



# veronica MARS

## Episode 2: Remember Me When

Veronica walked through the hallways of Faux News, too aware of the stares and comments that trailed after her. Mercer, her boss and master, had dressed her to look like a ridiculous raver fetish doll so that what parts of her weren't exposed were strongly hinted at. Anyone could reach out and touch her and she could not stop them.

Mercer definitely would not.

People sometimes stopped Mercer to talk scheduling or guests for his show in the hallways, and Mercer would either grope her ass or let others do it if he liked them. The guys in the office liked being able to grope her with impunity, especially those that knew that she had worked for the FBI or that discovered her politics. The women in the office liked it because it kept wandering hands that might have touched them away.

Everyone won except Veronica, and that was the point.

When they stopped for the third time and Veronica shuffled in place and looked around and tried to ignore the errant hands that ran across her midriff or the fingers that pushed past her panty-line, Mercer fixed her with a friendly smile, his hands in his pockets. At first Veronica thought he was groping his own erection, but then the little egg he had pushed inside her came to life, the buzzing ringing her ears. She gasped, legs pressed together, sweat forming along the small of her back, heat rushing to her face.

Carl Tuckson, the man currently molesting her, fixed her with a leer while speaking to Mercer.

"I think she likes being fucked with," Carl said.

"She's just a little slut that likes it when people fuck her," Mercer nodded. "Right, doll?"

"I," Veronica felt herself sway, leaning into Carl's hand on her chest to keep herself steady, the vibrations driving dignity from her mind. "I'm a little slut th-that likes it when people f-fuck me."

"She used to sleep with this criminal," Mercer drawled on. "You remember Aaron Echolls? The actor? She used to sleep with his kid."

"The one that got blown up?"

"That one," Mercer nodded, casually mentioning the worst day of Veronica's life up until he owned her. "A week later, I was exonerated and she was discredited as an investigator, and I found myself in need of a personal assistant."

"While, she puts the *ass* in *assistant*," Carl said, and they both laughed.

"I've got a lunch date, but if you want to fuck her later we can set something up," Mercer offered.

"How about over a round of golf, maybe down in Florida?"

"Sounds good. I'll have her set it up. We can fuck her between holes."

They laughed at Mercer's perverse humor and shook hands and Carl slapped her ass. She had to thank him for doing it, his smug self-satisfied face, and he smiled down at her as she shuffled in place like a child, her hands behind her ass as the egg throbbed inside her. Carl gave her a light

slap on the face.

"I look forward to fucking you," he told her, then left. She turned to Mercer with tears in her eyes, but Mercer just shrugged and told her that *boys will be boys* and told her to lead the way to his car.

Veronica led the way to the parking garage on trembling legs, putting her hands wherever she could to stay walking upright. The buzzing from between her legs had to be audible over the buzz of the office, she thought, what with the way people were looking at her. She couldn't keep her lips together, feeling a weight in her soaked panties, unable to keep the occasional soft moan from escaping her throat. Her vision was unsteady and she missed the proper door three times, Mercer increasing the vibration with every mistake.

She was leaning on Mercer when they got to the parking garage, softly whimpering.

With the money Mercer was making he could have gotten any car he wanted, but the car he bought was her old Saturn SL2, refitted at Clyde's Classic Cars into something garish. Like everything that had once been hers, Mercer owned it and twisted it to suit his liking.

"Hands against the car, Ronnie," Mercer said, shoving her against the passenger side. "Gotta make sure you don't have any contraband." She stared up at him and whimpered, trying and failing to find the will to fight back. Instead, she slowly turned on her heels, leaning on the car to support her trembling thighs as she spread her legs open and let him molest her, then pull her hands roughly to her sides and lock her wrists to her belt, the jewelry he'd wrapped around her designed to make her look cheap and keep her helpless.

He opened the passenger car door for her like the gentleman he wasn't, urging her inside as his phone rang. It was hard to sit on the leather without the use of her hands, the buzzing thing between her legs shifting inside her and making it harder. He helped her, taking the opportunity to run his hands along her helpless hungry flesh, cupping a breast and using it to guide her. She moaned and shook; as much as she hated him she wanted him inside her, wanted so very badly to cum.

His face went pale when he looked at the call display, but he still took a moment to free his erection from his pants.

"Suck me," he said.

"What if someone sees?" she answered.

He glared at her and said nothing. She leaned over, opened her mouth, and accepted him inside her, running her tongue along his skin. She enjoyed making him moan, enjoyed the idea that she could still exert some control over her life, even if that control was limited to how badly she could make him want to cum inside her.

