

Bliss

Chapter 3 “Step Mom At Home”

Fiction by Angela Bauer

It is a few minutes past midnight, early on Monday 15 June 1998 in a well-known Deep South city. There, in the mansion of Gertrude’s parents, Bliss Chapman woke up suddenly.

Most eight-year-old girls feeling a strong need to empty both bowels and bladder would rush to a toilet. Bliss is not like most gals her age. Complicating her toilet rush was her very wet pinned gauze diaper inside soft vinyl panties, supported by her Onesies.

What Bliss did was calmly walk to the bedroom next to hers. There her step mom Gertrude Lee Chapman was sleeping soundly.

“Mommy, MOMMY, **MOMMY!** Wake up! I need make potty!” Bliss said, tugging at Gertrude.

Motherhood was still very new to Gertrude. It took her a moment to gather her wits. When she had her act more or less together Gertrude responded, “Lambie Pie, I’m right behind you. Go on back to your room so I can undress you on your changing table.”

The first thing Gertrude did was un-snap the crotch flap of Bliss' Onesies. After ruching that out of the way, the vinyl panties were pulled off; next the wet gauze diaper was un-pinned and removed.

Seconds later Bliss sat up and pulled her Onesies over her head and completely off. She ran to her toilet, just in time to pee generously and deposit a significant amount of soft poop. Responsibly, Bliss carefully wiped herself clean.

Meanwhile at the changing table Gertrude placed the soaked diapers into the DyDee Service pail. She put the wet vinyl panties into their pail. The Onesies was deposited in a laundry hamper.

With the top of the changing table cleared, Gertrude spread-out a DyDee 27" square 4-ply flat gauze diaper which she kite-folded to best fit Bliss. Centered on that, Gertrude placed three Birdseye cotton infant-sized prefolds as soakers.

All clean Bliss rushed out of the bathroom. She gave Gertrude's long legs a hug before she was lifted onto the waiting diaper.

Gertrude noticed that a few faint hairbrush marks still were visible on the delicate derrière of Bliss. Therefore she temporarily placed her step daughter prone to massage her derrière with baby lotion. Bliss squealed in delight while being massaged so affectionately.

Rolling supine on her back Bliss was helped to position herself correctly on the diaper. Gertrude expertly pulled the diaper snug and pinned it in place.

As Gertrude turned to reach a clean pair of Babykins translucent vinyl pull-on panties, Bliss shyly spoke-up in her most childish voice:

“Mommy, I’ve been a really bad girl. I woke up while I was wetting. I should have stopped. But it felt good to just wet until I couldn’t wet anymore.

“Are you gonna punish me for wetting deliberately?”

Without hesitation Gertrude started pulling the vinyl panties up Bliss’ slender legs: “Lift up a little, Lambie Pie.”

After making sure none of the diaper had escaped the vinyl panties, Gertrude lifted Bliss to cuddle her. As she helped Bliss wiggle into a clean Onesies, Gertrude gently said: “Lambie Pie, even if you were awake when you started wetting, you were diapered. Wetting a diaper is not naughty. Even messing a diaper is hardly naughty.

“What I think is that you are simply having a temporary wetting setback. Having setbacks does not mean you are naughty; wetting even when you are not diapered is hardly naughty, it just is inconvenient.

“Lots of really great kids have setbacks. I had many setbacks growing up. Only when I wet several times would Mommy diaper me. Actually first she would ask me if I would prefer a diaper to wet panties.”

Bliss’ beautiful eyes grew to the size of saucers: “You mean Granny did not always diaper you when you wet?”

“Well, Lambie Pie, usually that was the case,” Gertrude answered after pausing to remember.

“When I was really young Mommy would ask if I wanted a diaper to help me stay dry. She would say *‘Diapers shouldn’t embarrass you. You only wear them because you wet. Being diapered is not a punishment.’*

“Almost always if we were going away, before Mommy talked to me about this, Maurine was already diapered. Besides I didn’t care who saw me in diapers. Nearly all of my friends wet diapers often enough they did not dare tease. In those days we were punished for teasing.”

“What do you mean by ‘punished’ Mommy? You were spanked for teasing?” Bliss asked, her excitement using the word *‘spanked’* clearly evident.

“Lambie Pie, it is very late. Both of us should be sound asleep. Go to bed right now and I will answer a couple of your questions briefly,” Gertrude promised nicely.

After Bliss was in her bed she wriggled because of the third prefold soaker. Gertrude explained, “Tonight we’ll try four soakers so you can get a full night’s sleep. You can get used to those during your nap.

