

Judas Goat

The Making of a Mafia Domme



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The Making of a Mafia Don

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By Teeje

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CHAPTER ONE

Doctor Samantha Tween was imposing. Big woman. Not particularly tall, though taller than me by quite a few inches, discounting the low heels she was wearing. Maybe a tad under five foot ten inches, but a good width to her shoulders and depth to her chest. Long, lustrous brown hair with a tawny shade to it. Intelligent face with a hint of humor in the dark, penetrating, eyes. BIG hands when she shook mine - physical strength in there too, I noticed as her hand engulfed mine.

"Pleased to meet you Mr. Capp," she said. "Finally! After all of our telephone conversations! Please come in. Have a chair - over there if you don't mind?"

Big as she was, I noticed how easily she moved as she led me over towards what was obviously a 'conversation pit' away from her desk, her conservative gray wool skirt slipping seductively around her thighs. Motioned at the chair I was to take, and settled herself back into her own chair. Looked at me. Smiled. Crossed her legs. "Let me get right to the point. I've analyzed the tapes you've sent me of Mr. One - as you call him. I'll state, categorically, that he is a male submissive of the first order."

Her statement shook me. I mean, I've worked for this guy now for quite some time and knew full well that if I trusted her judgment -and she was wrong? I was going to be dead - very quickly. Nevertheless, I licked my lips greedily tasting the power that was coming my way.

"He'll do what anybody tells him?"

She shook her head. Smiled coolly. "No dear. He'll do what a dominant WOMAN tells him. That's all. I don't know this man. But would offer the opinion that - if a male tried to commandeer this gentleman? He wouldn't be successful. If there was some element of homosexuality in his makeup, maybe. But I don't see a trace of that."

I nodded. Made sense. Mr. One is head of one of the largest mafia families in the U.S. What the hell? Organized crime in the WORLD! He didn't get there by doing what anybody told him! Got there by skill, and a great deal of malice - and the capacity to 'cap' somebody without thinking twice! I squirmed in my seat as I thought of the possible windfall - GIGANTIC windfall - that may have come to me.

"You seem pretty sure of yourself on the basis of hearing just some recordings of one-sided conversations." I sneered; "Or are you just guessing?"

Her eyes iced over. I kid you not; this broad could get scary in a hurry!

"Mr. Capp? You question me in that manner, in that tone, ever again? Our relationship will be terminated immediately! You came to me looking for an expert. YOU got one. I DON'T guess when I render my opinions. If I am unsure of anything when I make a report, I pass that on to my client. Do I make myself clear?" She took a deep breath, then added, "Do you still Wish to maintain our contract?"

She had settled back into her chair, seemingly totally relaxed - her face placid, her tone of voice calm, but her eyes were blazing pools of fury. I was more careful with my choice of words when I replied.

"Doctor? No offense meant. I guess I'm just too used to dealing with blonde bimbos all the time. I was just surprised that you could come up with that opinion based on so little information. I thought you'd HAVE to hear what was said at the other end."

She relaxed, and her eyes shuttered down some, but were still glowing. "Mr. Capp? Thank you. But let me explain one or two things if I may? To begin with? I am a qualified Psychiatrist who became interested in aspects of gender domination years ago. To begin with, I studied situations where the males were dominant - this being the most common form. But then I noticed something - and

became fascinated with the situations where females were the dominas. I am now of the opinion that *most* males can be dominated - if their programming is performed by an expert - whether they start out as a natural submissive or not. If they ARE submissive to begin with? Just about any woman with a firm voice and confidence can have them crawling in no time."

She paused, thinking, then continued. "Next? I have accumulated a wide base of empirical experience based on research and actual field work - and I used that a great deal in evaluating the tapes you provided. At the same time, my evaluation also included a great deal of scientific sound wave analysis - particularly looking for stress points common to submissive males - and your Mr. One was an almost classic example of a male submissive under female domination. And now? If you'll forgive me? I'd like to hazard a guess about the person he was talking with?"

"Be my guest doc!" I said expansively.

"The woman on the other end of his conversation is NOT an expert domina."

"How did you figure that out? And what difference does it make?" I asked.

"The sequencing of his stress points was all off. She was allowing him to 'call the shots' if you will."

I laughed. "You don't know this guy doc. He is one mean mother. Nobody calls the shots on him. Nobody!"

She leaned forward in her chair. "Mr. Capp? You have the habit of dropping disparaging references to women in your conversation - bimbo's - mother - that sort of thing. You are a client of mine and seem perfectly willing to pay my ridiculously high charges. But I must tell you that I do not care to hear women disparaged by any male. I'm not trying to curtail how you talk, but felt I should at least be informed as to how I feel. Is that alright?"

