

Erique wanders around a flower shop on the edge of the Royal City and the Smoke. It is full of vibrant hues and a wide array of plants. Erique is perusing the flower section, looking for some flowers for Sarin. He is absorbed in his shopping, and doesn't immediately notice Isaac Dressen, who does not notice Erique as he directly passes him. His left foot is fully bandaged and his hands are shaking. Erique turns to look at more flowers and notices Isaac.

Erique: ...Isaac? Is that you?

Isaac: *(he freezes)* Eric.

Erique: I've actually been hoping to run into you... I've been doing some thinking lately.

Isaac: I see. *(he keeps walking)*

Erique: ...I want to apologize.

Isaac: I see. Is it about killing the child?

Erique: *(he recoils in shock)* goodness no! My child is alive and well! That reminds me, I also wanted to thank you. Being her father has brought me great happiness, and a sense of completeness.

Isaac: You adopted her.

Erique: of course! The poor dear needed someone to look after her, help her to grow, and hone her skills. At first, I only did so because that is what you tasked me to do, but now I think I would do it even if you told me not to. *(he smiles widely)*

Isaac: That is not what I asked you to do.

Erique: *(he laughs as well)* well, it is what I shall do for as long as I possibly can. I love my child. I'm going to buy my little princess warrior a flower crown. Perhaps made of roses. *(he clears his throat)* Anyways, back to what I was saying. About apologizing. I am sorry for the way I treated you earlier. It was rather rude of me, and I should have done better to respect your boundaries. You think I, the eccentric recluse, of all people would be able to understand the concept of boundaries. I truly am sorry, and do hope we can continue to be acquaintances, the kind that-

Isaac: I plan on never returning to this place again. It is good to see you have learned basic decency.

Erique: *(chuckles)* thank you. *(he offers his left hand for a shake)* perhaps a little gentler this time, Mr. Dessen?

Isaac: *(he stares down at the hand, eventually shaking it)* Interesting you would choose to bring that up. Do you know what my task was when I reluctantly took shelter in your opera house?

Erique: No, I haven't a clue.

Isaac: I killed strange creatures, such as ones that healed unhealable wounds. I am told they crawled out of some kind of pool. *(he turns around to go deeper into the store)*
Interesting coincidence, yes?

Erique: they are perhaps distant relations of mine. We most likely have the same creator.

Isaac: *(he pauses)* You have changed.

Erique: I have, yes. I have learned that there is more to life than my original purpose of acting, murder, arson, and aggressively yearning after attractive men to no avail.

Isaac: I was referring to your newfound honesty. *(he pauses again)* In truth, I am attractive?

Erique: Yes, rather so. Any future lover of yours is very lucky. You are good-looking, brave, and true of heart.

Isaac: I still cannot believe that. Surely he must see something else in- *(Isaac's eyes widen and his speaking becomes more hurried)* When I said 'he' I was referring to your hypothetical future lover.

Erique: *(his eyes light up, grins at him)* you've found someone? Aww I'm so happy for you! Oooh are you here to get him flowers? What is his name?

Isaac: *(he sighs)* Plants, actually. It should be somewhat representative of all plants and thrive in very little light. It needs to be the right one. *(his hands are shaking, and he is looking at the ground)* If it is not the right one, then he might not *(he can say no more)*

Erique: I think that no matter what plant you get, it will be the right one. Do you know why? Because it came from you, and that will make it incredibly special to him.

Isaac: It needs to be the right one.

Erique: I can help you pick it out, if you would like.

Isaac: *(his hands continue to shake)* That... is reasonable.