

GENDER SWAP TRUCK STOP

A PATREON EXCLUSIVE TALE



NIKKI CRESCENT



NEWSLETTER

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GENDER SWAP TRUCK STOP

CHAPTER 1



Mikey, a gentle huskier fellow drove his truck slowly down Davey Lane, wearing his classic headband, which held back his long dark hair. He carefully scanned rows of women, making sure to pick the right one.

On any normal day, Mikey would have picked the first good looker he saw, and that would be that. Today, however, was no normal day. It was Harry's birthday. As a matter of fact, it wasn't just Harry's birthday; it was Harry's fortieth birthday.

And if there's one thing anyone knows about Harry, it's that he likes his girls black. Mikey, being a good buddy didn't just stop at the first good looker—he spent a little extra time finding that perfect black tush.

Davey Lane was the red-light district in Rosedale, the only small town for nearly five hundred miles from any other town. It was dab in the center of Route 66, the route that the trucker boys had to run every week, the route that ran straight across the United States. It was a trucker town, but not just because of its desolate location. It was a trucker town because it had the finest whores on the whole of Route 66.

Mikey spotted a nice, tall black girl. He pulled up slowly, looking her up and down. She was young, and had a tight little body. Her big, round butt hung out from the base of her short-shorts and her top had been hand-cut to show off some of her perfect, busty cleavage.

Mikey wasn't a huge fan of the black girls, but this one was something else.

"You twenty-one?" Mikey asked, still rolling down his window.

"Twenty-two," the girl said.

"You lyin'?" Mikey asked.

"I ain't lyin'."

"It's my buddy's birthday. He likes black girls."

"Well, I'm black." The girl smiled.

"What's your name?"

"Candy."

“What’s your real name? We don’t like them hooker names.”

The girl thought for a moment.

“Fran.”

“I like that name. It’s a pretty name.”

“Thanks,” the young prostitute said.

Mike smiled and looked her up and down again.

“You sure your twenty-one?”

“Yeah, man. I told you I was twenty-three.”

“Alright, hop in.” Mikey reached across to the passenger door and pushed it open.

The young black prostitute, in her tall heels, stepped around the truck. Carefully, she pulled herself up into the raised semi-truck’s passenger seat, teetering on her heels.

“You alright?” Mikey asked.

“You got a big truck, mister.”

“Ain’t the biggest your gonna see.” Mikey smiled.

CHAPTER 2



About a dozen older, bearded men stood and sat around a dingy bar, playing pool, drinking beers and watching sports on television. Dim orange lights that hung down from the ceiling by their old cables lit the smoky room. There wasn't a trucker unarmed with a cigarette in the musky smelling bar.

Mikey led the young prostitute into the truck stop joint. Silence fell over the establishment as heads turned and bodies froze in their place. Mikey stopped, with the black hooker in his hand, and faced the crowd.

"Boys, meet Fran. Fran, meet the boys," Mikey said.

Harry, a taller man with a bigger beard than any

other in the room, let go of the cigarette dangling in his mouth, letting it fall onto the table. The only time black girls came through the joint was on his birthday, which he clearly had forgotten about until this very moment.

“Fran, there’s your birthday boy there. Name’s Harry,” Mikey pointed out from across the bar.

Fran scanned the room nervously as the unblinking eyes stared into her soul. Slowly, Fran began to step across the cheap plywood covered flooring towards the bearded birthday boy.

Click! Click! Click!

Her loud heels were the only things audible above the repeating classic rock playlist.

“Howdy, ma’am,” Harry said politely, standing up and extending his hand.

“Happy birthday, baby,” said Fran, taking Harry’s hand gracefully.

Harry turned his head to his side and spat onto the floor, getting that old beer dinge off of his teeth.

Fran looked around the room. Everyone was still silent, busy making sure they got a good glimpse of every part of Fran’s fantastic body. Mikey walked up to the two.

“Sure is quiet in here,” Fran said.

“Quiet night tonight,” Mikey explained. “Big

shipment comin' through tomorrow though."

"What kind of action you into?" Fran asked Harry.

"I want the pussy first. Y'all can do whatever you want with the other holes."

"Wait," Fran said, "I ain't doin' no group shit."

"It's my birthday. I want the other boys in on this."

Mikey stepped forward and tried to explain. "Fran—Usually we bring a girl back here, we all get a bit of a show and, well, we all tip nicely."

"I don't care about no tips. I ain't doin' no group shit. We didn't discuss no group shit."

"Well, damn Harry. I'm sorry," Mikey said.

Harry didn't respond. He was upset.

