

MARVEL COMICS

# DEADPOOL®

MARVEL

68

SIMONE  
TSANG  
UDON





Will one  
of you...

...Please...

...hurry  
up...

...and pull the  
trigger?



GAAAAAAAHH!

Do we shoot hib?  
He brode my dose.

Guy's  
messed up.  
He's sick or  
somethin'.

...making  
me sick to  
look at  
him...

It's that  
damn rap  
music.

Hey...Hey.  
That's starting  
to hurt, guy.

I mean it.  
Let go.

Hold  
your fire,  
Joe.

I'm trying,  
Mr. B! But  
he's...

Hold.  
Your.  
Fire.

Weird how so many of my  
happiest memories smell  
like gunpowder.

Gaaaaaaa...

SSNAP!

TACTICAL MASTER, Cal. 9mm

Eight hours ago.

Good beer.

Bad company.

Last time I faced this guy, the "Taskmaster," as he likes to be known, we were trying to kill each other to the death. Now he's got information I need.

Like why my brain is suddenly crippled. Like why I'm having headaches so bad they make *decapitation* seem like a reasonable therapy. And one other thing...

He's given me a name.

So, this guy you told Sandi about--

Yeah. The "Black Swan." Don't have a real ID.

--You think he sneezed some kinda virus in my brain?

# HEALING FACTOR: HEADBANGER'S BALL

## CHAPTER THREE

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He once took a hit on a prize thoroughbred--a quarter horse--for the insurance money.



Did the job with his fists.

We got along fine right away.

I ain't gonna say what country, but there was a pop-up coup, and the new militia du jour made their bunker out of what used to be the local airport. Made sense; good communications equipment, security towers, barbed wire all around--



--not to mention control of the only airstrips in the region. The locals tried to fight...but in the end, they pooled their money and hired us to clean house.

Me. Farsa. And the Black Swan.

Swan, I didn't like so much.



Three of us, against maybe 70 soldiers. Farsa starts joking, probably to cover his jitters over the fact that we were on a short transport ride to getting shot and buried in the jungle.



You know, when we get paid, I think I'm gonna rent a limo and take pretty boy there to the prom.

Hey, what's in the case, sweetie-pie?

I think Farsa believed the Swan was too scared to sass him back.

Me, I think he was bored.





We earned our pay.

And surprisingly, lived to collect.



We made it back to the departure point before the Swan -- still on a combat high, like two stupid, happy drunks.

Let's see what's in the Sparrow's precious little case, eh? Keep an eye out.

I'd heard the Swan was bad news. I knew Farsa was underestimating him.



I figured it was gonna be guns, or interrogation tools. I never figured on...

Silk hankies?

What the hell?



Of course, that's when he came back.

Please cease your clumsy rummaging through my property at once.



Oh, sure, "Swan." Whatever you say, man.

I guess maybe Farsa wasn't used to anyone standing up to him. I could see what he was thinking of doing, the poor, dumb sap...



I visited Farsa in the hospital a while ago. He still can't feed himself, or go to the bathroom without help.





Sandi. Without her running the place, Deadpool, Inc. would go down the porcelain subway in about five minutes. But something's up with her, and she's made it clear she won't talk to me about it.



--always trust the murderous super-villain.

Ah. You're here. About time.

It's a truly magical moment for me, also. Who the hell are *you* again?

I should get a notepad.

C.L. Montgomery, Mr. Deadpool. This is my building. Cruise Minor recommended your, er, confidential services.

But before we commit to this deal--

--did you really hit all Four Winds while falling thirty feet to the floor?

While they were eating, yeah. Shot them right through the appetizer.

No sense telling him that thanks to the Swan's virus, my aim is completely shot. Loose lips stinky chips, or something like that.

Excellent.

See the office exactly opposite of this one, in the building across the street? There's a man in there I've never met, never spoken to.

Boy, neighbors just aren't that *neighborly* any more.

