



SHAMELESS SHEMALE

NIKKI CRESCENT

Shameless **Shemale**
By **Nikki Crescent**

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Author's Note

The author would like to point out that all the characters in this work of fiction are eighteen years of age or older. All sexual acts depicted in this book are totally consensual. It is not the author's intention to offend any reader. All the characters in this book are fictitious and any similarity to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidence.

It is my sincere hope that you enjoy this e-book. Get snuggled up with your favourite girl, boy or toy and read on...

I

Jerry placed the final shirt into his suitcase and zipped it shut. He turned around, took a few steps across his bedroom and fell down onto his bed.

“All finished?” Kerri, his wife asked him.

“Just have to pack my toiletries in the morning,” he responded. “I’ll try to get a few hours of sleep, and then I’m off to the airport.”

“You could always just stay here with me,” Kerri said, rolling over next to her husband.

She placed her finger on the centre of his tired chest and slowly moved it down, past his sternum and towards his crotch.

“I wish I could, babe. You know I do.”

“Just cover the story from here. Get your updates off the Internet like a normal person.”

“I’m supposed to be the person putting those updates on the Internet! Not ripping them off.”

Jerry laughed as he turned his head towards his beautiful wife. She was dressed in a tight red nighty, which cut off just below the edge of her butt cheeks. She continued to push her finger flirtingly down Jerry’s body. As she drifted across his crotch, she undid his zipper.

“Honey, seriously. I have to be up in three hours,” Jerry said, closing his eyes.

“I’ll have you up in three minutes,” she said, lowering her body smoothly down the bed.

She placed her head down near his undone zipper as she pulled down his pants. She took her finger and danced it along his penis overtop his boxer shorts. Jerry bit his lip.

“I’m not going to be able to do my job with no sleep, babe.”

“No offense to you, but who really cares about the first transgender politician. It’s the year twenty-fourteen. This shouldn’t be news anymore.”

“Well, sadly it is.”

“You know they just put you on this story because of those comments you made.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if Brooks put me on this story because of that article,” Jerry said. “I’m sorry, I think that marriage should be between a man and a woman. Forgive me for being *old-fashioned*. You know what they’re doing, is they’re probably trying to clear my name. Excuse me for not being *politically correct* enough.”

Kerri gently slipped her hand down Jerry’s boxer shorts and softly began to fondle his flaccid cock. She rolled it sensually along her fingers, feeling it beginning to harden.

“What’s two and a half hours versus three hours?” she finished.

Jerry took a deep breath as his wife’s warm hands caressed his lengthening dick. She rubbed his tip with her thumb as she began to squeeze up and down the length of his shaft.

“Just stay here with me,” she said.

“I can’t. Why don’t you come up to Vermont with me?”

“I have to work, love.”

“Ah, suddenly a hypocrite, are we?” Jerry said laughing.

Jerry’s cock grew exponentially larger in Kerri’s tight hand. She clamped her hand tight, feeling every sharp throb as blood rushed into her husband’s big dick. She continued to stroke it up and down, running her ringers along the thick ridge of the cock’s head with every revolution.

She leaned in gently and stuck her tongue out. Placing her hot, wet tongue on the base of his dick, she ran it up the entire length of his manhood, ending directly on the top of his tip.

Jerry shuttered in pleasure as his body began to relax into the bed.

“But, I guess you have to be up soon, so goodnight!” Kerri said, turning away from the erect throbbing shaft.

“No, no!” Jerry said suddenly. “Like you said, what’s two and a half versus three hours?”

Kerri smiled at her husband and then rolled her sexy body over top of him. Her large breasts, almost bursting out of her tight nightgown, pressed up hard against Jerry’s gym toned chest. The two lovebirds kissed as Jerry began to rub his hands along his wife’s back with one hand, and her soft butt with the other. He gave her a little spank as his throbbing cock pressed up hard against the light fabric between her husband and her tight pussy.

“Oh, dirty boy,” she smiled.

“You want some more of that?”

“Bring it on, big boy,”

Jerry spanked his wife again on her tush. Her soft meaty bum rippled on contact. Jerry lifted his arm again and prepared for another strike. He slapped his hand down, this time much harder, sending a much larger ripple across his wife’s tight butt.

