

The
Seduction
of Natalie



Francesco Rizzuto

THE SEDUCTION OF NATALIE

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Enter the Alligator



By the following morning, Natalie was still searching for her new BMW Nazca M12. You know, the powder blue car the genie had gifted her. She suspected that the car was stolen from her home driveway even before she'd cleaned up in the shower and took her leave of Mister Enrod with a discrete peck on the cheek. She had already placed a distress call to the local gendarmerie but when the police dispatcher asked for the license plate number of the stolen vehicle and Natalie couldn't come up with any, he rudely hung up the phone.

Derrick, on other the hand, was at the bank, trying to determine why the ATM reported a zero balance in their account and not a hundred million dollars.

Natalie decided that perhaps Mister Enrod – all genies are telepathic, you see – had misread her thoughts and therefore confused their home driveway with the Magic Valley Golf Club parking lot where they'd left their beat-up old Toyota before driving a golf ball through his picture window. After all, the poor fellow had been stuffed inside that nasty pottery urn for five centuries which is certainly sufficient time to corrode one's magic skills. So, it was only logical that he'd leave the car in one of the visitor slots at the Golf Club. An honest mistake.

And if that's the case, then she'd need to go straight to the nearest carwash because the pine trees surrounding the parking lot drip their sap onto the parked cars and the impertinent birds fluttering overhead and nesting in the overhanging branches deposit their poop-poop all over the cars' windshields. They planned to have their little 1993 Toyota – what Derrick jokingly called 'The Beast' – repainted due to bird damage, but now they've decided to simply junk the thing. From now on, they'll share the new Beamer. Natalie might even let her husband drive the car on occasion, that is, if he's extra nice to her. Anyway, on the way home from the car wash, she planned to stop by the auto-supply store and pick up a black nylon car cover with a huge BMW logo splashed across both sides, just to remind nosy neighbours of their new status.

Natalie cruised the Golf Club parking lot, fruitlessly searching for a powder blue BMW Nazca M12 with a key in the ignition and her name on the registration papers, then rather despondently steered the old Toyota into an empty parking slot and killed the engine. Natalie was a tiny bit disappointed, but she was a patient woman and knew in her heart that genies never lie. In the movie ‘Aladdin,’ the Genie did what he was supposed to do, otherwise the boy wouldn’t have gotten the girl and, well, to be frank, the hour Natalie had spent with this genie’s wand stuffed between her legs wasn’t at all unpleasant.

In fact, she had experienced what she thought of as a hole-in-one, a seismic event registering 7.5 on her personal Richter Scale that was later reported by the Central Florida Earthquake Watch as a minor earth tremor with its epicentre in the Magic Valley area. Of course, she never mentioned these small details to Derrick. Natalie began to wonder what the fee for a divorce lawyer might look like and whether Mister Enrod himself was still single. Surely, after a five-hundred-year absence, his first wife would no longer be in enviable condition.

Natalie strolled across the parking lot to the clubhouse where she enquired at the reception desk whether anyone had seen a powder blue BMW Nazca M12 parked in the lot during the past twenty-four hours. She knew that cars parked after mid-night were liable to impoundment and if that were the case then she’d go straight to the towing company and redeem her car. But the desk clerk informed her that no cars had been towed from the premises recently. He recommended that she visit the adjacent lounge and think on the matter. It wasn’t at all unusual for women to lose their cars, he added with a wry smile.

“Why, didn’t you know that even Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep?”

“No, I didn’t. Is that something serious? Which way did they go?”

The clerk pointed toward the barroom.

The sight that met her eyes the moment she crossed the threshold halted Natalie in her tracks. There was Mister Enrod, crouched on his knees atop the shiny mahogany bar, stark naked as per usual and having inserted his prodigious male organ into the gaping jaws, now clamped tightly shut, of an enormous alligator.

Now, Natalie knew there were alligators lurking in the backwaters and sometimes even in drainage ditches here in central Florida, but she hadn’t expected to encounter one inside the lounge of the Magic Valley Golf Club and certainly not in the act of devouring a man’s privates. But then, Mister Enrod was a genie, so maybe he’d simply conjured up the huge, warty monster for the purpose of entertainment. The bartender was poised to hand Mister Enrod a couple of tall drinks while a dozen patrons crowded the bar to take in the strange spectacle of a turbaned man being fellated by an alligator.

“And now my friends, as soon as this ugly reptile opens its jaws, you shall observe that Mister Enrod, the world’s greatest genie, remains unscathed. Skill! Daring! Mystery! I shall now rap the creature between its eyes with this beer bottle. Bartender! Prepare our two free drinks as contracted.”

When Mister Enrod the Genie clobbered the alligator on the crown of its head with the beer bottle, its fearsome jaws suddenly popped open. The animal’s reaction to the blow reminded Natalie of the stainless-steel waste bin she’d purchased at IKEA last week, the one with the foot pedal that caused the lid to mechanically fly open. The stench from rotting chicken guts that greeted her from inside the bin was appalling. She wondered what alligator

breath smelled like. Eating garbage and dead fish and the occasional decomposing corpse that turned up in the municipal drainage system was sure to cause halitosis, therefore her first impulse was to offer the animal a breath mint. She was rummaging in her purse for a package of Certs as the gleeful crowd cheered the heroic Mister Enrod, proudly pumping his arms in the air over the bar.

Miraculously, Mister Enrod's male apparatus had emerged unscathed from the jaws of the fearsome reptile. The sharp blow to its head and the broken glass from the shattered beer bottle didn't seem to faze the animal in the least. Nobody was rushing to ring up the local alligator rights group or summon the Humane Society on its behalf. The glassy eyed creature simply slapped the polished surface of the bar with its long, leathery tail while Mister Enrod poured a gin tonic down its throat. The crowd roared its approval.

"Now, my fellow citizens. Would anyone care to repeat this daring performance for the edification and amusement of those present and, as per my agreement with this establishment, to earn himself and the alligator free libations?"

Natalie raised her hand.

"I'll do it," she cried out. "But please don't whack me on the head with the beer bottle."

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>



"Bye 'til next week..." from Natalie, Doris and Louise