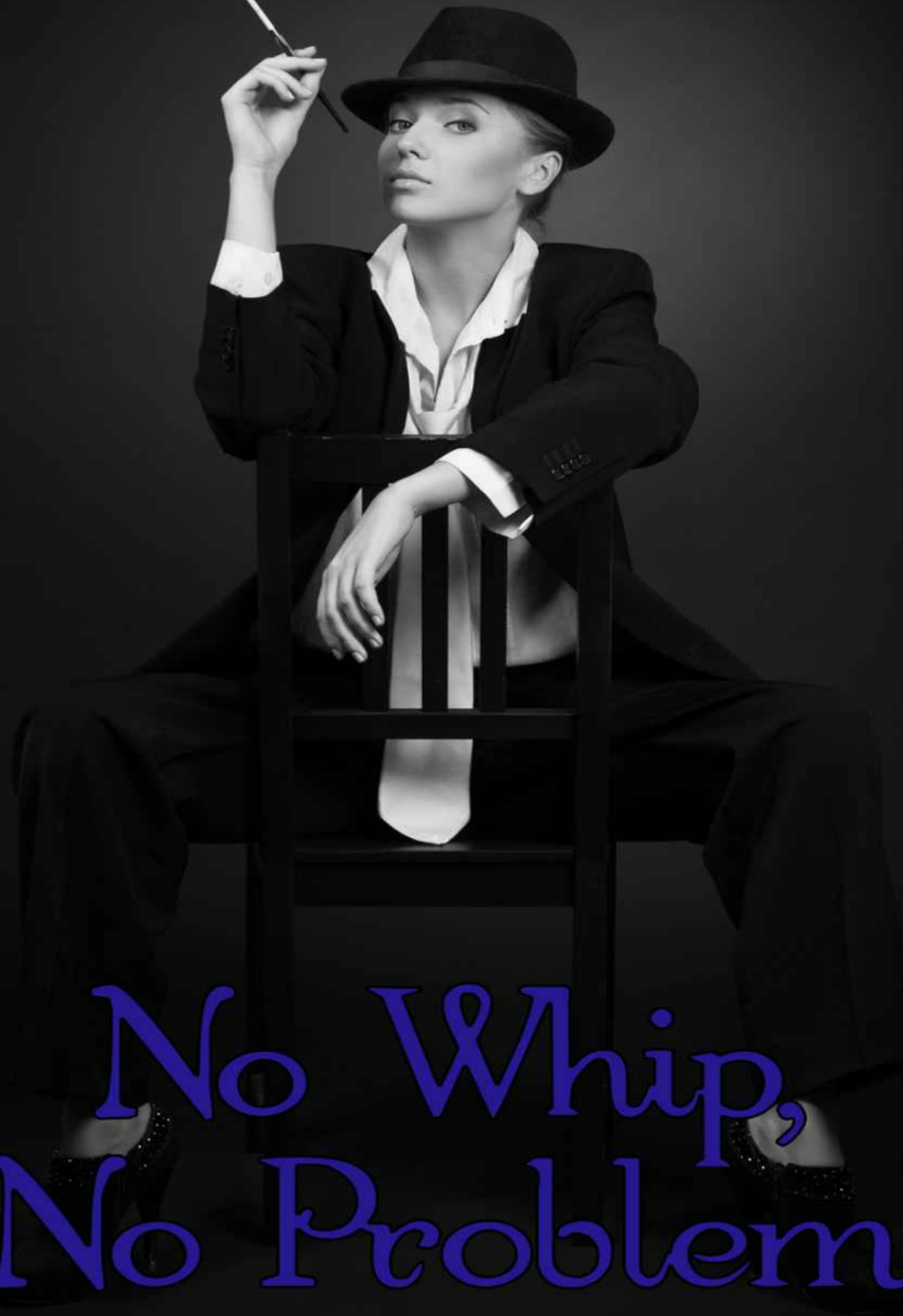


Ralph Greico, Jr.



No Whip,  
No Problem

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No Whip, No Problem

By

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## Introduction

I don't take too well to labels. Sure, it's perfectly fine to find yogurt in the aisle marked "Dairy," but setting labels to people or absolutely defining the things they might do via preconceived notions, assumptions, or a well-worn trope doesn't allow for the complexity of who we are and what we might want. I'm even more suspect when it comes to sexual labeling, kink definitions, when one person instantly assumes something just by what one person says, or does, or wears.

I find the word "Femdom" tricky like this.

First of all, is the *fem* in question a biologically born lady, a binary female or a man playing the role of woman? Is she older than thirty, younger, or a widowed granny getting in her last round of kicks? And what constitutes *Dom*? Is it the obligatory 'kitten with a whip' made popular by mid-50's fantasy depictions captured by guys like Irving Klaw or a leather-jump-suited Emma Peel (ok, I know I'm showing my age) or maybe even the lady who taught Mr. Gray all his moves? The field is wide open I feel for an objective definition of both terms.

In the ten short stories that follow, I have attempted to take on the idea of Femdom from a bunch of different angles. I present a varied type of lady (all my ladies here are biological ladies), as much as a multitude of ways they are prompted to, encourage, get turned-on by, use their wits, hand, and yes even some instruments (although, as my title says, you won't find any whips here) to dominate. And not just dominate men as you will see from one story here. In some instances, the 'sub' prompts and requests, the domination, while in others, the lady comes to realize what she has stumbled into or suddenly desires. And the 'domination' runs the gambit from the physical to the mental, from teasing action to the more hardcore.