I need you to take him out. He needs to stop existing. Next time I see his name, it needs to have "Rest In Peace" after it.

Slay thy neighbor, the forgotten commandment.

The guy's name is Curtis Boland. When I had my first company, he was in the mail room.

Business was bad, and I laid him off-- turned out to be his birthday, I guess. How was I to know?

"From then on, he was everywhere. Everything I had, he wanted. Businesses, women, property, awards-- he even went to my tailor. My tailor."



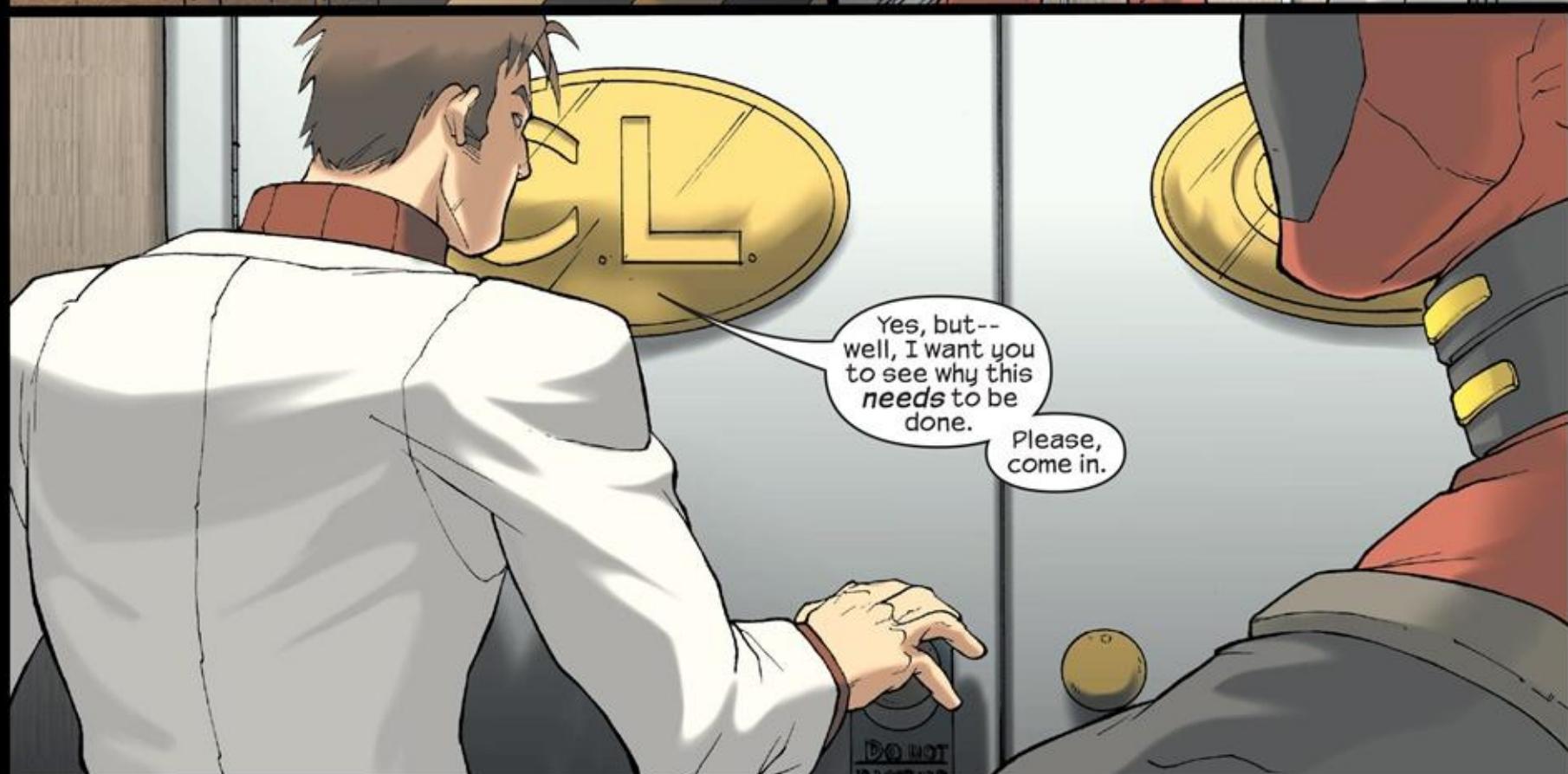
For the love of god, is there no bathroom in this suite?

