

TOM REYNOLDS



THE WORLD OF THE HULK IN THIS COMIC IS NOT THE ONE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH FROM THE COMICS OR *ESPECIALLY* FROM THE MOVIES.

OUR HULK IS SIGNIFICANTLY LARGER THAN THE PROFESSOR HULK OF AVENGERS ENDGAME. HE'S AN *ANIMAL*, AN UNCONTROLLABLE CHAOTIC *MONSTER* WHO ONLY GETS STRONGER THE ANGRIER HE GETS.

HE'S STILL BRUCE BANNER, HE STILL TURNS INTO THE HULK WHEN HE'S ANGRY. HOWEVER, THIS HULK IS NOT AN AVENGER, HE'S MORE LIKELY TO BE *FOUGHT* BY THE AVENGERS THAN ON THEIR SIDE.

WHEN AND WHERE THE HULK APPEARS, HE LEAVES ONLY *DESTRUCTION* IN HIS WAKE. HE NEVER SETS OUT TO KILL, BUT YOU DON'T EXACTLY WANT TO GET IN HIS WAY.

BRUCE BANNER CONSIDERS HULK A *SICKNESS*, AND WORKS TIRELESSLY TO CURE HIMSELF AND RETURN TO NORMALITY AND STABILITY.

THE MILITARY UNDER GENERAL ROSS HAS VOWED TO *DESTROY* THE HULK BY *ANY* MEANS NECESSARY.

BRUCE WOULD LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN TO BE *FREE* OF HIS CURSE, AND TO FINALLY HAVE THE CHANCE TO SETTLE DOWN WITH THE *LOVE* OF HIS LIFE, BETTY ROSS, THE GENERAL'S *DAUGHTER*.



AND IN THIS STORY HE DOESN'T HAVE A COUSIN NAMED *JENNIFER*.

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"General, we're 30 seconds post launch. T-minus 15 seconds until impact."

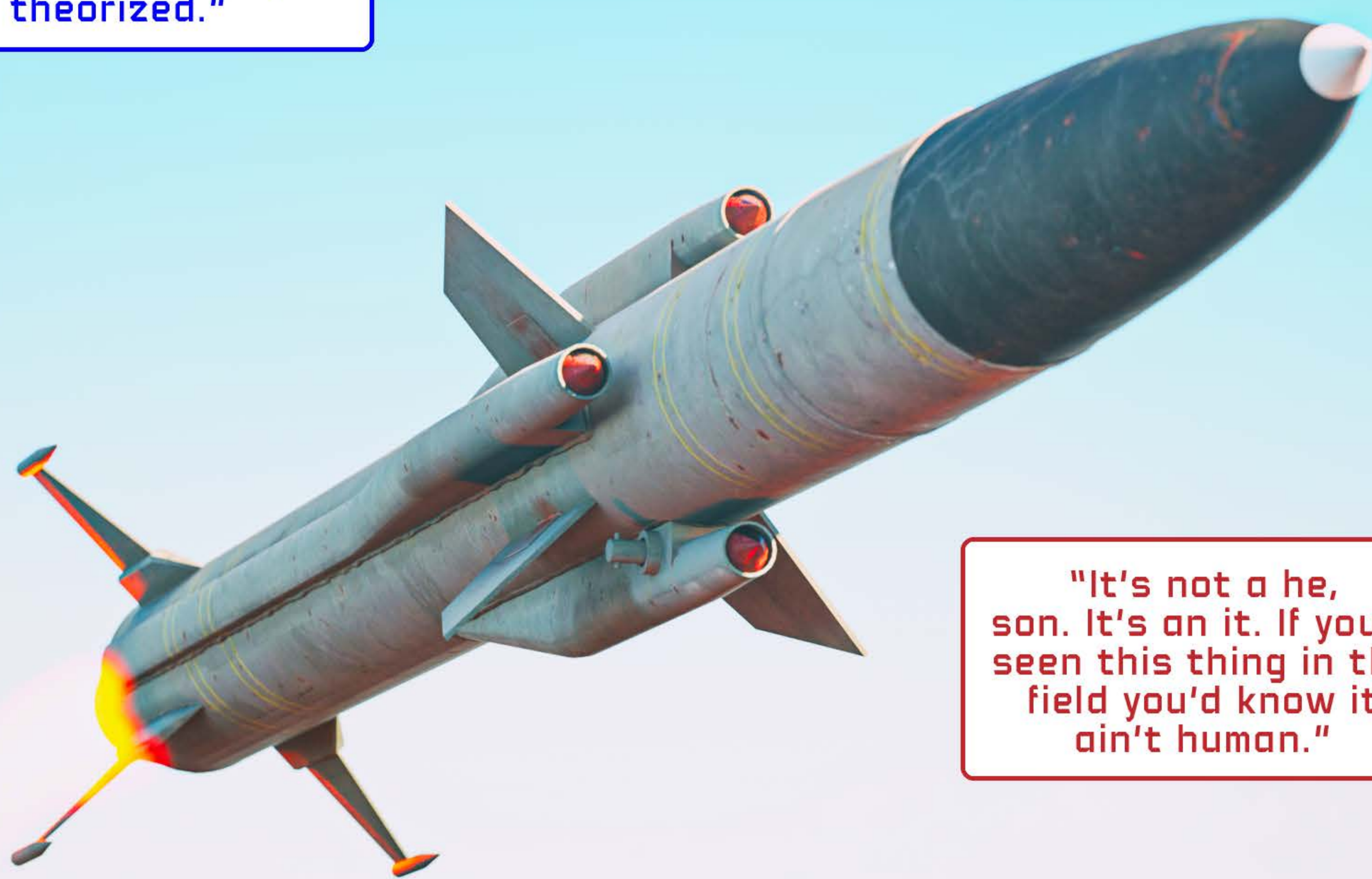
"Excellent. Do we have confirmed eyes on the target?"

