

BIF: Bind, Interrogate, Fuck

Chapter 1: A Minor Monster

By Draconicon

Kevin and Lorkos sat at a street-side table outside of a coffee shop, sipping at their respective drinks as they watched the woods barely a block away. The sun was halfway down, only a hint of its light illuminating the mountainside town of Balton, and the trees seemed to shiver in the high wind that was rising from the south.

Putting his latte back on the table, Kevin leaned back in his chair, folding his hands in his lap with a nonchalance that he didn't entirely feel. The fox took a deep breath, his hands curling into near-fists to avoid covering his nose.

"Can't you smell that?" the fox grunted. "Your sense of smell is supposed to be better than mine. How the hell can you take that?"

"I'm a little more used to it."

A little more used to it. Yes, Lorkos had been on a mission more than Kevin had, but one mission more than zero was still just one mission. The wolf didn't have to look quite so smug about it.

Forcing himself to take another drink of his coffee, the fox did another mental run-through of his equipment. He had done it a hundred times already, but it never hurt to do it again.

Stun baton on the left hip, concealed down the outside of the left leg. Taser, right hip, holstered in a camera case. Loose tie, Kevlar, strong enough for anything weaker than a Class 3. Credit card knives, left pocket. Occult symbols, left and right wristbands, beneath watch and bracelet.

It was a small arsenal as hunts went, but they were only here to take down someone suspected of being possessed. If there'd been proof of an actual monster, he was pretty sure that they'd be given something much more powerful.

He finished his latte with another sip, the fox leaning back on his chair one more time. His white fur bristled along his muzzle as he frowned, his ears going flat and his black-tipped tail

twitching from side to side. His nerves were affecting everything, making his button-up shirt feel too big, making his black shoes feel too tight. The waiting was getting to him.

The slender fox looked at his partner out of the corner of his eyes. The black wolf was dressed a bit nicer than he was, wearing a full suit and jacket rather than just the shirt, tie, and slacks. He sat with one leg folded over the other, sipping at an americano, but his eyes were focused on the forest, unwaveringly so. He would occasionally tense up, but unlike Kevin's constant twitching, it was more a single tensing of the muscles that made the roomy suit suddenly look small.

Kevin rubbed his nose despite himself.

"You can't tell me you don't smell that. It's like the inside of a jockstrap out here."

"You get used to it. The monsters like to...tempt people."

"They call that tempting?"

Lorkos shrugged.

"It is for some."

"Yeah, well...I'm not into it."

"Your bulge says otherwise."

The fox blushed, his white cheeks going red as he crossed his legs beneath the table. Lorkos gave a half-smile.

"You're a Hunter, not a Fucker. Remember that."

"Like I want to be one of them..."

"Well, we'll find out." The black wolf looked at his watch. "About twenty minutes until it's dark enough for him to come out."

Him. Right. That was the whole reason that they were staking out the forest from the coffee shop.

Figures that the first monster's out in the middle of nowhere, though, Kevin thought as he leaned back in his chair, trying not to tap his feet in impatience or leap out of it in annoyance. Balton. Even sounds like something you'd find in the middle of...

He let his thoughts trail off. It didn't matter where the first mission was. It didn't matter that it probably wouldn't affect anyone in the grand scheme of things. As long as he did well on

his first mission, it'd look good to the higher-ups, which in turn would get him on the fast-track to more important, better missions.

“Do you need a reminder of what we're hunting?” Lorkos asked.

“Hmm? No, no of course not. Why would I need a reminder?”

“Just asking.”

It wouldn't hurt to review, admittedly, but he didn't want to give the wolf any further reminders of the difference in their experience. One mission, but...

Besides, he could review it for himself. They were here because of suspicious activity being detected on the magical networks. BIF informants had noted a shark anthro – suspicious enough in this landlocked part of the country – frequently going into the woods and coming back with a strange, thick scent on him. That would have been enough to get Hunters dispatched, but then the informant had gone silent.

Back-up was waiting in the wings, but not expected to be needed. He and Lorkos should be enough to bring down someone possessed and take them back to headquarters.

Be ready for pheromone control, as well as possible sex demon characteristics, the briefing had said. Make sure that you're emptied out before you go on the job.

That had been an interesting afternoon. When the higher-ups said to make sure that you were 'emptied out', they meant it. Kevin wasn't sure that he had ever jerked off as much as he had that day, and his cock and balls actually hurt from the way that he'd treated them. Whenever his legs came together, his balls felt like they were going to be squished like grapes.

But it would be worth it. He hoped.

They ordered another cup of coffee each before the sun went down. No sooner had the light faded from the horizon, leaving just a bit of a reflection of the day's warmth off of the clouds, than their suspect appeared.

The shark was...thicker than the fox had expected. Big armed and big legged, with a fin on top of his head that extended further than the average anthro's did. His shoulders were broad, his torso thick, but the rips in his shirt where the muscle had started poking free was obvious evidence that the muscle growth was recent.

