

Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his targets' faces off while talking his friends' ears off. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL



HEY, GANG,
HOW YOU DOING?
YOU ALL KNOW ME--
DEADPOOL, HAVE
MOUTH, WILL
MERC.

IN ORDER TO
BREAK THE FUNK
I'VE BEEN STUCK IN,
I TOOK A GIG WITH
ROXXON IN THE MIDDLE
EAST, HELPING THEM
CLEAR OUT THE
LOCALS.

DIDN'T TAKE
ME LONG TO REALIZE
THAT WAS ACTUALLY
NOT COOL. I TURNED
ON ROXXON AND
HELPED THE PEEPS
RISE UP.

TRAPSTER
AND ME FOUGHT
ROXXON'S CREW
OF GUNS-FOR-HIRE,
INCLUDING THE NEWEST
OMEGA RED, WHO
THINKS I KILLED
HIS FAM.

(I DIDN'T,
BEE TEE
DUBS.)

ANYWAY, I
WAS ABOUT TO
HEAD HOME WHEN
I FOUND OUT WHAT
ELSE ROXXON HAD
FOUND IN THE
GROUND BESIDES
TEXAS TEA...

...SOME GLASS
SARCOPHAGI JUST
LIKE THE KIND I FOUND
MY SUCCUBUS
WIFE BURIED IN.

TWIST!

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 DEADPOOL'S HOUSE IN QUEENS.



I'M SORRY, PRESTON. WE HAVEN'T SEEN DEADPOOL IN A WHILE EITHER.

WHO'S "WE," MICHAEL? WHO ELSE IS SHACKED UP IN THERE?

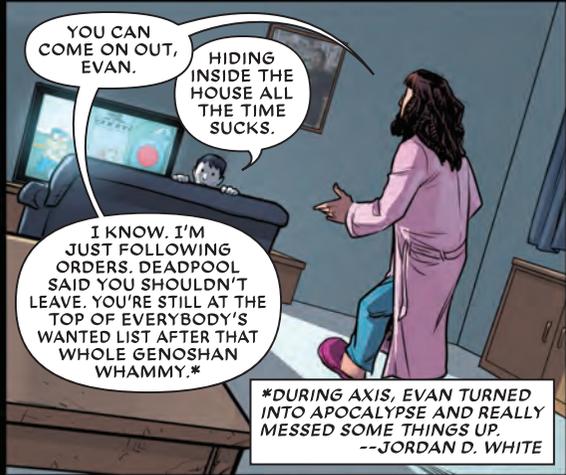


YOU KNOW, JUST LIKE, UH, ME AND BEN.

I'LL BE SURE TO SEND HIM OVER ONCE HE TURNS UP.

CATCH YA LATER.

FINE, TELL HIM WE'RE WORRIED ABOUT HIM.



YOU CAN COME ON OUT, EVAN.

HIDING INSIDE THE HOUSE ALL THE TIME SUCKS.

I KNOW. I'M JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS. DEADPOOL SAID YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE. YOU'RE STILL AT THE TOP OF EVERYBODY'S WANTED LIST AFTER THAT WHOLE GENOSHAN WHAMMY.*

*DURING AXIS, EVAN TURNED INTO APOCALYPSE AND REALLY MESSED SOME THINGS UP.
--JORDAN D. WHITE



EVEN VIDEO GAMES ARE STARTING TO GET OLD AFTER A FEW WEEKS OF THIS.

DON'T WORRY, WHEN DEADPOOL COMES BACK I'M SURE HE'LL PAROLE YOU.



I HOPE WHEREVER HE IS THAT HE'S OKAY...

YOU NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DEADPOOL, KID...

"...JUST THE
PEOPLE AROUND
HIM."



HOLA. HOUSE-
KEEPING.

...SO WE'D
HAVE TO ACT
FAST IF YOU WANT
TO GET OUR
FREAK ON.

BAM





LISTEN, IF THERE'S ANOTHER HOT LADY IN THIS COFFIN, YOU SHOULD KNOW I ALREADY MARRIED A LADY I FOUND IN A COFFIN, AND SHE'S ON HER WAY HERE...



HELLO, ANY HOT MISTRESSES INSIDE?



HEY, SHIKLAH, BABE--I WAS JUST KIDDING ABOUT HOPING A MISTRESS WAS IN THIS BOX.



HOLY CRAP SHIKLAH! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?!

HEH. I GUESS YOU WERE EXPECTING SOMEONE ELSE.



NAH, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT FIND ME.



AND YOU ARE NOT CONCERNED THAT OMEGA RED HAS CORNERED YOU?



EH, NOT SO MUCH.

I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD YOU, DEADPOOL.

JOIN THE CLUB.



DO YOU THINK ME INCAPABLE OF KILLING YOU?