

FROM THE AUTHOR OF *GAME ON*
LILLIAN DUNCAN

JANE

DOE



***A THRILLING
SUSPENSE NOVEL***

Jane Doe

Lillian Duncan

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

Jane Doe

COPYRIGHT 2020 by Lillian Duncan

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the author or Pelican Ventures, LLC except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.

eBook editions are licensed for your personal enjoyment only. eBooks may not be re-sold, copied or given away to other people. If you would like to share an eBook edition, please purchase an additional copy for each person you share it with.

Contact Information: titleadmin@pelicanbookgroup.com

All Scripture quotations, unless otherwise indicated, are taken from the Holy Bible, New International Version^(R), NIV^(R), Copyright 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.TM Used by permission of Zondervan. All rights reserved worldwide. www.zondervan.com

Cover Art by *Nicola Martinez*

Harbourlight Books, a division of Pelican Ventures, LLC
www.pelicanbookgroup.com PO Box 1738 *Aztec, NM * 87410

Harbourlight Books sail and mast logo is a trademark of Pelican Ventures, LLC

Publishing History

First Harbourlight Edition, 2020

Paperback Edition ISBN 978-1-5223-0276-6

Electronic Edition ISBN 978-1-5223-0275-9

Published in the United States of America

Dedication

This and all I do is for God's glory.

To Ronny, for all your love and support.

A special shout out to Kathy (Brazee) Thompson,
Triway Class of 1973!

What People are Saying

Trapped

Tense, gripping, challenging. and redemptive.

~Jennifer from CarpeDiem

You certainly want to read this book in the daytime, with the doors locked and your phone close by.

Betti Mace, Betti Mace Book Reviews

Trapped by Lillian Duncan is a phenomenal work of romantic suspense. This is the first book that I have read by this author but I have read many books in this genre and I was interested in the premise of this book. I am in awe of the author's ability to create terrifying situations that seem way too real.

~Michelle Castaneda, Reviewer, Livin' Lit:

Reading the first few pages of this book made me want to run and hide.

~Deana Dick, reviewer, Texas Book-aholic

This is a book that will grab you from the first page, and when you're a few pages in you begin to think that the story is almost over, but no! . . .I will be looking for more books by this author.

~Maureen Timerman, Maureen's Musings

1

“Wakey. Wakey. Little Suzie.” His sing-song voice penetrated the drug-induced blur that was her normal these days.

“Not...my... name.” Raven. Her name was Raven Lynn Marks. It was getting harder and harder to remember anything about her life before the monster, but she didn’t want to forget her name. Raven. Her name was Raven. That was all she had left.

The monster had taken everything else from her.

Her life. Her family. Her friends. She refused to let him take her name. As she ran her fingers through her long, black, stringy hair, the weight of the chain around her wrist chafed. She looked up at him. “Leave...me...alone.”

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you, Little Suzie? But you don’t tell me what to do.” A moment later he poked her with the electric cattle prod.

The electrical current traveled throughout her body causing her to jerk and tremble. Her mind tried to block out the excruciating pain. It failed. She screamed.

He chuckled. "That's more like it. You thought you were so strong but look at you now." He waved the wand toward her as if performing a magic trick. Deliberate. Slow. Taunting her.

No doubt he wanted to savor her fear. She wished she were strong enough to hide it since he so enjoyed causing it, but that time had passed long ago. "Just kill me."

The cattle prod stopped moving toward her. His face was hidden as always by the ski mask, but she could still see his eyes and his mouth. His gaze was intent as if she were a bug specimen in science class. "Really? Is that really what you want? To die?"

"Yes, that's really what I want. Please just kill me. I can't do this anymore. I want to die. Isn't that what will happen anyway? Sooner or later. Please make it sooner. Show me a little mercy. Please."

