

Weekly Poll #2 - OC / Black Widow {Story 4}

The air in the ballroom of the Hamilton Estate was thick with the scent of money—old money, new money, and the kind that was freshly laundered. Erminio Pierfrancesco, Nino to anyone who mattered, drifted through the sea of tuxedos and gowns with the practiced ease of a shark in familiar waters. At thirty-four, he wore his power comfortably. The raw, world-ending rage that had consumed him as a six-year-old had been honed, tempered, and finally banked by the memory of a dying mentor's smile when he was thirteen. Now, the chaos he wielded was less of a sledgehammer and more of a scalpel, precise and devastating.

His public face was a masterpiece of respectability. He was the scion of a food empire, a tycoon whose pizzerias and delis were as ubiquitous in the Northeast as tollbooths and bad attitudes. It was a brilliant, legitimate facade. The reality, as the hastily assembled file on a SHIELD analyst's desk detailed, was that Nino was the consigliere, the quiet architect of strategy for a Don whose influence stretched from the docks of Newark to the halls of state power. The file had its facts right, but its conclusions were laughably wrong. His weakness? 'Supposedly just human' and 'known for his sexual proclivities.' It was like calling a tsunami 'a bit of damp.'

He felt her before he saw her. It wasn't a sight or a sound, but a shift in the atmospheric pressure of the room, a subtle hum on the frequency of his ungodly instinct. It was a sense that had kept him alive through turf wars and FBI stings, a preternatural feel for intent. And the woman cutting a path toward him radiated it like a furnace.

She was a symphony in crimson and black. "Natalie Rushman," she said, her voice a low, smoky instrument designed to disarm. Her smile was perfect, her eyes a startlingly clear green that seemed to catalog his every micro-expression. She was the physical embodiment of a loaded weapon, sexy in a way that was both a promise and a threat.

"Erminio Pierfrancesco," he replied, taking her hand. Her grip was firm, controlled, but the deliberate, lingering brush of her thumb over his pulse point was a clear signal. This wasn't a chance encounter. "A pleasure, Ms. Rushman."

"Please, call me Natalie," she purred, her gaze holding his. "I'm a legal consultant for some of your associates. I have to say, I'm impressed. Your operation is remarkably... efficient."

The word 'associates' was a tell. Too vague. Too clean. Nino had heard whispers, fragments of intelligence passed through his own network, about a Soviet-era project. A program to turn orphan girls into the perfect spies, weapons of seduction and assassination. If such a creature existed, she was standing before him, wrapped in a designer dress and smelling of expensive perfume. This was their play. A honey pot. It was almost charmingly old-fashioned.

"Efficiency is the key to longevity in any business, Natalie," he said, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial murmur that drew her in closer. "You have to know how to handle pressure."

Her smile widened by a fraction, a predator acknowledging a worthy prey. "And what if I'm more interested in pleasure than pressure?"

Nino let out a low, genuine laugh that rumbled in his chest. "Then you've definitely come to the right place."

He let her lead. Let the SHIELD agents watching from a surveillance van outside believe their gambit was working. Let them think they were the hunters. He would play the part of the arrogant, hedonistic target. As the party began to die down, the thumping bass of the band giving way to the clinking of glasses and the murmur of goodbyes, Natalie suggested they find a quieter place to talk. He knew exactly what she meant by 'talk.'

The suite she led him to was opulent, all cream-colored carpets and gold-leafed furniture, with a balcony overlooking the manicured gardens. The moment the heavy door clicked shut, the pretense evaporated. There was no slow burn, no gradual seduction. It was a conflagration. They were on each other, a frantic clash of wills expressed through teeth and tongue. It was less a kiss and more a mutual assault, a desperate attempt to claim and conquer. His hands were in her hair, her nails were digging into the back of his neck, and the expensive fabric of his tuxedo was a frustrating barrier.

Clothes became casualties. His jacket hit the floor, followed by his bow tie. Her dress, a complicated series of straps and silk, was a puzzle he solved with impatient, tearing hands. She worked his shirt buttons, her knuckles brushing against his chest. Soon, they were just flesh and heat, the cool air of the room a stark contrast to the fire building between them.

And in that moment, a wild, exhilarating thought bloomed in Nino's mind. They had sent their goddess, their ultimate weapon of seduction, to break him, to turn him into a pliable source of information through pleasure. It was a brilliant plan. But it had one fatal flaw. It assumed he was just a man in the storm. It never considered that he might be the storm itself. Why not turn the tables completely? Why not give this beautiful, lethal woman the most soul-shattering, mind-erasing pleasure of her entire life? Let her be the one who was trapped. Let her be the one who was broken.

