



AZANIA, JUST OFF THE WAKANDAN BORDER...

KILLER SHOT, DURNIS!

THANK YOU, CLEMSON, MY DEAR TWIN BROTHER. THERE'S NO RUSH LIKE THE LIFE-OR-DEATH STRUGGLE OF SHOOTING AN ANIMAL THAT DOESN'T KNOW YOU EXIST.

...LEGAL GRAY AREA FOR BIG-GAME HUNTERS.

ESPECIALLY APEX PREDATORS LIKE THE DEADLY AFRICAN ZEBRA.

YOU SAID IT, BRO. I JUST WISH DAD WAS HERE TO SEE HOW ALPHA WE ARE.

BLEHHH.

YOU KNOW IT, BROSEPH. THEN WE'D GET THOSE SWEET, SWEET HUGS FOR SURE.

EXCUSE ME, YOU FINE YOUNG GENTLEMEN!

HUH?

I'D LIKE
TO MAKE
YOU AN OFFER
YOU CAN'T
REFUSE!

A comic book illustration of Deadpool in his signature red and black suit, standing on a rocky outcrop. He is holding a long, silver sword high in his right hand. To his right, a large warthog with prominent tusks is looking towards him. In the background, a small, thin, pale figure with a large head and a long neck is visible. The sky is a bright, hazy yellow with some faint clouds. The overall style is that of a classic comic book illustration with bold lines and a limited color palette.

BLACK PANTHER vs.
DEADPOOL
PART TWO: A BIG FIGHT!



THIS CAN'T
BE RIGHT.



WADE WILSON
A.K.A. DEADPOOL

CANADIAN
MUTANT-ADJACENT

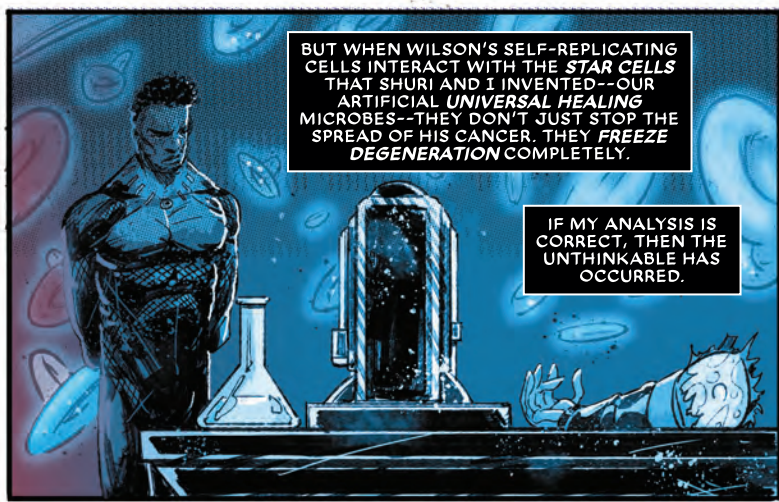
ABILITIES:
RAPID SELF-REGENERA-
TIVE PROPERTIES,
COMBAT EXPERT.

WEAKNESSES:
"CHIMICHANGAS"
(UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE)



I WAS CORRECT IN MY ASSESSMENT.
DEADPOOL'S *REGENERATION* ABILITIES
ARE A BY-PRODUCT OF HIS
HYPERMUTATED *CANCER*.

IT'S WHY HE ONLY GROWS BACK
DISFIGURED TISSUE. AT THIS POINT,
WADE WILSON MIGHT LITERALLY
BE ONE GIANT *TUMOR*.



BUT WHEN WILSON'S SELF-REPLICATING
CELLS INTERACT WITH THE *STAR CELLS*
THAT SHURI AND I INVENTED--OUR
ARTIFICIAL *UNIVERSAL HEALING*
MICROBES--THEY DON'T JUST STOP THE
SPREAD OF HIS *CANCER*. THEY *FREEZE*
DEGENERATION COMPLETELY.

IF MY ANALYSIS IS
CORRECT, THEN THE
UNTHINKABLE HAS
OCCURRED.



