

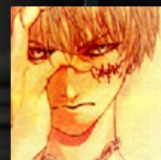
# ***BLACK SITE WIDOW***

***HUNTEROPERA  
WORDS***

***ART  
BALTHAZAR DRAGON***



***#! - THE CAPTURE***



# ***BLACK SITE WIDOW***

## ***#1: The Capture***

"Is that her?" Hudson asked.

"Shut your fucking face, solider," Apone hissed. "If that is her, there's a chance she might hear you."

"C'mon, Sarge," Hudson whined. "From here? She's, like, two freakin' clicks from here."

"Did you even read the file?"

"I did," Hicks muttered. The two soldiers looked at him. Hicks was resting on the floor, his hat pulled low over his eyes. "Red Room graduate, slowed aging, a Soviet attempt at creating a super soldier that turned and bit the hand that feeds. Destroyed the Red Room. An actual Avenger. Went public with all her bullshit, so she's a shitty spy."

"All spies are shit," Hudson answered.

"Not this one," Hicks muttered, groaning as he sat up. "Sarge, any word from Bravo?"

"They're in position," Apone said.

"How's Gorman handling it?"

"Gorman is shit."

"Vasquez is with him, they're in position," Apone said, glaring at Hudson. "Which is more than I can say for either of you."

Hicks shrugged, accepting the criticism as he stood up and reached for a sniper rifle, sighting down the scope.

There was was, sitting pretty. Natasha Romanov, the Black Widow. Probably. She looked like the girl in the file: red hair, dishy, hard muscle under soft skin. Easy to miss in a crowd but the sort of person who could make herself look like the only thing that ever mattered. Hicks thought he knew the type but knew better than to assume anything: better men than him had died because they'd gotten cocky.

She was at a cafe, sitting outside in the open, drinking what looked like coffee in a to-go cup and a little sandwich. Hicks' stomach grumbled and he reached for a protein bar.

"We've been following her for weeks and she hasn't made us," Hudson whined.

"Or she has and that's what she wants us to think," Hicks said, yawning. The bar made a valiant attempt to taste like something other than cardboard. "Hudson has a point, though."

"You think Hudson has a point?" It was funny, watching Apone's eyes bug out of his head. "Hudson? Hudson has a point?"

"We should make a move," Hicks said. "This Canadian Stand-off could go on forever. Radio Vasquez and tell her to have Gorman tell us to make a move."

"That's not how this works, soldier," Apone lied. Hicks rolled his eyes and said nothing as Apone radioed Vasquez and, minutes later, they were told to be ready.

The explosion went off seconds later, the front of the cafe blasting outwards. The lady with the red hair had maybe half a second to kick the table up and use it as a shield, letting it take the brunt of the explosion and push her away from the flaming ruin, but she did it with practised ease, landing and rolling to her feet.

She even managed to save her coffee.

Gamma team came around the corner in a van, but they were expecting either an unconscious or very dazed target, not who they got. Natasha spun around the table, grabbed it, and threw it into a suddenly shattered windshield. Hiller took a table to the face and the van spun out of control, ramming into a building.

The side door opened and Drake and Frost stumbled out. Natasha walked up to Drake and threw her coffee in his face, then kicked out his knee and snapped his neck. Frost took a headbutt and then got slammed into the van before she closed the panel door on his head once, twice, three times.

"Oh my god," cried Hudson. "She's insane! We're all gonna die!"

"Some of us, sure," Hicks shrugged, shouldering the sniper rifle. He fired once, tagging her arm. She spun around and slammed into the ground but was rolling out of his line of fire as he was pulling the trigger. She was fast, too fast, and she looked right at him, startling eyes sharp even at this distance.

"We're all gonna die," moaned Hudson.

Hicks set the first rifle aside and grabbed the second, his eyes not leaving her. People were screaming and some were dying but she looked at him with the same perfect calm that he felt. He wondered if she could see him at this distance. Her file hadn't said, but, just in case, he nodded respectfully before taking another shot.

"You missed!" screamed Hudson.

Hicks ignored him.

His line of fire had pushed her close to a building cracked from the explosion, where Bravo Team was picking themselves up and getting ready to strike. He spotted Gorman, Vasquez, and Spunkmeyer at the same time she did, so his next three shots kept her from reaching them, buying Bravo Team a little more time to come to terms with their target.

They found cover, trying to keep her pinned. Hicks passed the empty rifle to Apone and took the first one, now reloaded, took careful aim.

"You missed again!"

*Shut up*, thought Hicks.

Another three shots to keep her at bay, none of them hitting her - she knew where he was and was keeping track of him, he knew, and his odds of hitting her were small.

"You doing anything useful?" Apone asked, handing him another reloaded rifle.

"Yes," he said, shouldering, taking aim.

Bravo Team was missing her entirely, Vasquez' machine gun not evening the odds the way it usually did. Spunkmeyer went down and was probably not getting back up. She turned her attention to Gorman as Hicks took a reloaded rifle.

*I could let nature take its course*, he thought, *but Gorman is good at making sure we get paid.*

Hicks took the shot, three in quick succession.

The building he was aiming at tumbled down, the building right next to Natasha. She was fast enough to dodge bullets, sure, but there was a lot of building to worry about and he watched her get pummelled by debris, saw her take a pretty good blow to the head.

*She can probably survive that*, he thought. He saw some rubble move, saw her stagger to her feet. He whistled, handed Apone the rifle.

Bravo Team rushed her while she was recovering.

The rest was inevitable.



*Took you long enough*, Natasha thought.

