

Sleepless

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The walls of the apartment creaked, every sound like nails on a chalkboard. Kevin tossed and turned. He tried everything from ripping the sheets off the bed and shaking them to sprawling out on the floor but his mind wouldn't shut off. Kevin dragged himself to the shower.

The hot water poured down his back relieving tension. He sighed. Kevin got out of the shower letting the abnormally cool air of his apartment dry him off. Collapsing back into bed he thought he heard a whisper. He felt heavy.

"Thank you for calling QuickLink. How can I help you today?"

Kevin went through the motions trying to answer the customer's questions. He barely listened, unable to concentrate, gave half-assed answers. The customer sounded frustrated as the call ended. Kevin didn't care.

Kevin turned his chair towards Brandon who was sitting in the cubicle across from Kevin. Brandon was just finishing up his own call.

"Ready for lunch?" Kevin asked.

"Give me a second while I finish up this order."

Kevin and Brandon sat in the cafeteria with their sandwich wraps. The lighting in the cafeteria started to give Kevin a headache. Kevin guzzled down an entire bottle of MountainDew before starting on his food. He was having trouble keeping his eyes open. He yawned and rubbed his eyes.

"You look like shit."

"Didn't sleep well last night."

"Need anything?"

"No. I think I should be good."

As they headed out of the cafeteria Kevin thought he saw something out of the corner of his eyes.

Kevin lay motionless. He stared at his alarm clock. It was one in the morning. How could this be happening? Kevin strained his mind trying to sleep. He felt his body grow lighter, like he was floating and his senses would dull but then his arm or leg would jerk. It went on like this for hours. Finally Kevin got up and took something he hoped would knock him out.

Kevin felt the medication working but as he slipped more and more into unconsciousness he felt like there was someone else in the room with him and he felt a great pressure on his chest.

Kevin could barely stand as he made his way to his cubicle. He collapsed into his chair. It took him several times to land his finger on the button to turn his computer on. Brandon came up behind him.

"You look worse. Those the same clothes from yesterday?"

"Yea. I took something. I thought it worked but I don't feel rested. I feel worse."

"I might have something for you. Something not over the counter. Wait for me today."

Kevin pushed himself through the day. He barely answered any of the customer's questions. He kept tripping over his own words and had to pause often to remember what he was saying. After several calls his supervisor Matt came over.

"Can I talk to you?"

Kevin took off his headset, placed his hands over his face rubbing his eyes with the tips of his fingers. He knew what was coming.

"Yea" Kevin said.

"We've been monitoring your calls today and your quality scores aren't good. Are you doing okay? Feeling sick?"

"I don't know. I haven't really been able to sleep the last couple of nights. I tried taking something last night but it didn't seem to work."

"I'm sending you home early. You're bringing down the stats of the whole team. I'd suggest taking a couple of days. You have the sick time."

"Yea okay."

As Kevin was packing his stuff to leave Brandon walked over and placed a subscription bottle on his desk.

"Here I take this stuff for my insomnia. Stuff should knock you straight on your ass. Better than any of the over the counter stuff"

Kevin picked it up playing with the bottle in his hand. He wasn't sure if he wanted to take it. After a moment he stuffed them into his bag.

"Thanks. I'll see you in a couple of days."

When Kevin got home he found his apartment chilled. It was warm outside and he didn't have the AC on. He didn't think too much about it. Kevin only wanted to sleep. After locking his door he threw his stuff on the couch.

Kevin went to take a shower. He wasn't sure how long he took. He stood under the hot water with his forehead pressed against the wall. Getting out he didn't bother drying and headed for the bedroom. Out of the corner of his eye he thought he saw someone down the hallway.

"Hello"

He felt stupid. There was no one there. Collapsing into bed he relished the feeling of the cool sheets pressing against his damp skin. As his mind

drifted, his body felt lighter. But there was a tightness in his chest. He ignored it.

There was a young woman straddling atop Kevin. Kevin tried to speak but as his mouth tried to form the words only gasps came out. It felt like the air was being sucked from his lungs. He looked around, everything was in a haze except for the woman. She sat erect with her fingers spread across his chest. Slowly she rocked back and forth, strands of white hair drifting across her face. Kevin felt explosive pleasure and heat emanating throughout his body. But he felt weak, he felt like something was being taken from him.

Kevin slid his hands up along her thighs. He wanted to pull her down; he wanted her to devour him. But as he tried to slide his hands further up her body his arms fell to his side limp. As if sensing his desires she leaned forward wrapping her hands around his neck. With each second that passed her grip grew tighter and tighter. As he felt the last of his life being taken he tried fighting back. He started thrashing about as much as he could, trying to throw the woman off of him. She held on to his neck pulling him up. He looked into her eyes, they were pure white. She placed her mouth around his. He pulled down on her hair, she shrieked. He tilted his head back and headbutted her. She fell to his side.

Kevin awoke to a damp bed and the smell of cum in his bedroom. As he went to the bathroom to clean himself off something in the corner of his eye caught his attention. But this time as he turned there was someone there. It was a shriveled old woman that towered above him. Her hair was long and matted. She grasped his throat with her slim fingers ending in long jagged fingernails. The woman pushed him down to his knees. With her other hand she brought her fingers to a point, thrusting the ends of her nails threw his chest. As pain coursed throughout his body she leaned down biting into his neck ripping away at the last of his life.