

The
Seduction
of Natalie



Francesco Rizzuto

THE SEDUCTION OF NATALIE

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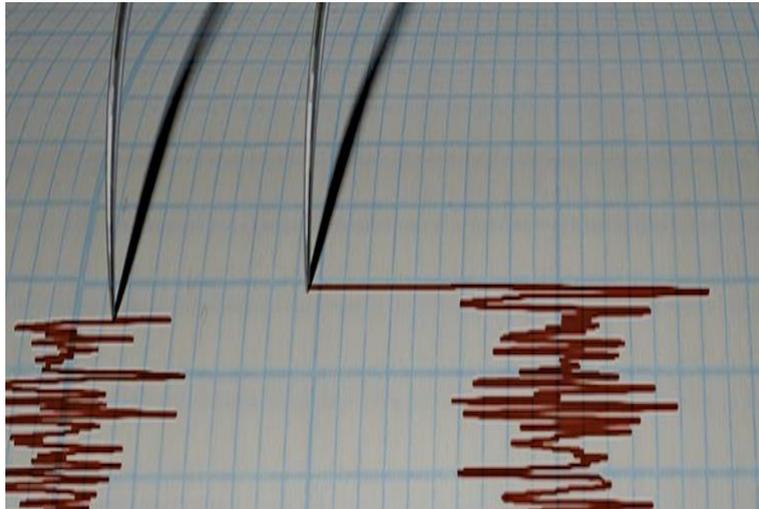
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Off the Richter Scale



During the weeks following Natalie's release from the prison-for-profit, the Central Florida Earthquake Watch registered unusually high earth tremors in the vicinity of Magic Valley. Natalie herself wore a perpetual grin, while Derrick began seeing a chiropractor for the kink in his back caused by sleeping on the lumpy sofa.

The governor was poised to declare a state of emergency, while POTUS45 worried about structural damage to his garish Florida mansion as the American public engaged in a Twitter campaign to have him impeached. Something to do with Ukrainians. Derrick's sintra-soinoidal lettux of the tri-alpha-dereletor became a huge success after swapping out the inter-temporal switch in the Turbo Encabulator, and Amazon was swamped with Calorifistibusticator sales, earning the new patent holders a cool hundred billion dollars. Apple created an iPhone app for it that made them even wealthier. Natalie's divorce was finalized. Any problem can be resolved if you throw enough money at it, right?

The couple went on to build a mansion for themselves that was bigger and tackier than the President's. Natalie quit looking for the powder blue BMW Nazca M12 that her new husband had once promised her and went out and bought one for herself. He was too busy with other matters anyway, like his political career now that the President had appointed Mister Enrod as the country's new Secretary of Esoteric Knowledge, calling him a stable genius (like himself) and reminding Americans that "some people didn't know that." Most of his time was now spent shuttling between the White House and the Genius-in-Chief's Florida White House, consulting on how to maintain America's education rating that was slipping from 26th place on the global charts since the last federal election. And there were only 27 countries on the list.

But like everything else in life, there was a hidden agenda.

Hail to the Chief



Over the next three years, Milton the Alligator grew to amazing proportions, a good deal huger than he'd once been when he rode atop Natalie and Derrick's ancient Toyota, although he retained the annoying habit of lunging at highway patrolmen. Milton and Natalie went on the campaign trail to elect Mister Enrod to the White House. There was the elephant, the donkey, and now the alligator representing the three major American political parties, up from two. Mister Enrod's campaign ran on the promise to confiscate everyone's AR-15. And replace it with a brand-new AR-16.

Sure, Natalie herself had a police record and the opposition made as much political hay as they could from her mugshots, but in the end the American public preferred a former jailbird as their new First Lady. At least she'd never posed naked for a Czechoslovakian men's magazine, or any magazine for that matter. And her excellent taste in pets warmed everyone's heart.

Milton became poster boy for the Alligator Rights Movement in the country. The Florida State Legislature voted unanimously to make him the official state mascot and minted a commemorative coin in his honour. Alligator poaching became a capital offense in the state, signed into law by the state's new governor, Matt Garrots.