She'd been investigating the slaver operation for months and had uncovered a massive string of corruption involving Civic Corp., a private prison company that was influencing judges and politicians to quietly round people up and then vanishing them in a labyrinth of bureaucracy. The people pulling the strings were doing a very good job of playing least-in-sight, so she'd done what she could to assassinate their figureheads.

Her first few killings had been subtle enough, poisons and the like, the sort of thing easily mistaken for a string of accidents or natural causes. The subtlety had been too much for her unseen targets to understand what was happening, so she'd changed tactics and violently murdered a handful of the worst offenders: judges sending kids to prisons meant for adults, politicians making being a minority illegal in all but name, wardens who turned a blind eye as people disappeared.

She cut into enough profit margins that they noticed her.

They tried to capture using her their internal security and she cut them down without even



thinking about them. They then raised the stakes, hiring corrupt cops, but those cowards were little more than bullies and fled when they realized they were dealing with someone who would fight back. Civics Corp. had finally turned to the professionals.

Natasha had torn through the first few mercenary teams without much problem, but this latest one took their time, investigating her, pulling information. She was aware of them while they were still investigating her and she tracked their movements while they tracked hers. She figured they were almost good enough to bring her down and she let everyone think that, the sniper doing something clever with a falling building.

They searched her, stripped her, bound her, gagged and blindfolded her. One of them, the whiny one, wanted to rape her, but one of them - *the sniper, she was certain* - put a stop to that.

"We are professionals, not thugs," he said.

She almost liked him.

Natasha knew where they were taking her, knew every bump on the road, how fast their driver would travel. She knew the sound of one gate and then another opening. She knew the sound of heavy boots on a private intake door, a garage door, the back door of the van. The guards wanted the mercenaries to hand her over but the mercenaries wouldn't until they got paid.

*Good for them*, Natasha thought.

"We had a deal," one of them said. "You tell that fat fuck that Gorman and his team did what no one else could do, and we're not handing her over to a bunch of minimum wage slaves pretending at being soldiers, we will get paid and then we will drag her to her cell and then we will walk out of here."

He kicked her lightly for emphasis and she could hear the breathy intake of the guards, the fear they had that she might wake up.

They walked away. She listened as they informed whoever was in charge, hoping to catch some information on her adversary's voice, but her enemy was clever enough to modulate his or her voice even here. The payment was made, as she knew it would be. They pushed her to see if she would react, slapped her to see if she would respond. She didn't. They tried to chloroform her anyway, which was cute. Then she was picked up, hands under her arms, dragged out of the van, down a hallway, down another hallway.

Natasha had seen the blueprints but had never seen the inside of the building.

She heard a door open.

*Okay*, she thought, *according to what I know, this should be intake.*

She heard a chair creak.

*Finally*, she thought.



Dennis Adams was not a kind man, though he could have been. If life had gone the way he wanted everything would have been fine, but it hadn't.

He was good at sports as a kid and he'd grown large and powerful in his teens. He was liked by most people, the pictures in his office of his glory days a reminder of the world that should have been. He ground his teeth whenever he thought about it.

There were some little shits that needed a little tough love back in his school days, had ever since they were in grade school together, and he gave it to them. Their little liberal airy fairy bullshit was just gonna cause them trouble as they got older, so he took the time to beat some sense into them. They should have thanked him for it, but instead one of them had gotten all uppity and brought in his daddy's gun to attack Dennis just cuz he broke the arm of one of the other shits. He could almost smile at that, how the little hero hadn't known how to use the pistol in his hands. Kid actually shot himself, killed himself. There was a whole investigation about it and everything.

Dennis hadn't done anything wrong.

But one of the fairy's butt buddies had taken it personal and got into his face, so he stomped the little shit into paste and tried to move on with his life, but apparently that led to an ethics violation? No scholarship would touch him after that. Trapped at home while all those little shits went off to live lives that should have been his.

A cousin had some friends working at a new for-profit prison and they liked the cut of his jib. They brought him in and he rose through the ranks, willing to look the other way when it came to criminals and their ilk. And they were just criminals, right, so who cared? Or women. Whatever. Women were always a little criminal. The prison was co-ed as a cost cutting measure, even if it wasn't supposed to be.

So Dennis did what he was paid to do and he relished it. He was a wealthy man, and if he put on a few pounds, well, who could blame him? He worked at a desk, not on the field. He still went to the gym and he had his choice of women from the women's prison, and men when he felt like taking a break from the way women cried and begged.

Looking down at the redhead being held by the soldiers, he felt his dick grow hard. She had a perfect ass, the sort of curves that were begging for his cock.

"You fucks got paid?" he asked. One of the soldiers nodded. "Good. We got a cell prepared for her ass."

The chair creaked when he got off it, his pants and suspenders straining to hold his girth. He led them forward and they dragged the redhead after him, all the way to her cell.

"I appreciate you getting rid of her clothes," he said, "and I'm told you already searched her. You guys do a cavity search?"

"Nope," one of the soldiers said, tossing her down on her bed. "We've done our job, and now we're leaving."

"Great," Dennis said, his eyes never leaving the ass below him. "Get out."



The soldiers left and Dennis had two of his guards hold the bitch down. He spit on his hand and worked it inside her, seeing if she was smuggling any contraband inside her cunt. She wasn't.

"What do you think they drugged her with?" he asked his guards.

They shrugged, grim-faced.

"Oh, she'll be tight again tomorrow," he said, grinning at the two of them. "Warden gets first fuck. The two of you and everyone else can draw straws for her holes tomorrow. Right now, though, I gotta search her ass."

He covered his cock in her pussy juice, pressed down into her. She felt every bit as good as she looked.

He couldn't wait to do this again when she was awake.