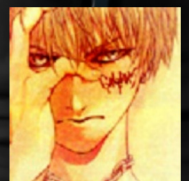


BLACK SITE WIDOW

***HUNTEROPERA
WORDS***

***ART
BALTHAZARDRAGON***



BLACK SITE WIDOW

#6: Standing Sentinel

There was a sick fascination in watching this happen to Natasha Romanov.

She was caught. There was no escape, no quick trick that she could pull to get out of this. Her movement was limited and then stolen as metal tendrils encircled her limbs and pressed in, squeezing every muscle and pulling her tight, worming their way into every possible opening. Smaller tendrils came out of the larger ones, tickling her belly, her neck and scalp, her face, and then pressed into her navel, her ears, her nose and mouth.

Already the tendrils circling her legs and hips had penetrated her, violated her, spreading into thinner tendrils that followed every path inside her and expanded, filling her. Her eyes were wide with panic and with pain.

"Not so smart now," Gynt said, putting his hands behind his back. Kris already hated him, but that was the moment she decided that he needed to die. She was on the ground where he'd dumped her, trying to collect her breath, her thoughts. The large man that Natasha had recognized and Gynt seemed to fear walked over to her, stood over her.

"W-what are you looking at?" she managed to pant. He leaned down closer to her, put a steadying hand on her shoulder as he reached for her face and replaced her glasses, then draped a blanket over her shivering body.

He frowned down at her, but she felt his attention shift to Gynt.

"What do you hope to gain from this one?" the man called Bastion asked Gynt. "Is she a gene-traitor? She is not in any of my databases."

"Do you know what an ultra-terrestrial is?" Gynt asked, turning away from the screens where Natasha was suffering to look at the two of them.

"A being from another timeline or reality, as opposed to an extraterrestrial, a being from another world," Bastion said, standing. "I acknowledge that she is an ultra-terrestrial ."

Do you have mutants on your world?

The words appeared in her mind.

Think your answer and I will hear it.

Kris nodded; she was more than familiar with telepathy.

No.

"Asking her if there are mutants on her world? There's not. There are people with powers called psi-ots there that are functionally the same thing, just using a different name," Gynt drawled. Bastion seemed to think about this, then nodded and stood, moving away from her.

"I am close to having a perfect copy of our captive," Bastion said. Kris

tried to move but was shocked for her efforts.

"Don't think I'm not paying attention to you, little miss Hathaway," Gynt said. He shocked her legs and shoulders, bouncing her so that she was looking at him, then kept a steady pulse inside her, letting her moan and sweat. "I like watching you get hot. You were made to be fucked by someone like me."

He was stroking her from the inside and that was new, a wash of sensations washing through her skin from the inside. There was no way to defend herself as he brushed her from within, electric arcs dancing inside her skin, inside her flesh. Her hips bounced, her limbs shaking, her breathing ragged.

She closed her eyes.

Can you still hear me?

Yes.

Bastion sounded surprised in her mind. She closed her eyes, letting her body react to the pleasure, trying to keep her thoughts in order. It was hard; she was being raped, but this was not the first time, not the tenth time, not the twentieth, would not be the last. The first time had broken her, but the others...

Slowly, carefully, she began to put a plan in motion.



There was no way to fight this.

Natasha knew it. The proof has her in cold steel. The muscles in her arms were strained and her limbs felt loose, her whole body feeling like a blanket of pins had been shoved in every part of her. The worst was the feeling of warm hard steel inside of her, swirling around and teasing her, filling her beyond anything even Dreykov might have been able to dream up.

They were plumbing the depths of her and she couldn't move, could barely think, but the shocks from the nanomachines kept her conscious and aware. The shocks started around her neck and moved over her shoulders, between her breasts, loving her, kissing her, hurting her and hurting her and hurting her within and without.

Gynt had turned her awareness of her body against her.

She knew every part of herself, where every nerve cluster was, and he was playing them in turn - playing symphonies inside her skin, lighting up her pleasure and pain centers to the tune of Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Rachmanin...

Natasha hated Rachmanin.

Her protests were interrupted as a spirited effort to suck on the tendril in her mouth changed, pressing her tongue against it as it went all the way down into her lungs, inflating them and sucking the air out, controlling her breathing, her breath, the beat of her heart, a slow steady thrum down her throat that tickled aside her veins until they were thrumming with a

pleasure that no one else would ever know.

I am sorry to be doing this to you, Bastion thought at her. You are neither mutant or gene-traitor. This pain will pass and you will have granted your species a fighting chance against your mutant oppressors.

She tried to form her thoughts into coherent sentences and failed. The raw pressure and violation she was suffering had reduced her to a helpless animal. She was panicking and had no way to control it. She was cumming and she had no way to enjoy it. There was nothing for her to do but get lost in every moment, every thrust, every shock, every last penetration.

Natasha couldn't even feel angry - the pressure of pain and pleasure was too much, the sheer terror of having her breath played with in the most horrible fashion imaginable.

She couldn't concentrate.

She couldn't anything.

Waves of pleasure washed through her, pushing the panic aside - Bastian didn't want her to panic, he wanted her physical and emotional state steady so that he could continue to thoroughly penetrate and study her. She was helpless, inert meat poked and prodded and cooked, inert meat that could sweat and whine and cum again and again and again.

