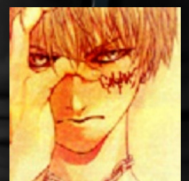


# ***BLACK SITE WIDOW***

***HUNTEROPERA  
WORDS***

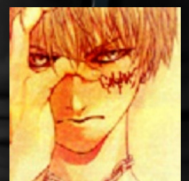
***ART  
BALTHAZARDRAGON***



# ***BLACK SITE WIDOW***

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# ***BLACK SITE WIDOW***

## ***#2: Fail Hydra***

"He was a machine?" Sally asked, feeling sick. She stared down at the sparking headless body, the horrible damage Natasha had done to it before ripping its head off. The Black Widow was straddling the machine, standing up, her expression terrifying. "Are... are you okay?"

"*Da*," she said, staring down. "I have waited my whole life to do that, and I would like to do it again. And maybe a third time. You look ill."

"I was raped by a machine," whispered Sally, looking at the mechanical cock that was still glistening with her juices. Natasha had ripped it off the machine, thrown it into a corner. It was still humming, still dancing along the floor.

"Think of it as a vibrator that got out of hand."

"Oh. Will that... help?"

"No, but it will distract you," Natasha said. She stepped away from the machine and glared up at the cameras. "If you can, imagine you are playing Tetris."

Natasha walked to the desk, activated the computer, grabbed a letter opener and returned to the body, cutting it open, prying apart the fleshy shell to the mechanics underneath. She scowled, stood, returned to the computer. Doors unlocked. From where they were, Sally could hear what sounded like the beginnings of a riot.

"We need to go," Natasha said, stripping the clothes off the fallen and eyeing Sally, then stripping off a jacket and handing it to her. "You're not limber enough for the routes I'd prefer to take, but the riot should give us a clear path out before who's ever really behind this shows up."

"Who's really behind this?"

"I do not know yet."

The growled admission was enough to get Sally moving.

They walked along through empty corridors. Flickers of flame and screams echoed towards them but never touched them. Natasha had them jog down some corridors, stop in doorways, wait minutes before leading them in a circuitous route that made no sense to Sally. Nothing happened to them. Sally's heart hammered in her chest and she was panting, her legs aching, her body trembling from trauma, exertion, and fear.

"Natasha?"

"Hmmm?"

"What did he mean?" Sally asked. "When he said I killed America?"

"Really?" Natasha glanced back at her. "Now? Right now you want to do this? Okay. You were an alcoholic, yes? Your child was a mutant who de-aged back into a fetus and died, and then there were no more mutants, and then you sided with Tony Stark during the civil war."

"He was right."

"He was not," Natasha hissed. "You know who thought the superhero registration act was a good idea? Rich people that weren't going to be affected by it. Minorities that are put on government lists end up in camps. Your own Joe McCarthy proved this. Goldwater. Nazism took many of its tenants from your American South. Tony got Spider-Man to reveal his identity on national television and when Spider-Man discovered Tony was throwing superpowered people into extradimensional gulags and re-education camps and voiced his disapproval, Tony tried to hunt him down. His family was assassinated, and he has to sell his marriage to Satan to bring his family back to life and make the world forget."

"What?" asked Sally, stopping, staring. "That... that actually happened?"

"Yes."

"Then how do you remember?"

"Satan doesn't check on Russia for the same reason you don't check your living room," Natasha answered. Then, darkly, "There's no sense looking at something you already own."

They were quiet for a time, Natasha leading Sally through the dark.

"After the second world war, a Jewish journalist went to Germany to talk to the little Nazis," Natasha said, breaking the silence. Her voice was quiet, angry. "He didn't tell anyone he was Jewish, but he did tell them he was a journalist. He talked to people who just let the Nazis take power and were complicit with everything that followed. People forget that Germany was progressive when Hitler took power - it was people who thought they could shake the devil's hand and make a deal without consequence that led to no one reporting on Hitler or his atrocities. That journalist was the man who said that the purpose of a journalist is to speak truth to power."

"Why are you tell me this?"

"Because you failed!" Natasha rounded on her, hissing at her, looming over her. Sally cowered back, falling on her ass as she stared up in fear. "What did you tell him? Lecture Steve Rogers - *Steve Fucking Rogers* - about passing cultural bits of nothing to make him feel bad about fighting Tony's actual fucking fascism? You, you, Sally Floyd, you would have made a good little Nazi."

"... I spoke against Hydra Supreme," Sally mumbled.

"Sure, when the bad guys are clearly identifying themselves and have won and you've already lost, you can be pushed into a corner," Natasha muttered, turning from her. "If you'd

actually kept people informed, it might not have come to that. Instead, you laid the groundwork. You do not get to claim credit for failing to clean your own mess."

"You're one to talk," muttered Sally, regretting it when Nat turned on her, her expression hidden by shadows.

"I am, actually." The words were cold. "We both have red in our ledgers. What have you done to make it right?"

Sally had no answer for that.



