

MARVEL

#20

LATOUR
RODRIGUEZ
RENZI

SPIDER-GWEN



the latest updates only available at: viewcomic.com

AS A TEENAGER, GWEN STACY WAS BITTEN BY A MUTATED SPIDER. THE BITE TRANSFORMED HER, GRANTING HER AMAZING POWERS: A PRECOGNITIVE AWARENESS OF DANGER, ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES, AND THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED AND STRENGTH OF A SPIDER. TO THE RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK, SHE IS THE DANGEROUS VIGILANTE CALLED SPIDER-WOMAN, BUT YOU KNOW HER AS...

SPIDER-GWEN

PREVIOUSLY...



JASON LATOUR
WRITER

ROBBI RODRIGUEZ
ARTIST

RICO RENZI
COLOR ARTIST

VC's CLAYTON COWLES
LETTERER

ROBBI RODRIGUEZ
COVER ARTIST

ALLISON
STOCK
ASSISTANT EDITOR

DEVIN
LEWIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NICK
LOWE
EDITOR

AXEL
ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

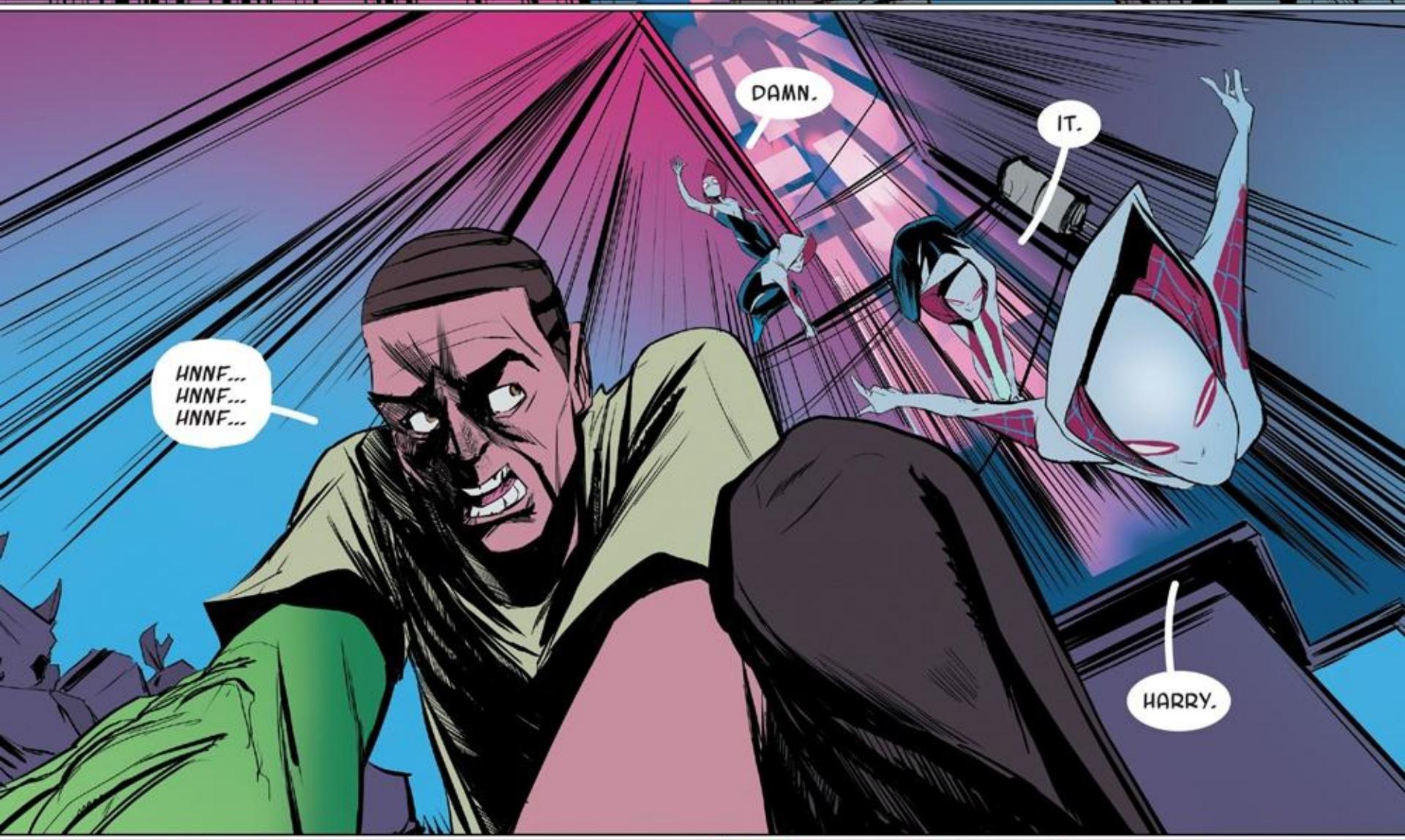
JOE
QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN
BUCKLEY
PRESIDENT

