

Hunter's Pride

Crimson Rose

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Phone ringing, Hunter looked down to see Dr. Paige Walker. Heart skipping a beat, he answered. “Hi, Doctor Walker.”

“Hi Hunter. You have a few minutes?”

“I have as long as you need. Is this... is this about the test results?”

“It is. There’s no easy way to say this, but your suspicions are founded. I can confirm that you do have Klinefelter syndrome so that much of your diagnosis is true. As I’m sure you’re well aware, treatment focuses on managing symptoms and improving quality of life through testosterone replacement therapy, therapy for learning difficulties, and addressing potential mental health concerns. From our many conversations I know you’re doing very well as far as the last two are concerned, but you’re not taking testosterone replacement therapy, Hunter.”

“W-What do you mean? That’s what I’ve been prescribed. My mother has made sure I take my pills twice a day every day since I was thirteen.”

“Which brings me to the other reason I’m calling. You are not taking testosterone, Hunter. The three pills you’ve been taking are estrogen, spironolactone, and progesterone which are prescribed as feminization hormone therapy which explains why – coupled with your Klinefelter syndrome, you’ve become increasingly feminine over the years.”

“This has to be a mistake! I’ll stop taking it immediately and get the right pills!”

“I’m so sorry, Hunter, but this is deliberate. No doctor in their right mind will prescribe feminization hormone therapy to a minor, let alone one with Klinefelter syndrome. Whomever did this did so willingly and maliciously with the sole purpose of turning you more feminine. As for no longer taking it and getting on testosterone, I’m afraid that after eight years the effects are permanent. What you see in the mirror now is how you will look for the rest of your life.”

“S-So I have to spend the rest of my life as a woman?”

“That is something you should talk to your regular doctor and therapist about. All I can say is that you should seek legal council and make an ethics complaint with the AMA so they know what happened and can investigate the doctor responsible.”

“Can I get copies of the test results?”

“Of course. Everything will be uploaded to your MyChart account. I can also mail and email copies to you as well.”

“I believe you have my email so if you can send them that way I’d appreciate it. I know you can’t give me advice one way or another, but completely off the record, if our positions were reversed what would you do?”

Hypothetically, if I were born male with Klinefelter syndrome and someone gave me the wrong treatment for eight years effectively giving me the irreversible appearance of a woman I’d learn to accept my new body while simultaneously doing everything in my power to completely and utterly ruin the lives of everyone involved in such an egregious, unimaginably unethical violation of my trust. Hypothetically speaking.”

“Thank you for everything you’ve done for me, Doctor Walker. I need time to weigh my options, but I promise heads are going to roll for this.”

“Take care of yourself, Hunter, and if you need anything at all you can call me day or night.”

Hearing the concern in the doctor’s voice, Hunter smiled that someone in this world actually cared about his well-being. “Thanks Doctor Walker. Don’t worry, I’m not suicidal.

Honestly, despite being born male, because of my condition and looking feminine pretty much since birth, my parents insisted I just accept it and live life as female so this is the only identity I've ever known even if it turns out it was forced on me."

"I'm glad to hear it, but the offer still stands. If you ever need someone to talk to I'm here for you and if you don't want to talk to me then please promise you'll talk to someone."

"I promise I'll continue talking to my therapist."

"Thank you, Hunter. I know you say you've accepted your identity and I believe you, but these new test results change everything."

"And I'll make sure those responsible pay for what they've done to me. Legally of course. Thank you again, Doctor Walker. I need to collect a few things before my mom gets home so I have to go."

"I'll get the documents emails as soon as I can. Take care of yourself, Hunter."

"I will." Hanging up, Hunter was so fuming mad he only barely restrained himself from punching a hole in his bedroom wall. Pulling back at the last second, he stood in front of the full-length mirror hanging to the left of where he was going to punch and stared at his feminine body. Natural 34C breasts. Narrow waist. Wider than normal for a man hips. Round ass. Soft skin and delicate facial features. Long light brown hair. Virtually no hair anywhere else on his body. If not for the cock and balls between his legs he easily passed for a woman. Forcefully exhaling, he began pacing while weighing his options and how he was going to not only get his mother to admit her compliance, but make her pay.

