Why Don't You Grow Up?

by ShamefulDoggo

Summary

Wendy Testaburger was going places. Well, she was, until she realized she'd drawn a certain sort of genetic short straw. Now, between the pity and shame, will she find acceptance? Read on and Find out!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Bebe Stevens was in a minor predicament. Sitting in her lap was one Wendy Testaburger, who was weeping and venting over some terrible news. Bebe diligently braided her straight, raven locks, listening to her friend's plight as they sat on her bed. They'd been friends since basically the beginning of time. They had grown up together, from preschool to high school.

The standing mirror on the other side of the room told a different story. The reflection it wore seemed to suggest, at best, an older girl caring for her younger sister. Though Bebe was maturing into a beautiful Omega, Wendy had drawn a rare genetic short straw. Theta. Thetas were rarer than Omegas or Alphas, and in the town of South Park, there were only two, including Wendy herself. Thetas seemed to never even reach puberty, and had a strange “immunity” to hormone therapy that an actual medical issue would respond to. Wendy had just gone through three months of regular, painful, mortifying shots, only to receive the news that nothing could change her situation at all.
She'd have to live a life of neoteny, disrespect, and quite possibly loneliness, as mating Thetas was considered highly taboo, tantamount to pedophilia.

Bebe listened to her friend's troubles, but was distracted. She was having a hard time thinking of valid responses to such an awful fate, as she was being bombarded with scents. Distressing, heart wrenching odors that usually came off of distressed cubs, children, not fourteen year old high school students. Bebe was running out of hair to braid, and the urge to scruff Wendy to calm her was nearly unbearable.

*Come on, Stevens. Hold. Hold… don't be that girl.*

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“It's just… unfair, you know? I was going to be somebody and now... I'm a circus freak!” Wendy's eyes burned with tears. She knew that wasn't true, most researchers agreed that Theta was a legitimate dynamic, just like the other three. But that wasn't the point. When she was truly the age she looked, the world was full of possibilities. But as time passed, many if not most had been cut away.

The girl often noted to be most mature member of their Fourth Grade Class so many years ago, was doomed to forever resemble her class picture from that year. Well, not exactly. She'd just sort of look worse over time.

It was laughable that she hadn't figured it out on her own. Then again, when Wendy seemed to fall behind her classmates in “blossoming”, her parents hadn't worried. Testaburgers were late bloomers. But when she had failed to present or even grow all that much at thirteen, that's when the doctors and specialists were called in.

And the prognosis couldn't have been worse.

Wendy began to hyperventilate, that shuddering, wheezing sob. “I'll never be a parent, I'll never get married, I'll never find a worthwhile career, I'll--”

Then, pain at the back of her neck, which was oddly instantly soothing as her body went limp. It felt good, peaceful. Like sitting in her mother's lap when she was…
Wait.

Wait a Goddamn second.

“Things are going to work out, girlfriend. I promise.” Despite the adding of “girlfriend”, Bebe’s words were laden with maternal feeling.

Wendy couldn’t struggle away, she couldn’t even complain about the indignity. While her friend pinched the back of her neck, she was paralyzed. And there would be no grabbing Bebe’s neck in vengeance, normal presenting caused the reflex to fade away.

When Bebe finally released the small fold of flesh from between her fingers, Wendy turned to face her, glowering.

“Oh, my God. Did you just fucking scruff me?” her words were ice cold, but she knew at the back of her mind that they came out like those of a petulant child.

“Wendy, I--”

“I'm not your baby, Stevens!” Wendy never called Bebe by her last name. Not before then. “I'm out of here.”

Being treated like a child was the last thing she wanted.

Silently, hair unsecured, braid coming undone, Wendy grabbed her beret, her favorite childhood accessory that still fit insultingly well, and stormed out of the room, down the stairs, and out of the house.

