

The  
Seduction  
of Natalie



Francesco Rizzuto

**THE SEDUCTION OF NATALIE**

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## Hi, I'm Natalie



The massive iron door of a concrete cell in the Central Florida Women's Remand Center clanged shut behind her. CFWRC is one of those Prisons for Profit that America is so proud of lately. In fact, shortly after axing his predecessor's bill to prohibit the states from contracting out their prison services to the private sector, the nation's Chief Executive approved a federal subsidy to build more. After all, his own garish mansion was located here in alligator-infested central Florida, along with the swarming mosquitoes and a soaring crime rate. Not to mention a few dozen species of poisonous snake. Paired with the bill was an executive order prohibiting the press from distributing any more copies of the First Lady's nude photo shoot for a Czechoslovakian men's magazine. If the country wanted the benefits of the one, then it had to also approve the other. Prison building, like pornography, was a growth industry in America.

Natalie, however, wasn't in any mood for politics.

"And what are you girls staring at? I thought you jailbirds were wearing bright orange jump suits these days."

Her two sultry cellmates remained mute. Maybe they were instructed by their lawyers not to say anything. This newbie could be a police plant, a spy. Even a Russian.

Blondie in the black Wonderbra broke the ice. "It's a little hot for jumpsuits. No air-con in his dump."

Natalie hadn't noticed the heat. She was too preoccupied with the impending murder indictment to worry about creature comforts. Her lovely head would soon be on the block. She recalled what Mister Enrod had said about messing with Lucrezia.

"So, what're you in here for, bitch?"

"Murder."

The two corset-clad women suddenly emerged from their lethargy. The burning cigarettes dangling from their lower lips popped to attention at the mention of 'murder'. It reminded Natalie of Mister Enrod's dingle hopper only some twenty-four hours earlier when she'd disrobed in the upstairs room of a ranch-style house adjoining the Magic Valley Golf Club, the one whose picture window her husband had punctured with a GPS-misguided golf ball. In retrospect, it didn't seem like such a good idea; breaking the window, that is, and releasing a mischievous genie from its bottle, only to do mayhem in the world. Nonetheless, she was still hoping to find the powder blue BMW he'd promised her.

"Murder One, Two or Three?"

It was the brunette with the big melons this time. Natalie thought she seemed the more intellectual member of this tag team. The two were opposites in almost every other way except that their cigarettes fluttered in unison and burned at the same rate of combustion.

"I'm innocent. I didn't kill anyone."

"That's what they all say."

"It's true."

"Who killed him, then?"

"Killed who?"

"You know. Your boyfriend."

"It wasn't my boyfriend that got killed. I'm a respectable married woman! I'd never cheat on my spouse. Well, almost never."

"Okay. We give up. Who did you murder?"

"A policeman."

"Ooooooh, then you're gonna fry, Sweetheart. That's for sure. When they throw the switch it's gonna black-out the whole city of Tallahassee."

"I didn't do it. I swear."

"So, who did?"

"Well. It was a genie that pulled the trigger. But the guy was already dead, so I guess it wasn't actually a murder, at least not the pre-medicated kind."

The two semi-naked denizens looked toward each other, then burst out laughing.

"You mean premeditated? Or did you drug the guy first?"

“He got whacked with a car mirror.”

“Interesting. You might just have a good defense for yourself, Honey.”

“Yeah, plead insanity. It’s your only hope.”

When they heard the crisp clatter of a key being inserted into the lock of the cell door, Natalie’s new friends returned the cigarettes to their lower lips and struck the same welcoming posture (see illustration above).

“Natalie? Your lawyer is here to see you. Please step into the visiting room.”

“Lawyer? What lawyer? I didn’t call no lawyer.”

“The lawyer called you. Step out of the cell, please. With your arms extended in front.”

## The Deposition



Like a sleepwalker, a deflated Natalie accompanied the two burly, uniformed female guards to a small cubicle at the end of the cell block. The stark interior walls were painted a chill white and bright fluorescent lighting lent the place all the welcoming charm and grace of an operating theatre. There was a small table and two stackable white plastic chairs, one of which was occupied by a sinister looking figure with his back to the door.

Natalie thought this wasn't a very good start. She'd heard about what had happened to Wild Bill Hickok in the saloon in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, back in 1876 when he'd sat with his back to the door. He only got shot dead six times, in case you're wondering, because a Colt revolver (e.g., the murder weapon) doesn't hold any more bullets. Anyway, it was a good thing that the remaining stackable white plastic chair was under her buttocks when the lawyer raised his head from the stack of papers.

"What the fuck are YOU doing here? Haven't you gotten me into enough trouble already? I want a real lawyer. Guards! Guards! Help!" She shouted at the top of her lungs but to no avail. The warders were all in the staff room watching the latest rerun of Game of Thrones.

"Calm yourself, Natalie," her lawyer replied. "Let's see now. How do we intend to plead?"

Mister Enrod wore a soiled beige trench coat and a crumpled brown felt hat with a puffed-up crown, as if it were concealing a turban, despite the intense Florida heat. She suspected the man was naked under his trench coat as well. Just what she needed right now, a flasher.

"I'm not guilty. I didn't kill anyone. You did it!"



“Me? Why, that’s absurd. I’ve never seen you before. Anyway, this is my first case. So, don’t expect to get off Scott-free. Or at all. Murder is a capital offense and you know what that means, don’t you?”

“They’re gonna hang me?”

“No, not that bad. Electric chair. More humane that way.”

“What am I gonna do? I should never have listened to you in the first place.”

“Well, you’d better listen now. Do you have any money? Lawyers cost money.”

“No.”

“Then how about your hubby?”

“He’s a multi-millionaire but can’t get his money out from the bank. He’s over there arguing with the bank manager right now.”