I looked at this hoity-toity broad with her upper crust English

accent. Who the hell did she think she was? Damn right I was paying her-and BIG bucks too! I felt like threatening to kick her ass. But I needed her, so held my temper and grinned at her instead.

"Sorry doc. It's just the way us Americans talk. Okay? I'll try to watch it. Okay?"

She nodded and smiled - but not with a lot of warmth. "You said that nobody calls the shots on him?"

"Got THAT right, sister!" I replied. Grinned to myself when her eyes glinted at my comment. "He is one tough mo .. guy. You can make book on it!"

"You have obviously not understood what I told you Mr. Capp. He is a NATURAL submissive. I have apprentice dominas who would have him eating out of their hands in a week. One of my senior girls?" She shrugged. "Day or two at most. ME? A matter of hours. No problem!"

This broad was starting to BUG me! Queen of the goddam world, no less! If she just knew how many stiffs were sleeping with the fishes at the bottom of the Hudson River? Fitted with concrete shoes, made to measure by Mr. One? She might not be so goddam cocky! But my brain was in overdrive - and it wouldn't do to scare her at this particular point, so I smiled easily.

"So? If Mr. One has information that I need to know, you could find out what it is? Like a password for example?" "Of course!" What do you need to know it for?"

She got to me! I glared at her. "None of your goddam business! Just ask him the password to give the dons for the meeting. That's all. That's ALL! Understand?"

She glared back. "Don't use that tone of voice to ME! How **dare** you! I have no idea of how many so-called passwords he might be using in his business. Was I being too unreasonable to ask for which ONE you wanted?"

CHAPTER TWO

It was the first time in my whole life that any woman had had the balls to talk to me like that. And? To tell the truth? It shook me a little. All of a sudden, I take in the fact that this woman is in damn good physical shape - and maybe could even take me one on one. Then I shake my head. Ridiculous! But I back off some. Try and answer her calmly.

"Doctor Tween? We seem to be constantly getting off on the wrong foot. I know I'm in England, and I know that a lot of you English consider us Yanks a bunch of crude ass.. people." I paused. " But you have skills that I want - and I have funds enough to afford your skills. " I gave her one of my very best smiles and held my hand out towards her. "Can we start all over again?"

An odd expression crossed her face, but she smiled. Leaned forward and held her own hand out towards me. Moved her hand as if pretending to shake mine. Relaxed back into her chair "Yes Mr. Capp. I believe we can. Now what do you see my organization doing for you?"

"Mr. One has a password that I want. With it? I can chair a very important meeting that should be taking place about three or four months from now Without it? I can't."

"I don't understand," she said. "If you chair it, what will Mr. One be doing in the meantime?"

I shrugged. "That's part of where you come in. I want him out of the way."

She thought for a second. "Mr. Capp? Whatever it is you think that I do? The services I provide? They do not include getting *rid* of people."

I thought about what I was about to say - very carefully. "Doctor Tween? I am a client of yours? We have a relationship? You cannot divulge to anyone what I say?" I asked.

She shrugged. "True. But I'd advise you not to tell me of any crimes you have committed that are particularly heinous - I'd turn you in - in a minute!"

"But you wouldn't turn me in for crimes I'd only *thought* of- surely?"

"Now, that's ABSOLUTELY true!" she said, smiling.

"Let me come clean doctor. I am, like Mr. One, a member of a very large and powerful organization. He has, shall I say, fallen out of favor with members of the U.S. government? - and forced to take an extended stay outside the States. Okay?"

A slight nod was the only response she gave.

"I am" I continued "His consigliere."

"Trusted advisor?" she asked with a grimace.

I nodded, then continued. "He has called for a meeting of all the chief... executives... of his organization, here in England, where he intends to lay down his long term plans for the organization."

"So?" she asked, her eyes intent on me. "Where do YOU come in?"

I smiled coldly. "Let me try to explain it this way. He is about the same age as myself- maybe a few years older. But his ideas? They belong in the stone age."

"And you are more forward thinking?" she smiled evilly.

I returned the compliment and smiled back. "Exactly!"

"You feel that, given the chance, you can convince those other ...huh... executives... that your way of thinking is more advantageous to your organization.?"

"Absolutely!"

She cocked her head to one side. "May I speak bluntly Mr. Capp? I have no wish to pry into your affairs, but if I am to be of assistance to you, there are certain questions I feel that I should know the answers to."