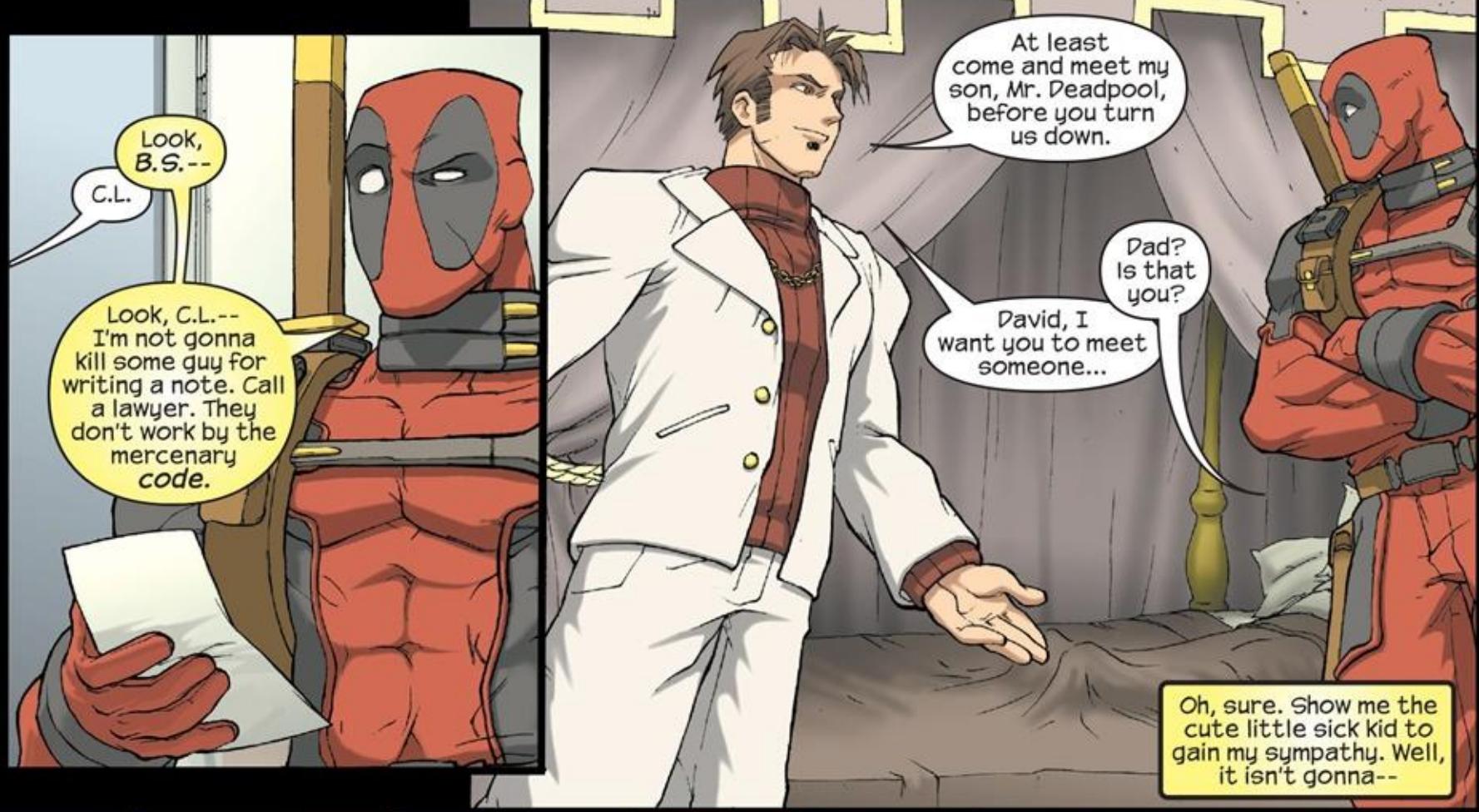
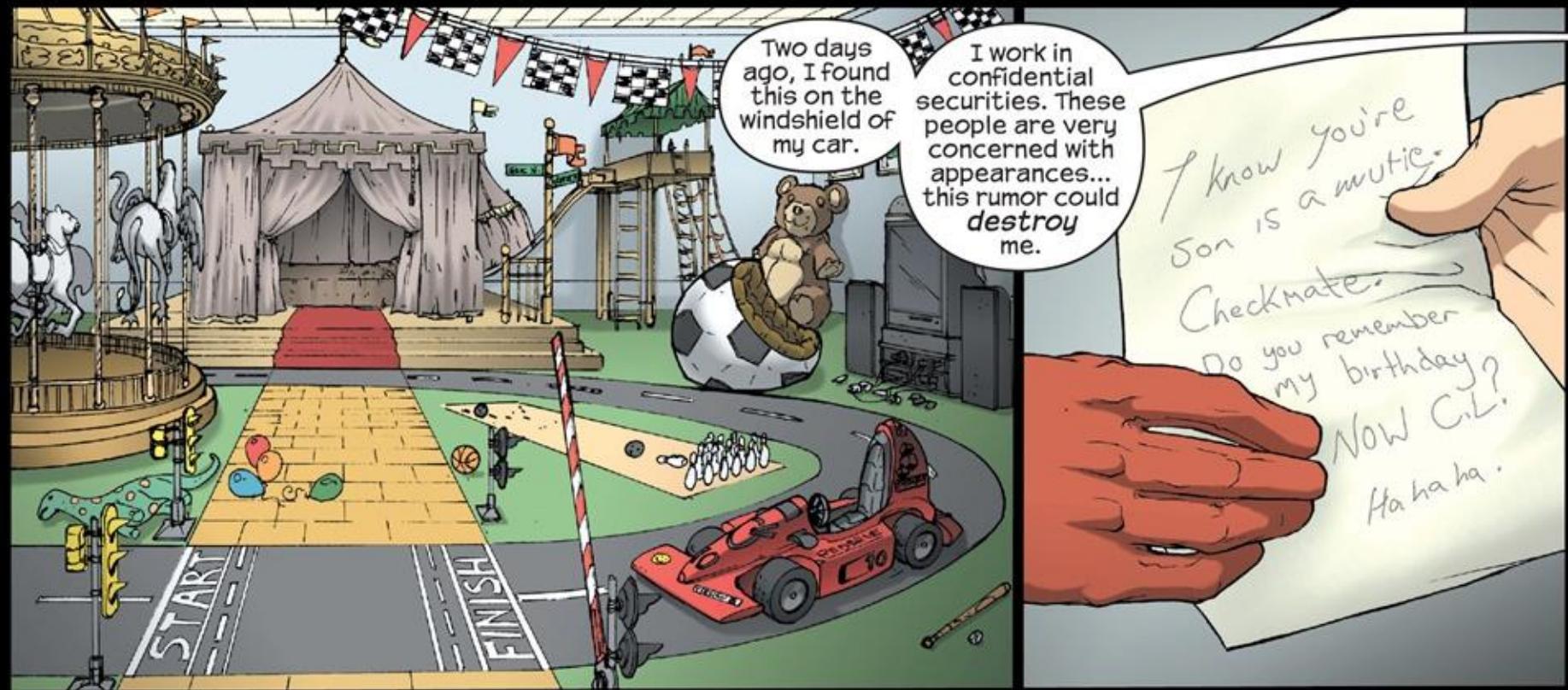
Uh, huh.  
Uh, huh. Yep.  
I'm with you.