"C'mon, baby. I'll take you back," Mikey said before turning to Harry. "I'll bring you back another girl, Harry."

"Wait, what? So I ain't gettin' paid?" Fran asked.

"Paid for what?" Mikey asked.

"You wasted a good hour of my time."

"You wasted a good hour of ours, love," said Harry.

Fran sighed.

"It's another two hundred for the rest of you. That's four hundred total," Fran caved.

CHAPTER 3



Mikey walked Fran over to one of the pool tables. Carefully, he helped hoist Fran up on to the table. It took her a few seconds to gather her balance on her heels. Eventually though, she stood up nice and straight.

“Alright, boys. Here’s tonight’s entertainment. Make some noise for her,” Mikey said, turning and walking into the crowd of truckers.

The crowd of thirty-plus year olds sat in their respective seats, awaiting Fran’s show. She stood, silent, unsure of how to begin.

“Let’s get some music goin’. Something the lady can dance to,” someone called out.

One of the truckers slowly made his way behind

the bar to the music player, and turned the music to something more upbeat, and louder.

Fran continued to stand, motionless.

“Well c’mon, now,” yelled out one of the anxious truckers.

Slowly, Fran started to sway to the music. She spun around, showing off the edges of her butt cheeks through her short-shorts. The men wooed and yelled at the sight of that perfect, black ass.

Quickly, Fran was becoming more comfortable. Her dance moves became bigger and swifter. She pushed her nice wide hips from side to side, letting her butt jiggle between beats.

Carefully, with her back facing the men, Fran began to pull off her shirt. She tossed it aside on the ground, and then began to undo her bra behind her back. The crowd was quickly becoming louder and louder, nearly drowning out the music with their hollering and whistling.

Fran let the skimpy red bra fall to the ground, leaving the men exposed to beautiful, smooth black back. With her hands, she grabbed her tits and turned to the crowd. She jiggled her chest, being sure not to give any glimpse of her nipples. Harry had to take off his trucker hat to wipe his forehead; he was so excited.

“Show us them titties!” one of the older men yelled.

Some of the men in the crowd laughed at the horny old man’s comment. Fran bit her lip, hesitated a moment, and then let her boobs fall out free. Men screamed and clapped at the sight of her big, supple breasts.

“Now that’s what I’m talkin’ ‘bout!” one of the men yelled.

Mikey stood in the back; smiling as he watched his friends drool over the perfect woman. He was a bit too shy to be at the forefront of the crowd, and he wasn’t all that into fucking prostitutes.

“Now show us that sweet pussy of yours!” another man yelled.

Laughs and more cheering followed the remark; the men were horny that night. They were ready to fuck the living daylights out of that poor young prostitute.

Fran continued to dance, trying to make herself relax and more welcome to the idea of being banged by a group of older truckers. She continued to sway her perfect hips and shake her supple rack.

“C’mon, Harry. Get up there. It’s your birthday, after all,” someone said, pushing Harry up through the crowd.

Harry turned to the crowd and laughed. Some of his teeth were missing from prior bar fights. The ones that weren't missing were yellowed from excessive drinking and lack of oral hygiene.

Harry turned back towards the hot young dancing whore and began to undo his belt. Not a shy man, Harry started to slide his pants, along with his underwear down to his ankles. The crowd got the pleasure of looking at his pale white ass, while Fran got the pleasure of looking at his long, thick cock, dangling between his legs.

"C'mon down, baby," Harry said, extending his hand to help the street worker down.

She took a deep breath, looking at Harry's hairy crotch, and then accepted the hand. Carefully, she stepped back down on the floor.

"Get on your knees, now," said Harry, placing his hands on Fran's shoulders and applying pressure.

Nervously, Fran sunk down to her knees and took another long stare at the big dick. She took it in her hands softly and began to stroke it.

"That's a good girl, now."

Fran could feel the long shaft throbbing immediately after starting. The bulbous tip of the cock started to protrude out of Harry's foreskin as the

member lengthened. Fran was able to wrap all of her long, soft fingers around the thick girth. Her strokes were long and graceful, emanating from both the wrist at the forearm. There was a certain elegance to the way she moved her hand up and down the hardening dick.

“Damn, girl. You know how to stroke a cock.”

Fran forced a smile and then leaned in for the next logical progression. She gently opened her lips wide, looking down at the throbbing cock, and then began to push her head forward. The big dick slid across her tongue towards the back of her throat. She could feel Harry’s thick veins pushing blood through his body and into his cock on her warm wet tongue. His thick cock became thicker, pushing and stretching her soft lips wide open.

