

Epic Lie Fail

Fiction by Angela Bauer

Friday 25 October 2013 had been a spectacularly gorgeous clear and pleasantly warm day since Talia Munger had gotten out of bed. Halloween, her favorite holiday, would be the following week. School had been back in session since late September.

For Talia that school day had been very good. As the small school bus approached her family's mansion on the western bank of the Arroyo Seco in Pasadena, California she did not have a worry in the world. Getting off the bus Talia did not see her mother's car, so she was looking forward to a couple of hours to communicate with her pals on-line and by phone.

Talia would not turn sixteen until 23 May 2014, for which she expected a huge party and the promise of a new car the moment she had her driver's license. Having a car of her own, so she did not depend on being driven by an adult, was very important to Talia because she was smaller than average. Consequently adults and even teens she did not know well assumed she was younger.

The only slight worry on Talia's mind was that she had needed to change her underwear once during the day. She trotted to the front door after waving to friends on the bus because she wanted to change her underwear again because it was more than damp.

None of that was a secret from her mother. Iva Dunn Munger, Esq. or her maternal grandmother, Andrea Myers Dunn, Esq. Although for several years Talia was responsible for ordering her own Attends Protective Underwear, it was Iva who paid the bills for those and for the DyDee Service which supplied the gauze diapers Talia wore to bed. Still, it being such a gorgeous day Talia was simply not in the mood to discuss incontinence with anyone right then.

At the front door Talia punched her access code into the entry keypad, which beeped telling her the door was unlocked. She resumed her trotting toward the stairs leading to her room, when she heard her Mommy's voice:

"Sweetie, we need to talk," Iva called out nicely, but in a tone more appropriate for a discussion with a toddler than a teenager.

"Aw, Mom, can it wait? I need to take a shower and change," Talia answered.

"No, Sweetie, this cannot wait! When I say 'we need to talk' I mean this second, because it is very important," Iva responded with an annoyed edge to her voice. "Come here this instant!"

Talia dared not think what had upset her Mom. Certainly it would not be all about her frequent day wetting due to urge and stress incontinence.

On Iva's desk there was an ordinary manila inter-office envelope. Behind the desk Talia could tell her mother was not pleased about something, probably Talia's misconduct. Until that moment Talia thought she was behaving very well.

“Okay, Mommy, I did have to change my Attends underwear at the end of lunch today. I had a fit of giggles and wet less than a half hour since I last sat on the toilet. Then I wet this underwear as I climbed onto the bus. So I really just want to get clean and changed,” Talia whined more than explained like a mature young lady.

“There will be time enough for changing later, Sweetie,” Iva started, as if cross examining a reluctant and hostile witness.

“You told me how well you are doing in school. When I asked if you needed help with history, you told me you were doing very well in Mr. Medina’s class, did you not?”

“Yes, Mommy, I just took the first test of the term and I am sure I did very well. But he has not returned our tests to us,” Talia said with a faint smile.

“So, Sweetie, you did not ask for any extra help in history because you are doing so very well in the class?” Iva asked, knowing the answer. She never asks questions to which she did not already know the answer.

“Yes, Mommy, I love that class. Mr. Medina is a great teacher,” Talia answered.

“Okay, Sweetie, then why did I get an urgent phone call at my office this morning from Mr. Medina?” Iva asked. “As a result of that call I left my office full of clients, drove to your school and had several very enlightening conversations; and with your Granny as well as the faculty!”

Getting up and walking around to the front on the desk, in her Christian Louboutin stiletto high heels Iva towered over her daughter. She thrust the contents of the envelope in front of Talia and pushed the petite girl’s

shoulders downward so her nose was nearly touching her recent history test.

On it Mr. Median had written the letter “F” of the word “Fail” so large and bold it nearly filled the page: “Mr. Medina gave this paper to me during our conversation. Your Principal, Doctor Schwartz, then told me you have not been paying attention in most of your other core classes. He recommended I hire you at least one tutor. Your Granny recommended that you also need stricter discipline,” Iva stated with her teeth clinched.

“Oh, Mommy, how could my discipline be stricter? You do not let me visit friends except on Saturdays after all my homework is finished,” Talia whined.

“Well, Sweetie, I agree with the suggestions from Granny. She reminded me that when I was your age and began to not pay attention in school she returned to giving me spankings like she had done when I was a child. Those spankings motivated me to pay close attention to my teachers and get outstanding grades,” Iva said sternly, leaving no room for argument from her daughter.

“But Mommy, I am too old to be spanked! None of my friends have been spanked since second grade!” Talia whined petulantly.

“First of all, Sweetie, you have no way of knowing if any one of your friends is getting spanked. They would hardly tell you about it. According to the mothers of your friends, you have always bragged that I do not spank you, nor did your late father. When I was your age I only told the friends I knew for sure were still being spanked that I was in the same boat,” Iva said in a meaningful way.

