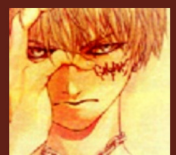


Hawkeye: Queen Takes Bishop



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Hawkeye: Queen Takes Bishop Issue #6 – Close Shave Clean

They forced another three orgasms out of her before she passed out, falling limp, but they never stopped using her, fucking her, beating her. Her head lolled and her eyes fluttered and she whimpered, sobbed, hair matted with cum and grime, cheeks stained by tears. She barely noticed when the cocks that had wrecked her were replaced by a hose.

“How we clean whores back home, bro,” Ivan said, looking out over the audience with a mad grin. Kate blinked, not understanding, as one of the other Draculas turned the hose on.

Kate shot to consciousness, the gurgling screams that passed her lips not sounding human.

She kicked.

She flailed.

Her muscles were beaten and she was bruised, battered, welted, sore. She was held down, her attempts at escape meaningless as Ivan held the hose within her. She cried, full-on cried, trying to beg him to take it out. She was shaking, shivering, the cool water feeling like ice inside her, and she didn't think she would ever feel warm ever again.

By the time he did remove the hose her sobs had quieted to simple meaningless whimperings, her eyes half-open and sightless. Her body twitched but it was like her soul had left her body. She barely reacted when the hose was pulled out of her, her spasm a small thing, and she didn't protest at all when the hose washed the cum and sweat from her welts and bruises.

The Draculas lifted her slim soaking body, held her up for all to see. She was spun around, her lips parted and cheeks flushed, her teeth chattering and skin shivering underneath all the hurt she had suffered. She was meat to be inspected, an object to be lusted for. She couldn't remember what it felt like to be a person, nevermind a hero.

And still they were not done.

They brought her back to the bench, this time lying her on it so that her breasts were pressed against the smooth wood, her head and body hanging off of either side. Her arms were stretched out as far as they could go and tied down, her wrists and elbows bound so that if she had been standing, she would have been crucified. She gasped, legs kicking a little, trying to make herself comfortable as Madame Masque sat down beside her.

“How are you feeling, Katie?” Masque asked, stroking Kate's hair.

“uuuu” wheezed Kate, still limp. No one – including Kate herself – was sure if the sound was an actual response or an expression of pain.

“Not feeling very heroic, then?”

“uuuu”

Madame Masque laughed and the crowd laughed with her. Kate, barely conscious, pressed her thighs together and moaned again, aware at some level that these people – her captors, her rapists, her enemies – were laughing at what they had reduced her to.

The worst part was that she found it hard to fault them. She felt pathetic, defeated, completely and utterly beaten. How was anyone supposed to take her seriously after this? How was she supposed to take herself seriously? She didn't even know who was out there, watching her humiliation play out. Her eyes closed and she imagined fighting someone and seeing the words in their eyes, the meaning clear: *I have seen you fucked. I have seen you raped. And I have seen you get*

off from it.

She whimpered as Masque stroked her hair, holding it up and letting it fall.

"I get the need for long hair," Masque said, her own hair just shoulder length. "We are women, aren't we, Katie? We are told from a young age that our hair is our lives, that we need to take care of it. But it's more than that for us, isn't it?"

Masque was twisting Kate's hair in her fingers, rinsing rivulets of water from it.

"We wear these costumes to declare ourselves more-than, better-than, and we need something," Masque said. "Neither of us have powers, so we need to be striking. I have my mask, my skill, my lethality. You had your bow and you still have your hair."

The fingers in her hair tightened and Kate hissed and moaned as Masque pushed her head down.

"It's dramatic effect," Masque said. "Some of our profession use capes, but you have your hair. And, I admit, it looks good, Katie. I admit that I have sometimes looked at you, hair blowing in the wind or framing your face, and thought to myself *this is a stunning hero worthy of my respect.*"

She let go of Kate's hair, stroking the length of it, all the way to her spine.

"And that is why I am going to take it from you."

One of the Draculas handed her a pair of shears. She opened them and closed them near Kate's ear, wrapping her other hand in Kate's hair. Kate barely responded, a slight shiver running through her body.

"It might take some time, though, and I wouldn't want you to get bored."

