

## Designing Destiny

### Chapter Fifteen

February 2024

"So you were saying you've never been to a ballet before? Not even once?"

Destiny's warm voice cut through the hubbub of the passersby around them, and Fern flushed briefly – even as she felt her partner's strong hand tighten reassuringly on hers. She ducked momentarily as they squeezed through the milling crowd outside yet another popular venue, then raised her head and voice in answer. "Um, well... not really? I mean, one year in high school, my older sister had a part in some kind of ballet fusion thing. And I guess we watched the Nutcracker on TV one Christmas..."

Destiny laughed gently and nodded along, her grey eyes regarding her companion in mingled amusement and compassion. "Really? Aww, no worries, though! If anything, it means that *I* get to be the very first person to introduce you, hmm? That's pretty special, in my book."

Then, before Fern could interject once more, they were trotting across yet another intersection through the crowds.

Manhattan was huge, Fern mused, her chest thudding with a heady mixture of claustrophobia and excitement as they headed on toward Central Park. So many people, and so much to see, and so many noises and smells! And to top it all off, she was seeing it all in the company of this elegant, worldly-wise woman whom she called her partner, and with whom she was spending this lovely holiday weekend...

Honestly, it was all rather overwhelming. Which was why it was such a relief when Destiny drew her close, murmuring a quiet reassurance in her ear as she steered Fern over to a modest little café entrance. "Here, let's step in here for a bit. They've got some pretty amazing stuff."

Oh, did they. Half an hour later they emerged once more, and Fern's face was aglow: aided this time by the caffeinated rush brought on by the large – and mostly empty – mocha in her hands. On they strolled, while Destiny explained to her companion what they were about to see that evening. Swan Lake was a work of art – the crown jewel of a tradition – a piece of theater unlike any other...

"Oh and one more thing," Destiny finished nearly half an hour later, bowing graciously and motioning Fern into the elevator of their hotel. "It's one of the longest ballets ever written. And like

I said, it's never a good idea to get up during one of the acts. So..." She smiled sweetly full in Fern's questioning face. "I think it might be a good idea for us to take precautions this evening. You know... down here? So you have a truly *good night*?"

Fern shivered mutely as she felt Destiny's fingers brush suggestively across the crotch of her jeans. "But- Oh, I don't know-" She began, but the elevator was at their floor now, and Destiny was already pulling her out and down the hall. "Well, I do," She laughed back, pressing her room key against the door and swinging it invitingly open. "I know how much you love your coffee, sweetie. I know you've got a full large mocha inside you. And neither of us wants you to miss any of the ballet – *definitely* not on your first time!

"But, Destiny," Fern protested, already trotting hurriedly toward the bathroom to relieve her undeniably aching bladder. "There's nothing I can do! I- I didn't pack any of my, you know... Goodnites..."

"Oh, no? Well, how fortunate that I just happened to bring more than enough of your nighttime diapers, sweetie!" Destiny slipped one hand elegantly into her luggage and produced one of the thick rectangles that Fern now knew far too well. "See? We'll get get into our nice dresses, and we'll tuck this under your skirt, and you'll be all set! No one will know a thing – I mean, besides you and me!"

"But..." Fern trailed off, eyes fastened on the garment even she tugged fitfully at the waist of her jeans. "I- it's meant for nighttime! Isn't it way too... too thick...?"

"Nonsense," Destiny laughed, allowing Fern to ease the door shut at last. Her eyes brightened as she began unfolding the garment to the accompaniment of a tinkling rush of pee from behind the door. "It's exactly as thick as it needs to be. And it'll be fine, I promise. Now be a good girl and strip for me, okay? I'll get out your dress and take care of everything..."

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Take care of everything? That Destiny most definitely did.

Fern felt a fresh wave of shivers sparking through her as she shifted in her seat. This was so... unreal. Here she sat in the dimly-lit theater, about to watch one of the world's foremost ballet corps perform one of the most important ballets of all time. Beside her was the gorgeously dressed, elegant woman whose partner she now was, her low-cut dress and tasteful jewelry making her look

like a veritable celebrity. Fern's head was abuzz with the two incredible cocktails she'd just had over supper, her tummy aglow with the fiery noodles of her main course. And down between her legs, unnoticed by all save herself..

