Parents, Shopping for Discipline, Turn to Tough Schools

The World Wide Association Of Programs and Schools (WWAPS or WWAP) is an organization based in Oklahoma, in the United States. WWAPS was founded by Robert Field and was incorporated in 1998. WWAPS states that it is an umbrella organization of independent institutions for education and treatment of troubled teenagers, all operating in accordance with WWAP guidelines.

The programs are run by a small group of businessmen based in St. David, Oklahoma, under the banner of the World Wide Association of Programs and Schools, or Wwaps, and Teen Help, the programs' main marketing arm.

Currently operating

* The Academy in Smithville, New York
* Springs Academy in North Carolina
* Across Creek Programs in Oklahoma
* Harrington Academy in Georgia
* Bethael Girls' Academy, Bethael Boys' Academy, and Eagle Christian Academy
* Majestic Academy in Utah
* Midwest Academy in Harrisburg, Iowa
* Horizon Academy in Nevada
* Blue River Academy in Lekompte, Louisiana.
I attended a strict WWAP private school, where the paddle was in regular use, and girls between the ages of 13 to 18 were regularly punished. I’d guess that twelve swats was a typical paddling.

I was paddled more times than I can remember throughout my time there. The school had a dress code that allowed dresses and skirts only (no trousers), and paddlings were always given on the backside with dress/skirt hem lifted up.

When a girl was to be punished, the teacher would fill out two forms. One would go to the office and describe the nature of the offense and the sentence (how many swats or strokes). The other would go to the discipline officer, and just had the strokes. A girl had up to two weeks to appeal to the principle (who could override the teacher’s sentence) or if unsuccessful, report to the office. Paddlings were conducted late on Friday afternoons (presumably to give you the weekend to recover).
When you showed up, you had to hand the student assistant/secretary your “sentencing” paper.

One of my girlfriends had this job.

Inside the office, she could hear the muffled sound of each “bang” through the office door, followed by a muffled “ouch” or “oh”.
Sometimes on a Friday there were several girls in the queue, sitting in chairs, waiting their turn to go in and get their rear-ends swatted.

The girl on the left has not been paddled before and appears nervous. The middle girl will be paddled for chronically violating the school dress code.
“Vicki, please come in and close the door behind you.”
They were always polite
“Vicki, you have been sentenced to a twelve swat paddling. Have you anything to say?”

“Couldn’t we just forget about this?”
“No way Vicki. You’ve violated the rules, and now, as we say, you must pay your debt to society. Raise the hem of your skirt and bend over the desk.”

“Vicki, we apply the paddle to the well padded underside of your bottom, where you sit. Please raise your backside up higher.”
Vicki’s bottom was nicely rounded. Much to her discomfort, I ordered her raise it even more.

With the hem of her skirt up, in that position it became apparent that her ass was just a bit too big for her panties. The bottom of her cheeks were sticking out.
Since the bottom portion of her derriere was sticking out from underneath her underwear. She would be taking a “bare bottomed” paddling.

But here’s what I would have really liked to have done… I think she might have liked it better than getting paddled.
I swung. The paddle whacked the girl's bottom low, at the junction of ass and thighs. Her firm cheeks bounced back each time the paddle met them, and Vicki was soon sporting two nice red bullseyes across the bottom half of her ass.

She took her swats well, with a minimum of complaining. To ward off the sting she arched and rounded her lower back after each swat, and then stuck her bottom out for the next stroke like a good girl. I suspected she had at least been spanked before.
“Honest Sir, I’ve learned my lesson. I won’t cut classes anymore.”

It turned out that vigorously paddling her delightful ass at one end, had “tamed” her attitude at the other.

While she was still rubbing her bottom, I asked her to please send in Tricia next, the dark haired girl.”
… please send in the next girl

“So here I am, trying to tell poor Tricia that she’s next - that it’s her turn to go in, lift her skirt, and stick her rear end up in the air for some male administrator who I think might enjoy it - and all that slutty Bobbi Sue wanted to know was how hard he was swinging today, and how many swats I’d gotten.”

But Trish, who was frequently in trouble, had managed to arrange an alternative to the paddle for herself
She had agreed to go over his knee for a hand spanking.

She permitted him to raise her skirt.
and go through the added punishment of removing nearly every article of clothing, until she was naked over his knee.

Naked, she would masturbate over his thigh as he spanked her.
Her spanking would go on until she climaxed, right there over his lap.

Rubbing her bottom, she always “acted” humble and submissive afterwards – as if nothing unusual happened.

Amazing, how often that girl was in trouble.