



KEYNOTE

They were playing “The Sailor and the Skank,” and Barry was about to get down to business. He lifted Tony’s pink chenille robe in back and felt himself start to harden. A flush of perspiration cooled his naked body. He inched closer to Tony, hardening, closer, and then the door to the study burst open.

Big Mike came charging into the room and rushed the couch. Tony dove to the floor. Mike grabbed Barry by the back of the neck and pulled him to his feet. The only thing he was wearing was the white sailor’s cap, and he had to hold it in place as Mike marched him to the desk.

Mike shoved him into the chair, pointed to the computer and bellowed, “You’re supposed to be working on your jihad against America! Look over that speech!”

Mike charged off and found Tony hiding behind a drape. He chased him squealing from the room. Barry thought how scary Mike looked with black muscles bulging, hair combed spiky and nostrils flaring.

The front door slammed open and the sound of the chase receded. Barry sighed. He’d gone soft and it seemed that his fun was over for the morning. He looked at the computer and thought he might as well get some work done.

The speech on the monitor was one he was supposed to deliver at Stanford University in a few days. He checked the date at the top—April 22, 2022. He’d be speaking at the school’s Cyber Policy Center. The Soros people wanted him to slap the conservative Republicans around, and he would do so by declaring that everything they post online is

dangerous disinformation.

“Hello Stanford,” he said, reading, but his voice was too high. He lowered it to his Obama register and tried the opening again. He repeated it until he found just the right tone, easygoing but serious. Presidential. With the voice in mind he read to himself.

The speech began with the usual introductory stuff, then moved on to talk about Russia invading Ukraine. He would say that Putin’s a despot, he has nukes he might use and so forth. And Ukraine’s only desire is to be free and independent. That made him smile. His administration overthrew the government there in 2014 and installed the TV comedian Zelensky as president. The CIA needed somebody it could control, and with Zelensky in place it made Ukraine its primary money launderer. It also ramped up the country’s child sex trade and moved NATO missiles to the border with Russia. Ukraine was the CIA’s abject slave by the end of Obama’s first term, and for the rest of his time in office anybody who questioned America’s actions there was accused of hating Obama just because he’s a black man.

The speech then tied Russia to Donald Trump’s reelection bid. Obama was still surprised at how the election turned out. He’d warned the strategists that they could never get away with stealing the presidency, but they said not to worry. And damned if they didn’t pull it off. Joe Biden was forced like a square peg into the Oval Office, and he’d been struggling to read his teleprompters ever since. Obama wondered how long the old fart would last. They’d use him to plunder a few trillion from the treasury, and then when the time was right they’d turn the media loose on his son Hunter’s laptop computer. The whole family would be crushed under the proverbial bus.

Obama scrolled down the speech. It was te-

dious. A mention of gender roles got his attention but led nowhere exciting, and he thought of Hunter Biden again. The videos on the computer he left at the repair shop in Delaware showed him smoking crack with prostitutes and walking around naked waving a pistol. Obama was glad he never filmed himself doing things like that. It wasn't the CIA way.

He would have been nothing without the CIA. His mother used to tell him he was special but he never felt he was, not early in life. He was just a half-white half-black kid bouncing around the world, with nobody to give a damn about him except for his mom and her old white parents. They all said his dad was an African prince, but when he got older he learned the truth. Frank was his real father. He knocked his mom up when she was posing for his nude photos. Her parents knew that being the bastard son of a communist pornographer would look bad on their grandson's résumé, so they used their CIA connections to arrange his mom's marriage to the prince. She rarely saw the man, and they divorced a couple years after she gave birth. Then she married Lolo and moved to Indonesia. Lolo adopted Obama. They changed his legal name from Barack Obama, Jr. to Barry Soetoro, and after that he switched between names as needed.

The CIA left a paper trail through various schools while it sent him on foreign assignments. When he was supposed to be in class in the US, he was working for the agency in the Middle East. He especially enjoyed Pakistan. It was a Muslim country, and he believed in Islam, but the Pakistanis were merciless when it came to homosexuality. So while he was there he dealt with his urges in the shadows. The agency frowned on his activities but he couldn't help himself. He needed the sex. And it was great sex, coupled as it was

with the rush of knowing the Pakistanis would kill him if he were discovered with another man.

And then one day the agency told him that he'd graduated from Columbia Law School, with honors, and he would be moving to Chicago. He went like a good soldier and trolled the city's gay bathhouses when he wasn't glad-handing as a community organizer. Then it was off to Harvard, then back to Chicago, then Michelle, marriage, the Illinois state senate, the US senate, and finally the presidency—each step guided by the agency.

He heard a commotion outside and saw two figures run past a window. First there was Tony, with his pink robe flapping cape-like behind him, and then Mike pumped past, all muscle and determination.

The sight reminded Obama of the wild times he used to have with Rahm in Chicago. They'd prowl the nights, rolling between parties and bathhouses in a big black limo. Obama was the long-legged mack daddy as some called him, taking boys into the back seat and then kicking them to the curb when he was done. The only one to come back and haunt him was the guy who wrote the book. Larry something-or-other. Sinclair. He wrote about the sex and cocaine, and then he died. Obama wondered if the CIA killed him.