“Now to answer your first question, growing up every kid I knew was punished with a sore bottom for teasing. My mother only used the word *‘spanking’* about hand smacks on the bare derrière, while she was seated and the punished one was over her lap. Mommy called a spanking with a hairbrush a *‘hairbrushing’*. Most of the year, we could pick fresh switches. Mommy called those punishments *‘switchings’*.

“At school we were spanked by hand only when very young. After that we were given *‘pops’* with a paddle: an ordinary ping-pong paddle in grade school; a solid wooden paddle in middle and high school.”

“Golly, Mommy, getting spanked by a teacher seems harsh. Does that still happen?” Bliss asked innocently.

“Well, it sure did when I was seventeen and a high school senior! Only three weeks before graduation I got six very painful swats on my panties from Miss Vore, the Vice Principal for Girls. That was embarrassing because I needed to wear training panties which I wet during my paddling. I cried like a baby!” Gertrude confessed. “Go to sleep now. You may ask all the questions you like in the morning.

“The thing is I want you to stay in bed if you wake up before I wake you up. If you need to pee or even poop, you’re diapered.”

When Gertrude leaned over to kiss Bliss, the girl reached up to give her step mom an affectionate cuddle.

It was 7:45 A.M. when Gertrude entered Bliss’ bedroom. She was awake and obediently in bed.

“Mommy, I know I was wet when I woke up and I had to wet again. Being wet was not so bad, but I could not stop from pooping after I was awake. That was naughty of me; I’m sorry,” Bliss explained honestly.

“Lambie Pie, I don’t think you were naughty. I asked you to remain in bed. Actually it is healthy that you pooped instead of getting constipated because you tried to not poop!” Gertrude said sweetly, giving her step daughter a warm smile and a forehead kiss. “Now, let me undress you and wipe you so you can take a shower or bath. We can talk whenever you want.”

Without a word Bliss got up and scampered to the low padded bench serving as her changing table. As she started to lie down, Gertrude said, “Lambie Pie, it will be far less messy if you just stand there.”

The first step was to un-snap the flap of the Onesies so it could be removed over Bliss' head. Next Gertrude only lowered the left side of the vinyl panties just far enough she could remove that diaper pin.

She let the vinyl panties resume its place while she collected a couple of baby wipes. One of those Gertrude handed to Bliss: "Lambie Pie, as I lower your diaper, please reach back and try to catch as much poop as you can with the wipe.

"I'm going to carefully lower the diaper and panties to the floor so that I can help you wipe. Eventually I'll help you step out of the panties. Okay?"

That process actually went well. Granny Linda had the foresight to place a thick plastic highchair pad to protect the carpet between the changing bench and the bed. Once Bliss had been wiped she had no difficulty stepping out of her vinyl panties.

Bliss quickly walked to her bathroom and started the shower.

Meanwhile Gertrude carefully removed the other diaper pin. She carried the messy diaper inside the vinyl panties to the toilet. There she shook the soft stool out. She maintained a firm grip on the prefold soaker which caught most of the fecal material. That she rinsed away by flushing the toilet.

Eventually Gertrude put the cotton diapers in the DyDee pail. She put the vinyl panties into its pail and the used wipes into the trash can. While Bliss finished her shower, Gertrude prepared another gauze diaper set.

When Bliss emerged from her shower, all sparkling clean, Gertrude was ready with a soft terry blanket towel. She used a hair drier and styling brush.

Back in the bedroom, Bliss was not pleased to see the diaper waiting on the bench: “Oh, Mommy, can’t I just put on a GoodNites during the day?”

“Lambie Pie, the simple answer is ‘No you may not wear a GoodNites’. Those seem to leak at the most inconvenient times.

“Wearing diapers is not some kind of game! Lambie Pie, right now an adult needs to make the diaper decisions. You are a very bright girl, but you are still a child. Get used to the fact that adults will select your diapers,” Gertrude explained firmly enough Bliss realized any argument would be futile.

Obediently she relaxed prone on the changing surface while her delicate derrière was massaged with baby lotion. After Bliss carefully turned over Gertrude applied lotion to the pubic region. The diaper was pulled snug and pinned in place.

“Young Lady, it was rude of you to argue about your diaper. You have had questions about discipline in general and punishment in particular,” Gertrude began in the sternest tone she had yet used on Bliss.

