Peach Swirl

Ray's workday routine consisted of three things: a nice, big cup of iced black coffee, mindless cold calls to people who immediately hung up on her, and speed-reading books in her 30-minute breaks. Unsurprisingly, she didn't enjoy making calls to random numbers, starting her spiel of "Hi, my name is Ray, I work at TMS Pharmacy and we were wondering if you're interested in pseudoscience disguised as medicine." Obviously, that wasn't the exact script, but it didn't really matter. Most people hung up on her long before she could reveal the fact she sold scammy medicine.

Reading was nice, though she could never quite focus on her sci-fi and fantasy stories in the middle of her shifts. When she wasn't being hung up on, she was bombarded with raging insults and threats to call the police. She was pretty numb to it at this point, but it wasn't particularly fun or relaxing.

So really, the best part of her day was walking into a certain megacorp coffee shop, having a few seconds of interaction with a barista who at least didn't hate her, and downing her entire cup before clocking in.

She had gotten coffee like this so many times that she had it down to a routine. So when she came in on a Monday morning at 6:30am, as she fixed her brown pixie cut, she was thrown off when the barista — who seemed to be new — offered her something different.

"Hey there!" the barista greeted happily. Aside from her usual blue-green apron, she had blonde hair in beautiful vintage curls and a pink-and-white outfit on her. It was quite a skimpy outfit too; how the hell did corporate approve her wearing it?

"Hi," Ray said, sparing no second in placing her order. "Black iced coffee, please. Extra large. For Ray."

"Cool!" the barista responded giddily. She had kind of a valley girl voice; it was silly, but pretty dang cute. "Hey, do you, like, want to try the newest drink we just added? It's really good."

Ray couldn't help but roll her eyes. Almost every month, they'd try to push some new product on her. At the very least, Ray wanted to be polite; she didn't want the new barista to think she was a total bitch. "Not particularly, but what is it?"

"It's like, this peach kiwi drink! It's so sweet and tasty, that it, like, totally gets you going with your day. It has the same caffeine as a black coffee, too!"

Ray internally groaned. That sounded like way, way too much sugar. She was about to say no, before her eyes glanced over and saw a drink next to the barista. It must have been that drink — it was a light pink color with green swirls. It looked almost hypnotic.

Ray didn't have much of a sweet tooth, and she knew trying it would risk her day being ruined by deviating from her routine. But, well… her life was so monotone and bland. She might as well try something new for once.

"Sure," Ray gave a smirk and nodded. "Might as well switch it up a little. A medium, then, please."

"Like, right away!"

The drink was certainly more expensive than a black coffee, but that was to be expected. Ray must have waited for at least 20 minutes in the midst of the morning rush. She tapped her foot impatiently, trying not to take her frustration out on innocent bystanders.

"Rayie! Your drink is ready!", the barista called out. Ray almost sputtered, trying to comprehend why the barista called her that. No one had ever called her that before. In fact, the name made the hairs on her skin stick up.

"Thanks," Ray said as she picked up her drink. "Ray's fine."

"Like, okay! Hope to see you soon!"

What a weird girl, Ray sighed to herself as she paced over to her dingy office. It was so strange how she managed to convince Ray, the ultra-serious no-bullshit woman who was completely set in her ways, from black coffee to selling scammy medicine. No one had ever convinced Ray to be spontaneous before.

Whatever. Ray mindlessly took a sip of her drink.

Suddenly, Ray felt the need to stop walking. The drink was delicious. It was probably one of the best things Ray had tasted in years, if not decades. It was so sweet, but not in an awful or disgusting way. The saccharine sensation filled Ray's mouth completely, overwhelming her. She sat down and downed the rest of the cup in seconds. While she was disappointed in how quickly the cup emptied, there was always the option to get a second one. Shit. This drink was really damn good.

Ray paused for a moment, lost in thought. She turned back to the chain coffee store, and almost walked back there, before remembering that she had to make it to work in less than ten minutes. Tomorrow, then.She'd definitely get the extra large.

As soon as Ray got into the office, she began to make her usual cold calls. She introduced herself and the company happily, with an unusually enthusiastic customer-service tone and a sing-songy lilt to her voice. As she started to pitch the medicine, she stammered. What was she saying? They were selling some weird homeopathy pills, right?

