



Here's a sneak prieveiw of:

# **ADVERSARY**

**THE SECOND GANZFELD NOVEL BY**

**KATE KAYNAK**

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# ADVERSARY

## CHAPTER 1

Were we too late? Sick fear twisted my gut as we ran, and the dark hall seemed to lengthen with each echoing step. I tried to type the code into the keypad by the door, but my shaking fingers wouldn't cooperate. Drew started burning around the lock. The sudden blare of an alarm jarred my frayed nerves to the shattering point. I felt telepathically behind the door for a familiar mind, but all that I could get were fractured images of nightmarish tortures. Tears streaked down my face; I felt so useless, so stupid. I hugged my arms around my waist tightly, as though I could keep myself together through shear, blunt will.

We were too late. I just knew we were too late.

Drew kicked the door open, and it disappeared into the dark. A little ball of flame rose above his hand, and a macabre scene floated out of the firelight. People I knew lay strapped to gurneys, with metal rings screwed around their heads. Their skin was grey in death; their eyes filmed white. Bloody head wounds shone slickly black.

## KATE KAYNAK

The world tilted when I recognized the cold mask of anguish in front of me.

*Trevor.*

*Oh God, no no no no no.* My mind exploded in pain. I fell to the floor, racked with sobs. Too late.

“This one again?” A familiar voice came from behind me.

After a flash of confusion, light flooded back into the world as I recognized Trevor’s voice. It didn’t come from the unmoving body on the operating table. Trevor knelt next to me, beautifully whole and alive, wrapping his arms around me. I clung to him, a fairly useless mass of quivering relief, as he pulled me up to stand. His eyes fell on the corpse on the operating table next to us. It was his own mangled corpse.

OK, that made no sense—was this just a dream? Trevor and I must be sharing dreams again. I exhaled with a half-sob of relief.

The sickening nightmare landscape faded away. Trevor’s lucid-dreaming skills kept improving. He and I now stood in a high mountain meadow in mid-summer. A glittering river, white with little waterfalls, danced below us. The air felt like it cleansed my lungs with every breath. Wildflowers overflowed around us, gold and white and purple, rippling with a gentle push from the wind.

I met his warm, chocolate-brown eyes, feeling gratitude on many levels.

“You couldn’t dream about kittens.” Trevor smiled with mock exasperation. “Oh no. No cute little puppies for you.”

I pulled closer to him, shut my eyes, and rested my cheek against his chest as I felt my heart unclench. “Thanks.”

“Have you considered looking at pictures of bunnies before going to bed?” His hand stroked my hair. “Maybe baby chicks, all yellow and fluffy.”

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I laughed shakily, tilting up to meet his gaze again, warmed by the light within his eyes. "In my twisted subconscious, those baby chicks would become vicious monsters that would peck our brains out."

Trevor laughed as well. "Probably." he agreed, giving me a quick, sweet kiss. "You do have a dark side. You know what we could do—"

The sound of a gunshot cut him off. Hot agony ripped through me, and I cried out. I was suddenly, horribly awake, and back in the real world. Trevor was no longer beside me. I curled into the fetal position, overwhelmed by the excruciating, screaming pain.

*Adversary*, the second book of the *Ganzfield* series, will be released in both paper and electronic formats in August 2010. *Minder*, the first book of the series, comes out in June 2010.

Pre-order at [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com).

For more information, please visit  
[www.Ganzfield.com](http://www.Ganzfield.com).

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