

Designing Destiny

Chapter Sixteen

February 2024

"You- you made it disappear." Fern's low voice was quavering, but there was no denying the certainty in her tone. "Don't tell me you didn't, Destiny! I- I know what I saw-"

To which her partner's response was simply to purse her lips, and to step decisively forward, Fern's hand in hers. Out from the elevator they came. Down the short hall. Destiny's hand pressed the key fob to the door. Then, at long last, the two of them were alone... the door thudding closed behind them with an air of wordless finality.

"I know. You're right, Fern. You're absolutely right."

Fern drew back, her hand clutching silently at the waist of her hidden – though still well-soaked – diaper. "But... how? You- you couldn't have..." She trailed off, and then burst into a strained, incredulous chuckle. "You're not some secret... I dunno, *witch* or *fairy* or something, right? Like, I don't even know-"

"You don't need to," Destiny replied simply, and now she was striding about the room, flicking on the lights and tugging back the covers in preparation for sleep. "Remember, you don't have to know everything. All you really need to accept is that you're okay. No one saw. You stayed clean and dry... at least, visibly." A shadow of a smile flickered across her lips as she stepped close to Fern, gazing earnestly down at her. "And that's all we really need to say."

"No- no, it's *not!*" Fern exclaimed, pulling back and staring reproachfully up into Destiny's grey eyes. "You, me – we're, we're *dating*, okay? I know it's not like we're married or anything. But I don't want us to have secrets like this! Whatever this is about, you... you can tell me, right?"

She was tugging impulsively at her dress now, shrugging hastily out of it and oblivious of the sight she now made in nothing but her bra and visibly swollen diaper. "Look, see? Not a drop there!" she accused, fingers trembling as she stroked the cool blue fabric of her dress's skirt. "And, I mean... just look!" Fern gestured down at herself, and impulsively gave her thoroughly soaked bum a swat that sounded sharply through the room. "I'm freaking soaked! There's no way I didn't leak. No way..."

A pause then: short, but pregnant with meaning while Fern drew a shaky breath. "Look, I love you,

Destiny. I really... really do." She hesitated, swallowing hard at the lump in her throat, then went on. "And I don't want anything to- to happen between us. Tonight was... it was perfect..."

Before the tears that threatened could overflow, Destiny's voice came smooth and reassuring. "Oh, sweetie... I love you too! I'm sorry if I upset you. I just saw you being so scared and afraid, and I... I couldn't help myself."

Then, in the same breath, she said the words. "Okay, you're right. I do use what you humans call magic."

Fern's eyes widened: as much at the phrase "you humans" as at the admission. "You... really? Magic? Like, what? With wands and stuff?" She shivered in the cool air, and Destiny slipped one arm around her and drew her gently to sit on the end of the bed. "Well, not exactly. Wands are... imprecise, at best. I specialize in other forms."

"Like what?" Fern's tone was more fascinated now than incredulous.

"Reality and sensory distortion. Plane traversal. Mental state manipulation. Elementary telepathic communication. That sort of thing." Destiny's tone was all the more shocking for its casual coolness and modesty. "Nothing that any trans-dimensional being can't easily master in a few centuries."

"Trans-di-*what* now?!"

"Trans-dimensional. It means existing or capable of existing within any of the resonating frequencies that make up the fabric of this particular universe." Destiny sighed softly and shook her head at Fern's astonished expression. "See, this is why I haven't talked about all of this, dear. I'd much rather avoid all of this boring talk and focus on... well, *us*..."

"Wait, hang on." Fern wasn't quite ready to settle into the half-embrace Destiny attempted. "You're seriously not... you mean you're not from Earth? No, wait, that- that can't be-" And then, as the thought suddenly struck her like a ton of bricks. "Wait... how *old* are you, actually?!"

"Too old for your human mind to understand," Destiny stated simply, with a sweetly condescending smile. "And besides, sweetie... don't you know it's rude to ask a lady her age? Especially when, compared with her, you're practically an infant?"

Fern grew silent. Her eyes slid across from her own bare legs, looking strangely thin and incongruous emerging from the thick diaper between them, to Destiny's elegantly dressed ones. She drew a deep breath. And then, she blurted it out. "Prove it."

"Hmm?"

"Prove it to me." Fern was looking up at her now with a spark of fierce, inquisitive determination in her blue eyes. "Go on. If you really aren't just pulling my leg – if you really *can* warp planes or whatever it was you said – show me."

"How, sweetie?"

