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Opening extract from

The Medusa Project: Double-Cross

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The Medusa Project:
Double Cross

Fourteen years ago, scientist William Fox implanted four babies with the Medusa gene – a gene for psychic abilities. Fox's experiment left a legacy: four teenagers - Nico, Ketty, Ed and Fox's own daughter, Dylan – who have each developed their own distinct and special skill.

Initially, the four worked together as The Medusa Project – a secret, government-funded, crime-fighting force.

But now the teens have discovered that their mentor - and head of The Medusa Project - Geri Paterson has betrayed them.

In fear for their lives, the Medusa teens have run away to France…

Chapter one The Journey

I still couldn't get my head around it.

Geri Paterson – the person who'd brought the four of us together as The Medusa Project – had tried to kill me.

Not just me. She'd tried to kill Dylan too – and would have gone after Ketty and Ed if she'd had the chance.

And now we were running away from her, from home and from England…

"Nico." Ketty's voice beside me brought me back to the reality of the ferry's café where the two of us had just shared a chocolate bar. "They've just announced we'll be docking in ten minutes, we need to get into position."

I shook myself. Time to focus.

It was late at night and we were on a ferry, bound for Calais in France. Having no ID with us – and not wanting to leave tracks for Geri to follow - we'd sneaked on board using a combination of Ed's hypnosis/mind-reading skills and my telekinetic ability to move stuff with my mind.

So far, so good. But getting off without having to go through any security checks was going to be *much* trickier.

Ed and Dylan raced up and the four of us made our way to the back of the ferry. Outside the wind was fierce, and the salt smell strong in the night air. Ketty shivered in her sweats and I put my arm round her.

Her dark curls brushed against my skin. For a second I wished we could be alone, but I put the thought to the back of my mind. I'd have the chance to spend some time with my girlfriend later.

"So what's the plan?" Dylan snapped, fixing me with her piercing green eyes. She'd been in a bad mood ever since we'd left England. And though she had saved my life last night my patience with her was wearing thin.

"We hide until everyone's off the boat," I said, wiping spray off my face. "Then I teleport you over the sea to that pier over there, one by one." I pointed across the dark water to a wooden structure a few hundred yards away that reached into the sea. It wasn't a modern pier with buildings and fairy lights strung up for tourist, but old and bleak, with what looked like a small lighthouse at the end.

"Suppose someone sees us?" Ed asked.

“They won’t,” I said. Our ferry was moored at the end of a dock, facing out to the ocean. The route across the sea to the pier was dark and unwatched. If I kept the others low over the water, there was no reason why anyone should spot them.

“What about you?” Ketty looked up with concern. “How will you get off the ferry?”

“I’ll be fine,” I said. “It’ll be easy to sneak through security if it’s just me by myself. Plus I’ve got my telekinesis – and if anyone stops me I’ll just talk my way out of trouble.”

“Yeah, you’ll be good at that,” Dylan said with a slight sneer to her voice.

I gritted my teeth. I could understand why she was upset. Geri Paterson had tried to kill us yesterday because we’d found out she murdered Dylan’s parents when we were all babies.

Still, the news didn’t just affect Dylan. Her dad, William Fox, was the scientist who discovered, then copied the Medusa gene… the very person who’d given us all our psychic gifts.

Finding out Geri had killed him – and lied about it - was a big deal for us all. Knowing she was prepared to kill us to keep us quiet was about the biggest deal I could imagine.

The ferry emptied. We waited, still hidden at the back of the boat. After five minutes or so, all the other passengers had gone.

“Time to go,” I whispered. “Ketty, you first. I’m going to teleport you right to the end of the pier, next to that little lighthouse.”

She nodded. “Don’t drop me in the water,” she said with a nervous grin.

I leaned forward and kissed her cheek. “I won’t.”

“Get on with it,” Dylan hissed.

Ignoring her, I turned to Ed. “You need to use your telepathy to keep in constant contact with Ketty while I’m teleporting her, so she can let us know if there’s some obstacle I can’t see in the darkness.”

