

Princess Lacey's Picture Album #21

Sissyboy Stories with Amateur Pics

Homemade Photos of Pretty Boys' Early Experiences Wearing Girls' Clothes

Reprinted from Lollipop Boys magazine:

Nursery Discipline

Pissy Panty Punishment

Clown Sissy Shame Clothing

The Story of Oscar - Part 3

More Letters and Photos from Betty S

Following the excited reaction to the story and pictures of Oscar in our Picture Albums #7 and #11, we are delighted to present three more long letters from Betty and 47 more photos of this seven-year-old in various poses in girlish outfits. During the day at home, he wears panties and pantyhose under his dresses and at night he wears diapers, but Betty isn't trying to make him into a girl, just a panty and baby trained sissy boy devoted to her and given frequent spankings and humiliating punishments.

For years, photos of Oscar were all over the Internet, but few people knew much about him. One of our readers knew 'Kidmaker' -- the original poster of the photos, and shared his collection of Oscar pictures with us as well as various issues of 'Lollipop Mothers' (some issues were entitled 'Lollipop Boys'), a reader-written, privately printed magazine detailing actual incidents of petticoat punishment, diaper discipline and panty training.

Fantasy Entertainment

Classic Reprint

Adults Only

The long letters and rare photos from the early 1970s illustrate the story of Oscar, who is being raised by a mother who is training him to be a babyish and sissified slave by teasing, taunting and humiliating him in front of friends and strangers as well as his wimpy father.

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

Oscar's Sissy Training Continues - Part 3

More Letter and Photos from Betty S.

Letter 1
January 12, 1972



In my last letter to your excellent quarterly home discipline magazine I described the some of the elements of our daily life with Oscar, my husband, Clarence, and me at our home in our small stone Cotswold house with a privately situated terrace and tidy garden on the edge of Downley Common, located between Oxford and London. I'll focus on some of the unique treatments I subject Oscar too as well as tell you more about my husband, who happens to be involved in a new punishment I have developed in reaction to a strange naughtiness I discovered between him and Oscar.

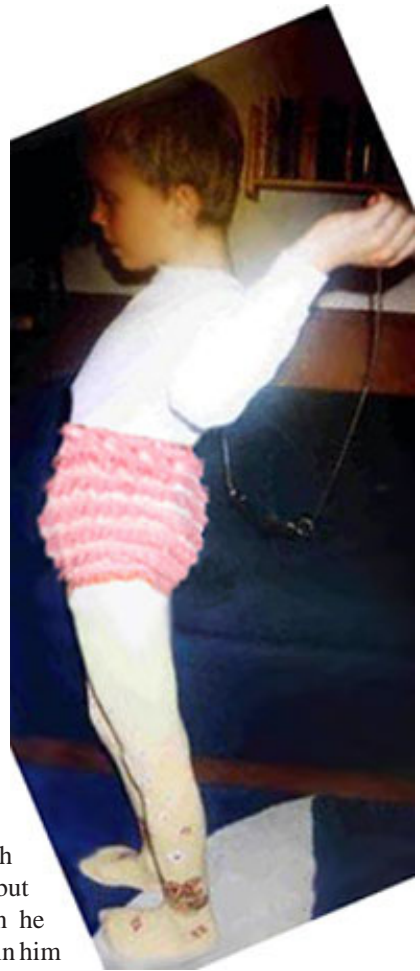
An additional note: Several of your correspondents have asked if I had any pictures of Oscar in girlish clothes when he was a baby since I announced that was when I started encouraging him toward feminine interests, so I've enclosed a picture of him when he was two in an adorable flowered dress with lacy white frills; a dress handmade by my sister to celebrate Oscar being toilet trained. But just because he could go dry for long spells was no reason not to keep him as my baby whenever I felt the need. And I did continue to diaper him at bedtime. My little boy so loved his frilly nylon panties that he was quick to toilet train since I used the frilly panties as a reward. Maybe too good of a reward! I do love him in girly panties, but I love him in diapers too and I wanted to extend his baby years, not hurry his exit from diapers. Then I realized I could keep his nursery in full operation and use diapers as a punishment. So, whenever he was naughty I would either take away his beloved nylon panties and diaper him or make him wear diapers underneath his panties. He's now six and still in nighttime diapers. During his early years, I did not take as many pictures of him as I have in recent years. Now I wish I had, but here is one pic for those so interested.

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Nursery Discipline

Now about his current progress: On a recent Thursday, as always, he began fretting about his weekly punishment to be administered as usual on Friday evening, the next day. Every week his number of demerit points seemed to be increasing. He dared not look at the chart in the kitchen, hoping to block it out of his mind until the fateful time. On this morning, he had been properly showered, scrubbed, toileted and ready before nine o'clock. As my regular readers know, I want Oscar to maintain his boyish ways as well as develop femininely. I like him to be able switch roles at a nod of my head, but most of all, I love when he mixes the boy and the girl in him



– like when he wears a mix of clothes or acts like a boy but is wearing a dress, etc. In this regard I have been training him to apply his own makeup to give his angelic (devilish?) face simple but decidedly feminine accents with touches of lipstick, rouge, eye shadow and mascara. Most days I do not have him wear makeup because it doesn't work well when he has to do sweaty chores like heavy housecleaning and the gardening. But on this day his chores were light, so makeup was in order. His hair, as usual, I purposely keep short. I find nothing quite as exciting as a boy who is obviously a boy in a cute girls' dress with his diapers or lacy little panties peeking out.

