

## INTERVIEW WITH A MONSTER – [HELL ADDITION](#)

### *Hades, one year anniversary*

THIS WAS BULLSHIT.

And Hades ... now known *only* as Kyle ... had witnessed some bullshit in his time so he had the evidence to realize when he was being yanked around by the balls.

“What the fuck did you just say?” He hissed, teeth clenched hard enough to make dust. A hand raked through his hair just to stop himself from choking someone. Nothing changed here, meaning he didn’t need to shave, get a hair-cut, and he wore the same clothes he’d died in.

Hoo-fucking-rah.

Color him fucking thrilled.

Most of his life’s bullshit he’d caused and what a fucking time it had been.

Now though, he dealt with absurdities not of his making and it was causing him a stress headache.

Could he get a headache in Hell? You betcha he could. Those sadistic bastards did it on purpose as an ache began in the back of his skull sounding like termites chewing on his gray matter.

Glaring like he could turn the woman to solid stone with just the power of his mind he waited on her answer. She visibly winced and fumbled with the glass she was holding.

Wasn’t it bad enough he was forced to leave his sanctuary and join the revelry?

*To mingle.* He wasn't social for fucks sake. He didn't like people when he was alive, so it was pure torture he was forced to interact now he was dead.

What part of *stay the fuck away from me, you asshole*, did they misinterpret?

“As I said, you've b-been a-assigned a n-new duty and—”

Kyle didn't much like his last task but at least he'd been left alone and that suited him just fine.

But *this*? Fucking ridiculous.

If he thought it would make a difference he'd complain. But in Hell if you said a word wrong you got placed somewhere worse.

This was his life now.

Or un-life.

Whatever.

He stared at the woman until she cowered. A butterfly trapped in his web. He'd bedded her three times. A wild little thing under her stiff collars and clipboard but he hated her when she brought him bad news.

Kyle turned on his heel, bypassing the table of food he couldn't taste and the drinks that wouldn't get him drunk.

Hell wasn't the party he'd expected. And all this was just *bullshit*.

Down here his reputation preceded him.

Who knew they'd all been watching his contemptable life unfold on the big screen down in the media hall.

Fucking voyeurs just watching and waiting for him to appear in the bowels of his new home. He'd had quite the following on his entrance and for the first few weeks he'd lived on cloud nine, basking in the adoration and respect.

He'd felt like a king on his throne being lorded over by his minions.

And then he'd grown bored.

It wasn't a bad place to live, he'd lived in worse and endured worse still as a boy.

He isolated himself, he didn't have a care to see people he knew when he was alive, his opinion hadn't changed now he was pushing up the daisies.

If anything could have swayed his mind it would have been the day he discovered his parents were down here.

*Those fuckers.*

No joy rang in his heart to ever see them again.

Thank fuck he was on a whole other level or he might have killed that bible bashing, religious asshole a second time.

He'd banged clipboard woman for the first time that day in an alcove in one of the endlessly long corridors.

Partly out of rage flowing through his veins, and in part calculating because he'd discovered she was the one who had sway with the assignments.

Low and behold his sperm donor got reassigned to the worst possible level that same week and wasn't Kyle just tickled fucking pink about it and all it had taken was one popping orgasm to see it done.

At the door he turned and found clipboard woman gazing at him.

He might scare her. Make her jumpier than a wet cat. She might hold her breath when he was near and shake under her sun-kissed skin.

But he could smell an aroused woman easier than French chef smelled his onions.

She wanted him.

They all fucking wanted him.

Adoration, he comprehended, came in insignificant spurts. Like come painting a nice rounded belly or the burn of a scotch down his throat.

He welcomed it when he needed it but dismissed when he didn't.

It was all the same noise to Kyle.

She wasn't *his* sweet love.

None of them would be his sweet love until she was returned to him one day.

And make no mistake *she would be*.

"Lynnetta?" He called out. His voice echoed as he did, bouncing off the cavernous walls decorated in thick patterned paper.

She blinked out of the perusal of his solid body. Naughty little girl.

She might work for the main evil man but make no mistake *he* was her God.

He smirked behind his blank stare.

“Y-yeah, Kyle?”

He ground his back teeth. No one would call him by Hades down here.

So fucking what that the name was already taken.

So was John, Jeremy and fucking Jensen but those bastards got to keep their name.

“You’re going to owe me big for this.” He warned in a dark growl coming out of his mouth.

She nearly swooned out of her stiff-fucking-collared blouse, arousal stinging his nose.

