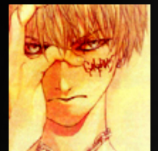


veronica **MARS**

M without Mercy or Remorse



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veronica MARS

Episode 5: To be Friends

The bed was perfectly made, but Veronica fretted over making sure the sheets were creaseless anyway. It looked good enough to her, but Madison was a demanding boss, a perfectionist.

“If they're not perfect everyday,” Madison told her, “I'll take it out of your ass.”

And she did.

If the pillows weren't perfectly centered, perfectly fluffed, the pillowcases spotless and creaseless, Madison would tear the whole bed apart before bending Veronica over her kitchen table and spanking her into weeping with a tennis racket before ordering her to make the bed all over again. Tear stains would start the process all over again.

If the sheets weren't creaseless and tucked in just the way Madison liked them and didn't have a top fold that was exactly even with no space left between the pillows and the sheet, Madison would track her down and grab her by the hair, pulling her outside by the pool and forcing her down over the diving board before shoving the tennis racket up her ass. Only when four or more inches were stuck inside her would Madison let her remake the bed – with the tennis racket still inside her.

The duvet cover, the spare blanket, the stuffed animals, every frame had to be perfect. They all had unique punishments that would let Veronica know exactly where she had fucked up, because Madison would never actually tell her what she had done wrong.

“Me not telling you is part of the game,” Madison told her, making her kneel down in front of the couch and pushing her face with one dainty foot. “You're a detective, right? You figure it out.”

And she did.

She was a quick student.

Veronica knew if the toast was too toasted that Madison would piss on her food and watch as she ate it, made sure she licked up every acrid morsel. She knew if the laundry wasn't done properly that Madison would strip off her panties and shove them in Veronica's mouth and not let them out until the laundry was done properly.

“If my wardrobe isn't ready for me in the morning I'll take it out of your tits,” Madison told her. If things weren't aired out Madison would tie her to a hook in the ceiling and beat her tits with a fashionable belt. If she didn't like the fashion choices Veronica laid out for her, Madison would attach a pants-hanger to her nipples and hang things off the hanger until she cried and punished her more if anything dropped off.

“Why did you pick this outfit?” Madison would ask her, holding something that Veronica had pulled out of the closet up and staring at it in a mirror. She expected compliments. If Veronica praised her appearance enough and Madison liked it, Madison would smile and laugh.

“I never knew you were a lezzie, Ronnie, but that makes sense.” She would laugh and pat her thigh like she was calling over a dog and let Veronica worship her with her lips and tongue, working from foot to ankle, from ankle to calf, from calf to knee to thigh and higher-

When Madison felt insulted or that the compliments weren't praiseworthy enough, she took it out

of Veronica's cunt.

Her life under Madison's heel was horrible, but there was a routine to it – Madison was not imaginative, so even the horror and abuse became tolerable, and Veronica made the mistake of feeling comfortable.



“Hey, Ronnie,” Madison said, getting ready for bed. “I need you to pick something special for me tomorrow, okay?”

“Alright, miss,” said Veronica, forcing a wide smile. “Is there anything special you'll be doing tomorrow?”

“Why, yes,” Madison said, setting her expensive earrings in their case and turning to her with a vicious smile. “In fact, I even did you a bit of a favor, just cause we're besties now.”

“Thank you, miss,” said Veronica, fighting to keep the smile on her face as Madison reached out and slapped her thigh.

“Why are you thanking me? You don't even know what I've done.”

“No, miss...?” asked Veronica, hoping that she wasn't about to be punished. She just wanted to go to bed – Madison's demands on her were exhausting.

“Why don't you go to the room I so graciously provide you and take a look at what's inside,” Madison said, turning from her. “Then, hurry back and tell me what you think. I expect my goodnight kiss.”

“Yes, miss.”

Veronica's room was a closet, too small to stretch out in. There was a dog bed in it, along with a throw pillow and a blanket. It locked from the outside for when Madison wanted to put her away, and the light was controlled from the outside, too. Still, it was big enough to curl under a blanket and hide from the hell her life had become.

Hanging in the closet was something new. Something obscene.

Veronica stared at it and trembled a little, taking a step back, then another. She fled back to Madison's room.