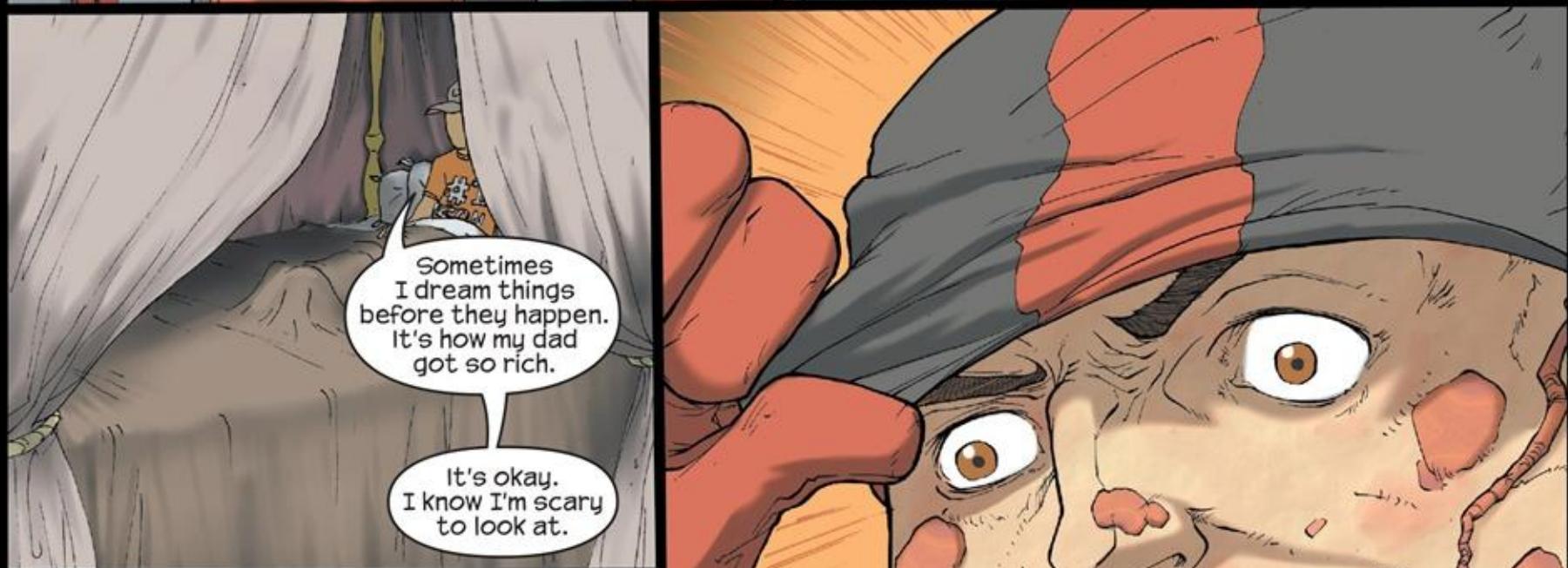
