

BIF: Bind, Interrogate, Fuck

Chapter 2: An Interesting Interrogation

By Draconicon

Most government agencies traveled via car or helicopter. While BIF definitely had those, their preferred method of travel was by tunneler. Or, perhaps, it was more appropriate to say that the higher-ups preferred that method; Kevin certainly didn't.

As the interior rolled back and forth like a rollercoaster out of control, the fox held his stomach with one arm and one of the supporting bars with the other. The seatbelt was barely enough to keep him from going flying, and he didn't want any more bruises than he already had.

Of course, the hybrid monster that they'd captured didn't seem to be having any problems...

"So, where exactly are we going?" the shark-dragon-whatever thing said.

"Headquarters," Lorkos grunted from the other side of the rotating, swirling cylinder.

"Come on, you can tell me more than that. I am tied up, after all."

Tied up and smelling all too strongly, for Kevin's taste, but the fox knew that he didn't have much room to talk. He had been throbbing ever since they stepped into the tunneler, the musky pheromones of the monster filling the air even with the air cycling turned up to maximum. It was amazing that his partner wasn't so affected.

Lorkos didn't answer the question, and Kevin took it as a cue to not answer anything that the monster asked.

The hybrid monster shook his head, leaning back with an almost meditative air. It would have been better if he hadn't been groping himself.

Mmmph... The fox shifted in his seat, fighting the temptation to shout at their captive to stop. It was within his rights as an agent of BIF, after all. He could take charge like that.

On the other hand, they didn't entirely know what this monster was, and more importantly, what it could do. Better not to push things until they got back to headquarters.

Which was harder than he thought, considering the raw musk that pervaded the entire vehicle. Even though he was trying to think ahead, trying to guess what would happen next, he kept circling back to sexual thoughts, and sexual thoughts that he normally wouldn't have.

He glanced out of the corner of his eye at the hybrid, his eyes drawn down to the exposed dicks that hung between the monster's legs. It was one thing to have those out in the locker room, but here...

Kevin blushed, the fox turning his head so that he had no way of looking back at the shafts. He could smell the masculine, slightly sweaty scent from where he sat, and his cock twitched despite it not being something that he particularly liked. The fox was straight – straight, despite the stereotypes about foxes – and he had never been with another male in his life. He...he...

Fucking fuck fucker...

The fox leaned forward, rubbing his hands against his face, trying to force the images in his mind's eye out of his head. He was not a bottom. He was not someone that would just bend over and take a dick or three, and he wasn't feeling that empty right at the moment.

“Yes, you are.”

“Get the hell out of my head, you stupid...” Kevin grumbled. “Just shut up. If you want to fuck someone, you'll get the chance soon enough.”

“Calm down, Kevin,” the wolf across from him said. “No need to get angry.”

“Let him fuck with your sexuality for a while, then.”

“Just...relax, okay? We're almost home.”

#

At BIF headquarters, the underground hangar was filled with security personnel. Experienced Hunters were gathered around the landing bay that Lorkos's and Kevin's tunneler had been assigned to, all wearing hazmat helmets to filter out the pheromones the monster was probably oozing. A half-circle of men and women, all wearing orange, plastic hoods, stood around the groove in the floor, weapons aimed down the tunnel as the lights of the vehicle came in view.

“Keep 'em ready,” one of them said, though Magnus didn't know which one. Nor did he care. Security wasn't his department.

The alligator demon stood with his arms folded across his chest, shaking his head as he resisted the urge to tap his foot. His focus was more on the restraint of his own pheromones at

the moment rather than the possibilities of danger that this monster represented. It was always an effort to hold them back, but that was part of the deal that he'd made for his 'freedom.'

"Speaker, sir."

Magnus turned his head, looking down at the coyote Hunter. The canine passed him a tablet, then darted off, running down the connecting tunnel to the rest of the base. Shaking his head, the alligator opened the datafile.

Not much; it seemed that Lorkos and his new partner hadn't had the chance to really interrogate the monster during capture. Something about them being too exposed and the monster being too powerful to risk a pre-return interview.