“Sure.” Ed swallowed.

“Dylan, you keep watch,” I said.

“Awesome.” Dylan scowled. She crept onto the deck and scanned the ferry. “I can’t see anyone.”

“Good, let’s go.” I focused for a second, then lifted Ketty with my mind. She hovered for a second, just off the deck, tucking herself into a ball so as to be less noticeable.

“This is weird,” she said.

I moved my hand, gesturing the direction I wanted her body to move… over the side of the ferry and down low, to a position just a foot or so above the sea.

I teleported her slowly and carefully across the dark water. After a few metres, she disappeared from view, swallowed up in the night. I kept propelling her towards the pier, trying to keep her body at a steady pace and height over the waves. Ed stood beside me, concentrating intently. He was inside Ketty's mind, our only way of communicating.

"How's Ketty doing?" I whispered.

"Fine but she says she's a bit too close to the water," Ed whispered back. "Her feet are getting wet."

I lifted my hand, sensing Ketty's body rise slightly into the salty air. I focused on the pier ahead. By my reckoning, Ketty should be over half way there now.

"There's still no-one coming," Dylan hissed from across the deck, "but I can hear voices in the distance."

I gulped. Chances were that someone on the ferry would walk round, checking to see that all the passengers had got off. We had to hurry. I increased the speed at which I was moving Ketty.

"Slow down, Nico," Ed urged. "Ketty says she's almost there. Yeah, she's saying stop and lift her up."

I visualised Ketty hovering over the water and raised my hand to lift her up telekinetically. Across the sea, the pier loomed in the moonlight. I strained my eyes, trying to catch a glimpse of movement. *There.* A tiny dark blur at the very end of the pier. It could have been a bird flapping past, or a shadow, but I was certain it was Ketty.

"Right she's over the pier now," Ed said. "Put her down."

I focused on the dark shape, setting it as close to the ground as I could.

"Okay you can release her," Ed said.

I let the telekinesis seep away, watching as the dark shape on the pier unfurled into a human form. As Ketty stood up, Dylan marched over.

"My turn," she said. "And for goodness sake move a bit faster this time."

I rolled my eyes at her, but said nothing. I glanced across the deck. Still no sight nor sound of anyone else on the ferry, but it was, surely, only a matter of time before someone appeared.

Dylan swept her long red hair up into a dark cap and nodded at me to show she was ready. I teleported her, moving faster this time. Ed guided me as he had before. By the time I'd set Dylan down on the pier next to Ketty, I wasn't even having to focus too much on what

I was doing. It was funny to think how hard telekinesis once was for me to control. Now I can move whatever I want, within reason.

Not myself though. That's always bugged me, to be honest. I mean I can teleport everyone else but I have no idea how to move myself telekinetically from one place to another.

Still, at that point, the limitations of my telekinesis were really the last thing on my mind. I had to concentrate. Get Ed onto the pier, then get myself off the ferry.

As I teleported Ed across the water I heard shouts coming from along the deck. Trying not to lose focus, I ducked behind a funnel. Any second there'd be somebody walking round here, checking there was no-one left on board.

It wasn't the deckhands themselves I was worried about… but if anyone realised I was here without a ticket or a passport or an accompanying adult, it would only be a matter of time before Geri tracked me down – and that would put us all in terrible danger.

I'm at the pier, Ed thought-spoke. *Set me down.*

I teleported Ed onto the ground. *I reckon it'll take me ten minutes to get round to the pier once I'm through the terminal,* I thought-spoke. *See you then.*

Ed broke the connection. Now I had to focus on getting off the ferry and through the security checks without anyone spotting me. I peered out from behind my funnel. The voices I'd heard before were getting closer. I headed for the door back inside the ferry. I had to go through the interior to reach the exit to the dock.

The door opened silently and I slipped inside. Two men were coming through the door on the far right. I flattened myself against the wall, heart pounding. Had they seen me?