Stopping in front of the mirror, Hunter sighed as he took his body in. *You want me to be a woman? Fine! Whether I like it or not I'm a woman and that's how I'll identify from now on*, she thought. *And that admission is going to cost you dearly*. Grabbing her purse, she left the house to do some shopping for the equipment she would need to get the evidence her mother deliberately gave her the wrong hormones.

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Hearing a knock on her bedroom door, Hunter got up from her desk and opened it to see her mother knowing she was there to make sure she took her medication. "Hey mom."

"Hey son. It's time for your pills," 37-year-old Miranda Phoenix replied.

Taking the tiny cup of pills and the bottle of water, Hunter slammed them back and then opened her mouth so that her mother could inspect and ensure she swallowed. "Can we talk?"

"Of course. What's on your mind?"

"I... I know I was born male, but after years of becoming more and more feminine I've accepted that – with the exception of the family jewels, I'm basically a woman so from now on my pronouns are she/her. All I want to know is why."

"Why what?"

"Why did you do it? Why did you insist on being my doctor? Why did you prescribe feminization hormone therapy instead of testosterone to counter the effects of my condition? If you wanted a daughter why didn't you just have another kid instead of turning me into one?"

"I don't know what's going on, but I think you're confused. You've been taking testosterone pills and daily vitamins and I prescribed them because that's the treatment for your condition."

"Don't lie to me mom!" Hunter seethed as her hands balled into fists. "I know the truth. If I were taking testosterone I wouldn't be a god damn man trapped inside a woman's body! While there's no cure for Klinefelter syndrome, testosterone can slow it down and help mitigate symptoms, but instead I've progressed to the point of no return. Even if I stopped taking the

feminization hormone treatments I'll never stop looking like a woman. Now tell me why you did this to me or this is the last conversation we ever have!"

"What's that supposed to mean?" her mother asked, her voice suddenly filled with concern. Whether for her daughter or herself only time would tell.

"It means what it means. Tell me the fucking truth, mom! Tell me why you hate me so god damn much that you had to change me into a woman!"

"I'm telling you that I have no..."

"STOP!" Hunter shouted. "I have proof that what you've been giving me for the last eight years are feminization hormone therapy so stop lying and admit it or I'll make your life a thousand times worse than you've made mine."

"What do you mean you have proof?" Her mother asked.

"That's none of your concern. All you need to know is that I have proof and if you don't start explaining yourself right god damn now I'll make sure the whole world knows what a low-life monster you truly are. Now, for the last time, why did you prescribe me feminization hormone treatments?"

Standing there in silence for a long moment, Miranda eventually sighed. "I did it for your own good."

"My own good? You turned me into a woman!"

"No, genetics did that. You said it yourself; there's no cure for Klinefelter syndrome but there are treatments that can mitigate certain symptoms. But even then you'd have a more feminine body than the average male. I didn't want you suffering through years of bullying and cruel jokes so I did what I thought best."

"By turning me into a woman?"

"And a beautiful one at that. Have you ever been bullied or made fun of because of your looks?"

"Only because after pounding it into my head no one actually knows the truth. Did you even once stop to consider how this would affect the rest of my life? Do you know how many times I've been hit on by men thinking I'm a woman? Do you know how many events and parties I've had to skip because wearing a bikini would instantly reveal the truth you so adamantly insist I hide? I've never dated anyone because until now I didn't know how the hell to identify. Am I a man with a woman's body? Or am I a woman with male reproductive organs? Am I straight, bisexual, gay, pansexual, or something else? Your *help* has me so god damn confused I don't even know what the hell I am anymore. And I don't believe you did this to save me from being bullied or teased so tell me the truth or so help me God things are going to get very, very bad for you and yes that's absolutely, one hundred percent a threat!"

"I did it because I didn't want to see you being bullied and teased, but... but I also wanted a daughter and since I couldn't have any more kids giving you feminization hormone treatments was the only way I was ever going to..."

"The only way you were going to what, mom?"

"It doesn't matter."

"It absolutely matters and if you don't start talking..."

"It's the only way I was ever going to get what I wanted!" her mother blurted out.

"What you wanted? What about what I wanted? You spent my entire life molding me into something I wasn't to the point of prescribing me hormone treatments against my will to turn me into a fucking female just so you could have a daughter! Well, guess what? I'm biologically male so all you have is someone with serious body and self-esteem issues."

