MARVEL

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CULLEN BUNN • MARK BAGLEY • JOHN DELL • EDGAR DELGADO

DEADPOOL

Assassin

SELECTED FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HYPERACTIVE HEALING FACTOR, WADE WILSON USES THAT TALENT TO BE THE WORLD'S MOST SKILLED MERCENARY--AND CERTAINLY ITS MOST ANNOYING. LOVED AND LOATHED AS THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH, WADE WILSON MAKES HIS MONEY AS A GUN FOR HIRE. FOR ALL YOUR HOMICIDAL NEEDS, NO QUESTIONS ASKED BUT PLENTY OF TASTELESS QUIPS AND MAXIMUM POSSIBLE TRAUMA, CALL...

DEADPOOL *Assassin*

MERC LIFE MIGHT BE MESSY, BUT FOR WADE WILSON (A.K.A. DEADPOOL (A.K.A. THE MERC WITH A MOUTH (A.K.A. THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE)}), FINDING A BALANCE BETWEEN HIS WORK LIFE AND PERSONAL LIFE IS MESSIER.

WADE'S BEST PAL, WEASEL, CAN RELATE, AS HE'S BEEN STRUGGLING TO HIDE HIS SECRET LIFE AS A WEAPONS DEALER FROM HIS NEW WIFE.

WHILE WEASEL HAS BEEN PLAYING HOUSE, WADE HAS RESOLVED TO LEAVE THE MERCENARY LIFE BEHIND.

BUT GETTING OUT IS EXPENSIVE, AND MERC'ING PAYS THE BILLS...

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NEW ORLEANS.

÷HNNF÷

÷HHF÷

AHH--

MMMPH!

BLAM
BRAK
BLAM
C'MERE, YOU!
GIVE YER BOY A *HUG*-- *GENTLE* BUT *MANLY*-LIKE!
NAAAH--
BRAK
SPRAK
BRAK
NNN--
LOVE HURTS.
WH-WHO--
WHO?
WELL...SOME SAY LOVE HURTS *EVERYONE* WHO FEELS ITS BITTERSWEET STING.
SHAKE A LEG, PAL.
LOOKS LIKE THESE CAJUNS WANT YOU *DEAD!*
YOU EVER READ ANNE RICE?
AREN'T THERE SUPPOSED TO BE A BUNCH OF *DRACULAS* IN N'AWLINS?
YOOOOHOOOO? ANYONE HOME?

I KNOW YOU, RIGHT?

YOU'RE THAT GUY, DEADPOOL, AREN'T YOU?

THE MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION IS-- WHO ARE ***YOU?***

I MEAN, I HOPE I DIDN'T JUST SAVE THE WRONG GUY FROM A TERRIBLE DEATH.

YOUR NAME'S CHARLES HELDER, RIGHT?

AYE-YI-YI.

TAKE A LOOK, WEASEL. THIS IS OUR GUY, RIGHT?

THE LUCKY OWNER OF OUR ***GOLD PACKAGE EMERGERNCY PERSONAL PROTECTION?***

I...I...

LOOKS LIKE HIM TO ME.

BUT... DEADPOOL?

IS THE MARK ALL RIGHT?

PLEASE TELL ME THAT'S YOUR BLOOD!

I LIKE TO KEEP HIM GUESSING.

WOULDN'T WANT THE RELATIONSHIP TO GO ***STALE***, Y'KNOW?

IF THEY DIDN'T WANT A LITTLE ***"DRIBBLE AND SPLATTER"*** HIS ASSOCIATES SHOULD HAVE SPRUNG FOR THE ***PLATINUM*** PACKAGE.

HE'S ***FINE.***

GOTTA GO NOW.

THESE FIELD DRESSINGS ARE ALREADY SOAKED THROUGH.

DEADPOOL, WAIT--

SO... YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEM?

YOU'RE NOT A MEMBER OF THE ***ASSASSINS GUILD?***

THEY WISH.

NAKH. SHADOW-BENDING, KNIFE-FIGHTING NINJA DUDE.

WADE WILSON... *DEADPOOL*...THE ASSASSINS GUILD HAS NO QUARREL WITH YOU.

