

# Make America Functional Again

Disclosure and the AI singularity are two sides of the same coin.

Either will upend America. Together they will shatter her.

We need a new economy and social order.

Sally and I believe we have the answer.

I just need to convince men.

You tell me.

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(2036)

Situation Room. Hottest in the country. Sophie: naked. The rest in every cosplay imaginable.

Jasmine and Candy: pussies out. The rest: no men right now. Just lounging. Reading. But still posing. Second nature now.

I catch his eye. God, smoking. *Knows* it. Ripped. Lying there. That smile. Lips. Lashes. Eyes. Drinking my pussy. Slowly, that cock. Thick. *So* thick.

*I'm* hot. Perfect. "Bubbly."

My perfect pussy. His favorite way. Stiletto draped. The other propped. Folder on knee.

Focus. Folder. Can't. Dribbling.

What am I *thinking*? Five minutes! Drenched. Five *seconds*, more like it!

Folder thuds. Eyes are mine.

Eyebrow nudged.

More than five. But not much. Him ten later. Muscles rippling. Spasming. My man.

Winks, striding back into the Situation. Nods to the cabinet. Going ... wherever. Whatever. Man stuff. As long as he stays hot. My caveman.

He'll be back.

Couple of hours.

Second term looming. Film crew: genius. Hottest in history pounded in the Oval by the hottest. "Re-erection," indeed. Resolute.

Not all world leaders do handshake deals yet. Some still can't wrap their heads around wrapping their hands around their counterpart's First Man. Even behind closed doors. But it's changing.

Hard to remember the Before. Meetings before testosterone was moved to where it belongs: in us, or on us, or anywhere in the room, really. Who knew "negotiating position" was so easy?

No one expected its health benefits. But *was* it actually the extra orgasms? *So. Many. Orgasms.* Foot rubs. Oral. Lesbian sisters answered it: 50–50, pretty well.

Can get it if they want. So much of it now.

Surprises. Fundamentalist hard-liners-turned-hard-boners faster than you can say unlimited pussy. Didn't see that coming. More resistance in parts of *our* country.

We always wanted to run the world. Easier than we thought. Not that they're not allowed. But most were just in it for the pussy anyway.

I remember friends like, no way. Don't want it *that* often. Don't like the taste. My hand gets tired. But just your *pink bits*—while reading, buying shoes, talking to girlfriends, ... *anything*, really—... a revelation. Don't even undress. *Don't* undress. *Just pink bits!*

They predicted disaster. But they watched *less* porn. Why a screen instead of the real? And they'd cheat more. But they just wanted their *own* fantasies back. Scandals? Can't remember the last one.

The Before. So primitive.

Sperm counts through the roof. Use it or lose it.

Economy overhauled. Everything we wanted. Women like doing women's things. Go figure. But paid properly. Babies for all. It just works. Child support ... why? Free those cavemen.

No wimps. No depressed. No pussies. Just men. *Man oh man!* They just needed our pussies.

Teens were the best. It was dire. No need to send pictures. Just be in the same room! Don't even touch. Unless you want. No stigma. Just communicate. Negotiate. Masturbate. Together. Then Netflix.

Respect Our Biology.