

## Designing Destiny

### Chapter Ten

November 2023

What on earth had she been thinking?!

Fern winced under the harsh fluorescent lighting, shuffling her way once again down the office hall toward the bathroom. No wonder, really. She was on her third cup of coffee, and it was only to be expected that she was having to pee so much. But *ugh* – how her head was pounding! Anyone looking at her would probably think she'd been out partying until 2 am and come home drunk as a skunk...

Actually, she mused as she settled onto the toilet once more with a sigh, it wasn't that far from the truth. She'd been up until 2... too excited to sleep. She'd been twisting and turning and smiling idiotically into the darkness at the thought of Destiny. Destiny and her. Destiny and the fact that she was now her girlfriend.

Drunk indeed she'd been: drunk on happiness. On the intoxicating feeling of being loved, and admired, and the furthest thing from broken.

*Broken.* She sighed and stared morosely at the cracks in the stall door, letting the urine tinkle and dribble out of her with abandon. Last night, she'd felt so whole, so amazing, so alive. She'd finally smiled her idiotic self to sleep, tumbling into the craziest dreams in which Destiny's face and that voice and those frightful eyes had all melded into one potent being. She'd gulped, and stared, and lain there helpless and vulnerable amid the now-familiar chaos of her inky dreamworld...

But then, after mere hours of restless sleep, she'd wakened on this Monday morning: to her bleeping alarm, and to the horrifying realization that the clammy wetness around her was no longer confined to her soggy Goodnites.

Fuck. She wiped furiously and rose to flush, trying to shut out the taunting voice in her head. *Bedwetter, bedwetter! Pissy pants bedwetter! Stupid diaper baby peed so much her diaper leaked!* None of which she could deny, and all of which hit like a ton of bricks after the euphoria of her time with Destiny last evening. She'd literally cuddled and made out with that woman, that lovely woman whose voice and eyes made her feel things she'd never felt before. She'd agreed to be a girlfriend: like the grown mature woman she was, and like the bisexual she had secretly known herself to be for years now. And now, after all that...

She'd once again pissed herself and her bed like an absolute infant.

*Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!* It was only a matter of time until Destiny found out about her problem, she told herself as she finished washing and tiredly slumped back out into the hall. Literally the moment they would spend their first night together, the game would be up. Her new, wonderful, sexy girlfriend would wake beside her, more than likely in a puddle of pee so big that not even those stupid Goodnites would handle it. And oh, the look on Destiny's face! How she would pull back... stare in revulsion, or worse yet, pity...

Oh, yeah. Not like those horrible texts from her mom had helped, either.

Back at her desk now with her freshly-filled coffee cup beside her, she reached for her phone and swiped it open once more – against her better judgment. There it was: her exuberant late-night text, sent in a moment of impulsive, giddy energy: "*Hey! Just so you know, I'm seeing someone new! Her name's Destiny, and she's pretty cool :-)*" Under which followed, some six hours later, the welter of words in which she could literally hear her mom's acerbic voice.

*"A new one?"*

*"A girl?"*

*"So not that other guy anymore, then"*

*"Guess he didn't want to stick around after all"*

*"Just like all the others I guess"*

*"Destiny's a funny name"*

*"You should send me a photo"*

Then, an hour afterward:

*"I still love my baby"*

*"Even if she is dating a girl"*

*"I hope your new friend won't mind a wet bed!"*

*"Ha ha, I'm kidding"*

*"Thank goodness you grew out of that"*

*"Love you! Send me a photo"*

Yep, that was Mom. As aggravating and selfish and abusive as ever. And strangely, freakishly psychic for just *having* to make a joke about her bedwetting – which, until just these last months, Fern had been convinced she'd outgrown for good.

*I've been trying, I really have!*, she wailed into the swirl of inky thoughts in her head. But nothing was working, was it? Every night now she was having these dreams, and wetting, and waking in soggy pants, and cleaning up... only to repeat it all the next night. She'd tried limiting fluids before bed, but to no avail. She'd even considered going to the doctor... but that was a non-starter. Doctors always found a way to charge something, she told herself, even with insurance. She couldn't spare the money, not now. Besides: how humiliating would it be to have to confess to some probably male doctor that she'd become an adult bedwetter? Then he'd have to poke around down there, and...

*No. No, no.* Realistically speaking, she told herself, she only had two options.

She leaned back and reached for her coffee again, her eyes unfocusing and staring unseeing into the glowing pixels of her screen. First option: she could just call it quits with Destiny. Tell her she'd made a mistake, that she actually wasn't ready for anything serious, that she liked her and all, but...

Ugh, but that would make things so horrible! At least today was manageable; Destiny had arranged to work from home, so for better or worse Fern wasn't running into her in the hall. But how incredibly awkward it would be if she broke it off! Every meeting they'd have from here on out – on the Woodridge project and whatever would come next – would be so unthinkably weird and tense. And besides...

She didn't *want* to break it off with Destiny. Not after how insanely happy she'd been last night.

Which left the other as her only option. She'd have to work up the courage to tell Destiny about her little problem – *before* they ended up spending the night together. She'd have to find the courage somehow. She'd have to say the words... look Destiny in the eye... and admit that a stray stuffed animal wasn't the only thing that made her seem like some overgrown kid.

No. She could do this. She *had* to, she mused, sitting up straighter in her creaking chair. She'd channel the spirit of her favorite Austen heroine. She'd be Emma, mustering up the courage to apologize to Miss Bates. She'd have to try. And even if Destiny laughed at her, or decided not to be her girlfriend because of it...

Well, she'd deal with it. Somehow.

Fingers trembling, she reached once more for her phone. Wait... what was this? A new message

notification? From... wait, that was Destiny's phone number!

Great minds think alike, she'd heard once. And now as the words on the screen stared back at her, the saying flitted erratically through her mind. *"Hey, Fern! I can't stop thinking about last night, you cutie. What do you think about coming to spend the night with me sometime? \*wink face\*"*

She gazed into the screen for a full five seconds: heart fluttering, stomach knotting, thrills rippling through her. Or maybe it was just the coffee. Regardless. And then, she was stabbing at the keyboard with shaking fingers, willing herself not to stop before she lost all her nerve.

*"Hey! Only if you wouldn't mind? Though there's kinda something I really have to tell you first."*

And... Send. Just like a strong heroine should do.

*(To be continued.)*