Counting Sheep Does Not Bring Sleep
by SeafoamFang

Summary

Leslie Monroe is not so interesting. She makes fairly good grades and has a small group of close friends. She is generally a shy, reserved girl but her smart mouth can get her into trouble sometimes. However the only real trouble she has is with gossip and boys. DEFINITELY boys. Too bad her school is FULL of those. Recently vivid dreams have been seeping into her waking conscious, and she can’t help but wonder if they mean anything. She can’t seem to get those eyes out of her head. Will her colorful dreams help her gain the courage to confess to her long time crush....or...?

Notes

Hiya! Welcome to Counting Sheep! So glad you decided to read my first crack at fiction. I may be a little slow on the update but there will be at least one chapter a week, and some art here and there by my good friend Ichigo who also helps me run this thing! (and keeps me from procrastinating *sweats*) So prepare for feels and too many relatable themes! Also will be NSFW some chapters. IM SORRY I KEEP SAYING THAT BUT I JUST GOTTA TELL YA SOME PEOPLE DONT READ THIS SHIT SO IM PUTTING IT EVERYWHERE I CAN. THIS SHIT IS EXPLICIT. SO ENJOY. I GUESS? BYE

~SFF
Distant footsteps echoed down the old school building hallway, carrying the quiet chatter that always accompanied it during class hours. Two young girls whispered to themselves disdainfully at another teenager perched on a windowsill just a few feet from them. The lass paid their sneering comments with silence, finding the nesting birds on the other side of the glass suddenly very interesting. Three other girls approach the scene, one taking notice of her lone friend and allowed her mothering hen persona to come forth. Swishing her gray curly locks out of her face, she walks decisively to the pair of ladies currently preparing a projectile hairband.

“Excuse me but the last time I checked Gossip Girl ended in 2012 so make like the couple of mice you are and scatter before I smack a bitch!”

The startled duo does just that, freezing in place a moment before quickly gathering their books and scurrying off.

They grey-head huffed, turning her attention to her friend dangling her long legs from the edge of her seat.

“Leslie, you shouldn’t let them just talk shit about you like that, especially when your within earshot. You’re letting them walk all over you!”

Leslie turned her head and readjusted her glasses to the bridge of her nose before speaking, “Let them be D. They’re harmless. I’m used to it anyway, it’s best just ignore them”. Leslie smiles, jumping down from the sill to brush off her skirt and greet her friends.

One of the other girls present pipes up, “No, Diane is right Les, you can’t just roll over and expect them to stop, it’ll get worse before it gets better.”

The blonde next to her nods in agreement, “Yeah, one time I remember back in freshman year this girl was getting bullied by the same group of kids, and they dunked her head into the toilet before she did anything. Her boyfriend actually got expelled ‘cause he tried to defend her one day.”

“Yeah well, number one; I’m not so passive I’d let one of them touch me, and two; I don’t have a boyfriend to get expelled so you can stop worrying about that”, Leslie explained as she lightly thumped the blonde on her arm.

“Also, that sounds so exaggerated. Expelled? Really? JUST for telling a couple of chicks to back off?”

“Who said he just TOLD them to back off?” the blonde snickered.

Diane giggled and grabbed Leslie’s hand, pulling her to the rest of the group. “C’mon beanpole we’re going to this new chinese place for lunch Jamie told us about, said there were a bunch of cute boys working there and you know Jamie, he’s got a good eye for a good guy!”

A smile lit her face at the mere mention of asian food. Well, at the mention of food. Grabbing her
messenger bag from the floor she tucked the stray piece of charcoal that had wormed it’s way out of the front pocket back in place.

“Sure! I’m always up for noodles!” Leslie chuckled as her stomach gurgled in agreement.

“Hey, if Jamie said there were cute guys, maybe you’ll find a boyfriend you can get expelled there!” the blonde chortled.

“What!! Willow! I would never! I’m not even looking for a guy right now!” Leslie’s cheeks turned a light shade of pink much to her dismay. Why did she have to get embarrassed so easily?

