

Out of his brothers Gisil had never been the drinking type. He didn't care for late nights out with friends or the general drunken merriment that his family typically provided, in fact the last time liquor had even touched his lips was on his 21st birthday when his father had shoved a drink in his hands and demanded he down the entire glass. His brothers called him a bore while his mother often praised his sobriety. Yet despite what many had come to assume Gisil had not pushed away the tainted liquid for some noble reason, had he told anyone he surely would have been ridiculed, but he was in fact waiting for the moment when he'd need it most. For years he'd watch his father come home from a particularly taxing day at work with a bottle in hand and he'd watch him drink. His father drank until the pain washed away and as time went by it became much more difficult for the drink to relieve his woes, it was then that he drank more for the mere sport of it. He saw it in his brothers too, the way they clung to their alcohol as if it were a lifeline; they had nothing else to hide behind. The world was an unforgiving place unfit for their kind.

Now on the day of his god father's funeral he sat on his barstool in a rundown bar on the backstreets of New York City ready to wash down the deep feeling of despondency within him. He wasn't sure why he felt this way, he'd never been particularly close with the man. Sure the 'Iron Fist', as he was famously named, was a good man, he was kind and a well respected member of their community, but he never expected he'd feel such grief at the sight of the once lively man's still corpse. It was quite embarrassing, breaking down like that in front of everyone. If anyone deserved to cry it was his father, the two men had known each other since childhood after all. It was when he hurried out of the stuffy place filled with grieving children and weeping friends that he had caught sight of his father staring him down, his gaze steady. Perhaps he was trying to figure out what had made his typically calm son to become so unhinged or maybe he was just ashamed by his extreme display of affection for a man he hardly ever spoke to. Even as a child Gisil had always made it a point to not cry or show any weakness in front of his parents, lest he be seen as a burden.

Head thrown back he downed his fifth stein of beer. Placing his glass down on the table he wiped his chin with the edge of his sleeve. The bartender had already confiscated his keys a long time ago but still continued to pass him drinks. Despite the heavy amount of alcohol now entering his system he wasn't the least bit fazed. Pushing a golden strand of hair behind his ear he chuckled. The realization had now hit him, with his widely praised healing abilities he'd be unable to get drunk. It struck him as quite funny really, yet again he was the only Beildschmidt who'd have to just work with his problems.

"What's so funny?" Looking to his side he beamed at the woman beside him. She was attractive, he noted, not the breathtaking kind that stops your heart for just a second, but more of the girl next door kind. Her brown skin was littered with freckles that spanned from her face all the way down to her arms. Smiling back she cocked her head to the side and pushed back the long spirals of kinky hair only for it to fall back.

“Oh nothing,” Glancing in the bartender's direction he held up two fingers, “just having an existential crisis.”

“Oh yeah...” She drawled now resting her hands on the counter, “25 is the prime age for one of those, or so I've heard.”

When the bartender arrives with the drinks she nods gratuitously at him before taking a cautious sip. Laughing once more he pushed his own drink away, “Don't worry, I'm not going to drug you, and I just turned 26.”

“Well you can never tell with white people, you age like shit.” After the words escaped her lips she paused feeling out whether that joke was the right kind to make. He replaces the silence with laughter, light yet heartily. It doesn't take long before the two are both laughing together lightening up the bar's grim atmosphere.

“So what's your name stranger?” Resting her chin in the palm of her hand she looked up at him with curious brown eyes, he wasn't sure why, but his heart skipped a beat.

Clearing his throat tapped the bar top nervously, his cheeks flaring up. “Gisil, yours?”

“Shannon, pleased to meet you.” It was as if a spark had been ignited. They talked for hours on end about a range of topics. The presidential election, their favorite Broadway productions, the new snickers commercials, and their hobbies. He made sure to skirt around the topic of supers, normally he'd happily engage in conversation with people who knew next to nothing about ‘them’, but he now felt that if she were to say something that bothered him in the slightest he wouldn't be able to control himself and he really was quite fond of Ms. Shannon and her ability to quite effortlessly put a smile on his face.

It was after he had received his keys from the bartender that the two had left the bar in his car. She was impressed to say the least, mouth agape she ran her hands over the leather seats throughout the drive. When she turned to him and asked who he'd killed to get his hands on a Lamborghini he simply laughed and with a wink told her it was a secret.