For my bonus content, I thought I’d offer up a text exchange between a few of my characters from *Firebug* and *Pyromantic*. Enjoy!

Ezra: I have a problem. It’s an emergency.

Ava: If your send me a follow up text saying your problem is “being too sexy” I’m blocking your number.

Lock: Other non-emergency problems: being out of bacon, being bored, and pretty much every problem you text me about.

Ezra: You wound me.

Lock: I wish.

Ava: Huh, Lock’s going dark. Usually that’s my response.

Ezra: Focus. It’s my date.

Lock: A bad date is also a non-problem.

Ezra: I disagree. Also, every date with me is amazing by default because I’m involved.

Ava: I would mock your ego, but I honestly believe you.

Lock: Okay, I’ll bite—what’s wrong with your date?

Ezra: They aren’t here. We were supposed to meet twenty minutes ago.

Lock: You’ve been stood up. Welcome to the real world. It happens.

Ezra: Maybe to you, peasant.

Ava: And they didn’t call or text to say they were running late?

Ezra: People do that?

Lock: I hate you a little bit right now.

Ava: Okay, I’m actually a little concerned. Ez’s dates are usually early. Like almost comically so.

Lock: ...damn it. You’re right. Let me ask around. Data?
Ezra: New bartender in Heaven. Name starts with a K.

Ava: That's seriously all you have, isn't it?

Ezra: I don't like to remember their names until the second date. My mind is a valuable tool and I don't want it cluttered.

Ava: I agree on the “tool” part. I can’t believe you don’t remember their names.

Ezra: It is not a reflection of their worth, my petal. Obviously they are paragons or they wouldn’t get a first date.

Lock: Yes, yes, because you wouldn’t bestow your glory on just anybody.

Ezra: Yes. Exactly.

Lock: I’m just going to text Bianca now to see if she has any information.

Ava: Thank you. Please end this conversation.

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Lock: Are you missing a bartender—new to Heaven? Name starts with a K?

Bianca: New witch upstairs is in the infirmary. Got in a disagreement with a harpy. Like a literal harpy, not a metaphoric one. Stitches. Knocked her head pretty good. Couldn’t get much out of her—just “Easton’s at eight!” over and over. Whatever that means. Hysterical over it. Had to sedate, in the end.

Bianca: How did you know?

Lock: They’re late for a date. Easton’s is a restaurant.

Lock: He’s going to be insufferable.

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Lock: Your date’s in the infirmary.

Ava: Unconscious, I assume. Otherwise they would have crawled to the restaurant. What happened?


Ava: Stars and sparks, I was kidding. Are they okay?
Lock: Hysterical over a missed date, apparently.

Ezra: I knew there was a good reason.

Lock: It took a vicious attack, but someone finally stood Ezra up.

Ezra: Nonsense. I will take the date to them.

Ava: In an infirmary?

Ezra: I will be there. It will be magical. My dates deserve the best, after all. Me.


Ezra: Fantastic. Also, Lock?

Lock: Yes?

Ava: Wait for it...

Ezra: We are out of bacon. You should get on it.

Lock: And there it is.

Ava: Oooo, I would also like bacon. And pie. Bring pie.

Lock: I am blocking both of your numbers.

Ezra: but Loooooooolock.

Ava: But bacoooooooon!

Lock: Fine. FINE. I hate you both.

Ava: I want lemon, or maybe peach.

Lock: You will get what pie I give you and like it.

Ava: 😊