“I want your cock inside of me, baby,” she said into his ear, just before she began to nibble on his earlobe.

She could feel his hot breath on her neck. Jerry reached down and placed his hand over Kerri’s vagina. He began to rub her clit through her soft red panties. He could feel her damp pussy through her thin underwear.

He was charged, ready to strike. His cock was so hard it hurt as it throbbed against his hard abs. He rubbed his wife harder and harder, feeling her getting wetter and wetter. She began to moan. Jerry was getting progressively more aggressive as adrenaline pumped through his body.

“Fuck me,” she said. “Do it. Fuck me.”

Jerry ripped his wife’s panties off of her body and shimmied in

close to her. He grabbed his cock in his hand and began to press it up to her dripping wet pussy. Her hot juice spilled out down her soft butt as he squished his cock inside of her.

“Fuck me, Jerry. Fuck me.”

He shoved himself in deep, slamming his pelvis against her body. He began to fuck his wife.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

He threw his body into her hard. She could feel every inch of his massive dick throbbing along the inside of her quivering slit as she was quickly surrendering to her husband.

“Fuck me harder,” she yelled.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

With all of his force, he threw his body into Kerri. He slammed her so hard her hot fluid flew out of her pussy with every forceful thrust. Her moaning quickly became screaming. She tried to reach out to grab onto something but instead, Jerry grabbed her arms and aggressively pinned them down to the bed.

He lifted his pelvis up high and struck it down as he continued to bang his hot wife.

“Fuck me! Fuck me!” she yelled with all of her strength. “I’m cumming!”

Jerry felt a hot sensation flow across his penis as more and more juice squished out of his wife. He began to breathe deeply as he was running low on energy.

Then, he approached climax himself. His cock began to swell and fill up with hot cum. He squeezed tightly, trying to extend the moment. His screaming wife had lost complete control of her body as she squirmed beneath him, being held down by his powerful force. Jerry closed his eyes. Just one more moment—

“Ahh!” he cried out, pulling his dick out of his wife.

He leaned forward, cock in hand and began to spray a massive load of cum all over his beautiful wife’s red nightgown. Her tits had sprung loose from their tight silk prison at some point during the

pounding, and were now being covered in endless bouts of hot cum.

Kerri's screaming began to die down as Jerry began to catch his breath. His hand remained gripped around his cock, which continued to drip warm cum down onto his wife's tummy. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Better get your two and a half hours, love," she said.

He smiled back at her.

"I'm going to miss you."

II

Jerry's cab pulled up in front of a large, beautiful Victorian-style hotel out in the Vermont countryside. It sat nestled in a sea of orange and yellow leaved autumn trees, which swayed graciously in the warm fall breeze.

Jerry stepped out of the cab and looked around. There wasn't another building in the visible distance and there was certain serenity in the air.

A large, hand carved wooden sign read "Vermont Valley Lodge: Your Fantasy Destination".

Jerry walked up the cobblestone walkway, towards the entrance of the hotel.

"Checking in?" the receptionist asked.

"Yes, I have a reservation under Schrader. Jerry Schrader," Jerry replied as he placed his luggage down next to him.

The receptionist began to scroll through his computer.

"Schrader... Schrader... Ah yes, I see you here. A Mr. Bernard Brooks reserved your room."

"That's right. He's my boss," Jerry said.

"Excellent."

The receptionist continued reading whatever was on his screen. He smirked.

"I have you staying in a very special suite, Mr. Schrader."

"Great. I hope there's a good bed in there. I can't wait to get some sleep."

"There's a good bed in there, but I don't think you'll get too much sleep," the receptionist said, smirking.

Jerry looked at the man for a moment.

"Why is that?" Jerry asked suspiciously.

The receptionist was silent for a moment while he looked down at his screen.

“Well, there’s just so much to do here in Vermont. You wouldn’t want to miss out on any of the fun!”

Jerry smiled, unimpressed by the quirky receptionist.

“You need to sign this,” the receptionist said, sliding a piece of paper forward.

Jerry quickly signed the form and passed it back, without reading any of the terms.

“If I could have my key, I’m very tired.”

“Sure thing, Mr. Schrader. I hope that you... *Enjoy your very special vacation.*”

The receptionist handed Jerry the room key.

“I’m here on work, but thank you.”