The previous night, Oscar had displeased me – I forget now exactly what he had done, but I

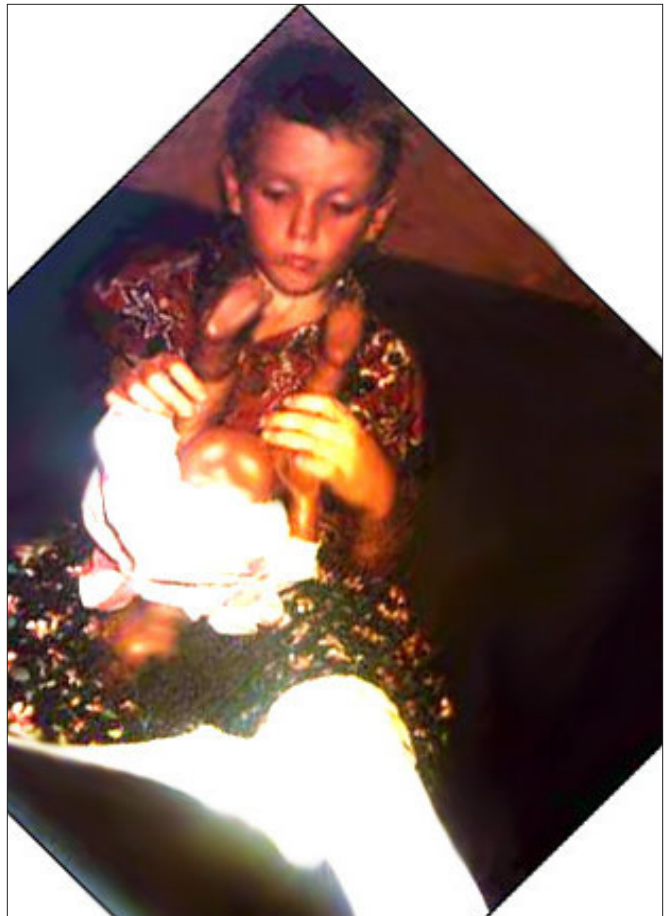
made him sleep on the tiny mattress in the small store room under the staircase and adjacent to the living room — a hollow, cold and undecorated enclosure, totally devoid of comfort. Down there, he is made to feel lonely and afraid, especially on windy nights as the tree branches scratched the outside wall of that room while he tries to sleep in the dark. The nursery is also a punishment room for his use, but only for a certain period each day and usually with my supervision. Here I keep the wardrobe filled with his more bizarre clothing and accessories.

I was now ready for him as he stepped meekly into the upstairs nursery room. The nursery is not for sleeping but for his training. He had dressed himself in pale yellow tights with little flowers on them, a T-shirt and a childish pair of pink nylon rhumba panties covered with big rows of ruffled lace. I thought it was interesting that he had decided to wear his new pink rhumba panties with what I knew was going to transpire today -- but more about that later.

As I had told him, today we would have some play time, some chores to do and some baby sissy time to continue his punishment from yesterday, so I took off his tights and rhumba panties and then put pair of snug white nylon panties on him and then a diaper over his panties. Then I had him step back into his yellow pantyhose and pull his pink rhumba panties back over on top with the delightfully wide lace edges around the leg openings of the panties nicely flared out to make a frilly feminine display of his pretties beneath his skirt.

I slid a stiff white, full-length, taffeta petticoat from its hanger and as he idly fingered the lacy hems of his panties, I dropped it over his head. Oscar cleared his throat and smiled thankfully as I covered his pantied nakedness with the crisp, clean slip. Then I put him into a simple,





peasant-style, winter-weight flowered blouse and skirt since it was a chilly day. The blouse I buttoned up and straightened the skirt around his middle where it ended well short of the big lacy edge of his white petticoat. The skirt was decorated with colorful little Christmas characters since it was the holiday season. The many layers of girls' clothing that completely bound and buried his pathetic little boy parts surely made him feel crush in his feminine confines. In his ruffled panties there was only the slightest babyish bulge to be seen.

He looked very attractive, dainty but outrageously boyish with his short hair. And when I had him lift his skirt and petticoats to look at himself in the mirror, he eyed the saucy lace on his panties was suitably shamed. Telling him his many layers of girls' lingerie had taken away his boyhood – killed his penis so to speak – which they did because they were so snug that he couldn't erect and when he rubbed his hands between his legs he couldn't even feel exactly where his penis and ball sack were. Yes, he loves his panties, but constantly exposing his panties to my smiles and boy-killing little comments embarrasses him beautifully. He opened his mouth and started to stutter something about what had happened to his boy things. In response to his distress, I shoved a baby pacifier into his mouth and told him to keep his mouth shut, keep the binky in his mouth and not take it out or speak unless I asked him a question. His dewy eyes looked up at me, but I made him smile as I massaged his double pantied, diapered and tights-covered little sprout. The poor sap is so addicted to any little bit of loving touching I do to him.