“What's the matter, Ronnie?” Madison giggled. “You look like, well, I don't know what you look like. Why don't you take a moment and try it on and then come back to me, okay? You can do that for me, Ronnie?”

Veronica nearly wet herself, but she bowed her head and closed her eyes and nodded and managed to keep her hands at her sides. She was not allowed to comfort herself. Madison didn't like the idea of her having any comfort without permission.

“Yes, miss.”

The plaid skirt was rough on her skin and fastened down too low on her hips, just below where her belly slipped down towards her cunt. The hemline wasn't even an inch below her lower lips, just almost enough to cover the bottom of her ass. The top – *there was no world in which it could be called a shirt* – was meant to be tied, the knot resting between her underboob. It was small

enough that tying it forced her boobs up, putting them on offer, and she was afraid if she moved too quickly or bent over they would pop out. Worse, the fabric was a thin white, thin enough that even her sweat would make the top translucent.

This is obscene, she thought, staring at herself in the mirror.

At least the pumps were cute.

She made the long walk back to Madison's room and found the rich girl smiling.

"You look good, Ronnie," Madison said. "I'm going to have bit of a party tomorrow and I thought it might be good to put everyone in the right mood – you get it, right?"

"A school reunion?"

"Yes!" Madison clapped her hands. "I've invited everyone you ever pissed off back in high school. Won't that be fun?"

Despite the terror she felt, Veronica knew there was only one answer.

"Yes, miss."

"I thought so, too," Madison said, sauntering over to her bed and throwing back the blankets. "Now, why don't you come over her and kiss me goodnight?"

Nodding, Veronica did as she was bid. Her breasts did fall out of the top when she bent over between Madison's legs, the other woman grasping her hair and guiding her down to where her tongue could do the most good.



All eyes were on her.

Even without the ridiculous parody of a schoolgirl outfit she was wearing she would have been the center of attention – Madison had made certain of that. A spotlight literally followed her around as people mingled and watched, their whispers as hungry as their eyes. Projectors had been set up all around the mansion, screening her sex tape on repeat, the underlying music an auto-tuned collection of her moans, gasps, and some phrases Madison had made her say.

Fuck me, she said, a throaty whisper that Madison had made her repeat and repeat until she got it just right.

I like to be raped, she said, a pleading whiny tone that made her sound like a brattish schoolgirl.

I get off on being abused, she said, tugging the skirt a little lower on her hips.

The spotlight kept her from making out the details of any of the people around her, but there were a lot of men, a lot of male voices, a lot of male hands that reached out and took it for granted that they could touch her. They'd been tentative at first, but a few glasses of wine or beer and everyone felt like they could rub a hand across her stomach or pull her over to talk with them. A brave few even pulled up her skirt, revealing her bare ass, her bare cunt. Some of them even felt her, thrilled when she offered no defence or recrimination.

She let silhouettes lead her into a corner, let a shadow push her up against a pillar.

"I had such a crush on you in high school," his voice whispered, his hand creeping up her skirt,

fingers pushing between her legs. "I always thought we would date or something, you know, but you were so stuck up."

She gasped as he stuck his fingers up her slit.



"God, you're such a cunt," he said, kissing her. She let his tongue past her lips, let him push his fingers higher inside her. His other hand pulled her closer to him, a tight embrace as she moaned and whimpered. "You like this, don't you?"

She knew, somewhere, that Madison was watching.

She knew what would happen if she fought back.

And so she said nothing.

"I bet you don't even remember me," he muttered, nuzzling her neck.

"Peter," she gasped. Her smile was genuine when he stopped, frozen. "Peter Ferrer."

And he was gone as quickly as he had come, running away from her. She straightened her skirt and glared into the shadows, feeling strong for the first time in a year.

This was effectively a high school party, and she knew how to handle those.

"Always trying to fight or fuck everyone around you," a voice said, a hand shoving her back against the pillar. The speaker was older and bitter, stepping into the light and not caring if anyone knew who he was.

“Alan Moorehead.”

“That’s Principal Alan Moorehead,” he snapped, slapping her.

“Not anymore,” she said, and laughed.

