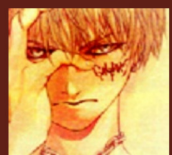


Hawkeye: Queen Takes Bishop



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Hawkeye: Queen Takes Bishop Issue #9 – Trick Shot

“Francine, can you pass the wasabi?”

“Sure thing, hon.”

Katie whimpered but stayed still. Just a few hours ago she had been thoroughly cleaned before being told to lie down on a table in a small room with her hands at her sides. A chef had come in and started placing things on her body; a small vase of flowers by her neck and large hosta leaves along her thighs and torso before covering her eyes with a mask that left her blind.

She felt more leaves form a bridge across her calves. Flowers were woven into her hair. Warming pads were placed by her thighs and what smelled like bottles of saki placed on them.

“Breathe slowly,” the man said. “You do not want to dislodge anything.”

He described the rest of what was covering her – specialty rolls and nigiri, pickled ginger leaves circling her breasts from each nipple, circling down below the leaves. The wasabi was put in a small bowl between her legs, the bowl clipped painfully to her clit.

“You look very beautiful,” he said. “Perhaps I will fuck you later.”

He would like that, she thought.

And then, the voice:

“Your guests are having a bachelorette party tonight, Katie. I want you to do whatever they want.”

Katie did not respond, not that it mattered. Her own wants were meaningless in the wake of the obedience they had chained around her soul.

There was a low growl, cold leather touching her lips, prying her mouth open.

“I owe the bride something special. You, tonight, are my gift to her.”

Gloved fingers pressed along Katie's tongue, tasting of old blood and cold hatred. The glove was soft but rough on her tongue, pulling out, and Katie kept her mouth open as her owner replaced her finger with something else.

“Roses. Watch for the thorns, Katie.”

Katie said nothing, her tongue feeling the points on the stem.

It wasn't too much longer before a gaggle of giggling girls had walked in, cooing their surprise.

“I hear the chef was flown in special from that place in Japan,” one of the girls said, most likely the bride. “Masque owed daddykins and I from that time with the thing, so she was willing to be accommodating. She even gave us her favorite whore.”

“Didn't your dad try to, like, kill Masque?”

“Everyone's tried to kill Masque. Iron Man has tried to kill Masque.”

“I heard they were engaged.”

“I heard they were married.”

“I heard they hate each other.”

“So they are married?”

Laughter all around her, the sounds of chopsticks being taken and the slight pressure of food

being taken off her body. Six voices laughing and joking, slight pinches whenever she pulled a piece of ginger off her boobs. She whimpered but didn't move, her tongue careful around the stem, dancing around the thorns.

"Hey, our plate is moving."

"Who do you think is in there?"

"Probably some super whore-oine."

More laughter.

They were cruel after that. The pinching became deliberate, and they'd poke her, tickle her. One of them pulled the rose out of her mouth, kissed her, then dropped some wasabi and some saki down past her lips.

"Swallow."

She did.

"What a cunt."

More laughter.

When they finished the sushi the man came back. He was skillful, washing her down while the girls watched and laughed. He made a show of it, raising her legs, kissing her calves and running his tongue down her flesh for the amusement of their audience.

"You missed that hole between her legs," the bride said, directing the man on how to clean her. Katie bit her lip, panting a little as she tried to stay still while the man finger-fucked her with a cleaning rag. "Don't let her cum."

More laughter as the rag was pulled away, as Katie's breathing remained ragged.

She screamed when cold plates were put on her thighs, on her belly, on her breasts, on her upturned palms, and in the crook of her throat. The wasabi plate stayed where it was.

"Each plate has a different iced liquor," the man explained. "Alcoholized gelato, paired with fruits and mixed for your enjoyment. Please, feel free to mix and match them as you desire."

They girls were kind enough to feed her some, teasing her lips with small spoons and they continued to talk and laugh and tease their dishware.

"Look at how stiff her nipples have gotten!"

"Maybe you should kiss them better."

Katie's nipples were aching cold from the plates. She whined when someone's mouth tugged on one nipple, pulling up and releasing her with a *pop*, tongue circling her tit and then moving back onto the nipple, a sudden warmth that made Katie moan.

