

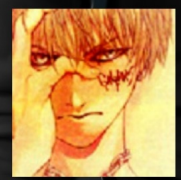
# ***BLACK SITE WIDOW***

***HUNTEROPERA  
WORDS***

***ART  
BALTHAZARDRAGON***



***#2 - The Black Site***



# **BLACK SITE WIDOW**

## **#2: The Black Site**

He was a legend. He was a hero and no one would ever know.

Dennis Adams was the man that had broken the famous - *the infamous* - Black Widow.

He'd dreamed of fucking the red-headed Avenger when he'd seen her on television during the Battle of New York, and then after at the whole talking heads thing after what had happened with SHIELD and the Nazis, and then Sokovia. His dreams had turned into something else after she'd gone on the run with Captain America - she was a criminal now, and that meant she could end up in his care.

It was a fun fantasy to indulge in when he had some other whore riding his cock, but he never thought it would come true, but here she was: Natasha Romanov, the woman herself, naked and on her knees at his feet where she belonged.

Oh, she'd been a fighter, sure.

She'd put up a good fight.

He still had the tapes of her and liked to watch them while she sucked him off and swallowed every last drop.

They'd caught her trying to escape when she woke up but there were cameras everywhere in the prison, a top notch security system he'd bought from some jackass named Paris Franz. It let him know what she was up to and his guards had been ready to charge her right then.

"No, no," he said. "Wait down the hall, everyone get comfortable."

And they had, watching on TV as she snuck down a hallway, picked a lock, opened the door to where they were waiting with bean bag guns drawn.

*The look on her face...!*

He and his men had opened fire until all that hard muscle and pale flesh was bruised and gooey, then moved in.

"Hey, Nat," he'd said, pulling her up by the hair and slapping her face, "we're going to fuck you until you crawl back to your cell and shut the door."

She'd tried to fight back and he'd skipped away before she could hit him, ordering his men to use their batons. He felt like a god. He felt like Thor. When it looked like she might win more men lit her up with bean bags again until she went limp and then they swarmed her, fucked her.

They'd followed her as she crawled all the way back to her cell an inch at a time, everyone backing away from her whenever she started to fight back to pepper her with bean bags again. She made sad little whining sounds as they raped her, sad little mewlings as they tamed her. She whimpered when he took her ass outside her cell door, then shoved her back in and slammed it closed.

"That's what happens when you try to escape, bitch," he told the cum-coated spy as she lay, broken, on the floor. She twitched and said nothing. "Be a good girl and we can be kind, you get it?"

She coughed and cum burbled past her lips.

He got hard all over again.

She tried to escape six more times and got the same treatment before the message sunk in, and her ass never got any less tight. She was fun to fuck, fun to train, fun to break. His men were enjoying this game they had played so many times before, but never so much with a single person.

"She's a legend, boys," he'd told his men. "She's a legend, but legends can break same as anyone else. Just takes a little longer."

And it looked like he was right. She stopped fighting so much, did what they told her to. His men patted him on the back and told him that he was right and that he had won, but he kept watching. He was wise to her game - trying to lull them into a false sense of security.

The others had done the same thing.

Sure enough, she tried to break out while they were gang-banging the little whore, literally catching them with their pants down. But Dennis was a big man and he was ready to bring her down, the firehouse and the rubber bullets putting her back in her place.

It went like that, she pretending to be broken and he catching her when she tried to escape. Weeks went by. Months.

And the he saw what he was looking for.

Those little tremors in her hands, the way her lips opened when he or his men came for her. It was easier to do what they wanted then fight back, she had to see that now. She kept her eyes down, bowed her head, her shoulders slumping. She stopped fighting, let them abuse her, her words quiet and confused.

He grabbed her hair in the middle of the jailhouse yard and made her suck him off, just to prove he could.

Victory never felt so good as her mouth on his cock.



Sally Floyd was horrified.

She'd been a reporter and an alcoholic and a reporter again, so she knew who the Black Widow was. She'd been there to kick Captain America in the shins during the Civil War, and supported the erosion of civil rights for the wrong sorts of people: immigrants, liberals, superheroes. She believed in war, from the War on Drugs to the War on Terror to the War for States' Rights. Her imprisonment was an accident, but she believed she could keep her head down and weather this storm.

Natasha Romanov was a spy, one of the toughest people in the world. Sally didn't like her politics and had never met her personally, but she knew the woman by reputation, had thought her to be an unstoppable badass - but there she was, on her knees and sucking the warden's dick in the yard, just another broken toy for the warden and his men to play with.

Sally knew what it felt like to be used and abused by the warden and his men. They'd pawed at her and fucked her on intake, passed her around a bit when she'd first arrived. She thought that her being sent here was a mistake and that she'd get out and expose this place for what it was but years had gone by and she was still here, forgotten.

Thankfully, the warden and his men found her boring. They brought people in some times and rented out their prisoners and there were some that remembered her.