"He's taken the bait. The effects of the pheromone diffuser worked exactly as you theorized."

"It's not a he, son. It's an it. If you'd seen this thing in the field you'd know it ain't human."

"Yes, General. Sorry, General."

"Don't piss your pants, son. If the diffuser is working as intended... This crazy ass scheme might just work."



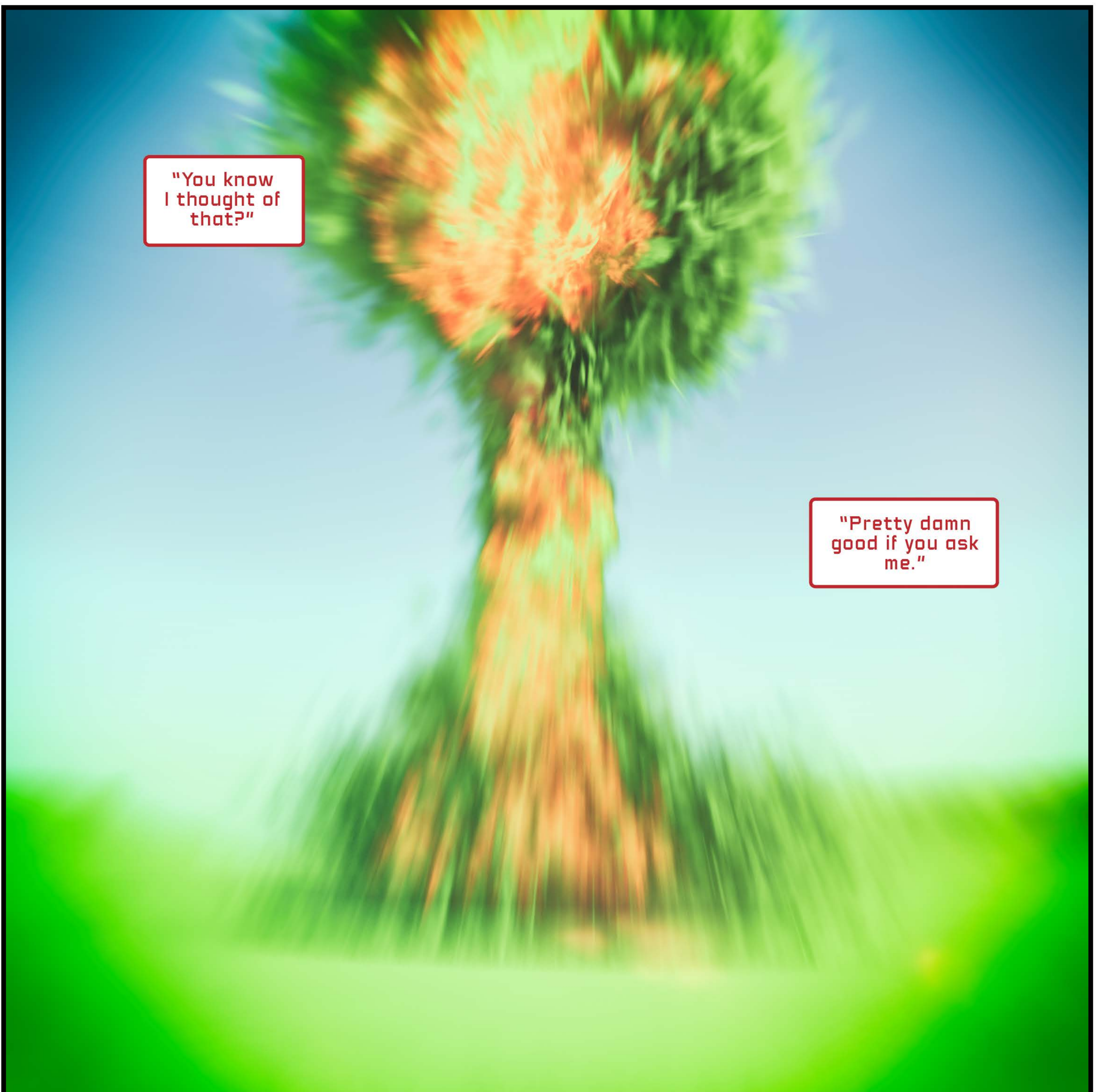
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"Read me the project name back."