No, and they weren't coming in my direction either. Though I couldn't see them anymore, I could hear their chatter as they crossed the ferry lounge, clearly heading for the café area, which I knew was on the other side of the boat.

As their voices died away I straightened up from the wall and crept to the next door. Through that, no problem. Then down some stairs to the foot passenger exit. A couple of guys in overalls were visible below me. They were busy ushering the last few cars off the boat and took no notice of me.

I did my best to look fairly casual as I sauntered down the side ramp. The passageway to the terminal building was cordoned off. I looked around. There had to be another way off the dock than through the customs and immigrations area.

Yes, there were a series of locked doors opposite, all marked Staff Only. Giving a quick glance round to check no-one was looking in my direction I opened the first door using

my telekinesis to undo the lock. The door opened on a store room. I shut it and moved to the next.

Again the door was locked but it was easy enough to unclick open. The room inside was large, like a hanger, and unlit. In the distance I could hear the thump and shove of boxes being loaded on shelves but from where I was standing I could see nothing. More importantly, I couldn't be seen myself. I felt my way round the wall until I reached a door. There were voices on the other side of it, so I moved on. A minute or so later I came to another door. I unlocked it and pushed it open. I was on a patch of deserted dock. The night air blasted me, straight off the sea. I climbed onto the railings beside the water and looked round, trying to get my bearings. Ah, there was the terminal building to my left and there were the moored ferries behind.

My spirits soared. If I followed this part of the dock along I would come to the car exiting check point. I could see the row of booths from my railing. There was only one official per booth and streams of cars driving through. Surely I'd be able to slip past unnoticed.

I tiptoed along the railings until I reached a high gate. Through the bars I could see the car exit area. Mmm, maybe it was going to be harder to slip past than I thought. The whole area was very brightly lit.

I glanced round. There was another way out – I hadn't noticed it before – to the right of the car exit area. It was a staff entrance consisting of a small barrier, manned by two officials, and not visible from the public areas. Beyond it was the busy road with the town of Calais beyond. As I watched, a couple of dockhands sauntered through, showing their passes to the officials as they did so. I glanced round. The distance between me and the exit was no more than a hundred yards or so. Directly beside me was a store area loaded with barrels and boxes. Beyond that, the dock area was full of shadows, but I couldn't see anyone else in the vicinity.

This exit was my best bet for getting out of here. All I had to do was find some way of distracting the officials. Summoning all my courage, I tugged my cap low over my face, shoved my hands in my pocket and strolled towards the exit.

"Eh, hallo?" The voice was male and heavy with a French accent.

I spun round, shocked, as a huge man with a tattoo creeping up his neck stepped out of the shadows cast by the barrels.

I hadn't seen him. My mouth fell open.

What on earth did I do now?

The man spoke again, a torrent of French I didn't understand.

I glanced at the wall behind him. A fire extinguisher hung there. It would be noisy and messy and draw huge attention to myself, but I couldn't see another option.

"Eh?" the man was getting cross. "English? What you do here?"

"Nothing," I said, my heart hammering like a machine gun.

With a subtle twist of my hand I focused on the fire extinguisher. A second later, the lock that held the cylinder in place sprang open and the extinguisher itself fell to the ground.

I flicked the top off. *Whoosh.* Foam sprayed everywhere. I telekinetically pointed the nozzle right at the man's face. The man gasped. Tried to sidestep it. As he slid and tripped, I broke into a run, heading for the exit.

I could hear the foam, still spraying everywhere behind me. The officials at the exit were staring at me open-mouthed.

One raised his hands, turning to the other with a bemused expression. Maybe they were too stunned to react. Maybe I could just hurdle the barrier and run past them before they had time to think.

I pushed myself on, my lungs burning with the effort. Only a few more seconds and I'd be there.

"Arretez-le!" The man behind me yelled and the two officials at the exit snapped to attention.

I was only metres away. One of the officials drew his gun and pointed it at me and I skidded to a stop. I was panting as the official marched towards me. Behind me I could here the man I'd covered in fire extinguisher foam racing up from behind.

My heart sank. I was totally trapped.