

Designing Destiny

Epilogue

March 2024

It was a truth universally acknowledged in the office that the disappearance of Destiny and her young colleague Fern was decidedly unprofessional.

"Not even two weeks' notice," grumbled the manager, whose elation at the pair's work on the Woodridge project was now tempered by the annoying realization that someone else would now have to step in. "Who'd have thought, too? As classy as that Destiny seemed, I would never have thought she'd pull a stunt like this!"

Oh, but she had – class notwithstanding. Apparently taking along with her the near-sighted, timid little blonde that half the office had never even spoken to.

Where they had gone, few ventured to wonder after the first few days. Laura, deprived of her best listener, complained and wondered loudly about it for a spell – but after three days, she had moved on to grumbling instead about her latest boyfriend. Her mother tried calling, but a month later was whining to her hairdresser about how her ungrateful loser of a daughter had abandoned her and cut off all ties.

HR meanwhile repeatedly dialed Fern's contact number, but no one ever seemed to answer. A single call to the landlord of her diminutive – and now-dark – apartment resulted in nothing but a half-intelligible snarl to the effect that he knew nothing. And so Fern's last paycheck was sent, while her desk was reallocated to a mop-haired and eager-to-please young art major.

Not even the most enterprising of sleuths would have been able to connect the dots: between these two women's untimely departure from a mid-sized metropolis in America, and the sudden reappearance of a reclusive heiress whose lonely and weather-worn estate stood perched in a remote corner of the Scottish moors.

Similarly, not even the timid maids who busied themselves about the place had any idea that she might have brought a companion with her.

For how could they have? Their mistress dined alone in her dreary old dining room. She never spoke of a companion. And whenever faint murmurs could be heard through the muffling masonry,

it only ever resembled the voice of the mistress of the house... none other.

Still, every now and again in the dead of night, the insomnia-afflicted groundskeeper would fancy that he could hear something like a shuddering, distant wailing: over and over, with all the plaintive innocence of an infant.

Destiny – or Bhemoloth, as her fellows knew her – simply did not care. She didn't need to. The humans around her and their silly emotions were mere props, after all: playthings. Means to an end. She had what she needed at the moment, and that was that. All she demanded was to be left in peace with her conquest: a hawk with her prey, a lioness with her kill.

Fern... well, it was difficult to know whether she cared at all about anything. On this late, grey afternoon, the light was fading fast as she lay limp on the luxurious carpet, clad in a simple pink cotton romper and the ever-present, bulging mass of her diaper. In her mouth worked her beloved pacifier, softly but as persistently and steadily as a heartbeat. One out-flung hand clutched softly at the grey leg of a stuffed koala: Terence, in fact. The same Terence that had first witnessed her fitful nighttime accidents, who had betrayed her adulthood by his presence on her sofa, and who now remained her companion, even here in the depths of her infantile regression.

A spasm now flitted across Fern's otherwise blank face. A subtle stiffening as her bare legs shifted, then kicked in almost noiseless reflexive motion. The muted sound of a burbling, spluttering fart emerged, and then another... and a short time later, another.

Destiny glanced up from her book, her face now that of a sprightly young woman barely entering her twenties. Her eyes drifted down to her prone companion, then glinted in quiet mirth. A slow smile spread across her elegantly colored lips, and she leaned forward in evident satisfaction. The young woman before her was about to put on precisely the sort of show she craved.

BBBBllllloooooorrrttttt. PPPPbbbbbtttt. And out it came: yet another sticky, mushy load of infantile poo into her already thrice-soiled diaper. Fern's expression twisted as her body's muscles did their instinctual work, but nowhere on her blankly innocent face could one have found anything like disgust or embarrassment.

Those were adult emotions, after all. And caught fast as she now was in the hands of her Destiny, Fern was mentally farther from an adult than ever before.

"Good baby," Destiny whispered in undisguised glee. She rose now from her seat, easily shrugging off the shawl she had flung about herself to reveal her naked breasts: full, ripe, and already leaking with milk. "You're such a good baby girl for me, Fern. So small. So helpless..."

She bent, then straightened again with the still-squirming and audibly defecating Fern in her arms. Back to the chair she stepped. Then, settling in with a soft sigh of delight, she reached down... twisted her fingers in her arcane dance... and with a whispered word, set the entire thickened bulk of that heavily soiled diaper pulsing and writhing in disturbingly organic, undulating waves.

"Pleasure for pleasure," she murmured, and now she was once again wresting the pacifier free and substituting her own naked breast in Fern's wet and gasping mouth. "Drink deep, little one. Drink and feel my pleasure erupt within you. Just as I feed upon your youth... your innocence... your helplessness..."

Fern's eyes blinked. Squeezed shut. Blinked open again. On she sucked, while her body shivered and convulsed in the throes of mounting pleasure. Her diaper was full, her belly was filling, and yes... her as-yet adult body's primal need for sexual pleasure was growing stronger with every minute. Yet as the obedient, spell-bound baby she now was, all she could do was suckle... on and on...

"Good girl. Good baby. You need this. You want this. You deserve this." On and on Destiny's sultry whisper echoed through her clouded brain. *Yes. Yes, she needed. She wanted. She deserved. Yes, need-want-*

There was a moment: in the wake of the spasm of fluttering, uncoordinated jerks that signaled the first of her orgasms. In that moment, Fern's eyes cleared. She blinked up over the massive fullness of the tit filling her mouth. She drew a sharp breath, nostrils flaring, her muscles tensing as a light of sudden realization and faint horror dawned on her face. Yet even as her adult self began bracing for struggle...

As quickly as the orgasm-induced clarity had come, it faded. Her face reluctantly sagged down into lax incomprehension. Her muscles slackened once more, with all the tragic grace of a dying swan, into infantile limpness. And as the adult-sized baby at her breast resumed her instinctual suckling, Destiny's low laughter rippled through the room.

Oh, yes. She had Fern – her girlfriend, her lover, and now her source of rejuvenation – right where

she belonged.

THE END