

BIF: Bind, Interrogate, Fuck
Chapter 3: Possession Removal
By Draconicon

BIF was clearly divided into three groups of field agents. There were the Hunters, those that left the main base to take care of the threats out in the world. They were usually the bigger, burlier types, though there were exceptions. Nat knew most of them pretty well, though mostly by sight (and feel) rather than by name.

Then there were the Speakers. Nat liked them well enough, but they were kinda one-note when it came to talking with them. Split in half between educated mortals and well-connected monsters, Speakers did the sorting out of what was what, as well as being responsible for diplomacy between BIF and the other world.

Then there were the Fuckers. His people. His job.

And I want to get on with it already, the little green lizard thought, tapping his foot as he watched the video feedback from the interrogation room. *You have this guy waiting for me, and you're not letting me fuck him right now?*

The hybrid – shark and dragon and who knew what else – was still chatting amiably enough with their alligator demon – *Magnus*, he reminded himself of the name – but Nat's eyes were right on those dicks...and feet...and ass...

Of course, the rest of the room was more intent on sorting out the information that Magnus was dragging out of the monster. Techs were typing, assistants were filing, managers were giving orders about this, that, and the other, and coffee gophers popped out of little hatches in the ground to deliver drinks.

Nat helped himself to one of those, sipping at it as he leaned back against one of the tables in the huge room. The bull sorting through various records behind him gave him a light nudge, adjusting his position.

“Watch it. I think I've almost got him sorted,” the bovine said.

“Eh, we have his name. That'll be enough.”

“Surprised that a Fucker even wants that if the monster’s hot enough...”

The lizard shrugged. It wasn’t the first time that the Fucker department got looked down on by the others, but really, the whole of BIF would be lost without them.

Well, at least, that was what they all told themselves.

He sipped at his coffee, going back to wondering how two dicks would feel inside of him when he finally got to play around with the big guy. Oh, there was no question that they’d fit – all Fuckers were capable of taking two dicks at once, just as a matter of safety in the field – but it was more how it would feel to have just one person doing it. Nat smiled at the idea, already feeling his hole twitching.

Beep, beep.

Finally, he thought, pulling his phone out of his pocket. He flipped it open, holding it to the side of his head.

“Hmm, hmm, you need me yet?”

“*Almost*,” the voice of Rumiir – or Administrator Rumiir, he supposed – said on the other end. “*As soon as we have full confirmation that he’s telling us the truth, you’ll go in for an extraction.*”

“Extraction. Heh. Why not just call it what it is, hmm?” The lizard leaned back, cradling the phone to his head with his shoulder, looking down at his nails. “I’m going to drain his balls.”

“*I suppose you are. I just thought you might like a little dignity.*”

“Dignity is overrated. I’ll take pride in my job instead. Pride in my job for 200, Alex.”

“*Move to standby.*”

Click.

“Well, sure, grumpy-dragon...”

Shaking his head, he put his phone away and walked down the long row of tables and computer consoles and other bits and pieces of machinery. The underlings of the Speaker department and the home departments of Science and Magic were clustering around each other, chatting about the possibilities that this monster brought up, but he was already focused on what he needed to do.

From the observation chamber, it was a short walk to the Fuckers-on-Standby room. The polite people called it the Extraction Preparation Chamber, but Nat just thought of it as the foreplay room.

He opened the steel door, humming to himself as he stepped inside and kicked off his shoes. Painted purple toe claws clicked on the metal-tiled floor as he strolled past shelves of toys, lube, arcane symbols, and more.

“Hmm, hmm...”

There were chastity belts that some Fuckers used for the more dangerous monsters, but he was a practiced enough employee that he knew how to control himself. Nat shook his head, passing them by on his way to the Closet.

Gotta look my best for the monster, he thought, pulling it open. Hmmm, did schoolgirl last time...leather dom the time before that...

Eventually, he settled on a latex bodysuit, one that ran from his neck down to his ankles. It covered everything but his face, his hands, and his feet. They were left bare intentionally.

Just for the fun of it, he added a couple of implants in the chest. They didn't do anything sensationally, but he knew that some demons and monsters liked having something to hold onto. Plus, gender-fucking was always good.

When he was fully covered in the black suit, he grabbed a couple of the arcane sigils tucked into the little stacky-boxes. He chose the ones that were designed for growth, slapping one on each ass cheek and one on his balls. Almost instantly, they flared with light, and he groaned as he felt them swelling.

Mmmph...oooooh, yeah, that's the stuff...

Nat grinned, leaning against the wall as he felt the latex around his crotch and ass suddenly tighten, pushed outwards by the swelling orbs in the front and the rounding cheeks in the back. He went up on tiptoes, bouncing his ass cheeks as they continued to swell and round, grow and bulge. His tongue hung out as he felt the sheer weight back there as they dragged on him, each bounce making them feel heavier and heavier as he instinctively twerked.