“Oh come on Willow she’s right. Besides, she’s not looking for a guy right now because she’s got her eyes set on a certain prep boy that’s in our math class~!”

“!!!”

“Samaira! Oh my god you can’t just say that out loud when we haven’t left the parking lot! What if the prep girls hear you?! “

“Holy shit guys Leslie is beet red, aw your so cute when your embarrassed!”

“Be Quiet!!” Leslie sputtered. God, she hated it when people knew who she liked, they always poked fun at her. While she could take it ok if it was from her friends, she REALLY didn’t want the preppy drill team girls hearing. Practically every single one of them drooled over Alec Dominioni, her included. There was just something about that olive skin and dark chocolate hair that made all the girls go gaga every morning he entered class. Mentally slapping herself for prioritizing a man over food, Leslie shook her head at her cackling companions.

“Ok ok I’m sorry, don’t want to set the dogs on you before you get your first kiss Les” Samaira chuckled, “I’m not that cruel”.

“Come on hoes let’s move it I got a get me somethin’ before I die of hunger” Diane ushered the girls to her car clutching her gut in mock pain. Giggling the girls all piled into Diane’s silver Subaru, Leslie fighting Willow for shotgun. Once in the back left window seat Leslie returned to her earlier pastime of staring out of the window as the trees, buildings and other cars blurred by. Her rumbling stomach brought her back into reality when Diane pulled into The Golden Chopstick lot.

Yeah, noodles sounded really good.
This is Normal.

Chapter Notes

You know that feeling when you have too much to do at once?

Huh, me neither. (twitch)

PS I'm not dead.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The smell of lavender… wispy smoke filled her nostrils and caressed her senses lovingly, as the dark hands that roamed her body explored every inch of her exposed skin. Gentle fingers found her sweet spots through her clothing one by one, drawing low elongated moans from her lips. The unseen lover trailing his large hands from her craned neck, to her covered breasts, all the way down to her toes where they lingered back up to her legs. “A-aaah~. Please touch… more…”

she groaned when he retracted his touch, only to sigh happily when she felt it again at her thighs. His nails raked along her sides, lightly so as not to bruise her delicate skin but enough to leave red marks. He began to massage the supple flesh, cooing gently to his lady. While his lips laid sweet little pecks on her cheeks, neck, and ears he whispered to her; his voice so soft and quiet it melted into her. It swirled against her joining with his scent to make her head spin with desire. Her body warm with pleasure, the girl whined when he nipped her collarbone. Taking in a shaky breath, she managed to open her eyes. Raising her head and clasping onto his arm, she searched for his face in the darkness of the room. Her other hand found the smooth plane of his chin, so she followed her limb to his shadowed head.

Staring back at her were half-lidded pools of deep emerald, white pearl-like pupils casting a soft glow from his gaze. The unfiltered desire that flitted through them made her heart thud faster. Electricity ran
spine; legs unconsciously closing together as a sudden rush of wetness made itself known.

With bated breath she looked at her tender lover’s eyes in wonder.

Who…?

Adrenaline coursed through her system, resulting in a none-too-graceful pratfall off of her bed. She barely missed the corner of her nightstand.

“Well that’s one way to start the morning.”

Picking herself up off the floor, Leslie Monroe crawled back onto her mattress and yawned sleepily. Glancing over at the puzzle clock she thanked every deity that existed she had woken up an hour before the alarm was set to disrupt her rest. Any normal teenager would have slumped back into dreamland, but Leslie was not particularly ordinary in her antics. She could get ready for school properly today! Everyday she would wake up about ten minutes before she was supposed to catch the bus, and run around like a decapitated chicken trying to find clothes and get a bagel in time. However, the fates must have cut her some slack today, waking her long before the mad dash deadline.

Placing all of the puzzle pieces into their appropriate spots, Leslie slid out of her leaf-green sheets and onto the floor. Her fingers fumbled for her glasses. Finding the thin rectangle frames the groggy young lady padded across the cold carpet into the bathroom with a small yawn. How she convinced her mom to include a bathroom in her bedroom when the house was first being built was a complete, but rather lucky, mystery.

