**Beta**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion,* and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

**Commission:** The following is a commission for DeviantArt user *dudeGuy27*.

* *Madam Materia*

The air in the room was heavy, making every breath a necessary chore, as Eric tried to maintain his calm; a task made harder with each passing moment. So much was riding on this interview. He'd held back a year to double down on his studies just to be certain he could attain that all important classification that would dictate the rest of his life; Alpha.

His hands were in his lap, using the cover of the desk between himself and the school’s psychologist in order to fidget. And hide his arousal. Ms. Shawna was leaned forward, resting on her elbows as she looked over his case file. Her forearms squishing her monumental bust together and showing off a deep line of cleavage almost a foot long. Each one was bigger than the boy's head, and were so large that the light haired woman had opted to rest his dossier on them rather than the hardwood. They'd have just gotten in the way otherwise.

One would figure such a voluptuous woman would be quite a sight, and working in an industry that let her put such assets to use. Thirty years ago that person would have been right too. Nowadays however you’d be hard pressed to find a woman who didn’t have a figure like hers.

It had been a massive movement started by his mother’s generation, apparently it was ideal for a woman to be a solid ten out of ten bombshell for any career. Though Eric wasn’t exactly versed in all of the nuance behind it he'd heard it had to do with raised confidence. People were more comfortable around pretty women.

Basically the second a girl graduated from high school and got accepted into college she was sent an invitation from the school’s club branch to start her transformation. The exact details and treatments varied by institution and were a closely guarded secret, but the end results were about the same. Like a second super-puberty, any leftover baby fat melted away, and a woman’s assets blossomed to massive proportions. Generally their hair lightened, and other minor features got some highlighting; Ms. Shawna in particular had plump lips that left her with a sexy pout as she continued to browse through his record for example.

The biggest benefit was knowing you were at the top of the ladder with everyone else, eliminating most of the pointless competition between women about who was the most gifted with genetics. That’s not to say some weren’t snobby about it, boasting when they developed an above new-average cup size or needed custom tailored pants for extra wide hips when they took particularly well to treatment. You can paint a turd red after all, it’s still a turd. The treatments could only change looks not disposition.

With a thoughtful hum Ms. Shawna closed Eric's file, setting it aside and pushing her sharp edged glasses up her perfect nose. Her long lashed eyelids closed as she mulled a few things over, nibbling on her fat lip and making the boy squirm; as much as he tried to avoid it.

“You’ve been working hard to bring your grades up Eric,” she mused, bridging her fingers and resting her chin in the grove. Through her glasses the woman’s icy blues bore into him, sending a shiver up his spine.

Swallowing as subtly as he could the boy nodded, his sandy brown bangs bobbing down in his eyesight. “Yes mam,” he replied as smoothly as he could, seeing the way she adjusted in her seat. Hearing how the armrests held her rear so firm the legs skidded on the floor drew his eyes to her bust, where the small ripple of motion was visible as they bounced and teased that they might pop out of her low cut blouse. “I’m hoping for a job in engineering.”

It was a lie, but revealing the true reason would shoot him in the foot. He wanted to be an Alpha.

The same radical change that had swept over womanhood had also influenced the opposite sex, though not in the same way. Where women went through a physical evolution, men had experienced a social one. It was determined that society just functioned better when the men were separated from the boys, and thus the Alpha-beta caste system was formed.

At its heart it was a simple concept. Each high school was assigned a monitor to look over the male student body, in his case Ms. Shawna, to determine which classification a given boy was by the time of graduation. Most were Alphas, which with the title came a number of privileges over those deemed beta. Betas were barred from a great many career options, basically restricted to the lower to middle class for options, but that wasn’t the worst of it. Betas were denied breeding and marrying rights.

Once you got labeled beta that was it. At best you could hope for a platonic romance with a girl and her Alpha as a voyeur, something which especially with women’s new physical presence was becoming not just accepted but an expected commodity. There were beta “dating” sites you could see the commercials for all the time, meant to set the lesser males up with a couple looking for what equated to live-in house service that got to watch them bone.

Even girls into betas knew better than to break the rules. There were the odd news stories floating about where a beta and a woman got together, had a family. Always though it was in vitro from Alpha stock, or “donation” by other means.

It wasn’t as personal as the whole ordeal seemed. Many betas displayed what were known as passive tendencies. They were the type thirty years ago who would be rejected and then proceed to turn uncouth, using either their positions of power or else the internet to lash out in kind. With the caste system separating these individuals, limiting their access to such things, the world was becoming a better, safer place. Crime was down, talented individuals with Alpha status weren’t locked in dredged lives taking fast food orders just due to lack of opportunity. Betas had an important role in society, so with the void was filled and an equilibrium had formed.

Still, it didn’t help Eric's nerves as Ms. Shawna continued to stare him down. “A respectable profession,” she mused thoughtfully, reaching over and patting his file. “You’ve certainly brought your marks up to a point you could pursue it.”

The compliment took a bit of the weight off, and the boy straightened almost immediately. “Thanks, it’s been good hard work,” he tried to inflate himself a bit, puff up his scrawny chest to appear bigger and cast shadows on his fears.

The buxom woman just nodded, reaching up and brushing a few locks of her shining hair over her ear. “Work isn’t everything Eric, how's your social life been?” she asked, her free hand lazily scratching in her cleavage. The touch had those full orbs showing the lightest give, revealing just how soft they had to be. “You opted to stay back a year in order to get these marks, so a good half of your friends have already graduated.”

Her words stung worse than her icy gaze. It was true of course, most of the people his age had left last year, thankfully he had twin siblings a year younger; his sister Kaylee and his brother Kameron. With their close age the three of them more or less maintained the same circle of friends. He was the oldest among them, but a year's difference was barely noticeable most of the time. Kameron was even a couple inches taller than him, having taken more after their father, so he didn’t look even the lightest bit out of place among the younger students.

“It’s been fine,” he answered, turning his dark eyed gaze away. “A little sparse from studying, but that’s the price to pay to get into a good college right?”

His joke didn’t even phase her. “Marks aren’t everything,” she told him, making his heart sink deep into the lowest parts of his chest.

Ms. Shawna took a moment to sit back, fixing her top over her massive chest and once more drawing Eric's uncomfortable stare. It was taking most of his willpower just to keep from biting his lip, or ousting himself in another way that he was rapidly getting an erection. The best he could do was cross his legs behind the seclusion of the desk between them.

“Have you got a girlfriend?” she finally asked, letting her bust back down to spread across the table like rising dough.

Eric's composure cracked, and he felt his cheeks tint pink. His first reaction was to answer truthfully, but he'd also learned in careers that interviewers could throw in red herring questions like this. Maybe it was a test?

Swallowing his nerves be moved to answer, still struggling to meet her gaze. “I’m not sure why that’s relevant Ms. Shawna,” he replied, though he knew before it was even all the way past his lips his body loudly proclaimed the real answer. No.

Her arms came down, resting on the tabletop before pulling in under her huge udders and making their soft fullness roll over them enticingly. “Have you had sex at all Eric? Even oral?” she pressed.

The boy nearly choked, feeling his cheeks grow redder. In an attempt to keep his wits about him he let loose the first reasonable response that came into his head. “I’ve been waiting for my Alpha status,” he told her, fidgeting with his fingers under the desk, too afraid to admit his own virginity.

Ms. Shawna gave a hum that he could only equate to disappointment. Leaned back the dark eyed boy couldn’t even see her crossed arms for her heavy chest, but the way her right breast was lightly moving let him imagine she was tapping her arm with her finger. Once again her long lashed eyes were closed, and she was nibbling on the inside of a plump lip.

It felt like an eternity before she got up, taking the arms of her chair in hand as she rose. Her wide posterior filling the room with the light friction from her skirt, as like her tits her soft ass had to squish inwards to escape her seat. She came around, each step a click of her heels and a soft bounce of her overstuffed rear. Eric couldn’t help leaning forward to hide his obvious discomfort from her.

She paid him no heed though, continuing past him to the door. “One last small question Eric,” she piped up as she opened the door.

He turned to her, doing his best to keep his tented pants out of view. “Yes Ms. Shawna?” his voice was weak and he knew it, as her icy eyes were once again on him from behind her glasses.

“If given the opportunity, would you fuck me right now?”

Eric’s redness returned tenfold. Hearing her state it so crassly just didn’t seem right with her professional demeanor. “N-no Ms. Shawna,” he answered, “that wouldn’t be appropriate.”

She didn’t have any sort of readable response. She just turned away from him and gestured him out with an outstretched hand. “You may go Mr. Tayler,” she told him.

He got up, awkwardly hunched to maintain his dignity. Despite it he was excited though, getting referred by his last name felt like a good sign. He tried his best to maneuver around her protruding chest, though his best proved inadequate as he was unable to avoid getting a face full as he squeezed past her. Those massive tits rubbing against him only added to his odd gait as he made his way to the nearest bathroom.