"Project Hulk: Bustier."



"You know I thought of that?"

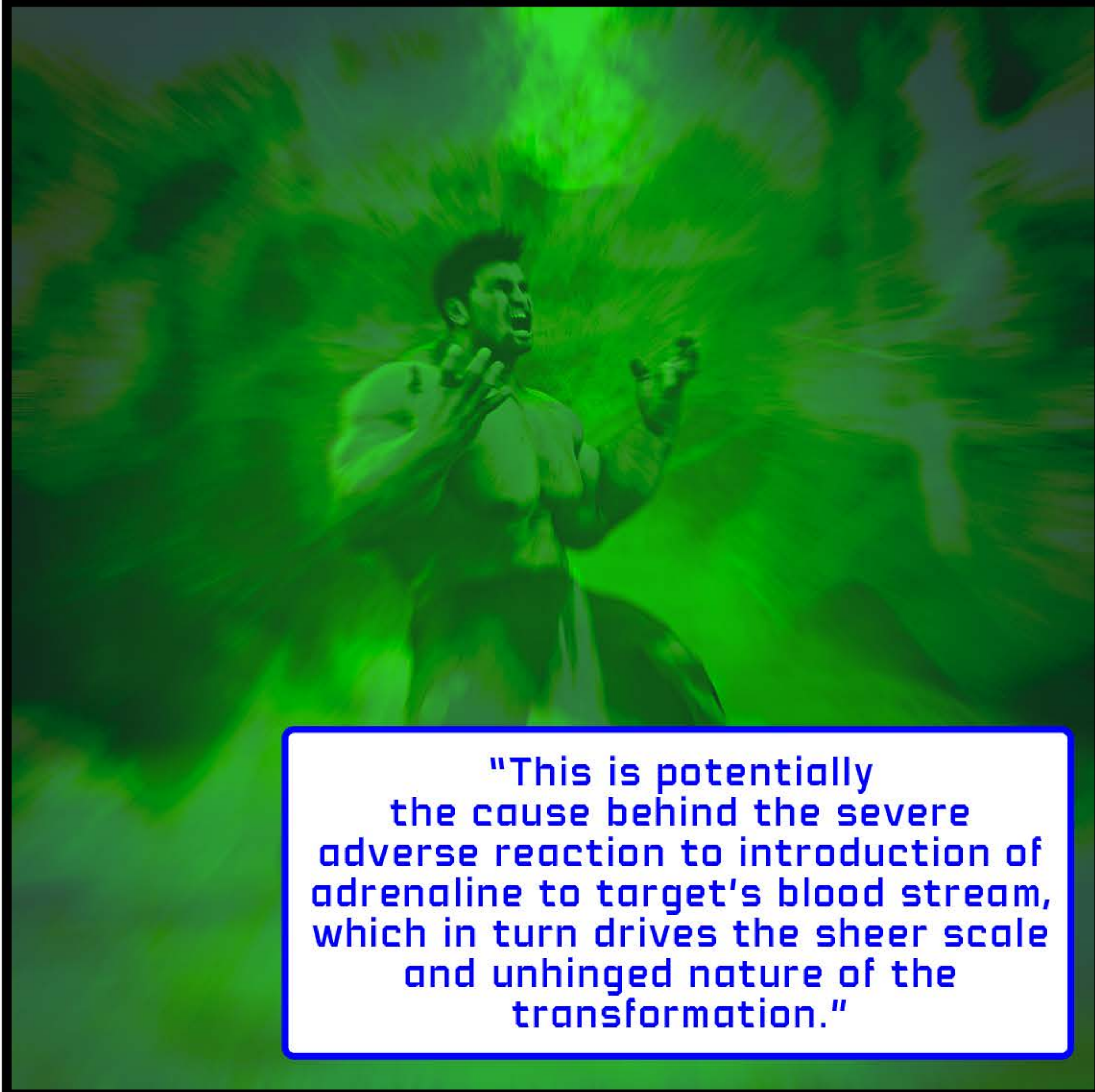
"Pretty damn good if you ask me."