He felt better he’d put the fear and lust in someone as he made his way down the maze corridor. Ignoring all those he passed, never exchanging a word.

Those people in their own purgatory were beneath him.

Holy fuck, he was *bored* and now he had to endure hell-knows how long this would take.

He didn’t make the rules any more and that stuck in his craw big time.

He went where he was told, said what he was ordered to and generally he was a bitch now.

How the mighty had fallen.

He supposed he was lucky he wasn’t told to bend over and hold his ankles.

There were some in the lower ranks whose sole job was to do that.

His job? Yeah, he’d get back to that later and wasn’t he just looking forward to that.

NOT.

Seriously the fucker who ran this joint was as sadistic and inventive as they came.

Kyle had assumed it would be all fire and brimstones down here.

It was far from the truth.

Think medieval mansion with electricity and iPhone's that don't work even though it has all the fucking bars and apps, but nothing connected.

It's food that looks delicious but there's no taste.

It's TV screens that plays only toothache inducing holiday movies all year long.

It's pillows and puppies and all that other bullshit people like and none of the enjoyment.

In Kyle's case he was shown everything he hated most and told to make himself at home.

For a man who had once been accustomed to living exclusively by his hedonistic wants and desires, no matter how debauched or illegal they may be, this truly was his hell.

A guy, at the door he'd been looking for, stood and pulled it open and dared to try to talk to Kyle like they were best buddies.

Here was a clue; his former MC boys were down here too somewhere ... and he hadn't gone looking for them to have a conversation either.

Who did this troll think he was?

Kyle pictured him with a knife protruding from his throat and blood spurting like a river and instantly felt better.

"You have an hour." He was told by the idiot in his khaki pants and pink polo shirt.

An hour. *Jesus*, why not just sentence him to a second death by his dear asshole of a brother? He'd prefer being stabbed to what was behind the door.

But even as he thought about the numerous ways he could get try to get out of it, he knew he never backed down from anything. He tightened his spine and stepped through with a scowl etched ready on his face and was enveloped by blinding light.

See, that was the door to the other side. *Whoopee*.

Nah, not *that* side. He hadn't been transported North. There was more chance of him seeing rainbows coming out of clipboard woman's asshole than there was of Kyle finding a pair of wings glue-gunned to his spine. Make no mistake that was the only way he'd ever get anything heavenly on him.

The other side just meant he was permitted to talk to someone who was still yet breathing for a set amount of time. Hoorah... see sarcasm attached.

There was no running or escaping.

This place had more loop holes than a shady deal with the president. His punishment would be exponentially dire if he even attempted a great escape. And he had no desire to be transferred to the blowjob giving level.

If it existed—which he was pretty-fucking-sure it did.

Kyle knew five things instantly as he walked into the large reception room with its rows of couches, windows with the view of Colorado outside and a coffee table with steaming coffee and a plate of homemade cookies.

1. He could smell the coffee.
2. He could taste the sugar in the air.
3. He was fucking *breathing*.
4. The woman who'd created him on paper was sitting with her ankles crossed and her eyes oh-so-wide as he approached. A little starry eyed and fear mingled together.
5. Before the hour was up she'd be a brand-new broken doll and he felt on top of the world for that thought.

He took a seat opposite, sprawling his legs out in front of him, using his lungs for the first time in ... how long?

"How long have I been dead for?"

"Time's funny. But it's been a little over two years."

"Yeah, laugh a minute." He snarked even if he was glad to have a respite out of that place for this hour. His old manipulation tricks flooded back into his mind

and he smirked really slowly, staring her down. She didn't flinch like he wanted her to. But there was time yet.

“So, to what do I owe this pleasure? You must have pulled some strings to arrange this. Either that or you're crazy. Did a good girl have to get on her knees for this?”

She chuffed a little girl laugh, and Kyle calculated his next move.

Why was he even *bothering*?

And why was he hearing bible verses all of a sudden when he hadn't recalled one in all this time?

It must have something to do with him breathing again messing with his wiring. He leaned forward... *abhh there*, she flinched away from his impending touch and he smiled on the inside. He grabbed her coffee, he needed it more than she did and fisted three cookies too. “*Don't fear, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by name; you are Mine. Isaiah 43.1*” He recited in a darker tone as if the words had always been on the tip of his tongue. He'd once hated his early years bible lessons from his tyrannical father but there was nothing but strange sentiment as he wished the words back into his mouth.

“How is it where you are?”

Kyle scoffed and glared across the table, waited until he swallowed the too-sweet cookie, the sensation was eye-rolling good. “You cut into my busy day to ask me that? Lady, you need better material. It's peachy, we hug puppies all day long.”