Natasha did not feel bad for what she had said or the silence that followed. She did not feel angry because she did not have time for anger. Whoever was behind this was playing at her, she thought, poking at her and trying to find weaknesses in the vault that was her mind.

There were no such weaknesses.

First the Red Room had drilled them out of her, and the various telepaths Natasha had met since had helped seal whatever cracks were left. Natasha was made into the perfect predator and had honed herself since with a single-minded devotion that made her one of the scariest people on her world.

The reporter was a useful tool and someone she found personally detestable. She had met journalists in the past and liked some of them, trusted some of them with information that had helped bring some of the most vicious monsters from the halls of power to small concrete cells. Sally Floyd was not that, some flaw in her personal ethics making her more easily a tool for the monsters Natasha fought against, though she was not a tool herself.

Dreykov's appearance troubled her - it meant that the people she had been looking for knew more about her than she liked. Natasha worked best when she could strike from the shadows, but boxing herself in here meant that she was more exposed than she liked. It was doubtful she would learn anything useful by staying in here, so it was time to leave.

The riot was settling, she could hear it. Order being restored, but not by the guards.

"Fuck me," she muttered, crouching low in the shadow of a hallway.

A door opened and she grabbed Sally, muffled her with a hand and ducked behind a desk. Five men with guns, flashlights duct-taped to the barrels, began searching the room. Natasha shoved Sally down, noting her wide eyes, and held up a hand for silence.

The men were not efficient. They were playing soldier rather than being soldiers, stupid little action figures in green and brown. It was easy for Natasha to get close to them.

"Clear?" the leader said, standing back by the doorway.

"Clear."

"Clear."

"Clear."

"Clear."

Natasha killed the last one the moment he had finished speaking. She followed the others, snapping necks, laying them down, the idiots not checking behind them as they moved to the next room. By the time the leader stopped in front of the next room the others were dead.

"Alright, guys, same deal," he said, then paused. "Guys?"

Natasha stepped on the back of his knee and snapped his neck as he was forced down. She pulled him into the now empty room, going through his pockets. He had an earpiece under his stupid mask and she took that, a pistol, and the granola bars he had in his pockets.

She returned to the other room, went to the desk that Sally was still hiding under, pulled her out.

"Who ar-," Sally asked, then stared and fell silent. She put a hand to her mouth and took a step back, looked like she might run.

"Where would you run to?" Natasha asked.

Sally shook her head, sat down, began rocking back and forth.

"You were abused in here," Natasha said, kicking one of the corpses. "What these did to you could not be worse."

"But they were beaten," whined Sally. "They were beaten."

"Were they?" Natasha had to fight down the urge to roar. "Where were your articles about how they rose, Sally? Where was your investigation into how they took power? Did you confront any of the new ilk or did you compliment their haircuts and suits? Silence sides with the oppressor. Giving them attention normalizes them. These people fucking count on your silence to take power."

Natasha dragged Sally to her feet and started the two of them moving.

"Are there more of them?" Sally whispered. She was shaking as they walked, skittish, running too quickly.

"Kill one and two will take his place," Natasha grumbled. "Which is good, because I love killing Nazis."

"Hydra isn't Nazis."

"Let me share some spycraft you might find useful," Natasha hissed. "Name a thing by its actions, but by what it calls itself."



Information came in. Hydra had large holdings in many businesses that helped maintain social order, including for-profit prisons. These prisons were fantastic places to store and break social revolutionaries while creating profit for shareholders, and sometimes even making people disappear from a corrupt legal system and taking them elsewhere. Hydra had even taken children and teens from these places, training them and bringing them into the fold.

One of them - *a so-called black site* - was used to funnel the occasional so-called superhero or superheroine and make them a more functional member of a better society. The idea that someone like Natasha Romanov - *the Black Widow herself* - had fallen into the hands of such a place was a wonder that caught the attention of many among the leadership at Hydra. They'd sent in an LMD to investigate and had discovered it to be true.

The LMD they'd chosen to investigate resembled someone from Natasha's past and that had driven the woman-spy hysterical. In her hysteria, she had overturned the prison and now order had to be restored.

Hydra Supreme, Steven Rogers himself, led the mission.

Soldiers swarmed the prison and established order, beating the trash back into line. Steven activated the green lights on his costume, designed to draw attention down from his chest to his penis, grabbed his shield and stepped off the Hydracopter and into the prison proper.

"Have they found her?" Steven asked.

"Not yet, sir," one of the soldiers said.

"Who hasn't checked in?"

"Teams Hod, Fenris, and Hel."

"Get me a map of the prison and show me where they were supposed to go."

Steven walked into an office and waited for the map to come back. In the meantime, he selected several of the women who were kept in the prison and ordered them brought to him.

"Elena la Brava," Steven said, approaching the first. He slapped her across the face and sent her to her knees to establish his alpha male dominance. "Amazing. French. Always fun to beat, because you cannot win. I am told you were world famous, a much beloved fashion designer. I am told you were a philanthropist who targeted the predatory practices of other designers and that is why you are here."

