



The *Ganzfield* Series

Minder

Adversary

Legacy

Accused (August 2011)

LEGACY

THE THIRD GANZFELD NOVEL BY

**KATE
KAYNAK**

SPENCER HILL PRESS

CHAPTER 1

Trevor and I had wanted to wait until dark to steal the car, but that would've been too late. As soon as the last of the dinner stragglers cleared the area around the old barn, Trevor telekinetically opened the large, double doors. We both winced as the old hinges creaked loudly.

Did anyone hear that?

I stopped breathing and listened telepathically for an endless moment. The late-May, New Hampshire evening suddenly felt too warm, and the pinkish-gold cast of the protracted sunset made everything look like it'd been dipped in honey. The sun stayed up until nine at this time of year, so it was later than it felt. Wiping my palm against my jeans, I tried to slow my heartbeat.

I cast a quick mental glance into the main building. Williamson was up on the third floor, his head filled with financial forecasts. I couldn't feel Seth, but that meant nothing—his telepathic range was so large, he'd sense me long before I'd feel him. And the newest minder at Ganzfield was the *last* person I wanted to explain myself to tonight.

Trevor grabbed the keys for the grey sedan from the rack by the door. I slid across the driver's seat to the passenger side, never letting go of his hand. In the three months since we'd returned to Ganzfield, we'd practiced this shared mental shield frequently. It'd saved our lives when Isaiah Lerner had tracked us to my mom's place in New Jersey.

Trevor eased the car out of the barn. The long driveway looped in front of the main building and wound through the trees to the front gate. He turned on the headlights once we entered the gloom beyond the treeline.

Where do you think you're going?

Crap. Seth.

Trevor gave my hand a quick squeeze as a figure moved across the driveway in front of us. I focused on the shield, knowing that even Seth couldn't get through it.

Of all the lousy luck.

I'd hoped he'd be at the power station or the back gate, out of range. If anyone else had been on duty tonight, we could've bluffed our way out with a mention of "minder business."

Trevor rolled the car to a stop. The headlights illuminated Seth as he stood in the middle of the gravel drive, blocking our way. I glanced at Trevor, meeting his warm, chocolate-brown eyes. He gave my hand another reassuring squeeze as I bit my lip. *Maddie, I'll talk to him. It'll be okay.*

Trevor slid the window down as Seth stepped into the shadowed space between the headlights. Shielding, I couldn't broadcast thoughts to anyone other than Trevor. We'd have to talk aloud to Seth, just like normal people.

Actually, since I could no longer talk, Trevor would have to speak for both of us.

Seth's annoyance came through to me loudly—rust-pink and grating. Nothing kept out other people's thoughts—except distance. I always heard what other people thought around me, even when I didn't want to.

Seth's appearance still didn't match his mental presence to me. I'd never pictured him with this mane of red-gold hair. He kept it pulled back in a ponytail because he hadn't had it cut in years—having people in physical contact made them excruciatingly loud to him. It'd actually hurt Seth to get a haircut.

"Hey, Seth." Trevor spoke as though everything was normal.

Seth's thoughts flashed through all the things wrong with this

situation. *Why are they taking a car without permission and sneaking out? They KNOW Isaiah's killing every G-positive he can find! And Maddie's probably at the top of his killing "to-do" list.*

"Rachel said he was down near Atlanta this afternoon." Trevor knew that Seth would understand who *he* was. "It's safe."

Rachel could track Isaiah better than the other RVs could. We'd figured a way for me to share my memories of him to strengthen her remote viewing ability. Once she knew a person or object, she could locate it anywhere on the planet. I sometimes wondered how far into outer space she might be able to find things.

"Isaiah's not the only problem out there. The Sons of Adam—"

"You know I'd never let anyone hurt Maddie, right? We need to do this. It's important."

"What's so important?"

Trevor and I both flushed and I pulled the shield tighter. "Can't tell you. We'll be back soon."

"Let me ask Williamson..."

Tell Seth to get out of the way right now, I told Trevor, or I'm dropping the shield. We were busted, but we could still do what we needed to before dealing with Williamson.

"Seth, she's going to drop the shield if you don't stand back." Trevor's voice held a you-know-what-she's-like tone. He didn't enjoy being in the middle of our bickering, but Seth annoyed me like the older brother I'd never had—or wanted.

Seth's shock splashed over me, tinged with annoyance and several really bad words. Dropping the shield wouldn't physically injure him, but my minder-loud thoughts would hurt as though hell itself had set up shop between his ears. He quickly backed out of the car's way. His accusatory mental presence followed us as we drove away and dark-yellow guilt seeped through me.

Crap.

Seth had enough pain in his head without me adding to it. Sensing everyone's final, terrified thoughts as they'd died in the massacre a few months ago had traumatized him.