Well, not the first time that I've had to work without knowing much, he thought, flicking through the bits and pieces that they had.

Pheromone control was confirmed, as was the fact that the monster had a different body than his host. Fast-transforming, too, which implied that the monster had an underlying skill in magic. Not to mention that there might be other forms that the monster was capable of taking, if given half a chance.

And he surrendered?

That was, perhaps, the oddest thing about it. He remembered when he had been found by BIF's Hunters; they'd been anything but gentle when they found him, and had been adamant about taking him in by force. Even when he'd realized that he wasn't going to win, he'd pushed them to go as hard as possible.

Either he doesn't have so much of an ego, or he's got a plan...

Magnus revised his own plans to take that into account. He had dealt with proud monsters before, even demons, and he knew that they all had a weakness. Provided that this guy wasn't an archdemon in disguise, he was pretty sure that the interview would be done by breakfast.

He yawned as the tunneler pulled in, sidling into its groove, one of twenty that led out from the base. The cylinder slowed, the drill tip that pulled it through the ground twisting just enough to lock it into place, then the doors opened.

The Hunters nearest to it backed off, rubbing their faceplates with one arm as they were replaced by those standing slightly further back. Pistols and rifles of various sorts were aimed inside, covering both the returning Hunters and their quarry. Magnus idly sniffed the air, then chuckled.

"Well, aren't you the powerful one?" he muttered before raising his voice. "Security code?"

“Alpha-Zulu-Six-Nine-Nine.”

That would be Lorkos. Unsurprisingly, the demon could hear a hint of tension in the wolf’s voice. Not too surprising with those pheromones on the air. It was a credit to the rookie that he was holding out against it.

And credit to the new guy, too, he thought as the wolf and the fox stepped out. Boners, of course, but neither of them falling over each other to suck off their target. Looks like training’s better than it – Well, well, well...

This ‘Alek’ stood tall and confident as he got out of the tunnel, naked and barefoot and not caring in the slightest. He stood with one hand on his hip, his fins flickering in the artificial underground light, and the light seemed to move along him like he was swimming through the air. Each move had the casual grace of a predator that knew that he could pick off prey without effort.

Magnus liked that. It meant that their talk would be much more interesting.

As Alek glanced about, the alligator demon pushed between the different anthros around him. They gave way, giving him space as he walked forward. Kevlar armor and plastic hoods clicked and crinkled around him, and it didn’t take long before both demon and monster were looking at each other.

“Ah, well now, this is a surprise. Magnus, I believe?” ‘Alek’ said.

“You know me.”

“You say that like I shouldn’t.” The hybrid chuckled. “There are a lot of people downstairs that wondered where you went, you know.”

“I’ve been busy.”

“Busy? More like betraying, but that’s what you guys do, isn’t it?” The monster chuckled. “Demons, always betraying, corrupting, lying, scheming.”

Magnus shrugged. It wasn’t entirely wrong.

“But I don’t think anyone expected someone as high up as you to just cut ties with everything. What do they have over you, hmm?”

“Nothing that I mind them having. Now, what about you, hmm?”

“Mmm, no need to use your powers, Magnus. I’m happy to talk...privately.”

The hybrid winked. Whether this Alek thought that his pheromones would be strong enough to carry the day or if he just didn't want to talk in public, Magnus didn't care. He was more interested in finding out just what sort of monster Alek actually was.

After all, as Speaker, it was his job to get monsters to talk.

“Come with me.”

It was a short trip from tunnel to access tunnel. The triple layers of steel doors didn't open for anything less than a double-confirmation from both the top Hunter of the group and from him, and even that had to be verified from the other side. Only then did the doors start sliding open, one set opening vertically, one horizontally, and the last outwards in a diagonal fashion. Only then were they allowed inside.

Magnus walked beside the captured monster, ignoring the Hunters all around them. Alek seemed to do the same thing, though not quite so convincingly. Every now and then, the shark-dragon hybrid seemed tempted to loom over another, to try and tease them and take them. Every time, he seemed to think better of it.