“Mmph...This should...have his attention...”

Nat groaned as he felt the pressure on the front of his suit get heavier, spreading his legs apart as his balls continued to grow. He growled under his breath, barely holding it in as the heavy, cum-swollen orbs got bigger and bigger, their bulge unmistakable in the front of his suit. The black latex was strained to its limits by the time the runes ran out of power, just the way he liked it.

And just the way that his clients tended to like it, too.

Grunting, the lizard shifted his legs back and forth, moving from one foot to the other as he tested his new weight. His ass was definitely bigger, maybe as much as twice the size that it had been, and his balls were heavy enough to threaten to rip through the latex.

Not quite enough to rip, but enough to threaten. Enough to look good.

After groping himself and finding it quite satisfactory, Nat moved to the middle of the room and waited. Soon enough, the interview would be over, and he'd be called in to –

Beep, beep.

Well, that's my cue.

After a brief sense of motion, the floor under him opened up, and he fell through to the interview chamber below.

Landing on his feet, Nat turned to look the monster in the eye. He was just as sexy as he had been seen through the camera, and the lizard licked his lips. Leaning to the side, one hand on his hips, he deliberately eyed the hybrid up and down.

“Well, hello, sexy.”

“Oh? I thought that'd be your name.”

“More like title. Also, Fucker. *The Fucker*, if you like,” Nat said, shrugging. “But let's get down to business, hmm?”

He caught sight of Magnus leaving the room as he turned around, but he had already put the alligator demon out of his head. His attention was fully on the double-dicked monster behind him, and he grinned as he leaned forward against the wall, arching his back and swaying his ass. He lifted his tail, feeling the eyes of the other man on him.

When he looked over his shoulder, he wasn't surprised to see that the monster's dual dicks had risen already, throbbing and dripping. They'd added quite the thick scent to the air, and Nat groaned under his breath at the way that it sent a throb right down to his dick, right down to his ass.

Steady, steady, he told himself, smiling at the heady, musky smell. *You can get all you want as soon as you get this guy out of his host...*

The monster didn't take the bait, but he did look. Nat smiled.

“What's the matter, hmm? Afraid I can't take it?”

“Oh, I'm *sure* you can. But why should I fuck you?”

“Oh, did I just hear someone doubting my talents?” He lifted one hand, cupping it to his ear. “Someone thinking that I’m not worth fucking? Did I hear something like that?”

The monster smiled, his lips pushing together just enough to make it obvious that he was holding back a laugh. Nat wasn’t having that. He spanked himself, his ass cheeks wobbling.

“I’ll have you know that I’ve entranced incubuses with this thing. Dragons, too, and minotaurs. Nobody’s walked away thinking that they needed more.”

“Oh, I’m sure, but –”

“Bup-bup-bup.” He held up a finger, silencing the monster. “No talking. Unless you want to talk dirty, but *obviously* you think that you’ve had better people than me, so let’s get one thing straight. I.”

He bounced his ass, nearly hitting the floor as he crouched and rose up again.

“Am the best that you’ll ever have. End of story.”

“Well, certainly the biggest.”

“See? That’s nicer. You can be a good monster.”

“Oh, please. I’m better than good.”

“Well, why don’t you come a few steps closer and prove it?”

Nat smiled, rolling his hips from side to side, swaying his ass as provocatively as he could. He felt every little sway, every little jiggle that came from its new size and heft. He reached back, groping the black latex, pulling his ass cheeks apart until his hole was exposed, pressed right against the black material.

“Come on. Give it a shot.”

“Don’t take me for an idiot, now,” the monster said, though his cocks trembled. “You think I don’t know what you’re doing?”

“Oh, I know you know.”

Arching his back, he leaned his cheek against the wall, giving the coyest of glances over his shoulder. He clenched his hole tightly, making it contract against the latex, then released it again, allowing it to relax, to loosen, even to gape a bit.

“I’m going to suck you right out of your host. Bounce on your dick until there’s nothing left of you in there. And then we’re going to give you somewhere new to stay. Do you take *me* for an idiot?”

“...Well, not anymore.”

“There’s nothing you can really do, you know. There’s security all over the place. Your pheromones aren’t working on me; I’ve fucked too many of your kind to get high from something like that. So...”

Once more, he spread his ass cheeks.

“Why don’t you come over here and enjoy yourself, hmm?”

Nat knew that the monster was staring. He could feel it, and more importantly, he could see it. The double-dicked hybrid had his eyes fixed on the lizard’s ass, and there was no question that he wanted to go for it. The only question was how long he’d –

Apparently, just a couple of seconds.

