Madame Petra

By : Mark Ramsden

Fem Dom transgender sub male CP love story London scene overview

Published on
Booksie

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Madame Petra

This was anthologized in one of The Big Mammoth Books of Erotica that Robinson did, some time in the Jurassic era.

Still available on Amazon as is my own Radical Desire which contains this story. The lady in question was pleased with this tribute.

Madam Petra

Veins full of warm champagne. A warm, honey glow spreading

through the midriff. A reason to smile on a grey, winter

morning. I never leave Petra's place without fond memories,

and a presence that stays with me through the day. This

spirit double seems to be compounded of her big pussycat

smile, her scent, and her big, beautiful body. Her hour

glass figure was once thought to be the ideal female shape

â and still is in hotter parts of the world. (And why isn't

there a better ready-made expression for 'woman shaped'?

You still have to use 'hour glass'. Although we don't tend

to measure the time with sand any more). She has blonde

hair hanging in thick thatches down to a joyously deep and

full bosom. She's big. Weighty. Broadly luscious and amply

bountiful. Big-brained, big-hearted, big-chested and

big-mouthed â although she may prefer to be described as

assertive. She is a substantial presence, most especially

when sat on your face. And hard to miss anywhere else.

She is earthy, rich and mulchy. Fertile soil, which

responds well to diligent prodding. Something to dig your

fingers into. Real food for real men. Not so much comfort

food (the Magnificent Petra is never merely comfortableâ ¦)
more like the hottest chili on earth; a meal that
challenges you to finish it. Some prefer sushi (or pretend
to like it, or need to be seen eating it). But there are
times when warriors need to feast. And there is nobody
better to gorge upon than the pouting Petra. She is a ten
course banquet, washed down by tankards of foaming ale. She
is richly rewarding. And fortifying - if you have the
strength to take her on in the first place.
Petra and I used to be a guilty secret, then something my
wife could
join in with. And now we're inseparable. All of us. Cosy as
this is, it's not generally a good idea to try to praise
two Goddesses simultaneously. If you value your life. So we
will leave my wife and Petra snuggled up together for
another time. In the fervent hope they will still let me
in. It can't be too long before they start to wonder; what
do we need the shaven-headed guy for?
Despite her strength and magnificence even Petra has
occasional problems with self esteem. Anyone big has to
have a problem while too many men seek skeletal woman as
trophies. Hoping to enhance their status. Among other
drips. But real men feast on flesh. Well, that all sounds
bracingly manly; in the old sense of hale and hearty. We
just need the drunken cry of 'I am a Genius!', and we might
have the start of a Henry Miller pastiche. But it's hard to

resist trying to be epic when one is haunted by Madam Petra. Maybe that's the secret; she is not merely human. How else could a working lawyer learn sword-fighting, hand to hand combat, spell-casting, accurate divination and the extremely esoteric practice of High Art textile weaving? As you enter her boudoir you will be awed by the large loom, a rickety wooden structure that looks more dangerous than the rack of teasers and tweakers hung next to her St Andrew's Cross. Petra produces her art on this contraption, (although most of the public, including me, is more interested in what happens on the St Andrew's Cross). Her textiles perform no useful purpose other than looking interesting - if you know what to look for, and have done a bit of weaving yourself. Even then you still might find the viewing an uncomfortably intense and harrowing experience. But I'd keep it yourself if I were you. She has a bit of a temper. Which is not enhanced by the current indifference of the world in general towards avant-garde textile art. Your average skill-free conceptualist would say, her work is 'merely decorative'. She is 'only' a craftsperson. For whatever reason she never wanted to be a foul mouthed drunk shooting cack-handed videos of nothing much â a reliable indicator of genius in the art business, as we speak.

Her day job is the law, practised for the good of the people, most especially women who have suffered rape and

domestic violence at the hands of men. She's been doing it for about twenty years. And a couple of decades watching what happens in the courts and working with the abusers and the abused...she is not short of righteous indignation.

Some of this gets taken out on submissive men and sometimes it is her weaving loom which gets a sound thrashing. The loom is right next to the bed; both wooden structures that creak a lot. If her partners ever pall she swings her legs out from under the duvet and seats herself in front of some hapless fabric and proceeds to rattle out a challenging new creation.

