

# Bliss

## Chapter 2 “Step Mom Goes Home”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Today is Thursday 11 June 1998 in sunny Flintridge, California. Yesterday eight year-old Bliss Martha Chapman thought her brand-new step mother, Gertrude Lee Chapman, was going to punish her for wetting her bed and panties.

Far from that, Gertrude showed that at twenty-four she also had wetting problems. She handed Bliss a package of GoodNites. That had been a start.

TV commercials tried to convince Bliss that GoodNites were not similar to diapers worn by babies. Her secret was that Bliss actually had a tiny bladder and virtually no control of it when asleep.

The thing was that Bliss was far too shy to simply ask for diapers. Her father Richard Chapman was a major TV network President of West Coast Operations. Her mother had been killed by a drunk driver when she was four. In fact Bliss had no memory of ever wearing a diaper.

Thus when Gertrude asked if she would give GoodNites a try, Bliss fell hopelessly in love with her beautiful young step mom. Then after Bliss flooded her GoodNites during the nap she wanted, Gertrude took her back to the Just-for-Tots store to be fitted for gauze diapers and vinyl panties.

While those were being fitted Bliss asked her lifetime nanny Katharine Climpson if she had ever diapered her in cloth. The answer was no.

What Bliss decided was that the combination of gauze and Birdseye diapers inside vinyl panties was even more wonderful than the GoodNites.

What Bliss liked best was being on her back on a changing table large enough to hold her comfortably while being gently pinned into a cloth diaper set.

At 8:15 A.M. DyDee Service delivered large stacks of square flat gauze diapers and infant-size Birdseye prefold diapers. Then at 11 A.M. a Just-for-Tots crew began to set up an oversize changing table in Bliss' bedroom. She was delighted beyond her wildest dreams.

When Gertrude walked into Bliss' bedroom to say that lunch was ready downstairs, she could tell the child was mesmerized by the changing table. Gertrude decided to buy that after bending down to change Bliss' wet diaper while she was on a mat on the floor.

Bliss said, "Mommy, I need to pee on the toilet. Then I'll be right down."

Actually she only flushed the toilet and ran the water as if washing her hands. Bliss wanted to be sure her bladder was full enough to soak her GoodNites during lunch so that she would be changed into a gauze diaper for her nap.

All that happened. While the adults cleared the lunch dishes, Bliss ran upstairs, undressed and removed her soaked GoodNites. She was drying off after her bath when Nanny Climpson came to pin her into real diapers, pull on her Babykins vinyl panties and help Bliss put on one of her new Onesies.

Within a few minutes of being tucked into her bed Bliss was really sound asleep. Gertrude came upstairs to give her step daughter a gentle kiss.

Ninety minutes later Bliss was awake in a wet diaper. There was no leaking and she had to be careful to stifle a contented grin. Both Nanny and Gertrude were convinced that Bliss really wanted diapers.

After returning to the changing table to be wiped clean, Bliss asked if she could wear another cloth diaper instead of a GoodNites since there were no plans to leave the house. She wore the same Onesies with a skirt.

Later, when Richard came home, he assumed Bliss was wearing a T-shirt. He was oblivious to the diaper bulge.

For bed Thursday night Nanny used three prefolds as soakers. Bliss was not disturbed by the thicker diaper. She slept soundly.

Friday morning even that thicker diaper was soaked, but the vinyl panties had not leaked. It was Gertrude who woke Bliss and removed the diaper. After letting Bliss take a shower, Gertrude laid out a GoodNites, skirt and blouse.

Bliss begged to wear a cloth diaper, Onesies and skirt instead: “Lambie Pie, remember today Nanny is taking you to the Los Angeles Zoo for a birthday party. Do you really want your friends to see you in such a thick diaper?”

“No Mommy, you’re right. But may I wear a real diaper until it is time to leave for the party?”

“Okay, Lambie Pie, but no whining when time comes to get ready!” Gertrude said with a smile, but simultaneously giving Bliss’ bare derriere a stinging smack.

Bliss did not even wince, convincing Gertrude that the girl might be fascinated with spanking.

