

Bliss

Chapter 1 “Step Mom”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

“Wow, Bliss, things are not going well today,” Gertrude said to eight year-old Bliss Martha Chapman as she marched the child to a guest bedroom. “Take a few minutes to sit on the bed thinking over your recent behavior. I will return so that we can have a meaningful discussion.”

Gertrude Lee Chapman was twenty-four back then on Wednesday 10 June 1998 when that *‘meaningful discussion’* started. A couple of weeks previously (on Saturday 23 May) she had married Richard Chapman, the widowed father of young Bliss.

The previous Monday afternoon Gertrude and Richard had returned from their honeymoon. While they were away Bliss’ nanny Katharine Climpson had taken care of the child.

Before Richard proposed to the much younger Gertrude, occasionally he had mentioned that Bliss ‘can be a handful’. As their dating became serious Gertrude suggested that Richard bring his daughter along on a low-key outing. That had gone quite well.

Gertrude found Bliss to be delightful. She reminded Gertrude of herself at age eight. To her it came as a surprise when Richard asked Gertrude to have a private dinner with Miss Climpson. Following that dinner Richard asked for Gertrude’s thoughts about his daughter.

“Darling, what do you want me to say? When I met Bliss she did not seem to be ‘a handful’ but I am hardly an expert on childhood development,” Gertrude responded with a warm laugh. “Miss Climpson

mentioned that she thinks Bliss deliberately wets when frustrated because she did not get her own way.

“Perhaps all Bliss needs is more structure in her life. When I was growing up my mother made sure my life had ‘structure’ especially when I misbehaved.

“But Darling, I really don’t want to be some sort of ‘law and order’ stepmother. First of all, there would be the danger I would burst out laughing the first time I had to scold Bliss.”

Richard looked serious, “Gertie, help me get my home in order.”

“Darling, I’ll do the best I can. Families can’t be run like corporations. From what you and Nanny Climpson have told me, that is a long-term project which cannot be rushed,” Gertrude replied, giving Richard a sweet kiss.

Before Gertrude had settled into the master suite upon the return from the honeymoon, Nanny Climpson told her that Bliss had wet her bed every night recently. Twice her behavior was so bad Nanny had scolded her; immediately after each scolding Bliss had wet her panties.

Gertrude thought back to her childhood. Her bladder had been over active, yet she never deliberately wet. Consequently Gertrude was not so sure Bliss was deliberately wetting.

She asked and was assured that a state-of-the-art waterproof sheet protected Bliss’ mattress. Nanny said the waterproof sheets had been purchased from Just-for-Tots, a top-notch infant store in nearby Pasadena, California.

“Everything was confusing when Bliss’ mom was killed by a drunk driver. Bliss had just turned four. She had been toilet trained at three, but started suffering relapses day and night the last month her mother lived,” Nanny said.

“The waterproof sheet had never been removed from Bliss’ bed. We kept a supply of Pampers, as well as cotton trainers. Bliss never objected to wearing trainers or even being diapered.

“Then a couple of weeks before the accident Mrs. Chapman told me the pediatrician had recommended that we stop diapering Bliss. Apparently the theory was that diapers somehow encouraged wetting. That

evening after Bliss had finished her pre-bed bath she acted disappointed when I did not diaper her for bed.”

Learning that confused Gertrude; could it be that Bliss was more comfortable sleeping in a diaper?

Gertrude phoned Just-for-Tots and was connected to the owner, Frank Bracket. He assured her anything needed for Bliss was good in stock at his store. He gave her driving directions.

Three quarters of an hour later Gertrude was back home in Flintridge, just across the boundary line with Northwest Pasadena. She stored most of her purchases in a guestroom closet. She re-made the bed using a new waterproof sheet, storing the comforter and blanket.

Only then did Gertrude go looking for Bliss. When she found her step-daughter the march to that prepared guestroom began.

Once Bliss was seated upon the bed, Gertrude left her alone while she sipped a cup of coffee. As soon as she felt Bliss had an opportunity to reflect upon her behavior for fifteen minutes, Gertrude returned to the guestroom with a genuine warm smile.

The first thing she noticed was that Bliss had wet enough her shorts and the bed sheets were soaked, and yet the child was still sitting in the same place.

Kneeling down, so she needed to look up at Bliss, Gertrude asked, “Lambie Pie, what is going on?”