Ivan took the stage again, loosening his tracksuit pants and taking his place behind Kate. She squirmed when he grabbed her hips, squirmed again when his erection came to rest on the crack of her ass.

"Hey, bro, bro, you listen?" Ivan asked, leaning over her and slapping the back of her head. "I fuck you up the ass real good. Real hard, bro. It hurt, bro. I do anyway."

"nnnn"

snip

A clump of Kate's hair was severed from her head. Masque held it up and let it fall from her gloved fingers, letting it settle on the floor. Then, deliberately, she wrapped more of Kate's hair in her hand and cut it off.

Kate whimpered, feeling a pressure behind her. She wasn't really conscious, barely aware of anything, but she was almost aware of the weapon trying to force its way into her rarely-breached asshole. As Ivan grounded his way inside her she sobbed and flailed, trying to pull her arms free, trying to stand, trying to get away as Ivan sank into her bowels, letting his weight and gravity overcome what little strength remained.

She was conscious and aware by the time he had settled into her, he enjoying the feeling of filling her, she trying to push him out, trying to do anything to end the awful fullness that ruled her life.

snip

And she heard the sound and saw her hair falling in front of her face, feeling her head lighter than it should have been. She twisted her head and stared into the black pitiless eyes of Madame Masque and the shears in her hand.

snip

“Delightful.”

Kate tried to pull away but Masque's hand was like a snake, in her hair and keeping her painfully in place, and then *snip* Kate was free and more of her hair was gone.

“no” Kate managed, but the word turned into a scream as Ivan rolled his hips against hers, his cock searing in and out of her ass. She bucked, tried to kick, but she was bent over and had no leverage and even if her muscles hadn't been beaten into past it would have been hard to fight back.

Ivan laughed as he continued to saw in and out of her, her back arching as she tried and failed to expel him, her head shaking back and forth. Her audience watched as Masque caught her by the hair, held her steady, *snip* cut more of the hair from her head, let it trickle down over her as she was reamed into senselessness.

And then

snip

Her whole body was shaking, quivering by the time the long strands of her hair were all gone. She was limp, what little fight remained in her smothered to nothing. She kept her hair bowed, sobbing as Ivan continued to fuck her and Masque shaved her, now with an electric razor, buzzing her down to nothing.

And that was what she felt like now: nothing.

Not a hero, not a woman, not a person, not an animal. Nothing. A piece of meat to be fucked and sheared. Her quiet tears mingled with saliva below her and she stared at the meaningless design of it, whimpering away from the malice of the woman whose gloved hand ran over her bald head and then left her, abandoned her to Ivan.

His thick fingers brushed over her bare scalp, circling around and down her face. She felt his fingers hook under her brows, pulling her face up. Her eyes open, she stared out at her audience through her tears, feeling their lust: they knew who she had been, what she was capable of, and they had watched her degraded and reduced to this.

She could feel their lust, their appraisal.

Every single person in the room wanted to be Ivan, fucking her, wrecking her, reducing her.

She couldn't meet their eyes. She couldn't look away. She was trapped, every moment of her suffering displayed for an audience that hated her and wanted her, and the only thing keeping them from her was fear of the woman who had made her this.

“Ahhhhhhhhh”

Kate felt it when Ivan came inside her, filling her ass with his seed. She gasped and wept as he pulled her head further back, making her cry out, and she knew that the people watching her would mistake her pained cries for pleasure. They would tell one another that she had been beaten and tortured and fucked and that she had enjoyed it.

And it sickened her, feeling little tingles of pleasure echo through her, her body desperately clinging on to any sliver that felt good instead of the constant aching pain that suffused her.

Ivan let go of her face and she sagged down, bowing before the crowd that was leering at her. She felt him pull out of her and her ass felt empty and open, cool air taking the place of his meat.

Dimly, she was aware of Ivan asking for a towel and Masque calling him over.

Masque's hand was under her chin, pushing her up.

Ivan had cleaned her off his cock, but it still smelled as he slapped her face with it.

She looked up at him, trying to plead with her wide eyes as he looked down and smiled at her and she understood, closed her eyes, gave the barest nod.

Opening her mouth, she accepted his cock on her tongue, on her lips, suckling him inside her, knowing that she would never be anyone's hero ever again.