

The
Seduction
of Natalie



Francesco Rizzuto

THE SEDUCTION OF NATALIE

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The Trouble Begins



After climbing down from the bar, Natalie reached into her counterfeit Gucci bag for the toothbrush and small tube of whitener she always carried for use after these close encounters of the worst kind.

The toothy alligator, however, refused to open its jaws. For not having paid sufficient attention during her training as a veterinary dental assistant, she was now at a loss about how to proceed and the leather harness looped around the reptile's head didn't make her task any easier. The six gin tonics the warty monster had imbibed, plus another two cocktails poured down Natalie's own gullet after her spectacular performance on the bar, doomed her campaign for fresh animal breath to less than effective conclusions.

Natalie was vexed. Mister Enrod, on the other hand, didn't appear in the least perturbed, which pissed her off even more.

"What I want to know, is where's my BMW Nazca M12. Remember? The powder blue one?"

"Ah, yes. That one. Well, you see, my lovely enchantress, after five centuries cooped up inside a pottery urn, one's magic can become a bit rusty. But let's get this leathery fellow onboard your car and I'll help you find it. I'm sure your new BMW is around here *someplace*.

Half an hour later, the pair were cruising down Florida I-580 with an eight-hundred-pound reptile perched on the creased roof of the ancient Toyota, now grossly overloaded,

coughing and wheezing and struggling along the busy highway. The animal's enormous jaws were cranked wide open and the inrush of air had caused it to sober up enough to pound dents into the car's thin metal roof with its armoured tail. Another blow and the rear windscreen shattered into a million tiny fragments.

"Whoa!!!!"

Natalie practically lost control of the vehicle, careening wildly from one lane to the next then narrowly missing an eighteen-wheeler speeding towards them from the opposing direction. The trucker leaned on his horn and tossed her a one-finger salute.

"I'd offer to drive but I fear my license has expired over the centuries."

"Yeah, well. If you're a genie, then maybe you can fix the kink in my spine. I'm not used to lifting such large critters."

"Again, my apologies. You see, five hundred years doubled over inside an urn has caused me this permanent stoop and some serious back issues. I would have helped but, oh, the pain, the pain...."

"Okay. But where to now?"

"To your house. Then you can treat me to a nice relaxing massage to relieve my backache."

"Sure. But what about the BMW?"

"The BMW, my darling, is resting right above our heads. Get it?"

"Huh? You mean that alligator is my car? Oh man, you really fucked up this time. For a genie, you're pretty incompetent, I'd say."

"Everyone is entitled to his or her opinion."

"Yeah, well, my opinion is that you should turn this hideous monster back into a powder blue BMW Nazca M12 like you promised. Then we can dump this wreck of a Toyota and drive home in style. I can smell its stinking breath from inside here, even with the windows closed. It's worse than pig-shit mixed with turpentine and onions and garnished with a gym sock."

Mister Enrod placed the palm of his hand to his face and exhaled, as if sampling his own halitosis. Five centuries without a toothbrush.

"That could prove difficult. On the other hand, I can easily turn you into an alligator. And why not? Then you can enjoy your new BMW on more or less equal terms. I noticed there was some synergy happening with you two back at the golf club lounge."

The crimson turban was coming undone. Its ripped and frayed end flapped in the wind like fingers of flame licking from the open car window into the slipstream.

Natalie's ears detected the menacing whoop-whoop-whoop of an approaching police siren. She glanced toward the rear-view mirror. Blue strobe lights flashed. She turned to Mister Enrod, resting naked in the passenger seat.

"What now, genie?"

“Relax. Shit happens.”

Beyond the Law



“Stay inside the vehicle, please. I’ll need your driver’s license and insurance papers.”

Natalie reached into her fake Gucci bag to retrieve her credentials.

“Wow! Where’s that awful stench coming from?” The trooper pinched his nose with one hand while adjusting his Smokey the Bear hat with the other.

Natalie got confused and instead handed the officer a toothbrush, the one she’d earlier used on the alligator.

“Would you care to explain why you were driving erratically with an alligator perched on your car’s roof and a naked man in the passenger seat? I suspect we have a few crimes and misdemeanours here. Let’s see now. Overloading a vehicle, public indecency, a slew of animal rights violations, failure to produce a valid driving license, no insurance. Not to mention the odour. It smells like a cocktail of raw sewage, rotten eggs, vomit, skunk spray, and used surgical swabs. Open the trunk please. There might be a body decomposing inside. I’m calling for backup.”

“No, wait,” Mister Enrod shouted the passenger seat. “I can explain.”

“So?”

“You see, officer. I’m Mister Enrod, owner and CEO of Enrod Enterprises. This young woman visited our establishment this afternoon to enquire about purchasing a pair of alligator shoes. She didn’t fancy any of our showroom stock and commented that she intended to visit the canal and thus capture her own alligator. I informed her that it was a really bad idea.

“After closing shop this evening, I was passing the canal on my journey home and observed this same young person immersed waist-deep in the murky water. She was pointing a shotgun toward a rather large animal swimming rapidly in her direction. I called loudly from the bank, advising that alligators are a protected species in this state. All the alligator shoes we sell come from Venezuela. And they’re not even real alligator leather. They’re caiman. Well, anyway, by this time, she’d noticed that the approaching alligator wasn’t wearing any shoes, and so her quest was entirely in vain, but by that time she’d become

hopelessly stuck in the swampy quick-mud of the canal that began to suck her down. She would have been alligator comestibles by now if had I not thrown off my meticulously hand-tailored, grey pin-striped business suit, starched white dress shirt with gold cuff links and matching silk cravat, and dived in to save her life. Unfortunately for me, the distracted gator swam off with all my clothing.”