“Had you continued to cooperate, and not talk back so rudely, I would have helped you finish dressing and we would enjoy an exquisite breakfast. Unfortunately, instead it is my sad maternal duty to punish you so that you will learn to behave better!”

From a bureau drawer Gertrude withdrew a cropped pink T-shirt computer printed on the front and back 'NAUGHTY GIRLS GET SORE BOTTOMS!'

When that was pulled over Bliss' head the hem of the shirt was well above the waist of the pinned gauze diaper. Gertrude used her right hand to hold Bliss by her left hand. Gertrude carried a pair of Babykins vinyl panties in her left hand.

Granny Linda, Aunt Maurine and Cousin Doris were all eating breakfast as Bliss was marched past them to the back veranda. On the table close to the special painted punishment footprints the garden shears were waiting. The umbrella stand filled with water and fresh switches was between that table and the railing.

"This young lady was very rude and needs punishment to learn better behavior," Gertrude called out. "It will enhance Bliss' lesson to have all of you witness her shame!"

While Gertrude marched Bliss toward the bushes especially cultivated to provide the very best, most effective disciplinary switches, the Granny, Aunt and Cousin sat on chairs with the best view of the railing.

At one of the bushes Gertrude demonstrated how to select and cut a switch while still holding Bliss by the hand. Next the girl was allowed to use both of her hands to cut three effective supple switches. After returning the garden shears to the custody of Gertrude, Bliss woefully carried all the cut switches back to the veranda.

There the Step Mom, Granny, Aunt and Cousin combined to instruct Bliss in the process of converting fresh stems from the bush into effective

punishment switches. Eventually Bliss obediently immersed those in the special umbrella stand.

Finally Bliss was given the command “Assume the position, Young Lady!”

Having witnessed Gertrude and the others being switched, Bliss knew what was expected. What surprised the Disciplinarian and the three Witnesses was that Bliss appeared to welcome the chance to bend over to grip the railing.

What Bliss could not see was the fact that Gertrude was softly weeping as she reached into the umbrella stand to withdraw a very wet switch. She swished it close to Bliss’ thighs several times to remove excess water.

At last Gertrude began to strictly switch her step daughter from her diaper to the back of the legs just below the knees.

Bliss made absolutely no attempt to be stoic or brave. She shrieked, wailed, yelped and sobbed as the stinging switch punished her. Meanwhile she freely wet her pinned gauze diaper.

When the first switch lost its effectiveness Gertrude put it in the trash can and selected a replacement to continue the correction. The back of Bliss’ thighs became red with stinging wheals.

At the point Gertrude felt it was time to select a third switch Bliss went limp and sagged. Linda got up and silently placed a hand on her daughter’s right wrist. The spent switch was put in the trash can.

Linda resumed her seat before Gertrude walked to Bliss and helped the sobbing child stand up. After a consoling cuddle, Gertrude helped Bliss step into the vinyl panties.

While easing those up into place Gertrude was very careful to pull the leg holes, so none of the elastic abraded the stinging raw wheals from the switching. Once the Babykins panties were in place Gertrude cuddled Bliss as she cried it all out.

Several minutes later Bliss was able to stammer, “Mommy, I’m sorry I was a rude girl.”

She was led back to the eating counter where Bliss was allowed to stand while she consumed her breakfast.

Meanwhile Gertrude ate breakfast while seated.

Bliss and Gertrude carried their plates and utensils to the sink to rinse them. After that, hand in hand, they climbed the stairs to Bliss’ bedroom.

There Bliss was undressed. She was allowed to use the toilet before taking a refreshing warm shower.

Gertrude had spread out a diaper set upon the bench. Seeing that, Bliss smiled and asked: “Mommy, will you change my diaper several times today?”

“Why do you want to be changed?”

“Mommy, you are right, I need to wear real diapers. The more you change them the faster I’ll get used to them, I think,” Bliss answered.

“Okay, Lambie Pie, I’ll only use two soakers.”

As she was pulling on the vinyl panties, Gertrude added, “Lambie Pie, I have decided to take you shopping at the mall. Aunt Maurine is taking Doris to lunch at the Country Time Buffet near the mall. We will meet them there. According to Maurine that restaurant has a proper changing table in the ladies room.”

Bliss was dressed in a white Onesies over her diaper, with shorts, socks and sneakers.

In the car Bliss asked, “Mommy, I know you told me that diapers are neither punishment nor a game. But diapers are sort of babyish. Maybe I should wear childish dresses over my Onesies?”

“Okay, Lambie Pie, we’ll start looking at the infant store. I doubt that has the selection of Just-for-Tots, but they might. At least they can tell us about other stores.”