The black ski mask moved as his lips curled into a smile. Cruel, but still a smile. "Wow! What a rush to have that kind of power. I guess that makes me god." He laughed. "At least, your god, Suzie Q." Without warning, he poked her with his cattle prod once again.

More voltage this time.

Her body jerked on its own accord. She couldn't control the tremors. Her eyes rolled back in her head. Slobber drooled from her mouth. Her limbs twitched—and kept twitching. "Please, God, let me die." She wasn't sure if she said the words out loud or merely thought them. When the tremors stopped, Raven stared up at her captor.

He stood there watching her.

She'd never seen the monster's face—only his eyes. Cold. Not true. They weren't cold, but full of hate. What had she done to deserve that kind of hate?

Why was she here? The fact that she hadn't seen his face used to give her hope that he might free her. Someday. But that hope was dwindling fast. She was pretty sure she'd die here. Alone. And in pain. Nobody would ever know what happened to her. Her poor sister. What was she thinking? Was she still looking for her? Or had they forgotten her? Raven knew the answer—her sister would never give up looking for her.

The monster knelt down beside her.

If she could pull off that mask. See the monster's face. That would be a victory. She wanted to see his face. Her hand moved up a few inches, but the fear won. Her hand fell back on the dirty cement floor.

"Why are you here?" No longer her tormentor. Now he was the teacher and she was the student.

They'd been through this before—many times. She knew the answers he wanted—what she was supposed to say, but she still had a little defiance left in her. Summoning her energy, she glared at him. "Because you're a monster."

Cattle prod.

He asked again. His voice calm but it was the calm before the storm. "I asked, why are you here?"

She looked at the cattle prod in his hand. The defiance was gone. She gave the answer he wanted to hear. "Because I'm a self-centered, celebrity-seeking narcissist."

"Much better, Suzie Q."

She glared. "That's not my name."

Cattle prod.

"Your name is whatever I say it is, and I say it's Suzie Q. Today. Tomorrow it might be something else. Because it's whatever I say. Because I am your god. I

decide if you live or die. Or even eat."

Cattle prod.

"What's your name?"

She didn't answer.

"I asked you a question." The cattle prod moved closer.

"Suzie."

"Much better." She could see his grin through the hole in the ski mask. "And who am I?"

She summoned her courage and met his gaze. "A monster."

Cattle prod.

"I don't know why you make me do this to you. You do know it's all your fault. I'm a patriot. I'm not a cruel person. I love America and people like you are trying to ruin it. Not just for me but for everyone in this wonderful country. I can't let you do that. Now who am I?"

She didn't understand why he felt the need to justify what he was doing to her. There was no justification in the world for what he was doing to her. All she understood was that she didn't want any more pain, so she gave him the answer he wanted. "A patriot who loves America."

"Much better. Who are you?"

"A self-centered, celebrity-seeking narcissist."

"I'm glad we understand each other. Remember this is not my fault. It's your fault."

Cattle prod. And again and again.

She screamed and begged him to kill her until her world went black.

2

Raven regained consciousness but didn't open her eyes. Instead she listened. Was the monster still here? Was he standing above her? Staring down at her? Waiting for her to wake up so he could induce even more pain. Or had he left?

Sometimes he left for days.

She prayed for those days—even though it meant no food. It also meant no pain. Other days, he might visit two, three or even four times. This had been one of those days. She thought it had been a three-visit day. So far. When she decided she was alone she opened her eyes.

He was gone but nothing else had changed. She still had a thick chain wrapped around her left ankle and another around her right wrist. She was sprawled out on a slightly damp concrete floor. In the corner of her prison, her captor had tossed some straw or hay—she wasn't sure which—he said for her comfort.

Yeah, some comfort. She looked at the two aluminum dog bowls. Dog bowls. That's what her life had been reduced to. Eating and drinking from dog bowls. Had he filled them while she was unconscious? Some days he did and some days he didn't. When he filled them that usually meant he might not be around

for a while. She'd learned to eat sparingly or risk hunger for many days.