Without a hint of embarrassment, Bliss retorted, “Nothing. You told me to sit here thinking. I did that.”

Gertrude continued to smile warmly and was careful to avoid speaking in a condescending way: “Perhaps something is going on.

“Not all that long ago, when I was your age, I often wet without realizing what was happening. When I could feel the wetness I became embarrassed. Normally my mother was stricter than the moms of my pals, yet she never punished me for wetting, not even with scolding. My mom helped me deal with the situation.”

“What’d you mean?” Bliss asked with a hint of suspicion.

“My mom let me wear undies like I had worn when I was younger. I still sometimes wet those but I no longer left stains,” Gertrude answered totally honestly.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” Bliss snapped, a mixture of incredulity and a desire to believe. “You mean she diapered you like you were still baby?”

Gertrude blushed slightly as she considered the question carefully: “Mom did not want to embarrass me. She started out by buying me cotton training panties large enough to fit me. Only after a few of those soaked though did mom buy me plastic panties I could wear over the trainers.”

Bliss appeared suspicious: “Your mom made you dress like a baby and that did not embarrass you?”

“It was complicated,” Gertrude honestly answered. “I was embarrassed when people I knew saw my wet stains. It was always my choice. When I was a little kid I had worn trainers, as did most kids. Some of those other kids also wore plastic panties, but I didn’t remember doing so.

“Besides, my Mom kept telling me that many people far older than babies wore trainers so their wetting would not show stains.”

“You’re kidding me, right?” Bliss asked. “You believed what your mommy was telling you?”

“Lambie Pie, my Mom could be strict, but she does not lie. Of course because I had no luck avoiding wetting, believing her actually made me feel better about everything,” Gertrude answered, still blushing and with her eyes lowered.

“Okay, so you believed your Mommy,” Bliss responded. “What does that have to do with me?”

“How do you propose dealing with your wetting, Lambie Pie?” Gertrude asked, smiling up at Bliss.

“Well, I don’t remember wearing plastic panties, for a start. That seems totally babyish and really old fashioned!” Bliss stated. “I would die if my friends saw me wearing plastic panties now.”

“Would you rather your friends saw your wet stains?” Gertrude asked, still smiling sweetly.

“No, of course I don’t want to be caught wetting,” Bliss answered. Then diverting her eyes she added, “That would be silly!”

“Have you seen TV commercials for modern disposable panties for big kids?” Gertrude asked, moving just enough that once again she was smiling into Bliss’ eyes.

“Oh, you must be talking about GoodNites? All my friends consider those a silly joke. Everyone knows what they look like. Do the people who make those think anyone is fooled? Those are just diapers larger than Huggies!”

“I’m sure people do agree. Really GoodNites do the same job as Huggies or Pampers. Still have you even considered trying those while you stop wetting?” Gertrude asked as she stood up and turned to walk to the closet.

While doing so somehow Gertrude’s skirt rode up in back. This revealed to Bliss that her young and beautiful step mother was wearing translucent plastic panties over thick white cotton trainers.

Bliss could tell those trainers were not completely dry. She said nothing, but Gertrude could hear her gasp.

Gertrude was happy Bliss reacted in that way. It was not a waste of money that Gertrude had spent at Just-for-Tots buying those adult ladies trainers and Babykins vinyl pull-on panties. Wetting her trainers actually took no special effort, much to Gertrude’s surprise.

What had taken some effort was making sure Bliss did not see that Gertrude had deliberately tucked up the back of her skirt. Walking into the guest bedroom and kneeling down Gertrude was careful to not show her back to Bliss until time for the big reveal.

Perhaps seeing the wet trainers inside the Babykins panties so mesmerized Bliss she did not pitch a tantrum when Gertrude walked back from the closet. While out of Bliss’ sight Gertrude had returned her skirt to its normal condition all around.

Bliss’ eyes opened to the size of saucers when she saw the bag of GoodNites which Gertrude was holding. Instantly Bliss realized pretending to resist the proffered GoodNites would be futile.

“Lambie Pie, how about you open the package; take a nice GoodNites; go into the bathroom; and use it to replace your wet panties?”

That's a nice good big gal. Then we'll find you some clean shorts to cover your GoodNites," Gertrude said while continuing to smile.

"Could I clean up?" Bliss asked. "Mommy, would you help me get really clean?" she said as she embraced Gertrude.

She returned the cuddle: "Of course Lambie Pie."