Good thing that he did. Whatever powers the monster had, they weren't enough to stand up to BIF security measures.

It wasn't just the men and women at their sides, either. There were hidden things in the walls, stuffed behind panels and under concrete slides. Tranquilizer weapons, sigils of power, and more were stuffed into every nook and cranny, natural and artificial, along the tunnel. It was the only way into the base, and it was as well-defended as mortals could make it.

He certainly wouldn't want to try the odds.

As Alek remained silent, Magnus continued thinking through his approach. He still planned on using his pheromones to cancel out Alek's, but past that...

He was grateful for the time to think.

#

In the Operations Room, the Head Administrator of BIF watched the progress of the prisoner through the underground base. It was slow, it was circuitous, and it was exactly how it was supposed to go.

And that annoyed Rumiir more than it should.

The blue dragon leaned back in the black leather armchair that was provided for him, shaking his head as he looked up at the big screen. Trackers on every Hunter, eyes magical and technological watching every step that they took...

“Why aren’t you making a run for it?”

Rumiir’s question went unanswered, despite the number of techs and advisors in the room. He expected that; they were meant to remain quiet unless he called for one of them specifically. That was the way of the hierarchy here. One did not bother the Head Administrator without permission.

The blue dragon rubbed a finger along his chin. Paranoia was a real thing for people in this organization, and he was no exception. The possibility of this being a trap was considered, but eventually, dismissed.

Not a strong enough monster to do anything dangerous to us, he thought. And not strong enough to turn anyone that is dangerous against us, either. Maybe he just knows his time of freedom is up.

Unlikely, but more likely than the alternative.

Rumiir shook his head, leaning to the side.

“Aston.”

A rat ran up to his chair, leaning forward.

“Yes, Administrator?”

“Any new reports of anything popping out from the lower realms?”

“A couple, but nothing significant.”

“Anything that our...sponsors...have asked us to look into?”

“Uh, nothing when I last checked, sir.”

“Did I ask about when you last checked?”

“I’ll, uh, be right back, sir.”

Aston ran out of the room as fast as his boots could carry him. The dragon didn’t so much as shake his head; he just turned back to the readout.

Do I ask for too much for people to be up to date? No, I don’t think so.

BIF was an international organization, despite being originally set up by the USA. There were many people that thought that it worked exclusively among the United States, particularly considering that their most public – as public as they got, at least – missions were carried out on the North American continent.

They couldn't be more wrong.

Now, Rumiir wasn't the first Head Administrator of the organization, but the blue dragon knew that he wasn't too far down the 'dynasty' that had run it. Third, perhaps fourth to take the reins, he'd been sworn in after ten years of military service and two more years in the CIA. He had been given the chance to retire, or take on a more stressful job.

He still didn't know if he had made the right choice.

Being told that there were monsters operating in their world had been bad enough. Finding out that they weren't the monsters of storybooks and religions was another.

Oh, sure, there were demons out there, but they weren't the demons that people thought of when they went to church. They weren't the sulphur and pitchfork creatures, nor were they the little imps that people occasionally made fun of. No, they were creatures of twisted power and imagination, forced into recognizable shapes by the laws of their world rather than by their own natural state of existence.

And they were just one type of monster out there.

Rumiir shook his head at the one on-screen. This Alek was one of the more common monsters. Possessors. Over 90% of the monsters that they dealt with possessed people in one way or another, using a mortal as their host to affect the world around them. They were easier to deal with, because no matter how powerful a possessor was, they were nothing without a host. Their power just didn't work without something to channel it.

The remaining monsters, on the other hand...

Well, Rumiir had seen few enough of them, and was all the gladder for it.

"Jonas."

This time, it was a parrot that ran up.

"Yes, Administrator?"

"Have Magnus speed up this interview. Get me the basics, then get Nat down there to deal with him."

"Nat, sir?"

"I want this done quickly. Besides, he's been complaining about being bored lately." The dragon shook his head. "Give him a challenge."

