

[David Lance POV]

I walked down the street towards the library, carrying some snacks and books to return on my black-colored backpack that was neatly strapped to my back.

I was on my way to meet with Rachel after two weeks of not having seen her, and well, I was happy. It wasn't anyone's fault I hadn't been able to visit her until now, but as things happen, life has kept the both of us busy, dealing with different problems, some of them related to the events that had made me run away with her in order to help her clear her name.

But that was neither here nor there, as most of those tides had cleared, leaving nothing but a good in-between, so to speak.

"Two hotdogs and a soda for 3.99!"

I stopped, my eyes glancing at the hotdog vendor before checking on my clock; I still had time.

Smiling, I approached the hotdog stand, giving the man a five-dollar bill, asking for a combo and two sodas with a few gestures of my hand, which, thankfully, the man understood without much problem.

"Coming right up, boss!" The hotdog guy said, smiling wide, as he went to prepare my lunch.

I smiled, giving him a small nod as I patiently waited for my food on the side, texting Dinah I would be late today, to not wait for me. I had plans

for today; I wanted to hang out with Rachel around the city, showing her some cool places I had learned to love here and there, and because of that, I simply had no time to have dinner with Dinah and Oliver.

[Ok, remember to have something healthy to eat, and yes, that doesn't include hotdogs...]

I smiled at the text before putting my phone back in my pocket as I caught sight of the hotdog guy finishing my order.

“Here you go, boss, two house specials!” The hotdog guy said, giving me a small box that contained in it my order. Nice touch for a street vendor.

I smiled, taking the box from his hands before leaving a five-dollar tip on his tip jar.

“Thanks, boss!”

I waved at him warmly before continuing on my path to the library. Opening the hotdog box to dig in on my lunch, taking the first bite that was, much to my delight, superb in every meaning on the way for a hotdog.

I might have found the one for me in the hotdog world.

Smiling at the thought, I continued walking towards the library, finishing my lunch quickly with three bites on each hotdog, leaving me with two sodas in each hand.

I wonder if the three bites thing was the reason so many people were staring at me in aghast as I ate.

I shrugged, pushing that unimportant question aside as the library came into view, practically apparating a big smile on my face the moment my eyes caught sight of it.

Entering the library, I greeted the librarian with a wave before turning to my spot, or as it was now, our spot, as I shared with Rachel, to find her sitting in the very same place I had met her for the first time, reading just like that time.

“I brought some snacks,” Rachel said softly, looking up from her book, a small fleeting smile gracing her face as I took a seat.

I smiled, opening my backpack to show all the vegan snacks I had bought, some with names I doubted anyone could pronounce.

“I don’t know half of those,” Rachel admitted, looking over the goodies before grabbing the bag of snacks she had brought with her, and putting it in the middle for easier reach for me. “I bought dried meat and other similar snacks for you. Though I doubt you will eat any, you just ate hotdogs, I presume...”

I blinked, slowly sniffing the air to see if I smelled like my recent lunch, which made Rachel roll her eyes in amusement. “I don’t need to smell the hotdog in you, to know you ate one... You are a creature of habit, David, you see a hotdog stand, and the primal part of your brain pushes you to go...”

Oh... I see now; she had seen the hotdog guy on her way to the library before me and had connected the dots. ~I feel like I should feel insulted than I am this predictable when it comes to food...~

“I knew the moment I saw the hotdog cart on my way here you would make a quick stop there,” Rachel replied, going back to her book, but not before grabbing one of the snacks I had brought for her.

Ahh, but what she didn't know was that I had the stomach of a superpowered teenager with a godlike metabolism, and therefore, for me, two hotdogs were nothing more than drops of water in the hot desert, under the wrath of three suns!

Grinning at my own inner victory, I grabbed the snacks she had bought and started to dig in. Starting with the dry meats.

“So, what plans did you have for today?” Rachel asked, looking at me devouring the snacks with an unperturbed, almost bored glance.

~Well, I wanted to go and see a movie and then show you around,~ I replied, swallowing what I had been chewing on as I made a small pause to shrug. ~Nothing set in stone, really, besides the movie.~

“I see,” Rachel replied softly, with just the hint of a smile, turning her full attention back to her book.

I smiled, grabbing one of the books she had placed near her in order to read something as I ate.

I had no idea what the future had on hold for me, but for the first time in a long time, I wasn't troubled by the possibility of a tomorrow; things

were looking better and better for me. I was working on my problems, my fears, and more with Diana and J'onn, and it helped Rachel was there to help me as well.

She was a master when it came to meditation techniques. They really helped when it came to dealing with oneself.

All and all, I'm happy.