Eric kept his head down, trudging a good three paces behind his brother and sister as they made their way home. Any other day he'd have kept pace, listening along and making small talk to decompress the day's events. Today however…

“I can’t believe you got beta,” Kameron was laughing, his chin held high as he walked with his arms tucked behind his blonde head. “Seriously, who'd have thought my brother was a beta bit-“

Kaylee jumped to his defense, reaching over to cuff her twin on the back of the head. “Quit it Kam,” she huffed, turning back to Eric with an apologetic look. “There’s nothing wrong with it big brother. It’s just a label, it doesn’t change anything,” she tried to reassure him with a sweet smile on her pink lips.

The sandy haired boy just sank a little as his lighter haired sibling piped back up. “Says you Kay. You’re a chick, all you have to worry about is how nice your tits are gonna be after treatment,” the comment had his sister blushing. The strawberry tint of her cheeks contrasted with her yellow hair as she hugged her books closer to her currently petite chest in embarrassment, “Eric’s a beta bitch now, and everyone knows it.”

He felt like he was about to cry, playing the graduation over in his head. All the girls had been called one at a time to get their diplomas, followed by the Alphas. When Eric hadn’t heard his name he felt something was wrong, only to instead be taken aside by the principal and one other student; the only two betas for the year. They received their certificates in a separate room, with a big “β” stamped next to their names. Eric’s was currently tucked into the deepest recesses of his binder, though for as much as he tried to hide it he couldn’t hide the other sign of his status.

Wrapped around his wrist tightly, with barely a finger's worth of space to prevent loss of circulation, was a purple bracelet. It wasn’t dissimilar to what one would get from a hospital, made of thick plastic that your standard shears would have issues getting through, and it had that same β pressed into it. It made sure to mark him as beta for anyone who might see, at least until he received the brand on the back of his hand later.

His frustration peaked, and the beta sibling couldn’t help from a small outburst. “I just don’t get it,” he choked out, managing at least to hold back his tears and maintain some dignity. “I worked so hard, how did this happen?”

Kameron just scoffed, “The fact you had to work hard says it all dude. You either are Alpha or you're not, there’s no aspiring to it.”

His sister was a bit more supportive, slowing her pace to fall back and rest her hand on her big brother's back. “Maybe you just missed something?” she offered, “Did Ms. Shawna say anything to you during your interview this afternoon that could have been a hint you were a beta?”

Eric shook his head, feeling the motion drag his tears up in their ducts. “No,” he replied quickly.

Properly thinking it over however, the last part of the interview bubbled up to the surface. “Well, it was weird she asked me about,” he paused, pink tinting his cheeks as he struggled to get it out over his tongue, “about… sex.”

He expected his little sister to react in some way, but it didn’t even phase her. “And you answered?” she pressed when he didn’t continue on his own.

The redness in his pale face deepened. “I-“ he stammered, fidgeting with his backpack straps. How was he talking about this with his younger siblings? “I mean, I haven’t done anything! I’m not an Alpha yet,” it came out almost reflexively as a defense.

Once again his brother broke into laughter. “Fuck, no wonder you’re a beta bitch,” he teased, not even looking over his shoulder.

The embarrassment shifted into anger, as Eric shot a glare to his younger brother. “Oh and you have?” he retorted.

His laugh retreated to a chuckle. “Yeah,” he replied cooly, raising a hand with three fingers raised. “Shelly, Gwen, and Mrs. Winters,” he counted off, eyes skywards and a small smirk on his face as he reminisced about his escapades.

Eric was stunned, expecting his outburst to be met with similar embarrassment only to have his Alpha brother rebut him effortlessly. Shelly he could understand, she was a freshman last year who had made their way into their circle. If she and Kameron had a thing that made sense. Gwen was a harder pill to swallow. Throughout high school she was the girl everyone looked up to, gifted with gorgeous chestnut hair and a pre-treatment body with long legs and curves that had her filling an old C-cup trainer. She also graduated two years prior, which meant either his brother was dating a college girl, or he'd been active for a while.

Ms. Winters however, “The science teacher?” he spat in disbelief. “She’s married, got a husband and two kids.”

Kameron just shrugged. “She’s also got mad tongue skills,” he bragged, putting a nail in Eric’s argument. Finally turning around to catch their sister, who had been quiet during their little back and forth, he gave a knowing grin. “I'm not the odd one out here though beta.”

It didn’t take long for their older brother to catch the meaning, the sandy haired boy turning to his sister. Kaylee had her gaze turned idly down, keeping to herself and her thoughts. “You too Kay?” the beta stammered.

She wasn’t about to lie to him. “Mmhmm,” she confirmed, reaching a hand up and idly playing with her hair. “I’ve had four boyfriends, and I’ve had sex with two,” unlike her twin however she wasn’t about to out her lovers' names.

Eric couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Immediately he wanted to jump to anger, call out his siblings for being promiscuous. As the redness filled his face however it dawned on him that kind of passive aggressive outburst was a purely beta move. The beta bit his tongue, swallowing his pride and retreating like a scorned dog with its tail between its legs.

He went without saying a word the rest of the walk home.

Despite his brother’s teasing on the trip, Kameron had been silent to their parents about Eric’s new status; not that the beta didn’t have an obvious indicator. As soon as the sandy haired older brother came through the door he'd slipped his purple banded wrist out of sight behind his books and excused himself to his room. Such a tactic wouldn’t last of course, he couldn’t very well hide in his room forever.

He did however try to get his band off with anything and everything at his disposal. No matter what he tried though the thick band wouldn’t break. His scissors wouldn’t cut it, even after he went and nicked himself trying to wedge the blade in through the miniscule gap between it and his skin, and it was immune to warping from anything else he tried. The boy was about ready to try and cut his hand off when he heard his mother calling him down for dinner.

There was no avoiding it. Steeling his nerves Eric emerged and headed down to the kitchen, his hand holding over his band to keep it hidden for as long as possible.

The family were already gathered and waiting. His father sat at the head of the table, idly ignoring the rest of them with his dark eyes reading from his phone. The man was the very definition of an Alpha; strong jawline with the lightest bit of dark stubble that contrasted with the short cut blonde hair he'd passed down to the twins. His shoulders were broad set, holding on well toned arms that had to have been twice their current size in the man's heyday. Even with work and the role of fatherhood having cut into his self-improvement time you could still make out the outlines of his biceps in his button up shirt, and the definition of his pecs behind his tie.

You'd wonder how the meek Eric was even a man like that’s son, he had so many of his mother’s traits. Not that you'd even see that from looking at the woman now. The treatment had done to her what it did to all women, and pushed her past the boundaries of amazing.

She wore a bright smile on her face as she was finishing up dinner prep, her thick ruby lips parting to reveal a pearl-like smile. At one point her hair had been Eric's sandy tone, but now much lighter locks flowed down her back in perfectly straight strands, maintained all the way down to her tailbone. Past that however it would have been impossible to keep straight. Her rear was like a shelf, jutting out from behind her inches in perky round cheeks that alternated up and down as she idly shimmied her hips while working.

Such an expansive rear of course needed a front to balance it out, and the beta's mother was stacked in that regard just as well. It was baffling how they didn’t get in her way more. They must have taken up most of her vision, and would have rested comfortably on the counter were she not a fair distance away, using the full length of her slender arms. The bombshell was in her forties with three kids but she wore it better than any woman her boy had ever met. Which had made things somewhat awkward growing up.

Since her curves took up most of the kitchen walkway her son was left to wait awkwardly for his mother to make room, lest he have to squeeze by like he had Ms. Shawna earlier today; only much, much worse.

Sadly she took note of her boy first, turning her light gaze at him with a worried little frown. “Is everything okay sweetie?” she asked him, slowing her outstretched hands as not to make any mistakes. Her apron would protect her chest, but she was a woman who took pride in her housewife duties. That meant dinner needed to be perfection as always, even down to the side she was currently working on as the roast finished up in the oven.

Lying wasn’t particularly one of Eric’s strong suits. He put on his best smile, looking up at his mom in her heels as he struggled with the words, “Everything’s fine mom.”

They were so simple, yet he couldn’t help his tells. His grin was skewed, he felt hot as if he were sweating, and his grip on his wrist tightened reflexively. He could feel the β symbol on his palm, like a burning reminder of his own shame.

Clearly his mother caught it, stopping her work and shaking off her damp hands before turning towards him. Her tits lagged a second behind her motion, inertia holding them one way until her sudden stop where they bounced back into place. They could have bowled a man over easy, and it took them moments to stop moving about in the confines of her top.

“Honey is your wrist alright?” she questioned his cradling, reaching out one of her manicured hands to remove his barrier and check on it.

Panic welled up in his chest. The sandy haired boy took a defensive step back, holding it closer. “I-it’s fine!” he stammered nervously, “I just nicked myself.”

