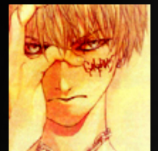


# veronica **MARS**

M without Mercy or Remorse



Story by HunterOpera  
Cover and Art by BalthazarDragon



# veronica MARS

## Episode 7: At All

True to her word, Madison let her sleep.

A handful of her old peers dragged her into a closet and locked her inside it. She had a towel she could use as a blanket or a pillow and, by instinct, she covered herself – she did not want to be naked right then.

Her sleep was shallow, uncomfortable. Any time she heard anything she cowered and pressed herself into the corner of the closet, breathing ragged as she stared at the closet door and waited for the rapes to start again. Sometimes she thought the door rattled, but no one came in. She found herself wondering if it was the fear making her see foot shadows on the other side of the door, if it was fear making her hallucinate the sound of the knob rattling.

She huddled and cried, unsure, drifting off into light sleep, only to be woken again.

Everything hurt. Her ass and cunt were warm and painful to the touch, her tits and belly mauled, her jaw aching. She couldn't keep her lips closed. Shifting her legs wrong sent sharp pain shooting through her, reminding her of what had been done to her. And even in her dreams she remembered their faces, the mockery, the revenge of so many people she'd exposed in high school and college and after exposing her, fucking her, using her.

She wept.



She slept.

Eventually, the doorknob did turn and the door opened. She stared at it and waited but no one came into the closet, no one touched her. She heard voices from down the hallway. She didn't want to leave the closet but her stomach was rumbling for something other than cum.

Madison was giggling, talking to someone, telling them about what had happened to her.

“Hey, Ronnie,” Madison's voice rang out. “There's a camera in the closet, bitch, I know you're awake. And the door and lock are electric, girlfriend.”

Veronica said nothing.

“You may as well come here,” Madison called out again. “I'm in the kitchen.”

Veronica pushed the door open and slunk down the hallway, clutching the towel to her chest with shaking fingers. Madison was giggling when Veronica entered the kitchen, flirting as she spoke with the last person Veronica wanted to see.

Mercer Hayes grinned at her.

“Hey, bitch,” Mercer said, walking over to her, wrapping fingers in her hair. “Did you miss me?”

“Yes,” whispered Veronica, bowing her head, knowing that was what he wanted to hear.

"Madison was just telling me about how much fun you had under her care," Mercer said. "It's time to come home now, but we were thinking we could set up a play date for you and your friend. Would you like that?"

"Yes, sir," mumbled Veronica.

"Good girl," he said, and ran his fingers through her hair, kneading her scalp. "This is filthy, Veronica."

"I'm sorry, sir," she said, letting her hands fall to her side. His fingers found her chin and pushed her face up.

"We're going to have to clean you up," he said.

Madison giggled.



"LMGG!"

Mac was screaming in the corner, her cries muffled by Madison's panties held inside her mouth with duct tape. She was struggling, pulling with all her might at the chains that bound her wrists and elbows behind her back, pushing her chest out. She'd been allowed to keep her clothes, but Veronica knew that wouldn't last.

The collar around Madison's neck was connected with a carabeener to a bolt in the floor, forcing her head down. Her knees were bound together with rope, another carabeener attaching her knees to that same bolt. She looked like she was bowing, but she was furious, fighting.

Veronica looked at her with pity.

She was crying when Mercer led her to the chair but she offered no resistance, letting him seat her, wincing as her sore ass came to rest on the cold metal, whimpering as he bound her arms to the arm rests and her legs to the legs of the chair. A collar around her neck, belts around her waist, her chest, her thighs. He tightened them until she couldn't move and he left her and Mac screamed at her, screamed at her to do anything.

"I heard you were a bad girl while I was away," Mercer said.

"She was," Madison confirmed. "I gave her a special drink to give to her friend there, and, instead, the two of them tried to leave my party together."

"I always thought she was a little gay," Mercer said. "It's that tomboy thing."

"Well, I'm not a lezzie, but I don't see why I shouldn't use either bitch any way I like," Madison said. "Shows the poors where they belong."

"I get that," Mercer said, unpacking the svelte faux-leather pack where he kept his shaving tools. Veronica whined and closed her eyes, fingers and toes twitching. "Stop that. Your hair is filthy. Maybe you'll take better care of it when it grows back."

"MTRFKR!" Madison cried, jerking and failing to free herself.

Madison giggled, walked over to Madison and grabbed her hair, yanking painfully so that the two victims were looking at each other.

"Veronica told me the story of how they broke her for Mercer," Madison said. "I've spoken with Mercer's friends, and we're going to do the same thing to you, little sis. I'm going to own your ass." Madison spanked her for emphasis.

"FKYY!" Mac roared.

"Let's get started," Mercer drawled. "We haven't got all day."

"We don't?"

"I have a show this afternoon."



The worst part was that Mercer could be gentle when he wanted to be.

He was good with her hair, massaging her scalp, making small talk with Madison as he preened and cut.

"Can I try?" Madison asked.

"Of course," he said, and handed her an electric shaver.

