

# *Unlawful Identity*

A novel by

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# *So, it begins*

Samantha Lange stared down at the man, hanging over the side of the building. “Hold on,” she cried. “I’ve got you.”

“Don’t let go,” he cried.

“Kyle, don’t let go,” she cried.

“Sam, help me, please.”

“I won’t let you fall...” she tried with all her might but his hand slowly slipped away. “Kyle!” she screamed as his body fell the ten stories to the ground. Tears streamed down her face, as the door behind her was kicked open.

“Don’t move!” he shouted. “FBI!”

Samantha slowly put her hands up and turned around. “I didn’t do anything. I’m NYPD.”

“I know who you are, Detective. Put your hands behind your back. You’re under arrest!” the man grabbed her arms and handcuffed her wrists.

“What am I under arrest for?” she asked, as he put the gun that was on the ledge in his pocket.

“Murder of an FBI informant,” he said, as he dragged her towards the stairs.

“I didn’t kill Kyle. I swear, I didn’t kill my brother,” she cried, as he and the other agent walked her down the ten flights of stairs.

She stared over at the tarp that covered Kyle’s broken and battered body. “I’m sorry, Ky,” she cried, as the man shoved her into the back seat of the car.

She stared out the window of the dark sedan as the coroner and his assistants slowly lifted Kyle’s body on the gurney and placed him in a dark van. She closed her eyes and relived that moment in her head.

*Sam woke up when she heard a banging on her door. “Kyle, what’s wrong?”*

*“Sam, you have to help me. They’re after me.”*

*“Who?”*

*He hurried into her apartment. “The FBI. They want me.”*

*“Ky, what did you get yourself into,” she cried.*

*He hurried to the window. “The roof. It’s not safe here.”*

*“Kyle, what is going on? Do mom and dad know that you’re in trouble?”*

*“They can’t help. I’ve been working for the FBI, informing on a few men, but I ... I started using again. I can’t go back to jail. I can’t let the FBI or Jack catch me.”*

*“Jack? You’ve gotten messed up with Jack again?”*

*“I have to go,” Kyle rushed out of the door.*

*Sam walked out to the hallway and noticed a man following her brother to the elevator. Sam grabbed her gun off her table, and beaded towards the roof. As she opened the door to the roof, she looked around carefully. “Kyle?”*

*“Help me,” he cried.*

*Sam ran over to the edge and saw her brother hanging by his hands over the side of the roof. “Jack did this?”*

*“His men. We struggled and he pushed me. Sam, I’m sorry. Please, help me,” he cried.*

Sam shook her head as the agent got into the car and pulled out to the road without saying a word.

The man pulled into a warehouse as the garage door opened.  
“Where *are* we?”

“Silence, *you*,” he said, as he turned off the car.

Sam looked behind her and noticed the garage door closing.  
“What *is* going on?”

He opened the car door and pulled her out. He led her over to a table that sat in the middle of the empty room. “Sit,” he said.

“Easy. You don’t have to be so handsy.”

“What? *Handsy*?”

“Yeah, keep your damn hands off of me. No one touches me unless I say so.”

“I apologize. Please, sit,” he said.

Sam slowly sat down. “What is going on? Why *am* I here?”

He pulled a chair next to her. “Tell me what happened on the roof?”

“I don’t know. No one was there when I got there, but my brother was hanging over the edge. He slipped. I couldn’t hold on. I *didn’t* kill him,” she cried.

“I know,” he unlocked the cuffs.

“Tell me. Who *are* you?”

“Agent Parker Carlisle. I know who you are, Detective.”

“So, now what? My brother is dead and you arrest *me*? I don’t get it.”

“Your parents. They were found murdered this morning. We went to get your brother and tracked him to your apartment.”

“My parents are dead? Oh, god,” she cried, as she buried her face in her hands. “What the hell is going on here?”

“Ma’am, I know your life has just been turned upside down, but you are *now* going to work for me!”

“*Excuse me? Who the hell do you think you are?*”

He put his hand on her shoulder. “Sam, you need to do *whatever* I say.”

She pushed his hand off her. “What the hell does that mean?”

“I want you to work for me. I want you to go undercover with me to help bring Jack Morrison and the rest of his entourage down.”

“He’s *untouchable*.”

“Does he know you personally?”

“Yes, he does. He knows I’m a cop. There’s no way he’ll let me join his crew.”

“You have just turned *rogue*. I’m sorry but this is the way it’s going to be.”

“What if I don’t *want* to do this?” Sam ran her hands nervously through her black hair.

“You will be sent to prison and your *other* brother will be without his entire family. You don’t want that, *do you?*”

“You leave Dylan alone.”

“He’s, um, slow, isn’t he?”

“He’s being taken care of. Please, don’t do *anything* to Dylan.”

“I wouldn’t do that. Listen, Sam. I know this is a lot, but you will learn to trust me.”

Sam leaned back. “May I smoke?”

“Go ahead,” he said.

She pulled out her pack of cigarettes and tapped it on the table. She pulled out a cigarette and put it in her mouth. Parker pulled out his lighter and lit it for her. “So,” she inhaled and then blew out the smoke. “How do I become this rogue cop?”

“You start *killing* people,” he said.

“What?”

“I’m sorry, but this is the way it’s going to be.”

“I *can’t* kill people. I’m a cop. I’m supposed to *uphold* the law, not break it.”

“Rules have changed,” he grabbed her arm. “You’re *stuck* now.”