It wasn’t entirely false, nevertheless his truth didn’t hinder his mother’s approach. He thought about running, but what message would that send? For his thoughts he was unable to move away in time, finding his mother’s soft hands on his forearms. She was tender with him, still he fought like his life depended on it. The skin on his left hand was going pale he was gripping his banded wrist so tightly.

After a minute of struggling with him his mother managed to pry his fingers away to see the strip of purple he was hiding. He felt his face go red, expecting her to be ashamed and chastise him for not being an Alpha to carry on the family legacy. Her reaction was much worse, though he didn’t quite realize the full extent of it at that moment.

The buxom woman let out an excited squeal, rising upright so fast her breasts nearly jumped up to hit her in the chin; even so her face was obscured from the shorter Eric for a good moment before they settled. The clicking of her heels as she danced eagerly on them echoed in through the room, and with a beaming grin she turned to her husband. “Richard, our little Eric’s a beta!” she chirped delightedly.

His father looked up from his phone a brief moment, dark eyes looking past his stacked wife to his meek son hiding in the shadow of her bust. Out of habit once again the boy moved to hide his bracelet, but it was far too late for such a tactic.

The man's only response was a non-committal grunt before he resumed his pre-dinner activities. Were a beta worth his time he may have said something like, “Figures,” or “At least I have one son.” As it stood though, that small sound would be the last his father paid him any mind.

Before Eric could even get his bearings his mother was behind him, breasts on his shoulders and hands on his back as she ushered him towards the table. “You should have told me sooner sweetheart,” she cooed to her son, “now go sit down and I'll serve everyone dinner.”

She was pushing him along, making him stumble over his feet as he was guided to the table. There was something different about his mother’s tone though, the way she was speaking. It was clear she was thrilled at the news, barely containing herself, but also there was more to it. Her words weren’t motherly suggestion, they were an order to seat himself.

More concerned with hunger at least he did as told, climbing up into his normal seat next to his dad and between the other two males of the family. The second his ass hit the chair though his mother gave a disapproving murmur.

“No no, that won’t do,” she sighed wistfully, coming up behind her oldest son and pulling his chair out. Her boobs squished up over the back of the seat, knocking him in the head. “Kameron, you’re going to take this seat now. Kaylee, Kameron's place is yours,” she orchestrated them around like a game of musical chairs.

His sister gave a nod, as his brother replied with a quick, “Cool.”

In a second Eric was ushered out of his seat, his younger brother filling it without a second thought as his sister took the last on that side. By elimination the sandy haired boy assumed he'd simply be taking the opposite side where his sister would sit, but not even two steps towards it his mother stopped him with a chiding little tut.

“No honey,” she stopped him, resting a hand on his shoulder and guiding him to the end of the table. “Wait here while I get you a chair.”

He didn’t get it, he was standing next to his mother’s seat just sitting there already; not to mention his sister’s just across the way. “Why can’t I just-“ he started before the buxom woman returned with one of the folding chairs from their backyard set.

Eric’s face went white, as his mother slid her chair away and unfolded the seat for him. “There you go sweetie,” she offered with a smile he couldn’t help but take as condescending.

He went to ask again, only to have his mother beat him to the answer. “Beta’s have their place darling. I'll have Richard get you your own table tomorrow,” she offered him with a pat on the head.

His own table? “Mom, I-“ he was cut off by a raised hand, one of his mother’s well done nails held high to silence him.

“That won’t do. You'll refer to your father and I by our names, Richard and Stephanie. Or you can call me Mommy,” she offered with a grin and a tint to her cheeks.

She wasn’t the only one to react, Kameron unable to hold back a small giggle. Any other day his mother would have jumped to his defense and chastise his brother for such a thing, but now she simply let it happen.

Once more he started to speak up on his own behalf. “Mom,” his tone was incredulous, this was unbelievable after all.

For it there was a sudden sting to his cheek. It had happened so quickly he had missed it in a blink. His mother had hit him, her arm still curled around her chest from the motion of swatting him. “What do you call me?” she reminded him firmly.

He was still stunned, reaching up and brushing the tender spot on his cheek. She was completely serious. “S-Stephanie,” he replied timidly.

Her joyful smile returned. “Good baby,” she praised, walking past him as the oven chimed to indicate dinner was ready.

Without another word the struck beta got into his fetched seat, looking at the rest of his family. None of them were even phased. His father hadn’t even raised his head through all of that little display. Kameron was drinking it in, stifling further outburst despite that he had gone unpunished for the first. Even his sister, who had been on his side the walk home, seemed to be focusing her gaze away on other things.

“Kay,” he pleaded as quietly as he could, not wanting to be overheard by their mother and potentially hit again. “Come on, say something,” he begged of her.

His sister gave a small frown, clearly somewhat feeling her older brother’s plight. “Sorry Eric, mom makes the rules,” she told him with a small shrug. It was one thing to defend Kameron’s torment, but another to try and break social norms.

His mother returned with the roasting pan pulled up against her chest, apron once again shielding her bosom from the heat. “Alright, plates,” she chided happily as normal.

Their father set down his news, lifting his plate one handed and being served first; a nice slab of beef that steamed and filled the room with the mouth watering aroma of a fresh meal. It was plated with nice moist potatoes and the cool mixed veggie side the skilled housewife had been working on. “Thank you dear,” he managed, receiving a kiss from his lovely wife in reply before taking up his utensils.

Eric rose his plate next, normally second to be served, his gesture went ignored however. His mother’s hazel eyes didn’t even look his way, instead turning to Kameron in the sandy haired boy's normal seat. “Kameron, your plate,” she guided him along.

The blonde boy obliged, receiving his own meal stacked high with the essentials. The beta supposed that was fair, after all Kameron was in his normal spot. With the two Alpha's done once again Eric rose his plate, only to have his mother once again keep him out of sight as she moved to his sister.

Kaylee didn’t need prompting, lifting her clean dish up to receive her dinner. “Thank you mom,” she offered as she settled into her new spot, adjusting the silverware and pulling her seat in.

With no one else to serve Eric interjected his plate, stretching his arm out to hopefully force it into his mother’s view. Whether she didn’t notice for her bust or simply didn’t care, the curvy woman did not serve him. She set the dish down, walking around the table and inadvertently knocking into the back of his metal chair with her wide hips. He could only watch as his matron pulled out the last seat, maneuvering her plump rear into it and coming to a sit. Her cheeks flared out to either side of the undersized chair, and she made no effort to hide the sight of her thick thighs crossing over from her son at the end of the table. Then silently with her pleasant little smile she served herself.

He was about to call her “mom” again, catching himself before it left his lips and correcting it. “Stephanie, what about me?” he asked, still holding his plate up desperately.

She didn’t even acknowledge him, carefully taking up her utensils and starting to eat with the others.

A blush filled the beta's cheeks. The table layout suddenly dawned on him in that moment; she'd set the pan down like a wall between him and the rest of the table. To his left he could hardly see Kaylee, though he knew she wasn’t paying him any heed. To his right his mother was closer, but not once did she make any effort to tend to his pleas. He supposed he had to serve himself then.

Reaching out his hand, like lightning, his mother was on him. He received a rap on the knuckles from her fork that made him recoil, biting his lip nervously as Stephanie looked up to speak to the others. “Would anyone like seconds?” she asked them politely.

Kameron was quick to raise his hand, mouth currently full with stray dribblets of thick gravy rolling over his chin.

His father gave a nod. “Yes please dear,” he answered calmly.

Kaylee, though Eric couldn’t see her, also gave a reply of, “Some more potatoes?”

Their mother nodded, reaching out to receive their plates and load them up with their favorites. All the while Eric sat watching without even his firsts. When the buxom woman finished she finally turned to her beta son, the way she just looked pleased as punch despite what he could only describe as cruelty was unnerving. He remained silent lest she smack him again. “You may have some sweetie,” she finally offered, holding out her hand for his plate now that those at the top of the chain had their fill.

Meekly he held out his plate, his mother taking it carefully and giving him the scraps of what was left. An overly fatty piece of meat his brother had skipped over, a half scoop of the now slightly dried mash her sister had been privy too. At least there was enough of the vegetables to qualify the contents of his plate as filling.

He ate without further protest, ignored as his family had conversations without him. Walled off by the set table he was an outsider looking in on his Alpha family.

Soon enough they were finished, chatting together and talking about the day. His father complaining of work, his siblings excited for college after the summer. Even when he joined them with an empty plate his contributions fell on deaf ears. So with nothing else to do he excused himself, not that they were listening, and went to leave. If only it were that easy.

“Sweetie,” his mother chirped over the conversation, stopping him in his tracks.

Turning her eyes were on him, the only one at the table who'd even lifted her head at his departure. “Collect the dishes and do them before you leave,” she ordered, pointing a manicured nail to the cluttered table.

