

Designing Destiny

Chapter Thirteen

January 2024

It was yet another of those dreams. Similar... and yet different, somehow. More vibrant, maybe. Closer to waking life. And sufficiently clear for every detail, every nuanced sensation, to etch itself into Fern's hapless brain.

There she sat once again: clad in some kind of outfit whose exact details didn't even matter. All she knew was that with its snug, stretchy, pastel fabric hugging her close, it proclaimed her to be thoroughly and indisputably infantile. While of course, between her legs she felt the thick, swelling mass of her giant diaper: impossibly large in her dreaming imagination, and equally impossible to hide.

She squirmed incessantly, arms and legs akimbo, scrabbling and flapping futilely against the belted restraints. But firmly they pressed, and tighter they drew, and helpless as she was against their uncompromising grasp, all she could do was blink, and flail, and wail out the questions that echoed through her mind.

Who are you?

Where am I?

Why won't you let me go?

Why are you treating me like a baby?

And in the dream, the same low, rippling laughter met every frantic query. "Don't worry about who I am. Don't think about where you are. You're far too little to worry about those things, sweetie." And again: "Why not let you go? Because it's for your own *good*, honey. You're too silly to understand, but this is exactly what you *need*... what you *deserve*..."

Here the glowing eyes materialized once again, this time emerging from the dark to reveal their setting within a hauntingly beautiful, womanly face. "What you deserve," she mouthed softly with rosy-red lips, and Fern paused in her struggles, mesmerized for a moment by the picture of serene beauty before her.

Is this... a dream? her wondering brain managed at last. And then, in a burst of reckless admiration for the beautiful woman before her: *Will I meet you in real life?*

"Oh, my... you *are* an inquisitive one," the goddess murmured with a laugh that sent electric thrills rippling through Fern's entire body. And in the dream, Fern watched in powerless, wordless wonder as the goddess stretched out her hand... worked her fingers mystically through the dark void around them... and from a suddenly shimmering nothingness, plucked forth something the likes of which Fern had never seen. Not even in a dream.

"That mouth needs something other than questions," she *tsked* playfully... even as the massive pacifier, of seemingly giant proportions, loomed before Fern's eyes and began to slip, with gentle yet inexorable force, deep into her nervelessly pliant mouth. "So hush, now. Good girls are quiet. Good girls suck on their dummy." And then, in a sibilant whisper that seemed to contort the time-space continuum itself..

"Tace."

"Sugere."

Fern's muscles helplessly contracted once more. Her body sprang into obedience at the mystic commands. And there she sat, transfixed amid her dream, seeing nothing but the quiet smile of the goddess before her... and feeling nothing but the mute, frantic working of her jaw's aching muscles as they mindlessly obeyed...

Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep-

It was a crazy dream, to be sure. She knew that much mere seconds after flailing over and punching the annoying alarm back into silence. And while the thick padding between her naked legs, already cool from having been soiled hours before, may have explained why diapers had featured in her imagination... Well, she had no explanation for the rest. Not least of all the thumb in her mouth.

"Gaah!" She spat, suddenly more awake now and staring in wordless revulsion at her own offending digit. It was glistening. Wrinkled. Clearly, it had been at home in her wet and suckling mouth for, what? Hours? What the actual hell?! Was she... had she... no, she must be going crazy...

Dummy. It was as if the word was printed across her sight. Fern felt her cheek muscles contract and relax once more subconsciously, in the silent suckling motion of an infant, and a shiver swept over her. *Why... why, oh why?* Here she was, trying desperately to be normal. Trying to get over this stupid bedwetting crap. Falling for the most amazing and elegant woman, and failing spectacularly in convincing her that she could dress like an adult. Ending up instead in bed with her lover two weeks ago, looking for all the world like a toddler: in a literal diaper, and even *peeing* in it too...

Yeah. She was trying so hard to be fucking normal that she'd even tried a therapist a few days ago! Fat lot of good they'd been. "Oh, it's just stress, most likely. Nothing wrong with dreams as long as they're not giving you trauma. You don't have insomnia, right? Then it's likely not a big deal. Just relax... eat some of your favorite food... get fresh air and sunshine and see how you feel in a few weeks..."

Dummy. And now her stupid brain was thrusting her backward to that crazy dream: plunging her into that unforgettable sensation of rubbery fullness in her mouth, of the intense and primal comfort of suckling. Nursing. All words muted. Oh, the pressure of warm plastic cupping her lips and cheeks...

"Just a freaking dream!" she snapped aloud, energetically swatting away the immaterial word from her vision. She stumbled out on the bedroom floor, the crinkle and squish of her sodden night diaper accompanying her every movement. It was one of the last ones she'd blushingly accepted from Destiny after that fateful night. Frick it all. Now she'd have to ask if she could maybe borrow a few more. After all, try as she might, those Goodnites simply weren't doing the job. Not anymore.

"Stupid-ass dream," she muttered again as she sank down onto the toilet and reached for the diaper tabs. Ugh, how the heck did she have to pee again? *Time to let it all out. Just gotta get this off...*

And then she paused. Fingers slowly withdrew from the tabs. And then the petite, naked young woman snorted and gave a resigned sigh. "Oh, what the hell," she sighed to no one in particular. And leaning back, she eased her eyes closed... relaxed her muscles... and sent the contents of her still-full bladder spurting into the already soggy padding beneath her.

Because she might as well. She'd already wet it at least once. She was gonna change anyway. Why not use the damn thing for all it was worth?

Though Fern wasn't entirely expecting how her thumb rose once more to her lips, as if driven by some blind instinct. Nor how she'd let it slip inside... and shiver in delight... and let the instinctual

pulse of her suckling take her over once more as she dribbled steadily out into her soggy diaper.

Dreams sure were something. That's all she would say. After all... how else was it that two discreet charges materialized on her credit card later that day? And how was it that less than a week later, two little parcels arrived at her door? Surely they didn't have anything to do with that silly dream, or the silly word that seemed blazoned across her imagination...

Or maybe they did. Because not even Fern was able to deny that the plasticky, rubbery items she now tucked into her nightstand, and which she took out every night and slipped into her mouth, were exactly what the dream had spoken of.

Dummies.

(To be continued!)