

The  
Seduction  
of Natalie



Francesco Rizzuto

**THE SEDUCTION OF NATALIE**

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## The Way You Look Tonight



“Why, Angela. You’re looking fabulous tonight.”

“Thank you, Mister President. You know, for a stable genius you’re really quite charming.”

“Of course, I am. And would you like know something else?”

“What’s that?”

“I’m also a genie.”

“Really? *Das ist wunderbar!* America has finally brought peace to the world.”

“Well, you can imagine when cooped up inside a pottery urn for five centuries, there was plenty of time to contemplate a solution to the problem of faulty inter-temporal switches in the human psyche. The answer, of course, was the sintra-soinoidal lettux of the tri-alpha-dereletor. I’ve managed, by Royal Decree – I mean, Executive Order – to have one implanted in the brain of each and every American. Now we have peace in the world. Nobody gripes about racism, bigotry and greed anymore. And I’ve brought Jeff Epstein back to life, did you hear? He was so, so dead there for awhile. By the way, how do you like your new Calorifistibusticator?”

“Thank you again, Mister President. I’m so tickled by your generosity that I’ve asked the European Union Parliament to approve a new budget to supply a Calorifistibusticator to every woman on the continent, gratis, except Romania, of course. Frankly, I’m surprised that we Germans didn’t invented this marvelous device in the first place. We have a thing for logic and precision, you know. And cleanliness too, especially when it comes to sweaty mammaries. Not to mention my own doctorate in quantum chemistry. It shocks me, really. But thank you. Danke.”

“Shocks you? Didn’t you know that the North American power supply is 120 Volts, while the European power supply is 240 Volts? Plugging an American model Calorifistibusticator into a German wall outlet will make your boobies crispier than Kentucky Fried Chicken.”

“Oh, dear. So that’s where the burning odour was coming from.”

“Yes. Please be more careful next time, Angela. Anyway, I adore flat-chested women.”

The German Chancellor blushes.

“You’re so sweet, Mister President.”

“I’m a genie too, remember.”

“You said that.”

“Yes, I did. And so, to celebrate the final achievement of peace in the world, I’m going to grant three wishes: one wish for you, one for your husband, and the final wish I shall keep for myself.”

## The Purpose of Life



“But Mister President, I don’t wish for anything. As Chancellor of Germany, I’m already the most powerful woman in the world. I’ve found my happiness by succeeding where Herr Hitler failed. What more could any woman want or need, besides a Calorifistibusticator, that is?”

“Happiness? Listen to me, Angela. I’ve been around for more than a few centuries. I can assure you that the purpose of life isn’t to be happy. The only thing happiness brings is memories. The ancient Romans and Greeks would have shrugged at the notion. Harrrrumph! Veni, Vidi, Vici!

“You may have a point there. Vladimir Putin is prettier than your predecessor in the White House, well, such memories...Jah?”



[Click on the picture to see the video](#)

“Forget pretty-boy Putin! And Duck Donald too. The problems the world faces today are structural, in short, a political system captured by commercial interests, and an economic order that seeks endless growth. So, the only possible course is to fight corporate power and challenge the growth-based, world-consuming system called Capitalism. It’s the old question of survival, never mind happiness!

“Huh?”

“Forget it. Okay, then what do you want out of life besides power, Angela? Power doesn’t equate with happiness, unless you’re my predecessor in the White House.”

“Pleasure and contentment, I suppose.”

“Wrong again! If you think that contentment is the solution to all life’s problems, then you’ve been misguided. It’s the old happiness shell game all over again. I’d advise firing all those high-priced consultants of yours. Take Doris and Louise onboard instead. They come a lot cheaper.

“Hmmmm, they *are* kind of cute. Do they do threesomes?”

“The most powerful woman in the world and that’s what you wish for, to play golf with a brace of jailbirds? Come over here, Angel Baby. I need to whisper something in your ear.”

“Ooooooh, Mister President. That pointy tongue of yours tickles. I can feel an electric current right down to my *arschloch!*”

“Pay attention, now. This is serious. I’m going to give you the meaning of life.”

“I’m ready. But won’t you take off your clothes first?”

“Never mind that. Okay. Here it is. Remember what Nietzsche said:

***‘He who has a why to live for can bear almost any how.’***

“You see, Angela, there has never been lasting peace or contentment in the world, and therefore no happiness, because enough is never enough. Humans are programmed for struggle. They don’t get rewarded for being consistently happy. They get rewarded for winning, for conquering, for overcoming the odds, for triumph. Inside every citizen, there’s a sleeping Napoleon. Though more likely a Donald Trump. If you stopped pursuing struggle, your lingering happiness would immediately cease. Of course, there’s always chocolate.”

“So, you want me to struggle to eliminate Capitalism in the world?”

“Ah! You’ve been listening, my lovely.”

“Yes, well, thank you so much for your wisdom, Mister President. Now, let’s cover ourselves in whipped cream and lick it all off.”

“Oh, good grief! That’s enough. I’ve had it. Where’s that blasted pottery urn gone to, huh? Doris! Louise! Natalie! Quick. Get me some Crazy Glue. I need to go back into the bottle. Even a genie can’t help the world anymore.”



Now that Mister Enrod has returned to his urn, it's the end of our story, right? Well, not quite. Find out what's next in the MISTER ENROD SERIES, coming soon to your local eBookstore.

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A nice review at Goodreads would be very welcome, *Danke*:

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“Bye...” from Natalie, Doris and Louise