He thought about refusing. Their mother always did the dishes, sometimes getting help from Kaylee, or on special occasions from one of the boys, but it was always something she did. The sting of his cheek however was a fresh reminder of what she could do, and the bracelet on his wrist a reminder of why.

He was a beta, it was his job. “Y-yes Stephanie,” he replied solemnly, returning and collecting everyone’s plates to get started.

It took Eric the better part of an hour to finish all of the night's dishes. More than once his mother had paused him, coming up behind his back and hovering over him with her tits resting on his shoulders, only to take his hands and correct how he was scrubbing the bottom of something wrong. It was humiliating, flushing his cheeks among other things, but at least it had been some modicum of attention. Everyone else had just passed him like a ghost.

With his hands wrinkled from the work he had tried to join everyone in the living room, but no space was made available for him. The idea of sitting on the floor close to the television like a child repulsed him, so rather than submit to that degradation he slipped back up to his room. If anyone noticed, they didn’t say anything.

He thought about the bracelet hugging his slender wrist again, looking at the purple band with disdain. He could keep trying to get it off, but by this point his parents already knew. There was no escape, they’d just take him for his brand without it. And besides that, he'd still have his graduation certificate. If he destroyed that he would be royally screwed in every regard, unable to get any job Alpha or beta, and banned from nearly everything under the sun from getting a licence to renting an apartment.

The feeling of defeat drew the boy to his bed, where he flopped down on his back to stare at the ceiling. He could feel the tightness around his eyes, the unrelenting pull at the corners of his mouth into a depressed frown. He was ready to finally cry.

Such a luxury was denied him, as he heard a knock on his door. After a night being ignored it startled him enough to bolt him upright and pull him from his breakdown. “Yes, who is it?” he asked, expecting his mother with some other task for him.

Instead though the beta was greeted by his sister’s soft face. Her blonde locks hung around her face, and her hazel eyes met with his for the first time since dinner. “Hey,” she offered as a nervous smile crossed her features.

Rising from the bed the older brother came over to her. “Hey Kay, what’s up?” he asked, thankful for the attention.

Her eyes darted away to the floor, and she reached her delicate fingers up to brush a few stray strands of her golden hair behind her ear. “I have to start my treatment and it says I need someone to ‘observe in case of complications',” she explained, quoting the last part as best she remembered it from the package in her room. “Mom said you’d help me.”

Eric’s hopes sank a bit at that. He was only being asked because it was a beta chore. He was going to refuse, but very quickly the consequences for such flitted into his mind. He didn’t want to imagine what his mother might do.

Swallowing his pride he nodded his agreement. “Alright, come on in,” he offered stepping back.

Kaylee just shook her head. “We’re doing it in my room big brother,” she told him. “It’s gonna take a few hours so there’s not a lot of point in me being uncomfortable.”

That stung a bit. At least she had still used some respect in addressing him, but then it was like a haymaker swinging around to catch him in the jaw that only her comfort mattered in this. His breath came out in a nearly silent sigh of defeat. “Alright,” he conceded, coming out of the solitude of his domain.

She didn’t even apologize or offer condolences, just put on a happy little smile like the one their mother would wear and skipped off towards her room. Her sandy haired beta brother fell in line behind her, shoulders arched up towards his ears in his shame the whole way. He thought about trying to strike up a conversation, but after so many rejections this evening the idea of another weighed heavily on his confidence.

Arriving the bubbly blonde tossed open her door, gesturing him to follow in with her hand as she made her way over to her peach-hued bed. Atop the crisp made sheets was a parcel, no bigger than a shoebox and emblazoned with a sizeable insignia from her chosen college; her club invitation.

Seeing it turned Eric’s stomach, and his wrist may as well have burned he was so aware of his beta band. His little sister was off to a prestigious school with a rich rewarding life ahead. Meanwhile here he was, the newly minted beta of the family. No plans, since they all involved him being an Alpha, and nothing but a glass ceiling in the service industry to look forward to.

He caught his breath, looking towards the clean patterned carpet and fidgeting with the purple marker he was forced to wear.

“Okay,” his sister piped up, pulling from the box a small leaflet of instructions and picking up where she left off. “I’ve got my observer. So if anything happens: I have a reaction, pass out…” she trailed off, assuming her brother got the gist of it, “you call an ambulance. Otherwise, you need to keep a close eye on me until my first dose kicks in, okay big brother?” she chirped sweetly to him.

“Got it,” he replied, still having issues looking up from his feet. Out of the corner of his eye he caught her cute little toes tapping impatiently. Following them up she was standing there, waiting with her arms folded over under her petite bust and a cross look on her face.

He thought she might smack him, but she only gave a warning. “A close eye big brother,” she scolded him.

Blush tinted his cheeks and his neck wanted to tear his gaze away. He had to focus extra hard not to obey those instincts, as they were exactly what he was being chastised for. “S-sorry, close eye. Got it sis,” he stammered as he locked his gaze onto her.

“Mom says you’re supposed to call me Kaylee now big brother,” she called him out, making him sink even lower. “If you don’t, I'm supposed to hit you. I'll just warn you this time though,” she explained to him flatly, going back to her instructions.

Whatever small happiness he'd gotten from being still called big brother shattered like broken glass into a million pieces. He hung his head, holding his dark eyes on his sister as to avoid upsetting her. “A-alright Kaylee,” he murmured pathetically.

She showed no reaction to his statement, reaching a hand back into her package and retrieving a small pill bottle. “Alright, so I take two of these,” she mused to herself; made more obvious by the fact she didn’t even look up from the page at him. Carefully she set her sheet down, opening her treatment and pouring a pair of small circular pink pills into her pale palm. The girl didn’t even ask for water just popped them back like candy and swallowed without any effort at all before going back to her page.

All the while Eric just watched, remembering what his sister had admitted to him on the walk home. Just because he hadn’t been with a woman didn’t mean he couldn’t see signs. He was left guessing at what else she had swallowed to have such trained ease.

“Next is the cream,” the blonde haired girl nodded with a smile on her fair face. Once again she was rummaging through her treatment package, coming up with a container of something that accurately fit the description of cream with its off-white milky colour.

Her delicate hands held it up to read, hazel eyes intently taking in the fine print. With how the world had become it was hard to remember that a girl like Kaylee was still beautiful. The soft dimples of her smile on her cheeks, the smooth consistency of her skin. Her body was lithe, with the most subtle of curves already. Her shirt was raised by her arms just enough to show the inward curve of her tummy, just before flaring out more than an inch into her perfectly round hips. Like a peach atop her long legs her butt was full and held up by a pair of blue jeans that look more painted on than worn. It was truly a testament to how pretty their mother must have been, even before her transformation.

In his inner musings the boy had almost missed his sister starting up again. “Right, I've gotta be clean before applying,” she said to herself, setting the round container down and letting her graceful legs carry her towards him. “Come on big brother, I need to take a shower.”

She walked past like he wasn’t there, leaving Eric red in the face. “Y-you’re not serious,” he muttered nervously.

She paused, turning her head and brushing her hair over her shoulder to look at him. “You have to watch me big brother,” she stated matter of factly. “Now come on, I don’t want stretch marks from not using my cream.”

The blonde was off again, leaving her brother to stumble into line behind her to keep up. As easily as if it were the living room Kaylee popped into the bathroom and invited him inside. She didn’t even miss a beat, shutting the door behind them and immediately pulling off her shirt over her head.

Once again Eric was left to stare. Basic curtesy wanted him to look away, as her fabric caught briefly on her sports bra, making her pert little A-cups pull up and fall back into place with firm little bounces. She was his sister so of course he'd seen her in less before, in their pool out back in just a bikini, but never in this context; and having to watch.

She tossed her top to the wayside, the garment hitting the top edge of the laundry hamper to tumble inside perfectly. “You can stand over in the corner,” she instructed, pointing a finger to the one empty space in the otherwise fully stocked bathroom. “I’ll leave the curtain open so you can see me fine.”

The dark eyed boy was too flustered to say anything. He just gave a nod, stepping backwards on his heels to the appointed location as his sister hooked her fingers under the elastic of her bra. Up it came, putting her young breasts on display for him. They were perfect, with small little eraser pink nipples pointing up on a quarter-sized plane of the same. They hung to give the lightest little line of under bust, making them positively adorable on her small frame.

Now the beta was staring for entirely different reasons, doing his best to flex and loosen his thighs to not get aroused and show in from of his younger sibling.

Even if he had she was paying her brother no mind, moving down and struggling a few scant seconds with the button on her skinnies. When it finally gave the small “pop” it flew wide and took two teeth of her zipper with it, sounding like thunder over the dead silence that had overtaken the scene. Eric was suddenly acutely aware of his heartbeat hammering in his chest, the beads of sweat forming on his brows, the nervous trembling of his fingers. All the while his dark eyes followed the flow of his stripping sister’s movements.