Gertrude had purchased a tub of Pampers baby wipes. She carried that into the bathroom following Bliss. Soon the child was undressed. The soothing wipes refreshed her.

Even before she was completely dry Bliss did pull on the GoodNites. Giggling she remarked, "It feels strange, but in a good way."

For several minutes Bliss walked around the guest room wearing only her GoodNites.

Meanwhile in the closet Gertrude stocked a brand-new discreet black leather smallish diaper bag with a travel-size pack of wipes, a few disposal baggies and some more GoodNites.

Bliss actually seemed proud to be wearing just her GoodNites as she walked back to her bedroom. Instead of a shirt and shorts, she decided to wear a school uniform regulation blouse and skirt. The skirt was just long enough it hid the entire GoodNites. Once her socks and shoes were on, Bliss hugged Gertrude's legs.

"Mommy, may I wear this all day?" Bliss asked, lifting her skirt enough she could pat the front of her GoodNites.

"Sure, Lambie Pie; when you need to pee, just slide it down," Gertrude answered. "Should it start to irritate you, just put on a fresh one."

Hand-in-hand Bliss and Gertrude walked down the stairs to the kitchen. Nanny Climpson was amazed, "Lambie Pie, you look so good and happy."

"Mommy helped me clean up and gave me a GoodNites like a big girl!"

Bliss asked if they could have lunch at the Sizzler restaurant in Pasadena. Gertrude had never been to a Sizzler. Nanny assured her she would enjoy the experience. Gertrude went upstairs to retrieve the stocked diaper bag from the guest room closet.

The drive was uneventful. They all enjoyed the meal. When Bliss felt the need to pee, Nanny escorted her to the ladies' room. The girl needed no help sliding her GoodNites out of the way to use the toilet and wipe herself dry. Then she pulled her GoodNites back into place. After washing her hands she returned to the table followed by Nanny.

When they finished eating Bliss asked if they could buy more GoodNites. She mentioned having been to Just-for-Tots, "When I was a little girl."

Nanny said, "Child, that store has expanded since then."

The drive from Sizzler to Just-for-Tots was just a few minutes.

There was a display of GoodNites in an area for juveniles away from the infant/toddler Huggies and Pampers. Next to the GoodNites, Attends disposable diapers were displayed. Near those were cotton trainers and plastic pants far larger than toddlers would wear.

Gertrude made a mental note of Bliss' fascination with the trainers and disposable diapers in her size. Nothing was said then. Gertrude bought a case of GoodNites as well as a case of baby wipe refill packages.

Much to the surprise of Nanny Climpson, as soon as they returned to the house Bliss asked, "Mommy, may I have a nap? If I wet, my GoodNites will keep my sheets dry."

"Of course you may take a good nap whenever you want," Gertrude replied with a smile. "I suggest you use the toilet now and then change to a fresh GoodNites. Would you like Nanny to help you?"

"Mommy, I think I can use a toilet and put on undies without help!" Bliss retorted more firmly than necessary.

That was a very warm June afternoon. Soon after the toilet flushed Bliss emerged from her bathroom wearing only a dry GoodNites pull-up. She climbed into her bed and appeared sound asleep within minutes. Gertrude and Nanny Climpson withdrew from the girl's bedroom.

Forty-five minutes later the sound of Bliss crying caused them to rush to her. Bliss was standing beside her bed which had a large wet stain. Her GoodNites was soaked: "Mommy, I'm so sorry. I used the toilet to pee until I was finished."

Nanny and Gertrude looked concerned yet sympathetic. “Lambie Pie, have you often recently taken a nap?” Gertrude asked with a soft smile on her face.

“Why no, Mommy; I don’t remember being this tired during the day,” Bliss answered with her eyes downcast.

“That’s right, Mrs. Chapman. Bliss has not needed a nap since she started Kindergarten,” Nanny confirmed.

“Well, maybe your body thought it was night. It is hardly your fault you sometimes wet your bed, Lambie Pie,” Gertrude said sweetly. “Maybe GoodNites cannot deal with heavy wetting.

“Just don’t worry. How about you take a bath to get really clean? Then when you are dry put on another GoodNites; then dress to go out like for lunch.”

Immediately Gertrude phoned Just-for-Tots. The woman who answered said that the owner, Frank Bracket, would not be back that day: “I’m Janice Bracket, Frank’s younger sister. May I be of assistance to you Mrs. Chapman? I grew up in the family store and I’ve been advising parents the past three summers.”

