The next morning Anthony had no idea what Megan had planned but he made sure to keep an eye on her. He didn’t know if he had to be involved but he wanted to be ready just in case. He didn’t have to wait long. At breakfast he was in his highchair with Max sitting opposite him. Steven was reading a newspaper to the side of the table whilst Jane was preparing breakfast. Conspicuous by her absence was Megan.

It seemed like Megan wasn’t going to be coming down for breakfast at all as Jane came over to the table and placed food in front of everyone. Anthony was given a bowl of oatmeal but before Jane could feed him a single mouthful there was a bang from the hallway followed by scampering footsteps to the kitchen table. Megan stood in front of them all with tear streaks running down her face.

“Megan, wh-…” Jane started with a frown.

“He tried to-…” Megan started as she pointed accusingly at Steven.

“Stop!” Max loudly interrupted.

All eyes went from Megan to Max. The kitchen had suddenly become a soap opera and Anthony was a spectator.

“What’s going on?” Jane demanded to know as she looked from an upset daughter to an annoyed son.

“I was about to say that Steven-…” Megan started. The emotion in her words had completely disappeared. She looked like an actress who was forced to go off script.

“Megan. Stop.” Max demanded. He looked disgusted as he turned to Jane, “Megan and Anthony are trying to split you and Steven up.”

“We’re not!” Anthony lied as his eyes flew open. He couldn’t believe he was being betrayed like this by his own son.

“They discussed it yesterday when neither of you were in the room.” Max continued, “And last night she tried get me to back her up in saying… Well, in saying that Steven had tried to… touch her.”

Silence fell over the kitchen. Anthony could feel his pulse racing. He didn’t know Megan was going to go THAT far. He wanted Steven out of the picture but surely there would’ve been a better way. Now with Max blowing the plan up right away Anthony felt very worried.

“I… I didn’t know she was going to suggest that!” Anthony quickly babbled.

“Shush.” Jane snapped, “I’ll deal with you later.”

Jane stood up and walked around the table. Anthony watched her with trepidation. Just the warning of future punishment was enough to make him feel his diaper warming with a fresh wetting. Megan seemed frozen to the spot as well, she seemed to be in denial that her plan had not only failed to succeed but was backfiring badly.

“Ow! Hey! Stop it!” Megan squealed as Jane pinched her ear between a finger and a thumb.

Anthony was trapped in his highchair as his wife dragged his daughter over to the kitchen table by the ear. Megan was exclaiming loudly as she was pushed over the table leaving her butt in the air. Max was scooting his chair away to give more space for the punishment that was coming.

“How dare you!” Jane exclaimed.

Jane grabbed the waistband of Megan’s pyjama pants and yanked them down. Megan was trying to scramble away but Jane was an expert in delivering spankings and held her in place as she got into position herself.

“Mom! Stop!” Megan shouted.

Anthony could see the anxiety in his daughter’s eyes from across the table. He had been in this position himself several times and felt pity for Megan. She had only been trying to help him and get her old family back. Despite this there was no way Anthony was going to intervene and bring attention on to himself. His diaper warmed around him as he freely wet himself in his highchair, his bladder seemed to dribble all the time at the slightest provocation.

“You are a naughty girl!” Jane exclaimed.

The first spank made everyone wince. Megan yelped but her scrambling to escape stopped, she seemed to have accepted that the punishment was happening and nothing she could do could save her from it. It was something she had gone through before and survived so no doubt she was just bracing for more.

“What are you?” Jane asked with a second spank to punctuate her question.

“N-Naughty…” Megan started through gritted teeth, “No! I was doing the right thing to save this fu-…”

Megan was cut off by the third spank. The sound it produced was not unlike a slap to the face. Anthony cringed and sunk into his toddler chair. A fourth and fifth spank rapidly followed.

“Do you want to end up like your baby brother?” Jane demanded as she leaned over so Megan could see her pointing at Anthony, “A pathetic baby for your whole life?”

A sixth spank made Megan gasp and was her cue to answer.

“No…” Megan hissed as she tried to get through the stinging pain.

As soon as Megan spoke her seventh spank was delivered. From his position opposite her Anthony could see tears shimmering in her eyes. She seemed determined not to cry but she was definitely having flashbacks to her own time in diapers where these spankings weren’t as uncommon.

“Then. What. Are. You?” Jane asked. Each word had a spank in between.

Anthony could see that the words she had to say were seemingly causing as much pain as the spanking she was enduring. Anthony knew his own punishment was still coming but he still wished his daughter would say the words that would end her own suffering.

“I’m…” Megan grimaced. Her hesitation cost her another spank on what must’ve been a very sore butt. “I’m a naughty girl.”

