

[David Lance POV]

Rachel and I made our way through the city, taking in the sights and sounds of the bustling metropolis of Star City. The night was alive with energy, the streets filled with people enjoying the vibrant nightlife.

As we walked with no destination in particular, I couldn't help but get lost in thought, my mind occupied with dark memories that now didn't seem to bother me at all. My encounters with the Joker and Deathstroke and the terrible events that unfolded. I remembered the blood, the fear, the pain, and how, at the time, I had been powerless to stop it.

Yet, for all the details in those memories, I felt nothing upon reliving them in my head. I was finally calm, completely calm. In a way, this felt anti-climactic. I mean, months of therapy and other stuff to finally come to a conclusion after a training trip.

Then again, if one was to analyze my change, the answer was perhaps very simple.

I was a different person then, a scared child who, for all his power, could only stand by and watch as innocent people were slaughtered, at least when it really mattered, all because of fear. That had changed, I wasn't a child anymore, and it wasn't because of the trip.

The trip had helped without a doubt, but while it had helped, it had been nothing but a push, a nudge in the right direction of self-discovery.

Now, however, I was completely confident that I had what it took to survive in this world.

This past year I had honed my skills, my mind, and my soul to the very limit of what I could as of the moment, all in order to confront my demons when the time came; all this training trip had done was to show me, that when the time came, those demons would finally be put to rest.

"You feel happier now..." Rachel muttered without giving me a look, a small smile dawning on her face.

I smiled, nodding three times for good measure. I was, though I had no real idea why, but I wasn't going to question my new and improved state of mind.

Silently, we continued walking for hours, exploring the downtown area of Star City, until Rachel suggested we went to a local vegetarian restaurant she had read about on the web, her stomach growling, a fact she fiercely denied.

Seeing as I had basically eaten a whole cow eight hours earlier with Oliver and was somehow still hungry, I agreed, letting Rachel lead the way towards the restaurant.

By the time we reached the place, which was around twenty minutes after Rachel had announced she was hungry, I was more than famished, so without wasting time, we took a seat, immediately ordering our food.

As we waited for the dishes to arrive, Rachel beamed at me, in her own way, putting her purse, one my sister had given her, on the table.

"I will pay for the meal," Rachel announced, sounding rather proud of the fact.

~My, that's certainly a way to woo me. Quite effective at that,~
I signed, jokingly winking at her.

"If that was my aim, it would probably be best to buy you some hotdogs. Not only it would be cheaper, but it would also be more effective," Rachel shot back without missing a beat, wearing her usual poker face expression.

As we continued to chat, the food arrived, and I had to say, it smelled delicious.

Finished with our meal, we started to make our way back to the house until six muggers cornered us, all in their early

twenties, knives drawn, probably thinking us to be easy targets in a rich neighborhood. Unfortunately for the muggers, we were the farthest thing from easy prey.

"Now, if you two pretty things want to live, you better give us all your money!"

"This is going to be hilarious, sad, but hilarious," Rachel said calmly.

At this, I gave Rachel an amused look, shaking my head ever so slightly, finding her statement to be accurately hilarious, as the six muggers descended on me without any martial coordination. Seeing no point in humoring, I took a step forward, knocking each one of them as they came with a single hit. My calm and collected demeanor throughout the entire altercation being a stark contrast to the dawning realization and panic on the muggers, as they slowly realized the mistake they had made.

However, by the time they had come to understand how hard they had fucked up, it was already too late for anything. Granted, it had taken me around fifteen seconds to knock them all out, and that was because I was literally waiting for

them to come at me, but even then, they barely had time to question the terrible choices that led them to this point.

"My hero..." Rachel said, her right hand on her forehead, like a damsel in distress that had just been saved by the hero in shining armor.

~Indeed, my lady! It is I, The Silent Knight!~ I replied, playing into her joke by doing a cliché heroic pose from a fairy tale book. ~I have for thy rescue! And your hand!~

Rachel snorted at this before recovering her seemingly emotionless face. "Should we call the police?"

I mused at that for a moment, seeing the six unconscious bodies on the street, before reluctantly nodding. I really didn't want to make a police report right now; right now, all I wanted was to sleep, but leaving them here only opens room for them to try and sue Oliver.

America... sigh. Even in the DC Universe, the stupidity of lawsuits follows. It's a universal constant at this point, I think.

"On it," Rachel nodded, taking her phone out to call 911, as I took mine to text Oliver and Dinah in a group text about what had happened. After all, if the cops got annoying, they would have to bail us out as our legal guardians.

[I knew it! My mustache was feeling off! And then this happens!]

[Oliver, for the love of God, your mustach.... why am I even bothering? We are on our way; we'll be there in five.]

[In three. I'm rich.]

[We won't violate traffic laws just because you can pay the tickets!]

"The police are on their way," Rachel said, having finished her call. "The fact this happened in a rich neighborhood really worried them..."

I shrugged. ~Every bracket of society has some lining of corruption. For the cops, even if they aren't bad, is keeping their biggest contributors feeling safe.~