While Bliss was attending the birthday party, Gertrude made all the arrangements for the trip to her parent’s home. She told her mother, former TV local and weather reporter Linda Porter Lee, all about the situations with Bliss.

Linda responded: “I completely understand Darling. Your old room will be ready for you. Bliss will stay in the adjacent guest room. That will be set up as you wish.

“Your sister Maurine and your niece Doris moved in yesterday. What a thrill.”

By the time Gertrude’s parents met in 1965 her father Henry Lee already had turned a local TV affiliate station into a major business success. He met Linda, who worked in a different city, at a broadcasting convention.

Maurine majored in broadcast journalism. She is beautiful enough, but to be honest does not work hard enough. It is possible Maurine has set a record for being fired by TV stations. She divorced her husband. The reason she moved back home is that she had been evicted from her condo.

Richard’s TV network does not directly own their corporate jets. Those are provided with crew by a subsidiary of the holding corporation which owns the network.

On the other hand, Henry Lee owns two corporate pressurized turbo-prop planes which are nearly as fast on fairly short trips. His station is a leader in regional news gathering and is a CNN affiliate. Those planes get crews and equipment rapidly to breaking news events.

Both Henry and Linda Lee are very well trained and experienced pilots. His TV station employs many former regional airline pilots. Besides flying the turbo-props when needed, those men and women have other duties at the station. During flights the passengers serve themselves snacks and beverages. Nearly everyone working for the station has received cabin crew safety training.

During her short lifetime Bliss had traveled with her father many times, mostly on corporate jets and occasionally first class on commercial airlines.

Gertrude never was interested in taking flying lessons, but she had often been a passenger on the station's planes. Twice since she fell in love with Richard she had accompanied him on a corporate flight.

Bliss and Gertrude agreed that flying corporate was more comfortable than on an airliner!

On Saturday 13 June 1998 Nanny Climpson took Bliss to the Kids' Space Activity Center in Pasadena. That was then a favorite place for Bliss. Since many of the staff knew her, and there were several ladies' rooms, Bliss felt it would be more fun to wear GoodNites with a blouse and skirt.

They had lunch in the cafeteria there. Bliss was responsible about using toilets, so her GoodNites were only slightly sweaty when they returned home. Nanny changed Bliss into a DyDee diaper set with vinyl panties for her nap, covered by a thin Onesies.

When Bliss woke up ninety minutes later her diaper was soaked. Nanny wiped her clean and pinned her into a dry diaper. Shortly before dinner Bliss asked to use a toilet.

Her diaper, which was dry, was removed. She peed copiously and deposited a significant soft stool. Then she was cleaned and pinned into a fresh diaper.

Every change into a cloth diaper delighted Bliss. When Gertrude kissed her good night Bliss thanked her for giving her diapers instead of scolding her for wetting.

“Lambie Pie, I know wetting is beyond your control. Probably that will improve; if not, then together we will deal with the situation,” Gertrude promised.

Sunday morning, 14 June, was clear, bright and warm. A studio SUV drove Richard, Bliss and Gertrude to the executive terminal at the Burbank airport.

Bliss was wearing GoodNites supported by a plain white Onesies, with a skirt, socks and Mary Janes. Gertrude carried the large diaper bag. Since they were the only passengers on a fifteen seat jet, Bliss could use a toilet whenever she needed.

The executive terminal where they landed was newer and even better equipped. That was the home base for the turbo-props of Gertrude’s father.

Linda was waiting. She swept Bliss into a tight hug before giving Gertrude a kiss: “Welcome, Bliss! My daughter has been telling me all about you. Clearly she loves you very much. I’ve looked forward to getting to know you.

“Gertrude, Fed-Ex delivered everything you sent me. Your old room is waiting for you. Bliss, you’ll be staying in the guest room next to your mom. That has been set up the way you asked, Gertrude.

“The big treat is that Maurine and Doris arrived Friday afternoon.”

Seeing that Bliss was not comprehending, Gertrude explained: “Maurine is my older sister. Her daughter Doris is also eight.”

Politely Bliss excused herself: “I want to change, if I may?”