Bliss carried her large diaper bag as she was led to the mall entrance. An elderly woman was there as a greeter. She was surprised when it was Bliss who asked, “Where is the baby store, Ma’am?”

“What a fascinating question, Young Lady,” the greeter replied. “On the upper level as you get off the escalator you will see a store called *For Little Ones*. They should stock everything you need.”

Sure enough, For Little Ones was at the top of the escalator. Bliss walked ahead. Gertrude felt the girl’s diaper was wet.

“Lambie Pie, is your diaper still dry?”

“I didn’t wet, Mommy” Bliss replied.

Through Bliss' shorts and Onesies Gertrude performed a diaper check: "Lambie Pie, somehow your diaper is more than damp. I can see it sagging. I'll change it before we leave."

Ann Dormer, the store owner, asked Gertrude, "How may I assist you?"

Bliss responded: "Lately I have been wetting. Mommy agreed to let me wear diapers. Back home she also bought me a few Onesies.

"But because I wet I still feel like I'm a baby. I deserve to be dressed younger."

Ann was surprised to hear Bliss admit that: "What a refreshing attitude! How were you able to find diapers to fit?"

"I'm too big for Pampers or Huggies. Mommy bought me Attends, but today I'm wearing gauze diapers from DyDee," Bliss said.

"How ingenious! There is so much to be said in favor of cotton diapers. It is so easy to fold them to fit most effectively," Ann opined.

"So, you actually want to dress younger? I can make that happen. Please follow me; I'll show you various outfits to enhance your Onesies."

"Mommy, I gotta poop!" Bliss gasped.

"Okay, Lambie Pie. Is there a ladies' room?" Gertrude asked.

"Of course, I'll lead you to it. It has a changing table," Ann said.

Upon entering the ladies' room, Gertrude and Bliss saw a large diaper bag on the changing table. Two baby bottles were sticking out of pockets, while a third pocket was empty.

A few feet beyond the changing table an attractive woman a few years older than Gretchen was seated on a chair. Stretched out over her lap was a bare-bottomed girl.

“Oh, please excuse us,” Gretchen said. “We’ll wait outside.”

“But Mommy, I really am about to poop! I can’t wait!” Bliss whined.

“Well, Lambie Pie, you have the choice of waiting to poop, or doing so in your diaper,” Gretchen replied calmly, as she started pulling Bliss toward the door.

“Please don’t leave on our account,” the seated woman said. “This is not the first time I’ve spanked my naughty daughter Linda in an occupied ladies’ room.”

Gretchen bent down to unsnap the crotch of Bliss’ Onesies when the first loud hairbrush spank landed on Linda’s delicate derrière. Immediately the girl let loose an anguished shriek.

Bliss’ eyes opened wide. Gretchen could smell poop: “Lambie Pie, it’s just as well you’re wearing a diaper. I’ll change you after you finish.”

Linda’s spanking did not last very long. Perhaps she only received twenty spanks, but they were very hard. Linda yelped, cried and wriggled, yet she still got spanked. There was a pause: “Mom, I’ll be good, you taught me a lesson!”

“Young Lady, you deserve a few more!”

Those hairbrush strokes were administered fully as hard as the previous spanks; but by then Linda was sobbing so much she could not speak. She did continue to squirm shamelessly.

“Young Lady, now you may consider yourself well and properly spanked. You may stand up so you can genuinely apologize for creating such a disturbance,” the seated woman calmly said.

As Linda blushed and stood up, the woman turned to face the visitors: “I’m Monica Leigh, Linda’s mother.”

Gertrude replied: “I’m Gertrude Chapman. ‘Lambie Pie’s’ real name is Bliss. Earlier this morning she was naughty, so I had to give her a sound switching.

“Since Bliss already messed her diaper, why don’t you finish changing Linda?”

Only after the still sobbing Linda took a step toward the changing table could Gertrude see that an underpad had been protecting Monica’s lap. That was just as well because during her spanking Linda had wet.

While Bliss squirmed in her messy diaper, Monica calmly folded the underpad and stored it inside the diaper bag. From that Monica withdrew a Pampers which she spread out on the changing surface.

Obediently Linda stood still as she was lifted and carried until she was lying on the waiting Pampers. Seconds later Monica expertly taped the diaper so it fit snugly. Then Linda was lifted and returned to standing.

Immediately little Linda stammered, “Mrs. Chapman and Bliss, I am so sorry for disturbing your day. I was very bad so Mommy had to spank me. I hope we can become friends.”