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"Give me a playback on the intended effects of this thing."

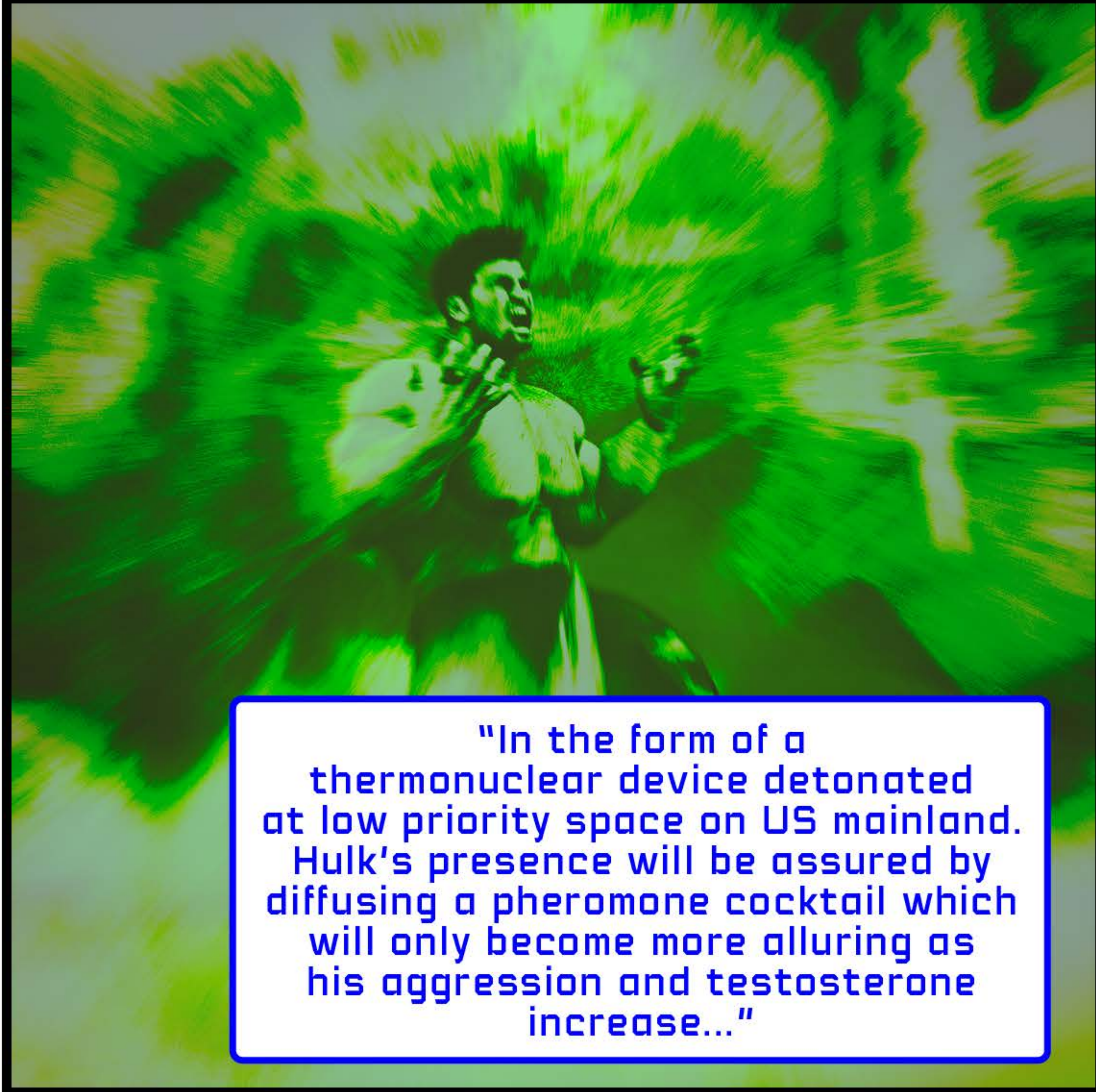
"General Ross theorizes that interaction between target's radiation infected cells and an inherent mutation of the Y-chromosome causes an abnormality in target's testosterone."