When Gertrude nodded yes, Bliss removed a GoodNites, a disposal baggie and a pack of baby wipes from the diaper bag. Soon she returned, smiling and put the pack of wipes back in the bag.

By then their luggage had been unloaded. They stood at a window facing the runway as the corporate jet began taxiing for takeoff. Bliss waved her father good bye.

Their luggage had already been stowed in Linda’s Cadillac Escalade. Bliss noticed that there were two child safety seats installed next to each other on the second row, with the far right place left empty.

Linda asked Bliss to sit in the far left safety seat and followed her there to fasten her harness: “Bliss, we all know that you and Doris are hardly babies. However, this is the Deep South. Our state has strict rules about child seats. Most children here younger than ten ride in similar seats.”

The route to the Lee estate passed their TV station and through the business section. The drive was twenty minutes.

Henry Lee had inherited his land while he was still at university. Henry and Linda built their mansion while she was pregnant with Maurine and expanded it after Gertrude was born. It impressed Bliss.

A uniformed maid was waiting in the multi-car garage as they arrived. She had a baggage cart and took the diaper bag from Gertrude. Linda took the empty space closest to the door to the house. The next space was empty. The two further spaces were filled by a polished SUV and one that needed washing.

The door opened into an entry way with a hall to the left and the huge kitchen straight ahead. It was only after Bliss entered the kitchen that she could clearly hear the sad sounds of a child in distress. Another kitchen door was open to the back veranda. The sad sounds seemed to originate from there. Bliss turned to investigate.

“It might be best to give little Doris some privacy. Does your family really call you ‘Lambie Pie’? Maurine must be giving her daughter what for with a switch. That child can be so naughty!”

Curiosity had taken Bliss under her control. As if in a trance, the girl walked to the open door.

Beyond the door Doris was undressed below her shirt, which was rucked-up as she bent over the railing. Her delicate derrière, thighs and legs were alarmingly red as Maurine briskly stroked them with a long flexible stem with a few small leaves still attached.

Doris continued to sob and promise better behavior as her mother paused the punishment to dip the flexible stem into an antique umbrella stand filled with water and containing several similar stems.

Maurine gave her stem a shake to remove excess water before she resumed using it to punish Doris.

“Lambie Pie, this is one way naughty children silly enough to disobey are punished,” Linda explained. “We call this ‘a switching’ which I can promise you teaches a good lesson even more effectively than a hairbrush.

“Yesterday Maurine had to put Doris over her lap for a bare-bottom hairbrush spanking which would have convinced a more sensible girl to be well behaved for at least a week.

“Lambie Pie, this is the Deep South where we strongly believe in traditional values and discipline. Instead of endless scolding we administer physical punishment. My grandmother was spanked and switched, as was my mom and both of my daughters.

“That umbrella stand was a gift to me from my mother which had been passed down from my grandmother. During the winter it is drained to stand ready for umbrellas. When it is warm enough for switches to grow it is kept on the veranda filled with water to keep switches ready for use.”

“Golly gum drops, I sure feel sorry for Doris!” Bliss exclaimed.

Linda answered: “Indeed, Lambie Pie! Perhaps it is just as well you were so curious. Maybe seeing Doris getting a switching will be a good lesson for you. *Curiosity killed the cat!*”

“Bliss darling, listen carefully to my Mommy, because this is her home and we must follow her rules!” Gertrude said, blushing and lowering her head. “That applies to Maurine and me as well as Doris and you.”

The switching of Doris ended while the conversation was taking place. Maurine threw the used switch into a trash can then allowed Doris to stand up while the girl cried her eyes out.

While Doris was still weeping Maurine dried her hands and held out a pair of thick cotton training pants. Obediently Doris stepped into the trainers. Before they were pulled up Maurine added an infant prefold diaper.

After the trainer with diaper was pulled into place, Doris stepped into a pair of translucent vinyl Babykins panties identical to those worn by Bliss. The shirt was allowed to fall back into place, which left most of the Babykins panties exposed. Doris slipped into a pair of sandals.

