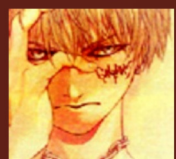


# Hawkeye: Queen Takes Bishop



Story by HunterOpera  
Art by Meeps123



## Hawkeye: Queen Takes Bishop Issue #5 - Show and Told

Katie Bishop was untied and allowed to sink down to the floor, the simmering aches and welts cooling in the too cold room. She was sweating, body shaking with quiet sobs, eyes closed. She was unbound. She was free.

She had never felt more helpless.

Her audience was talking about her, laughing at her, what she had suffered. She heard their mocking voices but was too far gone to understand their individual words. She existed somewhere between different hells – pain, despair, indifference, self-hatred. How weak she was, to be lying here like this. She sobbed. Lying unmoving, legs splayed, arms numb, everything in pain. She was spinning, slowly. Hands pawed at her and she opened her eyes, shadows shimmering into features.

The audience was closer now, all around her. Taking turns. She recognized so many of them: Daniel Dubois. Janice Lincoln. Elton Healey and Wendy Conrad. Alonzo Lincoln. Gwen Poole. James Sanders. Elaine Coll. Franklin Hall. Francone Frye. Jason Rowland. Wilson Fisk. Alex Wilder. Carloyn Trainer. Satana Helstrom. Parker Robbins. Lorena Dodson. William Cross. Kazimierz Kazimierczak. Fredrick Myers. Edward Lavell. So many others.

So many others.

They reached out, touching her, strange fingers running along her thighs, across her hips, along her ribs. The girls laughed at her, mocked her, admiring Masque for breaking her so completely. The men lusted after her, even now.

Each of them got a chance to touch her, to come forward with a small piece of paper in hand.

*Ticket stubs, some part of her realized. Those are ticket stubs.*

She watched, horrified, as the criminals that had watched her be stripped, tortured, raped, and broken dipped their ticket stubs in the mix of liquids she was lying in – her sweat, her tears, her blood, her cum.

All of them wanted something to remember this moment by, so that they could turn to their friends or one another and say *I was there. I was there when Madame Masque broke Hawkeye. I was there when Madame Masque brought Katie Bishop to heel.*

She closed her eyes, surprised she could still weep.

Hands and fingers ran along her shoulders, over her scalp, across her ass and between her legs. Unbound, aching, she let it happen, let knuckles push into her, tweak her nipples, slap her breasts and her face and

“Get up.”

That voice.

That cold and hateful voice.

Katie opened her eyes. The hands were gone, the audience back in their seats. She could feel the lingering presence of their unwanted touches all across her body, not a single part of her left unviolated.

She could see Madame Masque's white boot in front of her face.

“I will not repeat myself.”

The boot not in front of Katie's face kicked her in the gut, knocking her on her back, driving the air from her lungs. A few seconds later, another kick caught her on the hip, then her ribs.

"What's the matter, *hero*? I thought you could do anything."

The taunt, the pain, everything she had suffered got Katie moving. Groaning, sobbing, she fought to get her trembling arms under her, her aching thighs and calves to bend so she could kneel. Standing was harder – putting any weight at all on the soles of her feet sent stabbing pain through her legs, sent her tumbling into a weeping heap that Madame Masque would kick until she managed to find the strength to try again.

On her third attempt she managed to stay standing, a hunched creature, shoulders slumped, fingers too numb to hug herself properly. Still, she stood, hips jutted out to one side, shaking, head bowed, tears and spit and snot dribbling down her face, drying cum coating her thighs.

"Stand still."

Katie did the best she could. She really did. When Madame Masque left her on the podium she shuffled a little to keep her balance, twitched a little when some ache threatened to overpower her, shoulders shaking when the crying started again. Madame Masque spun the podium, making certain that everyone got a good look at what she had been reduced to, what she now was – from superhero to wretched wreck, from Hawkeye to this, from Kate to Katie.

A mirror was placed on the podium in front of her, a full length mirror, the kind that she had grown up with.

She stared at the victim in the reflection.

Stared as Madame Masque stepped up on the podium, came up behind her. Stared as she felt cool leather pressed against her ass, as Madame Masque pushed a hand between Katie's arm and ribs, circling her, groped a breast.

Madame Masque was molesting her.

Katie wanted to fight. She wanted to kick and punch. She dreamed about elbowing Madame Masque in the face. Minutes went by and she did nothing, letting Masque pull her close, one hand still playing with Katie's tits, the other on her back to hold her steady.

