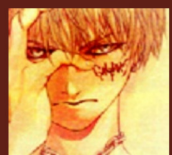


# Hawkeye: Queen Takes Bishop



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# Hawkeye: Queen Takes Bishop Issue #10 – Quivered

How much time had passed? She didn't know.

Days bled into one another, weeks, months, maybe years. They gave her drugs to suppress her cycle and those made her head foggy. They cut her hair the way she had cut it when she was a superhero, did her nails, brushed her teeth. They made sure she exercised and ate right. She was healthy, healthier than she'd ever been, healthier than many of the villains that came to use her and walked away laughing.

And she was aware. She could remember everything – every touch, every word, every time someone spat on her or groped her or used her. She could remember how good it felt when they let her cum. She could remember fingers on her breasts, lips on her lips, on her neck, all the way down her flat tummy, all the way down. She could remember their faces, their leering, the way they ruled her.

They made her practice her archery. They brought her bows, expensive bows, the best bows they could find. They brought her arrows and let her practice, made her perform for people that could rent her company, rent her body, use her and abuse her any way they wanted. No limits for Katie Bishop. No way to say no and have it matter.

So many people liked her to fight back, getting a thrill by defeating her in battles she was told she could not win.

She took some solace that people still came to see her. She had her own booth and bookings and wasn't an anonymous pretty face like so many of the other girls that were trapped here. No one specifically came to see Katherine O'Brien or Teryn O'Connell any more, so they were available any time, to anyone. They were kept healthy, sure, but they were assigned to people that used them to bring themselves off while they watched her.

Katie felt bad for them.

Even now, she wished she could help them.

But she couldn't help but feel a certain amount of horror at the idea that someone might use her as a cum rag while lusting after someone else. The forgotten ones all had the same empty look in their eyes, the same hurt that came from knowing that they weren't good enough, weren't important enough. It made her feel better than them and that sickened her, the idea that any of them were better in this place where all of them suffered, but still –

Kate Bishop had enemies.

Katie Bishop had clients.



Some of them came in and knew her but she didn't know them.

They'd reference adventures she'd never had, talk about how she'd thwarted them or beaten them and she played along because she was still smart and she was still a detective and her handlers would beat her less when she was good. She did what they wanted and learned about their fantasies and smiled to herself under her single blanket at night, thinking about the kind of

person those people thought they were fucking.

It sounded like her.

It could have been her.

If the Eel hadn't distracted her, if Madame Masque hadn't brought her here, if, if, if.

She brought her knees to her chest and hugged them, bowing her head and closing her eyes. She could imagine what it would be like to be a team leader, she'd done that before. She could imagine what it would be like to fight aliens in space, she'd done that before, too. She could imagine what it would be like to be a hero, she had been one in the past.

Where were they, her friends?

Why weren't they trying to save her?

She sniffled, burying her head to hide her tears.

Where was Wiccan and Hulkling? Where was America or Clint? Jessica or David? Hell, where was Loki? Loki liked her, she thought, Loki would have come after her if only to cause trouble for someone at some point. Loki could get her out of here. They were a god. Goddess. A divinity of changing gender.

Why were none of them coming to save her?



"Katie, someone special wants to see you."

The words came at the end of the day. She was cleaned inside and out, patted dry, led to her small room and pushed towards the mattress with the pillow and small blanket.

Katie nodded her compliance. She didn't ask *who* because it didn't matter – whoever wanted to see her would see her and there was nothing she could do about it. If her handlers wanted her prepared they would prepare her in any way they or her client saw fit to prepare her.

No, the words were a warning, a threat. Someone special was coming to see her, and that meant someone that truly cared about her and wanted to hurt her. The fearful anticipation, she knew, was part of what they wanted from her. The dread. The nervousness. The skittish desire to run and hide when there was nowhere to run to and no place to hide. They had taken all of that from her, all choice except accepting whatever was going to be done to her.

She had trouble sleeping because of it, despite her exhaustion. Everything hurt, the creams they put on her to soothe her hurts and bites and burns would leave no mark on her skin come morning, but they still itched and she still remembered the pain. Those hurts were from a normal day. She closed her eyes, held herself and shook. Those hurts were from a normal day, but tomorrow was going to be special.

Her dreams were as haunted as her waking life.



Her handlers came for her, cleaned her, dried her, helped her dress.