ALAN
FINE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

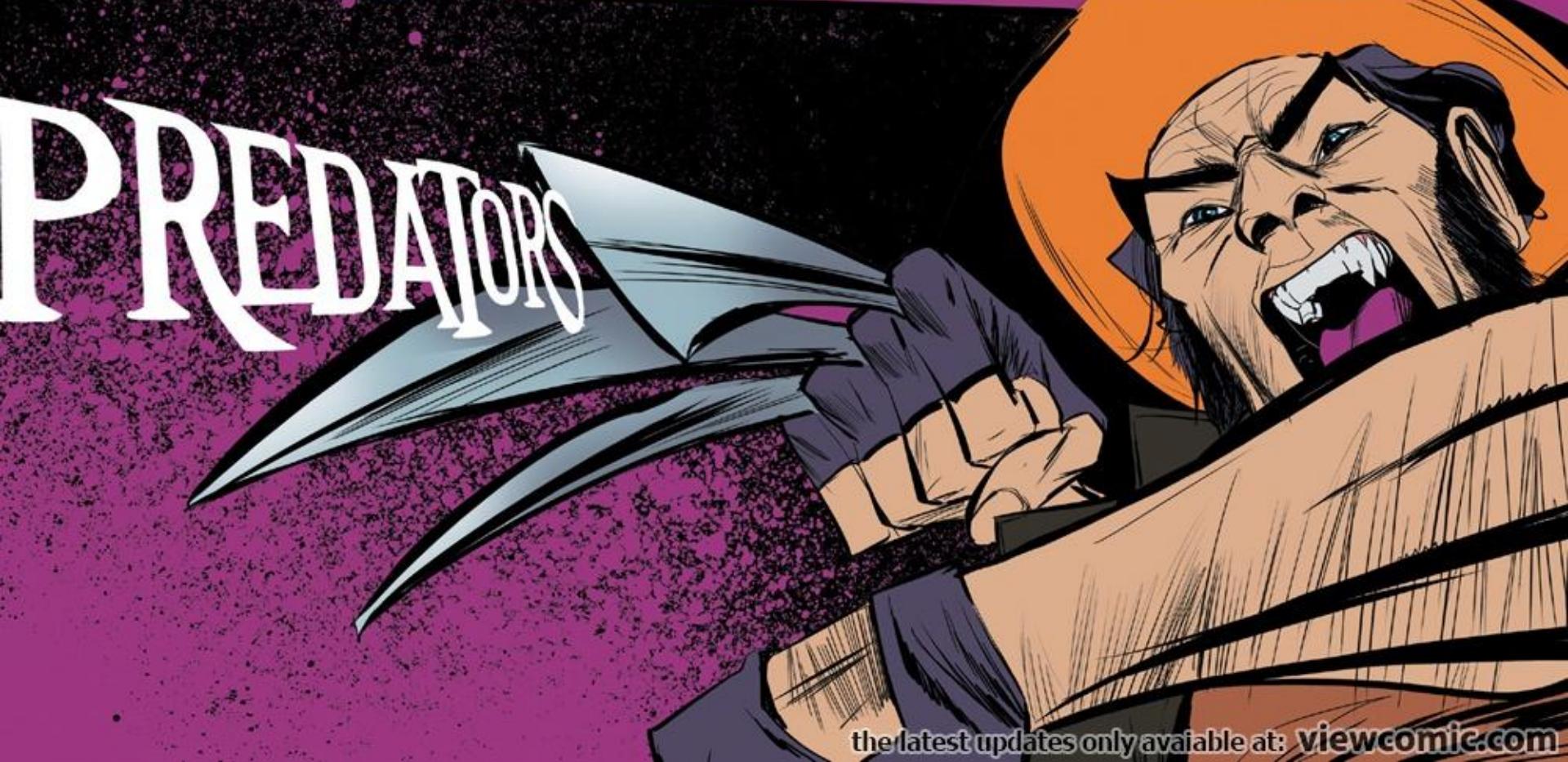
Gwen Stacy created by
STAN LEE and
STEVE DITKO











OH, MY GOD.
THIS GUY.