WALK AWAY.

LEAVE THIS MAN TO HIS FATE.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DIE TONIGHT.

Y'KNOW... IF YOU'VE BEEN IN THE MERC GAME FOR AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD OF THE ASSASSINS GUILD.

BIG BAD CADRE OF BOOGEYMEN WHO KILL FOR MONEY. THEY PUT THE *"ASS"* IN ASSASSIN.

"BUT DEADPOOL," YOU MIGHT SAY, *"YOU KILL FOR MONEY, TOO."*

TRUE...BUT, UNLIKE THE GUILD HERE, I HAVE A *CODE*.

WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

DEAD MAN WALKING SAYS WHAT?

WHAT?

HEH.

NEVER GETS OLD.

SHOVE

OOOF!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BRAKKA
REMEMBER THIS, MY FRIENDS!
PAIN IS JUST WEAKNESS LEAVING THE BODY...
...THROUGH SUPPURATING CHEST WOUNDS!
HUH?
YOU SHOULD HAVE CUT AND RUN WHILE YOU HAD THE CHANCE.
TH-THINK THIS IS G-GONNA STOP ME?
I DON'T--
HGGK!
--AIM WITH MY TRACHEA!
SPLUT
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
GGGK!
THAT'S IT.
QUIETLY NOW.

SOFTLY.

THMBF

Y-YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?

WEDGIE TIME.

WYYEEEEAAAAAARRRGH!

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE, CHARLES.

THE BIG BAD MEN HAD TO *SPLIT.*

THEY AREN'T ALONE! THERE ARE MORE OF THEM!

WELL, THEN, BY ALL MEANS...

DEV'S DIGEST

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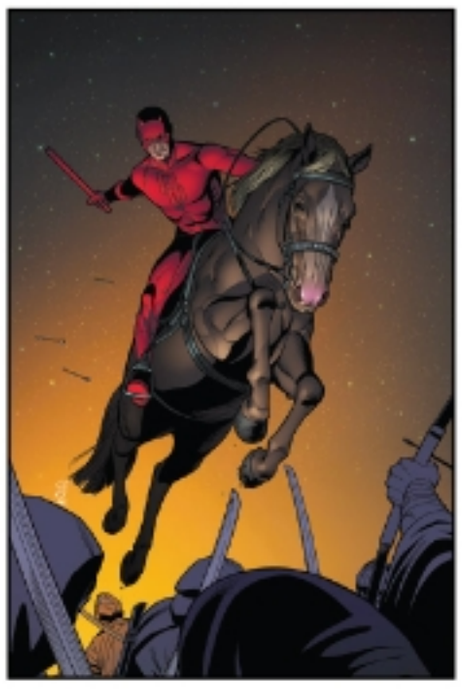
Send letters our way at SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM and mark 'em OKAY TO PRINT!

Hello in here, out there, around the world and aboard all the ships at sea! Editor Devin Lewis reporting to you live and in print from Marvel Comics HQ here in the heart of New York!

Welcome to the inaugural installment of DEV'S DIGEST, a chance for us here at the House of Ideas to give you readers out there in Mighty Marveldom a sneak peek at some of the coolest stuff we've got in the works for the coming months and give you the inside scoop on where your favorite Marvel mags and stories are headed.



ITEM: DAREDEVIL #605 – This is it! The epic conclusion to guest artist Mike Henderson's arc illustrating The Man Without Fear's adventures! Written by Charles Soule, it's an all-out assault on Hell's Kitchen from The Beast and his Hand Ninja Clan, with only Daredevil and a handful of other heroes to stand in their way! On sale 7/11!

ITEM: It's all-out mayhem as Deadpool has to singlehandedly outwit & outgun the entire Assassins' Guild in this epic adventure from Cullen Bunn & Mark Bagley! The first two issues are already on stands, and #3 drops on 7/11! But be warned, readers! This one ain't for the kiddos!

