

Designing Destiny

Chapter Twelve

December 2023

"What's the matter, cutie? Never been with a woman before?"

Destiny's voice was practically purring. She stood directly before Fern, her grey eyes dancing softly in the warm light of her bedroom. Fern gazed up from her seat on the edge of the bed, then shyly shook her head. Her heart began thudding with ever more alarming speed as she watched Destiny's fingers drawing close, then slipping coyly under the straps of her pastel pink undershirt and fingering them gently.

"No? Aww, that's so cute! Don't worry, baby," she smiled coyly, and now those fingers were tightening on that strap and tugging it irresistibly downward. "You're in good, experienced hands. Just relax and let me teach you tonight, okay? I'll show you how it feels to be loved by a woman..."

And then, once the shirt slipped free and her bra fell unneeded to her lap, Fern was topless: sitting blushing and exposed, the nipples of her naked little A-cups stiffening in the cool air. Nervous as she was, she opened her mouth, ready to offer to do the same for Destiny. But her lover was already bending closer, lowering her own rosy lips to kiss those darling little breasts. "Mmm... so beautiful," she murmured into Fern's chest – and a shiver of delight rippled through her listener. *Destiny really thought she was... beautiful?*

"Now let's give you a little company." And before Fern's widening eyes, Destiny doffed her shirt with practiced ease, revealing her own generous curves straining within her lavender brassiere. Off came her slacks, and then with a low, musical laugh, she was slipping firmly down astride Fern's legs, lowering herself into her wide-eyed girlfriend's lap. "What do you think, sweetie? Isn't this a prettier look than that old pantsuit?"

"They're- I mean, you're so- so pretty," Fern stammered out, her eyes level and now mere inches from Destiny's full cleavage. "Aww, you think so? Here... why don't we give you a closer look?" And before Fern could do more than open her mouth to speak, Destiny was giggling, tugging Fern's head forward and deep into her bosom. "That's right, nuzzle in there, cutie," she suggested, and as Fern let out a little *meep!* of surprise and pleasure, Destiny's hand slipped forward to massage her right breast with all the luscious, wanton abandon of a porn star. "Here: if you ask nicely, I'll even take that pesky bra out of the way..."

"Yes- yes, please," Fern faltered – and then Destiny was laughing, and the lacy lingerie before her eyes was falling, and those full breasts were revealed in all their nude glory. "My, you are a greedy one," she laughed, and Fern shivered once more at the sensation of Destiny's hands stroking her naked back and tugging her closer still. "Go on, then. They'd like you to kiss them, you know..."

Perhaps at some other time Fern might have protested. She might have blushed... hesitated... thought self-consciously of how silly it was and how inexperienced she felt. But for some reason, whenever Destiny spoke to her in that sweetly condescending, almost motherly tone... she *had* to obey. She *wanted* to obey. And it was as simple as that.

"Mmmmmh," she managed, her words stifled into inarticulate moans by the warm, full mass now filling her mouth. "Ummm-hmmm..." "Good girl," Destiny breathed, and Fern shuddered with wordless emotion as she felt her lover's chest heave in pleasure. "Oh, god, that- you're so amazing! That's right, Fern – good girl. Be a good girl for me. You can suck on them if you like..."

Which is how Fern ended up in Destiny's bed: flat on her back, eyes squeezed shut in silent, incredulous delight. Destiny's warm and dominating weight was above her, crushing her deep into the covers. And all the while, Fern's mouth suckled silently and desperately at the breast pressed ever more insistently into her face.

"Oh- oh yes! Oh, you're amazing- such a good- good girl-"

Destiny's moans of shameless pleasure echoed in her brain and drove her onward. She redoubled her suckling, shivering as she felt Destiny's fingers slip down between her own legs. Oh, oh that felt nice, too! This was so- so incredible- The orgasm was building within her, and with it, a fierce and primal urge to submit. How she wanted to please Destiny right now! She would suck, she would spread her legs, she would let Destiny make her do anything right now. She was there to learn, to please, to do and obey and let Destiny teach her anything and everything she wanted.

Which, as it turned out, did involve cumming. Just as it also involved lying back afterward and shivering as the still completely nude Destiny pulled an honest-to-goodness adult diaper around her waist and bum.

"I know you think a diaper's embarrassing," Destiny acknowledged, helping Fern sit up and gesturing kindly down at her fresh handiwork. "I know you don't like thinking of yourself as a bedwetter. But I genuinely think that looks *adorable* on you. How is it for you? Does it feel okay?"

It did, Fern assured her with crimson cheeks. It... it wasn't so bad... And with that, Destiny beamed and pushed her gently toward the pillow. "Aww, perfect! No, no need for pajamas, dearie. Let's just snuggle into bed now. Believe me, I'll keep you close and warm..."

