

[David Lance POV]

I entered the League's quarters, where Diana and J'onn waited for me for my monthly session of therapy in a small office designed for these situations. As I sat down, we exchanged brief pleasantries before getting down to business at question.

"So, how have things been since we last spoke?" Diana asked, leaning forward ever so lightly.

I thought for a moment before answering. ~Things have been improving, for the most part, I guess. I mean, I've been keeping busy, which helps.~

"That's good to hear," J'onn said with a short nod. "Anything new or exciting that has made you feel better?"

~Well, I've been hanging out with Dinah, Oliver, and Rachel a lot outside hero stuff, and that's good. Beyond that, I've been training a lot too,~ I replied.

"But the thoughts... still haunt you, don't they?" Diana said softly.

I nodded; after all, when I had decided to embrace therapy to the full extent of its meaning, I had been very aware my problems would take time to fix and that my demons would fight tooth and nail to the very end.

"Can you elaborate on that?" J'onn prompted gently.

~Well, I still have a few nightmares here and there since the Joker's incident,~ I admitted with a sigh. ~Nothing too hard, really. Just memories that come every now and then.~

"That sounds very difficult," Diana said sympathetically. "Is there anything, in particular, that's been triggering these memories?"

I shook my head. ~It's pretty much random. It used to bother me, but now, it's more like an annoyance that wakes me up once every few weeks.~

As the session continued. J'onn and Diana, both encouraged me to be more open about how I was feeling and to express myself more freely. Which was something that I had been struggling with for a long time.

They said that I needed to find a way to express myself so that I could release those feelings and not keep them bottled up inside.

They also gave me some valuable advice on how to deal with my emotions, telling me that it was okay to feel sad, angry, or scared at times. That it was normal to feel those things and that what really mattered was how I dealt with those emotions.

Here and there, they would also remind me there was more to life than being a hero. And that while training like I did was admirable, at times could do more harm than good.

An hour or so later, the session concluded, with them finishing our talk with positive feedback about my progress, telling me if things continued this way, I would soon have no need for these sessions, but that regardless of my need for them, they would always be here for me.

Needless to say, I was more than elated to hear that my progress was being recognized by them in some form of sense. It made me feel like all the hard work I was putting into healing was really paying off. And to know that J'onn and Diana would still be there for me if I ever needed them, well, that meant the world to me.

Done with my session, I said my goodbyes to them and left the building feeling both thankful and hopeful. In a certain sense, I felt like I had made progress in understanding myself and my feelings.

As I left the therapy room, ready to take a shower, I found myself face to face with Batman, who stopped me with his hand, wanting to have a talk about my outstanding job dealing with the drug cartel of Los Santos before it took roots in Star City, and subsequently in Gotham.

"Your skills are improving," Batman complimented in his usual dry tone, and I knew immediately he wasn't talking about my physical improvements but my detective work.

~I try,~ I replied with a nod, feeling both surprised, and honored that the Dark Knight himself was complimenting me; he wasn't one to... do that much. Superman himself, the man one could argue was his best friend, said that Batman had only given him five

compliments since they formed the League, two of which Batman denied were compliments.

"I've been watching you, up close as of lately," Batman continued, his eyes narrowing. "You have potential--a lot of it. Which is why I want to train you."

I raised an eyebrow in confusion. Unsure as to what he meant; I mean, so far, he had already been training me here and there. Most of my detective skills came from him, after all, so from my point of view, it didn't make much sense what he was offering unless he was offering me a full-time sidekick position, but while that would make sense, that didn't fit his profile, so what exactly did he mean by 'train me' if he was already training me to begin with?

"I can see the wheels turning in your head," Batman said, correctly guessing my thoughts. "But this isn't about becoming my sidekick or anything like that."

I breathed a sigh of relief, thankful that wasn't his intention. I mean, I liked working with him and all, but the thought of being his sidekick full-time was a bit daunting, to say the least. Why?

Well... I had read enough comics to know that was a terrible position to have.

~So, what is this about then?~ I asked, still confused about his offer.

"I want to train you so that you can become the best analytical crime-fighter anyone has ever seen," Batman replied without missing a beat. "As I said before, I see a lot of potential in you, and with the right training, I know you can reach great heights."

I was taken aback by his words. ~I'll think about it.~

"Very well," Batman nodded before walking out of sight as he turned into a corner.

I was fully aware before even thinking about it that what he was offering me was a one-of-a-kind deal; the man was quite possibly the best detective this world had ever seen and learning from him would undoubtedly help me improve my own skills.

But... Just as I knew that I knew how my sister would react upon hearing about this offer.

I might have to warn the Dark Knight if I do decide to accept this offer.