Instead of describing the fate of his penis, I reached inside his rhumba panties, tights, and diapers and slid my hand down over his sleek white inner panties and applied a vigorous massage to his groin. He must have had a great need because almost instantly he began bucking his hips! Well, we weren't going to have any of that! My shaming him quickly was



turning into pleasuring him, so I immediately stopped wanking his miserable sissy bound dick and had him drop his skirts. He then twitched and twisted and tried to shift the binding lingerie and diaper around him into a more comfortable position from the disarray I had created, but it appeared he wasn't having any success as he continued to squirm. I sat him down at the small vanity table and watched over him as he was able to stop wiggling long enough to apply traces of color to his lips and eyes. Then it was down to breakfast that he helped me prepare, a simple meal of pancakes and orange juice.



condition and manipulated his penis, so I told him to stand on a piece of oilcloth in the middle of the room. He knew what that meant. I didn't say anything except, "Well, you naughty boy. I'm waiting! Shame yourself and show me you are nothing but a naughty sissy boy, a freaky boy in his own girly clothes that hold him prisoner."

He sniffled a bit. I sat and stared as he slowly raised his skirt and petticoat so I could amuse myself calling him sissy and baby names while staring at his bulky ruffled panties — and waited. Within less than two minutes a

Letter 2 February 2, 1972

Pissy Panty Punishment Days

The day before, I had just finished a custom story for a longtime customer, so for me this was going to be a day of relaxation, but for Oscar it was going to be a day mixed with punishment, work and play. Right now, for my morning entertainment, I wanted simply to torment him and watch him react. I could tell he remained uncomfortable since I had invaded his diapered and pantied



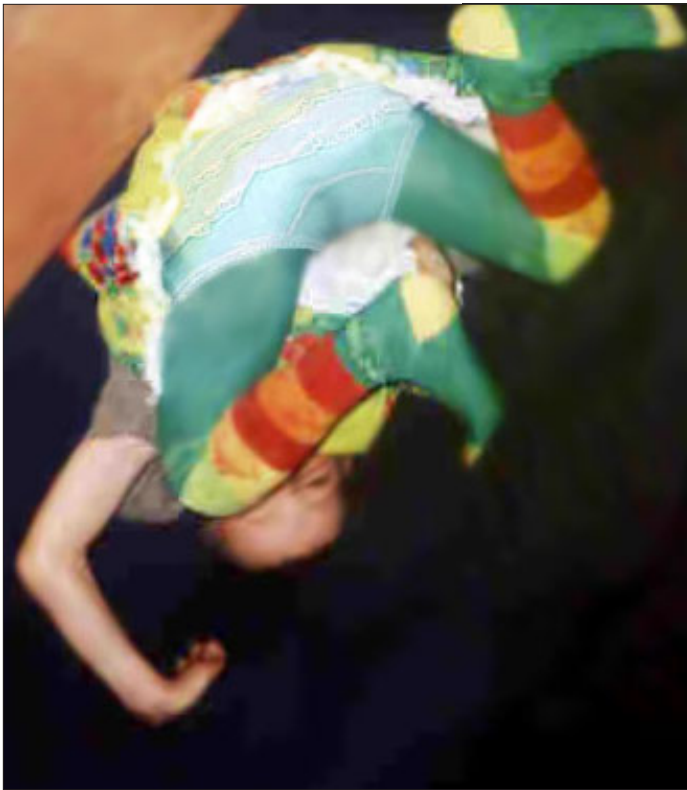


slight darkening appeared at the top of his pale yellow pantyhose by the bottom edge of his panties, and it quickly spread down his legs as he peed himself. Gleefully I watched the wetness saturate his pink panties and down the other leg of his pantyhose. With all those layers covering him, there was no splashing peepee to be had; only the wet stain announcing him as my pissy baby beautiful. He cried. It embarrassed him so to be a six-and-a-half-year-old boy disgracing himself like a toddler who couldn't make it to the bathroom on time – but, of course, I loved his misery! I wheeled the cheval mirror in front of him and let him stand there and look at himself in his piss-soaked girly clothes to remind him of who he is. He sobbed and became quite withdrawn and contrite. Finally I let him take the pacifier out of his mouth so he could apologize to me for his naughtiness and for making a sissy baby fool of himself.



Pissy Panty Punishment Days were becoming more regular events. Oscar had undergone this indignation twice last week: once for an entire day and evening, and the other time for half a day. And now I had him take off his blouse, skirt and petticoat to keep them away from his pissy lingerie and set him about doing chores. I ignored his weak trembling as he seemed to wander aimlessly about doing the dusting and then the breakfast dishes. He was so vulnerable to the taunts and the eyes of his mother. It was such a startling outfit if anyone was to see him in his pee-wet clothes; I could tell that just me leering at his pathetic pissy panty display was plenty of punishment for him – heaven forbid if anyone else would see him like this – even his wimp of a father. I have achieved that great balance with Oscar: He both loves his panties and hates being exposed and humiliated in them. I know he'll forever be my baby panty boy. Eventually, I'll get him sucking cocks and taking it up his butt hole as he





becomes my meal ticket in my old age, but that will come in time. Now, I'm taking baby steps in that direction.

His immature penis shyly retreated into the flat front of his panties. It was hidden but the wetness shamed him more than just the panties by themselves. He knew better than to cover himself with his hands, but found he did not know what to do with his hands now that he was made so self conscious. I could see the lad's nervousness growing.