“I’m sure you will be a huge help, Miss Bracket. This afternoon I was at your store with Nanny Climpson and my step-daughter Bliss. We bought a case of GoodNites. Earlier this morning your brother sold me a bag of GoodNites, which Bliss accepted readily.

“The little darling has recently been wetting her panties and her bed. Until she decided to take a nap the GoodNites worked. Do you think a disposable diaper or even cotton trainers inside plastic pants would work better when Bliss is in bed?”

“Mrs. Chapman, GoodNites were invented and are marketed to provide larger children discreet protection from minor urine dribbles. Within those limits they work well,” Janice Bracket began.

“However, GoodNites cannot absorb fast enough to contain rapid urination. I’ll be waiting to help Bliss when you can get here. I’ll stay late if necessary.”

“Thank you, Miss Bracket. Bliss is taking a quick bath and will be dressed soon. We live in Flintridge, so we should be at the store in a half hour,” Gertrude gushed.

“Mrs. Chapman, I am nineteen. To be technical Frank is my half brother. After his mom died his dad who founded the store married my mom. I am their daughter.

“What is important to Bliss is that I specialize in helping families with older incontinent children improve their lifestyle. What might surprise you is that despite marketing and advertising, disposables are not always the most reliable approach, especially in bed.

“There still is much good to be said for washable trainers and diapers. Sure disposables have their place, but for sleeping at home washable products have advantages. In fact while the diaper service industry ran into hard times after Pampers introduced sticky tapes, currently their business is growing.”

“Miss Bracket, I try to be discreet, but sometimes I have bladder control issues. I’ve worn cotton trainers inside plastic panties as needed all my life,” Gertrude began. “What I like is that when I wake up I can slide those down to use a toilet.

“After lunch Bliss asked to take a nap. She told us she had urinated before pulling on a clean GoodNites. Forty-five minutes later she was in tears, her bed wet and her GoodNites soaked.

“My guess is she sleeps so soundly she only wakes up after wetting; that being the case pull-ups are pointless. If she wets while asleep enough absorption is vital. Should we think about conventional cotton diapers?”

“Mrs. Chapman, since none of us can know when Bliss will re-gain bladder control, let me suggest skipping cotton trainers and try her in diapers. Instead of investing in cotton diapers, open an account with DyDee Service. You will still need to purchase plastic pants, but if you need trainers, the same plastic pants will work.

“My experience has been that kids as old as Bliss try to not think about diapers. They tend to accept such news better from outsiders, such as me. Would you like me to discuss options with Bliss?”

“That would be wonderful, Miss Bracket,” Gertrude said honestly. “I confess to also never thinking about diapers. Since I never did any babysitting I have never changed any sort of diaper. Certainly I’ve never used diaper pins.”

“Mrs. Chapman, pinning washable diapers is not difficult. All it takes is a little practice,” Janice said reassuringly.

After drying off Bliss put on a fresh GoodNites and then a school uniform. For the drive Nanny Climpson sat next to Bliss in the rear seat. Upon arrival at Just-for-Tots, Gertrude was totally surprised that Janice Bracket did not appear old enough to be a university student.

Miss Climpson had known Janice for many years. Nanny made the introductions. Clearly Bliss was happy to return to Just-for-Tots.

Janice led the group to a fitting room equipped with an over-sized changing table. Her attention was focused upon Bliss. Gertrude and Nanny sat on chairs just inside the door.

Without even a hint of condescension Janice asked, “May I call you Bliss?”

“Of course you may, Miss Bracket,” Bliss replied politely. “Earlier today when we bought a case of GoodNites I was very impressed with your store. I think I was brought here when I was little, but everything seems bigger now.”

“First of all, Bliss, please call me ‘Janice’. A few years ago my father retired, leaving my older brother Frank as the company president. It was Frank who bought the adjacent store, more than doubling our space. Since then we have expanded our inventory, especially to benefit everyone who is challenged by wetting.

“Your step-mother mentioned that while you were napping your GoodNites leaked.”

“Yes, Janice, that’s what happened. While I was awake the GoodNites was comfortable. I had no trouble sliding it down to use the toilet. I was sorry it leaked in bed. Mommy might have told you already that recently I have been wetting my bed and sometimes my panties during the day,” Bliss explained.