"Hot little thing, isn't she?"

"She just likes being raped, I guess. Some girls are into it."

"Why are you all looking at me?"

"There was that thing with Daredevil, and Spider-man, and Paste Pot Pete..."

"Look, some girls like getting tied up, okay? We don't kink shame at this party."

Kate felt a hand on her knee, pulling her legs open as the plates were moved from her thighs. She

screamed when the plate attached to her clit was tugged upwards.

“Oh, that's cute.”

She screamed again when the plate was unclipped, tears escaping her eyes, whimpering as she struggled to hold her position. The girls laughed all around her, flicking her engorged clit.

“Here, this'll make it better.”

She screamed and shook as gelato was brushed against her pussy, her juices collected, resting against her clit before leaving, the cold forcing a slut tug on the tender nub.

“She's delicious, girls, you should all try her.”

Laughing, drunk, they all did. Someone kissed her, kept kissing her, violating her mouth with their tongue as she felt someone else kissing her thighs. Katie spread her legs and let it happen.

“Sexy little slut wants this.”

She did not.

They did it to her anyway.

The pleasure they gave was entirely for their benefit, to tease her, to mock her. They had their fun and the drinks were replaced, the plates put aside as they moved her, pinched her, slapped and punched her, kicked her, kissed her, pulled her into their arms. They shoved her head between their legs, made her tongue them, checked her nails and then put her hands to use inside them, used her, used her, violated her, wiped themselves clean in her hair.

Katie let it happen. She never once thought of fighting back.

This was not the first time she had been used as dishware.



Hours passed, each of the girls having used her multiple times. They slapped her ass, pulled on her hair, shoved her from one tormentor to the next, to the next, to the next. Finally, they were sated, letting Katie rest. Someone's foot was on her face, someone else resting their feet on her belly. She was nothing more than furniture. Nothing but an object.

She licked the heels of the bride, waiting for the next torment.

“Hey, we never actually found out who the whore is, did we?”

The foot left her face, hands fumbling with her mask, pulling it off.

“Katie Bishop?!?”

“Who?”

“Hawkeye.”

“I thought that was a dude.”

“No, no, that's Hawkgy. This is the better version.”

She blinked in the light, staring up into the face of Janice Lincoln – Roxxon lawyer, daughter the the gang lord Tombstone, and the supervillain called Beetle.

“Katie, looking good,” Janice said, pinching Katie's nipple and pulling her up. “Girls, you remember Katie's show from last year, right?”

“When Masque shaved her bald and beat her up a bit?”

“Yeah.”

“Was that a year ago?”

“Little more than.”

“I think she's going to cry.”

Katie did. She couldn't help it – a year or more since she'd been utterly destroyed. No one had ever told her how long it had been.

“Tears of joy, you think?”

“She's found her place in life.”

“Hey, I wonder if she does tricks?”

They called in a costume and a bow and some arrows, had her stand up and get dressed and do trick shots for them. They were amused by the parody of her costume, tight-fitting wispy bits of nothing that left her feeling exposed in front of mocking eyes that were all too happy to make sure everything fit properly.

A wall was moved to make the room larger, targets set up and snacks laid out for her audience.

Skills honed to perfection, skills honed to a superhuman level, skills that had let her stand toe-to-toe with some of the most vicious beings in the multiverse were now used to entertain a group of drunken supervillains. Katie would have cried if she'd been allowed, but she wasn't.

As the girls demanded harder and harder shots and Katie kept failing to miss, they started making things harder – spanking her, slapping her. Carolyn Trainer grinned and stood up, walked over, slid a hand between her costume and her skin, sinking fingers inside Katie, playing with her.

“Try and make your shot now, hero.”

Katie did.

“Told you she was better than Hawkguy.”



They made her strip next, making her dance for their amusement, made her act like a wanton slut. They hooted and hollared as she shook her hips, her tits, opened her mouth, spread her lower lips wide, pinched her own nipples, abused herself, debased herself.