Summoning her energy, she crawled over to the bowls.

They were empty.

Her eyes filled with tears.

He would be back. Soon.

So hungry. So thirsty. She sat by the empty bowls sobbing. After a time, she used her dirty shirt to wipe her nose, and then looked around her prison.

The room had only one small window that was half-caked in dirt, so she was always in semi-darkness even during the daytime. The floor was cement, and the walls were wooden. Her chains were connected to screws in the floor but had cement covering them. She'd tried to dislodge them many times. She'd finally given up trying. She assumed she was in a barn, not just because of the straw but the smell. The place definitely smelled like a barnyard.

She had no idea how long it had been since she'd breathed fresh air without the stench. The truth was she wasn't exactly sure how she'd even gotten to her prison because of the drugs. She didn't know what kind of drugs he used, but they made her confused. She forgot things. Important things.

But not her name. Raven Lynn Marks. It felt like a victory. No matter how often he called her that stupid name, he couldn't make her forget her real name. And he couldn't make her forget that somewhere, people worried about her, prayed for her, and loved her.

She wondered if anyone loved the monster. She couldn't imagine that was even possible. He seemed to have lost every shred of humanity. But he must have some sort of life outside of her prison.

She just couldn't imagine what it might be.

Raven touched the empty dog bowls. She had no doubt he was drugging her food or water. But that was OK with her. It made the time go by faster when she slept. It wasn't like she had a choice anyway. He fed her so little that she had to eat what he gave her—even if it was drugged.

Sleep was good but remembering was better. She needed to remember things. Important things not just her name. How had she gotten here? She tried to focus. She'd tried to remember day after day but couldn't. It was as if her mind was a chalkboard that had been completely erased. She could remember her life. Her family. Her job. Her little apartment. But she couldn't remember how she got here.

What she did remember was waking up in this prison and not being allowed to leave it. No matter how often she'd begged the monster to let her outside even for a few minutes, he refused.

This room was the only room. He kept that door shut and her chains weren't long enough to reach the door anyway. The door—her way to freedom. It probably wasn't even locked. If she could get the chains off, she might be able to just walk out and go home.

Tears filled her eyes.

Home. Her sister. Her nieces. Marnie and her other friends. What did they think happened to her? Were they still looking for her? Or had they given up? She closed her eyes willing the thoughts to go away. It was too painful to think about her past life. It was gone. This was her life now. She opened her eyes. Her gaze moved around her new life—her prison. Her chains only let her move around in this one area.

Her approximation was that the room was about five feet by eight feet. Her captor's chains gave her enough leeway to walk about half the length and width of the room. But not quite long enough to reach the door.

The door. It seemed magical to her. If only she could get to the door, she might have a chance. Tears streamed down her cheeks. But she didn't have a chance.

The monster had all the power.

Still she did her best to stay in shape by walking and running in place and even calisthenics when she was feeling strong enough. After all, she needed to keep up her strength—just in case she ever got an opportunity to escape.

It hadn't happened yet—but that didn't mean it couldn't—wouldn't happen. She prayed and prayed for it to happen but no answer came from God. Maybe someday. Maybe even today. Unfortunately, if it happened today, she wasn't sure it would make a difference.

The last session had been difficult. Maybe the worst since she'd been here. She couldn't survive many more like that. She knew she should get up—to move, but there was too much pain. And what would be the point?

The truth was she really didn't care anymore. She hadn't been lying when she'd told the monster to kill her. She'd meant every word. She couldn't do this any longer. "Please, God. I'm sorry I'm not strong enough. I don't know how Jesus did it. Don't let him hurt me again. Please. Just let me die."

The dampness of the floor soaked into her clothes. The stench of the barn surrounded her. Her gaze

moved to the corner with the straw. Should move there...might be more comfortable...but she didn't have the energy to even try.

The darkness of her dreams came once again.

