Project Sovereign

B Alan Bourgeois · Opening excerpt · 1 of 2

Gabriel “Gabe” Carter tightened his grip on his coffee cup, his knuckles white against the ceramic. The storm outside had turned the city into a glistening maze of neon reflections and jagged shadows. He’d met whistleblowers before—some desperate, some reckless—but the man sliding into the seat across from him had the look of someone already half-dead.

The guy’s hoodie was damp from the rain, his face partially obscured, but Gabe could see the tension in his shoulders, the way his fingers twitched. He glanced toward the window, eyes darting from shadow to shadow, before shoving a flash drive across the table with trembling hands.

“I don’t have much time,” he muttered. His voice was barely above a whisper.

Gabe slid it off the table and into his coat pocket. “Who’s ‘they’?”

The man exhaled shakily, his breath fogging the air. “Langston. The president’s inner circle. They’ve convinced him that privatizing Social Security will save it, but it’s a front. Their goal is to make millions from managing it, and giving taxpayers nothing in return.”

Gabe felt his pulse quicken. This isn’t just fraud; it’s the largest financial coup in history.

Reading sample — continued

“And the president doesn’t know?”

The man gave a bitter laugh. “He thinks it’s a masterstroke. Langston convinced him that investing Social Security into private hands will ‘pay for itself.’ But it’s rigged. Once the money moves, it’s gone. Taxpayers won’t even realize until it’s too late.”

Gabe leaned in. “Why bring this to me?”

The man looked him dead in the eyes. “Because you’re the only one they haven’t bought… or killed.”

A flash of headlights outside caught Gabe’s attention. A black SUV had pulled up along the curb. The man went rigid.

“Shit.” He shot to his feet. “I have to go.”

“Wait—” Gabe started, but the man was already bolting for the back exit.

Then came the sound.

Thwip.

A muffled shot.

The man stumbled mid-stride, slamming against the alley wall before crumpling to the wet pavement. A dark pool spread beneath his head.

Gabe’s breath hitched. He forced himself to move—to act. He yanked the hood of his jacket over his head, slid lower in his seat, and kept his gaze down as the SUV idled outside.