You are no longer a detective. You are a *hit woman* and you *will* perform your duties.”

Sam stood up and looked at Parker as he stood up. “So, if I don’t, you’ll put me in prison?”

“Yes.”

“What do I have to do?”

“You’ll still be Samantha Lange, however, you’re a killer... an *eliminator*. First, you’ll do a few kills and then, you’ll be hired as a hit woman for Morrison.”

“What are *you* going to do?”

“I will be posing as your *lover*.”

“Oh, I don’t *think* so,” she shook her head.

“Yes, and that’s the way it’s going to be. We won’t be real lovers, just posing as them. I have a penthouse in the *Williamson* building. That will be our home. You will also train under me. I will show you how to be a killer.”

“I *know* how to shoot a gun,” she spat.

“Yes, I know how good you are, but you also need sharp shooter training. How long has it been since you’ve done *range* shooting?”

“Years, I guess, since the Marines. What else?”

“I know you have a third degree black belt in martial arts. You are familiar with a multitude of weapons, correct?”

“Yes, will I *ever* get my life back?”

Parker walked over to her and shook his head. “No. Even when this is over, it *won’t* be over. Your kills will be erased, but you can’t ever step back into your old life.”

“Why is this happening to me?”

“You are the best one for the job. I know what kind of officer you were, what kind of Marine you were, and what kind of detective you are. You can do this. Sam, your family and your job was all that you had. You now have a new job and your only remaining family will always be protected.”

“He *is* protected, right?” she asked as she threw her cigarette on the floor and crushed it into the cement.

“Yes, he’ll always be safe.”

“I want to see Dylan before we begin.”

“I don’t know about that,” Parker shook his head.

“I *want* to see my brother. Take me to the *Felthousen Institution*.”

“All right. We’ll go this afternoon. Right now, we have to get prepared.”

“What do we need to do?”

“You’ll need all new clothes and things. I have the weapons needed at our penthouse. Let’s go shopping, Sam.”

She shook her head and followed him to the car. She leaned back in the front seat and sighed, as she put on her dark sunglasses.





# Dylan

Sam took a deep breath and opened the door. She walked over to the man in the chair and kneeled beside him. “Dylan? It’s me, it’s Sam.”

He gazed over at her and smiled slightly. “Sam...” he slurred.

She took his hand. “Yeah, I’m here. Do you like it here?”

“Pretty,” he said.

She looked out the window at the sunrise and smiled. “Yes, it is pretty here.”

“Sam stay?” he reached out and touched her hand.

“I have to talk to you. I have something sad to tell you. I don’t know if you’ll understand.”

“Sam stay?” he asked again.

“I’m here for a little while. Dylan, look at me,” she touched her older brother’s face.

Dylan slowly looked at his sister. “Ky come?”

“No, Dylan. I’m sorry. He can’t come. I have to tell you about Kyle, Mom, and Dad.”

“Mom come here?”

“Dylan,” she held his face in her hands. “Mom, Dad, and Kyle died. They’re in heaven right now.”

“Dad come?”

“I’m sorry. They *can’t* come anymore. They died. Do you know what that means?”

“Angels?”

“Yeah, honey, they’re angels now.”

“Sam sad?”

“Yes, I’m very sad. It’s OK to be sad. Do you understand that they can’t come anymore?”

“Kyle come?”

She wiped her tears and hugged her brother. “Now, you’re in a very safe place. I love you, Dylan, but I have to go away for a little while.”

“Stay,” he said.

“Oh, I forgot. I brought you something,” she said, as she pulled a small teddy bear out of her bag. “It’s for you.”

Kyle took the bear and hugged it tightly. “Sam bear.”

She smiled. “It’s for you to hug whenever you need me.”

“Need Sam,” he smiled.

“I know. I need you, too. Now, Dylan, you be brave for me. I’ll come back to visit you as soon as I can. I’ll always be here for you.”

“Mom come?”

“Not today,” she stood up and hugged him again. “I have to go. You take care of your bear, OK?”

“OK. Bye, Sam,” he said, as he hugged the bear and stared back out the window.

Sam walked out the door and over to the nurses’ station. “How has my brother been?”

She looked up and smiled. “No recent outbursts. He’s been very calm lately.”

“Keep an extra eye on him. I had to tell him about our parents and our brother’s death. I don’t know if he understood. If he needs me, call me on this number,” she handed her a piece of paper.

The nurse stood up and smiled. “He loves you.”

“I know. I’m just glad he doesn’t remember how he ended up that way,” she said, as she rubbed her scar on her forehead.

“He doesn’t. He may not have the capacity to think like he used to, but he does love, with all his heart.”

“Thank you. I appreciate it. Oh, also, I am the only next of kin that he has. Please, don’t give his information or whereabouts to anyone unless it’s me or Captain Ford.”

“Don’t worry. Your lawyer sent all the paperwork for your guardianship over this morning. I am sorry about your family.”

“Thank you. I’ll be back when I can,” Sam said, as she headed down the long corridor.

Sam stared at the front doors and closed her eyes. “Dylan, I know it wasn’t your fault. I hope you never remember,” she cried.

*“Sam, I’m so proud of you,” Dylan said, as he opened the car door.*

*“Thanks. I really appreciate you coming home just because I got promoted,” she smiled, as she got in the passenger seat.*

*“Of course, I would. I love you so much. You’ll make one hell of a Detective. I know it.”*

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