“What about your assets? I’ll need a complete financial disclosure from you and your husband before we can proceed. As soon as your resources are exhausted, your case will be abandoned.”

“The only assets we have are a banged up old Toyota and Derrick’s patent.”

“The car with the alligator on top?”

“No. The car with my BMW on top. And where *is* the Toyota, by the way?”

“In the police impoundment. At least you won’t need to pay parking fees. You could be here a long time, you know.”

“When’re you gonna turn that disgusting animal back into my new car?”

“First things first. What about the patent?”

“You mean the Calorifistibusticator?”

“What’s that?”

“It means a ‘breast drier.’ In case a woman gets sweaty or spills something on her mammarys, or gets caught in a spring shower maybe, she can dry them out in seconds. You can even use the device to launder your boobies over the kitchen sink; like just throw them in with the dirty dishes, rinse as per usual, then they’re dry in a jiffy. Derrick says there’s gonna be one in every home. You just watch.”

“Okay, then. He’ll have to sign over all rights to the Calorifistibusticator and I’ll see about getting you out of this hell hole. Your bail hearing is set for tomorrow at 10 am. Be on time, okay?”

“Do I have a choice?”

## Order in the Court!



Dejected and somewhat the worse for wear, Natalie took her reluctant seat in the prisoner's dock. She sweltered under the crisp orange prison jumpsuit, while the irritating iron chains connecting her manacled wrists to a stiff nylon waist band restricted her movements. Derrick would be worried, is what she thought. Or maybe not.

She'd forgotten to tell him about her predicament. Still, she loathed the idea that his precious patent might soon become the property of the nefarious Mister Enrod, her former lover and currently sleazy lawyer. In a choice between signing over all rights to the calorifilibusticator or seeing his wife go to the electric chair, she wasn't at all sure her husband would decide to stay married. Men are unpredictable that way.

"Order in the court. All please rise," the bailiff ordered.

The judge entered through a small door at the rear of the mahogany-panelled courtroom and proceeded to ascend the dais. In his arms, he carried a stack of ancient, leather-bound law books, although Natalie could clearly see from her vantage point in the dock that one of the spines was lettered 'The Pickwick Papers,' another 'Fifteen Shades of Grape,' and the third book 'Huckleberry Finn.' What did Charles Dickens, BDSM, and floating down the Mississippi on a raft have to do with her case, anyway? Was he going to cite a precedent? The judge was attired in a flowing red velvet gown, a grey powdered wig perched on his skull, and buckles on his shoes. To Natalie's eyes, he looked like a hanging judge.

"Case number 3443668829, the State of Florida versus Natalie in the matter of bail, will be heard by the Right Honourable Mister Enrod, Q.C., a visiting British jurist, under the State of Florida's judicial exchange programme," proclaimed the bailiff, who punctuated his pronouncement with an enormous fart.

It was a good thing that Natalie was restrained to the extent that she was. She wanted to tear out his beady black eyes that were momentarily boring a hole in her. Mister Enrod's

eyes, that is, not the bailiff's. She was accustomed to men's farting, along with their other rude habits. Like when her husband picked his nose in bed then wiped the sticky green goo underneath their bedframe, a project that reminded Natalie of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, not that she'd ever been to Babylon, of course. It was simply what men did. She remembered a little ditty from her childhood:

*“Order in the Court, the Judge is dead,  
Bailiff blew a fart and knocked off his head....”*

The public prosecutor was first to address the court.

“Your Honour, my esteemed colleague for the defense was unavoidably detained on his way to the courthouse this morning. He has requested that the court proceed in his absence.

“Very well then, Mister Prosecutor. What is the charge against the defendant.”

“Murder in the first degree, Your Honour.”

A humming sound issued from the gallery where a slew of reporters and the curious shifted uneasily in their seats. An errant swarm of bees had entered through the upstairs window, looking for its queen. A lone dog howled mournfully in the street outside.

The Right Honourable Mister Enrod, Q.C., banged his gavel hard onto the lectern in a fruitless effort to restore order as Natalie suddenly leapt to her feet. Besides the manacles, she was sequestered behind four sheets of thick, bulletproof glass and therefore had to crane her neck to shout vertically through the overhead opening because the sound system was also on the blink today due to the excessive heat.

“I didn't do it! You did it! You no-good, lying genie, you! You predator. You shameless seducer of innocent women and girls. It's you and that stupid alligator should be in the dock, not me. You're just trying to get rid of me, so you won't need to come up with the powder blue BMW Nazca M12 you promised. And where's my husband's hundred million? Huh?”

Exhausted now by her unscheduled outburst and weighted down by the rattling chains, she sunk back into her stiff plastic seat in the prisoner's dock and began to sob. The bailiff reached his arm over the glass partition to offer Natalie a Kleenex. He was a flatulent but kindly man.

The judge beat out a steady rhythm with his wooden gavel, like a drummer in a military band, then cleared his throat to speak, spitting phlegm into a crumpled handkerchief that he then stuffed up his voluminous sleeve.

“This State is quite obviously a seat of good pricing, or to say it better, very good cheap: that is to wit, cruel lies, Fake News, dishonest women, feigned friendship, continual enmities, doubled malice, vain words, and false hopes, of which things we have such abundance in this nation that they may set out booths and proclaim fairs.”

“Huh?” the crowd murmured in unison.

“How does the defendant plead, then?”

“The defense has entered a plea of insanity, Your Honour,” the prosecutor abruptly interjected. A pale hush settled over the courtroom.

The judge turned to address the defendant slumped in her cubicle, despondent, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“How old are you, young woman?”

“I’m twenty-six.”

“And how old is your husband?”

“He’s thirty-two.”

“And for how long have you believed in genies?”

**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>**