“This morning I woke up wet. That was when Mommy offered me the GoodNites. I had been too shy to ask for them.”

“Bliss, you clearly are a sensible big girl. Sure, we sell GoodNites, as do supermarkets. They do help many young men and women because they are designed to be more discreet than Huggies Pull-Ups.”

Janice started speaking more softly, almost as if whispering secrets: “I do not run the Huggies brand or GoodNites. Frankly if I were in charge I would not advertise that wearing GoodNites will keep wetting a secret.

“I don’t think wetting is a condition of which anyone needs to be ashamed. Everyone has wet at inconvenient times.

“GoodNites are hardly perfect, but Kimberly Clark Corporation had the guts to invent and advertise them. Where I disagree is that the advertising should have told about the benefits of GoodNites catching minor day wetting.

“Bliss, day after day young women and men tell me that GoodNites leak during the night and even leak worse during naps. Probably there are millions of reasons causing the leaking. My guess is that people who wet so little while sleeping that GoodNites work for them are rare.

“The executives at Kimberly Clark must know about the problems with GoodNites. Perhaps they already have invented better products to minimize leaks when people wet while sleeping.”

“That makes sense to me, Janice. On TV I’ve seen commercials for Huggies, Pampers and LUVs. Some show toddlers during the day and others show diapered kids in bed. Huggies Pull-Ups have TV commercials, but those only show little kids wearing them during the day,” Bliss observed. “Adult diapers are advertised on TV. Why not diapers for kids too big for Pampers?”

“Bliss, you read my mind,” Janice said with a big smile and in her regular voice, at the same time embracing the girl. “Many times I have asked those questions of sales representatives from Huggies, GoodNites, Depend and Kimberly Clark, as well as their competitors Procter & Gamble, Attends and Pampers. Those representatives seem embarrassed and change the subject.

“The funny thing is that long ago, after Procter & Gamble popularized disposable Pampers as diapers for babies, they started making Attends as diapers for adults. Oh sure, they were too shy to call those diapers, but everyone knew Attends are bigger diapers, as are Depend.

“For years the smallest Attends were called ‘Youth’ which could be taped snug enough to not leak on a child small enough to wear a Size 5 Pampers. Then suddenly those went out of production.”

“Janice, all that is truly sad. So, what do you suggest? When you say ‘Adults, not just babies, wear diapers’ do you mean that in bed diapers will leak less for me than GoodNites?”

“Yes, Bliss, that is precisely what I am saying,” Janice said with a smile as she gave Bliss another hug. “Of course those need to be ‘appropriate’ diapers. You are too big for Pampers and Huggies; besides which those are intended for toddlers. Honestly today there are no disposable diapers designed for people your size. Maybe someday?”

“The complication is that to prevent leaks disposable diapers must fit correctly. I could not promise any disposable diaper would leak less in bed than GoodNites.

“What I know for sure is that available washable cloth diapers and separate vinyl panties hardly ever leak.

“Today when you were awake you felt the need to go to the toilet, right? But during your nap you only woke up after you wet enough your GoodNites failed, right?”

“Yes, Janice, that’s what happened. Recently there have been times during the day that I wet before feeling a need to use the toilet. While wearing my GoodNites before my nap I had enough time to slide it down between feeling the need to pee and actually peeing,” Bliss explained.

“Well, Bliss, that being the case we need not consider pull-on training pants in bed; perhaps when you do wake up before wetting?”

“For you the best approach at home for bed is conventional washable diapers inside separate vinyl panties. All of my customers have told me that cotton gauze and Birdseye make the most comfortable washable diapers.

“A minor downside to gauze and Birdseye is that they need to be fastened with diaper pins, not Velcro. All cloth diapers need to be covered by waterproof panties. The most comfortable are made of soft vinyl.”

“Okay, whatever you say, Janice. Are you gonna diaper me right here?” Bliss asked with a smile, which Janice interpreted as meaning Bliss secretly wanted diapers.

“Bliss, only after you are wearing a cloth diaper can we be sure which size vinyl panties will fit you best,” Janice said while giving her hand a subtle squeeze.

“What do I need to do?” Bliss asked innocently.

“You’re going to need to undress and recline on the table,” Janice explained. “While you undress I’ll spread a gauze diaper on the table. If the first one is not the best size we will try others, Okay?”

