

THE TRIPLETS

By Jamie



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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By Jamie

In a little New England town in southern New Hampshire, the Jones family owned a fairly new home on a rural road in the outskirts. The family consisted of Dad, Mom, Jill, Jane, and Jeff. The home was really up to date, with television, telephone, cell phone, and computers. The father worked for a local firm engaged in selling and installing domestic and commercial security systems. He was one of their best troubleshooters; he went into the field, evaluated systems, made recommendations, and quite often made the necessary changes. The mother was a day shift nurse in the nearby hospital.

The children were all enrolled in the local community college: Jill a sophomore, Jane a freshman, and Jeff awaiting his first year there. They were each just about a year apart, and they could all wear the same size coats, shoes, shirts and jeans. Jeff had been with the Jones family for about six months. He was an orphan living there on a trial basis to see if he would fit into the family, and he become the boy that they had always desired to round out their family.

Jeff had come to live with the Jones family from an orphanage. He had previously been with another family for about a year. That family had two younger boys of their own, and it had seemed that Jeff had been brought in to be like a big brother, a mentor.

When the smoke screen cleared, it was obvious that Jeff was there as a built in sitter, while the parents were out pursuing their own separate rendezvous. The situation exploded into divorce proceedings and Jeff landed back at the orphanage.

Jeff's birth parents had been quiet, home-loving people. They truly loved their seven-year old son. They had returned home one day in the early afternoon while Jeff was still at school. They were required to work their way through a maze of gas-main repairs, which also included a ditch to their own home.

When they entered the front door, there was a faint smell of gas, which they assumed came in with them. A snack was their first priority, and when Jeff's mother lighted the gas stove, the whole house exploded. She lived just long enough to regain consciousness and tell people what had happened from her hospital bed.

None of the close relatives could manage to care for an additional child, so that is how Jeff ended up in the orphanage, in the beginning.

Jill and Jane's parents were very easy going. The teenagers were allowed lots of freedom as long as they acted like ladies and maintained a good scholastic standing. The girls were always trying to get control of Jeff; they would create situations which were purposely designed so that Jeff could not win, and encourage him to wager on the outcome. They especially liked card games, for they could easily trick Jeff into

thinking it was not rigged. Though, in a pinch, they would play trivia games and even occasionally thumb wrestle. It would always look like an easy win, but something would always go wrong, and he would end up the loser. The consequences were always aimed at forcing Jeff to do things with or for the girls. He would have to play dolls or games with them, and if their parents were not at home, to make it look right, they made him dress up in their clothes. That always meant in dresses.

Jill and Jane looked enough alike to pass as twins, and when their parents were away for an evening or a weekend day trip, the girls would manage to trick Jeff into one of these situations where he was obligated to them. Whenever they could manage this, the payback would be Jeff becoming 'Jeannine' the identical triplet. The name Jeannine was almost immediately shortened to the nickname Jean, so Jeff's female persona will be referred to as 'Jean.'

The girls' aunt was getting married, and she asked her nieces to be in the wedding party in these darling little sheer, pastel yellow, nylon lace dresses. The hem was knee length. They had short puffy sleeves and embarrassingly low cut necklines requiring special deep-plunge bras underneath. And of course the dresses zipped up the back. The plunging neckline would provide sufficient opening so that the back zipper was really just for effect. Jill and Jane spent considerable amounts of time admiring the dresses and selecting the accessories and lingerie to go with them. The dresses were so sheer that everything underneath would be on display, so it must be ultra feminine. Mom had given them money to buy the special bras which they would need and suggested that, while they were shopping, they should purchase color coordinated panties and slips as well. The panties and slips were picked up at the lingerie store, and the bras would be shipped directly to their home, arriving with plenty of time to spare before the wedding. These outfits had to be laid out and admired when the dresses arrived from their Aunt, and again when the slips and panties were purchased. There was another showing when the bras arrived in the mail. They always managed to have Jeff, dressed as Jean, with them when these outfits were being displayed. They teased him, trying to make him jealous, by telling him that it was too bad that he was a boy and was not allowed to dress up real pretty. They threatened to convince their aunt to request a flower girl for the wedding, meaning Jeff, to be dressed in the same style and color.