She tried to say the words 'homeopathy' and 'alternative science'. She managed to get them out, somehow. She didn't even realize that the client had already hung up on her, probably minutes ago.

Ray sighed. They were always like this, weren't they? She really hoped she'd get at least one nice person who would listen to her today. They really didn't have to be so mean.

But as Ray kept making calls, she realized she had kind of forgotten what they were selling. The one or two times customers would ask her general questions, she would blink and stammer. She… didn't know. She always knew, though, right? Like, she'd been doing this for years. She had the script burnt into her brain. Why was it suddenly so hard?

One of her potential customers — an older gentleman — even started laughing at her. "Don't worry, sweetheart, I know words can be difficult sometimes."

He hung up, and Ray couldn't stop blushing. She could barely think straight. Shit… was that drink, like, drugged or something? Either way, her head was way too foggy to continue working today. Maybe she could go home sick…

Ray sent a quick email to her manager, telling her that she was getting a migraine and had to rush home. Luckily, her manager believed her. Ray got into her car, and drove off onto the highway. At least her keen driving skills didn't seem to be suffering.

As soon as Ray pulled into her driveway, she haphazardly unlocked the door to her house. She dropped her work bag and collapsed into her bed. Her mind was way too foggy to do anything, after all. Unless… there was one thing she wanted to do. Her crotch felt so warm, and she felt so needy for some kind of relief. It was almost as if she'd gotten a massive dose of an aphrodisiac.

Ray pulled out her magic wand from her bedside table's drawer. She threw off her work pants and underwear, and began to jack off, over and over again…

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Tuesday came, eventually, after a full afternoon and night of watching her favorite pornos and cumming repeatedly. Ray drove to work again. As always, she had one place to stop first — her favorite coffee shop. But she wasn't getting a black coffee this time. She

knew the drink she had yesterday was probably drugged, but she was already hooked. She needed more.

"Oh my gosh, hi Rayie!" The same barista as yesterday was there again, once again with the same drink by her side. Ray smiled at her warmly — after all, she was so nice to introduce her to this drink. "Oh no, you, like, prefer Ray, right? I'm, like, so sorry!"

"Hi there!" Ray said happily. "Don't worry, I actually kinda like Rayie." She giggled. When did she start giggling? "That drink was, like, soooo good. Can I have an extra large of it?"

"Like, yeah! I'm so happy you like it!" The barista must have jumped up and down hearing that, like an energetic bunny. Ray — Rayie — thanked her, waited for the drink, and thanked her again once it was passed off to her. She waved to the barista as she walked out, taking a nice, long sip.

If the drink didn't taste heavenly yesterday, it sure as hell did today. Despite it being so much larger, it took Rayie about the same amount of time to finish it. By the time she got to work, she was a giddy, giggly, ditzy mess.

She sat down, and started making her cold calls again. It was much, much harder today. All Rayie could think about was that drink, and her fantastic time masturbating alone the night before. In fact, all she wanted to do was go home and have a round two of her sexy fun night. But no — she had to stay at work and make up for the time she took off the day before.

She started making calls. She couldn't even get through the first sentence, let alone pronounce any of the hard words that used to roll off her tongue seamlessly. Why was this so hard? Did it even matter? She almost never actually made any sales, anyways…

Despite herself, Rayie made another call. She started it normally — or, what had become her normal since last week — "Hi, there! I'm Rayie. I'm from TMS Phar…ma… something. I was wondering if you want some, like, medicine?"

The person who answered was another woman. She spoke almost like how Rayie used to be — annoyed by everything and worn down by the toils of life. "Yeah? What kind of medicine?" she answered with a sigh.

"It's like… homeo… hom-ee…" Rayie's mouth hung on the word. She just burst into giggles, not actually answering the question.

"So, it's fake medicine." Rayie could almost feel the woman scowling on the other line. "Is that it? You're trying to scam me?"

“Uh… it may be fake. I dunno. But it might make you feel, like, really good!”

The woman’s sigh turned into a tired, exhausted chuckle. “You don’t sound like you’re too good at this. Why don’t you change things up a little? Try something you’re a bit, ah… more skilled in. Maybe if you impress me, I’ll buy some of your fake medicine and get you off the hook.”

