

Designing Destiny

Chapter Seventeen

March 2024

Of course Destiny wouldn't have kept her girlfriend in such a helpless state. She might not have been exactly human, true. But she did at least understand that Fern would need time – in her adult mind – to process what had just transpired.

Which meant that three days later found Fern back at her familiar desk, mulling over what a crazy turn her life had so recently taken. To be sure, the events of the past weekend almost seemed like a wild fever dream. Surely she hadn't gone on an elegant city trip with her girlfriend... and stepped out in public wearing a concealed diaper... only to leak profusely. Surely her girlfriend hadn't magicked away all the evidence, and then confessed frankly to being some kind of inter-dimensional, superhuman being. Surely she hadn't smiled and given in to Fern's timid request. Surely she hadn't turned her brain for a short time into that of an infant's! And yet...

Every time Fern met Destiny in the hall, or read an email from her, or happened to be in a meeting with her... the reality of it all resonated deep within her soul. It was no fever dream, that much was certain. Her memories were real: of the soft wordlessness of that infantile state, of staring wide-eyed up into the beautiful face above her, of coming to her senses and feeling only an infinitely deep gratefulness and longing for the woman who had granted it all to her.

But if it had all happened, and if she wasn't running screaming the other way... what did that say about herself? Did it mean that she was legitimately going insane? Or maybe just an idiot?

Love is a kind of madness, she recalled, gulping at her coffee and staring unseeing into the monitor before her. As far as that went, she did love Destiny: deeply. She knew that now. For a short time she'd faltered, fearing that Destiny must be lying to her or trying to pull some kind of sick joke. But that was past now. Destiny may not have been human – at least, as far as Fern could understand it. But she had been the first and only other being to treat her with such interest and care. So who could blame her if she wasn't still head over heels crazy in love – no matter who or what this Destiny woman was?

Fern shifted in her seat, feeling now the familiar pang of urgency welling softly within her. Her mind flitted back to that morning, when she'd stretched languidly beneath the covers and felt the cook, swollen bulk of her once-again soaked night diaper. If only she could be wearing one right now, she mused – and hardly felt shame or chagrin at the thought. If only she could be safe and

secure once again. Just as she'd longed to be all those long years ago as a bedwetting adolescent. Just as she'd begun to feel after getting those first thin Goodnites. And yes, just as she undeniably felt when Destiny bundled her into one of those thick diapers.

She actually *liked* that babyish feeling. She admitted it now to herself as she rose from her chair and made her way down the hall to the office restroom. Freakish or not, she could no longer deny that she now almost craved the sensation of soft cotton between her legs and the feeling of a rubbery nipple filling her mouth. After all, it was such a relief to stop pretending that she didn't need protection at night, and to be able to fall asleep secure in the knowledge that her sheets would be dry the next morning, even if she wasn't. And yeah... it all did feel pretty damn good.

Her eyes closed as she sank down onto the toilet and allowed the urine to tinkle and flow out beneath her. Mmm... nice. Maybe she could pretend she was back home in bed, safe and warm – or better yet, lying beside Destiny. Yes, yes! Oh, how she could feel herself quivering under her touch, blushing as Destiny teased her with that vibe – or better yet, worked her fingers deftly between her thighs. How she'd squirm and writhe, and how Destiny would laugh and whisper out those humiliating things: about her sweet little diapered bedwetter. Oh, it would be so good to be so under her control! So delicious, almost like those strange dreams that no longer seemed terrifying so much as arousing...

It was ten minutes later that Fern finally emerged: with flushed cheeks and an unnaturally bright light in her eyes. Her fingers may still have been a bit shaky from the pleasure she'd just experienced, but her step was firm as she made her way back to her desk. Because she knew what she wanted now – and she wasn't afraid to ask for it.

"Destiny... I was wondering..."

It was Friday night. The two were together once more in Fern's living room, and once more Destiny was leaning close with a silent smile on her lips, listening to her petite, blushing girlfriend's words. "So, uh, you know, this whole... baby thing. And what we, um, did before? Like, after the performance?"

"Mm-hmm?" Destiny's tone was warm and simple. "What about it, baby?"

"Could you- I mean, could we..." Fern trailed off, biting her lip for a brief moment, then plunging

on despite her visible embarrassment. "I know you said you could make me, you know, do things. And you made me feel so super little and babyish. Could we... maybe... do that some more?"

Destiny beamed, her grey eyes flickering with glints of red. "Oh, sweetie. Are you sure? Didn't you tell me at the start how *embarrassing* it is to be a bedwetter, and needing your *diapers* like this?" Her voice was coyly smiling. "Ohhh... I think I see now! Maybe you want someone to take the rest of your control away, sweetie? After all, if someone takes it all away from you and turns you into a lovely, sweet, innocent baby with *no* control at all... well, *surely* no one can blame you or laugh at you then. Hmm?"