“Come on, now. Suck it.”

Fran started to push her head up and down the length of the massive member. The crowd of horny men started wooing and whistling, proud of their forty-year-old friend. One of the men in the crowd started to sing.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,

Happy Birthday to you,

THE REST of the crowd joined in.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO HARRY!

Happy Birthday to you!

EVERYONE LAUGHED and continued to cheer as the hot young whore sucked off their friend. Harry was on another world; deep in pleasure, he closed his eyes and clamped his grip down on Fran's soft hair. He assisted in pulling her in tight on his cock, and pushing her off of it, over and over. His long cock, now at its full length was beginning to choke the young black girl.

She coughed and gagged on the cock, letting saliva run down the sides of her mouth, ruining her quick makeup job.

"All right, honey—lay down on that pool table, there," Harry instructed.

Fran pulled her mouth off of the long dick, coughing and catching her breath. Harry took her

gently by the arm, lifted her up and led her to the small pool table that was soon to be fucked upon. At the table, he bent her over the green furry surface. Thanks to her long black legs and stiletto heels, the pool table was right at her waist—the perfect surface to fuck on. Harry reached around to Fran’s crotch and began to unzip her fly.

“Alright now, I think I’ve got to join in on some of this action,” James, one of the older men in the crowd said as he walked around to the other side of the pool table, loosening his belt along the way.

Harry pulled down Fran’s short-shorts, and then made quick work of her thong, exposing her big round butt.

“Well, I’ll be damned. Now that’s an ass,” Harry said, slapping Fran hard on the ass.

Her soft butt cheeks jiggled for a moment from the impact. Harry took his big, dripping wet cock in his hand and took a step forward, ready to stuff the young hooker.

James had taken his cock out and was holding it out in front of Fran’s face.

“Time to start earnin’ those tips, honey,” said James as he held the tip of his dick right up to Fran’s wet lips.

Hesitantly, Fran opened wide. James took a small step forward, stuffing his semi-erect penis into her mouth. Meanwhile, on the other end of the table, Harry was beginning to penetrate. He pushed the soaking tip of his cock up against Fran's tight pussy, pushing it open. He bit his lip as he slid himself into the tight hole.

Fran's body tensed up. Her fingers tried to grasp onto the green fuzzy pool table surface as her butt and pussy clenched. Harry fought through the clench, pushing himself in deeper and deeper. Muffled by the thickening cock in her mouth, Fran began to moan.

Not before long, the two men were thrusting themselves deep into either side of the black hooker. The men in the crowd cheered and clapped louder than they had before. The sole attendant who was stuck working nights at the desolate gas station across the street could probably hear the high-pitched whistling and screaming of the crowd.

With every swift thrust, Harry sunk his cock in deeper. The bottom of his gut pushed up against Fran's big butt after every revolution as his ball sack drew closer and closer to slapping against her clit.

“Good to know you don't lose your ability to

fuck when you reach forty!” a man in the crowd joked.

A couple more men stepped forward, loosening their pants. Soon enough, everyone wanted in on the Fran action. Some of the men stood in line behind James, and one younger man, Quincy, stood behind Harry.

Quincy was probably the most classically handsome man of the bunch. He was muscular, tall and his beard was much more managed than any of the others’. He stepped up beside Harry as he pulled away his belt.

“You cum in her pussy, and then I wanna cum in her ass,” he said.

At this point, Fran had gone completely numb. Her muscles had relaxed and she’d let go of her strong clench. The men up at her mouth had begun to switch out, and she found her sucking off stranger after stranger.

Meanwhile, around back, Harry was approaching his finale. His movements were getting sharper and harder, faster and more aggressive. He pushed himself hard and deep into Fran’s tight slit, causing her soft butt to ripple.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Harry’s hands found themselves on Fran’s soft

butt and he squeezed as tightly as he could, holding back his cum. His cock began to bloat and throb inside of Fran's tight pussy. Fran tried to scream out loud, but couldn't as there was a long, thick cock stuffed deep down her throat.

Finally, Harry let go. Shot after shot of cum blasted out of him deep inside of the young black prostitute's slit. He pushed himself in hard, one final time, as the final drop oozed out the tip of his dick. Then, his legs trembling, he stumbled back.

Quincy didn't hesitate a moment. He immediately assumed Harry's place, mounting the young girl as cum slithered out of her slit and down her leg. He spat into his hand, rubbed it all over his cock, and began to push himself into Fran's tight asshole.