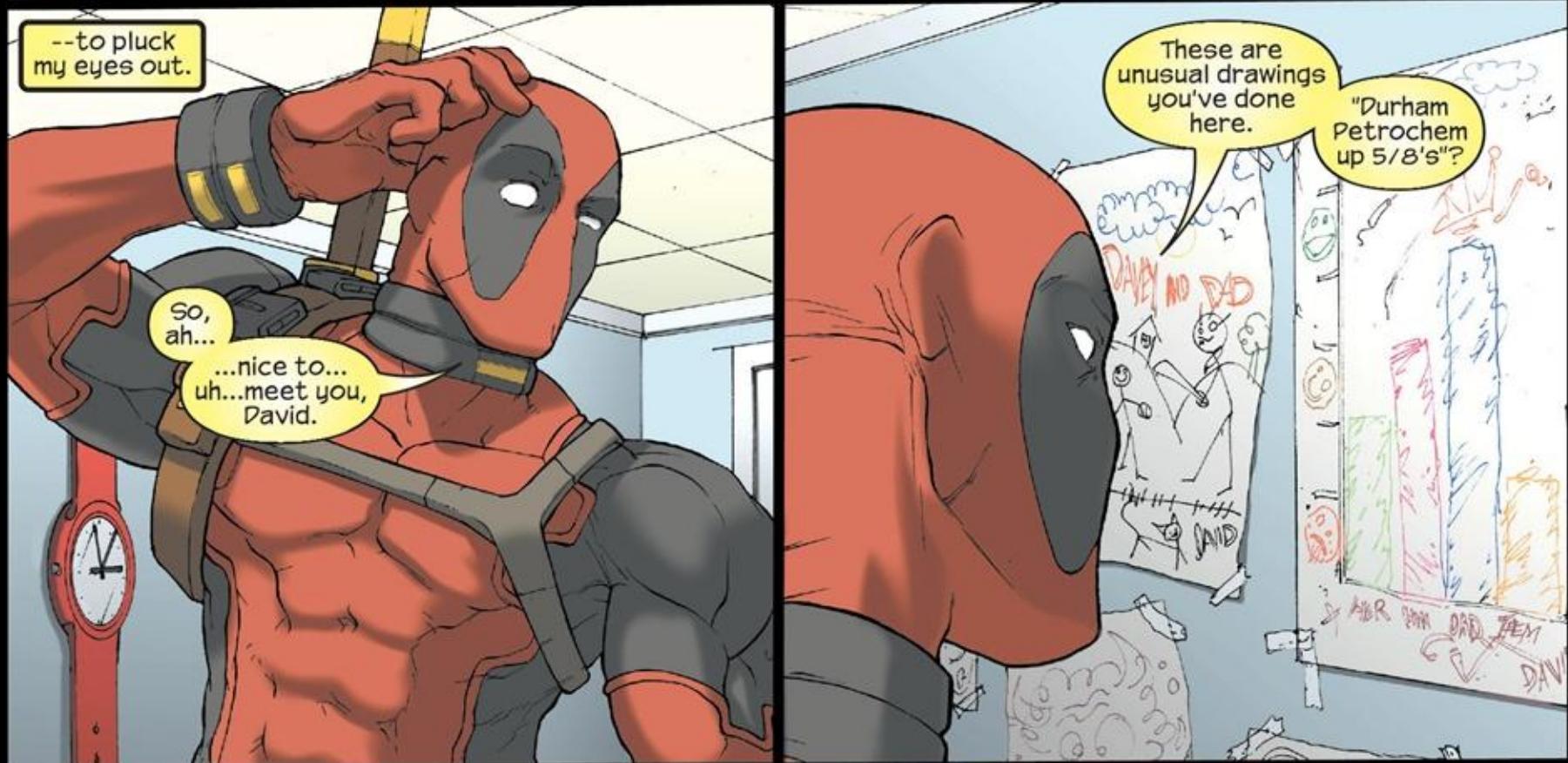