“Two floors up, second door on your right.”

Jerry took the key and turned towards the stairway.

“Thank you,” Jerry said as he walked away from the strange receptionist.

Jerry’s room was beautiful. It had large picture windows, which overlooked the serene Vermont countryside. The living room was separate from the bedroom, which was uncommon with the places Jerry was usually put up. He was used to cheap hotel rooms, with a bed, a mini-fridge and a television. This was seriously luxury.

Jerry stood at the window and looked out into the golden treetops. It was too bad that Kerri couldn’t be there, he thought to himself.

~

“How are you feeling after your operation?” one of the reports asked Denise Richards, previously known as Daniel Richards.

“Did it hurt?” another reporter asked.

“When do you plan to return to work?”

“Do you think you’ll be treated differently as a woman in the

office?”

“I will be happy to answer questions one at a time,” Denise said.

Jerry stood at the front of a massive crowd of reporters who had been staked out for hours, waiting to see Denise for an interview. She was by no means an attractive woman. She wasn't what you might call “passable”. If anything, she just looked like a fat cross dresser with cleavage. Jerry couldn't help but roll his eyes at the sight of her.

Everyone in the crowd raised their hand, Jerry included.

“Yes, you,” Denise said to one of the female reporters.

“Do you think you'll get more votes now as a woman, from the female voters? Or do you think you'll get fewer, minus the anti-transgender community?”

“I hope that my operation doesn't affect anyone's vote. My intentions with this operation were purely personal. Next question—You,” she replied. Her voice wasn't much higher than it was before.

“Have you prepared yourself for any gender inequality in the workplace? If so, how do you plan to deal with it?” another reporter asked.

Jerry scribbled down all the questions and answers as fast as could.

“Like I said, I don't expect this to change anyone's views, voters, or my fellow co-workers. Gender is a personal choice. It has nothing to do with work.”

Jerry snickered at the comment. A choice, he thought. Rich.

“Yes, you,” Denise said to Jerry.

“Your political platform is very pro-religion. What are your thoughts on the backlash from religious groups your party has received since you've announced you were undergoing this operation?” Jerry asked.

Denise looked Jerry in the eye for a moment.

“No comment,” she said.

The crowd erupted into questions, which were inaudible over one another.

“People, please,” Denise said, silencing the crowd.

She looked around the crowd of raised hands for the next question, and then looked again at Jerry.

“You look familiar,” she said to Jerry.

“Excuse me?” Jerry replied.

“What’s your name?”

“Jerry Schrader. New York Press.”

Her eyes lit up like the sun, realizing who Jerry was. An angered look crossed her face.

“A marriage should be between a man and a woman,” she said, quoting Jerry’s apparently infamous article.

Jerry gulped as the entire crowd turned towards him. He looked around the silent mass.

“Gender’s not a choice,” Jerry said.

“Excuse me?” Denise replied.

“You said that gender is a personal choice. It’s not a choice. You have millions of dollars. For you it’s a choice. For everyone else in the world, its not a choice.”

The crowd somehow became even more silent.

“Not a choice...” Jerry finished, silently.

“There will be no more questions. Thank you,” Denise said as she pushed her fat body past Jerry and away from the crowd.

After a moment of rabble, all of the angry reporters turned to Jerry, who stood silent.

~

Jerry returned to his hotel room defeated. He barely had any information to work off of for his article, and he was about to be the point of interest of everyone else’s articles. He pulled his phone out to call Kerri.

“No Service.”

Wonderful.

He walked out of his room and down to the lobby.

“Excuse me, what’s the number to dial out?”

“Oh, I’m afraid you can only dial emergency services outside of the hotel,” the receptionist said.

“Seriously?” Jerry asked, in disbelief.

“Yes. If you have a cell, you can get reception about a mile down the road.”

“A mile?” Jerry asked.

“I’m very sorry, sir.”

Jerry sighed, and began his mile-long hike down the road as the sun began to set over the golden horizon.

“C’mon, Kerri. Pick up,” Jerry said, holding the phone to his ear, finally in reception zone.

Jerry stood frustrated, having just walked a mile and his wife was probably asleep in New York.

He rang her again.

But Kerri still didn’t pick up.

Jerry began his long hike back to the hotel. The sun was no longer anywhere to be seen and his walk was lit by a fortunate spill of moonlight.