Fran's face was covered in saliva. She had spent the past five minutes or so choking, coughing and trying to remain conscious. Two men decided to try something a bit different; they walked up together in front of Fran, and with their cocks in their hands, they began to double-stuff her mouth. The two men's dicks pressed up against each other as they pushed through Fran's stretched out lips. Together, the two men started to gently thrust themselves into Fran's mouth as she tried to breathe through her nose, tears dribbling down her face.

After some pushing, Quincy successfully penetrated Fran's asshole. He began to slide in deep, fighting her tight clench as her body tried to reject the inwards sliding cock. Miraculously, he managed to insert his entire member, and he started to work away, thrusting himself into her.

The men who had taken their turns stood nearby, jerking themselves off so that they could cum on the young girl before calling it a day. The first man to finish, a younger, smaller man, stepped forward with his dick in his hand. He walked it up to the side of Fran's face and began to unload all over her cheek. The warm substance splashed all over her face and trickled down to her chin where it began to drip on the floor.

Quickly enough, others were beginning to finish. They walked up, held the tips of their shafts up to Fran's face and began to shoot their warm sticky cum all over it.

Even the two men inside of her mouth couldn't hold on any longer. Their pace began to accelerate and their movements had become deep and sharp. Fran could feel their cocks beginning to bloat in her throat just before exploding with cum, all over the inside of her mouth.

The two men pulled out and a massive load of

cum fell out of the limp Fran's mouth. She hung over the side of the pool table, energy-less and pride-less.

The act was near completion. All the men had finished jerking off on Fran's face, and only Quincy remained around back, holding back his own massive load. He squeezed Fran's red, sore butt cheeks tightly and began to unload inside of her asshole. He screamed out loud as shot after shot filled her up deep. Slowly, he pulled himself out.

His flaccid dick fell out of her, followed by a mound of hot cum, which ran down her legs to her high-heeled shoes.

Fran was defeated, used and abused. Her body remained limp on the pool table as she dripped with cum and sweat that likely wasn't even her own.

"Don't forget to leave the lady a tip. Give it to me, I'll pass it onto her," Mikey said, as the tired men walked past him on their way to the door.

Mikey collected a stack of cash as he made his way over to the poor young prostitute.

"You okay?" he asked.

She looked up at him.

"I'm fine," she said. "I just wanna go home."

"Well, c'mon. I'll take you home. Where do you live?"

Mikey helped the young girl up.

“Who the fuck is going to clean all this shit up?” Hank, the bartender asked as Mikey walked past him.

“I’ll be back in a few minutes, Hank. I’ll give you a hand,” Mike said as he practically dragged Fran back to his truck.

CHAPTER 4



*A*fter Mikey returned from dropping Fran off at her house, he quickly noticed the bar was empty. Not only were all the patrons gone, but also Hank, the bartender was gone with them.

“Hello?” Mikey said out loud.

“Night after night, you boys go around fucking whores like that—no way to treat a woman,” said a voice behind Mikey.

Mikey swung around. There was a man, dressed in all black and wearing a black hat, which shadowed his face, sitting in the corner of the bar.

“Who are you?” Mikey asked.

“That don’t matter.”

“Matters to me,” Mikey said.

“You’re really fucking these girls up, you know. You know how old that girl was?”

“What do you want, buddy? The bar’s closed.”

“I was here the whole time. Saw everything.”

“You the police?”

“Nah.”

“Then why don’t you beat it? I didn’t touch that girl—take it up with somebody else.”

“You ever hear stories about the sixty-six?”

“What stories?”

“Any stories. You ever hear any stories about the sixty-six?”

“I’ve heard stories, yeah, all kinds of stories. What kind of stories are you lookin’ for?”

“Excitin’ ones. The kind you read in them kids books. Fantastic stories.”

The man remained unmoved from the corner, still obscured in shadows.

“Who are you?” Mikey asked again.

“I told you, that don’t matter.”

“Well, I gotta close up here, so if you wouldn’t mind...”

“Ever hear a story about a black boy? Boy who sold his soul to be famous? Just here in Rosedale?”

“What’re you on about?”

“Back in the forties-- Became real famous. Famous blues player.”

“You mean Robert Johnson.”

“Yeah, I think that’s what he said his name was,” the stranger said. “That story’s true, you know. I know because I remember. I was there.”

“Is that so?” Mikey said, frustrated.

“It is indeed so,” the man said. “And that ain’t the only story like it. Down at the crossroads by Davey Lane there, people do it all the time. You ever hear people say that you can go there and summon the devil?”

“I ain’t never heard of anything like that,” Mikey responded.

