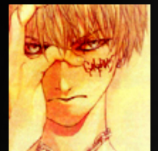


veronica **MARS**

M without Mercy or Remorse



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veronica MARS

Episode 4: Lately At All

They didn't undo the straps on the gurney until her clothes were soaked in sweat.

A couple of doctors came over and removed her clothing with scalpels, starting with her jeans and working their way up. They cut through her jacket, her shirt, her bra and panties, even her socks.

That wasn't necessary, shitbirds, she thought, twitching a little.

Mercer tased her again.

They picked her up off the gurney and moved her to a chair, strapping her there instead. She wondered why they would bother, what difference it would make. Her ankles were bound to chair legs, her thighs, tummy, chest, biceps, forearms, and throat.

She gagged a little at the last one.

Regaining a little bit of movement, she strained against her bonds, testing them.

"Make sure it's tight," Mercer said, tasing her again. "We don't want her to hurt herself."

All of the straps were pulled one rung tighter. Her hands and feet started to tingle from strangled blood flow and it was hard to breathe; she struggled but couldn't move at all.

"Good," Mercer said. "Can you bring in my tools, please?"

One of the doctors left as Mercer devoured her with his eyes. She felt herself flush and swallowed, took a deep breath, met his gaze with as much dignity as she could muster.

"Did I tell you what I studied while in prison?" he asked, as a small cart was wheeled into the room. "I mean, the law, of course. And journalism and acting a bit, but also hair care."

The cart was wheeled closer to her, a barber's kit laid out and gleaming.

Of course.

"What's the plan, Mercer?" Veronica growled. "The old shave and rape? A nice little dose of GHB to make me forget all this?"

"Not at all," Mercer said, smiling as he put a hand to her chest, circling a nipple. "I've had time to mature. I'm going to shave you, sure, but I don't want you to forget anything. I want you to remember. And I want you to know, Mars, that when we're done here you're going to beg me to fuck you."

Fat fucking chance, she thought.

"Fat fucking chance," she said.

"We'll see," he said, picking up a pair of scissors.



She couldn't move her head at all and he took his time doing it.

Her hair was longer than it had been the last time he'd been free and he loved that, ran his fingers through the silky softness of it. He washed her head with warm water, massaging her scalp, lathering some sweet-smelling soap into her hair, rinsing her so that suds and droplets poured down her naked flesh. The room was warm but she was shivering, cold from the moisture, swearing at him as he hummed a pleasant little tune to himself.

Scissors began shearing through her hair, working through the layers. He combed the cut strands out and put them in front of her, letting them fall from his palm into her lap, *snip snip snip*.

He cut, shortened, blow-dried, put in product, showed her the result.

She looked like she had when he had tried to rape her. Hair shorter, wavy curls framing her face. He leaned in, kissed her forehead.

"I've waited so long," he said. "You're my unicorn, Mars."



And then there was more water, more lathering soap, more rinsing. Now the scissors worked in earnest, clumps of hair removed from her head, let fall to the ground. She tried to fight back the tears – he was gentle with her, so gentle – but he kept showing her the hair he'd cut, explaining where it came from on her head, telling her how long it would take to grow back.

"A girl's hair is her life," he said. He'd reduced her to a messy buzz cut and showed her and the tears came freely. He smiled and kissed her, a quick peck that felt less a violation than what he'd done to her hair.

He moved back, then started massaging shaving cream into what was left of her hair. He showed her the straight razor over her scalp. Not a single nick or cut, not even a sliver of pain.

After he washed the remains of hair and cream from her head he fetched a mirror to show her that she was now glistening bald.



"Do you want me to fuck you, Mars?" he asked.

"No!" she screamed, crying, bucking wildly against the straps. He waited until she had tired herself out.

"Okay, I get it," he said. "Here's what's going to happen. I'm going to leave you here and these fine people are going to make sure you're okay. When your hair grows back, I'll come check on you again, okay? I'll see you in about six months."

The fuck?

"The fuck?" she said, but he was already gone.



Veronica's hands were tied to the chair, down by her hips. The chair was bolted to the floor. She was in a sort of classroom, naked. There were many other girls but she was staring straight at the chalkboard. She did not want to see what some of the other weeping girls were sitting on.

"Repeat," the doctor at the front of the classroom said. "*I am not a person, I am a plaything for my master.*"

The other girls repeated the words, but Veronica did not.

"VM-99, repeat the words," the instructor said.

She did not. The doctor sighed.

"Correct her until she does as instructed, then match the amount of corrections it took before giving her permission."

A different doctor approached her.

Correction? Veronica thought. What?

The doctor had a belt in his hand. He stood behind her, free hand on her scalp, while the other brought the strap down on her exposed breast. She screamed, kicked, tried to pull herself out of the chair, but he held her and strapped her again, again. She howled threats, she fought, but the strap kept coming, striking her left and then her right breast, each stinging blow feeling harder than the last.

"Girls, giggle at VM-99," the doctor said, and they did.

The strap kept coming.

"I'll say the thing!" Veronica said, her breasts an aching angry red.

"How many was that?" the doctor at the front asked.

"Fifty-seven," the doctor behind her said.