Bliss rushed to comfort the younger girl, “Of course I want to be your friend. All us gals who wear diapers need to stick together!”

Monica picked up her diaper bag. Linda's shirt just barely reached the top of her Pampers. Below that she was only wearing sandals without socks.

"Gertrude, the changing table is all yours."

"Thank you very much. I'm sorry we intruded. It worked out well. You see, over the past few months Bliss has reverted to wetting. As soon as I married her father Bliss asked if she could go back to wearing diapers.

"She's eight. I could not find her Pampers or Huggies large enough, so we tried GoodNites but they leak. We got her gauze diapers from DyDee Service for bed; then she asked to wear those during the day. I hope as she experiences messy diapers that will speed the return of her bladder control.

"I bought her Onesies back home in Pasadena to support her diapers. We are staying with my mom here. We came to the mall to buy her some outfits to cover the Onesies when she is out of bed."

"Gertrude, to each her own," Monica started. "Linda just turned six. She never stopped wetting her bed.

"Three years ago I bought plastic panties and gauze diapers which she wears to bed. Since I'm a stay-at-home-mother I don't mind washing the diapers. Linda is learning to fold them.

"Fortunately she can still wear the largest Pampers away from home. When she was little I never saw the point in trying to hide her Pampers during warm weather. Her pediatrician told me the extra ventilation would reduce prickly heat and diaper rash.

“That has worked. Every few months I try toilet training her. The pediatrician feels leaving her Pampers exposed might be the incentive to gain bladder control.

“When she asks to take a dump I have been removing her Pampers. I agree that from now on she should mess her diaper until she stops wetting.”

While Monica and Linda watched, Gertrude told Bliss to get up onto the changing table, dirty bottom up. Gertrude reached under her daughter to release the diaper pins. Slowly she slid the diaper still inside the panties down Bliss’ legs and off.

Fortunately the bulk of the poop stuck to the diaper. Gertrude walked to a toilet where she shook most of the poop out. From her diaper bag she retrieved a plastic baggie big enough to hold both diaper and panties.

Next she used baby wipes to carefully clean Bliss. Then she applied some baby lotion to Bliss’ derrière.

The next step was to have Bliss move so that a fresh gauze diaper could be positioned under her. Some baby lotion was applied to her pubic region just before Gertrude snugged the diaper and pinned it. Finally a clean pair of vinyl panties was drawn up and over the diaper. Gertrude fastened the snaps of the Onesies. Without instructions Bliss scrambled off the changing table.

Linda had been fascinated watching the way Gertrude pinned the diaper on Bliss.

Bliss was fascinated with Linda’s diaper bag. Besides the baby bottles a hairbrush occupied the third pocket. From still another pocket Monica

produced a MAM toddler 6+ month orthodontic pacifier which she placed between Linda's lips.

With her paci in place and her Pampers exposed Linda looked like an adorable tall toddler.

Bliss turned to Gertrude: "Mommy, since I'm still just a baby wetting my diapers, could I have baby bottles and pacifiers, too?"

"Sure, Lambie Pie," Gertrude replied.

"Mommy, I can be a bad girl. Can I also have a special hairbrush?" Bliss asked boldly.

"Absolutely, Lambie, a diaper bag without a hairbrush is hardly complete!" Gertrude answered with a warm, loving grin.

Before leaving the ladies' room, Gertrude asked, "Monica, would you and Linda care to join us for lunch? My sister Maurine and her daughter Doris are meeting us at the Country Time Buffett."

"Gertrude, that sounds delightful!" Monica answered.

Ann Dormer directed a saleswoman to wash and sterilize a set of MAM pacifiers and two EvenFlo 8 ounce Angled Baby nurser bottles with clear silicone nipples. The saleswoman was also told to bring a Hair Doc oval wooden brush identical to the style Monica favored.

Without delay Gertrude purchased two sunny-suits to be worn over Bliss' existing Onesies and two rompers which functioned as Onesies.

"Mrs. Chapman, may I suggest that Lambie Pie would be simply adorable wearing a pink pinafore over her Onesies? Those are very popular around here," Ann said.

Three pink pinafores to fit Bliss and Doris were added to the order. “Oh, let me give Linda a pinafore?” Gertrude asked.

As Gertrude paid the bill, Monica helped the girls put on their pinafores. The fabric was sheer enough the Pampers and Onesies showed clearly.

Monica led the way to the Country Time Buffett.