Glancing at herself in the mirror, Leslie took a good look at her reflection that glanced back. She must have turned over onto her side, if the way her ginger locks made a sudden curve for the ceiling told her anything. The remnants of when she had dyed her hair blonde still clung to the ends of her otherwise orange hair. Tired blue eyes roamed the rest of her face and upper body, before placing her spectacles on the cold granite sink and continuing to the bathtub. As she stripped her old plaid pajamas off and turned on the faucet, she scanned herself one more time.

“I don’t know what I was expecting, same old freckly me. No changes, no marks. I’m not sure where in the world I could come up with dreams like that; I’ve been off of reading dirty fan-fiction for two years! It just… felt so real this time… who could that have been anyway?”

Leslie paused soaping her face to think back on all the people she knew with green eyes, and recalled no such person. Shrugging, she decided once again it was just her hormones acting up in her sleep. This was not the first time she had dreamed of this mysterious lover, and each night that passed the dreams would become more vivid. This time she clearly saw his eyes, whereas before she could only see a blur of that pretty emerald green. She was still a growing young lady after all; she probably imagined those eyes on a lover because of course, who would deny a man with sexy green eyes?

“Mrrrr!” came a purr from the doorway.

Turning off the faucet and stepping out to towel herself off, Leslie faced the little Russian Blue that had stepped quietly into the loo and jumped onto the counter. “Yeah isn’t that right Arwen? Wouldn’t you like a tomcat with cute clover eyes? I bet you wouuuul~” she sang. The grey cat
purred again and rubbed her face against Leslie’s outstretched hand. The girl took this as a sign of agreement, and stepped back into her room to get dressed, feline in tow.

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“You’re up early sis. What, did you forget something was due today?”, came the snarky remark from a black-haired boy about Leslie’s age currently occupying two chairs at the kitchen island.

“I’m not taking that from you until you stop failing Geometry, Ricky.” Leslie retorted, making a b-line for the fridge.

“Jeez, you sound like mom. It’s ‘all about the grades’ she says” Ricky Monroe groaned. “And I will continue to sound like her if you don’t quit being such a lazy bum. For your information, I woke up on my own this morning, because I wanted to look nice today,” Leslie humphed, pulling out the leftover omelet she had made yesterday.

“Nice? Yeah, you look nice, for a beanpole—OWCH!!!” Before he could finish his sentence Ricky was side swiped with a dishrag. The perpetrator was none other than their older sister, Monica Monroe.

“Will you stop shredding at her self-esteem like a cheese grater? She gets enough harassment at that stupid school.” Monica huffed as she bent down to pick up her cloth weapon.

“Maybe if you didn’t baby her she would grow a backbone!” grumbled the dark haired youth currently nursing his abused cheek.

“Maybe you wouldn’t be single again if it weren’t for your bad attitude!” Monica returned.

“Look who’s talking! You and Leslie have never had boyfriends in your entire lives!”

“Serves both of us just as well Boogertown.”

“That’s not what you told Vivi the day before butthrone!”

“Toliet-paper tote.”

“Clam-crotch!”

“Nimbus-nose!”

“Rotten-chutestuffer!!”

Leslie stood at the counter eating her cold omelet and continued to watch her siblings argue. She knew better than to try and stop them for her pleas for peace would fall on deaf ears. She decided to eat faster so she could leave the kitchen as quickly as possible.

“Here they go again. I’m surprised they’re bickering doesn’t wake me up some mornings. They sound like a couple of preschoolers with those weird insults they come up with. I guess this is what it’s like when your mom bans cussing in the house.”

Finishing up her plate, Leslie places her dishes into the sink and walks quickly into the hall, only to stop suddenly as a tiny figure appeared from the stairs.
“Luke! Your up! Perfect! Do you want to help me pick out colors for my art class today?”