She began pulling her pants down. They snagged on her panties and slid them down her hips with them, like they were being dragged to the underworld and refused to go alone. Kaylee didn’t stop, didn’t correct them to protect her modesty, didn’t even acknowledge that her brother was there watching. They needed off as well, so it only made sense to get it all off in one go.

Her perky butt cheeks swelled over the waist of her jeans, as their pliant flesh squeezed outwards into the fresh air. Once they were free the rest was simple, her bottoms falling around her ankles and letting her step out of them and kick them away to join her top in the hamper.

Straightening to a proper stand revealed her neatly kept sex. There wasn’t a single hair marring her soft mound, leaving Eric to wonder who it was being tended for. She hadn’t named a boyfriend, and for the life of him he couldn’t connect two thoughts together to try and deduce if she’d dropped a boy's name over the past few months. Not when faced with her pale body on full display.

He'd seen porn before, seen a naked woman in picture, but being so close and seeing it really was a different beast entirely. He swallowed thickly, the whole of his focus going into reminding himself this was his sister and preventing his arousal showing too much.

Once again it was like he was little more than furniture. She went about pulling the curtain open, starting the water in their tub and testing the temperature with her fingers. Her pleasant humming mixed into a hymn with the running stream, making her voice a siren song in the silence. It was just background noise to Eric’s thoughts however, screaming bloody murder within his skull.

This was wrong. He had to watch her though, she was counting on him. She was taking advantage of him. He was just a beta. Mom, no Stephanie, would probably beat him senseless for disobeying. He was a pervert, getting hard to his sister. She wasn’t paying attention though, he could...

He shook the last one away, quick to snap his dark eyed gaze back up. Kaylee had gotten into the shower already, the steamy water now misting the room, and was running her fingers through her long blonde hair as the heavy water matted it to every curve of her figure. Her movements were slow and sensual, yet natural. She wasn’t putting on a show, made clear by the fact she hadn’t even offered him a look since she started, it was just how she carried herself.

She soaped herself softly, a smile on her face as she continued to hum pleasantly. Each passing second saw bubbly white lather hide more of her skin from sight, but that only added to the salivating hunger of the situation. Seeing her breasts covered but remembering what they were like. It invited the beta to fill in the blanks, enrapture his attention. The same was of course true of her womanhood, and her perky bum as she would turn to reach some out of reach crevice.

When she stepped under the shower head to rinse it was trouble all over again. The water flowed down her body, melting the froth away like a curtain pulling down. It teased the edges of her areola, the top of her naval, the curve of her rear, before ultimately revealing these sculpted pieces of beauty for him to marvel at once more.

Eric was hard, he couldn’t hide it anymore. His face was pink, and his pants were tented and strained as he was stuck watching from the corner.

After what felt like forever Kaylee finally turned to him, one hand on the tap twisting it off. “Pass me my towel.”

It wasn’t a request, as her lithe hand was outstretched to him. Droplets coursed over her skin, working down to obey gravity and drop to the floor, removing themselves from a body too fine for them to keep touching. It took him a moment to break his daze and get to it, before she got mad.

“R-right,” he stammered, suddenly much more aware of his obvious boner as he scrambled to the towel rack. He couldn’t keep his eyes off her long and was quick to hand her what she desired as a result.

With nary a care she took the fluffy sheet from him, lightly patting the points of her body where droplets had settled into pools before wrapping it around her chest. And just like that she was once again hidden from him. “Come on big brother,” she chirped, gesturing with her fingers for him to fall back in line.

His gait was awkward, as he hunched to try and keep his tented pants hidden. Not that it mattered, no one in the house seemed to care, least of all Kaylee as she dragged him back to her room.

Once inside the door was shut behind him, and the blonde was making her way back to her bed, and the treatment package waiting on it. “Alright, time to apply,” she muttered aloud.

Eric was just beginning to settle back into a state of calm when his sister unceremoniously dropped her towel, once more bearing herself before him with her cute ass pointed right his way. The storm was settling back in, the beta’s cheeks scarlet as his sister leaned forward to collect the cream. Her butt assumed a perfect heart shape, like a ripe peach, with her shaven sex playing peekaboo at him between her thighs. Things were only about to get worse from there.

She unscrewed the wide lid, letting it pop off and fill the room with a strangely pleasant smell. The sandy haired boy would have tried to place it were it not for the scene unfolding before him. Two of the girl’s slender fingers scooped some of the milky substance onto their tips, holding it up to examine with a cute little smile on her freshly cleaned face. Then she went to work.

Her breath came out as a shudder when she first touched the cool cream to her breast, smearing a rough line that faded clear the longer she drew until it petered into nothingness. Next she cupped her less than handfuls, her fingers able to conceal their entirety, and started to rub circles. As the cold faded away her slow methodical breaths turned into soft moans, her motions picking up pace as she fondled the whole of her little tits. Her eyes were closed, savouring the feeling, and as she squirmed slightly from her own actions the beta caught the occasional glance around her side to see her nipples become rock hard little nubs that fought to poke out between her massaging digits.

He thought about saying something, reminding her that he was there watching. Would she even care though? If anything it seemed more likely she might chastise him or call their mother, and what was more wrong: potential disobedience or getting a hard on for his sister? He imagined a right walloping from his mother for the former, and his father the latter. Neither option appealed, so the timid beta just stayed quiet, once again flexing his thighs to try and at least lessen his painful erection.

Kaylee was red in the cheeks, though eventually she slowed. She looked down at her breasts, shiny with a fresh coating of the lotion-like substance, and seemed content with her work. The next part was going to be a tad more difficult; and unfortunately for Eric, much more revealing.

Collecting another dollop of the stuff her arm whipped around and she slapped it onto one of her pert cheeks, the action letting out a resounding smack that made what little fat she had there ripple with motion. She didn’t have eyes on her rear like she did in the front, so her movements were less refined and more sporadic as she manhandled her ass hoping to get its entirety covered.

Everything moved, giving Eric every little view from peeks of her pristine pucker, to just the pleasant sight of her cheeks falling into place with little bounces. This was just the opening act however, her show was only just beginning.

With most of her rear covered, to the best of her ability, she turned and backed onto the bed. Another round of cream was drawn up and without any hesitation she spread her legs to begin coating her thighs.

The beta almost lost it, as his sister sat at the edge of her bed, legs splayed wide with her shaven pussy on full display. As her hands moved up and down, rubbing in her treatment, he could see the lips of her sex darken. Added to her once again hard nipples she was clearly turned on nearly to the max teasing herself. The way her eyes fluttered, her thumbs coming ever so closer to her entrance… She was contemplating it; sinking her fingers into herself and masturbating to tend to her fiery needs.

She resisted though, letting out a hot sigh as she finished up. She closed her glistening thighs, not even addressing her brother as she made her way to her dresser. With a wiggle of her hips she picked out a fresh pair of underthings and some nice pink patterned pyjamas to slip into for the rest of the evening.

Meanwhile Eric was sweating, his breaths ragged as he was still processing everything he'd watched. In more than a decade of life, never had anything he'd experienced been so intense as the past half hour. Not even Ms. Shawna's suggestive actions had been so provocative to him. Had a girl done this to him before now, he almost wondered if he'd still be wearing a beta bracelet right now.

Done up in her loose fitting PJs the blonde girl started the process of brushing her hair, shooting a glance to her brother in the reflection of her vanity mirror. “Big brother, would you pop into my laptop and start up the movie I have queued up?”

She phrased it like a question, as her brush parted her damp blonde locks into their individual strands, but he knew it was an order. “Sure Kaylee,” he replied, happy for at least a modest distraction from his predicament.

Within minutes the movie was projected on the ceiling, and his sister was reclined in her bed watching. It would have been nice to watch it with her, even if it wasn’t his kind of thing some interaction with another member of his household would have made up for it, but unfortunately he was saddled with the task of watching her. She would turn to him occasionally, snapping her fingers and leering when she caught his eyes drifting to the show above. At least she'd let him sit at her desk and rest his feet. Plus it let him calm down a little after seeing her… well everything. The images were still buzzing around in his mind, and he was left to wonder if they’d ever go away.

He'd have more yet before the night was through.

It had been almost an hour. The movie was starting to wind down, the end of a long summer day was casting the last rays of orange light across the inside of the room. And Eric was bored out of his skull.

His elbow rested on his knee, that he could rest his chin I his palm to stop from nodding off. Kaylee would still check on him every little bit, snapping him back to awareness if he looked at all drowsy, but otherwise she was just enjoying her entertainment. He was starting to wonder just how long his watching her was supposed to be. Would it be days waiting on a reaction, or maybe her treatment was a dud? He soon got his answer.

It started with a gurgle from her stomach, just loud enough to be heard over the movie by both of them. The beta snapped to, ready to call for help, as his sister sat up. The blonde rested a delicate hand on her tight tummy, blushing shyly at the unladylike sound her body had just made. Soon though she was just focusing on her breathing, as the redness spread on her face.