We keyed in the code to open the front gate. It only took a few minutes to drive out to North Conway. I kept a constant mental scan of the area—alert for ambushes, people who hated us, or traces of Isaiah's mental presence. Once we entered town, the mental babble increased and I flitted from mind to mind, listening for those who wanted to harm us.

—think he's cheating on me—

—more ketchup!

—sick of hearing about her boyfriend problems. She should just dump him and—

—kid whines one more time about the damn ketchup, I'm feeding him to the damn wolverines—

—this dress make me look fat? I feel—

—want to get home and have a beer—

—she looks kinda heavy in that dress—

Paranoid behavior? I wish. It's not paranoia if people really *do* want to kill you.

We found the Rite-Aid, relieved that it was still open. Trevor wrapped invisible arms around me as I slid out of the driver's door behind him. Someone might shoot at us from beyond my mental range so we had to be careful. The anxiety made our muscles hum with a twitchy, nervous energy as we walked together to the front door of the store.

At least we could do that now—my limp was finally gone. One of the strokes Isaiah had caused had damaged my motor cortex so I'd been through painfully boring physical therapy to re-train my brain to control my left leg. Williamson had paid the

physical therapist double her rate and had told Cecelia to charm her to forget anything strange that she'd seen—particularly my less-than-traditional way of talking into people's heads. We didn't want other people to find out about all of the unusual stuff up at Ganzfield. If word got out that a bunch of teenagers with super-powers were training up here, it would be bad.

Witch-hunt bad.

I felt Trevor's hand on my shoulder, warm and reassuring, as we stepped into the overly-bright fluorescent light and scanned the signs at the ends of the aisles. The Rite-Aid was nearly empty. It was almost 9 p.m. and they'd be closing soon.

We found the right aisle: Family Planning. I looked at the various products, totally unsure which one we needed. Trevor had even less of a clue than I did. I finally grabbed a purple and white box and we headed up to the checkout.

The blue-aproned woman behind the counter was probably in her sixties—grandmotherly and stern with short, salt-and-pepper hair and narrow-lensed glasses. She looked at Trevor and me, two clearly-anxious teenagers, and then down at the sole item we were purchasing.

A home pregnancy test.

Her mind filled with the obvious conclusion and I felt my whole face flush crimson. She took the cash from my hand. I now had a credit card tied to my ridiculous new bank account, but I didn't want a paper trail for this particular purchase.

The cashier looked critically at Trevor, internally debated whether or not to say something, and then let it out. "I hope you plan to marry her."

I closed my eyes and counted to ten slowly, trying to ignore this stranger's unspoken assumptions. This was *so* not her business.

Trevor's face was serious. "Absolutely." In a different situation,

I know he would've laughed.

I held the little plastic shopping bag close as we headed to the car, checking again for people trying to kill us. Driving back, I felt a twitchy tension, like little wild birds under my skin. My hands opened and closed on the box under the thin skin of plastic. The gate closed behind us.

You are SO busted.

I dropped my shield to yell at Seth, annoyed that he'd prudently gotten far enough away that my thoughts wouldn't hurt him. *You are such a JERK! You know we wouldn't leave Ganzfield if it wasn't important!*

What did you think was so impor—

I still had the pregnancy test in my hands, and now Seth could hear my thoughts.

WHAT? HOLY—

Just SHUT UP! It's not what you think. I pushed up the shield again, feeling a painful sinking in my gut. There really was only one thing he didn't know now, but protecting that last secret was important.

* * *

Legacy, the third book of the Ganzfield series, is available in both paper and electronic formats at Amazon.com and many other fine retailers.

ISBN 978-0-9845311-4-1 (paperback)

ISBN 978-0-9845311-5-8 (e-book)

For more information, please visit

www.Ganzfield.com.

Copyright © 2011 by Kate Kaynak

Sale of the paperback edition of this book without its cover is unauthorized.

Spencer Hill Press

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book or portions thereof in any form whatsoever.

Contact: Spencer Hill Press, PO Box 247, Contoocook, NH 03229

Please visit our website at spencerhillpress.com

First Edition January 2011.

Kaynak, Kate, 1971—

Legacy : a novel / by Kate Kaynak – 1st ed.

p. cm.

Summary:

Telepathic teenager Maddie Dunn has been left wounded from her encounters with Isaiah. The people of Ganzfield now have to figure out how to stop him before he destroys them all.

Cover design by K. Kaynak

The quotation from Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* in this work adheres to the fair use principles of Section 107 of the Copyright Act.

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this fiction:

Cool Ranch, Dunkin' Donuts, Fedex,
Friendly's, iPod, Morton Buildings,
Post-its, Purell, Pyreflect, Q-tips, Star Wars,
Thermos, and YouTube.

The charity "Connect" is a real organization for people with aphasia.

ISBN 978-0-9845311-4-1 (paperback)

ISBN 978-0-9845311-5-8 (e-book)

Printed in the United States of America