RRRRRGGGH!

WHO THE @#\$%#
IS THIS GUY?!

WHAT HAVE
YOU GOTTEN
INTO, HARRY?

C'MON--
UPSY-DAISY, WE
GOTTA GET GHOST
LIKE SWAYZE!

GUY HAS
MURDER HANDS,
GWENNIE. MAYBE
DON'T SAY...

...GHOST?

WHAT HAVE I
GOTTEN MYSELF
INTO?

IT'S OKAY,
HARRY. REALLY.
YOU'RE NOT GONNA
BELIEVE THIS,
BUT--

--THE
NINJAS ARE
WITH ME.

WITH YOU?!

THESE NINJAS
WORK FOR THE
HAND!

THEY'VE
BEEN HUNTING ME
FOR WEEKS!

RRAAAUUGGH!

HUNGGH!

THWAAPP
THWAAPP

I KNEW IT. I WASN'T SENT TO
TALK SENSE INTO HARRY.

MURDOCK
SENT ME AS BAIT.

LOOK, HARRY--
YOU HAVE TO TRUST
ME, OKAY?

I KNOW
THIS LOOKS
BAD, BUT--

BAD?
BAD?!

IT DOESN'T
GET MUCH WORSE
THAN THIS!

THAT
GUY? HE'S--
OH, GOD--

HE'S... THE IMMORTAL

MR. MURDERHANDS

"WHAT? HARRY, THAT NAME IS RIDIC--"

"HEY, DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO HE IS OR NOT?"

"ANYWAY... LEGEND HAS IT HE WAS A SAMURAI."

"THE SAMURAI."

"ONCE."

LET... LET ME DIE OUT, OLD CRONE...

IT'S WHAT I DESERVE...

HEH...

NO, OLD BOY.

EVEN HELL'S NOT DESERVING OF A KILLER SUCH AS YOU.

"I CURSE YOU TO LONG TREAD THIS EARTH, LOGAN."

"A DAY FOR EVERY LIFE YOU'VE TAKEN..."

"...AND A DAY FOR EVERY LIFE YOU'LL TAKE."



WAIT...SO
THAT MANIAC WORKS FOR
S.H.I.E.L.D.?

SORT OF.
MR. MURDERHANDS
IS BLACK OPS.

HIRED HELP
THEY CALL IN WHEN
THINGS ARE TOO
MESSY.

OKAY.
LOOK, NO MORE "MR.
MURDERHANDS"--

THAT
NAME IS WAY TOO
SELF-FULFILLING
PROPHECY.

CALL
HIM "WOLVERINE."
I KNOW ONE OF
THOSE.*

*SEE ALL-NEW
WOLVERINE ANNUAL.

AND WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
"MESSY"? S.H.I.E.L.D.
ARE THE GOOD
GUYS--

DAMN IT,
GWEN!

WHAT ABOUT
THIS DO YOU NOT
UNDERSTAND?!

S.I.L.K.
RE-CREATED
PETER'S LIZARD
FORMULA FOR
ME!

I BETRAYED
MY COUNTRY JUST
TO Avenge HIM! TO
KILL YOU!

THERE'S NO
WAY S.H.I.E.L.D.,
OR MURDOCK OR ANYONE
ELSE'LL LET ME JUST RUN
AROUND WITH SOMETHING
THIS POWERFUL IN
MY BLOOD!

THERE'S
NOWHERE TO
HIDE.

IF IT'S
NOT LOGAN, IT'LL
BE SOMEONE
ELSE...

SOMEONE
WORSE THAN THEIR
WORST...

HEH.

WHEN
YOU'RE RIGHT,
YOU'RE RIGHT,
BUB.

SNIKT

SNIKT

NO. NO.
NO.

NOT
HER, TOO.
NOT...