“Bliss, let me introduce you to your Aunt Maurine and Cousin Doris. Please call me Granny. When my husband comes home from his golf

game you will call him Grandpa,” Linda instructed, explaining, “Here in the Deep South we call nearly everyone Cousin, Aunt or Uncle.”

Drying her face, Doris rushed over to embrace Bliss. She was an inch taller but slender, so she literally did wear the same size Babykins vinyl panties.

Maurine kissed Bliss on her forehead before kissing Gertrude on her left cheek. Gertrude returned the sisterly kiss.

Upstairs Bliss found that her bedroom included a folding table with a waterproof pad: “That will serve as your changing table, Lambie Pie,” Linda explained. “While staying in my house all children younger than thirteen or who still wet wear diapers to bed.

“Since you also wet during the day, Lambie Pie, around the house you also will wear diapers. Just tell an adult when you need your diaper to be removed so you can use a toilet. Only when we leave the house may you just wear GoodNites.

“When I have confidence you can keep your day diapers dry, if you want you may try trainers like Doris.”

On top of a low bureau there were stacks each of 27” square flat gauze diapers and infant prefolds. Between the bureau and the changing table there was a distinctive DyDee pail, along with one each for disposables and vinyl panties.

“Gertrude, prove to me you have learned to effectively pin Lambie Pie into a diaper!” Linda ordered.

Without hesitation Gertrude completely undressed Bliss. Actually her GoodNites was quite wet, doubtless a result of witnessing the switching.

Under the watchful eye of her strict mother Gertrude kite-folded a square diaper and covered it with two prefolds. Without prompting Bliss climbed up and stretched out prone so her derrière could be wiped and then massaged with baby lotion. Then she carefully turned over and reclined upon the diaper while her pubic region was wiped clean and lotioned.

Linda clearly approved, so Gertrude snugged the diaper and pinned it with confidence. Bliss continued to obediently remain still as her vinyl panties were pulled up and on. A Onesies was waiting upon the bed. Gertrude pulled that onto Bliss and fastened the crotch.



“Gertrude, your time has come!” Linda said in a command voice while taking Bliss by the hand. “Go to your room, change your clothes and then meet us all on the back veranda. You well know what must happen!”

“Yes Mommy, I know I’ve been thoughtless and naughty,” Gertrude stammered, deeply blushing and sounding more like she was a child and not a married woman of twenty-four.

Downstairs the maid had laid a table with a pitcher of iced tea, glasses and chilled boxes of juice. Incongruously in front of the beverages a well-used pair of small pruning shears had been placed.

Blushing with embarrassment like a naughty child, Gertrude appeared. She was only wearing childish sandals, a cropped pink T-shirt, trainers and translucent vinyl panties. Bliss had seen her step-mom wearing trainers and vinyl panties before.

Without hesitation or complaint Gertrude picked up the pruning shears. She purposely walked to some bushes across the back lawn. Then she bent over for a couple of minutes. When she stood up and turned around to return to the veranda, Gertrude was carrying several switches with their leaves and buds intact.

After replacing the shears upon the table, Gertrude carried her fresh switches over to the trash can. There she carefully removed the larger leaves and as many buds as possible. She handed the prepared switches to her mother as Bliss, Doris and Maurine sat watching.

Lee ordered Gertrude to remove a few more leaves before adding them to those already soaking in the umbrella stand.

“Young Lady, prepare yourself and then assume the position!” Linda ordered in a surprisingly gentle voice.

Gertrude walked to the same place at the railing as where Doris had been punished. Only then did Bliss notice footmarks were painted there on the concrete.

Gertrude kicked off her sandals. She then removed her Babykins panties. When she removed her trainers, those proved to have a prefold inside as a soaker.

Once Gertrude bent over and gripped the rail as if her life depended upon never letting go, Linda slowly got up from her chair. She walked to the umbrella stand and selected a limber switch.

As that was tested in the air, Gertrude started to weep softly: “Save the waterworks, Young Lady. You will need all of your tears while I punish you!”

“Now, Young Lady, kingly tell us all why you have earned punishment!”

“Mommy, I have not heeded your good advice in a few years. I have talked back to my husband. I have failed to provide my daughter with appropriate discipline, for which I am truly sorry. I do deserve a sound switching.” Gertrude managed to allocate as bravely as possible.