It was easier to stand with Madame Masque holding her.

Katie felt sickeningly grateful. She closed her eyes and let Madame Masque play with her, do whatever she wanted. The cold leather felt good against her abused skin.

"Look at her."

Katie opened her eyes, staring into the reflection.

"What do you see, Katie?"

Katie stared. She studied. She wanted to say that she saw someone strong, someone fierce, a hero. She wanted to say that she saw someone intelligent, courageous, strong.

That wasn't what she saw.

"Tell us what you see, Katie."

She saw a trembling little girl. A thoroughly fucked whore. A beaten and broken victim.

She bowed her head, whimpered, hands open at her sides.





"Tell us."

A quiet demand in that resonant voice.

"I see," whispered Katie, trailing off, eyes slowly studying the naked woman letting herself be felt by her abuser.

"Do you see a hero?"

"No."

"Perhaps you see a little slave girl that finally knows her place?"

Katie said nothing. Masque squeezed her tit, tweaked a nipple, made her cry out.

Mocking laughter surrounded her.

"What do you see, Katie?"

A threat. Katie recognized the threat, and could see the proof of what could happen to her written all over her flesh.

"I see," she said, swallowed. It was going to cost her so much to say this. "I see a pathetic little slave girl that finally knows her place."

"Good girl."

Madame Masque's fingers, her touches, her gentle voice cooing approval. It felt good. The feather touches, the voice, the compliment, it felt like a balm to the tatters of Katie's soul.

"There's a decision you need to make, Katie. Are you ready?"

Katie nodded, leaned back into Madame Masque, closing her eyes, mouth an open slit. She moaned, deep and low.

"You could still leave here, Katie."

Katie shivered, shook, arms limp at her sides.

"You could walk out that door and back to your old life."

Katie frowned. Why wouldn't she do that?

"All you need to do is get past everyone here. The Eel. The Kingpin. Lady Octopus. Tombstone. Elektra. Beetle. Me."

She began to hyperventilate. She'd tried that already with a handful of goons in tracksuits and they'd dominated her completely. She could imagine what would happen with someone like either of the Lincolns, or Fisk, or Madame Masque. She was crying, pleading, begging. She would do anything, anything at all not to do that.

"Think carefully, Katie. The second choice is that I collar you, leash you, and lead you out of here."

*Out of here* sounded so good to Katie in that moment.

"If I do that, Katie, you will never be free again. Do you understand? Nod if you understand."

And she did. She did understand. They would beat her and torture her and rape her until she gave in, until she was thoroughly broken, and then they would give her this choice again. They would keep giving her this choice. They would tie her down and beat her and keep doing this until there was nothing left of her at all.

Or.

The gentle hand at her breast. The gentle praise along her ear. Cool leather at her back.

Would it be so bad?

*It couldn't be worse.*

Katie nodded.

“Good girl. Good, smart girl. If you want to leave, go ahead.”

Madame Masque left her, abandoned her. Katie was standing alone, shaking, shivered, naked and surrounded by enemies. She couldn't hug herself. Couldn't comfort herself. All she could do was stand and suffer as her audience mocked, leering at her, hoping she would try to escape. A bow was presented to her. Arrows at her feet.

She could reach down, touch them.

“Or, Katie.”

Katie whimpered.

“You can tilt your head up. I will put a collar around your pretty little neck. And you will spend the rest of your life in my care. What do you want to do?”

Katie looked up at the ceiling, so far away. She wondered if anyone was going to save her – any of her old lovers, any of her old friends. She thought about Clint, America, David, the many many people that had fought beside her. People she had saved and people she had earned the respect of. People she had led.

None of them were now, among the mocking leering eyes of her audience, the terrifying stillness of Madame Masque.

Her arms were still limp, her fingers numb, her legs shaking, her center of gravity destroyed. Cum dribbled out of her and she didn't know if it was hers or someone else's. She closed her eyes, bowed her head, sobbed wetly.

“What is your choice, Kate?”

Slowly.

Slowly.

She raised her head, stared at the bald beaten slave in the mirror.

Masque stepped forward, leather collar in hand, cool against her throat, the back of her neck. Fastened and locked in place. Heavier than leather should have been.

A click and a small chain connected Katie to Madame Masque's hand.

There was comfort to be had in that, a terrible comfort.

Madame Masque helped her off the podium, shielding her, leading her away – not to safety, Katie knew better than that. Madame Masque was taking her to the rest of her life.