As he entered into the hotel, he noticed it was empty. The receptionist was gone and everything was eerily quiet. The lights had been dimmed to a minimum and they had shut off the lobby music.

Jerry made his way back up into his room. He threw his coat over the chair by the door and flicked on the light. Tired, he walked into his bedroom and began removing his shirt. He tossed his top down onto the bed, revealing his chilled chest and thick hard abs, sweaty from his long walk in the warm autumn sunset.

III

“Hello there,” a female voice said behind him.

Jerry swung around to face a tall, beautiful woman. She wore long tight leather gloves and long tight leather boots. Her lipstick was dark red and she was wearing a tight, sexy piece of lingerie.

She took a few steps towards Jerry. Her face was mostly obscured in darkness. Jerry took a few steps back, startled.

“Who are you? How did you get into my room?” he asked.

“We need to have a... *Talk*,” the woman said as she continued to approach the topless Jerry.

“A talk? A talk about what? I don’t know who you are.”

The woman stepped right up in Jerry’s face and then smiled. She was quite beautiful. Her eyes were a dark brown and she had perfect cheekbones and beautifully soft features. She smelled sweet, like vanilla.

“You don’t need to know who I am,” the gorgeous woman said.

She pushed Jerry back onto his bed and then planted her knees down next to him. She looked down, past her stacked chest at Jerry. She smiled again, showing off her sexy dark red lipstick.

“I—I have a wife.”

“I know, Jerry.”

“How do you know my name?”

“That’s enough talking, okay?”

Jerry would have spoken, but he was speechless, in shock. He stared up at the beautiful woman without blinking.

The woman gently placed her hands around the straps of her outfit. She slowly pulled them over her shoulders, letting them fall to the side. Her large breasts continued to hold up the spicy

number.

The woman leaned forward and placed her head next to the frightened Jerry's ear.

"I'm going to do *bad* things to you, Jerry," she said. "Really *bad*."

Jerry gulped and then started to sit himself up.

"This is ridiculous," he said.

The woman pushed him back down. She was much stronger than she appeared.

"You only move when I tell you to, do you understand?"

"You can't do this," Jerry said.

"Oh, yes I can. You said so yourself."

"What are you talking about?"

She leaned back in to his ear again. Her steamy hot breath tickled the back of his neck.

"You signed the paper, Jerry boy."

Her leather-covered hand slipped down onto Jerry's crotch. His body tensed up as she began to rub his member.

"W—What paper?" he asked.

The woman smiled.

"No talking," she said again, squeezing his cock hard in her hand.

Jerry gasped at the attack and then suddenly remembered the paper the receptionist had him sign.

"What kind of fucked up hotel is this?"

"Rather than complain, why not try to enjoy your special vacation?"

She continued to rub his cock hard with her hand. She leaned in and placed the tip of her tongue at the base of his neck. Slowly, she moved up towards his ear, feeling the hairs quickly standing up as she passed.

Blood started flowing to Jerry's member. The woman could feel it begin to throb and grow in her hand.

“Atta boy, Jerry,” she said.

“L—Let me up.”

“No can do,” the woman said. “Not until I’m done here.”

She sat back up, took her leather-covered hands and began to undo Jerry’s belt. She unzipped his pants and began to slide them down his body.

“For someone so against this, you sure aren’t putting up much of a fight,” she said.

Jerry began to sit up, but she pushed him back down hard.

“No fighting,” she said firmly.

She finished yanking his pants down around his knees, revealing his hardening cock. The woman took her hand and felt Jerry’s hard abs before moving south onto his slick cock. She squeezed his long member in her hand.

“Let’s get started, shall we?” the woman asked.

Jerry stared at her in silence as she stood up, leaned over the bed and picked up a set of handcuffs. She walked around to the head of the bed.

“Give me your hand,” she said.

Jerry didn’t move, so the woman reached out and grabbed his arm and pulled it to the headboard.

“Ouch,” Jerry said.

“Quit crying,” the woman replied as she cuffed his hand to the bed.

She began to walk around, cuffing his other appendages to the bed.

“I’m going to go to the cops, you know.”

“Shut up already,” she said as she finished tying Jerry up.