“Oh, okay! So, like… what?”

“Hmmm,” the woman hummed, mulling it over. “Seems like you’d be pretty decent at helping me get off. I need a bit of stress relief. You’d probably be good at phone sex, right? How does that sound?”

Rayie’s face filled with a massive blush. She’d been asked that before, but it usually just ended with her cussing them out and slamming the phone down. But… she was alone in her office. And she was extremely horny. So… was there much harm to it? And she’d make some commission money from it too, if she impressed this voracious woman. Fuck it, Rayie thought. Might as well!

“Like, sure!” Rayie kept the phone in one hand as another hand shot down to her panties. “So, like, how do you want me to service you, Miss?”

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Rayie thought it was a good idea. She thought getting that woman on her good side would impress her supervisors, who would have no idea that she used her new, massive sex appeal to do it. After all, the woman was true to her word, and ordered a massive case of fake medicine.

But Rayie forgot that she was being monitored. Her manager found out she had steamy phone sex, and she was fired on the spot the next morning. Her manager also sent her a long, angry message about how if someone came after them, she’d be forced to cover the legal costs.

Rayie was really depressed about the whole situation. How had she gone from being one of the top performers at her job to being some kind of slutty whore who got fired for flirting with a customer? Well, crying about it wouldn't help matters; she needed to get a new job. She had her mortgage to pay. Maybe being a camgirl would work for her? She could afford some high-quality filming equipment right now…

Clearly, she had to go to her usual coffee shop. Not only did she need a cup (or two) of her new favorite drink, she needed somewhere to sit and focus on finding a new job. She drove to the store, speeding past the speed limit — luckily, no one stopped her — and

pulled into the parking lot, carrying her laptop as she got in line. This time, she'd arrived after rush hour, so there was less of a wait.

"Hey, Rayie! Same as usual?" The same blonde barista greeted her. Huh, Rayie thought, she's actually pretty cute. Maybe I'd like to look a bit more like her…

"Yeah! Like, actually, can I have two extra larges? I, like, just got fired, so… I need a lil' pick-me-up, y'know?" Rayie giggled. She felt oddly happy, despite the fact she was just fired from a job she'd been at for years.

"Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry! That's, like, so awful," the barista pouted in response like a bimbo. "I'll get you two cups, for sure — and lemme make it a bit special for you!"

Rayie didn't care what would be special about these drinks. She craved the peach kiwi flavor and the way it fogged up her mind and replaced her intelligence with horniness. She paid, got the drinks, and sat down at the table. She downed them in moments. She needed them. She needed to feel emptier and ditzier.

The arousal hit her like a truck. She was so horny that she needed to masturbate right now… Looking around, she made sure no one looked suspicious and ran to the bathroom.

She stayed in there for almost an hour, leaving only because her hand started to cramp. She wasn't completely satisfied, not by a long shot. She wanted to do this all day, and not just with herself. She wanted to be used repeatedly like some kind of fucktoy or plaything. She needed more, more, more. She needed to be an idiotic bimbo. She needed to be a fleshlight, a party toy for others. She needed to cum, over and over again, until her brain melted out of her ears.

She finally left the bathroom, briefly apologizing to the line at the door with an awkward giggle.

As she prepared to get yet another cup, the barista grinned at her. "Hey, so like, why don't you apply to work here? You get to have this drink all the time, however much you want, and the people here treat you so, so well, if you know what I mean." She winked at Rayie, who blushed hard.

Rayie's heart sped up. On the one hand, she was never particularly good at being a barista or food worker of any sort, and she was probably even worse right now — how would she ever remember all the formulas and recipes? On the other hand… unlimited peach kiwi drinks… growing ditzier and more airheaded by the second…

"Like, what's the application process?"

“Oh, you just have to come in the back and please everyone for, like, a few hours,” she grinned in response. “Doesn’t that sound fun? It’s, like, so easy too!”

Rayie thought — or at least she tried to think. She needed a job, right? And that application process seemed like something she could definitely ace. What did she have to lose?

“Like, okay!” Rayie agreed. “Can I just have one more drink, first?”