ITEM: CLOAK AND DAGGER - At last! We can finally talk about CLOAK AND DAGGER, a digital-first tale from Dennis Hopeless and David Messina! When a mysterious foe from Cloak and Dagger's past returns, will Tandy and Tyrone be able to put their differences behind them to stop it? And perhaps even rekindle their romance? Find out RIGHT NOW! Issues #1 AND #2 are available on the Marvel Comics app!

ITEM: And be sure to grab BEN REILLY: THE SCARLET SPIDER #21 from Peter David and Will Sliney! Every issue of the series so far has been leading to this – an all-out, no holds barred showdown with the Diogenes Initiative... with young Abigail Mercury's life hanging in the balance! You won't want to miss a single, pulse-pounding page!

Over and out!
Devin.

@edevinlewis

"...LET'S FIND SOMEPLACE QUIET TO *LIE LOW.*"

FENASCI

BAR

BEER

HEY, THIS LOOKS LIKE MY KIND OF CROWD!

I MEAN... WITH SO MUCH FUN TO BE HAD...

...WITH SO MUCH GOOD FOOD AND DRINK...

...WITH SO MANY--

--DISTRACTIONS...

...HOW COULD ANYONE DEDICATE THEIR LIVES TO THE *TOTAL BUZZKILL* OF THE ASSASSINATION GAME?

TAKES ALL KINDS, I GUESS.

SORRY, FRIENDO.

IT'S THE END OF THE LINE.

HARVESTER.
SPEEDSTER AND BLADESTER.

PARTY'S OVER.

REALLY?

"FRIENDO," "END OF THE LINE," AND "PARTY'S OVER"?

YOU COULDN'T, LIKE, PICK A LANE WHEN IT COMES TO MACHO INTRO LINES?

WHOA!

SLOW DOWN THERE, SPEEDY!

SHRAAAANG

YOU! GET SOME COVER!

DUCK! HIDE!

TAKE IN A PEEP SHOW!

JUST GET OUT OF HERE WHILE I HOLD THIS GUY OFF!

THE CROWD, DUMMY!

GET LOST IN THE CROWD!

YOU'RE GONNA FEEL REAL STUPID IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS.

"SELF," YOU'RE GONNA SAY, "I COULD'VE USED MY FANCY SUPER-SPEED TO RUN FAR, FAR AWAY."

INSTEAD, THOUGH, YOU'RE GONNA BE LEARNING HOW TO SURVIVE WITH MY SWORD STICKING OUT OF YOUR--

AAAAGH!

I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED HOW MY *SPEED* WOULD FARE AGAINST THAT *HEALING FACTOR* OF YOURS.

SHRR

SGGGLK

RRRRRD

SLLLSH

ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW IF I COULD CUT YOU FASTER THAN YOU COULD HEAL.

WE'LL PUT IT TO THE TEST.

ONE DAY.

BUT FIRST--

SCHUNK

--I'VE GOT A BOUNTY TO COLLECT!

IS HE ALIVE?

DOES HE *LOOK* ALIVE?

I SPILLED MY HURRICANE!

SOMEBODY CALL A DOCTOR!

YOU GOT THE TOUCH... YOU GOT THE POWER...

HELLO?

HEY, DEADPOOL.

JUST... Y'KNOW... CHECKING TO SEE HOW THINGS ARE GOING.

NOT TOO GOOD.

SOME DUDE SPILLED HIS HURRICANE.

ALSO, I JUST GOT GUTTED IN THE STREET AND I LOST OUR CLIENT.

YOU LOST HIM?

YOU MEAN HE'S DEAD?

NOT SURE. MAYBE.

THE GUY WHO'S AFTER HIM WORKS FAST.

I'LL CALL YOU BACK ONCE I'VE FOUND HIM.

DAMMIT, WADE! WE'RE BEING PAID GOOD MONEY TO KEEP THIS GUY ALIVE!

IF HE DIES, WE'RE UP A CERTAIN KIND OF CREEK. AND THAT CREEK IS FULL OF--

GOT IT.

