

## Designing Destiny

Chapter Eleven

December 2023

It must have been all well and good to be a strong heroine in Regency England – or at least, in the dreamy realm between the pages of Fern's beloved novels. It was quite another, however, to have that confidence herself. In the twenty-first century. In her new girlfriend's home. And specifically when said girlfriend was gazing at her with such a penetrating look.

Not to mention Destiny was looking hot as hell tonight in that pantsuit.

"So like I was saying, we can just relax and take it easy tonight," Destiny was saying, her melodious voice twining through Fern's whirl of nervous thoughts. "No more Woodridge Project. Just the two of us: two girls, relaxing and spending time together. You know... getting to know one another bit by bit..."

She slipped closer with a knowing little smile on her burgundy lips, and Fern felt her stomach do a backflip. "Oh, um, sure! That, well... that's nice. That's great..."

A silence descended. Fern stared fiercely down into her barely touched sangria, then up and earnestly at the wall opposite her. How awkward could this get?! Here she'd thought that one little text would break the ice – would commit her to opening up and telling Destiny her wet little secret. And yet, here it was, looming like the proverbial elephant in the room. *No, actually more like a friggin' whale in the room-*

"Fern." The single word almost made her jump out of her skin. "Yeah! Uh- yes?" "Fern, baby," Destiny breathed soothingly, and now she was slipping so close that her shapely, pantsuited legs were brushing teasingly against the trembling ones of her listener. "Hey. It's okay. You seem on edge tonight. Does this have anything to do with... you know. What you texted me? About needing to tell me something?"

*Oh, it does, it does!* Fern wanted to blurt out, but of course she couldn't – not like that. She needed to do it calmly. Rationally. Sensibly, and with a trace of self-effacing humor. Just like she'd been practicing in her head these past days...

"Umm... yeah. It's, well, it's kinda... yeah." Her fingers were trembling so badly that her sangria was rippling into motion, and Destiny leaned forward and tugged the glass gently free. "Aww, Fern,

there, there. It's okay. Honest! Just take a deep breath, okay?" She leaned closer still in her earnestness. "I'll be here. I'll listen. And no matter what you need to tell me... it'll be okay. I promise."

"Really?" Fern turned at last, raising her troubled gaze at last to meet Destiny's fathomless grey eyes, in which she read nothing but gentle pity and concern. "I- You- You're so nice. Really. It's just... well, it's kinda embarrassing..."

And then, amid a flurry of half-words and *umms* and blushing murmurs, the words finally came out. *A little trouble. At night. Not being able to stay dry. Having accidents. In the bed.*

"Oh, sweetie. Sweet dearie. Dear Fern." Destiny was pulling her close, wrapping her arms around her and pulling her into an awkward side hug. "Is that all? Nothing more?" She breathed out a low sighing breeze of laughter. "Fern, you adorable person. I know you must have been super worried and embarrassed to tell me. I know it must seem so big and awful, but listen. I don't mind."

"No?" Fern pulled away, watering eyes wide and questioning. "But- but it's- I just told you I wet the *bed*, Destiny! I- I can't even go one night now without-" "Shh," Destiny cut in, and as her fingers descended onto Fern's protesting lips, it was as if an electric current jolted through her and stole the syllables from her mouth. "You said it yourself, Fern. You *can't help it*. And how awful of a girlfriend would I be if I blamed you for that? if I didn't like something that makes you... *you*?"

"Even if it makes me a... what? A bedwetter?" The horrifying word jerked out from her lips, but Destiny only giggled and drew Fern close once more. "Oh, Fern, you silly sweetie. Of course even if it makes you a bedwetter! And besides..." she trailed off and flashed a disarming smile full into her companion's face. "Wanna know a little secret? I think it's not just fine. I think it's rather cute."

"Cute?" Fern snorted, and now she was shaking her head in wry disbelief. "Hah, see if you're still thinking it's cute when you wake up in a wet bed." "And so what if I do?" Destiny returned with a smirk, now clearly enjoying herself. "Sex is messy anyway, you know. What's a little bit more wetness down there now and then, hmm?"

Well... to that Fern had no reply. Nothing, that is, besides a stifled laugh of shaky and incredulous relief.

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Barely an hour later, the two were still together – but in a rather different environment. "Destiny, you- you shouldn't have-" Fern protested once again from her seat in, but once again Destiny merely laughed her warm laugh and shook her head. "But I *wanted* to. And so I did! Now, hurry up and eat it before it melts everywhere. Don't need any more wet pants around here, do we?"

Fern lapsed into embarrassed silence, alternately eyeing the massive ice cream cone gleaming in the darkness and bending forward to take another creamy bite. They were cruising through the darkened streets now, the engine humming along under Destiny' capable hands. Now and again she would turn to sip from her own chai tea and to glance over, a twinkle in her eye, before returning her attention back to the road. And it was in those moments that Fern felt delectable little tingly chills that had absolutely nothing to do with the ice cream slipping down her throat.

"Umm... isn't your place back that way?"

"Oh, it is, sure. How observant!" Destiny smiled once more and gestured forward. "I just figured while we're out we should grab a little something-something. You know, to make sure we both have the best night we can."

*Umm... what?* Fern's mouth was full of mint chocolate chip, or she would have articulated the question. But even before she could properly swallow, Destiny had resumed. "Don't worry, you don't need to come in if you don't want to," she assured her, nosing her car off the road and into a nearly deserted parking lot. "I'll only be a minute at this place. I've heard good things about them, and I can almost guarantee they have exactly what we need..."

So it was that three minutes later, Fern was seated in her new girlfriend's now-silent car, staring apprehensively through the windshield at the neon "OPEN" sign of what appeared to be some kind of... medical supply store? What Destiny had in mind, she wasn't quite sure. But neither was she in much of a position to ferret out the truth – not with her own timidity and this dripping ice cream on her hands. She'd simply have to wait... and watch... and wonder exactly what kind of *something-somethings* Destiny thought they'd need.

"No- you- you didn't really-?!" She was staring, spluttering, wide-eyed once Destiny, now returned and smelling of antiseptic and plastic, reached for her seatbelt and nodded sweetly. "Oh, but I did," she replied matter-of-factly, with a bright glance into the rear view mirror at the massive brown paper bag she'd just deposited in the back seat. "What's the matter with a few diapers? You did tell me you have trouble staying dry, didn't you?"

"Well, yes, but- but I mean, I- I have some of my own-" "And where are they, I wonder? Back at your place?" Destiny was laughing, but somehow even as Fern's cheeks reddened she knew that this confident woman wasn't really laughing at her so much as at the whole situation. "Oh, hush now. We needed something for tonight, obviously. And besides: just think of it as me spoiling my new girlfriend, okay? Or if you like..." and here she flashed a positively devious grin. "...*Pampering* her...?"

"Destiny-y! You- that's- that's-!" "If you don't laugh, you cry, sweetie," Destiny chuckled over Fern's splutters. "At least, that's what I've always found. Now be a good girl and eat up your ice cream, hey? Before we've got a different kind of puddle on our hands."

And once again... well, Fern could only shiver. And sigh. And do as her companion had told her to. But all the while she was wondering distractedly whether strong Austenian heroines had ever been bedwetters. Or if Mister Darcy had ever seemed so simultaneously incredible and terrifyingly confident. Or... and this was rapidly blotting out all other questions...

Whether Destiny was going to see her wearing a diaper before the night was out.

*(To be continued!)*