She glared up at him, grabbed a pen from the ground and threw it at his eye. It bounced off the eye protection in his helmet.

"Ah, yes. Powers similar to Bullseye, but none of the power," he drawled, laughing at her. She tried to get up and he grabbed her, slammed her into a wall, into the floor, into the ceiling until she stopped fighting. "That's it. Be a good girl. Do what comes naturally and

surrender."

He picked up the forgotten woman and slammed her onto a table. Her legs twitched, weakly.

"She funded and led a superteam," he told his soldiers. "Does anyone know which one?"

None of them did.

"Ah, well," Steven grinned, "You need to study the enemy, the resources they stole that rightfully belong to us. That's why I'm going to fuck her first, and why you get my sloppy seconds."

He pulled down her pants as she kicked back at him. He laughed at how pathetic she was. He spanked her hard enough that her legs and hips jumped up off the table, that she cried and begged like he wanted her to. She screamed defiance but her body wanted him inside her, her cunt moist and welcoming when he took her.

Steven tugged at her hair, pulling her off the table, bouncing her off his hips. She tried to support her body, her spine, her hands on the table as he let her rise and fall off of him, as he made her the only thing she was ever meant to be: a sex toy.

He came quickly, discarded her and threw her limp body to his soldiers.

"Wreck her," he told them.

"Hail Hydra," they said, saluting him, and then they fell on the girl and he smiled, relaxing as she screamed and begged and cried.

The second girl appeared.

She moved to help Elena and his soldiers grabbed her, kept her in place. She looked around, locked eyes on him and glowered.

"Kris Hathaway," Steven said, letting his erection hang between them. She looked at it and the ghost of a smile crossed her face.

"Get this over with," she said.

"Oh, you want this?" Steven asked, intrigued.

"No, but I know that doesn't matter," she said. She took off her glasses, folded them, put them down on the table where he'd just fucked Elena. "I've been raped by gods before. Actual gods. And you? You're just a puffed up bully-copy of someone better, a Nazi's failed and pathetic attempt to pervert a symbol."

"I am the ubermensch," Steven growled.

"Which tells me you failed to understand the context of Nietzsche, so you're an idiot, too," Kris said. She undid the knot around her hips, pulled her pants and panties down and off, folded them both and set them to one side, started to take off her shirt and then paused. "You don't strike me as a boobs guy, more a one-two-cum thruster. You need me naked or is bottomless good enough for you?"

"You have a strange sense of humor," Steven said, feeling his erection wilt. She waited,



unimpressed.

"Oh, I'm also gay," she said, "and probably Jewish? So, there's that."

She stood strong, dignified, defiant.

He hated her.

"What I want," he said, towering over her, "is for you to suffer."

He ripped her shirt off and she yelped. He pushed her down and she looked scared, surprised, one of the two, maybe both. She tried to kick at him and he lifted her by one leg, slammed her onto the ground, kicked her onto her back. She tried to scramble away, animal fear overcoming her cold mind, and he knelt on one thigh and held the other, prying her open, keeping her open, and began to spank her cunt.

Her whole body quivered, her small breasts bouncing on her chest, her breath coming in ragged sobs. Her composure broke quickly and completely, her arms trying to protect her. He grabbed her wrist, made her slap her breasts, her face, her cunt.

"Stop hitting yourself," he taunted, laughing as she began to cry, making her hit herself again and again, forcing her hand between her legs. "Pleasure yourself or I'll make you slap your cunt, whore."

She chose to finger herself for him.

She chose to finger herself for him and his men.

He retrieved her glasses, put them on her face, made her look into the faces of the men watching her fuck her filthy little hole with her delicate little fingers until she was on the verge of cumming and then he pulled her hand away.

She whined, the slut.

Steven took his place between her legs.

"One," he said, entering her. She screamed, she creamed, her eyes closed.

"Two," he said thrusting into her again, making certain it hurt.

And then he came into her, releasing her, the force of his excitement sending her flying off of him, a trail of her juices and his seed connecting them.

It was a perfect, a beautiful moment.

It was the exact moment that Natasha arrived with a very special gift.

"You brought me a present," Steven said, turning to Natasha, letting his erection harden anew. "Sally Floyd, so good to see you again. And under such similar circumstances to our last meeting."

Sally collapsed to the ground, shaking, crying, holding herself.

Natasha was running at him. He moved to grab her and she ducked underneath him, was behind him, was driving his face into the table. He felt his nose break, several teeth rattle.

"You are an utter corruption of the best man to ever live," she hissed in his ear, choking him. "I am glad you lived long enough for me to kill you, and I would murder those who created you a hundred times and laugh every time I did."

He flailed for her and her fingers gripped his throat and *twisted* and he couldn't breath, fell to the ground, was choking on his own blood. He heard the men around him die, all of them, and it sounded painful.

Natasha's feet were in front of him.

"What I did will kill you inside ten minutes," Natasha said. "You have seven minutes left. I am going to make them as painful as possible."

He felt her weight on him.

Everything else was agony.