There was no skill with Madison – the other woman took pleasure in bringing the razor across Veronica's scalp, letting clumps of hair fall away and flutter to the ground. She giggled, the electric hum circling Veronica's ear, slicing down her neck. Mercer made small suggestions to minimize the pain.

"I want it to hurt," Madison argued.

"It already does," Mercer said, and he was right.

He got his clippers out and took over, cutting down the rest of Veronica's hair, removing every last strand of hair from her scalp before buzzing away her eyebrows.

"What do you say?" he asked.

"Thank you." mumbled Veronica.

"Will you take better care of your hair in the future?" Mercer asked. Veronica moaned; the question wasn't fair. She hadn't done anything to her hair – Madison's friends had cum in it and then Madison had let that cum cake onto her – but what else could she say?

"Yes, sir."

"Good girl."





Mac fought the whole time, pulling at the collar around her neck, but she remained bound and helpless as Mercer freed Veronica from her bondage and put a taser – her old taser – in her hands.

He made her look at Mac.

“You know what you have to do.”

Mac screamed As Veronica did what she had to do.



Mercer dragged Mac over an ottoman, belly-down, her legs hanging off one end. Her arms were unbound and then retied on either side, her head and ass hanging off either end. Mercer bound her at the wrists and biceps, at the neck, above and below her breasts. When she regained movement she pulled and screamed and kicked but remained helpless.

Madison looked on and giggled.

“Veronica, be a dear and strip Mac for me, okay?” Mercer asked. Veronica held herself and shivered. “Look, either you can do it or I can, and you’ll be punished for not doing what I told you to do.”

Madison giggled.

Mac looked at her with wide eyes.

“You remember how, right?” Mercer asked, handing Veronica a pair of scissors. Veronica took them in a shaking hand and nodded; as if she could ever forget.

“Vnca?” Mac’s eyes were huge, her face flushed.

“I’m sorry,” whispered Veronica, hoping that Mercer and Madison wouldn’t hear her; they didn’t, too busy chatting to one another as they enjoyed the show. She knelt beside Mac and cut the laces to her shoes and pulled them off, placing them neatly beside the chair, then cut off her socks and started working up the legs of her jeans.

“Dnnn...” Mac managed, begging.

Veronica couldn’t look her friend in the eyes, but she was was gentle, as gentle as she could be. The jeans fell away, revealing a practical set of boy shorts. The scissors made short work of them, then easily cut open her friend’s shirt and removed her bra, adding it to a neat little pile of ruined clothing.

“Hey, Ronnie, make sure my little sis is tightly bound, okay?” Madison giggled.

“Pls...” Mac begged, crying, face flushed.

Veronica stood, circling, tightening every strap until her friend could not move at all. Mercer came up behind her, pulling her close and cupping a breast, nuzzling her neck.

“Good girl, Ronnie,” Mercer said. Mac was sobbing now as Veronica kept her hands to her sides.

“Now, I’m going to shave your friend so her head is as bald as her cunt. You remember how hard it was the first time, right?”

Veronica nodded.

"I know this girl was important to you, so I'm going to let you make it easier on her," Mercer said, guiding her down to her knees, using her collar to drag her between her friend's kicking legs. "Why don't you try and keep her distracted?"

Veronica looked at him, nodded, turned to her friend's intimacy and leaned forward.

This was the only kindness she could offer.



"You're really enjoying this," Madison noted.

"So are you," Mercer answered, shearing Mac down to the scalp. Veronica could hear her friend's soft sobbing and did her best to keep her distracted, clinging to her thighs while her tongue explored the bound girl's dripping folds. "Do you think our two girls are?"

"Who cares?" Madison giggled. "You say she stabbed you with a unicorn?"

"She did."

"Do you want to stab her with your unicorn?"

"I really do."

"Okay, I have an idea," Madison said, "but I'll wait til you're finished with her hair."

Veronica could imagine her master's quick nod, his winning smile. She found Mac's clit, circled it with her tongue, pulled at it, playful. She felt Mac shudder, saw her thighs shake, suckled down the resulting orgasm.

"I think your sister just came."

"Veronica is plenty skilled with her tongue."

Above her, Mac sagged in her bonds, moaning long and soft and sad as Veronica continued to try and comfort her the only way she knew how.

"Alright," Madison said. "Give me some. I want to keep it."

Veronica adjusted herself enough to see Mercer hand Madison a small bunch of Mac's hair. Madison wrapped it in a strip of cloth from Madison's clothing and held it in front of the weeping girl.

"This is going to be my memento from when you were free," Madison said, letting the hair dangle by a thread in front of Mac's face. "I might let you grow your hair back, but this is the last time you're going to have any say in how you look. What do you say to that?"

"FK OO!" screamed Mac, still crying. Madison slapped her across the face.

"So you want to fuck her, right?"

"I do."

"She looks like the sort of girl that likes it up the ass," Madison said, pushing at Mac's bald head. "Why don't you fuck her there? Ronnie can continue to make good use of her mouth, and we'll see if Mac can get me off with her tongue before she makes you cum in her ass."

"Sounds like fun," Mercer said, and Madison giggled, slapping Mac again.