"Fire away!" I answered. "But if I don't want you to know, I'll tell you. Fair enough?"

Again, the peculiar expression flashed in her eyes, but she grinned, obviously relaxing now. "Mr Capp? I am assuming that your organization is related to organized crime." She held her hand up. "No - you don't need to answer that. But if this IS the case? Why don't you have him killed?"

Her calmness shook me, but I started to relax myself. "Doctor? I'm more of an... an... administrator, so to speak. Never killed anyone in my life. Now, the absolute top man in our organization, the Don? He sees that the old fashioned approach isn't working as much as it used to. We can steal a helluva lot more with accountants and lawyers - legally, than we could steal in years." I smiled proudly. "I was recruited from Harvard School of Business some years back. Mr. One lost his consigliere a year ago. I was appointed to assist him while he's here in England. He'll get a new consigliere when he's allowed back into the States - one more knowledgeable in what's going on there." I added a little bitterly. "The whole idea?" I continued, "is that I try and smooth out his rough edges, so to speak - and that I get some idea of a real consigliere's main duties at the same time. That way? I'll be of more use to the organization at some later date."

She caught the bitterness in my voice immediately. "So?" she asked. "You have to make your mark while you're both here in England then? That it?"

"More or less." I admitted. "Here? He pays some attention to me, but..." I paused, uncertain as what to say.

She smiled coolly. "But not enough? That it?" I nodded.

"But once he gets back to America, he'll stop listening to you altogether?"

"Probably." I admitted.

"So? With his password, the other... executives... might accept you as one of their own?"

I swallowed. "True. Once I get my ideas put forward in a positive light? I'm sure. "

She held up her hand, palm towards me, effectively shutting me up. "Mr. Capp? I can get you the password. I am positive in this. But I must be able to get at least one of my girls - preferably more, introduced to your boss. Do you have any other tapes of him speaking?"

"What for? And to who?"

"Just to get to know him better. Forewarned is forearmed." I thought for a minute.

"I was lucky to get the one I gave you. If he'd found out that I'd taped him -I could be dead by now." "How did you get them?" she asked. "I really don't need to know, but I'd have thought he'd have all sorts of security?"

I grinned. "Actually? Pure luck. I was just having the house we've rented for the meeting swept for bugs and accidentally left a mike running. Saw the recorder light and got curious. Heard what he was saying - and thought of you."

She nodded seriously. "That's something I've been meaning to ask you. How did you hear of me? You don't need to tell me of course, but I'm curious. My normal customers are women who want their boyfriends or husbands... shall we say... made over? And the word of what I do gets around, normally by word of mouth. Woman to woman sort of thing." She gave me a slight grin. "You deviate from my normal clientele by quite a large margin?"

"I saw a TV program where you were interviewed."

She slapped her thigh, interrupting me, and laughed. "Saw me on the telly! My goodness! That thing is *years* old! But? It didn't give my telephone number, surely?" Then she remembered. "Oh, that's right! The BBC called me - told me that you wanted to talk with me and gave me your number! That's how! " She beamed at me. "More than just a pretty face, aren't you?"

I blushed at her compliment - first time I've done that in years. Again, I saw a flash of an expression that I could not define cross her face.

"It was really coincidental," I admitted. "Remember, at the end of your interview, you gave some examples of speech patterns that submissive males used? "

"Of COURSE! That was it! He did use quite a few, didn't he!?"

"Well that was the night right before I caught him on tape. Otherwise I might never have put two and two together."

She nodded approvingly. "Mr. Capp? I think we can do business. But we must determine how I can get some of my ladies into your house. Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Coffee would be better please? Just black though," I answered. "Can't get used to this cafe au lait you Brits are always going on about."

"Well, I'm in full agreement with you on that - though I do like a little cream and sugar in mine, " she laughed. "Let me just call Josephine." With that, she pressed a button in a small console beside her. "Josephine? A pot of coffee and two cups please. Some biscuits too if you will. Thank you."

She leaned back in her Chair, and we chatted - about the weather of course. We also came to the agreement that she would be called Samantha - or Sam. She would call me Ray. A

few minutes later a quiet knock on the door was followed by a rather attractive maid appearing with a small wheeled trolley, a pot of coffee and various cups, saucers, and a small plate of cookies,

"Shall I pour ma'am?" she said, making a short, but deferential curtsy.

"No Josephine. I'll let Mr. Capp be mother." The doctor said. "That will be fine. Thank you dear."

With that, the girl curtsied again and left.