“Now we will take this horrid failed test up to your room where I will give you a spanking because you did not ask for help. Then later we will discuss how to teach you to not lie to me about anything!”

“Please Mommy; No!” Talia whined.

“Not another word, Sweetie. I promised you a spanking and that is what you shall receive!” Iva stated emphatically.

As Iva reached to take Talia’s right hand in her left, Iva realized that she had never, ever, administered a spanking. Fortunately or not, Iva had received far more sound spankings than she considered fair. Even in her childhood when spanking was more common than today, her mother Andrea was considered by far the strictest parent in the neighborhood.

Andrea not only authorized but encouraged nannies, babysitters and the housekeeper to spank Iva when they felt necessary. For trouble at school Andrea would add a sound spanking using a firm leather paddle.

Occasionally Iva’s father had punished her with his belt. Both of her parents were partners in a major law firm started by her husband’s great grandfather. Andrea is the daughter of a name partner in another major Los Angeles law firm.

Before Iva Dunn married Paul G. Munger, Jr. (the son of close family friends) Andrea warned him that Iva needed close supervision and strict discipline. Paul and Iva postponed their wedding until she had passed the California Bar exam.

Iva made it clear she was in no hurry to have children, and then she wanted to avoid spanking them. As it turned out Talia was their only child. Paul was only 49 when he was killed in an auto accident in 2009.

After Mr. Medina and Dr. Schwartz told Iva about Talia's lack of performance in school, Iva had a long conversation with Andrea about discipline.

"Mom, you know I have avoided spanking Talia," Iva started to explain.

"I know, but you always told me that in your home Paul was in charge of the spankings," Andrea said with a knowing smile.

"Yes, Mom, that was so true," Iva said and then blushed as she added, "But Paul never got around to spanking Talia!" As she said that Iva instinctively rubbed her derrière.

Having led Talia to her room, Iva ordered her to undress and take a quick shower. After drying off she was ordered to put on just a short camisole.

Talia removed her wet disposable underwear and put it in the disposable container. She removed her school flat Mary Janes and socks, then her uniform skirt and blouse, neatly hanging the skirt and putting the blouse and her padded training bra in the hamper. By the time Talia had dried off and put on the required camisole, Iva was seated on the side of her bed.

Contritely Talia walked to her mother's right side. She was pulled roughly across the lap which was covered with a few of the DyDee gauze diapers.

While lecturing Talia harshly Iva began to use her right palm to spank the small backside, turning it bright pink. Talia shrieked and wriggled, but the spanking continued as did the lecture. After countless smacks over a couple of minutes Talia was sobbing her eyes out and had gone limp. That was when Iva stopped spanking.

Talia was helped to stand and was led to a corner to calm down. Iva left Talia's bedroom while the girl was in the corner to return carrying a paper shopping bag.

Once Talia was only sniffing slightly, Iva ordered her to turn around and approach the bed. There the content of the shopping bag was revealed: a new sturdy oval wooden hairbrush; a small bar of soap, the size given out in hotels.

Iva explained that all subsequent spankings would also be on her bare derrière but with the hairbrush. Future punishment for using bad language, and especially telling lies, would be a mouth washing with bars of that special discipline soap. Talia's first mouth washing for the lies about the test would be administered after dinner that night, Iva promised.

While still reacting to that news Talia was told to pin herself into night gauze diapers and do her homework. In the course of studying her homework Talia wet her diapers enough she needed to change herself for dinner, for which she had hardly any appetite. She was that fretful about her mouth soaping.

Granny Andrea ate dinner with Iva and Talia. She said nothing about the failed test, the lies or the punishment.

In her own way Iva was also dreading the need to soap Talia's mouth. As a child she hated the soaping even more than being spanked. She could only reason that could have made being soaped effective punishment.

Talia was crying even before she reached her bathroom with Iva holding the unwrapped bar of discipline soap. Iva ran the water until it was hot enough to soften the soap bar. She rubbed it to create lather. Then she put

it into Talia's mouth and pushed her lower jaw until the crying girl had to bite down on the soap. Mother and daughter gagged simultaneously.

Once Talia had been allowed to rinse out her mouth and change her diaper for bed, Iva fled to her own bedroom and cried herself to sleep.

Unfortunately for Talia she misbehaved during that Sunday school. Since Andrea was standing next to Iva when the school director told them about the misconduct there was no way Iva could avoid administering a hairbrush spanking, of course on Talia's bare delicate small *derrière*.

Having steeled herself to administer the hairbrush spanking, Iva decided to do so thoroughly. She remembered how Andrea had aimed the spansks at the *Gluteo-Femoral Fold*, where her buttocks met her thighs. Those spots hurt more and the pain there lasted longer.

After just twenty-five hard hairbrush spansks Talia was a quivering mess, sobbing her eyes out and too limp to resist. While being spanked she also wet the pile of diapers protecting her mother's lap.

