

PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: He is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publically faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

With his identity out in the open, Matt Murdock recently cast off his cowl, fully embracing his role as The Man Without Fear. While chasing a rumor of The Owl's escape, Matt wound up working with his foe's daughter, Jubula Pride, who has abilities like her father. A strong lead sent them to Alcatraz Island where they found The Owl inextricably connected to a surveillance super computer by his captor... The Shroud!

The pair fled, but not before The Shroud broadcast malefic footage of Matt's personal and professional life. Now, Daredevil has no choice but to turn to the only person with enough power and influence to repair the shattered pieces of Matt Murdock's reputation — Wilson Fisk a.k.a. The Kingpin!



MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE

STORYTELLERS

MATTHEW WILSON

COLORIST

VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA

LETTERER

SAMNEE & WILSON

COVER

ALEX MALEEV

VARIANT COVER

CHARLES BEACHAM
ASSISTANT EDITOR

SANA AMANAT
EDITOR

NICK LOWE
SENIOR EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

DAREDEVIL No. 16, August 2015. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. **BULK MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** © 2015 MARVEL No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in the USA.** Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$26.99; Canada \$42.99; Foreign \$42.99. **POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO DAREDEVIL, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTIONS P.O. BOX 727 NEW HYDE PARK, NY 11040. TELEPHONE # (888) 511-5480. FAX # (347) 537-2649. subscriptions@marvel.com.** ALAN FINE, President, Marvel Entertainment; DAN BUCKLEY, President, TV, Publishing and Brand Management; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID BOGAR, SVP of Operations & Procurement; Publishing: C.B. CEBULSKI, VP of International Development & Brand Management; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Print, Sales & Marketing; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Jonathan Rheingold, VP of Custom Solutions & Ad Sales, at jrheingold@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. **Manufactured between 05/29/2015 and 06/09/2015 by QUAD/GRAPHICS WASECA, WASECA, MN, USA.**



Years ago, God in one of his darker moods crammed much of the world's spite and cunning into a quarter-ton sack of flesh and named it *Wilson Fisk*.



Over the years, Fisk and I have taken turns *shattering* one another.



Today, the cycle ends.



Today, he and I both learn what it means to make a deal with the *devil*.



I WAS QUITE SURPRISED TO BE TOLD YOU'D SET UP SHOP IN THE BAY AREA, FISK.

THEN AGAIN, LAST I HEARD, SPIDER-MAN RAN YOU OUT OF NEW YORK.



NO ONE "RUNS" ME ANYWHERE. IF YOU'VE COME TO NEEDLE ME WITH YOUR ALLEGED WIT, MR. MURDOCK, I'M INCLINED TO HAVE YOU KILLED ON THE SPOT.



WITH NO RETRIBUTION? PLEASE.

I'VE LEFT A TRAIL HERE BEHIND ME A SIGHTED MAN COULD FOLLOW.



AND, NO, I'M NOT HERE TO ENGAGE YOU IN BANTER. I DON'T ENJOY YOUR COMPANY THAT MUCH.

I'M HERE ON BUSINESS, PURE AND SIMPLE. YOU'RE AWARE OF WHAT THE SHROUD AND THE OWL HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.

AM I?



I'M SENSING NO ELECTROMAGNETIC SIGNAL OF ANY KIND FOR A THOUSAND YARDS. YOU'VE DISABLED EVERY POTENTIAL SURVEILLANCE DEVICE YOU OWN.

EVEN YOUR GOONS' CELL PHONES ARE TUCKED AWAY INTO R.F.-SHIELDED POCKETS.

SO, YES, YOU KNOW THAT SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW CRIME BOSSES-- NO OFFENSE--HAVE EYES AND EARS ANYWHERE THERE'S A CAMERA OR A MICROPHONE OF ANY KIND.



WHATEVER THE REASON YOU'RE HERE, I'D SAY WE NOW HAVE A COMMON ENEMY.



LET'S CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION IN THE GALLERY. ART RELAXES ME.



But for the bass of his heartbeat, he goes mute as we wander amidst the *Degas* or *Picassos* or whatever he's assembled. They're all blank canvases to me.



It's obvious I want something, and he's savoring that. Fine. Let the baby have his bottle.



At least he's off-balance. He has tells only I can detect.

First, he's out of New York, out of his element.

Second, whatever happened to him in his time away, his body's still repairing itself. He's not at his peak power.



The irony is *killing* me. I'll probably never have a better chance than I do right now to *destroy* the most evil man I've ever *known*, and I don't *dare*.

Not with so much at stake.

HAVING A MUTUAL FOE HARDLY MAKES US ALLIES, MR. MURPOCK. WHAT DO YOU *DESIRE* THAT YOU WOULD COME TO ME?