

KIT AND HOUND DO TEQUILA

An Interview at the Compound

FOR THE SECOND time in a brief period, I walked into the Chaos Compound.

This time, however, there was only Hound sitting, partially slumped into the bar.

There was a bottle of Herradura on the bar in front of him. And a shotglass.

The premier Chaos welcome: A good bottle of tequila plus a shotglass so I didn't have to suck it back from the neck. How Hound would be drinking it, I didn't have to guess.

Hound was grinning at me.

I wasn't sure if I took this as a good sign.

"You blew those bitches' minds," he declared.

I rolled my eyes as I moved the rest of the way toward him. "Don't call my readers bitches."

"Totally blew their minds," he muttered, still grinning, but now pouring a shot of tequila.

I dumped my purse on the bar and took a seat beside him.

He slid the shotglass to me and his eyes to my bag. "My boy Snapper buy you that bag?"

"No," I replied.

Snapper had bought me something from Chanel.

What could say? I was a proud designer whore and I used every book release as an excuse to exercise my whoredom.

I grabbed the glass and threw back the shot.

Smooth.

The second I put it back to the bar, Hound filled it.

This time, after he did, his eyes came to me.

"Wanna explain that cliffhanger in Snap's story?" he suggested.

"Your story was supposed to come out in April. It wasn't supposed to be that long of a wait. But then I got it in my head to release Shirleen and Moses's story, and my publishers wanted to put out Stellan and Sixx's story in May, so you got pushed back."

"You know I'm not feelin' that." He was getting growly.

"Sorry, dude." I shrugged and shot the second glass. After blowing out a breath with an elongated, "Ahh," I put the glass to the bar and finished, "It's the way of the biz."

He filled it again, but once done, didn't partake.

I wrapped my fingers around my glass but didn't lift it.

"Aren't you gonna join me?" I asked.

"Thinkin' of gettin' you drunk so you'll spill," he replied.

"This is supposed to be *my* interview with *you*, Hound. Not *you* interviewing *me*," I pointed out.

"Babe, are those bi—, I mean readers gonna get my story?" he returned.

"Yes," I stated the obvious.

"So you don't need to interview me since they're gonna be getting everything anyway," he pointed out.

“True.” I leaned into him, smiling. “But I thought we’d do a deep dive into your psyche.”

“That is *not* gonna happen.” Definitely growling now.

I leaned back, still smiling, and decided to sip at this shot. I wasn’t exactly driving home, seeing as I’d gotten here by way of the channels of my mind, but I felt it necessary to have most of my wits about me.

“So, give me something,” he demanded.

“About you?” I asked.

He nodded.

“Hell no,” I refused.

His brows shot up “Why not?”

“And spoil your fun?”

His brows came down and he got a satisfied look on his face.

It worked for him.

Huge.

“So I have fun,” he stated.

“Most of the time,” I muttered over the rim of my glass before taking a sip.

He frowned.

That worked for him too.

Huge.

“You’re not gonna spill, are you?” he noted.

I shook my head and added to that negative, “Nope.”

“Right, then . . . Rush.”

I put my glass back to the bar and gave him my full attention. “Rush?”

“Got anything to give about him?”

“Uh . . . he finds a woman,” I said.

“You do write romance novels,” he reminded me of something I didn’t need reminding. “I was guessing that.” He poured me another tequila, tipped his head to the glass, but when he demanded, “More,” he wasn’t demanding me to pound it.

“We’ll just say there might be some ‘like father, like son’ stuff happening.”

“Rush almost exclusively fucks red-with-a-tude. This is not a surprise.”

“Hmm . . .” I hummed.

“Okay,” he said like he was going to change tactics. Then he changed tactics. “What was on the picnic table?”

I pressed my lips together.

He straightened from the bar. “Bad?”

“Well, I mean . . .” I bit my lip, released it and shared, “There’s gonna be a twist.”

This visibly did not make Hound happy.

“You mean shit’s gonna get more twisted than it already is with this Valenzuela business?”

I decided to give him something.

It was a little something.

But it was something.

“History may, uh . . . rear its head.”

He leaned toward me and ordered, “Explain.”

I threw up both hands. “Hound! I can’t! I *hate* spoilers. And that would be a *massive* spoiler. *Colossal. Gargantuan!* I’m not gonna do that to my readers.”

“I like spoilers,” he retorted. “Especially when they mean I can duck when the shit hits the fan.”

“You can handle this,” I told him.

“I could handle it better if I knew what *this* was,” he returned.

I stared him right in the eyes. “You can handle this, Hound. You all can. And you will.”

He shut his mouth.

I shot the tequila. Definitely no sipping now. Wits about me be damned.

He took the bottle, put it to his lips, and drew back a healthy dose that meant he’d caught up to me in one swallow.

He put the bottle back to the bar, fingers still wrapped around, and said to it, “You’re gonna miss us.”

I knew what he meant.

I had one book left to write in the Chaos saga. Rush’s.

I couldn’t wait.

And I was utterly dreading it.

I felt myself get choked up. “I’m never losing you.”

He slid only his eyes to me.

“You’re gonna miss us.”

“I’m gonna miss you,” I whispered.

“Don’t forget us,” he said.

“Never.” I shook my head. “Not ever, honey.”

He looked back at the bottle. “It’s been a helluva trip.”

“Yeah it has,” I said softly.

He again turned to me, let the moment lay and then slowly grinned.

“So I have fun?” he asked.

I grinned back. “Lotsa fun, baby. I took care of you for sure.”

His grin turned into a smile, his attention turned to the bottle, he poured me another shot and then lifted the bottle toward me.

I took up my glass.

We clinked.

Then we both downed tequila—me, Kit Style; Hound, Chaos Style.

It was a perfect moment.

The best.

The End