He didn't hesitate. He broke the kiss, his lips trailing a path of fire down her neck, her collarbone, between her breasts. He went to his knees before her, a supplicant before a dark and glorious altar. He looked up at her, saw the flicker of surprise in her cool green eyes, and then he lowered his head.

He didn't just go down on her. He worshipped. He treated her cunt like a sacred text, and he was a devoted scholar determined to decipher its every secret. His tongue was an instrument of pure sensation, exploring, probing, and mapping the sensitive topography of her folds. He learned the rhythm of her body, the way her muscles tensed, the subtle thrum beneath her skin that signaled her ascent. He was a conductor, and she was his orchestra, and he was going to make her play a symphony.

He brought her to the edge with a relentless, focused pressure on her clit, letting the tension build to an almost unbearable peak. He held her there, teetering on the precipice, her breath coming in ragged gasps, her hands fisted in his hair. Then, with a soft, deliberate flick, he sent her over.

The orgasm that ripped through her was violent and absolute. Her back arched, a cry tearing from her throat as a wave of pure, unadulterated pleasure washed over her. But he didn't stop. He gave her no time to recover, no moment to come back to herself. He rode the wave with her, his mouth never ceasing its relentless, loving assault, building her up again, higher and faster than before. The second orgasm hit before the first had fully faded, a seismic aftershock that merged with the initial tremor, amplifying it into a force of nature. Then a third. And a fourth. He lost count. He was simply giving, lost in the act of worship, his only goal to see how far he could push her, how much pleasure she could possibly endure.

Natasha Romanoff, the Black Widow, was a woman who prided herself on her control. Her body was a tool, her mind a fortress. She had withstood torture, resisted mind-altering serums, and seduced targets who were supposedly immune to persuasion. But this... this was a form of interrogation she had never been trained for. It was an assault on her very nervous system, a systematic deconstruction of her defenses using the one weapon she had never considered a vulnerability: pure, unadulterated ecstasy. Her mind, usually a fortress of cold logic and tactical awareness, was becoming a white-noise haze of bliss.

When he finally rose to his feet, his face glistening with her essence, her legs were trembling so badly she could barely stand. He scooped her into his arms with surprising ease and laid her gently on the massive king-sized bed. She looked up at him, her vision blurry, her chest heaving. She saw a man, yes, but there was something else in his eyes, a glint of primal, chaotic power that was both terrifying and intoxicating.

He positioned himself between her legs, and then she saw it. The file had mentioned his proclivities, but it had failed to capture the sheer, magnificent scale of him. He was monstrously endowed, a testament to the kind of genetic lottery that defied explanation. A flicker of genuine fear, sharp and thrilling, cut through the haze of pleasure. This would be a challenge.

He entered her slowly, with a controlled, deliberate thrust that was more possessive than violent. He stretched her, filled her completely, a sensation so intense it was almost painful. He paused, letting her adjust, letting her body accommodate his impossible size. The pressure was immense, a deep, grounding fullness that seemed to touch her very soul.

He began to move, and Natasha realized her first assessment was wrong. He wasn't just a brute wielding a formidable weapon. He was an artist. His strokes were long and deep, a hypnotic rhythm that seemed to resonate with the beating of her own heart. But his cock was only part of the symphony. His hands roamed her body, caressing, kneading, and pinching. His

lips found hers, not in a frantic clash this time, but in a deep, soulful kiss. His mouth moved to her ear, his voice a low, seductive whisper.

"You feel incredible," he murmured, the words a warm caress. "So perfect. So strong."

He was attacking her on all fronts. The deep, steady rhythm of his hips, the expert manipulation of his hands on her breasts and clit, the sweet, filthy praise in her ear. It was a sensory overload, a coordinated assault that dismantled her piece by piece. Her body, already hypersensitive from the multiple orgasms, responded with an enthusiasm that was beyond her control. She met his thrusts, her hips rising to meet his, a desperate, instinctual plea for more.

He felt her body tightening, another orgasm coiling deep within her. This time, it was different. It wasn't a sharp, explosive peak, but a slow, building wave of immense pressure, a tidal wave of pleasure that grew and grew until it was all she was. When it finally broke, it was a cataclysm. A deep, guttural moan was torn from her as her entire body convulsed, her inner walls clamping down on him like a vise. It was an orgasm that seemed to last forever, a complete and total surrender.

She was spent. A wreck. The Black Widow, the super-spy, was a boneless, panting mess on the silk sheets. He had broken her. But a sliver of her training, her indomitable will, refused to be extinguished. She needed to regain control. She needed to show him she wasn't just a passive participant in her own destruction.