'SCUSE ME.
PARDON ME.
'SCUSE YOU.
'SCUSE ME.
FIR BALL
WHAT?
DON'T YOU START IN ON ME, TOO.
I GET ENOUGH MOTHERING FROM "THA WEEEE-ZEL."
WHEN A SPEEDSTER'S AFTER YOU, A CROWD IS YOUR FRIEND...ESPECIALLY WHEN SAID SPEEDSTER IS A STEALTHY ASSASSIN TYPE.
THEY CAN ONLY MOVE THROUGH A MASS OF PEOPLE SO QUICKLY.
OF COURSE, I'VE GOTTA WONDER...WHY DOES OUR BOY CHARLES RANK SO MUCH HEAVY MUSCLE?
MAYBE I'M NOT GETTING PAID ENOUGH FOR THIS GIG.
NOW... WHERE DID HE--
963

HEY!

WAIT FOR ME!

YOU CAN'T SAVE YOURSELF!

IF YOU DO THAT, I DON'T GET PAID!

HNF

HUFF

OH, MY!

SOMEBODY STOP THE TROLLEY!

A SUPER VILLAIN!

HEY! I RECOGNIZE YOU! YOU'RE DEAD--

UUURGK!

DESPITE THE BLOOD... DESPITE THE MASK AND WEAPONS... DESPITE THE WELL-TONED MUSCLES, READY TO SPRING INTO DEADLY ACTION...

...NO ONE'S HERE TO HURT--

SKRA-SCHUNK

NOT YET, I'M NOT.

AND EVERYBODY JUST *RELAX*, ALL RIGHT?

YEEEOOOWCH!

GET ON THE FLOOR, CHARLES!

EVERYBODY-- **GET DOWN!**

BUT *ESPECIALLY* CHARLES!

WHAT ABOUT ME?!

YOU KEEP DRIVING!

I'M GONNA GET RID OF YOUR UNWANTED PASSENGER!

YOU'RE AN *UNWANTED PASSENGER!*

EVERYBODY'S A CRITIC.

BLAM

BLAM

POW

BLAM

BLAM

SKREEEE-RUNNNCK

ARE YOU READY?

'CAUSE I'M READY!

RAZORFIST.

IRONICALLY, CAN'T MAKE A FIST.

WHAT THE HELL DID YOU *DO?*

WELL, IF IT ISN'T BIG, BAD DEADPOOL!

WHAT'S WRONG?

THE MURDER GAME GOT TOO COMPETITIVE FOR YOU, SO YOU HAD TO START TAKIN' BABYSITTIN' JOBS?

YOU MESSED UP-- AND GOOD!

I'M GONNA WEAR YOU LIKE A GLOVE! USE YOUR FLAILIN' ARMS AND LEGS LIKE SPIRIT FINGERS AT THE NEXT PARADE!

SHRAK

THAT'S... *VIVID.*

I GOTTA KNOW...HOW DO YOU PICK YOUR NOSE?

I DON'T--

DON'T DENY IT, I CAN PICK A BOOGER EATER RIGHT OUT OF THE LINE UP EVERY TIME.

SHRAK

YOU KNOW, YOU COULDA BEEN SOMEBODY!

YOU COULDA GONE PLACES WITH THE GUILD!

YOU COULD BE KILLIN' SCUMBAGS INSTEAD OF PROTECTIN' THEM!

THAT MEANS A WHOLE LOT, COMING FROM A GUY WHO'D KILL ANYONE FOR A LITTLE SCRATCH.

BUT ME--

--I'VE GOT A DAMN CODE!

CHWOP

YEEEEAAGH!

HHHT--

SGGGKSSLSH

A C-CODE.

DON'T M-M-MAKE ME LAUGH.

WE BOTH KILL FOR M-M-MONEY.

YEAH.

BUT I ONLY KILL PEOPLE WHO REALLY ***DESERVE*** IT.

LIKE *YOU*, FOR EXAMPLE.

Y-YOU CAN STICK THAT CODE OF YOURS WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE!

IT DON'T MEAN A THING...

...NOT WHEN YOU'RE WORKING FOR A GUY LIKE *HIM*.

WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?

CAN I STOP NOW?

NOT YET.

RRRRRRGGGHHHHHHHHH!

NOW YOU CAN STOP THE TROLLEY.

