

## Copyright

“The Lords of Brimstone: The Secret Society That Controls The World”

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Authors: Ace Donovan, Brock Edwards, Mickey Stone

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Bible Scriptures in this book are from the King James Version.

## Introduction

Join teenager Jesse Wagner on a journey that he didn't expect. A fatherless young man whose job was to deliver medicines to those less fortunate; instantly is thrust into a society involving murder and espionage. Join Jesse on his adventure.

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## Chapter 1- Controlling the Anger

"Hey, freak!", Donnie Adams exclaimed as he flung a partially eaten orange at Jesse Wagner. It hurled into his shoulder as he sat finishing his Chik-Fil-A in the mall food court.

Jesse turned and saw Donnie Adams looking angrily at him. "That's right, you, you freak!". Jesse Wagner lifted his middle finger and showed it proudly to Donnie Adams. "I will see you someday outside".

Jesse rose and gave Donnie Adams both middle fingers as he walked away from Adams. Jesse Wagner could feel the anger welling in his stomach. He thought to himself that, 'yes indeed. Someday we will meet. Then, I will not ignore my anger'. Jesse knew he had anger issues: breaking glasses, throwing rocks at birds. There was a part of him that even he didn't understand. But on this day, Donnie Adams was spared.

Donnie Adams was the epitome of a bully. He was headed to Indiana State University in the Fall to play baseball. Donnie didn't care that he was viewed as a jerk. He embraced it. Most were afraid to fight back against Adams because as an athlete, he automatically was one of the cool kids. High school was now over though, and Jesse wanted an opportunity to set things straight with Adams.

Jesse Wagner was now 18 years old and by the grace of God had graduated high school. There was no scholarship for baseball, football, or basketball for Jesse. Jesse was beginning his search for a job today. He was at the mall applying at every place that had a sign and even those that didn't. Jesse was virtually on his own. His mother, Heather Wagner was physically present but mentally absent. Heather was working as a waitress during the day and had perfected the job of sleeping with anyone who would buy the booze. Jesse's father, Gavin Wagner, walked out four years ago. Jesse was a freshman and had shown some potential as a football player. Jesse could summon the anger and it made him a

vicious hitter on the field. Once Gavin left, Jesse lost interest in virtually everything. He quit football and even though he attended school; his interest waned.

Jesse was more than capable, and he liked to read. He once had read that Abraham Lincoln self-taught himself by reading, A LOT. Jesse also liked to read. It was a way for Jesse to escape. He would immerse himself in the book. He could be the hero, he could be the beloved son, he could be the loved football player who got the cheerleader. That wasn't Jesse's life though. His was a life of loneliness. He had one friend in the entire world. His friend was Neal Howard. Neal Howard was an outcast much like Jesse. Neal didn't graduate and didn't feel the need. He was 20 years old and worked as a delivery man for a local doctor named Harry Leonard.

Dr Harry Leonard had been the family doctor for Jesse and his mother for as long as he could remember. He assumed he had been his doctor since he was born. Neal Howard would deliver Furosemide to the hills of

Kentucky to another doctor named Hugh Pitts. Furosemide is a water pill for those with Congestive Heart Failure. The reality was Neal Howard was delivering nothing more than aspirin. A placebo some people would say. It was quite a way for the two doctors to scam the insurance companies and keep the patients coming back for more. 'More for less', Dr High Pitts would say.

Neal saw Jesse walking down the sidewalk and quickly pulled his Mustang over to the side of the road. "Get in", Neal said. Jesse quickly skipped to the car and hopped inside the car.

"Wassup, bro", Jesse said. They went cruising through town and Jesse told Neal that he had spent the entire day looking for a job. Neal told him about his gig. "I make over \$500 making two trips a week. Easy cash", Neal said.

"I don't have a car", Jesse said.

"I tell you what, you ride with me, and I will play you 20% of my earnings. I get bored driving by myself. You can make some money and if

you save enough; then you can get your own wheels. Come on, bro, it will be cool", Donnie said.

"Alright bro, I'm in", Jesse said.

They bumped fists and a partnership was formed.



## Chapter 2- Dealing with Donnie

For two weeks Jesse Wagner and Neal Howard had been riding together to Eastern hills of Kentucky delivering 'water pills' to a doctor named Hugh Pitts. Dr Pitts was then supposed to give these to underprivileged patients at an extremely low cost. Dr Pitts could then bill the government insurance at a higher price and pocket the extra money. Dr Pitts had quite the side hustle. He would take the deliveries and mix them with a placebo (more commonly referred to as a sugar pill) and could stretch the water pills to even more people. He was expanding his service area to reach into Pennsylvania and West Virginia. He was getting himself some partners to stack the profits. It was quite the scam. In the mind of Dr. Pitts he was simply taking advantage of the system set up by the government. It certainly wasn't his fault. It was the lobbyists. It was Big Pharma; it was the laboratories making the pills. It was the elites that controlled all the industries. It certainly wasn't his fault.

"Do you think I could get my own gig making deliveries?", Jesse asked Neal.

"I don't see why not", Neal said, "you have a license. You need a set of wheels".

"I have some money stashed away. Maybe I can find a capable car somewhere", Jesse responded.

"You know my Uncle Smitty? John Smith. You know he lives out there in the country?", Neal asked, "he has a F-150 in his barn. He told me he would take a grand".

"I have that. You think it would be worth it?", Jesse asked, "you know, to be able to make runs to Kentucky a few times a week?".

"Please! An old truck. You know those things run for years. Also, it has this shitty camper on it. He said it comes with the truck", Neal said.

"Call him", Jesse said.

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Over the next four weeks, Jesse drove that truck to Kentucky as often as possible and even made a couple of night trips. The camper was coming in handy. Jesse and Neal were hanging out on a Friday night. They were 'cruisin' the boulevard', the kids called it. They were discussing their