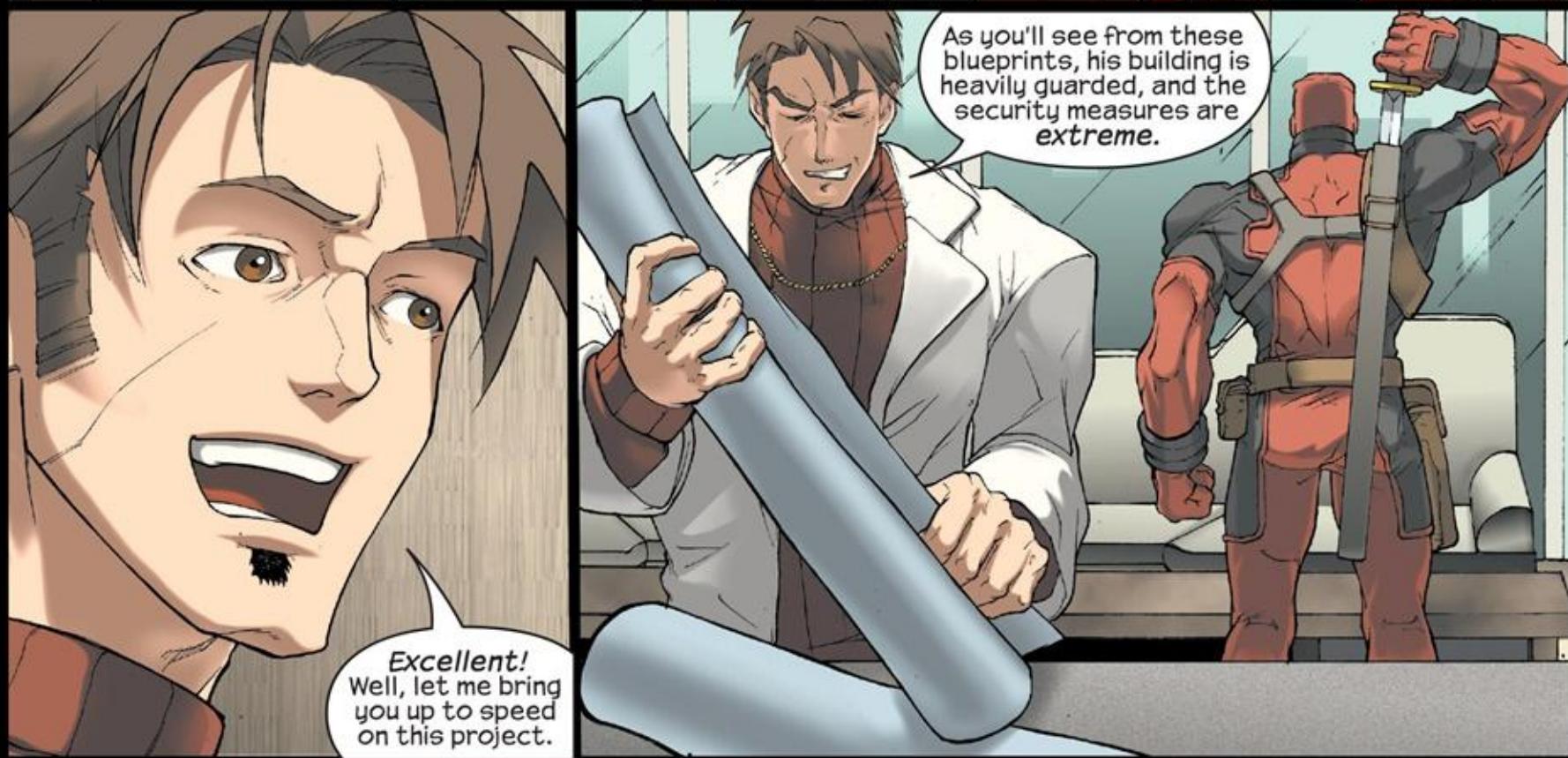
"He became my tireless 'arch-enemy,' as you masked types call it. When he got rich enough, he built the building across the street just to spoil my view."