With a surge of adrenaline, she pushed him, rolling them over until she was straddling him, his magnificent cock still buried deep inside her. It was a move of pure dominance, a declaration that she was setting the pace now. She looked down at him, a triumphant glint in her eyes, and began to move.

It was a fatal miscalculation.

The new angle allowed him to press directly against her G-spot with every single movement. What she intended to be a slow, grinding, controlled pace became another descent into madness. The pleasure was immediate and overwhelming, a sharp, exquisite jolt that shot through her with every roll of her hips. Her plan to slow things down, to take back control, had only succeeded in finding a more devastating way for him to fuck her.

She tried to hold on, to maintain a semblance of rhythm, but her body betrayed her. Her movements became erratic, desperate, driven by a singular need for more of that incredible friction. She was riding him, but she was no longer in control. She was a passenger on a rollercoaster of her own making, heading for a cliff. The orgasms came again, not as individual events, but as a continuous, overlapping cascade of pleasure that left her dizzy and breathless.

He saw it. He saw the moment she lost the battle, the moment her eyes glazed over with a fresh wave of bliss. And he played her. He stopped moving entirely, his hips perfectly still, buried to

the hilt inside her. The sudden cessation of motion was a new form of torture. She was so close, perched on the very edge of another earth-shattering climax, and he had simply... stopped.

The denial was absolute. It broke through every layer of her training, every wall of her formidable psyche. A sound escaped her throat, a sound so alien to her own ears she barely recognized it. It was a desperate, needy, pathetic whine. The sound a schoolgirl might make when her favorite candy is taken away. It was the sound of utter capitulation.

The moment the whine left her lips, he thrust. Hard. Deep. One single, perfect, merciless thrust.

It was the final straw. The orgasm that slammed into her was not just physical; it was a psychic event. It was a total system failure. A white-out of pure, unadulterated sensation that fried every circuit in her brain. She collapsed against his chest, her body convulsing with uncontrollable tremors, her mind a complete and utter blank. She was broken. Not just physically, but mentally and emotionally. The Black Widow was gone. All that was left was a woman who had been fucked into oblivion.

Three weeks.

Three whole weeks of her “undercover” mission. Three weeks of being Nino’s. The relationship, if you could call it that, had consumed her. The surveillance feeds in the SHIELD command center had become the stuff of legend. Agents would watch in horrified, morbid fascination as the mission parameters disintegrated. There was no subterfuge, no whispered secrets in the afterglow. There was only the raw, unfiltered, and shockingly explicit reality of their life together.

The footage was relentless. Three weeks of Nino’s humongous cock disappearing into Natasha’s mouth, her cunt, her ass. Three weeks of her, the world’s most dangerous woman, on her knees, on her back, on all fours, screaming his name until she was hoarse. They saw her riding him, her body glistening with sweat, her head thrown back in ecstasy. They saw him taking her from behind, his powerful hands gripping her hips, his movements a blur of primal intensity. The analysts had given up trying to find intelligence. They were now just chronicling the sex marathon of the century. No secrets were pried loose. The only thing Natasha was giving up was her sanity, one soul-shattering orgasm at a time.

At the start of the fourth week, the call came in from a frantic Maria Hill. “Romanoff is non-responsive. We’re scrubbing the mission. Extract her, now!”

But it was too late.

Back in Nino’s penthouse, Natasha sat on the edge of the bed, the silk sheets pooled around her waist. She was naked, but the chill she felt had nothing to do with the temperature. In her trembling hand, she held a small plastic stick. Two pink lines. Stark. Unmistakable. Permanent.

Nino walked out of the bathroom, a towel slung low on his hips, water droplets glistening on his chiseled torso. He glanced at the stick in her hand, then at her pale, shocked face. He wasn't surprised. He wasn't alarmed. He just looked at her, a small, knowing smile playing on his lips.

"You know," he said, his voice calm and utterly reasonable. "We did fuck a ton, right?"

Natasha just stared at him. Her mind, a fortress of tactical genius and cold, hard facts, was a complete and utter void. The Black Widow, the super-spy, the master of infiltration and seduction, was pregnant. The sheer biological impossibility of it slammed into her with the force of a physical blow. The Red Room had made sure of that. They had sterilized their assets, burned out the possibility of motherhood to ensure nothing could ever compromise their loyalty, their mission. A Black Widow couldn't get pregnant. It was a fact as fundamental as gravity. And yet, the two pink lines were a brutal, undeniable refutation of everything she was. And the only thought her shattered brain could process was that the man in front of her, the man who had fucked her into a new reality and broken her with pleasure, wasn't even surprised.