The spanking ended abruptly but Megan wasn’t let up off the table. She was quietly sobbing, Anthony could tell from the way her body shook though she covered her face with her arm. Anthony looked up at his wife who was still holding Megan down with one hand.

“Steven, I insist you give my daughter the last spank.” Jane said.

“No!” Megan looked up with wide eyes and tear streaked cheeks.

“I don’t think I should.” Steven said, “I think she’s learnt her lesson…”

“I have!” Megan exclaimed.

“Just one.” Jane said, “She tried to accuse of something heinous after all.”

Anthony saw Steven shoot him a furtive glance before standing up and walking around the table. He didn’t seem very sure of himself. He lined up and looked at Jane once more for permission, she gave him a small nod and smile. Steven took a breath and pulled his hand back. A second later it came streaking forwards and slapped against Megan’s likely bruised backside. The young woman let out a grunt as her body was pushed forwards on the table.

Finally Jane stepped back and Megan was no longer held down. Anthony watched his daughter reaching down to pull her pants back up as quickly as she could, she stood up and without looking at anyone she turned around and ran out of the room. The last Anthony saw of her she was turning to go up the stairs, a couple of seconds later there was a slamming door as she locked herself in her room.

“I hope that’s put an end to any silliness.” Jane said as she sat down in the seat next to Anthony, “Open wide.”

Anthony was belatedly fed his breakfast by Jane who wouldn’t let him even touch the spoon. He had no idea what his punishment might be or when it was coming which seemed to just make the prospect worse.

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Anthony spent the whole day worrying about his punishment. He spent the day in the garden thanks to the nice weather. He was attached to a toddler leash which was clipped to a peg in the ground. He could sit in the sandbox or move to a shaded area of trees but otherwise was trapped. Every time Steven or Jane came outside he tensed up thinking it was time for his punishment but it was only ever to change his diaper or bring him a fresh bottle of juice, thanks to the heat he went through a lot of both.

Dinner was a tense affair because Jane practically forced Megan to be at the table for it. She slowly lowered herself into her seat and winced. She remained silent and was a dark cloud over proceedings. Anthony was still waiting but he started to wonder if his punishment had been forgotten about.

Anthony’s wait was finally ended in the evening. The twins had gone off to their separate bedrooms and Anthony was in the living room alone. He had thought he was in the clear when Jane walked in, she was rubbing her tummy and smiling.

“Right, time for your punishment.” Jane said cheerily as she walked over to the playpen and opened the gate.

“Y-You really don’t have to…” Anthony said anxiously, “I’ve learnt my lesson.”

“Uh huh.” Jane scoffed in disbelief, “It’s best if we really drive that point home. Come on.”

Anthony’s butt was pre-emptively stinging as he got to his feet. The last thing he wanted was a spanking but Jane wasn’t likely to change her mind no matter what he said. He followed his wife out of the living room and up the stairs, normally he was spanked in his nursery but when he stopped in front of that door Jane simply took his hand and pulled him along to the main bedroom.

“What’s going on?” Anthony asked.

“You’ll see.” Jane replied.

The master bedroom door was opened and Anthony was pushed in. It wasn’t a room he saw very often these days, when he looked over to his half of the room he felt sad, his stuff was all gone and instead he saw Steven’s clothes and trinkets. It was a stark reminder that he wasn’t the man of the house anymore.

“We just have to wait for Steven.” Jane said as she sat down on the edge of the bed.

Anthony wasn’t sure what to do or where to go until Jane motioned for him to come over to her. He came over and stood in front of his wife as she started to undress him. He was starting to think this wasn’t going to be a spanking after all.

“You know we have to punish you to help you, right?” Jane said softly as she pulled at the poppers of Anthony’s onesie.

Anthony didn’t know what to say. He didn’t know how any of this was supposed to help him. He nodded his head anyway because he thought it was what Jane wanted to hear.

“I think this has been so hard on you because you’re still clinging to the idea that you might be a man one day.” Jane continued as she pulled the other poppers apart, “You think there might be some way that I drop Steven and decide to take you as my husband again.”

The door opened behind Anthony but he was prevented from looking around. Jane’s words rang true. He hadn’t accepted he was the baby of the family, he would never accept that Steven had fully replaced him. He nodded his head again. The onesie was pulled over his head leaving him naked except for his diaper.

“Sweetie, you have to know that is never ever going to happen.” Jane said with a small shake of the head, “I think it’s time we rip of the Band-Aid.”

Anthony didn’t know what was happening but jumped when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to see Steven stood right behind him wearing nothing but a towel, it looked like he was fresh out of the shower.

“Get in the corner.” Jane ordered Anthony.

“But-…” Anthony started.

“In the corner.” Jane repeated, “And get down on your knees.”