“Hey, girls, you know what I just realized?”

“What?”

“We actually did fuck Katie Bishop before, even if we didn't know it.”

They all looked at her with hungry eyes.

Katie bowed her head, fell to her knees, and crawled towards them, but Janice pushed her away.

“No, not like this. Go grab that bow and some arrows, Katie. I want you to get ready. I want you to fight us, and I want you to lose. And then – *after we've beat your pretty little ass* – then we're going to use you like a sex toy.”

“You think her ass is pretty?”

“Look at her. She's fucking gorgeous. Of course I think her ass is pretty.”



Katie found the arrows. She stood tall, proud, defiant. She felt like Kate Bishop for the first time in more than a year but then they came for her and she lost, her pride and defiance a cruel parody of the person she had been.

They took her down. Beat her. Hurt her. She was electrocuted, spanked, bound, stripped. The bow was broken in front of her, the arrows scattered. They forced her to cum, then forced her to make them cum.

She had no training, no prospects.

This was all she was now.



She slept through her cleaning. She slept until morning, when her door opened. Tamara nudged her chin up with a foot and Katie exposed her neck, letting Tamara collar her. She was made to stand, given a corset that pushed her breasts up, inviting anyone to touch then, and the barest suggestion of panties.

Tamara waited for her to dress and then leashed her, led her up and away. She was taken to a small room. A man was reading a newspaper in a comfortable armchair, a mug of coffee on the side table beside him.

Her father ignored her as she was led inside, was made to kneel in front of him.

“Just a moment,” he said, turning back to the paper. He finished reading his article, sighed and folded the paper. He looked at her. “Katie. Good to see you.”

“Daddy...” trailed off Katie, looking up at him. She shuffled in place.

Did they expect her to fuck her father?

She would, she realized.

Something in her broke with the realization.

“We were going to have words. Do you remember?” her father asked. She did. In her old life, she'd discovered that her father was a criminal, that he bankrolled other criminals. She'd threatened him over the phone. “Are you ready to have them?”

She swallowed a sob and said nothing. The person she was – the person who could threaten anyone, who could stand against anything – seemed like a distant and futile imagining.

"I wanted to let you know that I don't like this choice you've made," he said, leaning forward, closer to her. He brushed a strand of hair from her face. "But it's better than your last one, that idiot hero stuff that caused so much tension between us. Tension's a real killer, you know? And at least Masque provides medical and dental coverage, and all you have to do is lie there and take it."

"I... dad..."

"I've worked out something with Masque," he said, smiling, cupping her cheeks. "We're old friends. You do owe her and I believe you need to pay your debts, Katie, it's the hallmark of any serious person. So you're going to pay your debt, but then I'm going to take you home. Doesn't that sound nice?"

Katie's heart thrummed in her chest. There was a way out?

"It should take you ten, maybe fifteen years," her father said. "But at least you'll be putting that no-education to good use. And you liked dancing and all that shit, so you should have fun here. I'm just doing what's best for you."

Ten to fifteen *years*.

Ten to fifteen years.

Katie wanted to scream. She wanted to stand and fight and break out of wherever this was.

"Anyways," her father said, and all her dreams of defiance died, "I'm not sure if you're aware, but today is special."

He handed her a piece of cake with a single candle and smiled down at her.

"Happy birthday, Katie," he said.



She was allowed to eat the cake.

At least they gave her that.

Then she was cleaned and brought to a small box in a row of them, each box containing someone like her. She tried to make eye-contact but no one would look at her, no one would raise their head.

Were they heroes, like her?

They were broken, like her.

Her leash was fastened to a hook at the top and her nipple was pierced with a tag. A glass door was closed as she was left standing, her hands behind her back, as people – powerful people, people she might have fought in her previous life – came in to take a closer look, to decide if they were going to rent her.

She bit her lip.

She recognized some of them. They recognized her. Taps on the glass, drawing her attention, potential rapists looking her in the eye, promising. Her hips felt heavy, her thighs wet. It wasn't a question of if she would be taken – it was a question of who would take her first.

Kate Bishop

Age 22

Purchase info:

