

[David Lance POV]

Every other weekend, when time allowed, of course. I would meet Rachel, in the same place, at the same time to read. We hardly spoke to each other.

Nevertheless, even though we rarely exchanged a few words here and there with our hands, mainly to recommend books to one another, I felt like I knew her very well.

Because as reserved as she was, I knew a lot about her, like the fact I knew she had a weight on her shoulders that somehow felt unimaginably heavier than mine.

Funny enough, I was confident she also knew more about me than I could probably imagine. I just knew.

Her eyes carried understanding. Deep understanding. One of a person fully aware of your pain and burdens.

A level of understanding not even my sister had.

Not to say my sister didn't understand my situation. She did, to the best of her ability at least, but no matter how much she tried to comprehend my living predicament, she would never fully relate.

Rachel, on the other hand. Those eyes, they knew, they understood; it was uncanny.

It was really comforting, knowing that you knew someone so well, so deeply, without even talking to them.

I considered her a friend already.

And I hoped she considered me one as well.

Anyhow.

Outside of my time at the library, my training continued, and one of the things I had noticed lately was that my physical strength, durability, and speed were increasing rapidly.

At first, I attributed this increase to my overall physical capabilities to my training.

But soon enough, it became evident my training wasn't giving these insane results. It was impossible for training alone, to do so.

Two weeks ago, I was lifting a ton with relative strain.

Now? I could lift a ton in each hand with the same amount of strain I used to have two weeks ago with one ton alone.

My running theory was that I was hitting my inhuman puberty. Not sure if that was a thing, but that was all I had for now.

Be that as it may. I was happy I was getting stronger, for the most part at least.

I now had to pull my punches because now, punching an average human with anything near my maximum would kill them. Before, I had more room to let loose, more room for error.

That was gone.

But that was okay.

Learning self-control was my thing. My real superpower.

I mean, I was mute by choice for an excellent reason.

So, I was more than sure that learning how to pull my punches would be a breeze. A walk in the park, as Oliver likes to say.

Talking about Oliver, he had been pestering me about Rachel.

I swear to God, he feels like a gossip girl sometimes.

"Hey, kiddo!"

And speaking of the devil.

~Hi,~ I waved at him as he entered my training room. One he had paid for, apparently to compete with Batman or something, because he was insisting, I used his stuff and money instead of Batman's stuff and money.

I honestly didn't care why he was doing this.

Or who gave me my stuff for training, for that matter, all I cared about was having what I required to train.

"So, excited for this weekend in this libraryyy?" Oliver teased, drawing each word out as much as possible.

I deadpanned.

"Come on, kid, no need to be embarrassed; we all had our first crushhhh," Oliver chuckled, skipping like a Disney princess towards me, flowers and everything.

The bastard had brought flowers to throw around, just to annoy me.

~Oliver, I swear to God, I will hurt you,~ I signed, with a mild glare directed at him, my arms crossed.

"I. Don't. Careeee." Oliver drawled, skipping around me, making a circle of flowers as he did so. "I'm your older brother, and it's my duty! No! MY RIGHT! To tease you!"

I raised an eyebrow at that.

"I'm dating your sister, so that gives me rights!" Oliver nodded to himself, reading my look.

I sighed.

"And I don't plan on stopping there! Once I marry her, my brotherly power over you will be UNSTOPPABLE! Muahahahahahaha!" Oliver laughed, pulling a flashlight out of his pocket to illuminate his face evilly.

~So, you plan on asking my sister to marry you?~ I asked, with a faint smile on my face.

"Indubitably," Oliver nodded, twirling his mustache.

~You better seal that deal before she realizes how much of a dork you are,~ I replied with a grin.

Oliver frowned, narrowing his eyes at me, "That's... a good advice. My mustache can only hide my dork-side for so long..." he chuckled.

~Then again, my sister it's also a big dork, so I guess you two are the perfect match for each other,~ I smiled, meaning every word. Oliver and Dinah completed each other; if anyone was to marry my sister, Oliver was the only person I knew would do his best to make her happy.

"Ha! That's true..." Oliver nodded, snickered between breaths. "Please don't tell her I said that..."

"Too late," Dinah muttered behind him, a smile on her face. Which is why I had set him up with my comment; after all, if he was my older brother as he claimed, then it was my duty as his younger brother to get his ass into trouble.

"You did that on purpose..." Oliver narrowed his eyes at me in accusation.

Dinah smiled, showing him her phone, with a text from me that said, Oliver is talking shit about you; come to the basement.

~You evil little bastard,~ Oliver signed with a gasp, his eyes narrowed in betrayal.

~It's my duty as the little brother,~ I winked at him, leaving them to talk.

I needed a shower and something to eat before going to the library. I wonder if Rachel will be there today.