Veronica tried to focus on his conversation, thinking it might hold the keys to her freedom – he was frightened of whoever was on the other end, which made her think that maybe he was talking to someone from *that place*. She paled, trying not to think of what had happened there, everything that had happened to turn her from the person she was into the simpering little sex toy that she had become.

Besides that, it would have been hard to listen in at the best of times. With that thing inside her and his delicious length on her tongue, it was impossible. She stopped trying to do anything but make him cum, using her tongue, her lips, doing all the things that she knew he liked. He finished his call, pulled himself out of her mouth and shot his load all over her face, put his softening cock back in his pants.

"Can I," she licked her lips, hoping. "Can I clean up?"

"No," he said. "I like it when you look like that."

She closed her eyes, nodding. She often wore his cum on her face when they went out. He thought it marked her as something that he owned, and she had to admit that it made her feel like an owned thing.

"Who was on the phone?" she asked.

"Do you care?" he asked, and there was a worried undertone to the question, a worry that might see her sent back *there*.

"No, no," Veronica said, the worried words rushing out of her. "I'm just... I'm just making conversation. In case it's work related." He nodded, relaxed.

"Nothing for you," he said. "Just my sponsors commending me for helping the powerful stay in power."

Veronica nodded. She hated that. She hated this. She hated that he had turned her – someone who had always fought against the rich and powerful – into a tool that helped them maintain their corrupt stranglehold on the world. He'd destroyed her credibility and then used the skills he'd discredited as a weapon against people she admired and respected.

He looked at her, his control over her the only aphrodisiac he could ever want. He guided her head between his legs, fishing out another erection, letting her suckle him as he drove them to wherever they were going.



Mercer's lunch was at a private club for those wealthy enough to afford membership and perverse enough to share the same discerning tastes. Veronica was collared and leashed as soon as they entered, the other end of the leash given to Mercer. He led them past other pretty poor people that had taken some rich person's fancy, all of them with bowed heads, all of them in various states of undress.

Veronica was horrified to realize that she felt overdressed simply because her master had let her wear a full set of clothes.

The egg was still buzzing inside her and she was having trouble focusing on anything else, her cheeks flush and her hips feeling heavy, her legs increasingly unable to support her. She was grateful when Mercer let her crawl at his feet; all she had to do was focus on his shoes and follow him wherever he went, waiting for the moment when he might let her cum. The egg kept changing its vibration, keeping her from a release that felt like the only important thing in the whole wide world.

"Madison!" her master said, and the name cut through Veronica like a knife. She glanced up and looked up at a table where a familiar face was sitting, legs crossed, one leg kicking up as she looked down with cruel amusement.

"Mercer, darling, it is an absolute delight." Madison Sinclair didn't get up, but she did offer her hand and Mercer kissed it, grinning as he slid into the chair opposite her. There were only two chairs, but that was okay; Veronica didn't trust herself to stand.

"I take it you know my assistant?" Mercer asked.

"I'm the first person who ever gave her GHB, all so my ex-boyfriend's shitty younger brother could rape her," Madison said, still grinning, still looking down. Veronica whimpered. "Looking good, girl. Have you lost weight?"

They started talking about things and Veronica couldn't pay attention. She clung to Mercer's leg and hoped he would let her cum, kneeling in a puddle of her own juices as he played with her hair. When a naked host asked her master if he wanted his pet – *her* – to perform, he nodded and let the stranger take her leash and lead her away.

"She's so much more pleasant now," she heard Madison say, and Veronica bowed her head and hugged herself as she stumbled after the host.

The egg inside her mercifully stopped as she was led backstage. The host let her get changed into one of her pre-approved outfits and nodded appreciatively, giving her a polite nod as he groped her and led her to the cue.

A few girls were in line ahead of her. None of them wanted to be there – every single pet or assistant her was someone like her, blackmailed or broken or otherwise forced to go onstage and humiliate themselves. Veronica hadn't had anything against sex work before Mercer had gotten her and didn't have anything against it now; she knew she was pretty, pretty enough that Mercer had wanted to rape her back when they were in college together. The fact that she was doing this and she did not want to was what made it humiliating.

She kept her head bowed and closed her eyes and swayed to the songs of the girls in front of her, trying to ignore them, trying to grant them what dignity she could. It wasn't much, but it was something. She had to take her victories where she could find them, and all of her victories felt like losses now.

The dulcett tones of the Faders whispered through the club, the deep rhythm of *No Sleep Tonight*. Opening her eyes, Veronica pulled herself on stage.