Which is how Fern ended up falling asleep: in the arms of her new girlfriend, her head resting comfortably on those breasts which she had just been suckling so ardently. Swaddling her bum was a literal diaper, and with nothing else on, she couldn't even pretend to hide such a laughably babyish garment. Yet Destiny was holding her close, and she smelled so incredibly good, and it all just felt so peaceful. So right. So...

"I love you," she murmured out. "You- you're so nice... so good to me..."

To which Destiny only gave a quiet little laugh and a kiss – before reaching over and switching off the light.

The straps around her were taut. Strain as she might, she could scarcely budge within the soft padding of this enveloping seat. She kicked – or tried to – and found that her legs too couldn't budge. Her hands jerked... and clinked... and dropped back in their bonds. She was helpless, well and truly: a captive Fern in thrall to an unknown being.

While all the while, the star-studded cosmos was rolling past, oblivious and dead to her fruitless struggles. Through the darkness, seemingly from somewhere above her, sounded the musical laughter of that familiar voice. "Good girl," it repeated over and over. "Such a good girl for me. Such a good girl."

"No, please, let me out!" She wailed... or at least, she thought those were her words? But in the darkness all that sounded in her own ears was the thin, fretful whimper of a small child: like the distant crying of a toddler in desperate need of their nap. She tried again – and once more, heard only the echo of an infantile cry. But on the third try, at last from the darkness came an answer.

"Ohh... is my good girl upset? Here... time for your bottle, baby!"

From the darkened dreamscape a massive, phallus-like nipple forced its way into her mouth. She gulped – strained – gulped again. She let out a fearful moan, tugging backward, trying to wriggle free somehow. This was so horrible- so intense! She couldn't- she had to-

"*Bibo.*"

Once more, that singular word ripped through her consciousness with all the stupefying force of lightning. Her mind quaked and echoed with its syllables. Her body shuddered uncontrollably. And now she was slumped backward, passive and silent, while her entire being set to work on that singular task:...

To obey. To do. To drink.

Down her throat the liquid coursed. Gulp, gulp. Yes, more! More liquid. More drinking. Drink forever. Drink the entire bottle. Drink anything and everything she was given. Drink and gulp and stomach it all. Bloat herself if necessary. She was a drinking machine: a mindless, obedient, mechanical drinking machine, and nothing else.

Need blossomed within her as the minutes dragged by: the slow, inexorable pressure of a filling bladder. She needed to pee... or wait, did she? No, she didn't, her mind replied. She needed to *drink*. Drinking was all. Drinking was the only thing that mattered. Everything else must be ignored. Everything else would just... happen...

Vaguely, as if from a great distance, she heard the clink of metal on metal. She felt a renewed tugging and tightening of straps against flesh, of bands circling her body and holding her unconsciously flailing body captive. And then that all dissolved, replaced only by a stillness: a flood of warmth... a primal relief... and a vague sensation of delight blossoming between her legs and radiating through her core.

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It was far, far too late when she woke from those disturbing dreams. The grey dawn was only just beginning to brighten the room. Beside her, Destiny lay slumbering, her naked arm flung protectively around her companion and pinning her to the bed. And under its weight, Fern struggled, feeling a wave of panic cresting within her at the thick, damp sensation between her legs and the urgency in her bladder.

But by the time she had finally managed to slip one trembling hand downward, it connected with her already soggy diaper just in time to sense the heat of another wet burst blossoming outward and into her babyish padding.

She was already wet. She was in the middle of another accident: peeing herself uncontrollably even now that she was awake. And all while lying literally within Destiny's embrace.

Stupid- disgusting- pissy-pants bedwetter- The words crashed down into her still-sleepy brain, and she writhed impotently under their weight. She- no, she couldn't! She had to stop, had to get this off-

At her feeble movements, Destiny stirred. She half-rolled over. And then she blinked sleepily into Fern's mortified face. "Mmm... Hey, cutie..."

"Hey. I- I need to get up-" Fern began, but already Destiny was slipping closer, her legs twining around Fern's trembling ones. "Mm, I don't think so," she murmured playfully – and Fern shivered at the sensation of Destiny's hand brushing downward and coming to rest: squarely on the crotch of her palpably wet diaper. "Just let it out... Mmm. That's right. Good girl... good bedwetter..."

And as her parted, hungry lips pressed with sleepy yet strangely fierce intensity over Fern's half-open mouth, the poor girl shuddered and blinked in a final fit of desperation. But then, with a gulp and a sigh, let her eyes drift closed and her body relax into Destiny's attentions. Because after all...

Well, there was nothing else she could do. She was already wet, after all. Might as well let it out – and let Destiny's amazing kisses make her forget everything else...

(To be continued!)