Grunting as he was pinned to the wall, Nat *felt* the musk of the other man pour over him. The raw smell of sweat and ball musk and manhood flooded his nose, and he shivered as his own cock throbbed inside of the suit. He barely held it down, but it was oozing pre over his balls, that was for sure.

He panted under his breath as the big guy held him against the wall, rolling his ass back to meet the two dicks. They ground against his ass through the suit, rubbing, thrusting for a whole in the back. He chuckled.

“Just...slam in...use the suit like a condom.”

“Heh...I do approve...of multi-purpose tools...”

And just like that, the monster was inside him. Nat gasped at the sudden, almost painful spreading down there, the sudden parting, stretching feeling that spread from beneath his tail into his guts. The fact that it was two dicks doing it instead of one made it all the better; the sense of thickness, of where the shafts were, kept changing as the monster shifted position, and it made him feel all the more *used*.

“Mmmm, go on...You gotta be better than that,” he teased.

“Oh, you want it hard, hmm?”

“Well, what sort of Fucker would I be if I didn’t?”

“Okay, if you think you can take it...”

Nat wondered, at least for a second, if the hybrid thought that he wouldn't be able to take it. He wondered if Alek would make some attempt to go from one body to another, to try and take him over rather than just be milked out.

He rather hoped he'd try. It'd been a long time since he had that sort of fight.

He yelped as he was suddenly picked up, held behind his knees, only to moan as he felt those dual dicks slam all the way into him. The monster's balls swung forward, slapping against his ass, reminding him of the sheer size and heft that the other guy had.

As Alek started bouncing him up and down, slamming into him, the smaller green lizard just looked at the camera on the wall and grinned.

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Rumiir shook his head as the show continued. The blue dragon rubbed his forehead as Alek reamed Nat from behind, the lizard's toes curling as his hefty ass bounced every time that the monster slammed inside of him.

"Did I say a challenge?" he muttered under his breath. "I obviously underestimated him...and overestimated Alek..."

Sighing, he pushed himself out of his chair, pulling at the tight black suit jacket he wore before adjusting his tie. Regardless of his own disappointment – he had been hoping to take the wind out of his Fuckers' sails, just a bit – he knew that it was for the better. BIF needed to run smoothly if they were to continue keeping their lack of oversight, after all.

"With me."

Two nameless assistants fell into step behind him as he left the command module, stepping out into a shining, white corridor. The cameras all faced the other way, towards the elevator that led to his chambers, and so did the security measures. Automatic weapons and more, all ready to slow down anything that was coming after the administrator of BIF.

Beep, beep.

Sighing, he pulled his phone from his pocket.

"Yes?"

"This is Magnus," said the alligator demon on the other end. "Just letting you know that everything's wrapped up in the records room. Engy's finishing with Kevin in the infirmary. Permission for the rest of the day off?"

The blue dragon arched an eyebrow, then sighed.

“Permission granted.”

“You don’t have to sound so sour about it.”

“You would, too, if your subordinates were asking for the day off so early.”

“We’ve been on-shift for fourteen hours, to be fair.”

“There’s sixteen hours in the day.”

“...Yeah, we’re going, now. Talk to you tomorrow, boss.”

Click. Rumiir put his phone back in his pocket and resumed his journey to the elevator. He was halfway there when his phone started ringing again, only this time, it was a very different ringtone...and not one that he was looking forward to answering.

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Kevin groaned as he followed Lorkos and Magnus to the break room. The fox rubbed his ass, shaking his head.

“I don’t think the doctor had to go that far with that prostate massage,” he muttered.

“You were *partially* corrupted,” Engy – the head of BIF’s medical department – stated with more than a little amusement in his voice. “So, yes, I did.”

“Be thankful he didn’t use his dick,” Magnus said from further up. “He’s done that before.”

“Only a few times, to be fair,” the yellow dragon admitted.

Kevin shook his head. The fox was still sore in the backside, despite only taking a couple of fingers back there, and his balls ached.

Admittedly, it had been necessary, and even he would admit that in the privacy of his own head. Alek’s musk had been more potent than he’d thought, and it had settled into his head and body. Not enough to convert him into a cultist, but enough to give him a hard-on that wouldn’t go away, and more than enough to keep his asshole twitching. It wasn’t unpleasant, but it had been distracting.

He glared out of the corner of his eye at the doctor that had ‘cured’ him. The yellow dragon at his side wore his usual white lab coat, his arms – one scaly, one metal and robotic – clasped behind his back as he walked on. He didn’t seem in the least embarrassed or apologetic for what he did; if anything, he seemed to have a bit of a hard-on from it.