Luke Monroe gave a big toothy smile and nodded his head vigorously, tossing his curly red hair that had been kept in a hair clip out of its prison and into his eyes. “Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! I’ll go get the bag!!” and with that the six-year-old boy pranced back up the stairs. Chuckling to herself, Leslie followed her energetic brother to the Mess Room where all of the art, sewing, gardening, and just about any other hobby you could imagine, supplies were kept.

“Your takin’ LOTS of blue today sis!” called the energetic youth. As the two picked out various shades of blue, yellow, and orange, the now distant sounds of Monica and Ricky’s verbal combat died down to jabbing murmurs, until it returned to silence in the peace of the morning.

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Unremarkable; how best to describe today’s events. The school hours passed by with the ticking of a clock from 8am to 3pm. Leslie had managed to finish coating her canvas in the array of colors she had picked out with her little brother earlier that morning. The teacher had remarked it with a critical grade that made the ginger wonder if she should really pursue a career in the arts. Her color spectrum was all over the place and in what she thought to be a creative galaxy of blue, dark orange, and purple. Apparently it actually looks like somebody went ham on a sheet of paper with a paintball gun. Leslie was always told ‘Art is in the eye of the beholder’; this beholder certainly has no eyes, or should at least be considered legally blind.

“Don’t know how you became a teacher if you have a certain super specific taste in non-representational art and expect every other painter on the planet to bend to your expectations otherwise you get an F. ‘Most important stage of technique development’ my left ass cheek.” Leslie grumbled. She hoped her mother would like it. Maybe she would send a photo of it to her stepdad. Her stepdad, Hamish Monroe, always did like acrylic paintings. Her mood lifting to a pleasant height, Leslie strode confidently down the North-West hallway of Baynard High School. She should really learn to look where she's going.

BAM!!

Sudden pain rushed through her head turning the world blurry and upside-down. A door to one of the classrooms was thrust open with the speed and accuracy to knock someone on their ass. Of course, this was. Her artfolio flew from her hands and clanged against the cheap metal lockers. Her glasses made a tumble for the ground as well, but gave no indicating sound as to where exactly they landed. They were far away enough her padding hands couldn’t pick them up. She felt like Velma Dinkley on one of the old 1970 Scooby doo episodes. The monsters however would not pick up her glasses, they would only laugh. The one that swung open the door peered out to see whom he had pegged with the old slab of hinged wood, sneering when he looked down.

“Well well well, if it isn’t Lesbian. Making door calls now?”

The mockery went unnoticed as Leslie was too focused on finding her spectacles. Spotting a blurry navy spot on the ground a few feet from her, she crawled for the missing glasses.
“Hey I’m talking to you four-eyes!” the irritated boy’s voice rising in temperament.

“Would you shut up? Move you idiot she can’t see!” spoke another boy just behind the first. Shoving imbecile #1 out of the doorway, polite guy #1 picked up her bifocals, pulling her left hand from the floor and gingerly placing them on her open palm. “Here, good thing they’re not broken”

“Uh...thank you.” The ginger murmured. Returning the glasses to their proper home atop her nose, Leslie got a good look at her savior currently picking up her artfolio.

Boy does she wish she hadn’t.

Alec Dominioni beamed a big toothy million-dollar smile at her, gesturing for her to take back her work. Leslie’s arms however were on vacation and did not seem to be responding to her brain no matter how much she tried. Her whole body must have gotten the same memo, as she felt utterly frozen in place while she stared at this handsome boy.

His bronze skin a wonderful contrast to the light colored polo he wore, and the dark close-cut hair on his head clinging slightly to his handsome face. God this man was gorgeous. Perhaps not that tall, but still gorgeous.

“Ma’am? You there?” Alec cocked his head to the side, arm still extended.

Leslie flushed red and quickly snatched her folio. “I-I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to stare. I just…got lost in your eyes.” The second it came out of her mouth she mentally knocked herself upside the head. Really? Flirting? NOW? “Me and my mouth...”.

Alex burst into several hearty guffaws. He sighed and helped the knock-kneed ginger of the floor.