She mutters curses as she weaves - the loom clattering and seething. Germanic magic does involve whispering spells while knotting rope -sometimes around people's necks - but it's best not to know too much about this. There's few enough seekers on the path as it is, without accidental fatalities further thinning out the flock. You may think I'm a bit cowardly for refusing to sample oxygen-deprived sex. I just keep remembering all those guys who get the mathematics wrong â and there are only two seconds in which you can decide whether you are experiencing the best rush ever or is that the grim reaper knocking on the door? Maybe it is. I'll just...Oh. Dear...

You may disagree. If so, why not contact the British Auto-Erotic Asphyxiation society? They're usually looking for new members. All you need is the annual subscription

and a suit that looks good at funerals.

As Petra weaves, her blonde hair dangles over the whining wood, perilously close to becoming part of the woven fabric. Somehow, she is never dragged into her threshing machine. Perhaps it is because she is a witch - an initiate into most current covens. She has danced with the Druids and swung with the sorcerers. And once you've done all that you are less likely to want to pretend that flower remedies work. Or that your Native American spirit guide is always watching you. Or that 'issues concerning power caused your boiler to collapse' (advice, from a reputable medium, during the cold snap of 2001). Let's face it, If New Age remedies fixed anything, sweet Diana Spenser would have been well. Instead of quite ill.

Some flowers get trodden underfoot but no-one is going to step on Petra. She is a warrior - hot words and cold steel.

After a few years with Petra it was becoming clear that all this crusading lawyer stuff is a just a cover story. She is actually one of the three Germanic Goddesses. Petra is the one who weaves the future. If ever your life seems to be sabotaged by an unseen assailant you can always blame her â Petra, the weaver. Your Viking warriors would sometimes cite Odin as a trickster God - it came in handy when far too many of the opposition turned up and overwhelmed the lads with the horned helmets. But it's not him â grumpy old blokes with beards are less in demand these days. You can

put sudden reversals of fate down to the Weaving Woman. The loon with the loom. Her. The Goddess. Petra.

As a long-time playmate I was recently invited to watch her favourite tranny slave serve tea. I was wearing a dark Ozwald Boateng jacket with a thin red pinstripe, a shimmery lilac houndstooth shirt by Thomas Pink and some charcoal trousers that seemed to cost far too much at the time. I mention this lest anyone suspect I had attempted to cross dress. Not that I haven't tried. Who wouldn't want to be dressed up in Madam's extensive theatrical wardrobe? But we eventually gave up on the attempt to feminise me. I tend to look like a biker's bitch or a rock chick who can't quite kick Jack Daniels. It feels great. But it looks terrible.

So I leave all that to 'Tracy' these days, Madam Petra's most faithful slave.

Mistress/slave relationships often crash and burn. Slaves are usually far from slavish in their demeanour, often demanding far more than they deserve â or offer in return.

â Do I really have to care about someone's emotional health just to get my dishes done?â asked Ruby, another Domme who is always looking for slaves to manage her domestic chaos.

Indeed so. You might as well be married, my dear. So this must also be in praise of Tracy, a good looking bloke who makes a better looking woman. And actually behaves like a slave, instead of an Argentinian Dictator whose shoes don't quite fit. As many of his rivals do. Tracy's thing is

forced feminisation. Punished in panties. But it is doubtful whether we should use words like 'punishment' for this process. It often appears to involve a greedy little slut getting what he really wants. Or it may be having a license to be a slut for a few hours. Even better, someone else is forcing you to do it. So you get to do what you want, except that it is someone else's fault. No more decisions, or responsibility. A holiday from who you have to be to cope with the outside world.

I first knew Tracy in the context of a five way exchange of sexuality in a night club. She was on all on fours offering herself to those approved by Madam Petra. It was hard to ignore Tracy's immaculate rump, two peach halves immaculately clad in flawlessly white panties. Tracy arrives at clubs looking like a sixties pop goddess; thigh boots, mini-skirts, hair reminiscent of Sandie Shaw. As a French Maid, dressed for service, she is even more attractive. It sometimes seems a shame that someone of refined birth and exquisite manners should be lumbered with 'Tracy' (it's a tribute to a former Mistress). But perhaps this humiliation is exquisitely painful for such a delicate flower, a further way of revelling in being downtrodden.

