

[David Lance POV]

[Three weeks later.]

After my psychic episode in the Bat Cave, Dinah made the decision to send me to therapy to help me heal, a decision that Batman and Oliver more than approved of.

My therapists being Diana Prince, better known as Wonder Woman, and J'onn J'onzz, better known as Martian Manhunter. According to Dinah, Oliver, and Batman himself, they would be the best to help me through this.

I wasn't particularly happy about this.

I just wanted to forget most of what had happened, not talk about it.

"David," Diana of Themyscira sighed, giving J'onn J'onzz a look. "You need to talk about what happened. You ignore your feelings, your stress, just because you don't like dealing with it. Bottling your emotions will only damage you more in the end."

I need to talk about what happened? What a poor choice of words...

~I'm fine... really... for the most part at least,~ I replied, giving her a tired smile. ~Sure, I got some mental scars from my battle with The Joker, but I know myself, and I know what I need, and that's time...~

I wasn't sure if I believed that anymore to be entirely honest. All I knew was that I wanted to be left alone for a bit, to gather my thoughts.

“David, you have been through a lot, in a short period of time,” J'onn said, his eyes on me. “In less than a year, you have experienced two life and death situations. Keeping the aftermath of both experiences to yourself all in an attempt to avoid being vulnerable. David, being vulnerable does not equate to being weak, it means you acknowledge your own feelings so that you can move past them...”

I hated when people made sense. It made me feel irrational. It's funny, really, a part of me really wanted the help, while another kept saying I would be okay on my own. It was like my own brain was having a debate, and I was somehow losing, even though I was on both sides of the debate.

“We want to help you. But we can only do so if you allow us to help you,” Diana added with a soft smile, her eyes begging me to open up.

I sighed, eyes looking down, ~I... I guess I'm just afraid to admit there's something wrong with me...~

“There's nothing wrong with you! What you are experiencing it's normal, trauma is normal, but if left untreated, unchecked, trauma can

have a lasting impact on how your body responds to stress. This can affect your social, emotional, and physical development down the line,” Diana replied, placing a reassuring hand on my shoulder.

“You have been subjecting your body to a harmful amount of stress during these past few months, to a point, your own body is now locked in a survival state, so to speak,” J’onn added, giving Diana a look. “It’s a natural mechanism most creatures have. Including Martians, where your body keeps you in a state of alert, feeling your life is still in danger, all in order to prepare you for future events, for what-ifs, your brain feels it will have to deal with... However, the brain sometimes it’s very self-destructive...”

“All your body cares for right now, it’s for your survival, but it’s so focused on that, and that only, that it fails to see how it’s hurting you in the process...” Diana nodded.

I really hated how much sense they made.

~And all of this will go away if I talk about it?~ I asked, gazing at them.

“No,” J’onn replied.

“But it will help you overcome the worst part of it,” Diana added. “It’s like a Band-Aid, the faster you rip it off... the less it will hurt at the end.”

Like a Band-Aid, who would've thought, Wonder Woman, of all people would use that analogy. I would laugh if I could.

~Very well then,~ I nodded, giving both of them a warm smile. If opening up would really help me, then I would. All I wanted was for this feeling to go away, and if this was the way, then I am all for it.

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[Harley Quinn POV]

After our wounds were treated at the Arkham asylum clinic, we were taken through the long, narrow corridor of the asylum to our respective holding cells.

There I saw my Pudding.

Side by side, as we were led to our rooms, I caught a glimpse of his eyes, full of charming madness, sensing that something was no longer the same.

Not with him.

With me.

"Pudding, look at me..." I said to Mister J. Who turned his head around seconds after hearing my voice, confirming my suspicions.

Something had changed.

An awakening...

Or rather a discovery...

Mister J's eyes, they had never looked at me like Black Bolt's beautiful eyes, they had never looked at me as if I was the only thing that existed under the whole wide world, no... those eyes only existed for Bats, not me.

Mister J's eyes had never beheld me with such burning intensity.

No one had.

But him...

Black Bolt.

His eyes as he was beating me, existed only for me.

Mister J never loved me, didn't he?

His heart belonged to Batsy, not me.

That look full of burning intensity, of heart-melting madness, of unwavering passion, just for me, made me realize that Mister J had never or would never see me like that.

“Don't worry Harley, we will be out of here in no time, that's a Joker's promise! isn't that right doctor?” Mister J laughed, giving the doctor pushing him a look.

I guess Ivy was right.

I guess everyone was right.

I just didn't want to see it, because I thought I was right about pudding.

But he wasn't my pudding.

I was afraid to admit it.

To accept it, to embrace it.

But it is what it is.

Sometimes you just have to accept the truth, and stop wasting your time on the wrong people, what can ya do about it? ♥