Without delay, Linda began to apply the damp switch to Gertrude from the middle of her shapely derriere to below her knees. The strokes were delivered rapidly, seemingly without effort.

Gertrude yelped and sometimes shrieked, far less bravely than Doris had accepted her punishment. To be fair, Maurine frequently spanked and switched Doris. It had been over two years since Linda had switched Gertrude.

Even after Gertrude stopped yelping she did sob. Her punished area was dark pink and she had some nasty marks. Bliss felt very sorry for Gertrude. On the other hand Maurine and Doris felt the young woman was getting that which she deserved.

A few times Linda paused to dampen the first switch. When she felt it no longer effective she put it in the trash can and selected another one.

Linda continued to punish Gertrude until she went limp and was loudly crying her eyes out. Only then did the punishment end.

Gertrude was allowed to stand and was handed the switch. Linda gave her daughter an affectionate cuddle and a kiss on both cheeks: “Now Young Lady, you may dispose of the well-used switch!”

After that task was accomplished Linda dressed Gertrude as if she were a naughty little girl. Eventually Gertrude was handed a glass of iced tea, which she drank while standing.

During the switching Bliss had wet her diaper. Gertrude had dribbled onto the concrete slightly. As she consumed her iced tea she more than dampened her trainers, which Bliss and the others noticed.

Doris said, “Aunt Gertrude is wetting!” which earned her a slap to her right cheek from Maurine.

When Linda granted permission to do so, Bliss rushed to hug and kiss Gertrude. Then Gertrude was given permission to go to her room to use the toilet and change her trainers.

On the veranda Bliss brooded. She said nothing until Gertrude reappeared, who had washed her face and brushed her hair.

Something Bliss noticed was that both Gertrude and Maurine were wearing no makeup. Gertrude had not touched up her lipstick since the corporate jet had taken off in Burbank. What was up with that?

Bliss could not look up. Her lip trembled with a combination of guilt and fear. She blurted out: “Mommy and Granny, since as long as I can remember I’ve been a bad girl. Honestly I want to be a better girl, to be good.

“It’s nobody else’s fault that I have taken advantage of my Daddy’s good nature. I have also taken advantage of Nanny Climpson. Mommy understands me.

“Now I see that Granny loves her daughters enough she is strict. Probably over the years many people must have felt *‘what Bliss Chapman needs is frequent punishment’*.

“Granny and Mommy, help me become a good girl.”

Linda walked over to Bliss and held her left hand: “Lambie Pie, we think alike. I can help you. Just come with me.”

So saying, they walked together into the house. As they approached the maid Linda stopped and whispered to that woman. Then Bliss and Linda climbed the stairs to the girl’s bedroom.

The maid followed instructions. Out on the veranda she placed an armless chair away from anything else. She also provided Gertrude and Doris comfy pillows for their chairs: “Mrs. Lee told me that you have permission to sit on the pillows.”

In the bedroom Linda undressed Bliss and removed her diaper. That was replaced with GoodNites. From a bureau drawer Linda retrieved a cropped pink T-shirt, a decent fit on Bliss, who stepped into her sandals.

Together Linda and Bliss walked down the stairs and onto the veranda.

“Lambie Pie tells me she has seen the errors of her bad behavior. She has asked for punishment. I will give her a taste of punishment,” Linda said clearly.

Never letting go of Bliss’ hand, Linda took a seat on the chair. Using her free hand she lowered and removed the GoodNites. Next she helped Bliss assume the position across the lap, bare bottom upward.

Milliseconds later Linda’s sturdy, experienced right hand exploded upon the delicate derrière of Bliss. Those spanks were spread from left to right side and from the middle of her buttocks to the middle of her upper thighs.

Bliss knew down deep she fully deserved being spanked. However the reality of the sensation caught her by surprise. She was not able to take her spanking quietly.

Previously Bliss witnessed her cousin and mother crying while being punished. After only a few spanks Bliss started to cry genuine tears. She never begged for mercy.