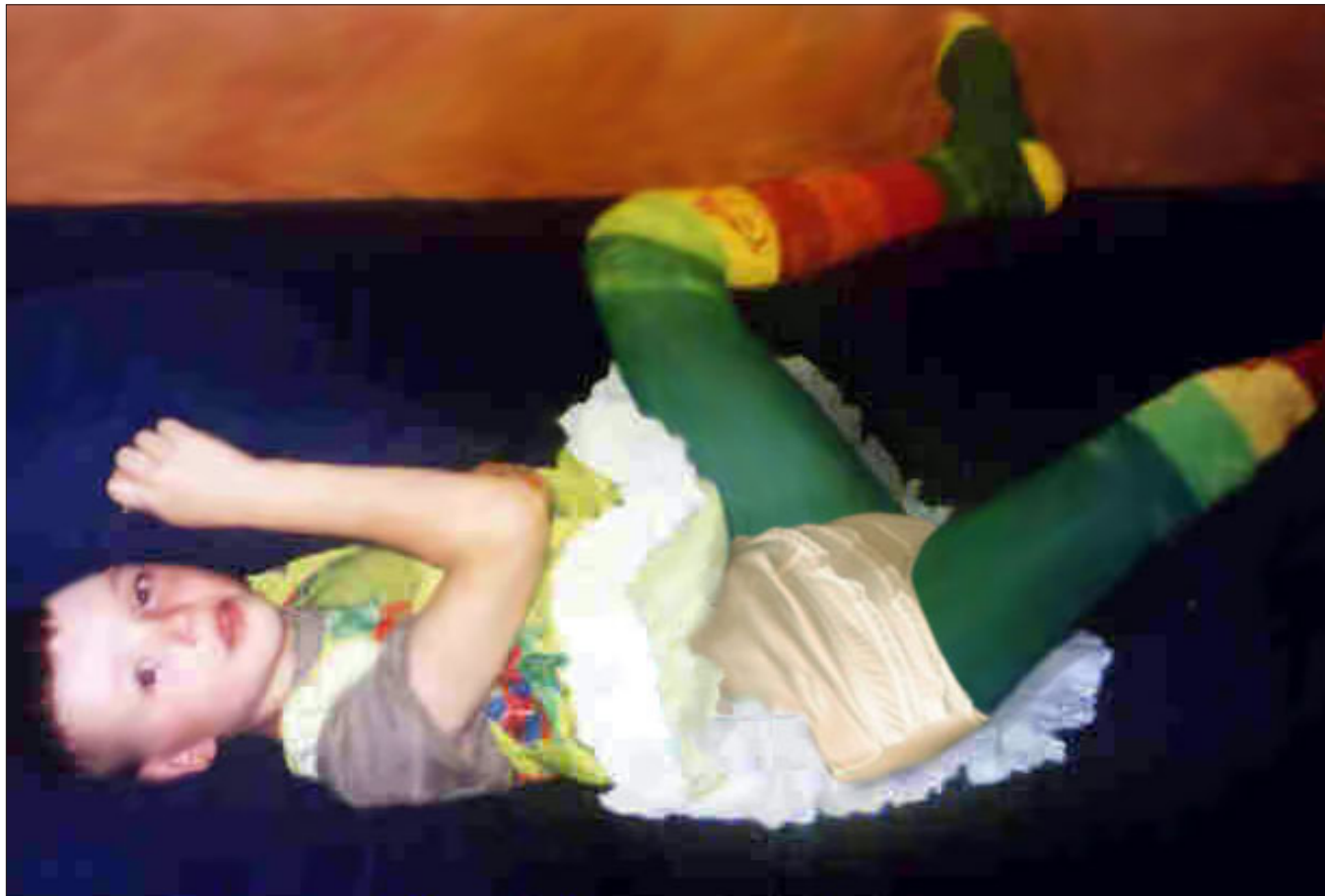
"Oh, do stop. What is the matter?" I demanded. He didn't want to complain too much as I was good at setting further punishments if he objected to anything. "Nothing, Mommy."

“What do you mean, ‘Nothing, Mommy’?” Obviously your peepee outfit bothers you. It is not meant to be a comfortable outfit, you know.” He fidgeted again and tried to cover his wet panties as he talked to me. “I would take that hand away if I were you.” I said and I meant it. A quick spanking could easily be delivered. There was no call to remove his panties just yet – let him suffer the wetness and my piercing gaze. “I’ll give you the choice,” I said. “You can go upstairs and sit in the playpen in the nursery, like you are for the rest of the day, or get into the spirit of things and at least try to show me how happy you are to do your chores despite your pissy clothes.”

He thought for a moment and knew he couldn’t bear being imprisoned in his sissy playpen for a day. “I’ll get on with my chores, Mommy,” he answered shyly.

“Go and collect all the laundry from the wicker basket.”

And so his laundry duties commenced. He was glad to occupy himself in his semi-naked exposure. At least it distracted him for a while. I kept my eyes on him as he danced around as sifted





I smoothly stroked my son's fleshy buttocks as I passed him and opened the back door. In came a cold draught of fresh fall wind from the garden, and it aroused Oscar's senses at once. He felt the shame and intrusiveness of his mother's touch accented by the cool breeze. "Off with you. Now, to your bath. Get yourself clean; as usual, I'll be checking all your secret places for cleanliness."

