



MISSING
IN ALASKA

HIDDEN

IN THE

NIGHT

ELIZABETH GODDARD

Praise for *Shadows at Dusk*

“The author does a fabulous job of keeping the suspense level high, the danger coming, and readers like me on the edge of our seats!”

Reading Is My Superpower

“Fans of romantic suspense will be truly and rightfully impressed.”

Interviews & Reviews

Praise for *Cold Light of Day*

“Goddard weaves a gripping mystery set in Southeast Alaska.”

Publishers Weekly

“The first book in Goddard’s Missing in Alaska series will keep readers glued to their seats as the tension escalates in this thrilling romance.”

Booklist

“Elizabeth Goddard has once again proved she is the queen of romantic suspense thrillers.”

Urban Lit Magazine

Books by Elizabeth Goddard

UNCOMMON JUSTICE SERIES

Never Let Go

Always Look Twice

Don't Keep Silent

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COURAGE SERIES

Present Danger

Deadly Target

Critical Alliance

MISSING IN ALASKA

Cold Light of Day

Shadows at Dusk

Hidden in the Night

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HIDDEN IN THE NIGHT

ELIZABETH GODDARD



a division of Baker Publishing Group
Grand Rapids, Michigan

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Published by Revell
a division of Baker Publishing Group
Grand Rapids, Michigan
RevellBooks.com

Printed in the United States of America

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Goddard, Elizabeth, author.

Title: Hidden in the night / Elizabeth Goddard.

Description: Grand Rapids, Michigan : Revell, a division of Baker Publishing Group, 2024. | Series: Missing in Alaska ; 3

Identifiers: LCCN 2023041573 | ISBN 9780800742065 (paperback) | ISBN

9780800745882 (casebound) | ISBN 9781493445554 (e-book)

Subjects: LCGFT: Christian fiction. | Novels.

Classification: LCC PS3607.O324 H53 2024 | DDC 813/.6—dc23/eng/20231002

LC record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2023041573>

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Cover design by Mumtaz Mustafa

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24 25 26 27 28 29 30 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Elizabeth Goddard, *Hidden in the Night*

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To my brother Jeff—
you're the definition of stalwart.
Stay strong! I love you.

*The proper function of man is to live, not to exist. I shall not
waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time.*

—*Jack London*

Alaska State Troopers' Creed

From the beginning, society has needed a special few willing to face evil and run towards harm for the sake of others.

I am one of those few. I am an Alaska State Trooper.

My environment is harsh, vast, and unforgiving. I thrive in it.

My state is beautiful, majestic, and the last of its kind. I will protect it.

My integrity is absolute. My loyalty is to what is ethical, right, and true.

My courage will not falter. Fear does not control me.

I am the master of my actions and emotions, regardless of circumstance.

Where action is needed, I will act.

If I fall, I will get back up. If I fail, I will try again.

I will either find a way or make one. I will never give up.

I will be physically superior, mentally tougher, and more tenacious than those determined to bring harm to others.

I will enhance my knowledge and proficiency every day. My training will never cease.

I am a quiet professional. I do not seek recognition for my actions.

I accept and will overcome the mental and physical hazards of my profession.

I will do what is necessary to place the needs of others before my own.

Because I endure this, others won't have to.

Titles will not define me. No man will determine my worth.

I will live my life according to the creed I have written on my heart, regardless of my position, rank, or title.

I stand on the shoulders of those who have gone before me.

I am honor bound to maintain the proud traditions of Alaska's finest.

The fallen are honored by my actions and I commit myself daily to the mighty cause of preserving this honor.

I am an Alaska State Trooper.



ONE

GLACIER BAY, SOUTHEAST ALASKA

FEBRUARY

G *et in, get out . . . a blizzard's coming.*

A path had been plowed through the snow, guiding Ivy Elliott toward the cabin half buried in the white stuff and surrounded by heavily frosted spruce trees. A photo opportunity if there ever was one, but she wasn't here to take pictures.

And she was running out of time.

Her boots clomped onto the sturdy wood porch. Instinct kicked in and she ducked out of the way when a large clump of snow slid off the roof—a mini avalanche that could have buried her where she stood. She calmed her pounding heart and stepped up to the door. Drawing in a deep breath, she knocked. The door creaked open. It hadn't been latched.

“Hello? Anyone home?”

No one answered.

Prickles crawled up her back. Something wasn't right here, but even so, she was uncomfortable with entering the man's cabin, so she knocked again.

A muted stillness, silence that only a snow-covered landscape could create, closed in on her. She glanced at the setting,

expecting serenity at the sheer beauty to flood her. Instead, the eerie sensation of being watched pinged through her.

Removing her gloves, Ivy reached under her coat, freed her handgun from its holster, and gripped it at her side. She drew in a breath of arctic cold and puffed out white clouds.

One more time she knocked.

No one is home and they left the door open.

Common sense, reason, told her this was a fool's errand. That she should turn around and go. But she wasn't leaving without what she had come for. She eased the door open. "Hello, anyone home? I'm sorry for the intrusion, but I'm only checking on you to make sure you're all right."

Deep shadows obscured the interior of the cabin. Not even a fire in the fireplace to provide warmth or light. She opened the door wider, and the gray of day illuminated the dim space inside, revealing an overturned table and toppled chairs. A familiar coppery scent met her nose. Her breath caught. Pushing the door all the way open, she stepped inside.

A man lay on the floor, pooled in blood. Stunned at the sight, her heart seized. She gasped for breath.

He moved his hand.

Still alive!

She rushed forward and dropped to her knees. "Just hold on. You're going to be okay," she lied. A knife was buried in his chest. "If I pull it out . . ." He could bleed out. Considering the amount of blood on the floor, it might already be too late.

She put her gun away and yanked a blanket from the nearby worn-out couch. She feared pulling out the knife would only create more problems. Still, she pressed the blanket around the knife to try to slow the bleeding. "I'm going to call for help. You must have a radio or a satellite phone. Something." But she already knew from experience not everyone in remote Alaska wanted to be connected or bothered or found.

Taking his shaky, weak hands, she placed them on the blan-

ket. “Here. Press here. Can you keep the pressure on? I don’t want you to lose more blood.”

Even in the shadowy room she could see his pale-gray skin, and that he was almost gone.

“Stay with me. Stay with me.” *God, what do I do? Please don’t let this man die.*

When his hands slid away, she pushed harder against the blanket, willing the blood to stop. With her free hand, she fished in her coat pocket for Carrie’s two-way radio to call for help.

His mumbled words drew her back to him and she leaned down until her ear was near his lips.

“Find . . . her.” He released a long, slow breath as if it was his last.

Her heart seized. She glanced at his eyes and watched the life fade away. Grief constricted her chest.

Find her . . .

Heavy footfalls bounded across the porch and into the cabin, startling Ivy. She looked up to stare point-blank at the muzzle of a gun and lifted her bloody hands in surrender.

I didn’t kill him.