He continued scrolling through the speech. There was some talk about conspiracy theories and junk science. He'd say we're exposed to so much disinformation that we lose the ability to know the truth when we see it. And then he'd push the Covid shots, the greatest subterfuge and depopulation program in human history. He'd tell the audience that the shots have now been "essentially clinically tested" on billions of people worldwide. He made a mental note to chuckle at that point when he was delivering the speech, to let those in charge know that he understood what was going

on. It was right there in the speech, the admission that the injections were part of a test. People were allowing the government to shoot them up with no telling what. Anybody that stupid deserved to die.

A Russian-sounding voice said, "A lie told often enough becomes the truth," and Obama jumped up and ran to his pants. They were on the floor where he'd left them when he stripped for Tony. The next Lenin ringtone said, "Sometimes history needs a push" before Obama got the phone from the pocket and answered.

It was Tony, squealing at first and then shouting that Mike wanted to beat him up. Then Mike's gruff voice said, "Gimme that phone!" and there was the sound of a scuffle, followed by another squeal and then a crunch. The line went dead.

Obama returned to the speech but couldn't focus on it. He thought how mundane his life had become since he left the White House. He caused quite a stir when he was there just the week before, on his first trip back since leaving office. The press knew that Biden was in reality serving Obama's third term, and all eyes were on Obama during the visit. Joe wandered around looking baffled because nobody would talk to him. The guests wanted face time with Obama, and the event made him realize how much he missed the presidency. He missed the billionaires bowing and scraping and the clatter of the camera shutters. And the movie stars, the beautiful movie stars shoving one another aside so they could have their pictures taken with him. Movie stars, Hollywood, Gavin Newsom . . .

Obama felt his butt pucker at the thought of Newsom. The stars lavished way too much attention on the California governor, and they supported him even when he behaved like a dictator. In the middle of the state's Covid lockdown he hosted a dinner party at a restaurant that was closed to the public. Unfortunately for him somebody took

pictures. They showed the people at the dining table sitting shoulder to shoulder, in violation of the six-foot distancing mandate, and none were wearing the required facemasks. Californians went ballistic when the pictures appeared online. They collected two million signatures for a recall vote, and it looked like Newsom's political career was over, but then dozens of stars spoke out in his defense. He survived the vote. Obama thought at the time that it was as if he was being protected so he could go on to something bigger—a cabinet post, the presidency, or maybe a big multinational position.

The wall mirror to the side of the desk caught Obama's eye and he leaned back in his chair to look at himself. He studied his long naked body topped with the sailor's cap and wondered who was prettier, him or Newsom. He smiled at himself, tipped the cap so it set rakishly on his head, and flexed some muscles. A Parliament-Funkadelic song began to thump in his memory. He started to stand up and slide into the boogaloo, but that was the last thing he wanted Mike to catch him doing. He killed the music and went back to the speech.

He scanned down until he saw the First Amendment mentioned. "I'm pretty close to a First Amendment absolutist," he was supposed to say, in support of freedom of speech, but then he'd recommend censorship of the internet and social media. His litmus test for what people could say would be whether their statements weakened or strengthened democracy. He smiled. He loved that word, "democracy." Americans were so ignorant of government that they didn't even know the U.S. is a constitutional republic. Most of them believed the country was run by majority rule. He wished it was. It would be a lot easier to subjugate conservatives if America were a true democracy, where a simple majority of fifty-one percent decided things.

But that kind of control wouldn't be possible as long as they used the Electoral College in presidential elections. He wondered if his speech would address that. If it didn't he'd have his people write one on the subject before the next election. They could link the Electoral College to racism and manmade climate change, to fire up the kids.

He continued scrolling down through the speech, through the long dull part in the middle, then he grew bored and jumped to the last page. The final paragraph got his attention. It used the word "tool" over and over. He chuckled. The speechwriters had thrown in a little treat for him at the end. They said that handwritten signs were a tool, and TV was a tool, and so were the internet and social media. He loved it when the writers made an effort to perk up the ends of his speeches. In this one they knew that the word "tool" would get him thinking about big beefy erections, and he'd pass his arousal on to the audience.

Obama finished the speech and sat thinking about Tony. He'd buy him a toolbelt, a leather one, and strip him naked before strapping it on. They'd fill its pockets with toys and . . .

"What are you grinning at?"

Obama jumped up from his chair, turned and saw Big Mike standing beside the couch.

"And why do you have a hard-on?"

Obama pulled his cap from his head and used it to cover himself. He felt his erection going down beneath his crossed hands.

Mike stretched out on the couch, yawned, and then looked at Obama again. "The Secret Service got your whore. Toss the cap." Obama complied and Mike smiled. "That's the way I like you, buck naked. Now come over here and sit."

Obama went to the couch and perched on the edge of it. Mike lifted a leg and hooked it over the back. Obama knew what was expected of him, but

he gathered up the courage to say, “Do you . . . do you mind if we wait?”

Mike’s brow furrowed and Obama went prickly with goosebumps. He slid off the couch, sat on the floor and laid his head sideways, so it was resting on Mike’s pelvis. He looked up at the enormous figure, past the broad chest and powerful shoulders, to the Adam’s apple and the wild hair.

“Yeah, we can wait,” Mike said. “Did you go through the speech?”

“Yes. It’s a strange one. It’s about disinformation, but the speech itself is disinformation.”

“That’s because it’s propaganda.”

“I know, but . . . It made me feel like nothing in my life is what it seems, Michelle. Nothing.”