And if that wasn't enough, there was the smell.

Hot, sharp, thick as one could imagine, the musk that came off the shark stepping out of the trees was nearly enough to rouse Kevin's dead dick. He groaned as the dull ache in his balls struck down his erection before it could start, but sexual urges that he didn't think he could feel

were already rising. He rubbed his nose, trying to push the scent away, but it was still there, filling the air.

Lorkos was slightly better off than him, though not much. He could see the grimace on the other male's face, probably enduring the same ball-ache that he was going through, but the wolf was already on his feet, one hand in his pocket and the other hovering over his hip.

“Let's go.”

“Right behind you,” Kevin muttered, getting to his feet and following along.

The shark paused as the pair of them approached, the t-shirt the aquatic male was wearing getting a few more rips in the process, a bulge that was too big to be real showing all the more in the ragged jeans he wore. The shark seemed to swell slightly as they approached, almost as if he was pulling on some strange power.

He probably was. Possessing monsters were not keen on losing hosts that they'd gained.

“New in town?” the shark growled before clearing his throat. “Sorry. New in town?”

“You could say that. We've been looking for someone,” Lorkos said.

“You got any reason to be looking for someone?”

“Quite a few reasons.”

At a nod from the wolf, Kevin reached into his pocket, pulling out his badge. Black velvet on the outside, red on the inside with a silver circle for the badge shape, it had their agency and name printed just under it.

“Lorkos, BIF Hunter, and Kevin, BIF Hunter-in-Training,” the wolf continued. “We'd like to ask you a few questions.”

“BIF? What the heck is that, eh?” the shark asked.

“You don't need to know that,” Kevin muttered. “Now, if you don't mind...”

“And what if I do mind?”

“Then we have a bit of a disagreement, and we're allowed to take steps when there's a disagreement.”

“You – Nnngh!”

The shark's face twisted, his cheeks pulling inwards a bit, becoming more of a twisted, flatter sort of face. Two of his fangs pushed forward, the sharp teeth rising past the lips and becoming a sort of tusk for the sharp-toothed mouth that the predatory species still had.

As the transformation continued, muscles thickening and ripping through shirt and pants until the shark was dressed in nothing but a loincloth where his boxers had been, Kevin darted for his taser. He pulled it free, holding it on the suspect.

“Mmmph...nnggh...”

The transformation didn't take long, but it was...effective. The shark had become something...far different.

Instead of having a flipper tail, the creature had gained something scaliier, pointed like the end of a dragon's appendage. Horns had popped from the top of his head, and there was a second bulge under the remnants of his underwear. Other horns and points had popped out of his muzzle and along the sides of his face, and he looked more reptilian than he did aquatic.

And the smell...the musk was so much stronger. It burned at his nose, and the fox had to huff and puff, shaking his head and wiping his nose on his sleeve to keep from being overwhelmed by it.

The creature opened its eyes, smiling.

“Well, now, I expected to be found eventually, but I suppose I *was* a bit obvious with the whole ‘cult’ thing in the woods. Which one gave me away?”

Cult in the woods? The wolf and fox glanced at each other. As far as Kevin could tell, Lorkos was no more informed about that than he was. The monster blinked.

“Musk-zonked minions? Well-used sluts? Men disappearing and a sudden string of divorces as they found their ‘true selves’?” The monster counted the different events out on his fingers. “Any of this ringing a bell?”

“...No,” Lorkos admitted.

“...Then how did you find me, exactly?”

“Suspicious behavior of your host,” Kevin grunted, still shaking his head to try and push the musky influences out of his nose. It was getting harder and harder to focus the more of it he breathed in. “Going off on his own when he didn't use to.”

“...You know, I kind of expected better. Reputation of BIF and all that.”

The monster smiled, and Kevin felt a shiver run down his spine. There was something in that look, something to it that made him imagine being bent over, imagine being fucked by the big guy. He pushed it out of his head, feeling his hole clench.

How the hell...how the hell is he...

They'd been warned to expect sex demon powers, but he hadn't thought that he'd be interested in something so big and...musky...and male...It wasn't something he'd felt...before...

Focus. He's a monster. Just focus on taking him down, and you can talk to a therapist later.

The dragon – no, hybrid, it still had shark features, and tusks, and...it was not just a dragon – looked down at them, smiling slightly. He held his hands out to the side, fingers glowing with an intense power.

“Come now. Surely, we can come to some arrangement. After all, there's nothing *wrong* with what I've been doing. Everyone is still quite healthy.”

“You're stealing them away. Controlling their minds. Just like what you're trying to do to us,” Kevin grunted.

“And is it so bad? I mean, look at you. Both of you would be hard as a rock if you stayed here for much longer. You obviously want it.”

Despite his aching, empty balls, the arctic fox knew that the creature was right. He wanted to fuck. He wanted to feel something down there, wanted to do something with his dick. If he didn't get what he needed...

On instinct, he pulled the trigger on his taser, and the charged tips went flying.