Rather than scaring her she laughed at him and his blood boiled.

“Tell me something.” He was almost distracted with his train of thought when he gulped a mouthful of the coffee. Fuck, he'd missed taste. “If I'm all bad as my little fan club thinks, what does it say about you that I'm slithering around in your frontal lobe—good girl with all the nasty thoughts?” He accused, smugness lifting up the corner of his mouth.

He'd missed mind games too.

“It says I have a healthy imagination and a logistical reasoning for understanding someone who is aware of right and wrong but chooses the latter every time because he thinks that’s who he should be.”

The brown-haired toy looked smug when she said it.

Kyle smirked. “Or you’re just a little sicko like the rest of us. Only I never hid who I was.”

“Can we talk about your brother ... Hawk?”

Fire ripped through his mind, setting alight to his intellectual logic as easy as touch paper. Metaphorical ash drifted around his boots

“If you know what’s good for you, you won’t mention him again.”

Dummy didn’t listen. “You have countless siblings. Why is it this one who ruffles your feathers? If you have no personal feelings toward Hawk, your reaction would be at zero. Instead I think I can see flames in your eyes.”

“Do you want to know why?” Kyle grated through his clenched teeth. He was drained of energy and life ... yet both on this side flowed through him. A fine wine of pretense and that just pissed him off. It was like taking Viagra to gain a stiff dick. The sensation was fake and would last about as long as an orgasm and then go back to being redundant flapping between the legs.

This death wasn’t working out for him at all.

“Take a look at his life. That jackass had it worse than I did and yet he gets the rainbow, he got patched in when I worked harder than he did, he gets to have the good life? How is it fair? I hate that fucking guy for every piece of pig-shit luck he fell in to.”

“You could have had the same life, Kyle. Can you admit most of your decisions were the wrong ones?”

He rolled his piercing eyes. “Bored. Next.”

“So, what you’re saying is you’re jealous of Hawk.”

Kyle tried to tell the idiot woman to go fuck herself, no insult would come. Goddamn the rules. “*Fudge* you so *frogging* hard, lady.”

She actually giggled and wrote more on her little pink pad with the stupid unicorn pen. What, was she five?

“Go to *fridging* hell.”

“Thank you. Now do you want to tell me about the time when...”

On and on she droned, listening and writing notes like he was president of the United states of Hell and for a hot second Kyle forgot where he was because she hung off every story and secret he shared from his life as leader of the Raging Rebels.

Like he *mattered*.

Like he hadn't been forgotten about.

Someone went to the trouble of arranging to speak to him... they'd remembered once upon a time he'd existed.

He'd heard he had quite a cult following up top too.

Flattering.

Bitches always did like a bad boys dick better.

Something akin to an emotion pinged in his chest and he could only hope it was a true death claiming him.

Not this half measure bullshit where he existed only to be tortured day in and day out.

He wanted the oblivion. He was promised it for fucks sake.

Hadn't he been the monster he was born to be? Surely he'd merited a fitting death for the atrocities he'd committed.

Or as he liked to call them ... fun.

“Do you feel remorse?”

“No. Next question.”

“None?”

“Are you *frozen* deaf?”

Goddamn it. "Fuck." He tested aloud and heard the word just fine. He could curse. He just couldn't curse directly at her. Just another way to castrate the masculinity out of him. Misery like slime rushed through his cold veins.

"I don't believe you don't feel even a little bad for what you've done in those last three years of your life."

Images of his sweet love zipped through his mind and he tightened his back teeth. If he had it in him he'd say he missed her fighting spirit, the way she fought and broke in front of him and the way her tears sparkled on her pale lashes.

Yeah, if he had it in him he could miss her.

"Because you have an idealistic romantic view of me like all *fudging* women do. I showed exactly who I was from the beginning. I killed my father in cold blood when I was a boy and then I hid his body. What part of that said I was in any shape or form a good ...*likeable* person?"

She didn't take the bait and Kyle's shoulders slumped. There was a time he could play with his food ... make it bleed and beg and watch the terror fill its eyes. He was getting nothing from this one and he felt .. sad.

Yeah, sad. What hope did he have if he couldn't scare one pathetic smiling human?

"Do you ever think about Dana and what life you could have had with her?"

Tap. Tap. Tap. That unicorn pen wrapped on the top of her notebook causing a storm of repetition drumming in his brain.

Pain he hadn't felt in a long time stabbed through his sternum.