“Just thought I’d let you know, someone ain’t happy with y’all. You keep bringin’ these girls here. Fuckin’ em up like that—Eventually, you’re bound to piss off the right one. That right one walks on down to the crossroads and next thing you know you’ve got yourself a real problem.”

“Hey, Hank! You here?” Mikey called out to the back.

“Yeah, what do you want?” Hank called back.

Hank stepped out from around the corner. “What is it?” he asked.

“Who is this guy?” Mikey asked, turning back to the stranger.

But the stranger had left without a trace.

“What guy, Mikey?”

Mikey stared into the corner. A strange eerie sensation washed over his body.

“Nah,” Mikey said. “Never mind. Think I’m seein’ things.”

CHAPTER 5



Mikey found himself once again on the lookout for the night's entertainment. He gently strolled down Davey Lane, scanning the different options. Some of the women were tall, short, fat, black, brown, white—you name it Davey Lane had it.

One particular blonde girl caught Mikey's eye. She was short and thin, and her giant boobs were practically spilling out of her top. Mikey pulled up, rolled down his window and smiled.

"Hey there," Mikey said.

"Hey, baby. You lookin' for some company?" she asked.

"Maybe. What's your rate?"

“It’s fifty for the first thirty, and twenty for every half after that.”

“Ain’t bad. What about for a group?”

“What kind of group?”

“Group of truckers, like myself.”

“You from that bar down by the station?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Nah, I ain’t doin’ it. Find someone else.”

The woman began to walk away. Mikey sat still for a moment, surprised. No whore had ever turned down his business, in the years of him doing this.

He continued to drive. He locked his eyes on a young brunette and pulled up.

“Ma’am,” Mikey said.

“You a trucker?” she asked.

“What’s it look like?”

“Looks like you’re a trucker.”

“You wanna come meet some of my friends?”

“At the bar down the street? I ain’t doin’ that.”

Mikey was dumbfounded. Apparently, there was some negative buzz going around about the truck stop.

Tonight, Mikey was going back empty handed.

CHAPTER 6



“*N*o lady?” Harry asked as Mikey entered the bar empty-handed.

“Not tonight. Y’all scared ‘em off.”

“Ah, bull shit. We pay them ladies fine.”

“Apparently not fine enough.”

“What are we goin’ to do?” asked one of the horny older men.

Mikey scanned the room. Sitting in the corner was the dark stranger from the night before. He smiled at Mikey.

“Mikey?” Harry asked.

Vroom! Vroom!

A caravan of large semi-trucks began to pull into the parking lot. Mikey turned around and looked out the window as the bright headlights fell upon the

quaint bar.

“Better get your shit together, Hank. You’ve got some business,” Mikey said.

Mikey stepped outside and watched as truck after truck pulled into the truck stop.

Roger, a tall, strong older man stepped out from his truck and looked down at Mikey. His arms were thick and muscular, and his chest was stacked.

“You look familiar,” he said to Mikey.

“Name’s Mikey. We’ve met before, over in St. Louis,” Mikey said.

“Oh that’s right. I remember you. How have you been?”

The other men turned off their trucks and stepped out into the parking.

“Been good, I guess.”

“Say, you wouldn’t know where we could find some women around here?” Roger asked.

“I would say over on Davey lane, but they don’t seem all too interested in truckers tonight.”

“That’s too bad. Could really just use a cold beer and a good fuck tonight. Been on the road for twenty-four straight.”

“Twenty-four straight? Damn, fella,” said Mikey.

“Someone’s gotta pay them bills.”

“Well, you can get the cold beer covered here. As for the ladies, I can’t help you much there.”

“Oh, well,” said Roger as he walked past Mikey into the bar.

Mikey smiled and nodded at some more of his fellow truckers as they walked past him into the dingy truck stop bar.

“Well, damn, Mikey! You’re one hell of a joker, you know that?” Roger said, momentarily emerging from the establishment.

“What are you talkin’ about?” Mikey asked.

“*Don’t seem all too interested in truckers,*” Roger said, impersonating Mikey.

Mikey stood confused as Roger, laughing, turned back into the bar. Mikey walked up to the door and entered, curious of what Roger was talking about.

All of Mikey’s trucker friends had been transformed into beautiful women. They all sat in their old, trucker clothes, talking amongst one another as the new batch of truckers flooded into the joint.

Mikey stood in shock as he scanned the room full of beauties. He watched as Roger, and others, walked up to the various tables and sat down with his feminized friends.

“Can we get a round of shots, for the ladies?” Roger yelled out.