The outfit that had been chosen for her was a familiar skintight purple bodysuit that left her right arm bare. There were circles missing from her hips and on her left shoulder. They didn't give her the old archery gloves, but they did give her comfortable shoes to wear. A belt was fastened around her hips, a holster and quiver on her left thigh.

She hugged herself.

This was the costume she'd preferred when she first crossed Madame Masque.

Her handlers marched her down a hallway, opened a door to a large circular room.

"Go and kneel in the middle," Tamara said, shoving her inside.

She said nothing, simply walked in and knelt, bowing her head, letting her hands rest in her lap. She heard Tamara chuckle before the door was closed.

How long was she supposed to wait?

The room was larger than her bedroom, maybe as big as a small hotel room. It didn't have a bed but there were couches along each wall and mirrors behind each couch. The floor was carpeted, a deep red that complimented her purple costume and would probably work well with her hair and her soon-to-be naked body.

She expected to be raped.

She expected someone special.

She knelt, trembling, waiting. It was exhausting. Nothing happened for minutes, hours. She dozed and no one came. She woke up and still no one came. Maybe someone had forgotten about her? Maybe something had happened?

Maybe this was her moment.

She risked glancing at the door she had entered. She was sure Tamara hadn't locked it. She could stand, walk across the room, open the door. She could make a break for it. She could even ask if everything was okay if someone caught her. She had an excuse ready. She was shaking, hugging herself. Her breathing was too shallow and she was sweating and shaking. She just needed to find the courage to stand up, to cross the small room, to grab the doorknob and open it.

Her legs had fallen asleep from the kneeling. She fell to her ass, stretched her legs, massaged the kinks out. She looked at the door, at the mirrors. There were no cameras, but the mirrors could be one way. This could be a trap.

She stood. Stretched. Looked at the door.

It was maybe eight paces away.

Her hand was trembling. Her fingers were shaking. She remembered what happened every time she thought of escape, the whippings, the rapes, the beatings. She remembered in perfect detail.

Sniffing, she sank back down to her knees.

The door opened a moment later.



“Katie.”

Pitiless black eyes in a gold mask stared down at her from the doorway. Katie pressed her forehead against the carpet, let her hands drop to her sides to emphasize her helplessness.

“Mistress Masque,” whispered Katie. She fell forward on her belly, spread her legs open, felt Masque step on her head and tap her cheek with her foot. Katie turned her head, opened her mouth, licked Masque's foot until Masque told her to stop. She felt those eyes on her and shook, blinking back tears.

“Stand.”

She did, jumping to her feet, locking her hands behind her head, keeping her legs spread, leaving herself exposed to the woman that had reduced her from a hero to a whore. Masque stared at her, caressed her cheek with a gloved hand, slapped her face, backhanded her hard enough to make her fall back down.

Katie did nothing to defend herself.

Instead, she pushed herself to her feet, standing again, taking the same position.

“Please, Mistress Masque,” whined Katie, “may I have another?”

“Good girl.”

Masque obliged her, slapping her again, again. The fourth time Katie staggered back into position there were stars dancing across her vision, framing the tireless golden face that dominated her like a god.

“Stay.”

Madame Masque turned from her and walked towards one of the couches. She sat, prim and considering. A moment later, another woman entered wearing a costume that Katie recognized.

Clint Barton had been dead when she'd started calling herself Hawkeye, and when he had returned from death he'd gone by the name Ronin. Masque's companion, a woman, was dressed in that costume.

She walked in and considered Katie. They were of similar heights, similar builds, Katie noted. The other woman seemed confident, capable, everything that Katie had been. She heard it when the other woman chuckled and then tapped Katie's cheek before going and sitting down beside Masque.

“Do you know how long you have been here?”

“No, Mistress Masque.”

“You know it has been a long time. How many times have you been rented?”

“Five-hundred and thirty-seven times, Mistress Masque.”

“We've let you keep that knowledge. Aren't you grateful?”

“Yes, Mistress Masque,” Katie said, wanting to scream. “Thank you, Mistress Masque.”

“You must have wondered why no one has come for you. Why your lovers or teammates or

friends haven't been looking for you. Maybe you're holding out hope that, one day, one of them will burst in here and take you home. Have you? Answer me honestly.”