"VM-99, you will be strapped fifty-seven more times," the doctor at the front said. "Between strappings, you and every other girl here will say '*I am not a person, I am a plaything for my master*', and then we will resume with the lesson."



"VM-99, you're not eating," one of the doctors observed.

She knew better than to answer.

"You may not realize it, but you've been training for this your whole life," the doctor continued. "From pacifier and milk bottle to straw and pop bottle and popsicle to now."

She stared at the soft dildo in front of her. That's what it was – a dildo.

"Open your mouth."

She didn't, so he whipped her ass and, when she opened her mouth to scream, he shoved her onto the dildo until it tickled the back of her throat and held her there until she stopped squirming.

"Now, suck."

She didn't, but her stomach rumbled. He whipped her again.

“This is for your own good.”

Eventually, she suckled the dildo and something spurt down her throat.

She managed not to choke on it.



“VM-99, position fourteen!” the doctor ordered.

Exhausted, Veronica pushed herself up from position six and stood, spreading her legs, trying to remember what position fourteen demanded of her.

Feet shoulder width apart, she thought, bleary-minded. Hands touching elbows behind back, head tilted back, tongue out?

A switch bit her ass and she jumped but held position.

“That's position twenty-four, VM-99,” the doctor hissed. “Are you an idiot, VM-99? Do you want to disappoint your master? Put your hands under your boobs and push them up. That's right. Pretend your master is here. Don't you want him to touch you?”

There was nothing she wanted *less*.



Mercer Hayes is your master, the voice whispered through the head phones.

She was strapped to a blanket-less mattress, naked, immobile. A pair of VR goggles showed her pictures of Mercer while a vibrating egg buzzed pleasantly inside her. The voice in the headphones told her how lucky she was to have Mercer as her master, how he was the only thing keeping her safe.

The images faded and she whimpered as blackness overcame her. Hissing static came through the headphones. She was alone in the dark, trembling, waiting. Painful shafts of light were fed into the goggles, blinding her, an electric pulse shooting through the gurney.

She screamed, dozing uneasily as the pain subsided, only to be shocked again.



“That's about an inch-and-a-half. Nice. Hey, Veronica, do you want me to fuck you?”

“No.”

She sounded weak, unsure, but she held her ground.



They'd taken her seat away in class. Her knees were bent and then they'd forced twin dildos

inside her. She could feel them rubbing against one another. Now, when she refused to say her lines, the dildos shocked her *and* her tits were beaten.

"I am not a person, I am a plaything for my master," she said.

The dildos inside her slowly teased her.

Maybe, she thought, maybe if I'm good it'll let me cum?



The feeding dildo was wheeled closer to her, but it wasn't lowered. She looked at the doctor, uncertain what to do.

"Are you hungry, VM-99?"

She was. Approaching the dildo, she pressed her body against the tube the dildo was attached to and wrapped her lips around it.



"VM-99, position sixteen."

Veronica fell to her knees and pressed her forehead to the ground, letting her arms hang at her sides so her hands were beside her feet.

A switch tapped her ass, but not painfully.

"Very good, VM-99."

She hated that she smiled at the praise.



She was lying on the gurney, screaming at the light and static.

When would her master come to save her?



"Up to three inches. Looks good. Hey, Veronica, do you want me to fuck you?"

no, she thought, though she could not remember why.

"... no...?"



She was writing lines on the chalkboard.

I am too stupid to make decisions for myself, she wrote. My master makes all my decisions for me.

When she made a spelling mistake or didn't write the lines fast enough, they tied her down and beat her ass and took turns raping her. She tried not to fight back.

She knew she deserved it.



“VM-99, position thirty-six.”

She fell on her back, raising her arms and crossing her wrists over her head, leaving her chest and face exposed. She bent her knees and spread her legs, an invitation to enter her.

Then, and only then, did she open her mouth.

“Very good, VM-99, very good.”

Her doctor ran a finger across her clit, a quick pleasurable reward, and she flushed in pleasure from the praise as much as the touch.



She was on her knees, hands behind her back, lips wrapped around the feeding dildo. She worked it deeper down her throat, suckling it, gobbling it all up.

When she did it properly, they gave her a little piece of chocolate for desert.



The darkness faded and she collapsed onto the gurney, smiling, stupid. The voice was whispering praises in her ear, the egg buzzing away inside her, her master consuming her vision.

He'd come to save her after all.



“Four-and-a-half. Hey, Veronica, do you want me to fuck you?”

It was her master. Of course she wanted him to fuck her.

“Yes, please,” she said, assuming position fourteen. He reached out and grabbed her breast, then pushed her down. She assumed position thirty-six, gasping as he entered her, wrapping her legs around him to push him further inside her, wrapping her arms around him to show him how much she loved him.

He thrust into her and she came and kept cumming.



“Hot,” Madison said, smiling at Veronica. Madison had slipped her pants and panties off while Veronica had been recounting the most traumatic events of her life, was playing with herself. “Did they teach you how to please a woman while you were getting your shitty attitude improved?”

“Yes, miss,” said Veronica.

“Then get over here,” Madison commanded. “I’ll even let you play with your slutty cunt as you get me off. Now, start at the beginning, Ronnie, and tell me exactly what happened to you.”