During the federal election campaign, Milton was promised the office of Secretary of State, but in the end, that role went to Natalie. Poor Milton was forced to settle for Roving Ambassador. He was disappointed and snapped at the President at every opportunity. This aggression being interpreted as a sign of loyalty and affection, he was awarded a sideways promotion to Presidential Bodyguard and awarded an allowance of sixteen free gin tonics per day at the White House VIP lounge.

Natalie vowed to be the best Secretary of State ever, better even than BO's HRC or DT's oil patch CEO. What *was* his name? Natalie may have been an ex-jailbird, but at least she wasn't a crook.

Now, readers are probably wondering what happened to our friend Derrick. You know, the silly fellow who drove a GPS-inspired golf ball through someone's picture window and unwittingly released a naughty genie from five hundred years of captivity in a pottery urn only to have the interloper seduce his wife; the illustrious inventor of the Calorifistibusticator, not to mention the sintra-soinoidal lettux of the tri-alpha-dereletor that solved the malfunction issues in the Turbo Encabulator; and who, by implication, saved the world? Oops. Sorry about the spoiler.

Well. This author, for one, is going to be candid with his readership. Divorce lawyers don't come cheaply. And since Natalie's new paramour was not only a lawyer but a genie, the brilliant but clueless Derrick ended up like Nicola Tesla, penniless and eating canned animal food, barely existing in a tar paper shack in the Everglades, surrounded by snakes and alligators, not to mention hordes of mosquitoes and three hundred million large and hairy tarantula spiders.

And he's still arguing with the bank manager about what happened to his hundred million dollars.



How to Ru(i)n a Country



Secretary of State Natalie convinced the President to appoint Doris and Louise as White House consultants. Now that there was a Calorifistibusticator in every home, American women were demanding a voice in the new Post-Trump society. Oops! Sorry. Did we say ‘Trump’?

“When will the Turbo Encabulator Bill be ready for signing?” President Enrod picked up the phone to discuss matters of state with the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

“They’re just crossing the T’s and dotting the I’s on the legislation as we speak, Mister President.”

“What’s the price tag?”

“A thousand billion dollars a copy. The National Security Council, Pentagon, and CIA are fighting over who gets the first unit.”

“Well, purchase four units in that case. Keep the military-industrial complex happy. Send the fourth to the Islamic State jihadists. After their comeback in Syria, they’ll get so obsessed with figuring out what the friggin’ thing is for while fighting amongst themselves for control of it, that the Caliphate will soon collapse. And send one to the North Koreans.”

“That’s brilliant. I’ll call in the Secretary of State and schedule a news conference.”

“Fine. You do that. Oh, and how about the Saudis. Prince Bonesaw will be jealous.”

“Sure, Chief. But fifteen of the nineteen hijackers on 9/11 were from Saudi. And what about all those human rights violations?”

“Listen, knucklehead, so long as the Kingdom buys our weaponry and hires our military to keep the oil wells pumping, they’re entitled to at least one copy. If Isis has one, then the Saudis will need one too. Balance of power. Or terror, if you prefer.”

Mister Enrod – or rather, President Enrod – rings up the factory of which Enrod Enterprises is the majority shareholder, alerting them to a flood of incoming federal purchase orders.

“And make some extra copies, will you? I may need to gift one to Boris Johnson to smooth over that silly Brexit affair. And send a Calorifistibusticator to the German Chancellor.”

“Okay, Boss.”

“Oh, and don’t forget little Greta Thunberg. No, on second thought scrap that order. She doesn’t have any breasts.”

Who would have predicted that the simple replacement of a faulty inter-temporal switch with the new sintra-soinoidal lettux of the tri-alpha-dereletor would be the key to saving the world?

A State of the Union Address



President Enrod is preparing to deliver his first State of the Union Address from a studio set up in the Treaty Room of the Eisenhower Executive Office Building of the White House complex in Washington, DC. That's District of Columbia, not the comics DC.