Eric stood, fumbling with his pockets to go for his cell phone. “A-are you okay? Is it a reaction?” he stammered, ready to call.

The blonde shook her head, her voluminous freshly dry hair tumbling over her shoulders. “No it’s-“ she started, only to let out a gasp as her nipples tented her top, “it’s starting.”

Having seen her aroused earlier his dark eyes could see it on her now twofold. She was squirming, the heat flooding her body as whatever overload of hormone concoction was in her treatment started its work. She bit her lip, a hand jumping up to take hold of one of her breasts. The second her fingers wrapped around it their growth became obvious under her top. They were spreading her fingers, a span of seconds putting gaps a nail's thickness between them, as she rapidly added cup sizes.

Where before only her nipples were obvious, now Eric could make out the full mound of her areola. He was once again sweating nervously, as his mind replayed her shower in his head. Still so fresh he could tell they were bigger, as the little caps pushed out from her fattening tit flesh.

She grew uncomfortable, continuing to squirm and making the bed creak underneath her. The blonde was wiggling the toes of her bare feet, drawing the beta’s eyes to them and showing how her previously loose bottoms here now growing tight around her ass and thighs. They reminded him more of her skinny jeans, how they were now plastered to her growing curves like a second skin. Each passing moment however was increasing stress, forcing the stretchy waistband upward towards her naval as it ran out of room; the other way would have been impossible after all, as she'd already expanded outwards a number of inches.

With her heated breath Kaylee deemed to stand, her pants creaking in protest as she tossed her legs over the side of the bed. From her profile her new shape was even more obvious. Minutes ago she was beautiful, but now she was blooming into a fine hourglass. When she rose everything jiggled. Her boobs now jutted forward from her and, from the way she looked down at them, obscured some of her vision. They were big enough now her hand couldn’t contain them, and as she toyed with one in her palm one could imagine the fun a boy would have toying with her new funbags.

Her ass wasn’t quitting either, refusing to be outdone by breasts bigger round than a softball. She had already been more bottom heavy, now her hips had flared past her shoulders. The seams of her pyjamas were wide as dimes, whining pathetically as they were pushed to their limits. Eric could see the cleavage of her rear through the gaps, though her panties were nowhere to be seen. He knew she’d put them on, he'd watched himself, which only meant the garment had been consumed by her expanding cheeks. The way he could make out the outline of her soaked sex in the now drastically undersized bottoms also supported his idea.

Kaylee let out a whimpering moan. Her toes curled in her carpet and she danced, fidgety on her heels. Her breath caught, and like a final explosion she had one last surge of growth. The top button of her top rocketed off, clattering to the floor in defeat and revealing her new canyon of breast. In a resounding tear the seat of her pants split, letting her monumental rear bounce out into the world. The movement rippled down her thighs, now thick around as a man's head, tearing her bottoms until they were little more than a waistband hanging loose fabric down around her calves.

And with that it seemed over. The girl let out a relieved sigh, reaching up and brushing her hair from her face. It was then, when her brother managed to tear his eyes away from her voluptuous curves, that the more subtle changes became obvious. Her previous golden locks of their father had lightened to an eye catching platinum. The pink lines of her lips had plumped up, giving her a pout and a cute little cupid's bow that completely changed her expression. What was once a joyous little smile now became confident, sexy, naughty all at the same time. Her hazel eyes were framed luxuriously by her lashes, even just out of the shower and makeup free.

Of course Eric couldn’t help his hard on.

There was a knock on her bedroom door that drew the beta’s attention. The gesture was clearly only a courtesy, as not a second later their mother pushed her way in. There was a gasp and an excited little squeal as Stephanie barreled forth, coming over and taking her blossoming daughter in a hug.

“I heard the popping and just had to come see Kaylee sweetie,” she apologized, voice an octave up from her blissful pride.

Eric was left nervously watching. Side by side with their mother it was clear Kaylee had a lot of growing to do yet. Their mother’s breasts absolutely dwarfed her daughter’s, at least twice as big, and her ass put even so luxurious a booty as she'd just grown to shame. At least she'd be off at college by that time, so the beta wouldn’t be stuck watching her through it again with his awkward arousal.

Their hug broke and the half naked blonde gave a giggle, covering her mouth politely as her mother went on to say, “You look beautiful, my baby girl growing up.”

“We’ll have to go out shopping for new clothes. Did you get your treatment stipend?” the older woman asked.

Kaylee gave a nod, still red in the cheeks and pulled from her treatment box what looked like a small credit card.

With a happy little clap the mother danced on her heels, making her contained curves jiggle enticingly. “Alright, we'll have to go early to try and beat the summer treatment rush, so set your alarm,” she told her daughter, “You can borrow some of my clothes in the meantime.”

“I will mom,” Kaylee chirped back with equal excitement, wiggling on her toes as she got a feel for her new body.

Her mother leaned in and gave her a kiss on the cheek, turning to give her daughter the privacy she knew the girl was antsy for. As Eric watched the woman go though he caught her eyes on him, measuring him up and down. She lingered on the tent in his pants, and as he shifted to try and hide it he couldn’t help but notice the wry smile that seemed to cross the woman’s lips. And the additional little bounce in her step.

Over the following days things in Eric’s life had changed just as drastically as his sister’s figure. He'd been dragged along for treatment shopping with his mother and sister, seemingly just to carry the bags and weave through the hundred other mothers and their daughters shopping for the same things. Bras, panties, and new clothes.

Occasionally you'd catch a glimpse of a boy, their left hand bearing that dreaded β symbol, or else sporting the same flashy purple temporary band. Never an Alpha though, they new better than to go shopping the day after summer treatment. Within the span of an hour shops were putting up “sold out” signs for select what were referred to as “medium” sizes; generally multi-Ds through to H. This only increased the rush to find anywhere left with his sister’s new small banded G.

The beta was nearly bowled over a dozen different ways by a dozen different people. Newly minted treatment girls still getting used to the new weight they were throwing around with each step, and ravenous mothers eager to knock him and his family aside to score the best for their little girl. Little being purely a reference to age, as most all were built like budding late nineties pornstars.

All of it was made worse by the stack of boxes obscuring his vision. Even with Kaylee having worn the first few selections they bought, every stop added another dress or set of underwear to the pile. More than once when he'd been knocked by an errant backside bigger than his chest he'd dropped it all, and been scolded by his mother for the delays. It was becoming almost second nature now that when she opened her mouth he'd reply with “Sorry Stephanie.”

The last thing they did was stop by the doctor's office to schedule Eric’s branding. Sitting in the waiting room, next to the pile of clothes he'd been hauling, as people with the sniffles pointed to his purple β marked band and whispered among themselves was more humiliating than the shopping. He had hoped that would be the worst part of the day, but he was sorely mistaken.

When they got home his father had done as his wife had asked, and there was a new, small, one person table set up in the corner of the kitchen for him. Barely more than a TV tray. He learned that he would be responsible not only to help his mother with everyone else’s dinner, but that he'd have to scrounge for himself. If he wanted to eat at the same time as everyone then that meant finding time and kitchen space to cook his own meal simultaneously. That also meant more dishes, which were also to be his job so long as he lived at home. So his choice that night forward would be cold leftovers when everyone else finished, or cooking and twice as much dish work.

He had hoped to then spend dinner away from the family, curled up alone in his room to wait, but when he opened his door he was met with half of his things in boxes. When finally his mother collected a free minute she was willing to use to speak with her beta son, she explained he and Kameron were swapping rooms. Eric as the older brother had always had the larger of the two rooms, but now that he was a beta that privilege was now Kameron’s. He counted himself fortune his mother hadn’t moved him to the walk-in closet, because he overheard the buxom woman discussing it with her husband later that evening.

Beyond his chores though he was a ghost. The twins had their summer ahead, often leaving to hang out with friends or go on dates. While his father was at work it wasn’t so bad, as his mother helped him with whatever major task needed doing that day. When the man was home though…

The first time had been a shock, as the sandy haired beta wandered the house while waiting for the laundry to finish in the washer. He couldn’t find his mother so just assumed she was in her room folding the last load. When he opened the door though the creaking of the bed was let out into the house.

There she was, completely naked, her tits bouncing on her chest enough to hit the blonde woman's chin, and her ass slapping against her husband’s legs as she rode him hard. She was moaning lewdly, sweat on her brow from the effort of moving her huge body so vigorously.

At the sound of the door she turned to her son, and her plump lips turned to a wide grin. “Hey sweetie,” she managed through her ragged breaths. She even seemed to speed up, face flushing red. “Just stay right there, I'll be with you when I'm finished.”

With how her voice reached a crescendo he was positive he'd walked in to catch his mother cumming. The way her body tightened while he watched only served to confirm it. It took the beta a full thirty seconds before he could tear himself away from the sight and shut the door, blushing deeper than his mother in the throes.

