

[David Lance POV]

Per my therapist's orders, I was on forced leave. Which meant no hero work for the time being.

Thus, my days now mostly consisted of going to school, and training in the afternoons with Oliver and Dinah. Personally, I like to think things were getting better every day.

I was taking things one step at a time. Doing things that I liked, like taking art classes, or spending hours in the local library, just reading for the sake of reading.

My weekly talks with Diana and J'onnn truly felt like they were helping me.

I felt better. Not entirely. But better in general.

I had the occasional nightmare, sure. But all and all, I was slowly working my way out of my own problems.

It also helped that I had things to keep me occupied, like dealing with my new power, and the possibilities it brought. Like talking without my hands.

Jon Jonzz was teaching me how to control this new power of mine between sessions, often during the nights when I had nothing to do, and according to him, we were making hasty progress.

By what he had said, my psychic powers would never develop outside their main directive. Which was protecting my mind against all attacks. In his own words, all other applications of my psychic abilities would be noticeably weakened outside my own head.

I was okay with that.

I mean, I was getting a nearly indestructible psychic shield, and a form of limited telepathy as a combo, which in all honesty was more than I could've asked for.

Outside training, and therapy.

School was going fine.

I was actually considering graduating early, to avoid wasting my time there any longer than there was any need to. I wasn't learning anything I didn't know already.

Be that as it may, I had decided to wait for the time being. To avoid worrying my sister more than anything else.

Beyond that, life for the most part remained the same.

There were some changes here and there, like Dick ghosting me.

I had no idea why he was ignoring me all of a sudden, but I didn't need to be Batman to know it had something to do with what had happened.

But to each their own.

He had to deal with his demons like I had to deal with mine.

I would give him an adequate amount of time, before confronting him.

Until then, I would respect his choice.

Other than that, I guess things were the same.

“Are you going to the library today?” Dinah asked, opening the door of my room about halfway, to which I nodded. A book a day kept the bad memories in my head away. “Do you need a ride?”

At this, I paused for a second. Inwardly debating whether I wanted to take the bus, or not, before giving her another nod. I would use the bus money for snacks.

“Well, I’m leaving in a few. So, if you want a ride, get ready,” Dinah nodded, closing the door as she left.

I smiled, walking towards my closet, grabbing a set of clean clothes before walking into my bathroom to take a quick shower. I still reeked of yesterday’s training.

I hadn’t had the time to take a shower yesterday.

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After Dinah dropped me off, I made my way down to the library, buying some gum along the way. Inside the library, I waved at the librarian who was most likely by this time used to seeing me almost on a daily basis.

With that done, I went to my usual reading spot, located between the history section and the economics one, because for the most part, it was always empty, allowing me to read in peace, uninterrupted.

However, upon reaching my spot, instead of finding nothing but books no one had checked out in years alongside dust, I found a girl sitting on my spot reading, wearing a dark cloak that was wrapped up around herself.

I honestly had no idea what to do now. Never before I had encountered someone in my spot, so I wasn’t sure how to react to this unexpected development.

“I’m sorry, was this place taken?” The girl asked, in a soft tone.

I shook my head. The rules of the library were like the rules of the jungle, first come first serve. She had won the race today.

“I can leave, it’s really no problem,” The girl said, her constellation violet-blue eyes staring into mine. Her eyes were quite probably the most beautiful ones I had ever seen, the color alone was breathtaking.

I shook my head again, taking out my notepad, to write. “It’s okay, I usually read here... But I can always change the scenery.”

The girl said nothing, her eyes on me as if scrutinizing me down to my soul.

“I can’t talk... I’m mute,” I added on another note. In case she was confused as to why I was using notes to communicate with her, I mean, not all people immediately assumed I was mute based on the notes, some simply thought I was weird at first.

~I know sign language,~ The girl signed, perfectly might I add, giving me a short nod.

I smiled, putting my notepad back. ~Well, in any case. Feel free to use the spot, I really don’t mind.~

After all, I had a backup spot, hiding in the DVD documentary section of the library.

~I would feel better leaving you this spot,~ The girl replied.

I sighed, ~We can share the spot then? I come here for the silence this little spot offers, and if you came here for the same, well, it doesn't get any quieter than me.~

The girl nodded, accepting my offer, ~That would be acceptable.~

~Very well then, a pleasure to share this secluded spot with you...~ I drawled, trying to get her name. Even though I would be totally okay with calling her mystery girl.

~Rachel Roth.~

I smiled, taking a seat a few feet away from her, ~David Lance.~