Joel saunters up to the bar, attracting far less attention than he expected. This particular tavern was a part of a town on a hill with no discernable defining characteristics, atleast not to your average observer. Though the occasional pair of eyes briefly scan him from beneath brimmed hats, among other things, he makes it to the bar without incident. He fiddles with the grip of his revolver with calloused hands. An old firearm from an era long bygone, borderline ancient. He’s maintained them well throughout the years, despite the fact that any old gun could do the same job, if not better. Regardless, for one reason or another, Joel’s kept it around.

“What’s a man gotta do to get a little wine around here?” said Joel.  
“We don’t serve wine here sir,” said the bartender, shamelessly, as if rehearsed.

Joel grins widely. “Well, I don’t suppose these gentlemen are drinking juice, are they?”

“Made from the finest of Moonberries,” said the bartender, sporting a shameless smile so bright that it could light up the Umbral Abyss.

Joel gives a flat look to the man on the other side of the bar. The bartender looks distinctly uneasy for a second before raucous laughter erupts from a distant corner of the room, breaking the tension. The gentle murmur of the room grinds to a halt as well as everyone in it. Joel glances over to the only person moving. A large man downs his glass of ”juice” with a burp that rattles the floorboards.

“Problem, bounty hunter?” Said the deceptively muscular man.

“The only problem here is how dry my throat is,” said Joel, with a lackadaisical grin.

“Maybe you could find something more suited to your tastes over there,” said the mountainous man, pointing his thumb to the shoddily labeled outhouse.

This time the entire table erupts into laughter, half a dozen or so men. Meanwhile the rest of the room remains eerily silent.

“Is that how you got that thing?” Joel said, angling his head exaggeratedly at the man’s large gut.

If you told me the room couldn’t get any quieter, you could’ve fooled me. Before anyone could lift a finger, Joel was surrounded, though his revolver was now in his right hand. The table was now empty except for the big man. He saunters up to Joel, slowing down for dramatic emphasis.

The big man leans in. “You must be new,” he says, raising his eyebrows in mock surprise. “They call me the Boulder round these parts.”

The man shoves his rotund belly into Joel’s chest, hiding his surprise as the smaller man doesn’t budge. Joel looks the mountain of flesh in the eye without much of an expression at all.

“Well, wanna see why they call me the Boulder?” said the man, nudging Joel’s gun arm, as if daring him to shoot. “Don’t tell me, is that thing just for sh-”

A bang erupts from Joel’s other hand. Green tinged fog gently pours out of Joel’s open palm and onto the ground. One second the Boulder was in Joel’s face, and the next he laid collapsed in a heap against the opposing wall, his limp body pulsing green in no discernable pattern. The men around Joel freeze, motionless, as if briefly taking the time to reconsider their life choices. The fog on the floor from Joel’s left hand slows to a crawl, and then gathers back in his palm in a now bright green orb. Joel closes his hand in one smooth motion, blasting the Boulder through the wall of the tavern, flying like a cannon ball.

“Anyone else with a cool nickname?” Said Joel, nonchalantly.

The sound of the Boulder bouncing away gets quieter as the man disappears further into the horizon.

“Shaman!” Someone stammers.

Simultaneously everyone in the room draws their weapon as if they were shocked back into motion. Clicks and clacks fill the room as knives, guns, swords, hammers, and even crowbars appear in everyone’s hand. Even the bartender was peeking out of the kitchen door with a shotgun. The bright green mist gathers around Joel’s body in a venomous miasma emitting a sinister green glow, not going unnoticed by the Boulder’s entourage. One of them was slowly melting, another trickled blood out of his eyes and nose, while some of the more fortunate ones were simply on their knees, taken aback by the sudden toxic aura.

Joel flies forward, revolver in hand, as he meets the first attacker. Or so he appeared to, before completely passing through him instead. What was left of the man exploded in a bloody mist. A precisely placed bullet dispatches another man between the eyes. Joel nails the next one with a practiced trio of palm strikes to vital points before the bullet exits the previous attacker, all while dodging a spray of knives, bullets, and other projectiles from those less eager to throw their lives away.

A knife lands in the space Joel’s afterimage previously occupied as he ducks into a roll, planting his fist into the stomach of a man who might’ve just been standing there. The green aura around Joel brightens just briefly as it chokes the life out of another man while he plants three more shots into another cowboy. Eventually enough people gather the courage to just dogpile the bounty hunter.

Joel slams his left hand into the ground. A translucent green dome erupts from his hand, stopping everything and anything within a few meters of reaching Joel. Bullets melt, knives fall apart, people slow to a crawl as if stuck in quicksand. Those with hardier constitutions, and perhaps less fortune hung mid-air in Joel’s technique. Without wasting a second, he erupts in a flurry of fists at his normal inhuman speed, killing or incapacitating everyone inside the circle in a flash before letting his technique fall. With a loud thump the lifeless bodies and more durable projectiles hit the floor.

There appeared to be a tacit understanding that the bar patrons were in too deep, and that if Joel left this bar alive it would be at the cost of every other life in here. A stray bullet knocks the gun out of Joel’s hand, which to its credit was stayed intact.

“He’s unarmed!” Someone yelled!

The barrage redoubled, with people breaking out automatic weapons and lifesaving treasures. Turrets popped out at some point during the chaos from shadowy corners of the ceiling, contributing to the vomit of semi-lethal projectiles. Joel noticed them and scoffed, ducking behind one of many fallen tables. At this point, the green mist coming out of Joel’s left hand is all over the bar floor.

With a force of will, Joel *pulled.*

The green mist rose, somehow conveying an uncanny weight. But this mist was a little bit different. The green had bled out of the mist, turning it to grey. Everything that the grey mist touched froze, as if life itself was strangled out of it. Even inanimate objects started to fall apart in contact with the mist, as if neglected in its maintenance for years, all in the matter of seconds.

One by one the bar patrons fell to Joel’s mist, their lifeless eyes looking towards the heavens. With the bulk of the shooting stopping, the grey mists returned to Joel’s aura, absorbed for next time. After a few well-placed revolver shots, the turrets also hung limp from their nests, finally returning the peace back to the bar. Joel raised his gun-hand, and with a brief effort of will, his gun flipped out of the rubble and back into his hand as if someone pulled a string and returned the firearm to it’s rightful owner.

With a flourish, Joel spun his trusty revolver before deftly returning it to its holster. The bounty hunter sat back down at the bar. Somehow, the scraggly bartender of all people remained unscathed throughout the ruckus. Though maybe not emotionally, as the poor man clutched his shotgun for dear life.

The stolen gun explodes as it gets shot from Joel’s other hand.

They guns aren’t his because they’re special, they’re special because they’re his.