Slave Mary gets the punishment she deserves

By ByronLord

Published on Lush Stories on 30 Apr 2012

**(c) Copyright 2010

All Rights Reserved.

Permission is granted to publish and view this material on the site lushstories.com only.**

When Henry went to meet Mary he expected his life to change. It did but not in the way he imagined.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/slave-mary-gets-the-punishment-she.aspx

[Author's note: All the correspondence in this story is genuine. If you see similar in your own inbox either here or at another site you should consider the outcome in this case.]

Henry scanned the arrivals board for the tenth time that day. The plane had landed twenty minutes ago, with luck Mary waiting for her bags to come off the conveyor belt.

He could hardly believe it was less than a month since he had received her message. It had been short and too the point:

Am a slave girl 27yrs old called Royce Mary Williams from Dallas Texas and I was going through your profile and I love everything you wrote in there and I will like to know you more better...you can get in touch with me in personal e-mail address at so that I can send you my pics and more about you...

He had responded immediately and waited anxiously for a reply for several days. The response he eventually received was long and slightly confusing. She had been a fashion designer but her business had gone under. She had been in the lifestyle for several years but her previous relationship had not worked out. She had sent pictures too.

The letter had puzzled Henry and it was a long time before he sent a reply. He was not sure how much off the letter to believe, how much was true, how much wishful thinking. But one thing was clear, Mary was in pain and quite likely in trouble.

It had taken quite some time to get Mary to admit what the trouble was. It was a brutal, ugly situation

but fortunately one that could be solved quite easily with a relatively small amount of money which he had been more than willing to send. Mary had promised that her uncle would pay him back, a claim that he had not quite believed until the cashiers check arrived in the mail three days ago. But just when the check had allayed one concern, the note from her uncle had created many more.

There was no time to delay. The bank cleared the cashiers check immediately and Henry had wired Mary the money to buy her ticket to freedom which had brought him to the international arrivals hall on a windy May day morning.

Henry had to be honest with himself though: he could not exactly claim that his own motives were entirely pure. He had told Mary that he didn't expect, would not accept anything in return for helping her but the thought of what she had promised to do for him and of what she had asked him to do to her sent shivers up his spine.

He had no moral objection to prostitution and would have had no hesitation in paying her for sex under different circumstances but under these particular circumstances it would have been a betrayal.

The news that her uncle could pay for the ticket had resolved his moral dilemma: There was no *quid* and therefore no *pro quo*. He would chain, flog and fuck his slave with a clear conscience knowing that she submitted to his will out of love rather than her need to escape her situation unharmed.

The check had solved another problem; the money he sent earlier had tapped his funds to the max and then some. A few years earlier he could have sent the money without a second thought. But the financial crisis had caught him overextended and underprepared. The rental properties he had bought to fund his retirement had eaten his retirement funds instead. He was working two jobs just to pay his mortgages and had only found the money for the last payment by taking a risk he could not afford to repeat.

The arrivals board showed no change on the eleventh time or the twelfth. The flood of arriving passengers slowed to a trickle then stopped. Henry walked the length of the the now almost empty arrival concourse, looking to see if he might have somehow missed him in the crowd.

Finally he admitted the truth: Mary would not come.

A sudden panic hit him, what if she had never existed, had made the whole thing up. But to what purpose? He had been on the net a long time and seen the sorts of dramas people construct to amuse themselves. But what drama could be worth a cashiers check for nine thousand dollars?

The check had been good, the envelope filled with cash in his pocket was proof of that. It was money that had been left over after the cost of the air ticket and his earlier expenses had been accounted for. Mary's uncle had told him to keep it at least a thousand for his trouble but Henry had no intention of doing that. It was a simple equation: He needed the money but Mary needed it more.

There was no question that Mary was genuine, the cashier's check was proof. Which could only mean that Mary was in danger or worse.

Just as he was plunging back into despair, Henry's cell phone rang. The caller-id was unknown to him but he had answered before he could consider the possible implication of the fact.

"Henry Mortimer," he noticed as he spoke that his voice had turned into a hoarse rasp.

"Stay there, I'm coming." a woman's voice replied followed by a click.

Henry's face was creased by a broad smile: She had come after all. There had just been some sort of mix up and she would be here very soon. He looked round the concourse looking for the petite young woman with the winning smile and the neatly cropped blonde hair. But the only woman in sight was a tall brunette in a grey pantsuit and heels.

She was definitely not Mary but she was walking straight towards him followed by two uniformed police officers.

"Mr Mortimer, my name is Lindzi, we need to talk."

"About Mary?" Henry eyed the police officers nervously but they walked straight past without a second look.

It took only a slight movement of Lindzi's head and the look in her eyes to shatter the world Henry had been building in his head for almost a month but over an hour to convince him of the fact: Mary was not coming because Mary did not exist. Neither Mary, nor her uncle nor the bank that had purportedly issued the fake cashiers check existed. He had lost almost four thousand dollars he could not afford to a gang of con artists.