“I have, Madame Masque,” answered Katie, knowing the telepaths that worked her would know the truth and that any discovered lie would just earn her more punishment. “I... I've dreamed of it.”

“I am here to kill that dream.”



Ronin stood opposite Katie.

She undid the belt holding her gi closed, let the jacket fall from her shoulders, pulled the gloves from her hands. She kicked off her boots, unbuckled her pants and shimmied out of them. She pulled her shirt over her head, slipped out of her bra, slid her panties down her long legs. Her hands went to her mask, pulling it over and off her head, shaking her hair out. Hair like Katie's. Hair exactly like Katie's.

Everything exactly like Katie.

“Katie, this is your life model decoy.”

Kate stood opposite Katie.

Kate looked exactly like her, stood exactly like her, but carried herself with the ease and confidence that had been stolen from her. She was smiling, naked, confident and predatory. Katie stared at her and felt the tears come, a strangled sob as the enormity of what she was looking at crashed down upon her.

*No one was coming for her.*

*No one even knew she was missing.*

Those clients, the ones that came and fucked her and told her about how she had stopped them, this – *this copy of her* – had been the one to do it. They were fucking her and dreaming of this other person, this clone of the person she had been, using her as a sex toy to bring themselves off.

“You understand?”

She wept, holding position and trembling, caught in the radiance of Masque's satisfaction.

“There, there, it's not so bad,” Kate cooed, stepping closer and hugging her. “I still get to be a hero in your name. You're still doing some good. Well, I am.”

Kate pushed her down on the carpet and straddled her, looking down at her.

“And I'm better at being a hero than you ever were,” Kate drawled. “Let's face it, if you ever got out of here you'd be a mess. Just do your time here and accept Daddy's offer go home. I can go out and do the hero stuff, okay?”

Kate reached down, pulling on the lycra suit that kept them apart, letting it slap against Katie's flesh. She began to tear it, kissing every part of Katie that she revealed, groping her in every way she liked, touching her in the soft places she touched herself. The copy knew how to tease her, how to please her, and it did, crawling all over her while Masque watched.

"I'm already directing all our friends towards the real evils in the world," Kate said, "the rebels and the revolutionaries that would challenge those in power. We're going after the real criminals that would disrupt the status quo. It's pretty sweet."

The costume was gone and they were both naked, both touching each other. Katie couldn't help it, Kate felt so good, felt and smelled and acted exactly the person she had been, the person she still dreamed of being. Worshipping her felt right, being touched by her felt right. She was crying through the moans, the gasps, the little fluttering touches of pleasure.

"I'm even making out with America," Kate told her, hooking fingers in her cunt, rubbing her clit just how she liked.

"Every month or so, Kate is going to come and visit you and tell you everything you've missed. That way, you'll be able to serve your clients better, Katie."

Katie's back arched, she barely hearing Masque as she ran a hand through her hair, as Kate suckled on a nipple, licked down a breast. Their legs tangled and they were pressed against one another, scissoring, Kate's eyes rolling in the back of her head, both of their cheeks flushed. They came in unison, both screaming, both falling back screaming, both rolling towards the other, pulling the other close, holding the other.

It was the best orgasm Katie had ever had.

She knew it was the best Kate had ever had.

"Help me," Katie whispered.

"This is the best I can do," Kate whispered back, holding her while she closed her eyes, clung to her better self, and wept.

Masque stood, walked over to them, and pulled Kate off and up and away, slapped her ass and sent her from the room. Masque towered over Katie like a god, lifted a foot and rested it on Katie's chin. Shaking, naked, still quivering in the aftermath, she opened her mouth and kissed the boot of her oppressor.

"All your dreams are dead and I have killed them."

Masque left the room and left Katie completely and utterly alone.



Her handlers came for her. They cleaned her inside and out, fed her, pushed her into room and locked her in darkness. Katie fumbled for her bedm lay on the small mattress, clung to the small blanket, and wept.

*"All your dreams are dead and I have killed them."*

Katie Bishop knew Madame Masque had spoken the truth.

*All my dreams are dead.*

Her life as a superhero was burnt to ashes, and all she had left was this for another ten or fifteen years – being a cum rag for people that fucked her and dreamed about someone else.

She hoped her father would still take her home when this was done. If he would, she knew, she

would never leave home again.

*She would never leave home again.*

- T O B E C O N T I N U E D -