



A PRISON
WITHOUT
LOCKS
OR BARS

SLEEPING DOLLS

RYPHNA ST-JOHN

Sleeping Dolls

A prison without locks or bars

Ryphna St-John

This book is for sale at <http://leanpub.com/sleepingdolls>

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Also By Ryphna St-John

Ryphna's Notebook

The Call Of The Doll

Les Anges D'Or

To the friends who always believed in me
To the fans past, present and future, who always ask for more
stories

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Sleeping Dolls

The key turned slowly, the clicking sound of a winding spring building anticipation into Akazia's heart. She felt the small silver tool reach a stop, indicating it was fully wind. The young lady carefully pulled out the key and inserted it into an other hole in the complex design on the wall. The key turned freely at first, the turns adding to the resistance as the spring tensed.

At the small desk, some distance behind her, George was gathering his books, getting ready to leave.

"- Are you playing with that clock again? They told me it was broken."

The young women seemed to ignore her friend's comment, quickly counting the number of time the key turned in the little opening. George knew very well she was listening, she was just too engrossed in her work and maybe too annoyed at him to want to get into any kind of argument.

"- Listen, I'm really sorry you got stuck taking the night shift guarding this place. If I could, you know I would stay with you until morning but I can't. I got to go to that tutoring session else they won't let me pass my classes....."

The Sophomore sighed, the lack of answer from his friend was irritating but he knew that no matter what he would say it would not make the girl feel any better. He placed the last of his books in his bag, bothered by his inability to support the Freshman for the full night guard turn.

"- I'm just thinking... Jenny is finishing her piano lesson in a few hours, would you like me to ask her to come up and check on you after? I'm sure she wouldn't mind..."

”- Don’t bother.” was her first words since Akazia had started working on the complex contraption that made up the short wall in the middle of the room.

She looked at him over her shoulder and realized how worried he was.