

Designing Destiny

Chapter Fourteen

January 2024

She was adorable, this latest little sweetie. Fern, her name was. And every time Destiny saw that angelic little face – so uncertain, so wistful, so hesitant and yet eager to please... well, she felt something deep within her stirring. Something that, if Fern were to know even the half of its consequences, would probably have sent her running screaming for the hills.

Destiny bit back a quietly sadistic smile at the thought. Oh, poor baby. How scary it would have been to discover the sort of woman she'd fallen in love with!

For love it most certainly is. Destiny could see it in her eyes whenever she happened to ease past Fern's little cubicle. She was smitten with Destiny – as Destiny was with her, to be honest. There was something truly enlivening about such innocent devotion, such childlike sincerity and bashfulness in an adult form. It was quite literally what she lived for. And it was this very innocent quality that drove Destiny to connect with her... and to make Fern hers.

She was smiling sweetly as she eased her car to a stop and stepped out into the evening glow before Fern's little apartment. She knew exactly what was on tap tonight. Fern had shyly asked if she wouldn't want to come over sometime – and as nervous as she'd been when asking, Destiny knew without even stepping in the door that Fern was practically quivering with anticipation. She'd be ever so apologetic, and shy, and inwardly wondering if anything she did would ever be good enough for the spectacular woman she was dating...

Oh, but she knew how to silence those worries. And she would, too. All she had to do was, well... never mind that for now.

"C-come in! You- you look- amazing..." Fern was breathless from nerves, pink-cheeked with shy anticipation. Her blue eyes were darting quickly about behind her thick glasses, trying and failing in their attempt not to stare at Destiny's spectacularly low-cut pink dress. "I- um, dinner- it's almost ready-"

"Aww, that's sweet! But I don't need dinner when I have *you*," Destiny breathed with a coy smile, bending intentionally forward and pulling Fern close. "Did I ever tell you that you're the cutest and sweetest young woman in the entire world? Come here – don't protest now, or I'm going to have to shut that pretty mouth of yours..."

And indeed, the deep, languid kiss she forced into the wide-eyed Fern's meekly protesting mouth was designed to do just that. To silence protests. To remind her of who was in charge. And to ensure that when she made her move after supper, her sweet little submissive would already be softened up and primed for the taking.

Feigning surprise was the most delightful ploy ever. Destiny had done it far more often than most women, to be sure – but far from growing old, if anything she enjoyed it more than ever. So it was practically inevitable that she would set it loose on Fern tonight: reaching down in between the cushions of her sofa... producing a strangely infantile little toy... turning to Fern beside her with the most innocently surprised look on her face...

"What's this, sweetie? Is this a... a baby's binkie? How did that get there, I wonder?"

What followed were the most titillating, pulse-quickening moments yet in Destiny's dealings with Fern. Oh, the horrified look on that adorable face! That petrified fear, twisting into shame and abject humiliation! That hesitant, pathetic little attempt at lying: "Uh- oh! I- uh, I have no idea-?! I mean- um, well, I don't really-"

Destiny paused: just long enough to build the tension to its exquisite peak, but not so long as to give her sweetie a chance to flounder out of it. "Ohh... I think I see what's going on here." She allowed a slow, quietly knowing smirk to spread across her face, then slipped a maternal arm around her quaking girlfriend's shoulders as her voice dropped into a confidential, coyly seductive register. "Let me see: trouble staying dry at night? A sweet little booty that looks adorable in a diaper? And now a sweet, yummy little *dummy*...?"

The word had barely left her lips when Fern stiffened, her entire body growing rigid. Her mouth opened as if to speak... but no words escaped. Her cheeks were contracting, pulsing all on their own. Her eyes, wide with wordless shame and panic, gazed helplessly back into Destiny's. And then, with an indulgent smile, Destiny held the incriminating toy aloft.