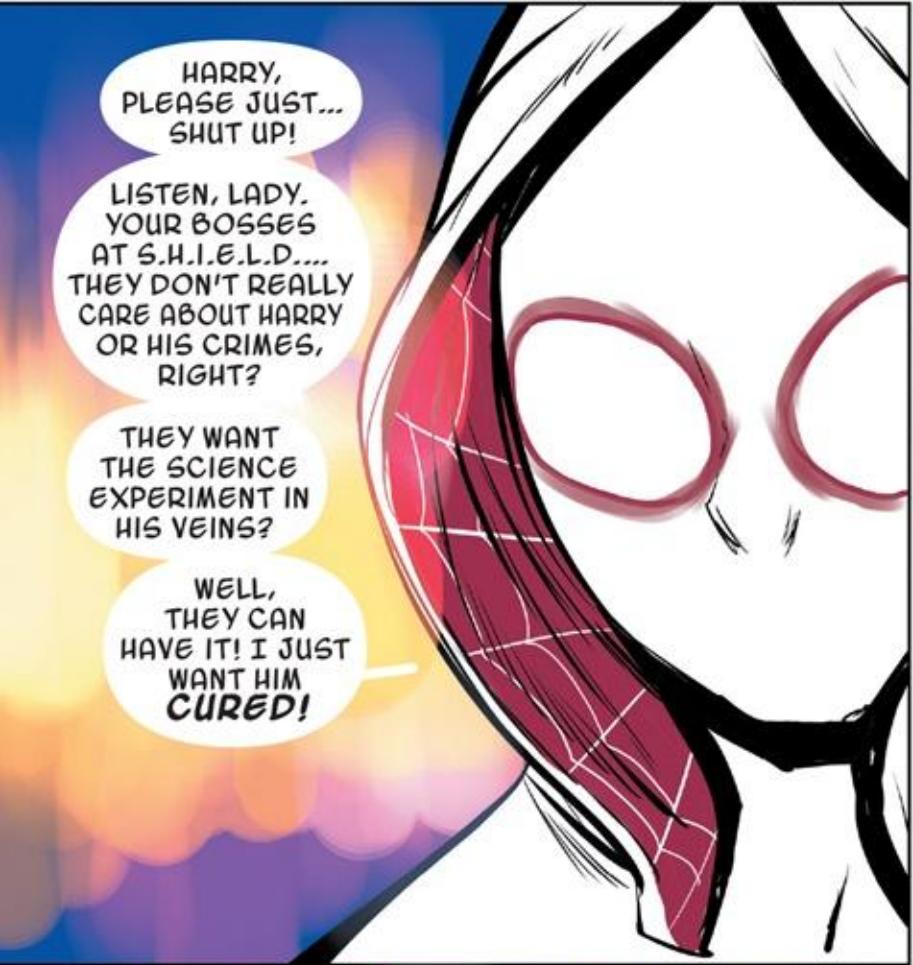
?!?

THAT'S
RIGHT,
BUB.

YOU'RE SO
SPECIAL THAT
S.H.I.E.L.D. SENT
THE BEST THERE
IS--

--THE
UNTOUCHABLE

SHADOWCAT!



LISTEN, LADY.
YOUR BOSSES
AT S.H.I.E.L.D....
THEY DON'T REALLY
CARE ABOUT HARRY
OR HIS CRIMES,
RIGHT?

THEY WANT
THE SCIENCE
EXPERIMENT IN
HIS VEINS?

WELL,
THEY CAN
HAVE IT! I JUST
WANT HIM
CURED!



TSK, TSK,
TSK...

...Y'KNOW
I LOVE YA,
KITTY.

NEARLY AS
MUCH AS I LOVE
WATCHIN' THIS LITTLE
"DOG WHISTLE" MAKE
YA SQUIRM.

BUT THE
BOUNTY ON
THAT BOY'S HEAD
IS **MINE** TO
COLLECT.



RRRR--
DAMN IT, OLD
MAN...

WHY
ARE YOU ALWAYS
BREATHIN' DOWN
MY NECK?!



DISTRICT ATTORNEY
FRANKLIN P. NELSON

"...WE'RE PRETTY DAMN FAR FROM KANSAS, DOROTHY."

YOU'RE
NOT HEARING ME,
MURDOCK.

BIG SURPRISE,
I KNOW--BUT JUST LIKE
ALWAYS...

...I'M
TRYING TO
GIVE YOU WHAT
YOU WANT,
MATT.

YOU REALLY
THINK PROSECUTING
CAPTAIN GEORGE FREAKIN'
STACY IS HIGH ON MY
WISH LIST?