THANKS FOR THE LIFT.

HEY--HOW ABOUT WHILE I'M TRYING TO KEEP YOU FROM GETTING KILLED BY DUDES WITH SWORDS FOR ARMS, YOU TELL ME WHY THE ASSASSINS GUILD WANTS YOU DEAD?

THEY WERE HIRED.

WHAT MORE DO YOU NEED TO KNOW?

FAIR ENOUGH.

BUT ***WHY*** WERE THEY HIRED?

WHAT DID YOU DO?

WE ALL HAVE OUR DEMONS, YEAH?

YOU CAN UNDERSTAND, RIGHT?

SOMETIMES, PEOPLE DIE FOR THE SAKE OF BUSINESS.

SOMETIMES, THAT MEANS ***KIDS*** DIE FOR THE SAKE OF BUSINESS.

HUH.

WE SHOULD REALLY KEEP MOVING.

IF WE CAN JUST GET TO A SAFE HOUSE OR SOMETHING, I'LL--

HEY, WEASEL.

BAD NEWS.

THEY GOT HIM.

I THOUGHT I COULD PROTECT THE GUY...BUT I COULDN'T.

I FAILED.

FAILED?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING--

BLAM

UH, WADE?

WHAT WAS THAT?

OH... THAT?

THAT WAS THE REPORT OF A GUN.

FOLLOWED BY THE THUD OF A BODY HITTING THE GROUND.

DO I WANT TO KNOW WHOSE BODY?

I'LL TELL YOU WHOSE BODY IT'S ***GONNA BE*** IF YOU EVER TRY TO HOOK ME UP WITH A CLIENT LIKE THIS AGAIN.

WHA--

STOP TALKING, ALL RIGHT?

BECAUSE I'M JUST GONNA PRETEND YOU ***DIDN'T*** KNOW WHAT A SLIMEBALL OUR FRIEND CHARLES WAS.

LOOK... WADE.

THERE WAS A LOT OF MONEY ON THE TABLE FOR THIS ONE.

I FIGURED--

AGAIN--STOP TALKING.

BECAUSE I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT I MIGHT HAVE TO DO TO YOU IF I DISCOVERED YOU ***DID*** SEND ME OUT ON A JOB PROTECTING SOMEONE LIKE THAT.

I MEAN, THAT WOULD BE SORT OF LIKE A ***PERSONAL BETRAYAL***, WOULDN'T IT?

THAT WOULD BE REALLY ***BAD*** FOR OUR WORKING RELATIONSHIP. AND FOR YOUR HEALTH INSURANCE PREMIUMS.

SO... ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY?

...

NO? GOOD. I DIDN'T THINK SO.

"HE DID *WHAT?*"

AM I TO BELIEVE THAT DEADPOOL KILLED THREE OF OUR BEST SPECIALISTS...

...AS WELL AS A NUMBER OF OUR LOYAL ACOLYTES...

...AND THEN MURDERED THE TARGET HE WAS PROTECTING ALL ALONG?

THAT'S THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT, MY MISTRESS.

BELLADONNA BOUDREAUX.
LEADER OF THE ASSASSINS GUILD.

DEADPOOL HAS ALWAYS BEEN TOO MUCH OF A WILD CARD FOR MY TASTES...

...BUT NOW...

...HE COMES TO MY CITY...

...AND HE INSULTS ME IN SUCH A WAY?

HE'S STILL IN THE CITY, MISTRESS.

ALL I NEED IS A SQUAD OF ACOLYTES.

WE COULD PAY HIM A VISIT... TEACH HIM NOT TO CROSS THE GUILD... MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM.

NO.

DEADPOOL'S ACTIONS WILL NOT GO UNPUNISHED.

BUT WASTE NO MORE *FODDER* ON HIM.

THE HARKSPUR BROOD.

THE SIX OF YOU...WORKING IN CONCERT...SHOULD BE ABLE TO DEAL WITH DEADPOOL QUITE DECISIVELY, YES?

THRENODY.

BLACKOUT.

GLADLY.

NEXT

DEADPOOL Assassin

#3

FOR MORE
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ZONE