Tracy managed to serve Petra and I tea, behaving impeccably despite Madam Petra's lewd banter and wandering fingers. But it wasn't long before her impossibly high standards required that punishment be administered. Perhaps she

thought Tracy was flirting with her guest. The little minx did seem to be over-hospitable with Madam's gentleman caller. And Madam does not like being ignored, even for an instant. There is only one God. And her name is Petra.

â It is obviously far too long since I have punished you," said Petra.

â You filthy little slut.â

"Yes, Madam. Thank you, Madam." Tracy leaned forward, offering herself, big eyes imploring. Petra smiled, all too familiar with her slave's little fads and fancies.

"I know you want to be over my knee," she said. â But this is a punishment. Your head would be far too close to my shiny black stockings. It would be far too easy to drink in Madam's scent."

We were already gratefully aware that Madam was wearing Angel by Thierry Mugler. And that it was floating around the room on a cloud of sex hormones pulsing from her gorgeously fleshy body. Tracy turned away from the face she so adores and bent to touch her toes. Madam flipped Tracy's skirt up and patted the seat of her knickers.

"I'm relieved to see you have grasped the concept of whiteness at last. My arm ached for two days last time. Not as much as your bottom hurt though, did it?"

Someone else was with us now. A firm but fair Matron who will stand no nonsense. Petra can credibly impersonate Marilyn Monroe, a stuck-up Duchess, a Victorian

streetwalker, wenches in general and teenage minxes in particular (with choice of regional accents and accurate period detail. Favoured epochs; Victorian, Restoration, Dark Ages). And her bossy lady with slutty little slave is absolutely flawless. But then so it should be, after all these years.

She checked Tracy's posture, straightening one of her legs before patting the seat of her knickers approvingly. She reached for a wooden spoon, an implement chosen to emphasise domestic servitude as well as an effective tool for inflicting of bruising, scorching pain. She stood and measured the spoon against her target, using it on each cheek in turn, taking time out to examine her slave's flushed face, to pinch her nipples. The punishment became more intense. Soon there was a fierce red glow visible through the thin white panties. Although Tracy was silent her breath came thick and fast. There was an occasional sigh as the spoon thrashed the same spot repeatedly.

â You may stand,â murmured Petra eventually. She was flushed, a faint moist glow on her formidable cleavage.

â Thank you, mistress," said Tracy, sincerely. She curtsied as Petra has taught her, although there was the occasional unavoidable squirm as Madam's lecture continued. Finally she held the spoon for her to kiss. Eyes downcast, Tracy planted a long kiss on the implement before Petra took her chin by its point and tilted it upwards. She stared down at

her slave for a while, imprinting her dominance deep inside her. Then Petra clutched the bulging erection in Tracy's knickers, kneading and massaging the throbbing mound. While the sighing slave jiggled from foot to foot. We watched her hop for a while. It was entirely cute.

â You may rub yourself,â granted Petra. Tracy mewled in relief as she strived to lessen the harrowing sting in her well-beaten bottom. It was some time before she recovered her composure. She then needed considerable strength and endurance to comply with the rest of Madam's most unreasonable demands. Never able to forget that failure meant another punishing session with the wooden spoon.

When Petra was satisfied she had pushed her slave just that little bit further than last time, she gave Tracy some more domestic tasks. And we were free to talk once more. Assam tea arrived. A strong, full-bodied brew. Just right for a strapping lass like Petra. It even sounds like s/m. As we sipped at its dark strength I asked Petra if I could write a story about her. "I thought you were burnt out," she said, with a smile appropriate for this piece of self-pitying amateur dramatics. "Why write 'another erotic story'?"

I let her mock me for a moment. Which is fair enough, considering how much material there is to work with.

"It might be nice to bring a beautiful women alive," I said, hoping that it would please her. She smiled. And glowed. And we felt the space enclose us. Sometime,

somewhere, we are always together. Exchanging fragments of

dreams and whispered prayers. In the long, slow, sweet

dance of love. Warmed by a pussycat smile.

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