Sometime later, she heard a noise and then felt a kick in her side. She sucked in her breath with the pain. The monster was back. She opened her eyes. A new day? He stood above staring down at her. "So you're finally up. I guess I know where the Lazy Susan got its name."

"My name...not Suzie."

Another kick.

Pain radiated throughout her body.

"It's whatever I want it to be. And I say it's Suzie Q."

Raven. My name's Raven. She wanted to protest but what would be the point? Instead she closed her eyes and waited.

"Open your eyes."

She did as she was told.

"You really are disgusting, you know that, Suzie?" A slight kick again. "I mean, really? Don't you have any pride in yourself? You're filthy. And this place smells horrible. I think it's time for a good spring cleaning, don't you?"

Was it spring? Did that mean she'd been here for a year? Was that even possible? To live this way for that long. Would she be here next year in the spring? And the next? Please help me, God. Please help me.

He walked out of the room but a moment later came in holding a bucket with a scrub brush in one hand and three-gallon jugs of bleach in the other. "Clean this place up. I'll take out the straw. If you do a good job, I might even let you take a bath. Wouldn't

you like that?"

She nodded but didn't move.

After he gathered up the straw, he kicked her again for good measure. "What are you waiting for? I said clean this mess up."

"I need my hands. Both of them." She held up her chained wrist.

"I suppose you do." He knelt down and unlocked the padlock.

The chain slipped away. It felt wonderful not to have that heavy thing on. This was the first time he'd unchained her since she'd been here. Maybe this really would be the day? "How about my leg? I can't reach the other part of the room."

"I suppose you can't but that's not happening, Suzie Q. Clean the areas you can reach and then I'll think about unchaining you. Later."

Raven nodded. She picked up one of the bleach containers and poured some in the corner, then moved the bucket closer. It was half-filled with water. She got down on her hands and knees. Using the scrub brush, she did as she was told. The bleach fumes burned her nose and throat.

Her mind wandered. Would he unchain her to let her finish the other side of the room? If he did, could she find a way to get away from the monster? She would. God was with her. With God, all things were possible.

"I know what you're thinking."

She jumped. She hadn't realized he was so close behind her. "If I were you, I'd stop thinking about escaping and find a way to make me like you better."

Raven kept her back turned from him. He might have total control over her body but not over her

thoughts. He couldn't stop her from thinking what she wanted.

He watched probably to make sure she was being thorough. After ten minutes or so he left but didn't close the door.

That had never happened. She could hear him out in another area of the barn—if it was a barn. Edging toward the door as far as the chains would let her go, she peeked out. Horse stalls and then the sound of a whinny. Definitely a barn—a very old one. There was nothing modern about this rickety old building. It must have been standing a long time.

Rays of sunshine danced on the straw-covered cement floor.

Her eyes filled with tears at the beauty of it. How long had it been since she'd actually seen the sun? Or been outside? Or felt the soft breeze? She didn't know. Could it really have been a full year? It didn't feel that way, but all her days and nights blurred together. The only thing that separated them was when the monster showed up and hurt her.

Her gaze landed on a nail. Just inside the door. The monster must have kicked it in without noticing. Or was it a trick? One more thing he could punish her for. Could she reach it? She pulled until the chain around her ankle was taut. She reached out. Another few inches but still couldn't touch the nail. She laid flat on the floor stretching her arm. Her finger touched the nail. Carefully, she rolled it toward herself. And then she had it.

The sound of footsteps made her hurry back to the bucket.

It felt like a victory to get the nail. But why? What could she do with it? She couldn't overpower the

monster with a silly little nail. Still she had it, and he didn't know she had it. That was something...unless it was a trick.

As she poured more bleach, she stared at the container. If she drank enough of it would it kill her? She knelt down and scrubbed. She thought it might. But she wasn't sure. What if it just made her sick but didn't kill her? That could be worse than dying. Best not to risk it.