Linda realized there was a risk while being spanked Bliss could not control her bladder. Therefore even before the girl went limp Linda eased her off the lap and helped Bliss restore her GoodNites. A few seconds later she did wet enough that was visible.

Gertrude and Linda comforted Bliss. Doris gave her a hug and a kiss. Soon the tears gave way to sniffles. Eventually Bliss sat on her mother’s comfy pillow.

Bliss asked if she could take a nap. Gertrude explained that recently Bliss had needed a daily nap. They were excused.

Up in Bliss’ bedroom Gertrude used the changing table to diaper the girl, who put on Onesies before getting into bed.

On the veranda Doris found the concept of an eight-year-old girl asking to take a nap totally hilarious. Maurine asked Linda if she thought naps would improve the child’s behavior. Linda felt it was worth a try.

Therefore within fifteen minutes using the changing table in her room Doris was diapered and put down for a nap.

Both Bliss and Doris woke up after an hour of napping in very wet diapers. Bliss put on a GoodNites; Doris was helped to put on trainers with a prefold as soaker and Babykins vinyl panties.

Doris and Bliss wore shirts, skirts and sandals over their absorbent undies. Both girls greeted Henry Lee as 'Grandpa' when they saw him in the family room. He gave each girl a kiss on her forehead; he did the same with Maurine and Gertrude. Linda he kissed romantically on her lips.

At 8:30 P.M. Linda announced, "Doris and Bliss, it is bedtime!"

"But Granny, it is so early!" Bliss whined.

"Doris, please tell Cousin Bliss what happened when you complained about bedtime?" Linda asked sweetly.

"Why Granny, I was spanked, of course," Doris answered.

"Please tell Bliss how you were spanked," Linda ordered, still in her sweet voice.

"Mommy used the hairbrush on my bare bottom," Doris answered immediately.

"Yes, that is how whining and disobedience is punished in this home. Gertrude, please bring the spanking chair here. Doris, please bring the hairbrush here, with a couple of towels," Linda demanded sweetly.

Instantly Gertrude walked to a closet from which she withdrew a straight-back wooden chair with a padded seat upholstered in ornate green material. That she placed in the middle of the family room.

"Bliss, my grandmother bought that chair a long time ago. She gave it to me when Maurine was five. It has seen a lot of use when naughty people need an over the lap spanking," Linda explained. She then nodded at Gertrude.

Without hesitation Gertrude took the disciplinarian's seat upon that chair.

Very soon Doris returned carrying two bath towels and an oval wooden hairbrush. She spread the towels to protect Gertrude's lap before handing her the hairbrush.

Very sweetly Gertrude ordered, "Lambie Pie, come here for your spanking. You were silly to whine!"

As Bliss slowly toed-in shuffling to Gertrude, she put the hairbrush behind her. Thus both of her hands were free to hold Bliss as she removed the GoodNites. The trembling child assumed the position.

“Lambie Pie, your new era has begun! Are you ready?” Gertrude asked.

“Mommy, I was a bad girl. I’m ready for my spanking,” Bliss answered.

Despite receiving a hand spanking a few hours earlier, the sensation of the hairbrush landing took Bliss by surprise. She made no attempt to be brave or stoic.

Gertrude knew she absolutely had to spank Bliss hard. If not she would get spanked by her mom while Bliss watched.

Bliss squirmed, yelped and sobbed as the stinging spanks landed. Only when Bliss went limp did Linda give Gertrude a meaningful nod to stop the spanking. Bliss was allowed to cry it all out before she was helped to her feet.

The top towel was wet, but it did not soak through the bottom towel. Thus Gertrude’s lap remained dry.

The hairbrush was left in the family room. Gertrude led Bliss to her changing table. The sniffing girl was pinned into cloth diapers with three prefolds as soakers. The Babykins panties were pull into place. Those were covered by a Onesies. Then Bliss was tucked into bed.

“Lambie Pie, right now you are in disgrace. When you get up we will talk!” Gertrude said as she gave her step daughter a tender forehead kiss.

Bliss reached out to hold her step mom in a tight embrace, whispering, “Mommy I really want to become a nicer girl. If that means I need more spankings, then you’ll need to spank me.”