After that he caught them fucking all over the house. On the kitchen table, bent over the sink with her tits overflowing it like undersized baskets, on the living room couch. It was almost as if they picked a place in his path just so he would walk in on them in the middle of things. His father never said a word about it, but more disturbing his mother never chastised him. If anything she would just tell him to wait and watch.

His mother was the only one who frequently addressed him, generally with that same cheery smile, as she guided him along to some new job he was to do, or else suggesting he should catch a “show”. Kaylee fell to a distant second, but at least her interactions almost seemed sympathetic. She would call on him lightly for help with things, and on occasion hold a conversation if they were alone. His brother Kameron on the other hand had essentially deemed three words suitable to describe his older brother; bro, beta, and bitch. He would use the three interchangeably in pairs to call on him to do whatever tickled his current fancy, and any protest earned the sandy haired elder brother a cuff from their mother. The Alpha boy didn’t need to raise a finger.

Through it all Eric had been avoiding leaving the house. Being invisible at home was one thing, at least he had that. Outside these four walls he was a second class citizen, getting ogled at for the bright purple band he had to wear openly. It almost made him wish for the brand, just because it would be a little less conspicuous.

Which led to today, as the beta sat in his sister’s room. The platinum blonde was brushing her hair, admiring her reflection and the low cut top she wore to show off her impressive new assets. “You know what might help?” she spoke up after listening to his depressed spiel.

He was slouched over, elbows resting on his knees, and her responding at all surprised him enough to raise his head. “No Kaylee,” he replied, doing his best to sound genuine and not sarcastic as needing to refer to his sister by name could, “what?”

She turned to him, hazel eyes sparkling. “I was thinking we haven’t used the pool yet this summer. Why don’t I invite everyone over for a party? Having all our friends around is sure to cheer you up, you know they wouldn’t treat you any different big brother.”

The idea sparked something behind Eric's darker eyes, and he managed a small smile. Their mother didn’t have any rules currently for referring to his friends, so he could relax a bit with them like old times. Plus after having to skim the pool earlier for their parents after a midnight “encounter”, actually getting to use it himself sounded like a fine idea.

“Yeah,” he agreed with a nod of his head, sitting up as he was filled with some real excitement for the first time in the past week. “Kaylee that’s a great idea.”

She gave a giggle, covering her bee stung lips to hide her grin. “Course it is big brother, it's my idea,” she teased playfully, reaching across her vanity for her phone. “I’ll get to texting everyone and tell them to be here for one. That should give you enough time to set everything up big brother.”

A subtle order but one nonetheless that had him sinking just a little bit. Still he was much better off than he'd started today. “Sure Kaylee,” he responded, getting to his feet and heading out as her freshly manicured thumbs went to work.

It took until everyone was gathered for just how bad an idea this was to settle in and quash Eric’s hopes. It had started fairly promising, a couple boys of course were the first of their group to answer his sister’s call. They obviously paid Kaylee far more attention than him but that was to be expected even without his beta status. The first girl to show was little Shelly, their youngest member and, as Eric knew now, one of his brother’s flings.

It was all downhill from there though. Eric barely recognized any of his female friends showing up after Shelly. Having all graduated earlier in the month they’d all become treatment girls. Within the first half hour a dozen buxom girls were all lounging around the pool, their more than handful breasts barely contained by skimpy bikini tops, and you could tell which of them hadn’t thought ahead to shop for swimwear by how deeply their bottoms pulled into the creases of their jaw dropping rears.

As more Alpha boys showed they filtered out, some connecting with girls they were likely dating, or at least interested in prior, others meeting up with Kameron to shoot the shit. Eric didn’t remember their little friend group being so big, in more ways than one obviously. There had to have been almost thirty people gathered when all was said and done. It wasn’t until another person he recognized somewhat showed up that it started to click in.

Gwen, two years senior to the other girls, made her way into the yard. Every step had her head sized jugs wobbling in a swimsuit top so thin it didn’t even cover the whole of her areola, just enough nipple to claim modesty. Not that it mattered with how the hard thimble sized buds were tenting what little fabric there was. Her hips were so wide it was a wonder she got through most doors, and of course she had an ass that matched the rest of her. Her thong bottom was pulled so tight it was probably grazing her clit with every step, which would account for the way the darker haired woman was nibbling on her perfect cock sucking lips.

This wasn’t just their friends, it was friends of friends, and probably further removed than that. It may as well have been an open invitation. And Eric was the only beta among them.

It didn’t take long for them to notice, not that Kameron was much help constantly pointing him out as his “beta bitch” brother and telling him to go fetch drinks. Since his mother would scold him for not doing so the sandy haired boy had no choice but to comply, and once they other party goers noticed that was it. Some of the girls asked him to fetch them this or that, flashing sexy grins at him as if it were a tip. When he initially refused, hoping to actually get to enjoy the party, they simply turned to his brother and backed the beta into a corner. So he essentially became wait staff for a party that was supposed to help him feel better.

In between rounds he tried to find his sister, at least to have one empathetic ear to his plight. He found her sitting in a strange boy's lap, a grin on her face as one hand ran up and down his bare chest, outlining his musculature.

Her hazel eyes caught him and with a smile on her pouty lips she said the one thing that shattered the last of his naïve daydream this was for him. “Oh hey big brother, would you fetch Nate and I a couple drinks?”

He was stunned a moment, but purely reflexively knew how he had to respond. “Yes Kaylee,” his tone was defeated, as the husk of a boy turned to do as he was told.

His bare feet dragged across the paved yard; the balls of his feet all that was able to get even damp from trudging through the rapidly drying puddles his piers made coming out of the pool. His shorts were bone dry, and with the crowd it was looking like he truly wasn’t anything more than a waiter. The cynic in him almost wondered if that had been the intention all along.

When he pulled the sliding glass door open the beta was almost caught off guard by his mother’s bust inches from his face. He'd been so distracted with his gaze locked downward he'd failed to even notice her standing by the entrance, absentmindedly nibbling on the painted nail of her thumb. Such lack of notice also seemed to be mutual, as the stacked woman looked down past her cleavage to catch her son.

“Oh, sorry baby,” she purred, stepping aside to let him through.

She was excited, he could tell from the tone of her voice. He also wasn’t in much mood to address it, wanting nothing more than to get the drink his sister wanted and at least enjoy the sights. Early treatment girls between their classic lithe beauty and the buxom goddesses they were destined to become. It was all he could do.

A pair of beers in hand he started his way back, getting as far as the door before he felt his mother’s manicured hand take him by the shoulder. “I wouldn’t sweetie,” she mused, with what even sounded like motherly concern, looking down at him.

His dark eyes turned to meet hers, his thorough defeat visible on his features. “Kaylee wanted a drink,” he responded almost monotone. “I have to-“

She cut him off with a finger, making sure he was following it before pointing it out to the yard. “I think she’ll be just fine honey.”

Looking out into the yard redness immediately filled his face, which was quite a feat considering. His mind was struggling between the priorities of what needed the blood more; his face or his dick. Currently both were making fairly good arguments.

It was only natural. Think of it like early high school, or even late grade school for those blessed as young bloomers. Puberty starts to stir up hormones and the body begins to develop. Girls start to shape up and boys start noticing, they can feel the nagging hunger of more base needs nagging in the darker corners of their mind. Their bodies send the signals, and slowly the opposite sexes are drawn together to discover this new part of themselves.

Now dial those feelings up to eleven. You had Alphas, already having tamed those wild urges and honed them into fine skill, and girls going through their treatment; their second puberty, hormones running on overdrive like purebred stallions. They were hungry, starved to discover themselves again, and now had fresh new tools to accomplish the deed and lure in one of those proven worthy studs.

Eric’s eyes tried so settle somewhere, anywhere where something wasn’t happening. He'd been gone not even a minute and in the beta's absence things had escalated. Maybe they'd been started a while back but only with his mother pointing it out was he able to stand back and see. Parts of swimsuits were lying all over, as girls had found an Alpha they simply couldn’t wait to sink their claws into.

Some were on their knees, servicing their chosen with their full lips or in the depths of their new cleavage. More bold women like the mature queen Gwen were seated atop their prize. Her back was turned to him, her full rear so big it was slamming his chest with each bounce she made on his steel rod. She made it clear though he wasn’t enough as she had two men standing erect before her, her soft hands stroking them to keep them ready for when her current lover reached his limit.

She was hard to catch but even young Shelly, the only non-treatment girl, was in on everything. It wasn’t Kameron taking her, but the lithe girl was on all fours, getting reamed from behind by one Alpha while a second had her by her strawberry blonde locks and was pumping himself down her throat so hard you could see the bulge of him on her neck. The way her eyes fluttered though she was more than pleased with her predicament, flashing her baby blues up delightedly.