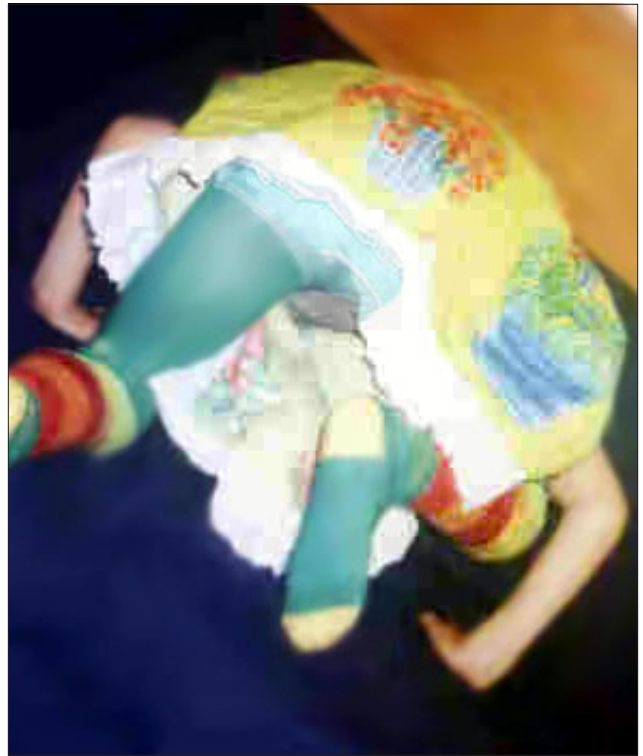
It was clear to me he was not enjoying this particular humiliation; there were times when he relished some of my quirky punishments – wetting himself outdoors in front of strangers, for instance, was a particular fetish of his that both terrorized him and drove him crazy with excitement. I reminded myself it was a positive in his training to keep him in his place and properly punished at all times.

After his bath, he had put on the lingerie I had laid out for him before putting his slip and skirt and blouse back on. When he reported to me, I had him lift his skirt and I inspected his white pantyhose the second pair of thin pink panties over his tights that helped confine his boy thing to an almost nonexistent hump before returning to the shamed youth to the nursery.

through his and my own unwashed clothes, sorting into colors and non-colors. He could not get used to my eyes on him. He seemed to avoid my stare when I wanted to communicate with him. In his wet panties and pantyhose he was a proper nancy-boy, except, this boy was naughty enough to have to work in pissy pink panties.

As he loaded up the washing machine, he crouched in an ungainly fashion. I had to giggle. Then I had him strip off everything, toss his two pairs of panties in with the lingerie he was about to wash, put his diaper in the diaper pail and then hand wash his tights and hang them to dry. I then sent him off to the bathroom for a nice bath. His outer clothes were spared any of his peepee punishment, so I told him to put them back on after his bath along with the underclothes I would set out on the bathroom stool for him.

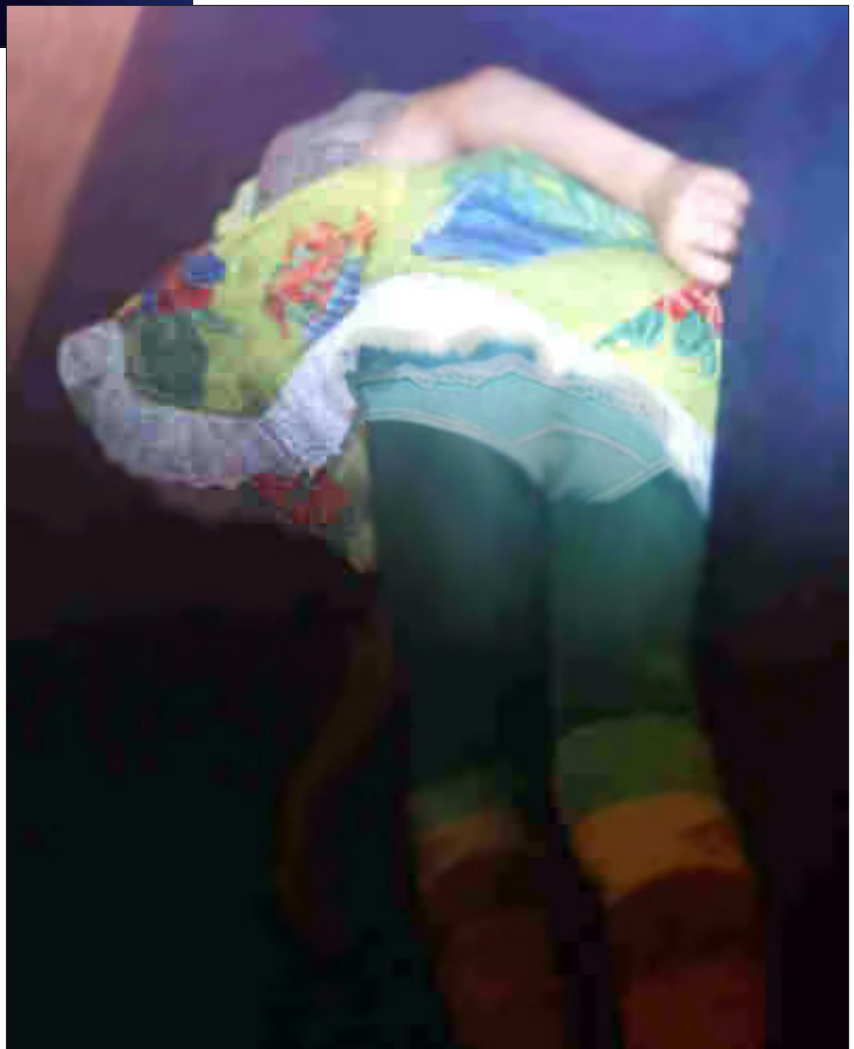




I looked at the clock. "Oh, I've missed your potty time. Go, fetch your potty and take it into the kitchen. Sit there until it's filled this time. I don't care how long it takes. This will be your last wee before evening." When he first sat down his warm bottom felt the cool surface and he shivered with surprise and even managed a little giggle. I enjoyed reminding him of the childish and perverted way I treat him. In the kitchen with his panties and pantyhose down to his calves, he quickly assumed the somewhat uncomfortable position on the small potty that I demanded – with his legs parted so I could see his naked penis above the nylon lingerie spread just below his knees. He sat there in the brightly lit kitchen. He hadn't felt an urgency pee, so how long was this going to take? With me staring at him, his penis became semi-stiff.