"Hey, sis, if you get me off before you get Mercer off, he'll take a shower to clean your shit off his cock," Madison said, continuing to slap the crying girl. "But if you don't, well, we'll put that mouth of yours to good use."

She pulled up a chair, spreading her legs in front of Mac's face, began ungagging her.

"I wouldn't waste your breath on hysterics," Madison said.

Mac tensed like she might have said something, but Mercer shoved his way into her ass, all the way to the hilt, and she screamed with wide eyes, heading shaking, drool dribbling from her lips.

"What're you looking at?" he asked, slapping Veronica and staring down at her. "Get back to your friend, Ronnie. That's what you do, help people, right? Help your friend."

*Fuck you*, she thought.

"Fuck you," she whispered, an idea popping into her head. Ducking her head back between Mac's thighs, she dabbed her tongue against her friend's clit and tapped her ring finger against her friend's thigh, a deliberate pattern.

*Come on, Mac.*

Mac was grunting and bucking against her, sobbing and pleading as Mercer fucked her. Madison was beginning to moan as Veronica got to work, praying that Mac was copying her tongue motions.

*Madison is a basic bitch*, Veronica thought, *it doesn't take much to get her off.*

"Fuck, she's tight," Mercer groaned, spanking Mac, making Veronica wince. "I don't think she took it up the ass much."

"It's motivahting her prooooooperly," Madison managed, her words stilted, her breathing shallow.

Madison came just a few seconds before Mercer. Veronica scooted out from under her friend, watching as her master and Madison both leaned back, looking at one another.

"Thank you," Mac whispered, and Veronica knew her friend understood.

"You're welcome," Madison giggled, reaching out and rubbing her hand across Mac's scalp. "I knew you'd like this, sis. You're right where you always belonged."

"Fuck," Mercer said. "Veronica, come over here – I need someone to clean my cock."

Bowing her head, on hands and knees, Veronica crawled towards her master.



"This was fun," Madison said, tugging on Veronica's leash and pulling her closer.

"It was," Mercer agreed. "We should do this again sometime."





“Agreed,” Madison said, curling her hair on a finger. “Hey, Ronnie, hands behind your back. Good girl. She really does have nice tits.”

“She does,” Mercer agreed, smirking. He pulled out a bag, opened it, produced a wig and shook it

out. The wig was itchy on Veronica's scalp.

"That looks like her hair," Madison noted.

"It is," Mercer grinned, kissing Veronica and pulling her close, molesting her. "Maybe I can borrow your sister after she's learned where she belongs?"

"We could do another party, a little playdate for our pets," Madison grinned, clapping her hands.

"I think that would be a lot of fun," Mercer said, accepting the leash that Madison handed him. He pulled on it, pulling the naked Veronica into his embrace, hugging her close with one possessive arm. She closed her eyes, bowed her head, and wished she were anywhere else. "How's the ICF treated you?"

"They think we're working together, which I guess we are?" Madison shrugged. "They've got a team dealing with my sister, working at making her as compliant as Ronnie here." Madison reached up and squeezed one of Veronica's breasts, twisted a nipple until Veronica whimpered.

"Jesus, but I love watching her suffer," Mercer said.

"So do I," Madison laughed, her hand trailing up Veronica's throat to her cheek as she leaned in and kissed her. Veronica spread her legs, her lips, let Madison use her. "There's a lot of people that still want to fuck her, you know. Rich people. If you were interested in transitioning from media into politics, they would fund you for a chance at her ass. I could set it up for you."

"Maybe in a year or two," Mercer said. "I've got a five year plan. There's just one thing."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"Veronica, here."

"What about her?"

"I think she thinks the orgy was her punishment."

*An orgy is something you go into willingly, asshole,* Veronica thought.

"I mean, it was more of a gang rape."

"I guess it was, but you were planning on letting everyone fuck her."

"I was," Madison said, her hand in Veronica's hair, the fell light of her gaze boring into the broken slave's eyes. "I guess she hasn't been punished yet. Did you have something in mind?"

"I do," Mercer taunted, pulling on the leash. "Good girls get to keep their hair, Veronica. Bad girl get shaved and stay out of public until their hair grows back."

Veronica sniffled, began to cry.

"Do you have somewhere to store her until her hair grows back?" Madison asked.

Veronica could not stop the whimper that passed her lips.

"I was thinking here, if that's okay with you," Mercer said. "Maybe we can get started on raising some funds for my political career."

"I'll put a list of people this afternoon," Madison said. "Why don't you stay here for a while? We have plenty of room."

"I would like that," Mercer said. He moved closer to Madison, wrapping an arm around her. They laughed, flirted, teased Veronica with the horror of her future.

In the end, Veronica sagged, spread and compliant, trying not to cry.

“Not so tough now, huh?” Madison asked, slapping her ass.

“She never was,” Mercer said, shoving her to the floor.

And Veronica knew: there was nothing she could do but suffer, a sextoy for sadists she had spent the entirety of her old life fighting. Her new life, she knew, would be spent at their feet, a plaything that lived only to amuse her owners and their friends.

When they pulled her up and towards Madison's bed, she did not resist. She let them rape her, let them reduce her, demean her, degrade her.

She was alone, and she was theirs.