Even Hank had been transformed. Strangely enough, none of them seemed to notice anything different.

After a moment of frozen shock, Mikey began walking over to the table where Roger was chatting up the female version of Harry. Harry's hair was no longer a mucky brownish-grey, but was now a smooth long platinum blonde. He had sprouted tits the size of your head, which were tightly held back by his tight white wife beater. He even had a full face of elegantly applied make-up.

"Pull up a chair, Mikey," said Roger, smiling from ear to ear.

Mikey pulled up a chair. Also at the table was Quincy, who had become a hot young brunette with long hair down past her butt.

"I'm just gonna run to the bathroom. Mikey, keep the table entertained, would ya?" Roger asked.

"A—All right," Mikey said.

Mikey turned back to his friends.

"Harry? Quincy?"

"Yeah?" Harry asked, still not realizing he was a beautiful woman.

"Do—Do you not see?"

"See what?"

Mikey didn't know how to say it. It was too surreal.

"You—You are all women. You have big tits. Do you not see your big tits?"

Harry laughed and looked down at himself. "No, Mikey. What are you on about?"

Mikey looked around for some way to show his friends what had happened. Then, he had the idea to show them on his camera cell-phone. He pulled out his phone, snapped a picture of his friends and turned the phone around for Harry and Quincy to see.

Harry's expression dropped, seeing a woman sitting in his place.

"That ain't funny, Mikey. What kind of weird joke is this?" Quincy said.

"It ain't no joke. Look."

Mikey handed Quincy the phone. Quincy held it up, in camera-mode, and scanned the bar. Through the screen, he could see all of his trucker friends had become women, and were chatting with the new batch of trucker men.

"What the fuck is happening right now?" Quincy asked, freaked out.

"Let me see," Harry said, snatching the phone away from Quincy. "Mother of Christ," Harry said,

seeing the feminized men.

Roger returned from his bathroom break and sat down.

“Sorry to keep you ladies waiting,” he said.

Harry and Quincy were frozen in fear.

“I say we get right down to the meat of this—You ladies are prostitutes. And, I don’t mean any offense by it, you’re fine, beautiful prostitutes,” Roger started. “And I would be grateful if I could take you back to my truck for a little playtime.”

“I—I’m sorry, Roger. These ladies ain’t for sale,” Mikey said.

“What do you mean? You hoggin’ ‘em for yourself?” Roger asked.

“No. They just ain’t prostitutes.”

“Bullshit, Mikey. I know a whore when I see one.” Roger turned to Harry and Quincy. “No offense.”

“I—I...” Harry tried to speak, but couldn’t. He was still in shock.

“Now, c’mon. I’ll pay you girls nicely,” Roger said, standing up.

Harry and Quincy both looked to Mikey, unsure of how to ask for help.

Mikey scanned the room, and could see more of his trucker friends looking confused as the new

batch of men hit on them and called them women and prostitutes.

“Roger, I think these girls are playin’ some weird prank on us,” one of the men yelled out from across the bar.

“I’d say so!” Roger yelled back. “C’mon, girls. Get up. We ain’t got all night.”

“We ain’t going,” Quincy said.

Roger’s expression dropped. Roger was the kind of guy who got what he wanted. He was the leader of the entire caravan, and he was a bit of a short fuse.

“Scuse me?” Roger asked.

“We—We ain’t going,” Quincy said again.

Roger’s expression dropped even further into a frown. He reached around his side and pulled out a pistol. He held it out towards Quincy’s head.

“What? You sayin’ I ain’t good enough for a whore like you?” Roger asked.

The bar went silent as everyone looked over at the altercation.

“No—No, I ain’t saying that,” Quincy said.

“Then what are you saying?”

“I—I’m just sayin that we ain’t workin’ tonight. It’s our night off,” Quincy came up with.

“I don’t give a fuck if it’s your night off. When I’m here, it’s your night on.”

Quincy was silent as the barrel of the firearm sat inches away from his feminized skull.

“Bend over the table,” Roger demanded.

Roger looked towards the rest of the bar. “These girls still givin’ you boys trouble?” Roger called out.

“Yeah,” one of the new truckers replied.

“All of you ladies, bend over your fuckin’ tables or you’ll be scoopin’ your pretty little friend here’s brains off the table tonight.”

Slowly, the half-dozen or so feminized truckers stood up and bent over their tables. All the men in the room smiled and stood up, ready to fuck the new girls.

“Now don’t worry,” Roger said. “You’re all gonna get paid still.”

All the men stood and stared at Roger, awaiting his next command. Mikey sat silent and still at the table, unsure of what to do.