"Umm..." Fern paused, then shrugged. "What can you do? Like, you made that wet spot disappear. How about making something reapp- *eeeeaaahh!!!*"

Even before the words had finished leaving her mouth, she was stumbling to her feet, yelping at the most incredible sensation: of warm liquid gushing out from some hidden source in the seat of her diaper. She stood there, an expression of mystified, ticklish disgust and fascination twisting across her face, her hands clutching helplessly at the already soiled, but rapidly sagging garment around her waist.

"You- that's- that's-"

"Hmm? Does my sweet little diapered bedwetter not like that? I can help you *learn* to like it, you know – even without that wand of mine..." And with a wink and a twisting of her fingers, the calmly smiling Destiny set the diaper writhing with pulsing contractions: the padding squeezing and undulating, pressing insistently against the sensitive bits between Fern's legs. "A few minutes like that, and you'll be cumming your brains out, just like before. Feels good, doesn't it?"

Fern's strangled whimper, incredulous and quivering with shock and arousal, broke with desperation. "No- no, Destiny- please-!"

"Aww, you'd rather not?"

And in a blink of an eye, everything was back to normal. Fern stood panting, her petite breasts rising and falling as she fought to contain herself. "You... you really... wow. You... oh god..."

Destiny's smile grew. "I know. *I* did all that, just like you asked. And I can do a whole lot more... at least, so long as you want me to." She rose and drew Fern close, staring down at her with a red sparkle in her grey eyes. "That's one of the perks of being my girlfriend, you know. I can give the word at any time... and I might just be able to make the impossible happen."

Fern's breath hitched visibly. Her eyes behind her glasses clouded. And now her voice grew small. "So... if you've been around so long... you've probably done things with lots of others, too."

"Oh, Fern." Destiny's voice softened into a warm, comforting murmur. "You're right. I *could* do that to anyone. *With* anyone. But you... you're different from others. You're such a sweetheart: so sweet, and kind, and trusting. You make me feel not just young again, but... human, almost."

She gazed, almost pleadingly, into Fern's eyes with more vulnerability than she'd ever exhibited before. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you everything at once. But now you know that I'm... well, different. Can you still bring yourself to be my girlfriend?"

Different. Didn't tell you everything. Fern gulped, her mind filling with the memories of her own fears, her own reluctance to confess her embarrassing bedwetting habit, her most recent, stupid little yen for pacifiers... And then, without thinking, she flung her arms around Destiny, blurting out the naked truth.

"Of course – I'm your girlfriend! You're... you make me feel loved more, more than anyone ever has. You- you're so amazing..."

Little sighs of tearful happiness were uttered. Destiny's fingers twined in Fern's hair, caressing and stroking her into calm. Loving little murmurs were exchanged. Then, once the two finally broke apart, Fern glanced up once more in sudden, pleading determination.

"Destiny. You... you said you could do all kinds of things. Could you... I dunno..." She faltered, blushing fiercely. "Like, make someone think they're a different age? I mean, hypothetically speaking..."

"Fern." Destiny smiled, and now the tiniest red gleam was back in her eyes. "Oh, sweetie, you have no idea. That's one of my favorites." She broke eye contact, reaching down behind her to her half-open suitcase. When her hand emerged, Fern's pacifier was dangling from it. "Now, open up, cutie. I think we both know exactly what you want. And honestly, it's what I want, too: to make my sweet little girlfriend into the adorable infant I know she truly is..."

Open dropped Fern's mouth, pliant before the rubber nipple Destiny brushed across her lips. Deep inside it sank, muting her sheepish words. And then, before she could do more than blink in wordless anticipation, it happened.

Destiny's lips shaped the syllables of power.

Her fingers twined in their seductive, reality-distorting dance.

Down Fern sank, eyes glazing into unseeing incomprehension. Her swollen diaper squelched and spluttered beneath her, its inevitable dribbles being caught and channeled magically back into its sopping interior. Her arms fell, limp and useless, to her sides. Her feet kicked erratically. For in that moment, the twenty-seven-year-old Fern of everyday life – office worker, adult daughter, novel reader, and girlfriend – had entirely disappeared.

In her place was... well, still Fern. But this Fern's mind was... well, judging by the way she was now dropping to her hands and knees, perhaps barely eight months old. Which, Destiny mused as she stared down in undisguised delight, might be just be the perfect age for her.

Now if only Fern had specified how long she *wanted* to be like this...

(To be continued!)