"Keep your penis tucked inside the potty rim like that ... that's right. We don't want a mess, no do we?" I commented. "In fact, push it down between your thighs and close your legs. Let me see you as a girl with a pussy."

He adjusted his genitals and trapped them between his closed thighs. He now looked naked and sexless.





“Look down, Oscar,” I said as I looked over.

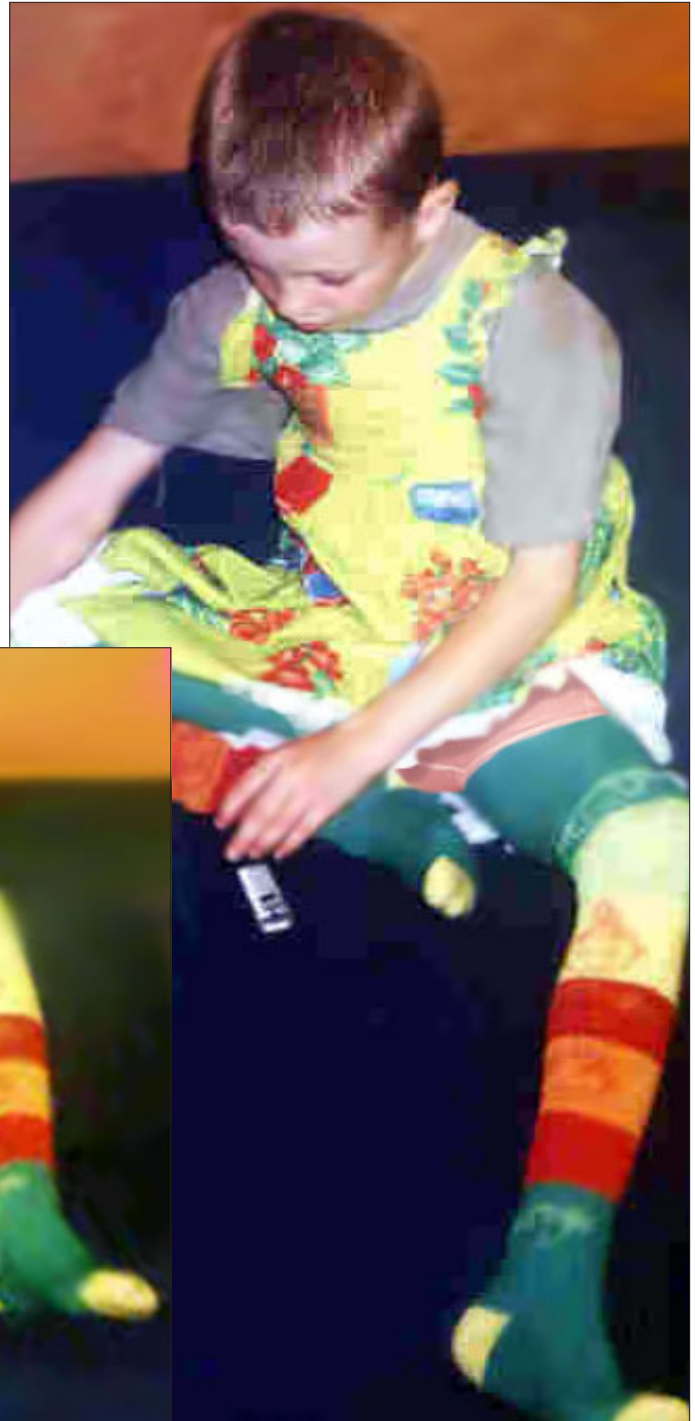
“What, Mommy?”

“I said, look down at yourself.”

He peered down at his closed thighs as he sat quietly.

“You look like a little girl, don’t you?”

He nodded. He was afraid he was starting to feel aroused again. But the discomfort and suspense he felt was surely confusing him.





“Now since you're not doing your weewees, pull up your panties for a moment; let's see if you can keep it all tucked away, see if you can look just like a real girl in panties.”

The situation proved to be more arousing than he expected. His penis soon stretched out between his tightened legs, engorged and semierect, pushing mightily and very hard against his thin nylon panties despite its small size. I was surprised but should have predicted that this would be the result. He groaned; he couldn't help his erection, hating his reaction to the sexy touch of nylon panties without permission, “Little ‘demonstrations’ like that mean 10 more spanks with my paddle. You know the rules. I'll write it up on the chart.”