Monday morning Talia pulled on an Attends diaper under her uniform skirt as usual and waited for the small school bus. Iva had already told her law office the previous Friday that she would be late arriving.

While Talia reported to her Homeroom Class taught by Mrs. Allison Fuller, Iva had a meeting with Dr. Schwartz to thank him for all of his advice. She told him she had given Talia a long over-due spanking and mouth soaping.

Then on the way out Iva stopped to thank the school nurse, Eve Gordon, RN, for being so helpful by providing Talia with a cubby in which her Attends were stored.

During the rest of 2013 and through February of 2014, Talia earned a spanking a week. She acted as if she knew she deserved them because she had gotten away with so much misbehavior for years. She cried while being spanked but she never resisted.

Eventually a couple of her classmates noticed that Talia had a freshly spanked bottom. Instead of teasing her, they were sympathetic. They both admitted that their parents spanked them. Obviously fifteen was not too old for spanking, in the opinion of parents at their school.

Soon Talia was spending time on Saturdays at the homes of her friends. Granny Andrea encouraged those friendships. In her opinion it was good for Talia to spend time away from the Munger estate.

When Andrea could talk privately with Iva she found subtle ways to get back to the remark “Paul never got around to spanking Talia”. After seeing the reaction of Iva, Andrea was convinced she knew just what her daughter needed.

Ever since Talia reverted to wetting her bed at puberty in 2010, at the suggestion of the DyDee Service representative, Iva had opened an account with the KINs division of Babykins. Talia wore KINs soft vinyl pull-on panties over her gauze diapers and sometimes over her Attends.

Andrea knew about Babykins. She placed an order for larger vinyl panties. She also went to DyDee and picked up 3 dozen adult-size gauze diapers. Finally she went to the beauty supply store which furnished the hairbrush Iva bought for Talia and purchased another of those, along with an additional box of discipline soap bars.

The Friday after Thanksgiving Talia was invited to spend the day with the family of a gal in her class. Andrea surprised Iva at home, carrying a fancy shopping bag.

Without beating about the bush, Andrea came right out and said: “Darling Iva, I know I dropped the ball when Paul died so tragically. He was so important to you in many ways.

“When you lived at home we both knew you needed discipline. You were the one who decided to pledge a sorority which you knew still practiced the punishment of sisters as well as pledges who broke the rules.

“Clearly you would have been better off if I had stepped in to provide the same discipline for you as Paul had done. Well it is not too late. In this bag I have all the things necessary to help you.

“Darling, please follow me to your bedroom.”

In the master bedroom, Andrea sat on the side of Iva’s bed, with the shopping bag in easy reach: “Darling, undress down to just your bra. You will not need your panties.”

“Momma, what are you doing?” Iva asked, already blushing, knowing the answer. “I’m too old to be spanked!” she whined, sounding much like Talia.

“What do you think I’m going to do? Darling, I am going to give you the spanking you have deserved and needed since Paul died!” Andrea answered as if this was the most ordinary thing in the world.

Without another word Iva began to undress.

Meanwhile Andrea unpacked the shopping bag enough to remove a few of the adult gauze diapers, which she spread to cover her lap. She also removed the new hairbrush.

Iva stood there nearly nude. She blushed but assumed the position of punishment over her mother's lap as if she were a child. Iva snuggled into a comfortable position, burying her face in the bedding to her mother's left, leaving her bare derrière in the air and vulnerable.

The first dozen spansks of the brush were intended as warm-ups, but they caused Iva to wriggle. As her bottom turned pink, Andrea increased the force of the spansks and aimed them where they had the most effect. Immediately Iva began to sob.

She did not struggle, as if she knew how much she needed to be spanked. The difference from when she was younger was that Andrea did not scold her. Paul also had not scolded Iva when he spanked her with his hand or a perforated leather paddle which he preferred over a hairbrush.

After Iva stopped crying, Andrea used the larger DyDee diapers on her, pinning them snugly. Then she covered Iva's diaper with a pair of the KINs vinyl panties.

Back in her teens, when Iva still wet her bed, Andrea had used DyDee Service and bought adult vinyl panties by mail-order from Gerber.

After diapering Iva, Andrea handed her a long night shirt and a pacifier. Then she tucked her freshly spanked daughter into bed for a good old fashioned nap.

Later that Friday Iva drove to Just-for-Tots to buy some waterproof sheets for her bed, along with a quilted plastic adult-size changing pad. Andrea

had already brought Iva a DyDee Service diaper pail for her bedroom. The new hairbrush is still kept on Iva's vanity.

As a result of the increased discipline within the Munger family, Iva is a far nicer attorney and Talia has resumed her place as the top scholar in her grade. Since their 2013 mouth soapings, neither Talia nor Iva has used profanity or been caught telling a lie.

Andrea Myers Dunn, Esq. goes around with a well-satisfied smile on her face.