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The interrogation room was one of those shifting locations inside of headquarters, literally, shifting. The room was set on a rail system and carried along at a slow but regular pace, moving the room all around the facility. It ensured that any creature that managed to escape was all but guaranteed to not be in the same location they started in, slowing them down and making any further attempts at escape all the less likely.

Of course, most monsters knew what was happening as soon as the door closed and the room started moving, and Alek was no exception.

“Hmm, a moving stage. I guess whoever’s watching expects a good show?” the hybrid asked, gesturing to the glass on one wall.

“Oh, they always expect something good,” Magnus said, leaning against the other wall. “They’re probably getting an eyeful right now.”

He certainly was. The view of the hybrid was certainly enticing, and he didn’t need any pheromones to have thoughts of bending him over and enjoying his ass. Not that he imagined he’d get the chance.

With the door sealed shut, Magnus finally let loose with his own pheromones. The window temporarily fogged with heat, and the room steamed with the raw musk that the demon alligator let out. He could smell it himself, sending a thrill down his spine and making his cock twitch slightly.

It had less effect on Alek than he expected, but the monster’s dicks did come up, throbbing and twitching slightly. The hybrid himself chuckled.

“Well, well. Someone else that has a power like mine.”

“It’s not that exclusive. Not to brag, but I think mine is better,” the demon said.

“Can you warp reality with it?”

“Of course.”

“Mmm, can you now? Perhaps we should –”

“Perhaps we should talk, instead.”

“Heh, you’re no fun. But yes, why don’t we?”

Magnus waved his hand through the steam filling the room, and part of it shifted beneath him. It formed a seat of sorts, and out of politeness, he made one for the monster. Alek sat down across from him, the two of them taking one another in.

“So, a possessor, and one that had already formed a cult, from the sounds of it.” Magnus didn’t have to force a chuckle. “Obviously, you didn’t intend to get caught just yet.”

“It’s a good life, being worshiped. You can’t keep it going forever, but I’ve always heard that mortals were good at it.”

“They all need some sort of master.”

“Right? They’re kind of hopeless without some sense of direction.”

“That’s where you come in, I assume.”

“Of course. After all, we live much longer lives than them. We know better.”

“Or at least, we think we do.”

“Huh. Never thought I’d hear the great Magnus saying something like that.”

The demon shrugged.

“Sure you won’t tell me why you’re here, hmm?” Alek asked. “It’s been something most of us have been wondering.”

There was a slight surge of pheromones in the background, but it was fairly simple to nudge them aside with his own scent. He was a demon of power, after all; he understood how to counter them, emit pheromones that canceled out Alek’s scent.

As the hybrid pouted slightly, he crossed one leg over the other.

“My history’s not the one being investigated right now. Yours is. You’re no innocent, Alek – it is Alek, yes?”

“Close enough. The real name’s a bit long.”

“Alek, then. You’re no innocent; you were hiding what you were doing. You could have come here and applied for a job, but you obviously didn’t want that. Instead, you just...submitted to capture. Why?”

“Do I look like the sort of person that works well for someone else?”

“Not particularly, but that’s not the question I asked.”

“Perhaps I don’t want to answer that question.”

“Perhaps you don’t know how much your freedom depends on the information you give us.”

“Touché.” The monster shook his head. “There’s enough deals binding me that I can’t give you *exact* information...but I can tell you the name of a monster that could tell you more.”

“I’m sure that the higher-ups would like that. What do you have?”

“Just a name. Chachin.” Alek shook his head. “Honestly, you’d be better off without him.”

“Why’s that?” Magnus cocked his head to the side. “Has he annoyed you?”

“No, he’s just a bit of an asshole...and more powerful than most mortals would want to deal with.”

“Well now...That is something.”

“Anything else?”

“Quite a bit, actually...let’s start with your life story...” And to see if there was anything else worth knowing in that head. Chachin had been taken down some time ago, but perhaps this Alek knew more than just the one monster.

The End