“Don’t just stare at me, you bunch of faggots,” Roger said as he began to undo his belt. “Fuck your whores.”

The men all began to laugh and chat amongst themselves as they started to undo their belts. One of the feminized truckers tried to stand up and leave. One of the men pulled out another firearm and held

it out at her. "You get back in place," the armed trucker demanded. The new female obliged.

"What are you waitin' for, Mikey? Fuck that bitch," Roger said, pointing his gun at Harry.

"I'm alright, Roger."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothin'," Mikey said nervously.

"You a faggot or somethin'?"

"No, I ain't no faggot."

"Then fuck that whore."

"I just don't feel like it."

Roger stared at Mikey, angry.

"If I'm fuckin' this bitch, you sure as fuck are fucking that bitch," Roger said, raising his gun to Mikey's head.

Mikey's eyes widened and he stood up slowly.

"Okay, okay," said Mikey as he hesitantly began to undo his belt.

Roger pulled his pants down around his ankles and whipped out his cock. It was long, muscular and veiny. He held it in his free hand and began to stroke it off. Gently, using his armed hand, he pulled Quincy's pants down to his feet, revealing a thin, red thong. Using just one of his fingers, Roger pulled aggressively at the thong, ripping it apart and letting it fall off of Quincy's body. Poor Quincy

closed his eyes and prayed for the act to be over with quickly.

“Don’t worry, now. This won’t hurt... Much,” Roger said, as his cock approached its full size.

He stepped in closer to Quincy and placed his long, ridged cock down between Quincy’s soft butt cheeks. Gently, he began to thrust the hard member up and down, between the feminized trucker’s cheeks.

Mikey took a deep breath, and let his pants fall down. Slowly, he pulled down his underwear to reveal his long, flaccid shaft. He looked down at Harry, whose face was planted into the table.

“Don’t be shy,” Roger said to Mikey.

Mikey took a step in closer to Harry. He closed his eyes for a moment and tried to pretend like Harry was actually a woman, like the many woman he had brought into the bar before. Carefully, with his eyes closed, Mikey started to stroke his own shaft.

Roger spat directly onto his giant cock and began to rub his spit all over the length of his shaft. He smiled, anxious to get inside of the hot young version of Quincy.

“You ready, baby?” Roger asked.

Quincy didn’t respond. Without waiting for an

answer, Roger stuffed himself in deep. Quincy's mouth shot open and he screamed sharply.

"Woo-hoo! She's a tight one!" Roger yelled out. "Damn, Mikey. You know how to pick 'em."

Roger shimmied himself in closer to Quincy before starting to thrust. He waited for a moment as he felt Quincy's fresh new pussy throbbing and quivering against his dick. Gently, he ran his hands down the young feminized trucker's sides and butt, and then, Roger started to thrust himself sharply into Quincy.

Roger's force was unmatched. Every hard push forward sent the table scooting a little bit across the plywood floor. Quincy's body tensed up and his legs and back straightened. He was being fucked aggressively by a man who thought he was a woman—and as far as that moment in time was concerned, he was a woman.

Mikey's cock had finally reached its full length. Roger still had the gun in his hand as he looked over at Mikey. Slowly, Mikey began to pull down the hot brunette's pants, taking her underwear with it, leaving only her perfect bare butt and wet, warm pussy.

Carefully, Mikey stepped in. He held his cock

firmly in his hand, and lined it up with Harry's tight slit.

"Sorry Harry," he thought to himself.

Mikey pushed his dick inside of his friend.

Harry's hands clenched on the table and began to reach for something to hold, but there was nothing there. Mikey slid in deeper and deeper, trying his best to ignore his friend's struggle for the sake of his own life.

"Just try to enjoy it, it will be over soon," Mikey thought to himself. "It's just a woman—just like any other woman."

Mikey felt his pelvis press up against the brunette's soft warm butt. He looked around the bar. All of his friends were being fucked hard, bent over the establishment's tables. What happened? How was this magic possible?

Mikey looked back to his 'date'. Taking a deep breath, Mikey began to thrust his cock in and out of Harry.

A mixture of male and female moaning started to become audible within the bar. One trucker on the other end of the bar had his knee up on the table, and was fucking James forcefully in the asshole. James' mouth was open and his eyes were glued shut.

Quickly, Mikey looked away. “Just focus,” he thought to himself.

He continued to fuck Harry, feeling the warm tight rim of Harry’s pussy gliding along his thick shaft and pinching the tip at the end of every long revolution.