She stepped up on the bed and planted her boots on either side of Jerry’s ripped body. She looked down. Jerry looked unimpressed.

The woman started to pull her outfit down her body. First, her big boobs sprung out. Her nipples were big and erect. She

continued to pull down her outfit, down her fit body, across her shaved pubes and over her...

Massively long cock. The woman had a long thick member that dangled over Jerry's body. Jerry began to squirm, but he was stuck in place thanks to the handcuffs.

"Let me go!" he said. "Get away from me!"

She simply smiled at him.

"Help!" he yelled, "Help!"

"There's no one here, Jerry. You ordered the fantasy package. You get the whole place to yourself with the fantasy package."

"Keep that thing away from me."

The shemale slowly sunk down to her knees and leaned over Jerry. Her long cock fell upon his chest. It felt hot as she slid it down his body, moving her face towards his long cock.

Jerry tried to escape again, but resistance was futile.

"Don't worry, Jerry. I'm not going to hurt you. I promise you'll love every second of it."

The transgendered woman took Jerry's cock in her hand and guided it into her mouth. She began to suck, back and forth, sliding her tongue up and down. She could feel his thick member expanding and throbbing against the inside of her cheeks as she rubbed his cock around her mouth. She tickled the tip of his dick with the tip of her tongue, tasting the first bout of pre-cum as it trickled out of him.

Jerry's body remained tense as his manhood rose up high. The shemale placed her leathered hand under Jerry's balls and began to rub and fondle them as she felt his cock expand in her mouth.

Jerry looked around the room for some sort of escape.

"What are you looking for, baby?" the shemale asked.

"P—Please let me go," Jerry stuttered.

She smiled and continued going at his cock. She wrapped her hand around his shaft and began to quickly rub him off while she sunk her head down even lower to his asshole. She gently licked

and tickled the rim of his anus while she jerked him off.

“Is that feeling good?” she asked.

Jerry didn't respond. His bum hole breathed and flexed over the tranny's tongue. She pushed her tongue into him and pulled it out, lightly penetrating him. Jerry's cock had grown rock solid in the tranny's mighty grasp.

With her free hand, the shemale reached down between her legs and began to slowly stroke her own massive dick. She squeezed it hard as she moved up and down the length of her titanic shaft as she ate out Jerry's asshole.

Then, she got the first response from Jerry as he let out a mild sigh of relief. She could feel his body relax as she circled his asshole gently with her tongue. Her own cock had grown long and hard.

She slid her body back up the tied down Jerry's. She sat up slowly, her big boobs hanging out gracefully, and lined herself up with Jerry's penis. Then, she began to lower herself down. Jerry's hard dick pushed up hard against her asshole for a moment before it successfully penetrated. Once past the first barrier, the dripping wet cock slid right on it, deep in the tranny's butthole.

The shemale let out a long deep sigh of relief as her balls landed firmly on Jerry's pelvis. Jerry was looking up at the woman. His face was red and his eyes were wide. The woman moved up and down Jerry's long shaft, gliding gracefully along his slick member. Jerry watched as her firm tits bounced up and down and her long cock stood solid and high, pressed up against her soft tummy.

Jerry could feel the woman's asshole breathing on his dick. It contracted and relaxed along the deep circumference of his penis. Rushes of hot energy began to flow through his body. His muscles began to relax as a deep sensation of pleasure grew in his cock.

And then, as if no longer control of himself, Jerry opened his mouth—

“I want to suck your cock,” he said.

The tranny stopped and smiled. She pulled her ass up, letting Jerry’s long cock slip and fall out. She stepped forward and dropped back down to her knees, lining her monolithic member up with Jerry’s mouth. Placing her leathered hand on the back of Jerry’s head, she slid her warm dick forward into his mouth. He opened wide, letting the thick beast slide in smoothly. He closed his eyes, obsessed with the feeling of her solid womanhood throbbing against his soft wet tongue. He slithered the tip of his tongue along the titanic member. It tasted so good. He couldn’t have enough of it. He closed his lips around his girth and began to suck, trying desperately to taste a little more of her cock. The transgendered woman began to slowly thrust her cock in and out of his wet mouth.

He sucked harder, needing that cock. He ran his tongue along the thick pumping veins of her member as the shemale’s ball sack slapped against his chin.