The proof of this fact was in the wording of the very first email 'Mary' had sent.

I appreciate your time and effort for getting back to me. I hope this would continue with time we would know each other better. My real name is Royce Mary Williams am 26 years single , a fashion designer and also make costumes for movie.

With a few deft strokes on her iPad, Lindzi showed how the exact same letter had been sent under a dozen different names. It had been used by a Steve Johnson on OKCupid! and a Weldy Shawn on Wayn and a series of other sites. Each letter was slightly different but they had obviously been written by filling in slots left in a template. The idiots who had filled out the template couldn't even be bothered to spell 'Wendy' right.

The bank would discover the fraud in a few days time and reverse the payment into the account. The fact that the funds had been reported as cleared meant nothing. The bank was entitled to reverse the cashier's check because the payment transfer itself was fraudulent. Henry had intentionally placed the Western Union money order and paid them cash. Henry was a victim of a fraud but the payment itself had not been fraudulent.

Lindzi's explanation was thorough and Henry had only one question at the end, "Why?"

"They want money." Lindzi replied.

"No, why did you come and tell me? How did you know?"

"How is easy, why a little more complicated."

Lindzi explained that she was a moderator on the site and had received a complaint from another user. When she read the log files and the exchanges with Henry she had recognized the some of the conversations between Henry and 'Mary' from her own conversations with another user.

The devious little shit behind 'Mary' had quickly realized that he or she was out of their depth as a BDSM sub and so she had recruited Lindzi to help train her for the part by pretending to be a sub.

"Subs will do that all the time," Lindzi explained, "There's a name for it: Topping from the bottom."

The awful realization dawned that not only had Henry been duped out of his cash, it had been 'Mary' that had been calling the shots in their relationship all along.

Lindzi put her arms around him as the tears welled up in his eyes. He tried to hold it all back but it was no use. His whole body shook with each sob.

"I am so sorry, I have been such a fool." For some inexplicable reason Henry felt as if he had somehow failed Lindzi.

"It can happen to anyone. I lost more when it happened to me."

This news brought up Henry short. Lindzi was so confident, so self-assured, so much in control, how could someone have fooled her? It turned out that the mark had been someone else but it didn't make any difference, she had lost everything anyway. When she was married, she had been office manager at her husband's law firm. One day the bank had called to confirm a request to transfer several tens of thousands of dollars out of the client money account.

It had turned out that the firm's book-keeper had been taken in by a Nigerian gang with a preposterous scheme to move several million dollars out of their country through her bank account. When they asked her to front some money to pay some unexpected fees, she had obliged with her savings. Then when her savings had run out she had looted the firm. The bar association had taken a dim view and suspended her husband's law license for a year. He had almost lost it entirely but it wrecked the practice anyway. It had not been her fault but her husband had blamed Lindzi for the fraud that had cost him his career. A year later, both the practice and their marriage were gone.

"I fell. Fortunately someone was there to catch my fall." Lindzi explained.

"Is that how you became a dom?" Henry asked.

"Oh you silly thing, you have it all the wrong way round. You think you want to be a master, to be in control when what you really want is to let go. I had to let go before I could learn how to take control. I only began exploring my dominant side after I reached bottom as a sub."

Lindzi leaned forward and kissed Henry gently on the cheek and then on the lips. She reached inside his jacket and he could feel her fingertips gliding over his back.

"Try to relax, let go."

At such close quarters her scent was almost overpowering. It reminded Henry of another time, an earlier time when his own wife had worn scent and makeup, a time that now seemed long ago. How curious that this was the first time he had thought of her since she had waved him off to work that morning.

"Let go. You must let yourself fall", Lindzi said.

"Will you be there to catch me?" Henry asked.

"Always, dear, always." Lindzi promised.

Henry bowed his head, unsure how to reply. He felt loathsome, vile, unworthy of the attention she was devoting to him. He had messed up badly. He had embarrassed her and himself. Her tone of voice suggested, no promised a punishment. But afterward she would forgive him and right now that was what he wanted the most. He did not know quite what to expect as punishment but of the forgiveness, he was certain .

Suddenly the words came to him, the words he had been searching for. Saying them was a release, an absolution.

"Yes mistress."

His mistress spoke, her voice calming, level. "Wait here. I will return and then you will come home with me. Do you understand?"

Henry nodded. Then opened his mouth to say something. Perhaps this was not the time, perhaps she would be angry if he told her. But she would be even more angry if he didn't tell her and she found out later.

"Mistress, may I", he started to speak but a look from Lindzi silenced him.

Lindzi pressed her finger to his lips. "No more talk now. I may give you permission later. But now silence." It would be allright. He knew that now. She knew everything better than he did. All he needed to do was to put himself entirely in her hands, to trust her absolutely and completely and it would be alright. Everything would be.