Roger was drilling Quincy like a jackhammer. His speed was ferocious and his power was intense. His powerful pounding was shaking the table. Quincy had lost complete control over his body and was surrendering to Roger. Warm juice started to gush out of his vagina after every swift push inwards.

“I just need to cum,” Mikey thought to himself. “The quicker I cum, the sooner Harry can get out of here.”

Mikey increased his speed. He reached his hands around Harry’s hips and tightened his grip.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Mikey’s own speed and force was starting to shake and budge the table across the floor.

Faster and faster and faster—Mikey kept increasing his speed and force. He rubbed his hands up, under Harry’s shirt, and slid them towards Harry’s big, supple breasts. He squeezed them

tightly, feeling his hard nipples against the palms of his hands.

Mikey took in a deep breath, starting to feel shockwaves of pleasure rushing towards his cock. He was becoming increasingly aroused.

Roger was close to finishing. His muscles were tense and his veins were bulging out from his body; so much so, you could see them pulsing.

Quincy cried out loud as he started to cum, for the first time as a woman. His legs and arms went limp and he melted into the table as Roger finished his final few strikes.

Roger tilted his head back and yelled as his shaft finally released bout upon bout of hot, sticky cum. His fingers dug deep into Quincy's butt cheeks as he pulled Quincy in tight against his body, holding him still as he filled him up with his cum.

The waves of elation in Mikey's cock quickly intensified into a rapid throbbing. Mikey was nearing a climax of his own.

"Fuck," he said out loud as he tried to hold it back for a moment, extending the moment of pure pleasure.

Harry let go of his breath and released a long, satisfied moan as warm fluid gushed out of his slit.

Mikey couldn't hold back any longer. He shoved himself into Harry one final time as his dick launched a massive load of cum deep inside of Harry's pussy.

He kept his eyes closed and his body tense as the final drops of cum slithered out of his dick. He stumbled back and his mind returned to reality. Quickly, he looked around the room. Like Roger and himself, the other truckers were finishing up with their ladies.

Roger pulled his pants up to his waist.

"Thanks for that, Mikey boy," Roger said.

Mikey said nothing as he looked down at his friends, Quincy and Harry, limp on the tables.

"We'd better get checked into a motel," Roger said. "Maybe I'll see you again sometime."

Roger reached into his wallet and pulled out a one hundred dollar bill. He tossed it onto the table, next to Quincy.

"Thank you ma'am, and sorry for all the fuss," he said as he turned to leave.

Quickly, all of Roger's caravan finished up with their ladies and took off with Roger. Saying nothing, the feminized truckers all stood up and pulled their clothes back on.

CHAPTER 7



“Can’t say I didn’t warn ya,” the strange man in the corner said.

Everyone in the bar had gone home, and Mikey had stayed to clean up.

“Why did you do that?” Mikey asked.

“I just do what they pay me to do,” the man said.

“Who are you?”

“That don’t matter.”

“Turn them back. Some of those men are fathers.”

“Some of those men are mothers now, I’d say.”

The man started to laugh at his own joke.

“Please turn them back,” Mikey said.

“I can turn ‘em back, but it’ll cost you.”

Mikey stood silent for a moment, considering the proposition.

“Will they forget all this? Can you make ‘em forget?”

“I can do anything you pay me to,” the stranger replied. “Question is, do you really care about those men? Care enough to sacrifice yourself?”

Mikey thought about it for a moment.

“Eternity is a long time, my friend. You really wanna do that?”

Mikey thought about the young limp body of Fran on the pool table, cum running down every inch of her body.

“Guess not,” Mikey said.

“Good,” the Devil said. “Them boys make fine ladies, anyhow.”

THE END

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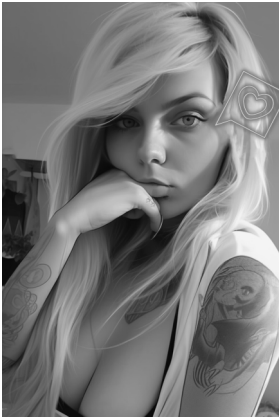
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Nikki Crescent is a young writer from the golden prairies of Alberta, Canada. She spent her schooling years lost in her own imagination, writing everything from articles, screenplays, comic books, and short stories. Obsessed with the idea of love, fascinated with sex and captivated with the art of writing, Nikki decided to become a writer of erotic romance.

Nikki Crescent is a top-selling writer of romantic and erotic fiction with over two hundred and fifty titles across many sub-genres. Her fiction work has found her on Amazon's best-selling charts many times over.

And yes, Nikki is a trans girl; she began transitioning in her early teens.

