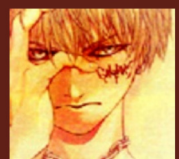


# Hawkeye: Queen Takes Bishop



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## Hawkeye: Queen Takes Bishop Issue #8 - Hold. Breath. Release.

“Wake up.”

Katie's door was open and Tamara Kurtz was standing over her small bed, tearing her blanket off of her with a cattle prod. Katie groaned, reaching for the too-thin scratchy blanket and letting it slip through her fingers, letting the prod pry her legs open.

“Do you need to be cleaned?” Tamara asked.

Katie nodded, slow to sit up, head bowed and hands in her lap. The prod brushed along her thigh and along her breast, but Katie knew better than to flinch or offer anything like resistance. She heard Tamara's small frustrated hiss, and then the other woman was hooking fingers into the ring on Katie's collar, pulling her up and along to the showers.

It was still strange, matching Tamara's slower stride, but Katie knew the importance of walking with whoever was holding her collar. She kept her head bowed and her eyes on Tamara's long legs, on the shake of her hips, keeping her own hands clasped in front of her. It was early and Katie had gone to sleep late and she had a headache but none of that mattered.

The floor changed from red plush carpet to cool tile and Katie walked in to an empty stall and assumed the position, her palms against the wall, her arms and torso straight, her ass jutting out and legs shoulder-width apart. She closed her eyes, head still bowed, and waited. She wasn't allowed to wash herself.

Not one girl among the product were.

She was sprayed with lukewarm water that came from two cylinders that moved up the walls of her stall, one along her sides and the other back to front. She sputtered, shook her head, waited. The devices shifted, began moving again, spraying her with lavender-cucumber soap. Her eyes were still closed and she held position.

Another person entered her stall. The soap was lathered all over her, from her legs and what lay between them to her breasts and ass to her face to the short hair beginning to regrow on her head. Long slim dildos were shoved inside her cunt and her ass, spraying her and cleaning her out, sucking away waste, pulled out of her as she gasped. A brush was pushed inside her mouth, cleaning her teeth.

Her cleaner never said a word to her.

Only customers spoke to the products.

And then the cylinders were moving again, more lukewarm water to wash the soap away. Another twitch, another change, and the cylinders were blowing warm air over her, drying her off. She knelt down once it was done, hands resting in her lap, the tile below her mostly dry. The cleaner came back and roughly brushed her hair.

“She will need a trim soon,” the cleaner told Tamara. Her accent was Madripoorian.

Tamara hooked the ring on Katie's collar and hauled her up, walked her past the tile, pulled her to a halt in front of another person dressed in black. Regan Wyngarde held Katie's cheek until Katie looked up at her, feeling the other woman push deep into her mind.

“You noticed a Madripoorian accent,” Regan said. “Why?”

“I couldn't help it,” whined Katie. Regan smirked.

“She's still not thinking of escaping,” Regan said, and Tamara laughed.

“She knows better.”

Katie had thought about escape. Dreamed of it. But every time she thought of it or dreamed of it or wished for it the telepath would find out and she would be punished, forced to relive the process that had broken her. It was very important to Madame Masque that she chose to be here, and she was always given the chance to fight her way free after her punishment was carried out.

It didn't take long for Katie to stop wishing, or dreaming, or thinking.

It was easier not to do any of those things.

She drank breakfast and was led to the dance hall. Once there she was given something like clothes. Not real clothes, not a costume, just outfits that drew attention to her curves, her assets, the things that a leering customer might want to touch. She remembered wearing real clothes and remembered liking them. The outfits they made her choose from here made her feel like she was better off naked.

Not that the feeling made what came next any better.

The music started and she was pushed on stage, hips swaying, hands looking for the pole. People were watching as she spun, spreading her legs, tugging at her top, running a hand over the short spiky hair that was just coming back in. She'd be punished if she got rid of the clothing too quickly, punished if she took too long to get naked, punished if she didn't play with herself, punished if she came on stage.

She took her time, crawling, stretching, make people want her. Feeling like they should beg her to reveal herself despite knowing the truth – anyone out there could pay to have her company. The dance was an advertisement and she was a whore.

By the time she was naked, by the time she had played with her clit and run her cunt up and down the now-wet stripper pole, mauling her own breasts, acting like it was the best thing she had ever felt, her private show list was all booked up.

She spent the rest of the morning and early afternoon being fucked, teasing her customers with the crack of her ass, straddling them and letting them run their hands over her thighs and hips and back, up past her shoulderblades, pulling at her short hair as she bounced up and down on their laps. She was a good girl. She was a very good girl, they all said so.

And when they were done she would lick them clean and kiss their feet and stare up at them with wide adoring eyes and thank them for using her, beg them to come back and use her again.

When they were gone she was given a chance to cry before padding back to the showers so she could be cleaned and be fresh for her next customer.

Three customers made to cum inside forty minutes. She moaned and bit her lip and made them think she came every single time, but she didn't come once. She stared into their eyes, thanking them, hating them. Twenty minutes to cry and get cleaned and do it all over again.

And then it was time to drink lunch, another shake, the same as breakfast – vitamins, probiotics, anti-psychotics, morning after. Everything she needed to stay alive and healthy and always just a little hungry.

She was taken aside, made to kneel.

“What could you be doing better?”

“Um,” said Katie, taking a moment. That voice always made her hyperventilate, made her shiver. She closed her eyes tight, tried to make herself small. “I could kiss the top of their feet, small kisses, before looking up at them and thanking them?”

“Do that.”

The speaker was gone.

Katie sagged with relief, waited for Tamara to come and grab her, take her back to the stage. Another outfit she got to choose and hate, another routine, another list of people that wanted to use her tight little body. Men, women, aliens, whomever – it didn't matter so long as they paid. Katie learned to please them all, learned to let them use her however they wanted.

Dance and get used, cry, get clean, get used, cry, get clean, get used, cry, get cleaned.

And, finally, dinner.

Another shake.

Most nights, Katie was taken to an exercise room and made to do exercises to keep her slim and fit and strong. She looked in a mirror and had to admit she looked good, all slim muscle, sleek power. They even let her practice her archery, as good as ever, but she knew better than to let her hands linger on bow or arrow. She would, upon request, relinquish the weapons that defined her and walk away from the remnants of her old life, go back to her room and sleep.

Some nights, some customer would pay for her company over night. Some nights – the nights she liked best and worst – she would be taken to restaurants, dressed up in outfits she would have chosen for herself. She could smile, relax, enjoy herself for a time. Eventually, inevitably, the good part of the night would end and the worst nights would begin.

People that knew her in the old days liked to see her as she had been before using her. Sometimes they wanted to pretend they were dating her. Sometimes they hired her for parties. Sometimes, it was just people that thought she'd been better than they were, people that thought she'd been arrogant, people that had thought they were rivals or enemies or whatever. They all used her, all fucked her, all did what they wanted and left her to cry and pick up the pieces.

No one good was coming for her. No one knew where she was.

She was completely and utterly alone.

Someone like Tamara would collect her, return her to the showers for cleaning, take her back to her small closet-room so she could huddle naked or in the tatters of cum-soaked clothing under the too-thin scratchy blanket and cry herself to sleep.

Tomorrow, inevitably, would be another busy day.