I am just trying to defy labels.

As I always do with anything I write and publish, I hope the reader (you, in this case) is entertained by scribblings. If you come away from any of these little salvos-across-the-bow of *Femdom* thinking that time has been well spent, then that's really all I can ask.

Thanks for reading me,

Ralph Greco, Jr. from the wilds of suburban N.J. 2020

Packing  
Dee, Tina & Me  
What Cindy Might See  
Not What First Was Revealed  
Every Step Of The Way  
After The Coffee  
John's Very Last Hurtle  
The Conditioning Of Jeremy  
An Explanation For Denise  
Doubt

## Packing

As Sandra, Louisa, Jane, and I descended on the annual Tri-Towns Nord Ball I proudly considered how my friends and I looked the part of every other lady in the room in our heels and haute couture dresses, even though we all had cocks strapped to our bodies.

Sandra was a size queen, as much in the cock she wore—an 8-and-half-inch black model—as those she sought to fuck. Although large dildos and yes, even taller men, were proportionate to her five-foot-nine voluptuousness, she usually came away disappointed; really, how many men were walking around sporting cocks that big (even tall guys) or would agree to having one that size plow their ass? Ever since I met her, Jane had been working through the on again/off again consistent drama with a rather pretty Filipino guy named Carl (who I had heard sported a penis Sandra would have just loved) but was presently ‘off’ with him again; like me, she opted for a solid 6-inch flesh-colored cock she was more fond of getting up nice and close with instead of using as a battering ram. Louisa changed the size of the dick she strapped on as fit her mood; I hadn’t had time to check or ask what she had on for this night.

Despite our varied cock sizes (and colors), the girls and I did share a goal: which one of us would peg a man first.

As the last one to join this merry little band of friends, and having only moved into our St. Louis burb six months before I met them, I demurred best I could even with my usual brash and bawdy nature (and regarding both sexes as potential fuck buds and dates). After first meeting Louisa and Jane, the pair quickly introduced me to Sandra; she actually bore the upper-crust credentials to sneak us into this particular party. I came to like all the girls better the more I got to know them, tickled with each lady’s specific joie de vivre. Then one blustery October afternoon three months ago, as I helped Jane decide between one of two dresses she was considering for a wedding she was

attending with Carl that weekend (I work for an online dress manufacturer and am regarded, good or bad, as the fashion expert) she 'happened' to pluck her strap-on, with a six-inch skinny dildo dangling from it, out of her top dresser drawer. In no time, she explained the game she, Jane, and Sandra engaged in when they went out on their 'packing,' nights.

To say I was intrigued would be an understatement.

Ironic, interesting, or weird (maybe all three?) as the only bisexual lady of our group, I had never actually gone in for fucking a lover's ass or pussy. And ironic, interesting, or weird (maybe all three?) as the dominant in every single one of my hook-ups, be it with man or woman, one would have thought I would have pegged a time or two. But the women I had been with, mostly bi also, had agreed with me that had we a desire for a cock filling us, we could all too easily find a real one. And frankly, I was too busy all but consuming the younger girls I usually dated, ravenously eating their pussies, suckling their tits, to ever care much for fucking them with a fake dick (and none had never asked for me to do so). For the men I had been with, my dominance usually manifested itself in me getting-off teasing them for hours as they begged to come or taking one of the pussy willow branches I kept in a large vase at my front door, and if a man was amiable (and had the ass for it) letting loose a few ardent swipes to get him yelping... and usually, hard as rock. I certainly knew about dildo play, had heard the word 'pegging,' plenty and had probably seen a Clips4Sale movie a time or two where some woman took her female lover or even a guy in this manner.

But strapping-on and fucking somebody this way was just never much on my mind.

Not until Jane wagged her cock in my face that afternoon, and told me how she and the girls stepped out maybe once every month or so to play their game, and ply willing men.

They didn't always all score, and in fact, there had been many nights none of them did (or the guy they revealed

their cock to later on opted for something more 'traditional'). But there had been three instances Jane told me about—parties like the one we were presently at—where lots of people were gathered for a specific reason, where all three girls had taken home or had been taken home by some guy, each having revealed what they were wearing under their dresses, and all three managing to peg the man in question. At these moments they'd announce from a scout's honor calculation who had done what first, each lady always aware of a clock in the room or, at the very least, keeping their cell phone close enough to be able to check the time when they had plowed up, in and true.

What I found more amazing than the fact that my friends had managed these concerted concerts of pegging (and really, the 'winner' only received the honor of bragging rights for the night) was that so many heterosexual or at least men who claimed they were hetero, had allowed, some even all but begging for, an ass-fucking. If what the girls told me about St. Louis' male population was true, I wondered really how much of my usual dominant stance I'd even have to manage anymore.

Were the men living around me already pretty much destined to be sub?

Unlike visiting a typical city bar, of which we had been to only one time when we were packing, here we had a wide variety of aged men. Add to the fact that the four of us were in our thirties (I had just turned thirty-five a month before) the procurement possibilities laid out before us were even more interesting. There were the mid-20 guys who had been cajoled into coming to the hall this night by their high-society parents; for them, we could run a slight MILF interplay. None of us save Louisa had kids, though. For men in their thirties, forties, and even some in their fifties, we were often seen as sexy contemporaries. For men older, we could (and did) play the ripe and randy filly who might make a nice trophy on their arm. All these considerations made