"You did good work for us," Robert Kelly told her, patting her cheek after he finished with her.

Others came. Some of them hated her for exposing them.

"You're supposed to be against human trafficking," Sally told Cameron Hodge.

"You're a prisoner," Cameron told her. "And a mutie lover. You have no rights and you deserve this."

Sally cried when he hurt her, and kept crying every time he came back. In the end, Sally went to the warden and begged him to keep her safe.

"What are you offering in exchange?" the warden asked, sticking his hand between her legs.

Sally offered him the one thing she had left: her skills as a journalist, her knack for being the least interesting person in the room. She went and listened to any talk of rebellion and reported it straight to the warden and, because of her, the jail was quiet, neat, orderly. She was another part of his security apparatus and he kept anyone from fucking her.

Or so he told her and so she thought.

In truth, the warden and his men thought of her as a boring lay, and there were more interesting people to rape all around her. They left her alone because they didn't care, and she helped them stop anyone who might have escaped and no one was the wiser.

But this.

Natasha Romanov.

The Black Widow herself.

Every time Natasha bobbed her pretty little head she looked like less of a person to Sally. It told her that she had made the right decision, that fighting against this system was useless. If someone like the Black Widow could be broken by the warden and his men, what chance did someone like her have? Besides, she was comfortable these days, alone in her cell, unmolested, allowed some freedom to go around and hang out with the other prisoners.

She walked back to her cell and took a nap, trying not to play with herself as she remembered Natasha on her knees, the way her pretty lips had wrapped around the warden, how good she looked on her knees. She bit her pillow and shook a little, thighs rubbing together, panting in the aftermath.

The next time she saw Natasha was during dinner, and then a small subgroup of prisoners was taken to the showers. Sally was among them. She was used to stripping off in front of the guards and other prisoners, who took their clothing and left her alone.

"Hey, Sal," one prisoner said, shoving her against the wall and holding her in place. "I hear you've been telling stories about the rest of us."

"What?" Sally sputtered as she was yanked underneath scalding water, screamed as she was thrown to the floor. She scampered, naked, as other naked women grabbed her, held her down. Their leader punched her when she struggled, then kicked her in the gut.

"Spread the bitch's legs," the leader said. She grabbed a mop from a janitor's bucket. "Hey, Sally, you're a snitch. You know what they say about snitches, right?"

Sally screamed but no help came. She fought but she was breathless, her cheek stung, she was wet and tired and they were bigger and stronger than she was. She felt the broom handle brushing against her lower lips and she whimpered.

"Please..."

The leader laughed without mirth, the rounded wooden handle move up, pushing between the crack of her ass.

"I can," begged Sally, thinking furiously, "I can--"

"We'd be out of here if it wasn't for you," the leader growled. The mop handle pushed against her, the tip entering her. She screamed again, closed her eyes, trying to struggle, tears pouring down her cheeks, as

"Pardon me."

the pressure stopped.

"I need that."



Natasha accepted the rapes as a necessary part of her cover.

It always amazed her how stupid people were: they thought that raping her somehow dehumanized her, when really it dehumanized them. It was just another kind of assault, another kind of injury, and the Red Room had shown her every possible sort of assault when she'd still been a child. Natasha didn't like being raped anymore than she liked being punched in the face, but letting it happen let her gather information.

She knew how many guards were in the base. She knew their rotations. She knew the warden came in early and left late and had a drug problem. She knew where all the cameras were and where their feeds went to. The password to the computer that compiled it to was on a post-it note on the computer's monitor.

Within a day of being here she could have escaped.

Within a week of being here she could have taken over the entire facility without anyone else knowing.

Her goal was neither.

At first, she'd wanted access to their files, so she broke in and took them. She went through in detail, noticing three large payments to the warden and the names attached to them. There was no further detail, but there didn't have to be. This was enough.

Superheroines were going missing and were being replaced with life model decoys - good ones, too. Natasha had been investigating the process for more than a year now and it had led her to this place, and she was hoping that they would feed her to wherever the others had been taken. Cindy Moon, Tabitha Smith, and Katheryn O'Brien had already vanished from this facility; an experiment, a mutant, and a soldier.

Natasha could have killed every guard in this place and they would have deserved it. Maybe she would as a treat, when all this was over. But right now she needed information and this turned out to be the place Sally Floyd had been shuffled off to - a shitty reporter, sure, but a reporter nonetheless. She could be of use.

Plenty of people hated Sally, and organizing things so that some of them got access to the reporter was easy enough. She stood by and watched as they took Sally down, gave the reporter a taste of what they had suffered because of her, and then she intervened.

Taking them down was barely a fight scene.

She tried not to hurt them too badly, helped Sally to her feet.

"Thank you," Sally cried, hugging her. "Thank you. Anything you need, anything at all, I swear, I promise, I'll do anything..."

Natasha smiled, held her, soothed her.

Everything according to plan.