BUT THE
NEWS HAS ITS TEETH
IN OUR NECKS HERE,
MAN.

THEY THINK NEW YORK'S TOP COP WANTS
TO GET UP UNDER OATH AND CLEAR
HIS CONSCIENCE...

...AIR THE ENTIRE
DEPARTMENT'S DIRTY
LAUNDRY.

BUT
WE BOTH KNOW CASTLE
CONNECTED THE STACYS
TO SPIDER-WOMAN.

AND THE
PUBLIC?

THEY'LL
ROAST ME
ON A SPIT IF I
DON'T DO MY
JOB...

...BUT THERE'S
NO WAY I'M LETTING
GEORGE STACY TELL
THE WORLD WE MADE
HIM HUNT HIS OWN
DAUGHTER.

SO, CARDS
ON THE TABLE, OKAY?
THIS IS ME CROSSING
THE AISLE...

...HOW
THE HELL DO WE
GET OUT OF THIS,
MATT?

WHY,
FOGGY...

...I
THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK.





"...AND SHE'D WALK
THROUGH HELL FOR
THE CHANCE."



JUST
AHEAD.



HARRY,
LOOK. WHAT
WE'RE ABOUT TO...
WHAT WE'RE
DOING--
--I MADE
A DEAL WITH
MURDOCK,
OKAY?



MY DAD NEEDS HIS HELP.
I NEED IT, TOO.

MY POWERS
ARE BROKEN.
I HAVEN'T BEEN
MYSELF FOR A
LONG TIME.

WITHOUT
THE "POWER-UPS"
HE PROVIDES, I'M NO
HELP TO YOU OR
ANYONE ELSE.

RRRNHH...
KEEP MOVING. MY
PLACE IS RIGHT
UP HERE.



THE RADIATION
THAT GAVE ME MY
POWERS--IT CAN DRAW
THE LIZARD MUTAGEN
OUT OF YOU.

AND ONCE
IT'S EXPOSED--IT
CHANGES.

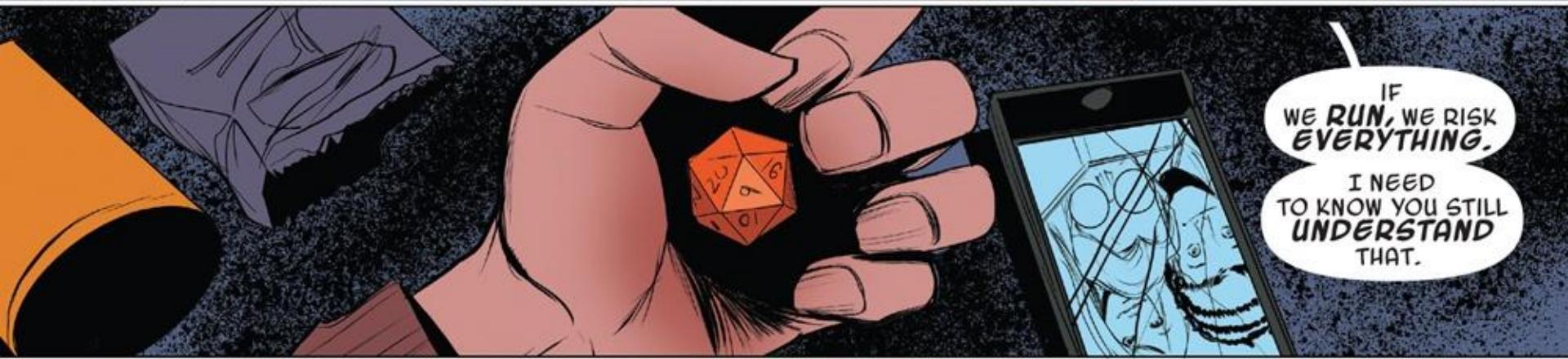
INTO
SOMETHING
MURDOCK CLAIMS
WILL "FIX" MY
POWERS.



WE CAN'T
TRUST HIM. I KNOW
THAT.

BUT IF THESE
MANIACS THEY SENT
AFTER YOU ARE HOW
S.H.I.E.L.D. DOES
BUSINESS...

RRRNNGGH...
RRRNNGH...WHERE
IS IT...WHERE...
WHERE...







...ONE LAST
ROLL.

TO BE CONTINUED...