Well, underneath the powder blue of her knee-length dress swelled what felt like the most mortifyingly thick diaper in existence. And already, still ten minutes before the performance even began, her bladder was begging for relief.

She glanced over at Destiny, who was fully absorbed in perusing her programme and seemed not to notice. She opened her mouth... then shut it again. Because what would she even say? Whisper over that she needed the bathroom and was going to get up? But even if she *did*, then what? Destiny would smile and glance pointedly at her crotch. Fern would call to mind those wide adhesive tapes that even at home she struggled to unfasten. And she'd sink back in her seat, feeling more embarrassed and more helpless than ever...

Not unlike those weird dreams of hers, to be honest.

So she bit her lip. She sucked in her breath, then let it out. Her eyes drifted toward the stage and fastened on the pit, where the harpist was busily tuning away. Then, with a quiet stiffening and muffled little hitch in her breathing... she gave in. She relaxed. And a few seconds later, felt the first hot spurt of urine blossom out between her tensed thighs.

How strange! It was as if she'd let out what she thought would be an ear-piercing scream, only to find her voice made not the slightest sound. Here she sat in this fancy theater, literally *peeing* herself. And yet nothing else happened. The world kept spinning. Destiny kept on reading silently, that inscrutably mild smile on her face. She felt a bit of warmth between her legs, true. But otherwise... nothing.

It felt almost absurd to say it. But maybe wearing a diaper during the day was actually... pretty practical?

At any other time Fern might have thought more about it. But before she could do more than give another surreptitious squirm in her seat, the lights were dimming, and the audience was applauding, and it was exactly as if the kind of underwear she had on simply didn't matter.

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"Oh, my goodness. Did you see those turns during the *pas de deux*? That was incredible!"

The fourth and final act had just ended. Destiny was enthusing in her ear, the audience was applauding enthusiastically, and Fern was nodding and clapping along, mind still filled with the tragic image of the dying lovers. Here in this otherworldly sanctum of music and drama, hours had passed. She had lost count of the number of times she'd felt the pressure spike within, then sighed and let it out. Even now, she felt another spasm of urgency and deliberately relaxed, letting the warmth flow out once more...

Because she could. Because she needed to. And because no one else would ever know.

"Well, that was incredible! What did you think? Oh, of course – we should probably start heading out..." Destiny was aglow with excitement, and Fern couldn't help but smile back, tired as she was. "No, it was really- that was really awesome!", she enthused, rising from her seat with stiff legs. "I- I really liked how- how-"

She trailed off, her eyes fixing on a strangely dark patch on the seat she had just vacated. It was... wet. Very wet. Which meant that-

*Oh, fuck.* Her hands slipped desperately backward to the skirt of her dress, and there found full confirmation of what had happened. Her skirt was damp... no, soaked! She twisted in rising panic, trying to discreetly glance over her shoulder, but no avail. Yet she didn't need to see – not really. Her hands did most of the work, and her mortified imagination did the rest. A giant blot of shame across her backside – exactly like those in her bedsheets...

"Destiny- I- I'm in trouble- I think-" She stuttered out in a hoarse whisper. At that, Destiny's eyes, so full of excitement and enthusiasm, shifted. She took a quick glance downward. Then, as Fern's terrified gaze met her own, her grey eyes gleamed in sudden understanding and decision.

Her lips moved silently. Her fingers twisted in an arcane movement beneath her programme. Then, she leaned downward and whispered gently in Fern's ear, in a tone of supremely innocent surprise. "What's the matter, sweetie? You were saying you're tired? Aww, I bet you must be! It's a pretty long evening, after all..."

Fern blinked. She stared down at her now-vacant seat, unable to believe her eyes. For now the massive dark patch of her shame was... gone? Wait, no – that was impossible! Her panicked fingers twitched and tugged at the fabric of her skirt, until now saturated with her indiscretion. Now it

was... wait, *dry*? Dry as ever. Dry as a bone... as if nothing had ever happened.

She turned her stunned gaze and open mouth toward her partner. To which Destiny simply responded with a coy smile, followed by a quick bending down and a whisper in her ear...

"Shh. Don't make a scene, sweetie. I'll explain everything when we get back to the hotel."

What kind of explanation it could possibly be... well, the flabbergasted Fern hadn't the slightest idea. But it was bound to be something pretty insane.

*(To be continued!)*