Jerry began to moan in a state of absolute pleasure.

“More,” he tried to say. “Deeper.”

The tranny shimmied her body forward, stuffing his mouth more as requested. He could taste her gloriously sweet pre-cum trickle down his tongue as the thick bulging tip squished against the back of his throat.

Saliva began to dribble out the sides of his mouth. He was so crazy for the cock; he was salivating like a wild dog.

Then, the strange woman pulled her long shaft out of his mouth. It dripped as long strands of saliva pulled their way between Jerry’s mouth and it’s thick tip.

She stepped off of the bed and walked around. Jerry watched carefully, his heart beating out of his chest with excitement. Stepping between his legs, she lined her sloppy dick up with Jerry’s tight, ready asshole.

He licked his lips.

“Do it,” he said. “Fuck me.”

The tranny stepped forward, pressing the head of her penis against Jerry’s tight asshole. It pushed through the narrow passage and Jerry’s head flung backwards. He let out a long sigh of relief as the massive shaft slid inwards, its harsh ridges rubbing every inch of his anus. It felt phenomenal, unlike anything he’d ever experienced. His cock incredibly became longer and harder as it sat on his rugged abs.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

The shemale began to thrust her body into Jerry, her thighs and ball sack slapping his legs hard with every revolution. Jerry let out a loud, prolonged moan as the thick girth of her dick stretched him wide.

“Oh, God!” he cried out in pleasure. “Oh, God!”

She worked away at his butt hole. Jerry’s handcuffs rattled as the woman-man increased her speed and intensity.

Squish! Squish!

The woman’s long cock slopped around inside of Jerry’s asshole, still covered in his own saliva. The beautiful shemale reached down and grabbed onto Jerry’s impossibly hard cock and began to stroke it as she entered and exited his deep body. She moved her arm fast, jerking him off at a rapid pace. The two parties were close to cumming. Their dicks were beginning to swell with cum. They both held back as hard as they could, prolonging the excellent moment.

The tranny’s pace continued to increase. Her intensity was wild. She slammed her body hard into Jerry, leaving dark red marks on his hard butt. Her cock throbbed intensely, sending ripples of pleasure through Jerry’s body.

Then, she pulled her cock out as Jerry began to scream out loud. His cock exploded and massive amounts of cum blasted out, way up into the air and back down onto his chest. The shemale’s cock began to shoot cum all over Jerry’s cock and his hard abs.

Jerry's body trembled as the final bouts of pleasure from his climax fluttered out of his body. As the final ounces of cum oozed out of his cock, his body fell into the bed, limp. His eyes stared up at the ceiling, without blinking. His asshole was raw as a stranger's cum dribbled down past it.

The shemale leaned down and picked up her little red panties. She slid them up over her cum dripping penis and then walked around to one of Jerry's cuffed arms.

"I hope you write a good article, Jerry," she said as she began to unlock one of his hands.

She threw the key onto Jerry's cum covered chest. Jerry looked over at her, speechless—Lingering in the final shroud of his deep pleasure.

"And stop being such an asshole," she smiled.

The woman turned to leave, never to be seen again by the used and abused Jerry. Once she was gone, Jerry looked down at his cum soaked body. He reached his free arm forward onto his chest and picked up the key for the rest of his cuffs.

~

Bing! An email appeared on Jerry's home computer. He opened it.

It was from Denise Richards.

"Jerry,

I wanted to thank you for your wonderfully insightful and respectful article. I would like to apologize for my reaction at the press conference in Vermont..."

Jerry continued to read the sincere letter, surprised at the mean politician's especially polite email. He smiled.

"They must have held a gun to your head when you wrote that piece," Kerri said, standing his Jerry's office doorway.

Jerry laughed.

"Well, I guess I had a change of heart."

"To put it mildly..."

Jerry laughed again.

“What happened on your trip?” Kerri asked.

Jerry looked back at his email from the transgendered woman.

“I guess I just had a great time,” he said.

Kerri walked over to her husband and kissed him gently on the lips.

“I’m glad,” she said sincerely.

The End

About the Author

Nikki 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 an erotic writer.

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



Want to get in contact with Nikki? Shoot her an email at nikkicrescent@gmail.com!



Nikki has other titles available on Amazon in the Kindle Store and on Kindle Unlimited.



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