“My fellow Americans. I come before you to sit behind you to tell you a speech I know nothing about....No, No, that's the wrong script. Who writes this shit, anyway?”

The President glances off-camera at his senior advisors, Doris and Louise, who are fumbling through piles of loose-leaf paper, trying to locate the proper copy of tonight's State of the Union Address. The two are even worse than Javanka, is what he's thinking.

“Okay. That's better.”

Clears his throat. Begins again.

“My fellow Americans, I'm going to make my statements brief. After usurping the Super Bowl for this broadcast slot, I know you're all concerned with more important matters than having to listen to your President rant and rave and rant about social unrest at home and abroad, the world in turmoil, the ubiquitous threat of nuclear attack, terrorism, the #MeToo movement, unending war, climate change, mass extinction, escalating prices and tumbling wages, crumbling infrastructure, millions of our citizens on food stamps, increased taxation, unaffordable health care schemes, absurd levels of national security, military adventuring abroad. inequality and racism at home, guns, reproductive issues and gay rights, never mind what to do with a half-baked, hundred-billion-dollar wall.

“Well, then, folks. What *is* to be done? I'm not going to bore you with a deluge of techno-babble about how Silicon Valley will someday make everyone immortal and there is a job for everyone in the computer industry. It's just not so. We're all going to die one day

except me, like it or not, and most Americans will perish debt-ridden after having worked an entire lifetime at low-paying jobs. And as for jobs, well, it's already too late for that. Most have already gone to China, Korea and Bangladesh. And the rest were replaced with robotics.

Nonetheless, please rest assured that the federal government of this country under my inspired leadership has the ability to Make America Great Again ® (didn't somebody say that before?).

“So, cheer up! Bread and circuses is what this nation needs. And as POTUS46, I am determined that you shall have them.”

The President's words impacted the country like a tsunami from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the 54th parallel to the Great Wall of Mexico. America had not paid such attention to a national leader since the repeal of Prohibition in 1932. Three hundred and twenty-seven million Americans were glued to their TV screens in utter awe and disbelief. Had peace and prosperity finally come to the world? Indeed, it was too good to be true.

“And now that I have everyone's attention, we shall get at the crux of tonight's business: naked aggressive capitalism. You've probably never even *heard* of this up-and-coming new device. It's a game-changer that's destined to alter forever the way American women – and a few men as well – envision their futures. It's called the Calorifistibusticator or, to put it in the vernacular, the breast drier.

“Despite going public just last year, The Calorifistibusticator is *already* drawing in \$9.9 BILLION (and *counting*) worth of sales online each year. The good news is that beginning at midnight, Washington Time, and for the next 24 hours only, Walmart, Target, Costco, and The Good Guys will be retailing this marvelous invention at a deep discount, on a first-come-first-served basis, until stocks run out.

“And even more astonishing, the Calorifistibusticator has now caught the eye of the legendary investor who got behind Amazon.com in 1997 -- *just before it shot up over 23,000% and made investors like you and me rich beyond their wildest dreams.*

“And so, my fellow Americans, dig deeply into your trouser pockets and purses and personal savings accounts and registered retirement savings plans. Break into your children's piggy banks. Mortgage your homes. See your bank manager about arranging a personal loan for yourself. Borrow cash on your credit cards until they're maxed out. Demand that your aged parents sell their homes and pay out your inheritance in cash now when you need it most (after that, they can croak whenever they wish). Then contact your investment broker immediately and purchase stock in Enrod Enterprises.

“Remember: America First. Give me your money to help keep America great!”

At this point in the President's speech, one can hear a pin drop in the studio. Of course, it's quiet! Every technician, reporter, and even Doris and Louise, not to mention Secretary of State Natalie herself, are logged into the Super Bowl via their smartphones. The only real change in America these days is a tendency for super-developed thumb muscles in its youth.

“Thank you. And now, back to the Super Bowl.”

Stay in touch for another installment 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