The day of the wedding, Jane was flat on her back in bed with a high fever, so Jill convinced her mom to ask Jeff to take Jane's place. Mom was shocked at this request, but Jill convinced her mother that the aunt, Mom's youngest sister, had set up a procession that was balanced by including the two girls Jill and Jane. The wedding was that day, and it would go off perfectly if Jeff took Jane's place. Mom called Jeff and Jill into the living room and carefully explained the problem. She apologetically asked Jeff if he would fill in for Jane. Jeff's face got as red as a beet, and he couldn't speak from embarrassment.

Jill went to him and, playing the role of consoling older sister to perfection, patted his shoulder. She told him just how noble this gesture would be. She told him that Jane would feel better to know that her aunt's wedding would go just as planned. The Jones family would tell every one that Jeff was involved in a sporting event that day,

and only this immediate family would ever know of the ultimate sacrifice that Jeff had made to save the wedding plans.

Jeff finally agreed, mostly to make Jane feel better. He could care less about a foolish wedding processional, which was 'girl stuff' anyway. Jill volunteered to assist Jeff with Jane's wedding ensemble, and they went to the girls' bedroom. Jane was sitting up, but she looked very pale with a greenish tint. She made suggestions as Jill worked to install long fake nails on Jeff. She painted them bright red.

There was an extremely tight, brief-style panty girdle to erase any bulge, then the pastel yellow pantyhose and black patent leather high-heeled shoes with a dainty little ankle strap. The matching yellow panties and bra were next. Jill carefully shaped extra pantyhose and inserted them into the bra cups to give Jean the desired profile. Jill spent a lot of time with makeup creating Jane's facial features. The beautiful dress was pulled on over Jean's head and zipped up the back. There was a black leather belt which matched the shoes; it gave a real rich accent to the lovely yellow dress. A wig that matched the color and length of Jane's hair was put in place, shaped, and set with hair spray. Looking in the mirror, Jean thought that she was looking at Jane. Last but not least were a few strategically placed dabs of perfume and matching jewelry for Jill and Jean.

The wedding was just a blur to Jean. He was scared that someone would find out who was in that ultra-feminine ensemble and also that he would mess up her part and spoil the whole wedding.

Jeff didn't care about this sort of thing as a general rule. How come it made such a difference when he was directly involved, such as being a brides maid? Did the wedding clothes change his way of thinking? Would wearing fancy dresses and lingerie make him a fairy or a queer? With Jill's coaching on the way to the church, Jeff was able to do Jane's part properly.

The most embarrassing moment was when the matron of honor walked up to Jean and reached inside the open front of her dress. She was trying to pin on a corsage. Jean was positive that she would notice that the bra was stuffed with pantyhose and discover the masquerade. She was ready to run from the church, to escape, if she was exposed as an impostor. Luckily no one seemed to notice that it was Jeff posing as Jane.

When they arrived home, Jane was up and looking much better.

As soon as they had left for the wedding, she'd had a 'miraculous' recovery. She removed the heating pad hidden in her pajamas, cleaned off the greenish makeup, and went to the kitchen for a real good feed. It was all up hill from there. The girls had flipped a coin to see which one would fake being sick, and the final result was another successful con job for Jeff. When Jeff finally found out what they had done, he was absolutely furious to think of all that he had gone through to make Jane feel better. At the same time he could not understand why she would elect to stay home, when she dearly loved dressing up in beautiful clothes.

Their school planned a relay race and asked the students to organize teams to compete. Jill called a group of her friends together and came up one short for a relay team. As the day of the race drew near, the girls went to work on still another of their con

jobs. Soon Jeff was in debt to them. The payback was for Jeff to join the all-girl relay team, and god help Jeff if they lost. Jill had decided that her team would represent the school cheerleaders, and their uniforms were body leotards with little attached skirts in the school colors. Jeff had put on the brief panty girdle, but it showed because the leotard was extremely high-cut. The girls took some wide adhesive tape and taped his front flat. They put a hi-cut panty and pantyhose on him, then a padded bra and the leotard. The wig was placed on his head, and they pulled some of his hair right through it to make sure that it stayed in place during the race. The parents never found out who that last runner was; they were just very happy that Jill's team won.