I admonished him for not being able to present a girlishly flat

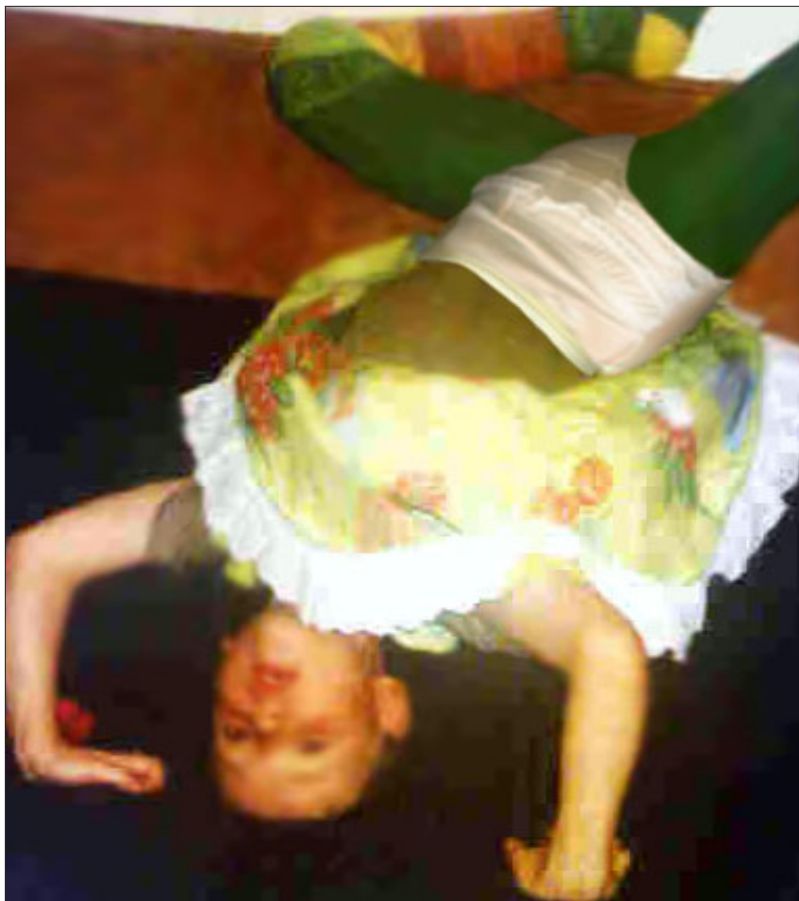
front on his panties for my pleasure. I depantied him and let him to do his business. I checked on him 20 minutes later.

“I haven't weeweewed Mommy,” he said sissyishly.

“You don't you need to go weeweewes with all the water and lemonade you had this morning?”

He muttered, embarrassingly, but maintaining his sissyish attitude,





of which I approved. "No weewees, Mommy. Maybe no peepee in me."

I laughed and playfully tugged at his short hair. "Course there is. You're just still a little stiff in the willie, and that's why it's hard to go at the moment. You'll have to think of something which doesn't excite you. Stop looking down at your panties. Maybe think of all the spanks and whippings you'll receive tomorrow evening."

I even went to the chart and counted them for him. "I hope you don't add to this by tomorrow. It's very high. I don't think I've had to punish you so severely in a long time."

"I'm sorry, Mommy. Sometimes, I just can't help it. I didn't mean to get big ..." He was having a hard time expressing himself sexually. He was looking very doleful. Probably fearful that he might be adding to his punishment score did the trick, and the pleasant tinkling sound followed shortly afterwards. I was delighted as I watched him force himself to sweetly smile as he wet into the potty. He looked a picture with his legs spread wide apart once again, bare flesh up to his waist, holding securely his

petticoat and dress out of harms way. Squatting awkwardly on his potty, he was quite the sissy.

It was a relaxing day. I found time to give him his piano lesson. I sat back and watched him practice while he struggled to correct himself. With his skirt and slip pulled up and away and pinned in back to the shoulders of his blouse, he sat on the hard wooden piano bench with his pink nylon panties fully exposed in back. He had been on his best behavior throughout the day. I had to admit, and I was aching to spank that girlish little bottom.



I did dole out a small hand smack against the back of his panties every time he faltered at his lessons, but they were just short, light slaps and, I'm sure, not painful.

I soon found a reason for a more engaging session. It happened when I wanted to put him into his pen for a nap. I like to place him in the nursery at these times, like a real baby sissy and let him snooze while he cuddles his many soft toys and dollies. Everything seemed to go to plan. Feeling drowsy, he even looked forward to his little nap, but the nursery was not left as tidy as I thought it had been. Oscar admitted to this slovenly behavior while dressing, pulled down his panties and presented his bare bottom to me.

"Please spank me for being messy, Mommy."

I turned him around to face me as I sat on the stool in the nursery. "I won't add to your punishment tomorrow, but I'll give your bum a good warming right now, so off with your



dress and petticoat. Here, I'll help you." I said, my voice low and even. I was pleased with his honesty, but couldn't wait to start on him.

His bottom was a bright red color by the time I finished. It lasted about fifteen minutes - a long time for such a steady and intense delivery of smacks to such a concentrated area. Oscar had started crying quickly and had been unable to stop. He really could not help reacting like the child that he is. He looked very sore and subdued when I let him up. I hugged him warmly as fresh tears fell onto my shoulder. "It's good to let it all out," I soothed him.

"Thank you for spanking me, Mommy. I was very naughty."

Oscar had to be wondering how he would be able to cope with his impending punishment the next night. He could hardly stand this 15 minute spanking, and he knew his mother intended to prolong his weekly session for more than an hour this time. I carefully put the sorry youngster onto his soft playpen floor and let him cover himself with a blanket and a few stuffed sissy toys. He managed to cover his aching bottom



and shifted on his side clumsily. I looked carefully. He was hiding something. I pulled the soft blanket aside to see his erection had sprung to life again. It was more intense this time.