“You expect me to believe that?”

“Look for yourself. There’s a 12-gauge shotgun in the trunk.”

“And what’s an alligator doing on the roof of this car?”

“It’s not an alligator,” Natalie chimed in. By this time, she’d managed to recover her driving license and insurance papers from inside the voluminous shoulder bag.

“No? Then what is it?”

“It’s a powder blue BMW Nazca M12.”

“I’m calling the loony bin. They’re gonna toss both you idiots into a rubber room. For your own sake. Now, let’s see inside that trunk.”

Natalie pops open the truck using the small lever inside the car. The officer has advised them to stay inside their vehicle with their paws resting on the dashboard. He places one hand on his firearm.

“Yep, 12-gauge pump shotgun all right, recently fired.”

“You see, officer? We’re telling the truth.”

“Yeah, but I’ll have to call the animal protection guys to deal with the alligator. How’d the thing get onto the car roof, anyway?”

“I told you,” Natalie insisted. “It’s a BMW, not an alligator.”

“She lifted it up there,” Mister Enrod said. “All by herself. Isn’t that amazing? We’re waiting for the animal to have a bowel movement, so I can get my clothes back. Could take a while. Alligators normally defecate every two weeks. They have a rather long digestive tract.”

“A BMW?”

“Yes. You see, Mister Enrod here is a genie. He gifted me a powder blue BMW Nazca M12. Well, it wasn’t exactly a gift. It’s the most expensive BMW in the world. Isn’t that great?”

“Yeah.”

“So, can we go now?”

“Sure. You can go when the van arrives. I’m taking you two characters in for questioning. And your little pet too.”

“Watch out!” Mister Enrod suddenly screamed from the passenger seat, loudly enough that the enlivened alligator on the roof lunged toward the officer who jumped backward into

the traffic stream. The enormous chrome-plated mirror of a passing pickup truck impacted the man's head, sending him reeling toward the ditch. The truck slowed for a short distance then, realizing what had just occurred, its driver stepped on the gas and sped away.

Astonished at this turn of events, Natalie rushed toward her naked companion, who had left the Toyota and was holding the prostrate officer's wrist to check his pulse rate.

"Yup. He's dead."

"They're gonna charge us both with murder!" Natalie screamed, a look of sheer terror in her eyes. The alligator opened its jaws wide, gulping air, and slapped what remained of the already shattered rear window with its tail.

"Relax, Sweetheart. Worse things can happen; like the time I faced the papal executioner in the piazza of the Castle Gondolfo in 1495 after a night of purloined pleasures between the thighs of the pope's favourite mistress, who by the way was also his daughter. That would be none other than the infamous Lucrezia Borgia if memory serves me right."



Click on the image to learn more about Lucrezia.

Business Before Pleasure

“That’s your husband’s shotgun in the trunk, right?”

“Well, yeah. I guess. He uses it for target practicing on toilet seats with the boss’s picture inside. No way he can miss.”

“Go fetch the gun but don’t touch it with your hands.”

Natalie went to the open trunk. She slipped her hands inside the loose cuffs of her blouse then gingerly lifted out the long-barrelled weapon.

“Okay, what now?”

“Bring it over here.”

Mister Enrod retrieved the dead officer’s leather gloves from his gadget belt and slipped them onto his own hands. He took the shotgun from Natalie.

“What’re we gonna do now?” She whispered in a small, frightened voice, the words staggering like a parade of drunks from her lips as if she’d consumed too many gin tonics back at the golf club, which of course she had, otherwise they wouldn’t be in this prickly situation in the first place.

“Strip off his uniform.”

“W-w-why?”

“I need clothes.”

“Can’t you just use magic and conjure up some new clothes?”

“Sure. But they’d be medieval fashion. Damascus style. My magic has its limits. At least walking around naked isn’t anything unusual here in central Florida, so nobody would notice much. But it isn’t Halloween.”

Mister Enrod donned the dead trooper’s uniform. He strapped the heavy gadget belt around his waist then extracted a Glock automatic pistol from its holster and checked the clip. Natalie realized that it was the first time she’s seen the genie clothed. She thought maybe a little role playing might be in store for her. You know, kinky stuff. She couldn’t take her eyes off the shiny metal handcuffs.



Instead, Mister Enrod took the shotgun in his gloved hands and pumped three quick rounds into the naked officer while the alligator slapped its tail again, as if applauding this barbarous act. The blasts were deafening. He lay the discharged weapon alongside the defiled corpse.

“Let’s go.”

Natalie opened the Toyota door to climb into the driver’s seat.

“Not that car. The police cruiser. I’m taking you in for questioning regarding the murder of a highway patrolman.”

“Huh?”

“You heard me. I might even run for Sheriff one day. Or state senator. I hear that Mister Garrots may be retiring.”

“What about your alligator?”

“It’s not *my* alligator. It’s *your* BMW. You deal with it.”

Stay tuned for the next chapter of *The Seduction of Natalie* coming each week to this web page.

If you enjoyed this story and can't wait to see what's going to happen next (and who will win the U.S. election in 2020), then why not purchase the entire novella at <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07N2WRXN5>