As much as she wanted to end this torment; she didn't want to be the one to make it happen. That was God's job, not hers. And not the monster's. Or it shouldn't be the monster's decision, but she had a feeling she knew why he was forcing her to clean the room.

Her time here was coming to an end.

She closed her eyes. It's OK, God. I'm ready to come home. To be with You. To end this torment and suffering. To be in a place with no pain and no tears. Only peace and joy.

But she hated the thought that this monster would get away with this.

And what if she wasn't his first victim—or his last?

She moved as close to the doorway as she could get. Couldn't see him but she could hear him moving around out there. Maybe doing his own spring cleaning. She hurried back to the bleach and poured a big puddle on the floor and kept scrubbing.

The nail was still in her hand. It felt good. Her gaze moved to the little window. Then she had an idea. She walked over to it. Using the nail, she scratched the letter R. Then she hurried back to the scrub brush. Then took a chance again. This time she scratched the

A and V before she lost her nerve and went back to scrubbing.

Scrub. Scratch. Scrub. Scratch. When she was finished, her name, Raven Lynn Marks, and the year, were written on the tiny wooden windowsill. She stared at it for a long moment. Then she spit on it. Once. Twice. She waited as the wetness disappeared.

Her DNA. But she didn't know enough to know whether it would last, but she smiled. Her name. It was proof she'd been in this horrible place.

She quickly moved back to her knees and continued scrubbing.

He poked his head in several times. Each time he found her on her knees scrubbing just the way he'd told her to. When she was finished with the parts she could reach, she sat in the middle of the room and waited.

He walked in and sniffed. "Oh, that's better. Much better."

"Your wish is my command."

"I'm glad you understand that, Suzie Q." He stared down at her. "What are you smiling about?"

"Just enjoying the smell of clean." Hopefully, someday someone would find her name and know what this monster had done to her.

3

"I promised if you did a good job, I'd let you get cleaned up. And I'm a man of my word. Time for that bath. Stand up."

She stood.

"Put your hands out."

She did as she was told.

He wrapped gray duct tape around them. Not handcuffs, but it might as well have been since it did the same job. Her hands were basically worthless. No way to escape. Not true, she reminded herself. With God, all things were possible.

"Can't have you trying to escape now, can we?"

She refrained from saying anything. Over time, she'd found it best to not antagonize the monster. Though there were times she did it anyway. But this wasn't one of those times.

She was curious to see what he planned for her. A bath? Or was it time to end her suffering? Either way would be a win as far as she was concerned. She was tired of feeling so dirty. She stood there quietly, praying and waiting.

He leaned down. As he was unlocking the chain around her ankle, she wished she had something to hit him with and the courage to do it. But she didn't. He

was much stronger than she was and using her bare hands against him would only make him angry.

And that meant more punishment.

She didn't want to be hurt anymore. If it was her time to die—so be it.

He grabbed her arm and led her out of the room then shoved her against the wall. "Don't move."

He walked in and picked up the bucket and the empty bleach jugs. She held her breath. Would he look at the windowsill? Would he see her name? If he did, he'd make it disappear and then no one would ever know what happened to her.

He tossed the water on the spot where she'd been sitting. No doubt cleaning up any forensic evidence that she'd ever been in the room—no evidence of her torture. Or of his evil. He was washing away her very presence. Or so he thought.

She opened her hand, staring at the nail, and then let it fall on the floor. It clunked. She held her breath, hoping he wouldn't hear.

He turned toward her. "What did you do?"

"Nothing."

He walked out of the room and stared hard at her. Then looked down at the nail. "Where did this come from?"

She held her breath. Please God don't let him see my name.

He picked up the nail and turned toward her. "Did you see this?"

She shook her head.

"Good thing. Maybe you would have tried to kill me with it. Nail Death instead of Death Knell." He laughed and laughed. When he stopped, he looked at her. "Didn't you like my joke?"