“It’s okay, I won’t punish you for that,” I assured him. “After dinner you can put on your nice pansy peach panties.”

Feeling quite thrilled at this prospect, Oscar had little trouble drifting off into his afternoon nap. He was exhausted. I relaxed in my room, drawing the curtains for a short nap.

Letter 3 April 15, 1972

Clown Sissy Shame Clothing

When Clarence came home after work from the clothing store, he had with him a gaily wrapped package. He had brought home my special order — a little gift for Oscar – and kind of a gift for my husband as well. He grumbled to me that the lady in shipping & receiving who had checked in the items and then brought them to his office asked if he had a lucky little daughter who would appreciate this lovely gift, but Clarence, without thinking, said, “No, we only have a six-year-old son.” Then he remembered what I had special ordered and became embarrassed in front of the young girl from shipping.





Most of the employees under Clarence at the clothing store know he's a wimp – heaven only knows what they would think if they knew I sent him to work every day wearing a pair of my used panties (perfumed of course) under his business suit. Oh, well, that girl is probably sure the toddler-style rhumba panties I had ordered were for our son. That girl's tongue is probably wagging right now, spreading rumors and adding to Oscar's fame amongst the employees. All of them know he is a sissy with the number of times I have taken him into the store, often with some girlish elements to his clothing or makeup. Recently, I took him there wearing just a hint of pink lipstick and with his fingernails nicely painted with purple polish, much to my husband's dismay.

Oscar saw the package and asked if it was a present for him and I nodded that it was. Of course, he wanted to open it right away, but I told him it would have to wait until after supper. And once we adjourned to the living room, I explained the package contained a present for Oscar as well as for Clarence. My husband scowled a bit at that since he knew what was inside. I then added that for Oscar it was a bit of a punishment too and explained that I did not miss the little action that had taken place the week before between my husband and Oscar. Both gave me a questioning look, but I ignored them and took Oscar to the nursery to dress him in some of his outrageous shame clothing.

Over his boy's T-shirt I had him put on a gaudy pinafore with a huge band of ruffled white lace trim about the bottom. Underneath I put him into a pair of snug white panties and then the most outrageous pair of multicolored tights – this gaudy outfit made him look like a clown!



Then I took him back downstairs where I explained to them: I described the occasion the week before when they thought they were alone watching the “Come Dancing” show on television with Oscar sitting on his daddy’s lap. Oscar loves the show with the ladies in their ball gowns spinning around to show off their full bouffant petticoats and occasionally peeks at their panties. They thought I was up in my study doing my writing, but unknown to them, I had come down to freshen my gin and tonic and saw them engrossed in the show. Earlier that day, I had rewarded Oscar with a new pair of pink and white frilly rhumba panties, and as I watched, I saw he couldn’t keep his hand out from under his dress as he manipulated his penis within his new panties, but even more surprising was my husband. Clarence had lifted the boy up to get more comfortable, and in so doing, I saw he had a huge erection in his trousers, plus his pants were open and his penis was bulging within the yellow panties he was wearing that day. I watched with rapt attention as Clarence lifted the back of Oscar’s skirt and slips and then positioned our boy’s ruffle-pantied bottom directly on his throbbing pantied cock. Such a sight! Now, as I relayed to them what I had seen, they both became embarrassed. Then I gave the package to Oscar and told him to open it. Inside were a dozen pairs of elegant rhumba panties in every color of the rainbow.

“Since both you little panty freaks seem to be in love with Oscar’s little rhumba panties, I got him a big supply to keep both of you happy. Now, Oscar, I want you to try on every pair, and one by one, give us a show: dance, twirl, and roll around on the floor in your typical boyish way as you love to do. Flash us those panties and let us see just how pretty they are and how much you love them. I’m sure Daddy will love your sissy show as much as you will love doing it. Then at 7 o’clock, Come Dancing is on, and then -- for my entertainment, I want you to reenact that little show you put on last week. So, Clarence, unzip your trousers ... that’s nice ... oh, pale green panties today, good! Now why don’t you touch yourself up a bit – but don’t you dare cum — while Oscar tries on all his panties and gives us a nice girlie-boy show. Then when the show is ready to start he can sit on your lap and he can rock his ruffle-panty butt against your pantied cock – and then, when I tell you, you can spray your slim on your son’s pretty panties – it’s about time he learns all about the nasty stuff that will be coming out of his own penis within a few years. And for a smash ending, Oscar will take off the panties and both you and Oscar will lick the panties clean as you show him how to french kiss with the wet panties between your lips.”

“Doesn’t that sound exciting, Oscar? This will be your first chance to taste the wonderful whipped cream your daddy makes, and he is going to make it because he gets so wildly excited about his sissy son in his pretty little girl panties. Daddy knows I am training you to please me and eventually all ladies and girls who wish to take advantage of your special skills, but Daddy also knows you will grow up to be a queer, or at least very accomplished at pleasing gay boys. I know you don’t know what I’m talking about, and I had wanted to



delay this portion of your training, but under the circumstances, I think we should jump ahead and start leading you more aggressively in that direction. This is going to be so exciting!”

Well, I’ve enclosed a number of photos from that evening with Oscar in his clownish girls’ shame outfit putting on his rhumba panty show for us. I should add that everything came out fine, especially for my pantywaist husband, Clarence!

Betty S.