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The Omega sighed, knowing Wendy needed to blow off some steam. Bebe would apologize the next time she got the chance, which would hopefully be soon. As the smell of distress faded, Bebe shook her head. Things had gotten complicated within the last three years. Jesus Christ.
Meanwhile, out on a dangerous mission was the hero South Park truly deserved. The Coon. Sure, he worked alone now, with Human Kite outgrowing his equipment… and Toolshed… and Mysterion had vanished to the plane of boobies and hormones not long ago… God only knows what happened to the idiot running around calling himself Mintberry Crunch…

Regardless, the Coon worked alone. Which was fine, because he was totally badass and cool. At that moment, he was hot on a trail in the case of the South Park Porch Shitter. The fiend had to be out there, defiling the town in the grossest way he could imagine. Or she. Or they. Could be anyone, really.

As he kept to the shadows, an amazing feat accomplished in broad daylight, a hand pushed him to the side of the sidewalk, and the figure passed him without even an excuse me. The Coon wasn't going to take that lying down.

“Testabitch! Don't push me!” He called out in a voice that was definitely not whiny.

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Wendy turned, glaring through puffy eyes. Yeah, she had recognized the little delinquent. Fatass was outside of his house, still out playing superheroes long after he should have quit.

She didn't care that much, and was only being a little petty when she shoved him out of her path.

“Shut up. Just, shut up.”

Cartman of course, just couldn't pass up an opportunity to make an ass of himself. “What, did you get your bitch shot today?”

He knew that Wendy had been given a series of injections but had no idea, of course, that they were a form of hormone therapy. He also, somehow, didn't realize he was in the presence of another Theta. Wendy, to him, smelled like she always did. So did he.
However, Wendy was in no mood for his bullshit, and was way too on edge to summon the will to ignore him.

“I said shut up!” This time it was louder, enough that it faintly echoed off the streets and pavement. She curled her hands into fists and bared her teeth.

“Oh, scary, scary! You wanna fight? Round two? I'll shred you.” Cartman posed in a way that showed off his claws, fingers splayed and one hand out in front of him.

“Eric!”

Cartman turned to see his mother narrowing her eyes at him, arms crossed, standing on the porch. He frowned harder, voice indignant. “What, mom?”

“You play nice with your little friends! ...Oh, sweetheart, are you all right? Is something the matter?” Liane Cartman gave a sad, gentle look in the girl's direction.

Wendy knew Ms. Cartman was a Beta, and a gosh darn lucky one. If she'd been an Alpha or an Omega, there would likely be all sorts of awful little shits like Cartman cavorting around. Of course, Wendy would never call out Ms. Cartman's promiscuity. That was her business. But being a Beta meant that the woman wasn't entirely beholden to comfort the girl based on infantile distress pheromones, which was nice, in a way.

Regardless, Wendy tried to hold true, strong, confident. Her lungs quivered, so she held her breath.

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Liane Cartman knew when someone was in need of cheering up. The gossip about the Testaburger girl had spread fast, and she understood that it could be tough. Not every child took it as well as her little Eric.

She left the porch, crunching through the newly fallen snow in the yard over to Wendy, and gently but firmly, gave the girl a hug. Warm tears dotted her blouse.
“Sweetie, would you like to come inside for some of my famous Double Stuffed Brownies?”

“Mom! Don't just invite--”

“Now, now, it's only polite to invite company in, Eric.” Ms Cartman looked down, and Wendy raised her head. The Beta could smell the stress coming off of the girl, and the red rimmed eyes and tear burned cheeks only added to how clear it was that she was in need of comfort.

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Wendy tried to keep the snot off of the woman's blouse, and shook her head. No. Not sweets, not sympathy, she needed something else at that moment.

“N-no, I gotta see someone.”

With that, she pushed the poor woman away, and continued on her route. Cartman's mother said something about “being there to talk” but her words faded into the background.

Wendy wasn't really listening.

End Notes

To make a long story short, I wrote this on a bet. Here's hoping I get my five dollars.

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