"This is yours, isn't it? I can tell when a little baby-doll wants her *dummy*. And I'd be a *very, very* naughty mommy if I didn't give my little Fern her *dummy* when she needs it..."

Her beautifully manicured nails lowered toward Fern's mouth. Gently the rubber nipple brushed

against her trembling lips. Then, with a sly smile, she thrust it inward: deep into the mute young woman's frantically working mouth, the pink translucent shield pressing firmly against her cheeks with all the quieting finality of a gag. And finally, Destiny let a low, full laugh of warm satisfaction escape her own crimson lips.

"Ah hahahaha! Oh, sweetie, don't worry. You look... perfect. That really suits you, you know? Because sure – you may be a wee little bit babyish. But even so, I think you're the most adorable diaper-wearing, bedwetting, dummy-sucking young lady that ever was." She smiled full into Fern's wild-eyed expression, then let her hand drop down to probe deep between Fern's stiff-drawn legs. "Speaking of which... Why aren't you wearing your protection, young lady? We'd better do something about that if you want to head to bed together. And fortunately, I brought some along just for you..."

This is how it happened that that evening, Fern found herself lying flat on her own bed, her cheeks crimson behind the pink shield of her new pacifier, her legs spread wide as Destiny's strong and sure fingers busied themselves once more in pulling another of those thick disposable diapers up between her legs. Out came lotion from the depths of Destiny's purse, and now she was slyly smiling as she kneaded the rich, creamy goo into the sensitive skin of Fern's groin.

"I- I'm sorry- Dis dummy, it's- it's all pho philly-" the prone young woman began, clearly in a bid to shake off the rising arousal within herself. But Destiny merely laughed once more and leaned over her, fingers still working teasingly against her girlfriend's swelling pussy. "What's that, baby girl? I can't understand a word you say! All I can see is that you're getting *very* happy when I touch you like this..." And then her eyes grew shrewd – her smile broadened – and she drew back momentarily to rummage once more in her purse.

"See? You have your toys, and I have mine," Destiny smirked as she ran the pink bullet vibe along Fern's inner lips. Startled at the sensation, Fern reached up in alarm to remove her pacifier and articulate her protests, but Destiny caught her hand and tugged it away. "No, sweetie. You wanted your dummy, so you suck on your dummy. Just relax and let me take care of everything..."

Fern writhed impotently, little whimpers of meek arousal escaping her pacifier mouth as she felt the thing enter her. Then Destiny was chuckling once more – tugging the diaper closed – taping it shut around her waist. "Good girlie," she laughed, and swept irresistibly up onto the bed to loom directly over her now diapered and pacified partner. "Now then, sweetie. Let me show you just how much fun we can have together!"

Petite as Fern was, it was no trouble at all to manhandle her into position. A minute later, Destiny was leaning serenely back into Fern's pillows, legs crossed, a confident smile wreathed on her face. Fern lay still: half in her girlfriend's lap and half on the bed, pacifier still working slowly in her mouth, her eyes alternating between gazing up in embarrassment or squeezing shut in wordless delight. For above the creak of the bed and the crinkling rustle of Fern's thick diaper could be heard a low humming: the sound of the vibrator deep in her pussy, driving all thoughts of shame and public decency out of her head and replacing them with the seductive glow of sensual pleasure.

"Perfect," Destiny hummed softly, and her own hand was working too, kneading insistently at Fern's diapered crotch. "Go on, baby. You know you want this. You know you want me to pleasure you... to take care of you... to *control* you..."

Fern's breath quickened. Her muscles tensed and buckled. A muted little sound of unwilling delight escaped her. And still the vibrator hummed, and the strong arms held her close, and the hand worked ever more relentlessly at her crotch. "Shh. Just relax. Let it happen. Let it all go. Just relax... obey... suck your dummy..."

Well, Fern could perhaps have been startled at the earth-shattering orgasm that claimed her mere moments later. But Destiny? She was not the least bit surprised. She knew exactly what she was doing – and where it would all end...

(To be continued!)