

Sleepsexing

By: Alexis Alexandra

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Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.



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My name is Jane Foster, and I live with a somnambulist. What is a somnambulist, you might ask? In a word...sleepwalker. Ok, so technically that was four words, but who's really counting? Other than me, that is. Now you might be thinking life with a sleepwalker around could be cause for all sorts of hilarity, but that couldn't be further from the truth. Especially when that sleepwalker is my best friend's husband.

It all started eight months ago...

I rolled over and looked at the clock through sleep-filled eyes. 7:23 a.m. My phone was ringing off the hook because I forgot to turn the damn thing to silent mode before crawling into bed at 3:30. Who in their right mind was calling me at 7:23 in the morning? Everyone that knew me knew me well enough to know NOT to call me before noon unless it was a life or death emergency. *Telemarketer*, I thought as I hit the ignore button and pulled the sheet over my head to block out the blinding light of the sun.

Ring, ring, RING! I swear each ring was getting louder and more insistent. I picked it up and went into anger mode. "Don't you people know what time it is?" I yelled into the phone. "I swear to god if I lived in India I would hunt you down and strangle you with your own goddam intestines!" I could be very vengeful when woken up after barely four hours of sleep. And that's when I heard the sobbing on the other end.

I looked at the name of the person I was talking to and put the phone back to my ear. "Oh god April, I'm so sorry," I apologized. April was my best friend and the only person that could call me 24/7 without stoking the flames of my ire. Usually. "Why are you crying sweetie? What's going on?"

"I...I can call...back later," she sobbed into the phone.

"No, no, it's fine, really. I'm sorry I yelled at you. I thought you were another telemarketer calling. "Is everything ok?" Of course it wasn't ok. She wouldn't be calling me at 7:23 a.m. if everything was ok. I hate it when I ask stupid questions like that.

"We...we're losing the house," She cried and sniffed hysterically.

"What? But how? I thought you and Greg were doing great? What can I do to help?"

"We...we need a place to stay. I have to be out by the end of the week. The bank is sending people out to evict us."

"Say no more. You and Greg are more than welcome to stay with me for as long as you need. Do you need some help packing things? I've got the next few days off work so I can come on by with all the boxes I have in the basement and we can get this taken care of."

"You are the greatest friend in the world," April cried into the phone. Yeah, it was pretty true. I would do damn near anything to help out a friend as long as it wasn't illegal. Hell, who am I kidding? I'd do a few illegal things to.

"Give me about an hour and I'll be over." I hung up the phone, looked angrily from clock to sun, and tossed the sheet off to the side. It was the middle of July, 98 in the shade, and my air conditioning was in the shop being repaired for the third, or is that fourth time this summer. I would eventually have to break down and buy a new unit, but Larry, another friend from college was a wiz at fixing them and barely charged me anything.

I crawled out of bed in all my naked glory. I did mention that it was 98 in the shade, right? Ok, good. Sometimes the heat goes right to my little grey cells and I forget what I said five minutes ago. I took a quick shower that was borderline cold, dressed in my favorite pair of spandex shorts and matching sports bra. It was going to be another scorcher today and I really

didn't feel like sweating my ass off while I helped April and Greg pack up their belongings. I looked myself over in the mirror as I combed my hair and pulled it back into a ponytail. I was having second thought about the shorts. I've had the things for about eight years. They were still in great condition – a little faded from a few too many washes perhaps, but looked good nonetheless. The problem was that in eight years I had put on a little weight and the damn shorts were now riding up both cracks. I shrugged and went to have my three cups of morning coffee.

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April and Greg lived in a nice little cape cod at the end of a dead-end road. The roof was newly shingled, and the walls newly sided after a nasty hail storm last spring, but I remember the faded rust-colored paint and broken windows when they first bought the fixer-upper five years ago. And now, after sinking god only knows how much into it, they were losing it.

Packing up a house was not exactly how I pictured spending my precious vacation, but like I said, I'll do pretty much anything for a friend in need. Greg greeted me at the door with a brave smile and a look from head to toe. I noticed the slight raising of his eyebrow as he took in my appearance. I prided myself on my body. I may not be runway model material – I weight too much for that, I am in good shape at 134 pounds to go with my 5 foot 6 inch frame. My long brown hair was currently pulled back in a ponytail, but when it hung loose it passed the middle of my back.

"Hi, Jane," He said somberly. He sounded as if a loved one had just passed. "Come on in. April's putting a pot of coffee on."

"Thanks, I said stepping into the living room. There were a few boxes scattered here and there, but none of them had much packed into them. "I have a trunk full of boxes," I offered. "And four rolls of tape. Oh, and there's a stack of newspapers two feet high in the back seat." I came prepared to do some packing.

"I'll get them," he sighed. I went through the living room into the kitchen. April was done putting the coffee on and was half-heartedly packing plates into a box, separating each with a piece of thin cardboard.

"Oh, hi Jane," April said just as I was about to announce my presence. "I didn't hear you come in."

"I just got here. Greg went out to the car to get the supplies I brought." The look on her face said she was trying desperately to hold back the floodgates, but was on the verge of losing the war. "So where would you like me to start?" I asked. "Want me to help you in here, or pick another room altogether?"

"I think I could use the company," she said as way of an answer.

"No problemo," I smiled. "Hey, don't be so down. I know it really sucks, but we're going to have so much fun rooming together again. Just think of it as if we were back in college. Do you mind if I ask how this happened? I mean, I thought you two were doing so great."

"We were," she sniffed. "We even got that loan to put the addition on. Then I got laid off and Greg's hours were cut and next thing we knew we were using the loan money to pay our monthly bills and not for the addition. We got further and further behind until last month they said they were going to foreclose on us."

"God, April, why didn't you come to me sooner? You know I would have helped any way I could."

"We were too embarrassed to tell anyone we were so far in debt. We tried digging our way out, but no matter what we did the hole just kept getting deeper."

"Well, you don't have to worry about all that anymore. My home is yours for as long as you and Greg need it."

"Thank you," she replied, a tear forming in her left eye. "We really appreciate this. I just want you to know that. We would be homeless if it wasn't for you."

"Now you know I would never allow you to be homeless. And really, don't sweat it. I have plenty of room and you already have a key for emergencies so you're good there. And don't even think about trying to pay rent or buying groceries because I won't have it. Everything the two of you makes will go into getting you back on your feet."

She sank into a chair and sobbed. I pulled a chair up next to her and wrapped my arm around her shoulder and pulled her close. She knew whenever she needed a shoulder to cry on mine was always available.

Through fits of crying and taking breaks every ten minutes to get something to drink and cool off, we managed to get the house packed up just before the clock struck midnight. We were all exhausted as we piled into our separate cars to drive back to my place. With their beds torn apart, and the bedding packed away, they had no other place to sleep.