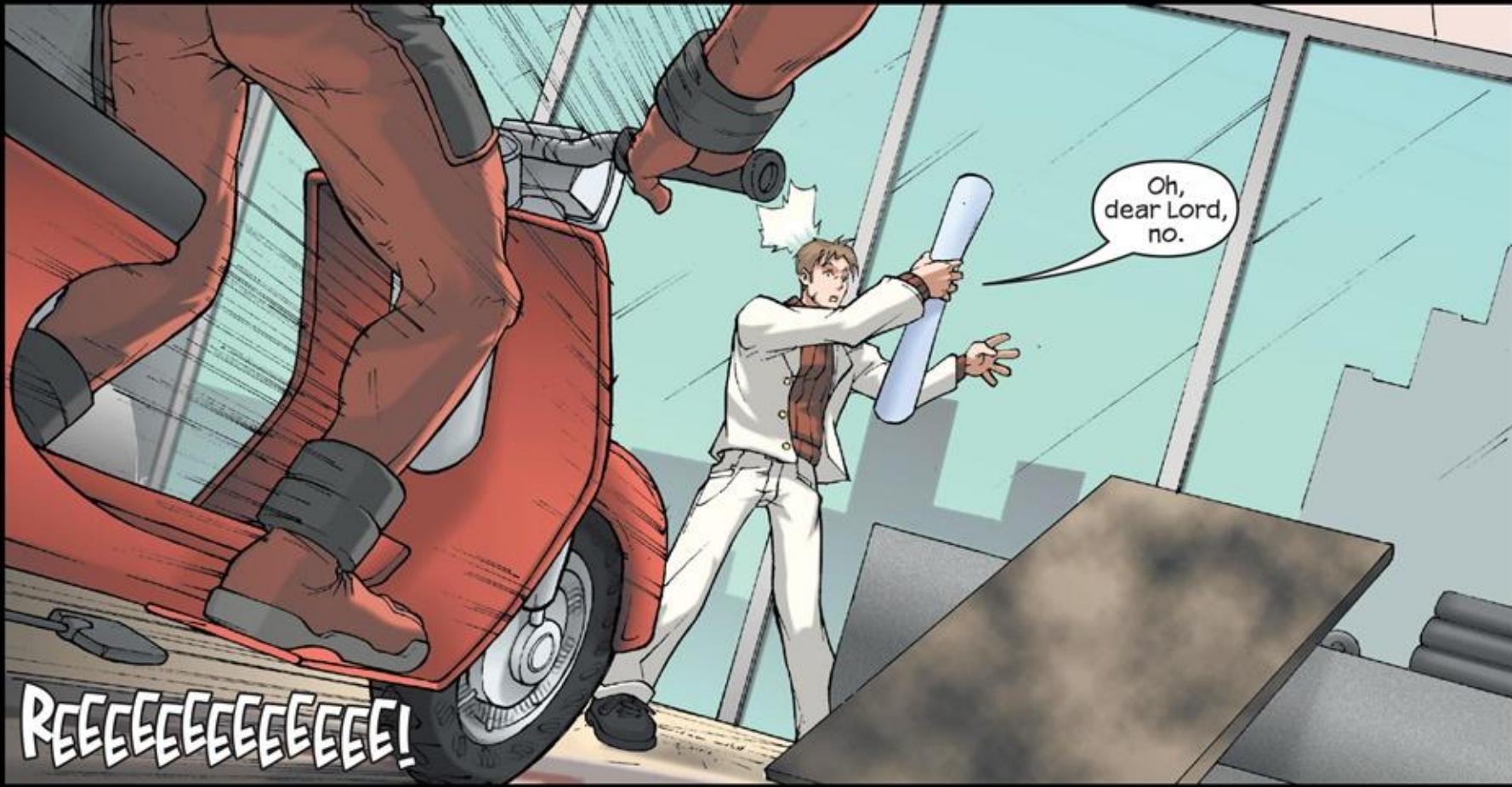
"But he could never quite bloody me."













How. You can miss. At this range?

Nice shooting, moron!

Oh, this is rich. Montgomery sent you? That tired little man. That cowardly dinosaur.

Do you know he fired me once? On my birthday?

Please. My head. Shoot.

I don't think so.

I would have been happy with blackmail. But since he's raised the stakes, I think I'll do him a favor and erase that freak of a son of his.

After exposing him, of course.

Please. Please.

You're making a spectacle of yourself.

You sicken me, you weak, weak man.

THAPPY



Soon...





**NEXT ISSUE:**   
**HEALING FACTOR:  
THE CONCLUSION.**