WAKANDA HAS
CURED *DEATH*
ITSELF.

AND WE MAY
OWE THE GREATEST
DISCOVERY IN
HUMAN HISTORY...



...TO
DEADPOOL.

I--I SHOULD
CLEAR MY
HEAD...



I SAID I WANTED TO SPEAK TO THE GENTLEMEN.

<AFTERNOON! BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY YOU HAVE HERE.>

<YOU SPEAK AZANIAN?>

<NO, BUT I'M FLUENT IN TRANSLATED WORD BALLOON.>



<SO WHAT'S THE BUSINESS MODEL HERE? HELPING FOREIGN HUNTERS SHOOT BELOVED ANIMALS FOR FUN AND PROFIT?>

<ARE YOU JOKING? IT BREAKS OUR HEARTS TO SEE THESE CREATURES KILLED SO SOME AMERICAN BABY-MAN CAN TAKE A SELFIE.>

<BUT WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO? THERE ARE NO CODING JOBS HERE. NO CALL CENTERS.>

<YOUR "GLOBAL ECONOMY" LEAVES US BEHIND...>

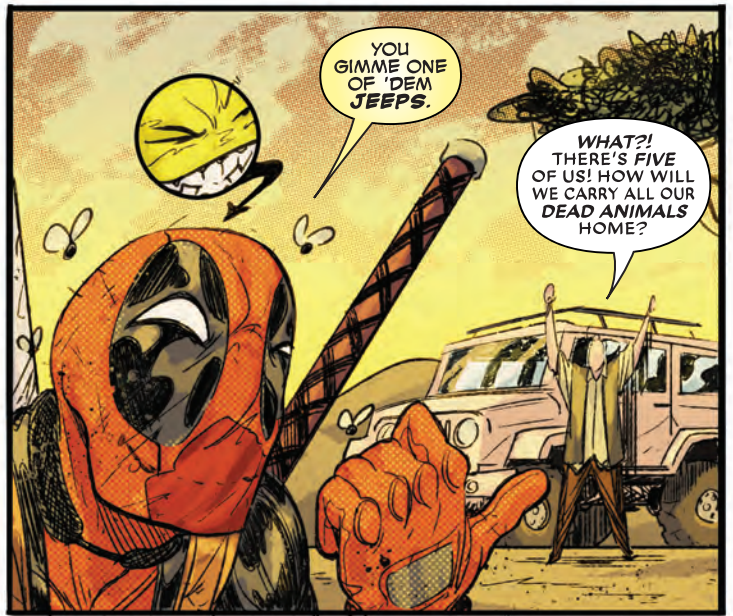




<HARD RELATE. OKAY, DO YOU TAKE SHADY BLACK-MARKET CRYPTOCURRENCIES?>

<OBVIOUSLY.>

<SUPEE. HOW ABOUT I TRANSFER YOU ENOUGH UNTRACEABLE CASH THAT YOU NEVER HAVE TO BABYSIT SOME PASTY DEATH-TOURIST EVER AGAIN? AND IN EXCHANGE...>



YOU GIMME ONE OF 'DEM JEEPS.

WHAT?! THERE'S FIVE OF US! HOW WILL WE CARRY ALL OUR DEAD ANIMALS HOME?



NOT MY PROB. I GOTTA GO BACK TO WAKANDA AND GET MY ARM. PLUS SOME VIBRANIUM FOR MY "EMOTIONAL DISTRESS."

AND MY TELEPORTER IS ON THE FRITZ SINCE HIS MAJESTY KING T'JERKA HACKED IT AND DUMPED ME ON A MOUNTAIN.



YOU'RE NOT TAKING OUR RIDE, BRO. I'M NOT LEAVING THE COUNTRY OF AFRICA WITHOUT MY TROPHIES.

≡SIGH≡ YOU KNOW, I THINK I'M STARTING TO SEE THE APPEAL.

OF WHAT, HUNTING?

NAW, DOGG.



I LOVE HUNTING.

AIEEEE!!!