And then it ended.

Natasha wasn't aware of when it ended, or why.

The tendrils withdrew and she found herself on the floor. The box she'd been held in folded itself up and away, the tendrils going with it. She lay in her own sweat and piss and cum, twitching useless, bare and helpless as the world ended around her.

She wasn't really aware of the screams. She was aware of the explosions only so much as she felt the heat wash over her and the pressure shove her on her side, rolling her over. She swallowed once, twice, instinctively trying to control her breathing, her twitching body. Slight tenses of one muscle group and then another trying to force the nanomachines out, a subconscious battle that was training more than thought.

Just because she was free didn't mean she could do anything about it.

She was bruised, beat up inside and out, her muscles stretched and sore, her bones aching deep in the marrow. People died. She didn't care. She managed to move her toes, her fingers, getting them to twitch when she wanted them to. The expression on her face was too tired and too pathetic to be called a smile. Another explosion rolled her over. She managed to roll closer to it, basking in the heat. The heat would help her recovery.

All she had to was survive a battle she couldn't understand or take part in.



Kris Hathaway's logic was sound.

She had asked about mutants and what they were that made them a different

species than that of humans. Bastion had told her that the difference was in their genetic sequence, and that an x-gene determined whatever abilities they might possess. This was not their fault, but they were culpable and dangerous and needed to be contained, controlled, or neutralized. Bastion felt no hatred for mutantkind, recognizing that theirs was a species deserving of both pity and extinction.

Dr. Gynt posited that psiots and mutants were the same based on his understanding of both. Kris Hathaway granted Dr. Gynt that definition, so psiots were mutants. Bastion had entertained himself with the idea of going to Kris Hathaway's home dimension when the mutants were dealt with in this one and continuing the fight there.

Kris Hathaway, however, pointed out that psiots differed from mutants in that their powers came from a psychic overlay rather than random genetic mutation, and that the psiot process was a matter of choice in many cases: conscious awakening of additional senses or capacities. That was different from the mutants of this dimension, which was interesting.

While her body was writhing and cumming, her broken thoughts asked him about people like Dr. Gynt - people that had gained powers in this dimension. She had then extrapolated the idea that Dr. Gynt was similar to a psiot in that he had chosen powers through mechanical aptitude, and that he was creating people with powers through genetic and psychic overlay; he was, by his own definition, a mutant and a person who created more mutants.

Everyone in A.I.M. was.

The logic was sound.

"You alright, big man?" Dr. Gynt asked, looking at him. "You've been quiet for awhile now."

"I am good," Bastian said. "I have what I need."

He released Natasha and projected heat from his eyes towards Gynt, partially burning his wheel chair as the man screamed and tried to activate its defences. Other A.I.M. agents quickly came into the room and died. It was regrettable, as most of them were human, but their creation of more mutants made them gene-traitors.

"What are you doing?" Dr. Gynt screamed.

"Fulfilling my utility purpose," Bastion said. His fingers crumbled the wheelchair Dr. Gynt was in and he lifted it and slammed it into the ground, lifted it and slammed it into the ground, lifted it and slammed it into the ground. More AIM agents came to interfere to he sent the same metal tendrils that had reduced Natasha against them. None of his new targets proved so hardy as she did, the process nullifying what little threat they posed to him to nothing within seconds.

The data they provided was of no use to him.

Some of them were smart enough to keep their distance and fire rockets at him. The rockets did nothing, but the explosion quickly shredded the room and the building. He dropped Dr. Gynt and turned to face these attackers directly, raising a hand at them. The heat blast he projected through them was one-twentieth the temperature of the surface of the sun. The sheer magnitude of the heat set off several more explosions.

Natasha had, during this process, managed to expel the techno-organic virus

he had provided Dr. Gynt as the basis for his nanomachines.

"Fascinating," he said, because it was. Natasha's ass was facing him and, though he was a machine, he had been raised to be a man. There was some satisfaction in seeing the spy splayed akimbo, her mind broken and reforming from the fucking he had given her.

He smiled to himself. He had every last bit of physical information he could have taken from her. It could not be argued that he knew her body better than any living being ever could.

The tendrils processed textile information and sent it back to him - pleasure. It had been pleasurable to violate Natasha so completely, though he understood that she should have been outside his domain.

He owed her something.

He wondered if there was something he could do for her.

He scanned her thoughts, deconstructed though they now were. Natasha had wanted to know who was kidnapping human and mutant females and holding them in this facility and then shipping them elsewhere. She wanted to know where elsewhere was.

He went to her, touched her gently on the cheek, tilted her head so she was looking at him.

"I am going to help you," he said. He checked the co-ordinates in space/time. "Bodyslide by one."

She vanished.

He stood.

Dr. Gynt was picking up Kim, pulling her onto what was left of his wheelchair. Bastion started walking towards them as Dr. Gynt hurriedly typed into the computer on his hoverchair and it vanished, he teleporting away and taking Kris with him.

AIM agents were still assaulting him, trying to keep him from following. He killed them all without too much effort, then considered the skyline.

I like Kris Hathaway, he thought.

He accessed his database on Dr. Gynt's favorite locations and likely destinations, settled on one, and looked around at the blasted wasteland that had once been a prison.

"Bodyslide by one."

The last living mind left the prison behind.