time the Viera let a few wisps of smoke escape past her lips before closing them, watching as they floated past her face with a strangely ethereal grace.

Inhaling through her nose, Fran revelled in the sensation of the thick smoke flowing down her throat like water, filling her lungs to the brim. Holding it there for a long second, the Viera exhaled a long, steady fork of smoke through her nostrils. It flowed down across her chest, breaking against her armour and bared flesh before folding back in on itself with elegant slowness.

Flicking her cigarette habitually, Fran languidly lifted her right hand. She turned the cigarette from side to side, watching as the stream of smoke rising from its tip wove and coiled this way and that through the air. While she showed no outward sign of pleasure, Fran felt it as she watched the smoke curl higher. Setting it back between her luscious lips, the Viera took another, deep drag from it, watching as its tip flared back into life with a deep red glow. It faded

into grey ash as she lifted it clear and flicked its butt to one side, knocking a head of ash into the pot as she inhaled the smoke clouding her mouth into her lungs. Her bodice creaked as her sides and stomach expanded, making her breasts press against their cups as they heaved. Tilting her head back lovingly, Fran exhaled another long, concentrated stream of grey smoke into the air above her head. Her eyes followed the column as it separated and swirled back together above her head, falling back in on itself as it started to fade away into nothingness.

Glancing back at her cigarette, Fran idly lifted her hand and languidly let it rest on the chair's inflatable arm, figuring it was short enough to avoid any real threat of accidentally bursting her seat. She felt the butt of her cigarette rub against the vinyl and, curiously, tapped the inflatable with it softly, cocking her head to one side as her sharp hearing picked up the very dull echo the contact caused. She'd never been overly worried about her claw like nails, after all, she mused as she tapped them against the tight vinyl idly.

Her red brown eyes flicked to the cigarette held delicately between her fingers and she brought it smoothly back to her lips. She took a short, but deep drag from it, filling her mouth with the thick smoke. Lifting the cigarette clear, Fran held it delicately to one side as she inhaled deeply, letting the smoke flood down into her lungs, adoring the myriad of sensations burning warmly inside her, before exhaling a heavy, thick plume of smoke into the air. Her shoulders fell with the exhale, every muscle in her body loosening and relaxing as the thick, grey blue smoke left it.

The last few wisps of smoke had scarcely left her lips before her cigarette returned to them again. This time, she let it rest there as she picked back up the pack of cigarettes and lighter. She deftly slipped the lighter in the pack as smoke wafted past her face, stinging her nostrils in passing, before she tucked the pack of cigarettes back into her bodice, letting it nestle comfortably back into place between her perky breasts. The edges of the pack dug into her soft, tanned skin, but in a reassuringly comfortable way.

Fran drew on the cigarette resting between her lips, its tip glowing as she took a lengthy, final drag from it. Lifting her hand, she took it between her fingers and lifted it free of her lips. She inhaled the smoke as she leans to one side, the inflatable under her tight rump protesting with a series of squeaks and groans as she stubbed the cigarette out in a nearby ashtray. Then she flopped lazily back into the inflatable chair under her. Tilting her head to one side, she let it lie on the headrest and exhaled two long, thick streams of smoke through her nostrils, savouring the heavy tobacco.

She lay there for another minute, before rising with a heavy sigh. She turned to look back down at the inflatable chair and she couldn't resist a small smile. Detailed indents from her figure hugging armour dotted its pliable surface, the curves of the sapphire blue material gleaming in the light. The most notable mark in her chair was from the stylised 'rabbit's tail' decorative piece at the small of her back, but it didn't look like it had punctured the thick material. Smirking slyly to herself, she turned away from the inflatable and walked towards the room's single doorway.

Opening it, she stepped out into the peaceful, all encompassing serenity of Eruyt Village, pausing to bask in the sunlight lancing through the trees overhead. Closing the door to her hut behind her, Fran let her smile fade as she wandered away from her home with her customary, languid grace.