Quick as a flash, Bliss undressed as she neatly folded her skirt and blouse. Meanwhile Janice took a 24” square 4-ply gauze DyDee Service diaper from a shelf and kite-folded it before spreading it out on the changing table’s padded surface.

Although that diaper was wide enough, it was not long enough. Janice asked Bliss to climb down so that a 27” square gauze diaper could be kite-folded and spread out. That proved to be a good fit.

Bliss climbed down again so that Janice could add two conventional Birdseye cotton infant prefolds to the diaper set. As soon as Bliss reclined upon the completed diaper set, Janice snugged it and fastened it with plastic-headed diaper pins just above the hips on both sides.

It turned out the first size of vinyl panties tried was the ideal fit over her night diapers for Bliss.

Nanny Climpson slid down the vinyl panties and un-pinned the diaper. While Bliss stood around Nanny shook out the square flat gauze diaper. That she kite-folded and covered with the two prefolds.

Once Bliss again reclined upon the diaper set, Nanny pinned it snug as expertly as had Janice.

Bliss remained on the table while the pins were removed. Gertrude took over the nanny position. With coaching from Janice, Gertrude gained confidence that she could pin the diaper set snug enough without jabbing Bliss with the pointy end of a diaper pin.

While Bliss was still diapered, Janice asked, “What does Bliss wear to bed?”

“It was so warm today I only wore my GoodNites to nap,” Bliss answered.

“Usually she wears panties and a sleep shirt,” Nanny Climpson added.

Janice walked over and took Bliss by the hand: “Bliss, I think your diaper will work better and be more comfy if it is supported by another kind of sleep wear. These are sort of like a leotard with snaps to hold the crotch closed.

“That keeps the diaper from sagging as it gets wet. Should the diaper need changing the snaps can be released. You wouldn’t need to undress. The manufacturer calls those special pajamas ‘sleep body suits’ but honestly most of us call them ‘Onesies’ because they look like those.

“Some are plain white, so the top looks like an ordinary T-shirt. They come in various colors and also warmer for winter.

“Bliss, while you are still wearing your diaper, would you like to try-on a Onesies?”

Giggling, Bliss responded while clapping her hands childishly, “Oh, that sounds like fun!”

Gertrude and Katharine Climpson exchanged meaningful glances behind Bliss’ back. Perhaps all along Lambie Pie desired diapers for which she was too shy to ask.

From a shelf Janice took a white Onesies. It fit just fine over Bliss’ diaper and vinyl panties.

Giggling, Bliss climbed off the table and danced with joy in the fitting room.

Gertrude said, “We’ll take a selection of summer Onesies!”

Janice added that the Onesies and Babykins vinyl panties had already been washed. “However, those are the only pre-washed ones we have in stock. If Bliss takes those off now she can wear them to bed tonight. The other new Onesies and Babykins panties need to be washed and dried before she wears those.”

Reluctantly Bliss reached down to undo the Onesies’ snaps which were in easy-reach at her front hip line. She pulled the Onesies over her head.

When Gertrude removed the last diaper pin Bliss sat up and asked to use the toilet. She did so privately, wiped herself and put on a fresh GoodNites from Gertrude’s diaper bag.

Nanny remained in the fitting room as Bliss finished dressing. She put the Onesies back on and snapped the crotch so her GoodNites were both supported and hidden: “Hey, Janice is right, the top could be an ordinary T-shirt!” Never-the-less she replaced the Onesies with her school blouse for the drive home.

Meanwhile Gertrude signed the paperwork setting up a DyDee Service account. She also bought a second and much larger discreet black leather diaper bag to carry cloth diapers, vinyl panties and a changing mat. In addition Gertrude bought a few changing mats for the house.

Janice provided enough DyDee diapers to last over-night, as well as one of those diaper pails. She sold Gertrude one each generic covered nursery pails: one for used disposables; and one for vinyl panties. Of course Gertrude bought a dozen of the selected size Babykins pull-on vinyl panties and four cards of First Years diaper pins.

The drive home was uneventful. It was still early enough that Bliss helped Gertrude run a load of Onesies through the Maytag Neptune washer and dryer. Because Gertrude had been hand-washing her own vinyl panties for years she showed Bliss how to do so and then hang them to dry on plastic hangers. Fortunately there were enough spare hangers in the laundry room.

A half hour after the last new Onesies was folded and put away in Bliss' bedroom, Richard Chapman phoned Gertrude to say he would be home in ninety minutes. She told him her day had been most pleasant and productive. She hoped his had goon well.