The fox shook his head as soon as he realized that he was looking at it, forcing himself to stare forward instead. The last thing he needed was for anyone to think that he needed more treatment, particularly after the last round had gone...

Blushing, he tried to push the mental image out of his head with minimal success. He'd been tied down on an exam table, his legs propped up, and –

Squelch.

The reminder of just how much lube had been slathered over and shoved in his ass didn't help, either. He walked funny, some of it running out between his ass cheeks and soaking the back of his underwear. Kevin grumbled under his breath, swearing vengeance on Alek if he ever saw him again. His rim was a bit sore from the fingering, but it was the raw blow to his dignity that made it sting more than anything else.

Much as everyone else seemed to take the sexuality of their jobs in stride, Kevin fought to keep it out of his life. He wanted to do what was right. He wanted to make sure that everybody was safe. Just because it was so tempting didn't mean they had to give into it...

They kept walking down the hallway, occasionally passing by other BIF agents. Some Hunters that were coming back from field ops, some Speakers that were theorizing about different demon and monster interactions, some Fuckers that had obviously just done their jobs a little too well – and leaving messes as they walked by – and more passed by. Some nodded, some ignored him and the rest of their little group, just like any other workplace.

The break room was half-full when they arrived. New as he was, the fox didn't recognize any of them, particularly as most of them were out of uniform. None of them wore the hunting suits of his branch, nor the lab coats that marked those that worked under Engy or the other science officers. Nobody had the formal suits and ties of the Speakers, and nobody wore the latex suits of the Fuckers.

No, they were just...people. And it was all the odder for him to see that.

He let himself be led to one of the tables, sitting at the edge of it. Lorkos the wolf muttered something about grabbing food and drinks for the both of them, and Kevin accepted that with an idle nod, more intent on sorting himself out.

Well, I didn't expect that for my first real mission, but...I didn't get fucked.

That was something, at least. The monster they'd hunted hadn't corrupted him enough to make him bend over and get fucked. Sure, there'd been a bit of corruption, but not nearly enough for him to count himself as a failure.

“Mmmmm...”

The fox looked up at the low moan that got louder before finally cutting off. A lizard, green-scaled and dressed in a ripped black latex suit, sat down beside him. The squelch from below was as loud as one might have imagined, and he blushed as he realized that the reptile must have been one of the Fuckers just off-shift. He struggled to say something, but Magnus spoke before he could.

“Couldn’t have showered before showing up?” the alligator asked jokingly.

“And ruin my reputation? Hardly.” The lizard chuckled. “Besides, Fuckers take it as a badge of honor. Every creampie is another monster you beat.”

“Anything significant about this one?” Engy asked, sitting down on the opposite side of the table. “Magnus filled me in on powers, but I tend to prefer your department’s insights on physicality.”

“Oh, nothing special. High stamina, low refraction period,” the lizard said, shaking his head. “Kind of expected more from someone with that level of pheromones, but – Ooooh, now that’s interesting.”

To Kevin’s surprise, Magnus, Engy, Lorkos – hell, everyone that was at the table – suddenly scooted to the far ends of it. He was trapped in the corner, unable to pull himself in any direction except away, and he was too tired for that. The fox blinked, looking around for some sort of explanation.

Lorkos came to his rescue.

“He’s still got the monster inside of him,” the wolf grunted. “Are you nuts, Nat? You know protocol.”

“I’ll put him in the vault tomorrow morning,” the lizard – Nat – said with a shrug. “Come on. With the work I put in, I deserve one night.”

“...It’s on your head if he gets out and takes control of you, you know that, right?” Magnus said.

Kevin was too busy staring at the lizard to really hear what was being said. The Fucker still had the monster inside of him?! No wonder everyone had jumped away; what person in their right mind would want to keep one of those inside them for longer than absolutely necessary?

Monsters and demons alike tended to be very possessive of their hosts, and Fuckers were the only real way to get them out without going through long, extended, risky rituals. There was something to the way that two bodies ground together that weakened and distracted the possessing entity, from what he’d been told, and enough pressure from outside could force the possessor out.

Then it was up to the Fucker to keep the thing suppressed until it could be put into the vault, where BIF kept everything that didn't make a deal – like Magnus – but couldn't just be outright destroyed. As far as he knew, most Fuckers were eager to get rid of their passengers.

“You're all crazy...” he muttered.

“Hey, that's what makes this job fun,” Nat said. “Now, come on. I got him under control, and he's going to have a fun time in my head. Let's talk about something outside of work. Anyone see that new supernatural show?”

Engy was the first to perk up and grin, and the rest soon followed. Kevin shook his head, taking his food from Lorkos and digging in.

They're nuts. Completely nuts...and they're the only things standing between the rest of the world and the insanity that lives in the dark...God help us.

The End