

## Designing Destiny

Chapter Eight

October 2023

The familiar blackness had her. She was limp. Silent. Floating naked in the dark, while the shimmering threads of pink light twined their seductive way around her limbs. She was being transported, perhaps. Tugged forward like a bobbing balloon. Being drawn down now, nestling deep into the velvety, constricting embrace of some giant cosmic chair...

*Praeligare.*

The familiar feminine voice spoke out, the mystic syllables resonating within her very core. And before the echoes had fully died away, the threads were widening, thickening, drawing full and fast and tight about her. Naked thighs... arms... chest... She was being bound tight by these irresistible cords, a limp little fly in a spider's web. And yet, what a comfortable, soft web it was. So warm. So peaceful. So very, very secure...

*Comedere.*

How ravenously hungry she was! Mouth opening. Gaping. Aching to be filled, to swallow, to gulp and to gorge. In flowed the thick, sweet mush from somewhere in the darkness around her, setting her senses alight with pleasure. Yes, food. Eat. Gulp. More, more, more. Gulp. Swallow. Gape again. Mouth filling again. Stuffed full. Gulp. Swallow. More, ever more-

And with every bite, her muscles relaxed. Her body sagged. The cords around her drew tighter. The voice crooned out in sibilant whispers. And from deep within her rapidly filling belly, a wellspring of warm liquid gushed forth, bubbling out with all the natural abandon of a warm spring...

*"AaaabbbH!!!"*

Her eyes flew open in the darkened room, her entire being a-shudder with the intensity of her dream. Or was it a nightmare? She might have mulled over that distinction at some other time. But in that moment, she was far more preoccupied with the warm, hissing flow of urine that was currently spurting out between her legs, trickling down between her ass-cheeks, and soaking warm and wet into her waiting Goodnites.

*No- no, no no-!* She had to get up- run to the toilet- But weirdly, it was as if her arms refused to

obey her will. She stiffened, struggling to force them into action – yet nothing happened. They were asleep somehow, both of them. And only after a long minute had passed – once the steady flow of urine had subsided into a dribble – did her tingling limbs finally begin to respond in a flurry of uncoordinated jerks.

Well, fuck.

It was too late to do anything but get up and change, she realized ruefully, when at last she was able to prop herself up on shaky elbows and shuffle sheepishly out of bed to the bathroom. Into the trashcan went the saturated Goodnites. On went another. And back she shuffled, thinking gratefully that at least this time she'd had the good sense to wear protection. For ever since that unfortunate Monday night when she'd thought she could do without... well, she'd learned otherwise. And though she disliked thinking too much about it, it was true: not a single morning since then had gone by without her waking to find herself well and thoroughly soaked.

Just like when she'd been a kid.

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They were weird dreams, that was for sure. And it really was so strange how consistently the voice she heard was always that of Destiny: her cool, confident coworker Destiny.

She mused over it now from the blessed normalcy of the fluorescent office lights and her creaking office chair. Such intense dreams. Such consistent wetting. And it seemed like the more intense they were, the wetter she was becoming? Heck, if she hadn't wakened during this latest one, she might have even leaked, Goodnites and all!

Speaking of... ugh. She'd better order a few more, shouldn't she. At this rate she'd be needing them by early next week.

*Ding.*

*A new email? Hub.* She set down her coffee cup and reached for the mouse, her eyes squinting behind her glasses to focus on the window that popped obediently into view. It was from... Destiny? With the subject line "Woodridge et al."...

90% of the message was exactly what she would have expected: Polite paragraphs with numbers and

observations and suggestions for what steps might next be appropriate. A request that she would verify some data. But then, just below the crisp "Regards, Destiny", appeared a single line of text.

"Still reliving our lovely evening together! Let's do it again – SOON."

Oh, my. Fern's eyes widened behind her thick glasses, her brow furrowing as she cast a quick glance around to see if anyone was watching. "SOON" – in all caps. That was no uncertain message, was it? Or wait... maybe not? God, why was she so socially inept? How the heck was she supposed to know what an all-caps word meant? It sure *seemed* like something emphatic. But then again, maybe not? Oh, crap – what if it was some kind of acronym for something? Send Only On- No, that couldn't be right-

By lunchtime, she'd finally made up her perturbed mind. Before she did anything further, she had to check with HR. She didn't have the slightest experience with workplace relationships, but she'd heard plenty from Laura about sexual harassment policies, and company disclosures, and god knew what else. And sure, she still didn't know if Destiny had anything serious in mind – but she didn't need to know. She just needed to do some fact-finding. Make sure she knew exactly what was allowed, and what wasn't.

"Have a seat, Fern! So nice to see you!" It was Jerry in HR: a nice, inoffensive guy who had been with the company as long as she could remember. "Let's see," he began, closing the door and turning brightly to face her. "You said you wanted to know more about our... let's see... our workplace romance policy?"

"Uh, yeah! It's- it's nothing serious- I just was, um... just wondering. Just in case-"

"No worries, no worries," he smiled, and she sank back into her seat in quiet relief. "First of all, I'm so glad you checked! It's always better to double-check and know what policies are *first*, you know? So much better than cleaning things up later..."

And out it came, in surprisingly simple language. "For company employees, all we ask is that everyone involved – anyone who begins a romantic and/or sexual relationship with another employee – just lets us know. No, no special form or anything! Just send us an email and we'll file it away, okay? That way if anything *does* come up later, we just know where everyone stands."

"Uhh... okay? And what about... umm..." She'd just remembered – Destiny was no ordinary employee. "Contractors? They, um... is that for them too?"

"Oh, contractors? What a *great* question! Now, for *contractors*, it's even easier. No need to file anything with us at all. They're not technically part of our company, so they fall outside our responsibility. Okay? Is there anything else I can clear up for you?"

And so it was that fifteen minutes later, Fern was easing back into her chair, her cheeks flushed and her pulse thudding with elevated speed. How... *simple* it all was! She'd been overthinking it again – of course. So all she had to do was, well...

Clickety-click clack went her fingers over the keyboard, driven on by the sudden, joyful burst of energy that seemed to be blossoming within her very chest. She wasn't entirely sure why. She didn't even know if Destiny meant anything more than that she simply liked hanging out with her. But she didn't need to know. All she needed to do was say it – quickly, before she lost her nerve and started overthinking once more.

*"Hi Destiny, Yes, me too! I'd like to get together again. How about next weekend? You can come to my place!"*

Then, before she could reconsider, she drew a deep breath. Grew rigid. And *Click* went the mouse on the Send button.

She'd done it.

Maybe she was a mess in a lot of ways, sure. Maybe she still didn't know what the heck was going on: with her weird dreams, with her stupid bladder, with trying to have relationships. But she sure wasn't going to sit here scared of a little friendship with a nice, genuinely cool coworker.

*(To be continued!)*