“Your funny. How come I haven’t seen you around before?”

Her eyes widened and she readjusted her glasses, which had begun to slip. “A-ah, I’m around the art room mostly. Not exactly where all the cool kids hang out.”

“Huh, maybe I’ll go there more often. You draw really well. God has blessed you with a very special gift.” She had forgotten Alec was a very kind, devout Christian. That would explain why he always had a bible in his pocket. Not that she was looking.

“Heh, I don’t really think so. If that were true I think my grade wouldn’t be sinking so badly.”

“Don’t be so hard on yourself! If it counts for anything, I think it’s wonderful.”

The red on Leslie’s face became crimson. “T-thanks. I-i’t’s good to know someone has hope for me. Even if it’s a stranger.” “Is he really a stranger considering how much I already know about him? Wait…that sounded creepy. Was that creepy?”

“Sure! But I’m not really a stranger anymore, am I? .” The boy laughed again good-naturedly.

A small repeating beep interrupted the two. Alec glanced down at his watch.

“Oops, sorry, I gotta go meet somebody for practice today. Keep up the good work!”

With that, the handsome young man jogged towards the front doors of the building and left without
another word and a brilliant smile on his face. “He needs to keep those pearly whites in check before the whole girl population goes blind.”

“You really think so? I thought you weren’t looking.”

Startled as Diana walked up behind her Leslie jumped when she felt an arm around her shoulder.

“Oh my god did I say that out loud?” Leslie blanched.

"Yes hun, yes you did. Good thing I'm the only one here, everybody else left while you were staring dreamily at his backside.” Diana smirked.

“Uuuuggh. Please doctor, tell me it’s not that bad?” Leslie leaned dramatically on her bestie’s shoulder.

“Sorry Ms. Monroe you’ve got a severe case of stage three lovesick-itis. An illness so heart throbingly horrible the only known cure is a kiss from your one true love.”

The ginger narrowed her eyes. “Mood ruined. You just went from clinic doctor to fairy godmother in point-two seconds, that’s a new record even for you. Besides, everybody knows that a kiss for a lot of people today isn’t worth shit. It’s like a hug.”

“Sure but your not everybody. It’s important to you.”

“Doesn’t mean it is to him.”

“Oh please, the boy wears dress slacks with a polo EVERYDAY. Aside from the display I just witnessed, I saw him cry during a documentary on Japan invading China. The dude’s a sensitive Samaritan. Your precious little heart is safe.”

Diana moved the two of them through the same door the shining brunette had run through and headed to the back of the school courtyard. That was their meet up spot almost every afternoon. The area was mostly concrete, but had large raised blocks that sported vibrant, well-kept grass. The largest and furthest from the fountain in the center of the courtyard was their patch of heaven. With two stocky willow trees that served almost like a passageway, the girls would often sit, chat, take naps, throw pencils at the pigeon intruders, and snicker at the varsity Drill Team. Today however, the pigeons had set up a camp there, and nobody was interested in a little white surprise should they be disturbed.

Leslie, still hooked under Diana’s arm, wormed her way out from under it. She never did like being used as a leaning post; too close to people’s armpits.

“So what’s the plan for today, D? Is it just us?”

“Yeah. The same plan as always Lez, Wednesday afternoons are our trip to the grease-trap.”

“Aaah, good old Five Guys.”

“Please don’t get three patties this time that was horrifying to watch.”

“But it’s soooo good though.”

“I could have made a milkshake with the amount of grease dripping off and you ate the whole thing with a side of fries; how are you not busting your buttons?!”

“Um, metabolism?”
“LIAR!!”

Cackling like a couple of old ladies the two friends make their way from their infested secret lair and into the parking lot. Soon after they climbed into Diana’s car and drove off. The pair never once took notice of the sneering group of girls in the courtyard that merely stood and waited for the attention they would not receive.

“How annoying”.

Chapter End Notes

Hurray! Greasy Burbers MY FAVORITE.

This took way longer than it should have.

End Notes

Comments are appreciated and please let me know if you see any errors! :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!