ZZZZZZZZZZT! The air crackled with electricity, the hybrid in front of him twitching like mad. It stumbled back, cocks rising slowly from the current, and Kevin stared at the monster.

“That might not have been the best idea,” Lorkos muttered.

“You...what...what is this thing?”

“I'm...complicated,” the monster said when the charge dissipated. He yanked the cords free without hesitation, then smiled as the little holes in his chest healed. “Now, that was quite the shocking experience. Why don't I give the pair of you a chance to experience it?”

The fox looked at the wolf, and the wolf looked at the fox. They both had the same thought at the same time, and they both executed their hasty plan.

They ran for the forest, and the monster tromped along behind them as they split up, running in different directions.

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Kevin was deep in the woods when the smell finally got to be too much. The white fox groaned as he stumbled over a root, hitting the ground and falling to all fours. Despite his best efforts, he couldn't get up.

“Mmph...”

The arctic fox's hand went down to his crotch. His balls still ached, but his cock had finally come back to life, thrusting up against his fingers and begging for attention. Against his better judgment, he rolled onto his side, curling himself against the tree before reaching down to his pants.

Shouldn't touch, shouldn't touch...

But the musk in the air was so strong, and it smelled so good to some part of his brain buried deep down. He panted as he bit his lips, his fingers curling into a fist and then going limp again, curling and then going limp.

He resisted for half a minute before his zipper came down, his cock springing up through his underwear. He didn't even bother taking that off, instead pulling his shaft out through the y-front of his underwear, giving it a few strokes.

Suddenly, the air was split with a chuckle. He gasped, but he couldn't take his hand off his dick.

“Hmmm, it feels like someone's giving in to their urges. Why don't you step out into the open, Kevin? That was the name, wasn't it? Kevin?”

Not daring to speak, the fox pushed himself that much more firmly against the tree, trying to hide himself more. It didn't seem to work, the monster still talking.

“It seems unfair that I know your name and you don't know mine. I'm Alek. Isn't that better? Doesn't it feel better to know the name of the man that'll be fucking you soon?”

“Mmmph...”

I'm not gay...Not even bi...why does this...

He shivered, feeling the urge to touch more than his cock filling his head. There was something so taboo about the idea of a cock – or two cocks, like the monster had – sliding under his ass. Some part of him wanted to feel that. Some part of him needed to be invaded.

“My musk is quite potent, isn’t it?” the monster asked, the voice closer than it had been. “I’m rather proud of it. A little bit of magic, a little bit of raw masculinity – and, of course, my own impressive sexual nature – and you have something that’s quite irresistible. Not that I would misuse it on any grand scale, of course; it’s more fun to help people just...relax.”

And that word alone had a relaxing effect on him. He shivered as a tingle went up and down his spine, his cock getting harder than ever, throbbing between his fingers as it seemed to swell. His pants felt tight around his ass, and his tail would not go back down.

“It wouldn’t be a bad life beneath my rule. Now, why don’t you come out, hmm?”

The monster’s words were becoming ever more persuasive. Every breath of his musk was making it harder and harder for Kevin to think. If he’d been an average person, he would have already been on his knees by now, already nuzzling into the monster’s dual dicks.

Even with all his training and draining himself, he was right on the verge of giving in.

Shaking his head, panting for breath, he strained for his right wrist. He wiggled one finger under the wristband of his watch, pulling out a folded-up piece of paper. Shaking it open, he slapped the sheet against his forehead.

Instantly, the occult spell took effect, cancelling out the spell that was building in his system. Kevin gasped for breath, arching his back as the sexual need was knocked down again. The fact that his cock and balls ached again helped, too.

“Hmmm, now that feels like cheating...”

The fox got to his feet, pulling his stun baton out from inside his pant leg. He turned to face the monster, holding his weapon out like a sword, shaking his head as his cock continued to twitch idly.

“Mmph...you’re not taking me that easily.”

“I suppose that you BIF agents have a bit more to you than just fancy toys.” Alek chuckled. “And where’s your friend? Oh...”

Bzzzzt.

It was more effective than the taser had been. The monster trembled more, not quite falling to his knees, but definitely stumbling forward as Lorkos gave him a good zap from behind. Alek turned between the pair of them, shaking his head.

“Heh...well, that’s a pity. I thought I’d have a chance for some more fun. But...I know when I’m outmatched.”

The monster turned around, offering his hands to them. After a nod from Lorkos, the half-naked vulpine stepped forward, putting a special pair of cuffs around the monster's wrists. The black wolf was already calling home, too.

"Headquarters, we got him. Self-identified as Alek. Orders?"

"Bring him back via the long way. Confirmation of powers?"

"Confirmed. Pheromone manipulation at least, possibly more extensive."

"Permission to run air con all the way home granted."

"Pity, I was hoping to heat it up," Alek said.

"Shut up...just...shut up..." Kevin muttered.

"And tell your partner to zip up his pants. The techs have seen enough of his dick for now."

...Forgot about the body cams, dammit...

The End