“I’m so sorry, Hunter. Had I known...”

“The only thing you’re sorry about is getting caught so don’t give me that bullshit. I’ve been thinking about it all day and I’ve come to the conclusion that what you did to me is unforgivable and just looking at you fills me with a rage I can barely contain so this is what’s going to happen. Since the house is completely paid off you’re going to gift it to me after which you’ll have sixty days to find another place to live. You’re also going to pay me twenty-million dollars in damages. And before you say a fucking word, I’ve seen your bank accounts so know you still have the money you inherited from grandma. And third, once you’re out of the house you’re out of my life until such time as I’m ready to reach out and talk to you again. That being said, if you refuse to pay for what you did then I’ll take all of my evidence to the police as well as the hospital and the AMA. And by evidence I don’t just mean the results of the tests I had another doctor run for me including samples of all the pills I’ve been taking on your command for the last eight years. You have until morning to decide. Until then, kindly get out of my room and don’t talk to me again until you’ve decided one way or the other.”

“Even if I did agree to your outrageous demands, what’s stopping you from blackmailing me again in the future?”

“This isn’t blackmail, mom. This is reparations for illegally turning me into a woman to suit your own fucked up desires to have a daughter which you still don’t have by the way, instead of, I don’t know, adopting one. Now get out of my room.”

Shoulders dropping, head bowed in shame, Miranda gave her only child a long look before turning and walking out into the hallway. Tears rolling down her cheeks, she hurried to her bedroom.

Going to her laptop, Hunter quickly brought up the program controlling all of the cameras she hid around the house just for this occasion on the off chance she would catch her mother doing something nefarious. Watching, he saw her go to into her walk-in closet and then to a section of wall at the back where she removed a panel revealing a hidden safe which Hunter herself cracked the code to only a few weeks prior. Opening the safe, his mother withdrew a small wooden box and Hunter’s heart skipped several beats wondering if this was when her mother began destroying evidence. And then his mother left the closet and her bedroom. A few moments later, Hunter heard a knock. Closing her laptop, she got up and opened the door. “I said I didn’t want to talk to you until you’ve made up your mind about accepting my offer.”

“That’s why I’m here,” her mother replied, holding out the box. “That’s all of your medications. Since you know the truth there’s no sense in hiding them from you anymore so you can take them on your own or not. As for your offer, you have every right to feel disgusted and betrayed by my actions so I don’t blame you one bit for never wanting to see or talk to me again. That being said, I accept your offer. I’ll call off work tomorrow so that we can get everything taken care of, but I cannot give you the full twenty million you demand.”

“Then we have nothing left to talk about.”

“Please let me explain. Yes, I have the money, but if I give you that much then I won’t be able to pay the forty percent gift tax. If you’ll accept fifteen then I’ll have about four million remaining after taxes.”

“Why would you pay taxes on my money?”

“Because that’s how gift taxes work. If you don’t believe me, look it up for yourself. That’s my counter offer and is the best I can do. Accept it and we can go to the bank in the morning and I’ll be out of your life by the end of the week.”

“You have sixty days.”

“I don’t need it. I’ve never told you, but I own several other properties. None as big or secluded as this one, but more than enough for me to live in. And before you go making further demands, no, I will not give you anymore than I already have. You can accept the house and money, or you can take me to court and utterly destroy my life. I guess the question is: how vindictive are you?”

“How many other properties do you own, mom?”

“Once this one is in your name I’ll own eight.”

“Then, considering you’re falling five million dollars short I think giving me two more is only fair.”

“What do you need with three properties?”

“What do you need with eight? You turned me into a woman without my consent, you’re lucky I’m not taking you for everything you own, or pressing charges and ruining your life. I want to see a full list of every property you own and I get to pick the two additional ones you’re going to sign over to me. Accept that and we’ll put it all in writing so neither of us can renege.”

“Fine. Fifteen million, this property and two more of your choice,” her mother replied. “But we get everything in writing and notarized by my attorney first.”

“Fine by me.”

“Then I’ll see you in the morning. And since you want nothing more to do with me, you’ll have to make dinner for yourself.”

“Nothing new there,” Hunter huffed. “One final thing, since you got me into this mess you’re going to continue being my doctor and providing me with hormone therapy until you retire.”

“Agreed. And that’s it,” her mother said before turning and walking out.