On a Friday after school, one of their elaborately engineered and rigged competitions went wrong and Jeff came out victorious. That night after Jeff and their parents were asleep, the girls sneaked into his room, armed with a gag and lots of rope and adhesive tape. They pounced on him as he slept in bed, pinned him under the blankets, shoved a sponge into his mouth and taped it in place by wrapping the tape several times around his mouth and the back of his head. Jane pulled up the blanket and sheet and made a rope hobble for his ankles. They rolled the bedclothes up over his head until they could reach his hands. They sat on his legs and chest pulled his hands together and tied them in front of him. He was assisted to his feet and led across the hall to their room.

This room had two standard size double beds; each one had a floor length ruffled skirt. They led him over to one of the beds, laid him on the floor, and tied a rope from one of his wrists to a leg of the bed. The same thing was done to one of his feet. They attached ropes to the other foot and hand and tossed them under the bed. Jill went over to the far side of the bed and pulled the ankle rope tight; at the same time Jane untied the ankle hobble rope. Jill pulled hard enough to drag Jeff part way under the bed and secured that rope to the leg of the bed. Jill tightened the rope on Jeff's hand, and Jane untied the rope binding his hands together. Then Jill pulled the upper half of Jeff's body under the bed and tied that hand to the leg of the bed. There he was, spread-eagled on his back underneath a girl's bed. The fancy bed skirt hung down to the floor, so that even with the lights on Jeff was in the dark and totally helpless.

Their mom had been at a Friday evening meeting. Arriving home, she found a note from the girls stating that Jeff was invited to a friend's birthday party and to a sleep over. He would be home late Sunday afternoon, they said.

Saturday morning, they found a bedpan and assisted Jeff in tending to his toilet needs, then they went to the kitchen for breakfast.

Mom was required to spend one Friday evening a month at the hospital, training prospective 'Candy Stripers.' She was an excellent instructor and always in demand for extra sessions, which she often agreed to teach. Jill and Jane had attended some of these sessions and determined that nursing was not their first choice in respect to their careers. They were absolutely intrigued by computers and photography, and their parents had set up the little room between the dining room and living room with two computer stations. One of these stations had a custom-built and compact assembly, which was a technician's attempt at designing what is now known as a 'laptop.'

Each of the girls had a top of the line camera, and this had lead to stacks of photo albums. They thoroughly enjoyed sitting out beside the pool in their skimpy two-piece bathing suits, getting a gorgeous tan while keeping their eye out for a new visitor to one of their big bird feeders. They were truly bird watchers, and the albums were their proof. A bird book was always handy to assist them in identifying another feathered stranger.

When the girls arrived in the kitchen for breakfast, Mom already had their places set, but none for Jeff. They ate and then cleaned up the kitchen. Jill went into their parent's room and talked to them, while Jane prepared a meal for Jeff and finished cleaning up the kitchen. They pirated the meal to their room and set it near Jeff's head. Jane slid in under the bed and attached a small rope to Jeff's male appendage. She then slid out from under the bed and tightened up on the rope, until Jeff started to show a pained expression. Jill told Jeff that they would let him eat as long as he was quiet. Any noise and he would be in extreme pain; Jane gave a yank on the rope to demonstrate. Jill untied the rope securing Jeff's right hand, tossed it across his body and picked it up again on the other side of the bed. She pulled on it and rolled Jeff's upper body onto its left side. She relaxed her pull on the rope and then removed the tape and sponge gag.

Jeff was given a sufficient time to eat his meal and drink his juice. Then the gag was replaced and his right arm pulled back to its bed leg and tied. They left the rope attached to his private parts for future use, and Jeff was left in the darkness under that bed. They kept him prisoner until late Sunday afternoon, when he was due back from the weekend sleep over. He was released by untying both legs and his left hand. He was dragged out from under the bed, and Jane sat on his free left arm so he couldn't remove the gag. They explained that he was not supposed to beat their system, but he had managed to do so and he was punished. "You have spent your weekend at a sleep over at your buddy John's house, and you are just arriving home. You had better get cleaned up and go report in to Dad and Mom. If any information about how you actually spent this weekend ever leaks out, you had better never fall asleep in this house again; the repercussions may never end."