Fern's breathing hitched, and she found herself nodding despite her furious blushes. "Umm... I- I guess?" She glanced up suddenly into Destiny's intent eyes with a fresh burst of courage. "But besides, I- I trust you. And I know you'll still love me, right? It's just that... I dunno. It just feels so nice... so calm..."

"Of course it does," Destiny reassured her, and now her fingers were toying with the pacifier that was already lying on Fern's lap. "It's very nice to let go and relax, baby. And if you're worried about what I'll think... well, I'm going to tell you a little secret, okay?" She bent close, her lips brushing against the velvet softness of Fern's ear.

"I like you best like that. In fact, I think I'd like to keep you as my baby as much as possible. You know... just like I do when you join me in your dreams."

Fern's eyes widened in shock. But her lips had barely parted when Destiny was already thrusting the rubber bulb of her pacifier deep within, muting her incredulous outburst. "Hush, now. Good baby girls are quiet. Good baby girls suck on their dummy," she instructed, and now the red was gleaming strong and dangerous in her eyes. "*Tace, Fern. Sugere.*"

At the disturbingly familiar words, Fern's body spasmed, contorted, twisted beneath the imperious commands. Her mouth was working frantically, her entire being once more under the now-familiar spell. She had to suck. Had to. There was nothing else to do. Nothing else she could do. Suck. Suck. Suck. Harder and harder. Nursing without thought, without mind...

"Personally, I prefer my baby girls looking the part," Destiny crooned, and now Fern was flopping limply to the couch, helpless to move as her erstwhile girlfriend began systematically stripping her of her every stitch of clothing. "You want me to treat you as my baby, remember? You said it yourself. So just lie still and let Destiny give you what you truly deserve..."

Back the hall Destiny now strode, the nude body of her muted and bulging-eyed girlfriend lolling limply in her arms. Onto the bed she lowered her. And not five minutes later, Fern was lying there, her bare thighs splayed wide by the massive bulk of triple-thick, night-weight diapers: each taped deftly onto her by the savagely smiling woman above her.

"You were *so* easy to claim as mine," Destiny laughed, and now she was removing her own garments with effortless grace. "I could have had you in a matter of days, really. But after so many aeons, you know... it gets positively boring. Claim their essence, lead them to my dimensional plane, and hit them with a few strong arcane incantations, done. Over and over and over again. After awhile, one gets positively sick of it!" She shrugged with a dismissive, barely apologetic air. "Not that I have a choice, of course. It's the fate of my kind: either consume the youthful energy of others, or be consumed yourself..."

Fern managed a weak gurgle through her frantically working lips, and Destiny broke into a chuckle at the pathetic sound. "Which is why I've loved *you* as a change of pace, darling! I could have had you under my spell within hours, lying there shitting your brains out like the most helpless baby imaginable. Your inner child was *that* strong, and you were that desperate for love and attention, that you would have fallen like an overripe plum – *squelch!* – right into my lap." She smirked, and Fern's nostrils flared in fear as she gazed up into what was now a terrifying smile. "But of course, taking my time was where the *fun* was. Flirting with you... getting to know you... teasing you... finding ways to get close to you... now and again tweaking your body and mind to prime you for your full regression..."

Destiny leaned closer now, effortlessly lifting Fern's naked body to nestle, warm and vulnerable, against her own. Out from the desperately smacking lips she drew the pacifier, only to guide her own erect nipple down and into place. "*Sugere,*" she intoned once more with a fierce finality, and Fern's jaw muscles redoubled their frenzy of suckling.

"See? My mindless little dummy-sucking baby. Helpless to obey every word I say. Mmm... oh, yes I can *feel* your infantile energy coursing through me. Sink lower... deeper... faster and faster under my spell. *Bibo.* Drink deep, little one. Let my essence fill you. Fill you to overflowing..."

As a froth of strangely milky foam bubbled from around Fern's working lips, she laughed long and loud: a laugh of eerie and otherworldly triumph. "Good, good," she cried, and the powerless Fern quivered helplessly beneath her. "See, my dear? You are mine now. You taste me. You drink me. I course through you... flood your senses... stupefy your brain with my being. Not for a short moment

only now, but for much, much longer..."

"And listen, little Fern-who-wants-to-be-babied," she confided, lowering her head and gazing now with a full-blooded gaze of undisguised lust. "Before your brain goes bye-bye, maybe it will comfort you to realize one final thing. I'm not going to command you to wet yourself. I'm not going to force you to fill that diaper of yours to overflowing. You know why?"

She paused, though poor Fern could not. "Because you're going to do those things yourself. All. On. Your. Own."

To which the hapless baby-in-the-making could only shudder... and continue helplessly suckling.

(To be concluded!)