As soon as Richard hung up, she phoned the restaurant selected to make dinner that night. They had the actual order already. This call was to tell them when dinner needed to be on their table.

While it might seem extravagant to order restaurant service at home, in fact this was a bargain compared to employing a cook. When only Bliss and Nanny were home, she cooked for both of them.

Well before her father arrived home, Bliss used the toilet and changed her GoodNites. Then she put on a fresh school uniform blouse and skirt, along with regulation knee socks and polished black flat heel Mary Janes.

She was so excited to show the dry GoodNites to her Daddy that the second he was in the family room Bliss lifted her skirt and did a decent pirouette. While Richard looked confused, Miss Climpson took the girl by the hand and began scolding her.

What surprised Richard was that it was Gertrude that Bliss ran to for comfort. Previously it had nearly always Richard who did the scolding and it was Nanny who did the comforting. He was braced for a protracted period of Bliss resenting Gertrude.

While the delivery waiter was bringing in the food and placing it upon the buffet sideboard, Richard relaxed with a highball. Bliss promised that her GoodNites and diapers would prevent wetting staining clothing or bedding.

After all had finished dinner and dessert, Gertrude and Richard moved to the family room.

Nanny went with Bliss to get her ready for bed. She took a bath on her own. After drying off Bliss walked to Nanny who had put the original Onesies on the bed. A DyDee gauze diaper set was spread on a changing pad which was on the floor.

Although Katharine Climpson found using the floor as a changing table to be very uncomfortable, she still pinned the diaper snugly. Bliss stood up when it was time to pull her vinyl panties into place. She needed no help putting on her Onesies. After snapping the crotch, Bliss crawled into bed. Nanny gave her a tender kiss. Later Richard and Gertrude came in to kiss Bliss good night.

Well before dawn Bliss woke up in a very wet diaper. Nothing had leaked, but she was not used to the sensation of a wet diaper. She got out of bed, walked to the master bedroom and woke Gertrude: “Mommy, I’m sorry, I wet my diaper.”

Gertrude got up quietly and led Bliss back to her bedroom. There she unsnapped the Onesies, folded it up and removed the wet diaper and Babykins vinyl panties. Bliss was cleaned and dried with a prefold. Then Gertrude bent down to pin on a fresh diaper set.

While doing that Gertrude decided to immediately buy a proper changing table! By ten A.M. Gertrude was driving Bliss and Nanny to Just-for-Tots to actually buy an over-sized changing table.

Earlier Janice Bracket had been alerted by the store’s answering service to return Gertrude’s emergency call. Therefore she was waiting on the outside of the parking lot entrance as Gertrude drove up.

What she noticed was that Bliss was wearing a Onesies with a uniform skirt. From the bulge it was obvious that Bliss was wearing a gauze diaper set. Janice realized nothing sold an expensive over-sized changing table as effectively as a wealthy parent changing an older child reclining on a mat on the floor.

Unfortunately back in 1998 those over-sized changing tables were made to order in Italy. Between FAXing the order and it arriving in Pasadena took four or five months.

Once, Janice had offered to loan a customer a low padded bench to use until their Italian changing table arrived. After using the bench for a couple of days they canceled the big order.

Not wishing to lose such a sale to Gertrude, Janice offered the loan of the changing table in the second nursery fitting room. She also decided to demand that Frank keep at least one new Italian changing table in the warehouse!

After placing and signing the order, Gertrude used the store's table to change Bliss while Nanny and Janice were ready to coach. Before lunch the loaner changing table was delivered and set up in Bliss' bedroom.

That evening Richard broke the news that the next Sunday (14 June 1998) he had to fly to Washington, DC for several days of meetings.

Gertrude took the news quite well: "Darling, how about giving us a lift? You will be flying over my parent's home. I was about to book a commercial flight. Your network's plane will be much more fun!"

For a million reasons Gertrude wanted Bliss to meet her parents Henry and Linda Porter Lee.

Her cunning plan to make Bliss' desire for diapers a reality had worked better than her wildest dreams. After being confronted with the first incident of Bliss deliberately wetting her bed, Gertrude had a phone conversation with Linda.

Lambie Pie would soon discover the reality of home discipline enforced with very sore bottoms. Best of all, with the cooperation of Linda, Bliss would think she had actually requested punishment spankings!

Please tune in for Chapter 2