Henry nodded again and watched his new mistress walk away to the rest rooms. There was something calming, comforting about having the decision made for him. There would be time to make his confession later, much later, after he had made amends and repaired the damage.

The ladies room was empty. This was not essential but made the next step much easier. Once inside the stall it took 'Lindzi' only a few seconds to strip off the brown wig and pantsuit and stuff them in a carrier bag. The impossible-to-walk-on high heels were replaced with a pair of flip flops, the pantsuit with pink hotpants and a lime green Tee that said 'What part of PMS don't you understand?'.

The getaway outfit was just skanky and tasteless enough to guarantee nobody would give her a second look. She was sure Henry would not guess that 'Lindzi' and the skank were one and the same which is just as well as she would have to walk out right past him. Fortunately the weather was warm and she could cram a convincing getaway outfit into her handbag which was one of those reversible

models you could turn inside out to match a second outfit.

Meeting Henry in person had been a huge risk but if the envelope in her pocket really held the five big ones she expected it would last a month easily and the re-vic crew would cut her in for a quarter of anything they made which would probably be a couple of grand at least. The re-vic (re-vicitimization) crew would give Henry a call in a couple of months and explain that he had been taken by a classic advance fee fraud where the scam artists get their mark to pay them money up front in the hope of a future return. But he was one of the lucky ones; the criminals responsible had been caught and there was a chance that at least some of his money could be returned. All it would take is a small advance to pay the court costs.

Astonishingly enough, the re-vic crew had an even better success rate than she did. But why not, they specialized in conning idiots who had already fallen for the scam at least once.

It was an unnecessary risk but she couldn't resist opening the envelope: A mistake, big time. Instead of the five grand she had hoped for, only a little less than a thousand.

"Oh dig deep Henry!", she said to herself sarcastically. The sick bastard must have decided to wait and see if 'Mary' made good on her promises before giving her the rest.He was just as sick as the fictional pimp Mary had told him about. He would rescue her from one form of exploitation to victimize him in another.

She had left four grand on the table but she had another consolation: Job satisfaction in a work where turning a profit was the only thing she could hope for. She tried not to feel sorry for her marks, nothing personal it was just business. But this time was different: Henry was clearly the lowest form of pond scum and scamming him out of five large had been a public service.

She should have checked the cash first! He might have the rest in a different pocket. She could have taken him to a motel, put a blindfold on him and rifled his clothes at leisure. It was too late for that now. Getting the wig right had taken her a quarter of an hour and repacking the getaway outfit longer. She was no longer Lindzi the Dom. She was now the character she called the skank, a character she hadn't even thought to give a proper name yet.

The brunette wig was swapped for a long black wig with purple streaks. The skank carefully packed the brown wig back into the tube. She could always shoplift another pantsuit: Nordstrom had racks of them. Stealing a made to measure wig is a fool's risk: the shop had photos of her. Her wigs were the tools of her trade, she had always bought the best she could afford and paid for them with either cash or pre-paid credit cards bought with cash in a Walmart.

After checking her new makeup in the mirror, the skank wondered if she should take the pantsuit after all. Taking it with her was a risk but leaving it here to be found in the restroom might be a bigger risk. After a few seconds indecision, the skank decided to take the clothes. They would make up for Henry's cheating her out of the four large at any rate. With a last look at herself in the mirror, the skank strode confidently out of the rest room and straight into a wall of blue uniforms.

The skank tried to run for it but there was a crack and her body was suddenly shaking from a violent pain that covered her whole body and her wrists were being bound behind her back.

Fuck! A Tazer!

Not only did it hurt like hell, it continued hurting long after. There was no escape.

Fucketty! Fuck-Fuck-Fuck!

Henry stood motionless beside another police officer. *How did he know?* She asked herself. Then she noticed that his wrists were also in handcuffs and he was talking to the officer, pleading with him.

"I'll pay it back. It's all there, count it. I was going to pay it back" Henry sobbed.

The skank saw the envelope on the table in front of Henry and suddenly it all made sense. The police had not been waiting for her, it was Henry they were here for all along. He must have pilfered some of the money he sent earlier. When the fraud was discovered the police had searched his emails and decided that arresting him at the airport would catch him at his most vulnerable and have precisely the effect on him that it was having now. Her envelope had been short because she had taken the wrong bloody one.

There was no doubt about it, she had made a mistake. The cops had been about to arrest Henry when she had appeared. She should have spotted it. Of all the possible outcomes, this must have been the one they had expected least.

Mary had made a big mistake and now she was going to get the punishment she really deserved.

[While it is rather unlikely that a Nigerian 419 scam artist would show up in person, there have been similar scams reported for centuries. Back in the middle ages the hook would involve a rich knight being held to ransom after a crusade.]