He grabbed her by the throat and pushed her against the pillar, squeezing.

“Reinstated,” Alan growled. “After you were exposed, everything you ever did – every case you ever worked – went up for review. It discredited your little family investigative company, all because daddy’s little slut couldn’t keep her nose clean.” He tweaked her nose, let go of her throat, shoved her against the pillar again.

“Fuck you,” she swore, not caring if Madison was watching.

“Maybe later,” he said, grabbing her by the skirt and leading her back through the party, shoving her over a couch and pushing her head down. “You were always a bad girl because daddy couldn’t be bothered to give you a good spanking. Well, tonight, we’re going to fucking fix that.”

He started to spank her with his bare hand. The first few strikes didn’t hurt that much – Veronica was sadly used to this by now – but someone brought over a ping pong paddle and soon she was kicking her legs and screaming, her bare ass red and aching while her cunt dribbled arousal.

People watched and laughed.

“My arm’s getting tired but this cunt still needs to be spanked,” Principal Moorehead said, raising his voice. “Would anyone like to take over?”

There was a crowd of takers, all of them taking turns, working her ass until they got tired and then passing the paddle onto the next spanker. They ordered her to thank them and she did. They told her they would stop if she offered to fuck them and she did, matching her own voice to the music, begging and begging until her legs went limp and she stopped fighting.

“It’s no fun when she just lies there,” a voice said.

“Lemme take her,” another voice said. “Give her a chance to catch her breath.”

Veronica let herself be led through the crowd, head down, vision blurry with tears, cheeks aching from the salt and screaming. Her savior took her out of the main hall, to a bathroom, helped her sit on a toilet and cleaned her face with a wet towel, kneeling beside her.

“You okay?” Vinne Van Lowe asked. Veronica shook her head. “Yeah, you look kinda rough.”

He stood up, slipped his hands in his pockets and looked at the door.

“Do you know if my dad is okay?” asked Veronica.

“No idea,” Vinnie said, shrugging. “He went missing a little after you did. I sorta expected him to pop back up after you did, but not a peep. Word is he found you were at some kind of facility? I think he tried to follow you.”

Veronica shuddered and felt herself staring at nothing.

“That bad, huh?” he asked, looking sympathetic. “Hey, your mascara’s running but your lip stick is neat as fuck. What gives?”

“It’s wax.”

“Looks good on you, especially with what the tears have done to your mascara. All kinds of hot.”

"Can you get me out of here?" Veronica asked.

"I work for money," Vinne said, looking her over. "I don't think you have any."

"Why're you here, Vinnie?"

"I'm on a case," he said, shrugging again. He paused, considered her. "Tell you what – suck me off and we'll call that a down payment. I'll do what I can to sneak you out of here."

"After I'm out."

"You're not in a position to bargain," he chuckled. "Be glad I didn't ask for your ass."

She stared at him, then looked away, nodded.

"Sweet."

And she sank to her knees, reaching for his pants, accepting him into her mouth and suckling him down to the root, feeling him harden along her tongue. There was some perverse pride to be had in how he moaned and buckled, using the wall to keep himself standing, a pride to be had in how quickly he came down her throat.

"Fuck, you're good at this," he said, letting her lick what was left off his cock. "You were a good detective, but you're a great whore. You sure you don't want me to just leave you to your real calling?"

She glared at him and he laughed, his cum still on her lips.

"I'll see what I can do," he said, helping her stand. "In the meantime, your adoring public awaits."

He opened the door and shoved her back into the crowd.



"Enjoying the party?" Madison asked, stepping beside her and looping their arms together.

"Yes," lied Veronica, knowing any other answer would make things so much worse.

"It's great, isn't it?" Madison continued, leading Veronica over to the bar. "Does it remind you of the party where I roofied you at all? What's worse, waking up after being raped and not knowing who did it or knowing everything that's being done to you?"

Veronica wasn't sure how to answer that.

They got to the bar and Madison handed her a drink, put something in it.

"Don't worry, it's not for you," Madison said, smiling. "I want you to take that and give it to that girl over there."

She pointed, and Veronica followed her finger.

"You remember her, right?"

As if Veronica could ever forget.

"Mac."