The first sweet love.

He did think of Dana, much to his own torment and before a flippant retort could leave his tongue he found himself saying.

"I looked in on her once. I wanted to make sure she was fine...rich girls don't live in the real world, not when they've been pampered like poodles from birth. Dana was pathetically naïve."

"So you cared for her?"

What did that even mean? He'd liked using her body and her worship wasn't tedious most of the time, he hadn't minded her fawning, it did his ego good, though she'd used him for her own reasons.

Even that last time he saw her. Confusing sex...sneaky sweet love. Had he known she was conniving he might have reconsidered keeping her.

But as far as caring?

He wouldn't want to see her dead; did that mean he cared?

Like everyone else on earth, she'd made her bed and settled for baseball Zach and lived a mediocre life with a husband who fucked around as much as he fell into a bottle. He didn't feel guilty for it that he'd helped set her on that path by giving her a taste of his badness.

He owned his shit, so should the prom queen. She'd use him first for his reputation, to make her own good girl skin feel like she was worthy. And then later she'd hopped on his dick like she'd been ordering sperm online.

Kyle leaned forward with his arms braced to his knees and looked over at the girl scribbling on the paper.

She was getting her money's worth ... or whatever she'd offered up for this interview. It would please him to know she'd had to hurt to get this from him.

She should have to work for his time...as all women should.

"Tell me about Cain." He demanded and watched her head fly up, eyes wild and a little frightened before they flattened out.

"I don't know what you mean."

He snorted. She needed to get up early to get one over on him.

You can't con a con man; didn't anyone know that?

"Cain. *My son*. Gotta admit, that was a fast plot twist you pulled on me. Didn't see it coming until it was too late, and I was already down here. I might have had to kill you for it."

She fiddled. She fidgeted. She avoided his eyes.

“Every man wants a part of himself out in the world.” Her trembling, reasoning voice pleased him and calmed some of the roar between his ears.

He’d been pissed off at the time, seeing red he’d even tried to break out of the hell he called home.

Much to his own repeated failure, he was just tossed back again and again. Just as well, because what was he gonna do with a small kid anyway if he’d succeeded? He knew nothing of raising a child.

Now, when he found the opportunity—he looked in on Cain. He was a ten-year-old hellion on wheels who used his fists a lot and was so mouthy.

It made a monster all proud as shit.

“Not me,” he hardened his voice and his stare. He wouldn’t give any of his thoughts away. “Not unless it’s dripping off the faces of women. Tell me, are you volunteering? I have a few minutes left.” He smirked and watched her face flame.

“I...eh. I don’t think so.”

Kyle twitched a darker grin and rose to his much taller height, just so she’d have to stretch her neck back to look up at him.

He was petty as fuck, but he lived in fucking Hell, let him have his tiny pleasures.

“You’ll do right by my boy, you hear me?”

He watched her swallow and her fingers jolted on the pen.

Made her nervous, did he? Delicious yet empty. He didn’t even get a lick of gratification out of it... not like his sweet love.

“I think that’s up to him, Kyle.”

“You’ll do as you’re *frostbiting* told!” Jesus fucking hell. How was his threats to be taken seriously when she was sitting there giggling?

Saved by the buzzer. A light flashed above his head indicating his time was up. The closer Kyle walked to the door he’d come through the more his senses began to deaden again. No longer could he taste the coffee he’d gulped nor feel the rush of air through his lungs.

He wasn't one to dwell. He'd always dealt with the hands that came to him, good and bad and the ones he'd cheated himself.

He missed living, not even gonna lie about it. But down here wasn't so bad. It could be worse.... He could be in the other place with the happy clappy idiots singing on clouds and helping bastards get their utopia.

No thanks.

He'd deal with the fires and prostate damnation.

He turned before he exited, wondered why she was smiling. Not as if he'd been nice to her for fucks sake. Women were weird.

Her smile grew ... almost as if she knew what he was compelled to say ... and why wouldn't she, she'd made him. His growl formed harshly because he hated being out of control. "You remember what I said, girl. Do right by my boy, give him a chance to be...different."

Was that him caring? Had he grown as a deviant?

He almost mentioned sending love to his sweet love, but that was for him alone.

"Oh and.... Tell Rider and Hawk, I'll be seeing them one day."

He smiled to himself. That shit was a fact.

And he'd be ready to see his enemy and his brother.

The heat welcomed him back.

His throne would be waiting.

Not even a piece of cake to celebrate his day.

Man, he couldn't catch a break even if he were Zach the fucking baseball player.