"We plan to be your master," Jill said. "You can enjoy a pleasant life here, as long as you respect your place and do as you are told at all times."

There were unwritten rules to obey that were subject to change without notice. Jeff was made to suffer for his mistakes and also whenever the girls felt like taking out their frustrations. The girls held court in their bedroom. They took turns being the judge or the lawyer. The judge wore a long robe, the lawyer wore a long white wig. The criminal was always Jeff, and he was required to wear a padded bra, panties, nylons, garter belt and extremely high-heeled shoes. He was required to stand on an elevated platform, in this case it was a straight-backed kitchen chair, and stand at attention with his hands bound behind his back. He was not to move. These girls had very vivid imaginations and dreamed up crimes which took hours to bring out in court. They never finished a case and received a verdict, but there was always a new crime for the next court session. One time they just had a hearing, and the judge declared Jeff guilty then pronounced sentence. The sentence required Jeff to serve two weeks as private servant, to hand launder their soiled lingerie.

Usually in these trials, the lawyer recorded Jeff's movements. As the case dragged on, and his feet and legs would begin to throb, making it impossible to hold a steady position at attention, the points would add up quickly. When the violation count got to twenty-five, the prisoner was placed on one of their beds, face down, tied in a spread-eagled position, and given a solid slap on the panty covered fanny with a ping pong paddle for each of the twenty-five points. The court session would resume again, and the points would add up rapidly, because Jeff's legs and feet were being tortured by his standing at attention in those most uncomfortable shoes.

When the girls tired of this trial scenario, Jeff would be paddled for the last time, then stood in a corner with his hands still tied behind his back. They would ask him if he wanted to be released. When he said yes, they released him and told him that he was to finish dressing and do their laundry. Today their parents were at work and the teenagers were alone, so Jean would also have to prepare and serve lunch.

While Jeff/Jean was still bound, the girls added a half-slip and skirt to the feminine underwear that he was already wearing. Next they tied a hobble length rope to the ankles and untied the wrists. Makeup, jewelry and a wig followed a camisole and blouse. The high-heeled shoes were still strapped in place. A rope was draped behind Jeff's neck and hung down in front of him. Jane tied the two dangling strands together at the waist, pulled the ends behind his back and made another knot at the waist. This made the rope extremely tight around his middle. They told him that this would make sure that the clothes that Jeff/Jean was wearing would not fall off. The knot behind his waist must have been doubled at least twice, and the ends of the rope were tucked down inside of the waistband of his skirt.

Jean struggled through the dinner preparations and served it. They ate together at the dining room table. The girls complimented Jean on the meal and kept him running after little extras. They retired to the living room to watch the television while Jean cleaned up the dining room and kitchen, and rushed to wash out all of their dainty lingerie. The shoes were still torturing his legs and feet.

Jean went into the living room to sit and rest for a while, and the girls turned off the TV and told Jean that it was bedtime. They went to the bathroom and removed the rope that they had tied around Jean's clothes. Jean was ordered to strip and take a bath, then return in the nude to Jeff's bedroom. When he arrived, Jane took a long length of clothesline rope and doubled it to find the middle. This was tied snugly behind Jeff's testicles. Jane gave Jeff the panty part of a Baby Doll nightie set and told him to put it on. Then Jane pulled one end of the rope out of each panty leg opening. The rope was tied again tightly, securing the crotch of the panties to his testicles and making two real tight knots at his crotch. He had to put the gown part of the set on over his head, and he was put to bed. One of the ropes was run up his back and out the neck opening of the gown, under his pillow and through the headboard, and anchored somewhere up behind the headboard. Jeff was covered up, and then the blanket and top sheet were pulled up to expose his feet. The second end of that attached rope was pulled down, and Jeff with it. When the rope to the headboard was tight, the second end of the rope was tied to something just under the bottom end of the mattress, then the sheet and blanket were pulled down and tucked in. The girls bid Jeff goodnight, turned out his light and shut his door.