Eventually the beta’s dark eyes were drawn along his mother’s slender digit to where his sister sat. Nate as he was called was reclined in their seat, his trunks down around his ankles and what had to be almost a foot of raw meat standing like a flag. Kaylee was practically worshiping it, one hand stroking up and down its length between her efforts to lean in and run her tongue up it base to tip. She planted kisses from her soft lips, collecting any errant drops of pre she forced from him with a mischievous little smile and a giggle that made her bust jiggle. Her heels sunk deep into her rear, pulling her bikini bottom up so tightly even from here her brother could see just how wet she was. Before long she would probably be riding the monster to scratch her newfound itches.

He felt his mother’s fingers tighten on his shoulder, drawing the sandy haired boy's attention away from the scene and back to his mother. “How about I find something for you to do around the house darling?” she told more than offered.

Eric was thankful for it regardless. “Thanks Stephanie,” he offered meekly, trying to hide his half-hard arousal.

The curvy woman took a moment to think, guiding her son along as they walked towards the kitchen. “I got started on the family’s dinner earlier, we can get a start on the dishes so you don’t have so many to do tonight.”

It was a fine suggestion. The running water would hopefully mask the sounds of moaning that were slowly growing from the backyard. They made their way to the sinks and, as he was starting to develop the reflex for, the beta bent down to fetch the rubber gloves. Dish hands were a horrid thing to go to bed with.

It had been so long since his mother’s help now that he was blindsided by her ass in his face as she took her place. Each cheek was like his torso, and after having seen that otherworldly booty bouncing on his father multiple times now, he couldn’t help a deep blush. As well as yet more strain in his poor pants.

He shot up straight like a rocket, pulling himself toward the counter so that it would shield his arousal from his mother’s watchful eyes. She started the water, meticulously setting everything in place to begin as Eric pulled his gloves on. “Pass the soap sweetheart,” she ordered him calmly.

They didn’t exchange pleasant words, she would just ask him for some thing or another and they would quietly continue. There was a pride in not having her chastising his work, even letting him be on the washing side of their twin sinks she trusted his abilities that much. She just rinsed and set them away with an idle little smile on her face.

Were he paying more attention he'd have noticed the way her hazel eyes darted towards the kitchen window, out to where his “friends” fun was happening. The water couldn’t fully mask the noise, and through the steam the hazy musk of sex was wafting in from outside the open portal. She would take long breaths in, her chest heaving out and straining her top with her overstuffed bust, and let out hot breathy sighs just quiet enough to escape her son’s notice.

It had hardly been minutes when the woman was shaking her hands dry, stepping away to the surprise of the hard working beta. “Richard dear,” she called out, her voice husky as she ground her thighs together.

Eric watched her go, her full cheeks alternating up and down with a little jiggle in each step, disappearing into the living room. The heavy footfalls of his father came from the other side, coming down the stairs to heed his wife’s call. “Yes Steph?” he replied curiously when he reached the bottom of the landing.

No more words were exchanged between them. Eric heard his mother’s light pattering across the floor, and the soft moan she made into his father’s lips. Buttons popped, whether torn or meticulously snapped by the man’s rough fingers the beta couldn’t be sure, working their way towards the couch. There was a sound of springs creaking when the pair landed on the seat, loudly announcing that the couple were positioned just on the other side of the wall behind him. The barrier obviously shielding them from view, but close enough he could hear every little detail over the sound of the water.

The brushing of his father’s rough fingers over his mother’s smooth skin, she giggled cutely and he could hear something fabric hitting the floor. His pale cheeks deepened to red knowing that was her top. Those head sized breasts were out in the air, probably barely held in by one of his mother’s massive bras. A light metallic drag, she was undoing his pants.

Eric tried to shift his focus, feeling his own dick butting against the counter he was still pulled up right against. With the only other sound to latch onto being the orgy happening just outside however a realization dawned on him. He was fixed firmly between two triple X situations, as hot as any pornography he'd ever seen and able to be savoured with all of his senses in their full glory. The only catch was his family were involved.

He practically choked as his mind was hard at work painting pictures in his head of the two situations. He could hear his mother’s deep moan and knew she’d just speared herself on his father. Outside the familiarity of his sister’s giggle stood out among the grunts and pleasured screams like a beacon that let him imagine her handling some cock big enough to slap her across the face. He didn’t want to picture the dominant grin his brother was wearing probably in Gwen's lineup of suitors getting his rocks off.

He didn’t want to, but he was. And that made it all worse.

He pictured himself, out there with the other Alphas in the best orgy of his life. Losing his virginity to a girl with an hourglass that wouldn’t quit, who was head over heels at the idea of pleasing him. The way his cheeks were tightening were all the indication in the world he was ready to cry over the idea. Over his own failure at being too much of a coward to have stepped up like his brother and been an Alpha. No, instead he was a beta bitch, getting hard at what was happening all around him that he was barred from ever being part of.

Getting painfully hard.

His cheeks flushed, and he shut the water off as he got the last of the dishes done. Instinct wanted him to get out of there, as he had with Ms. Shawna’s temptation, and find somewhere private to relieve himself. Set his thoughts at ease so he could think clearly again.

Eric pulled off his gloves with a snap, looking about nervously and bending over to keep his erection hidden as he stepped away from the counter to sneak away to his room. Whether it was the noise of taking them off or the water stopping that alerted her the beta didn’t know, but as he stepped past the entryway to the living room his mother’s hazel stare was on him.

“Where are you going baby?” she called him out, not missing a beat of riding his father. She leaned forward into him, one hand holding the back of the couch as she smothered his gruff face with her bare breasts.

He didn’t want to answer, but knew he had to. “I finished the dishes and was going to head upstairs Stephanie,” he told her as calmly as he could, keeping his back to her so she wouldn’t see his cock throbbing at the sight of her.

She let out a gasp as her husband thrust up into her, making her ass jump and slap down hard against his thighs. “N-no, you're not,” she babbled to him, her thighs tightening is as she clearly hit another little peak of pleasure.

His face flushed, and he found himself taking a step anyway. “There’s nothing left to do downstairs,” he tried to argue, moving onto the first stair in his attempt to escape. “I can go collect the laundry and-“

“Eric Tayler,” she growled, nails digging into the cushions just before she let out a moan from Richard's continued pounding. It didn’t quell her anger for long, as her well done eyes glared at him through her messy bangs.

The look was enough to pause him, his face turning beet red at the sight of her. Naked and radiant as she was she couldn’t be denied as beautiful. Her rage though stabbed into him and filled him with a pure, terrifying dread.

With his attention she continued. “If you take another step up those stairs I fucking-“ she was cut off by her own body, flooding her with pleasure from her very core and making her moan. “Fucking swear I will drag you out their and tan your hide in front of everyone. You've been told to stay, beta, and you will stay. Am I clear?”

He thought he might piss himself. She was serious. He'd never seen her like this before, and even with her husband still quietly holding her by the hips and making her whole body shudder with his thrusts, her eyes were on him.

Eric swallowed thickly, retreating off the stairs to the landing and back firmly on the first floor. He felt small, like an ant next to an elephant, and fell into a state of feeling like he needed to appease her. “Y-yes Mommy,” he stammered nervously, hiding his arousal as he scurried back out of sight to the kitchen.

He heard his mother’s deep moan from the other side of the wall and knew she’d hit a climax. All the while that encounter had done nothing to quell his growing need, his cockhead uncomfortably chaffing against the inside of his swim trunks. His breaths were nervous and ragged, like a mouse trapped in the corner by a hungry cat. His arousal was eating at him from the inside, between the hazy smell of sex from outside, the pleasured cries of his friends, the creak of the couch seats under his parents.

He sank to the floor, breaking down and clutching the sides of his head. Every attempt at thought failed him, replaced with an image of raw sex to fill in the gaps of what his eyes couldn’t see but every other sense was drowning in. His rational mind struggled against his overwhelming desire, built up from a week now of being witness to his sister’s transformation, his mother’s ravenous sexual appetites, and now the orgy of freshly minted treatment girls in his yard. In a brief lapse of his judgement, his dick throbbing with need in his shorts, his desire won out.

Even thinking about it washed a feeling of shame over him. He was red in the face and disgusted with himself as he started pulling out of his shorts. The second the band came down his cock, almost purple and swollen hard, flopped up to attention. It was hot against his stomach, aching for his own touch and the release of a week pent up. They were his friends, her sister was out there, it was his mother in the room next to him. For just one time he didn’t care. He was a beta, this was what they did.

He crept to the edge of the kitchen, where he could have a clear view outside. With just a small movement he could sneak a peek around the corner to see his mother, the biggest of them all, and the most experienced with her body as she used the whole of her body to please her partner. Guiltily for as much of a treat as Gwen was it felt so much better in that moment to be seeing his mother, who he'd seen his whole life, bouncing on his father and mewling like a whore.

The beta couldn’t help himself, a cuck to his own life. He took his dick in hand, and started to masturbate.