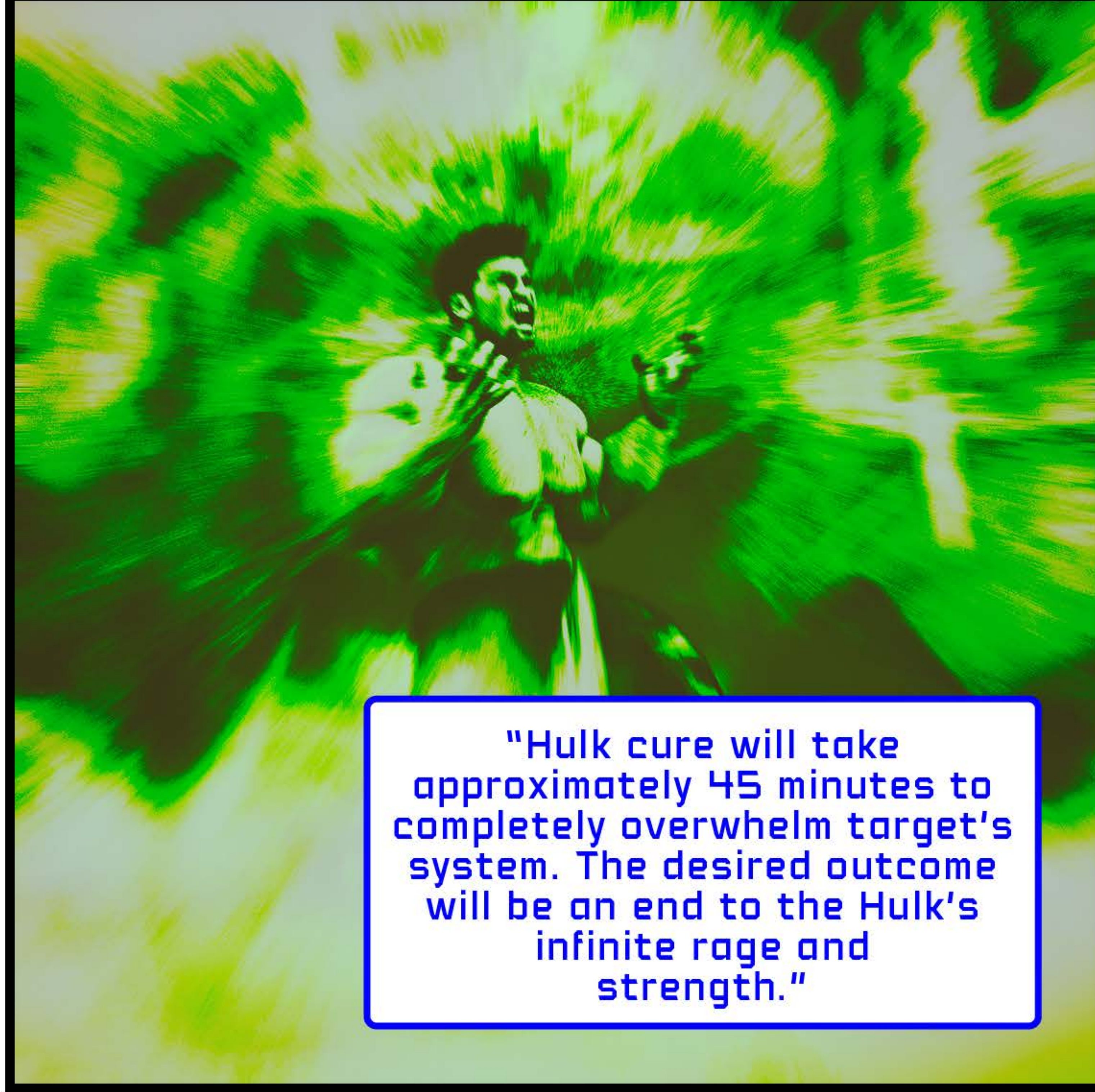
"This is potentially the cause behind the severe adverse reaction to introduction of adrenaline to target's blood stream, which in turn drives the sheer scale and uninged nature of the transformation."



"Consequently, administering a gamma-infused cellular replacement device to target..."



"In the form of a thermonuclear device detonated at low priority space on US mainland. Hulk's presence will be assured by diffusing a pheromone cocktail which will only become more alluring as his aggression and testosterone increase..."



"Hulk cure will take approximately 45 minutes to completely overwhelm target's system. The desired outcome will be an end to the Hulk's infinite rage and strength."

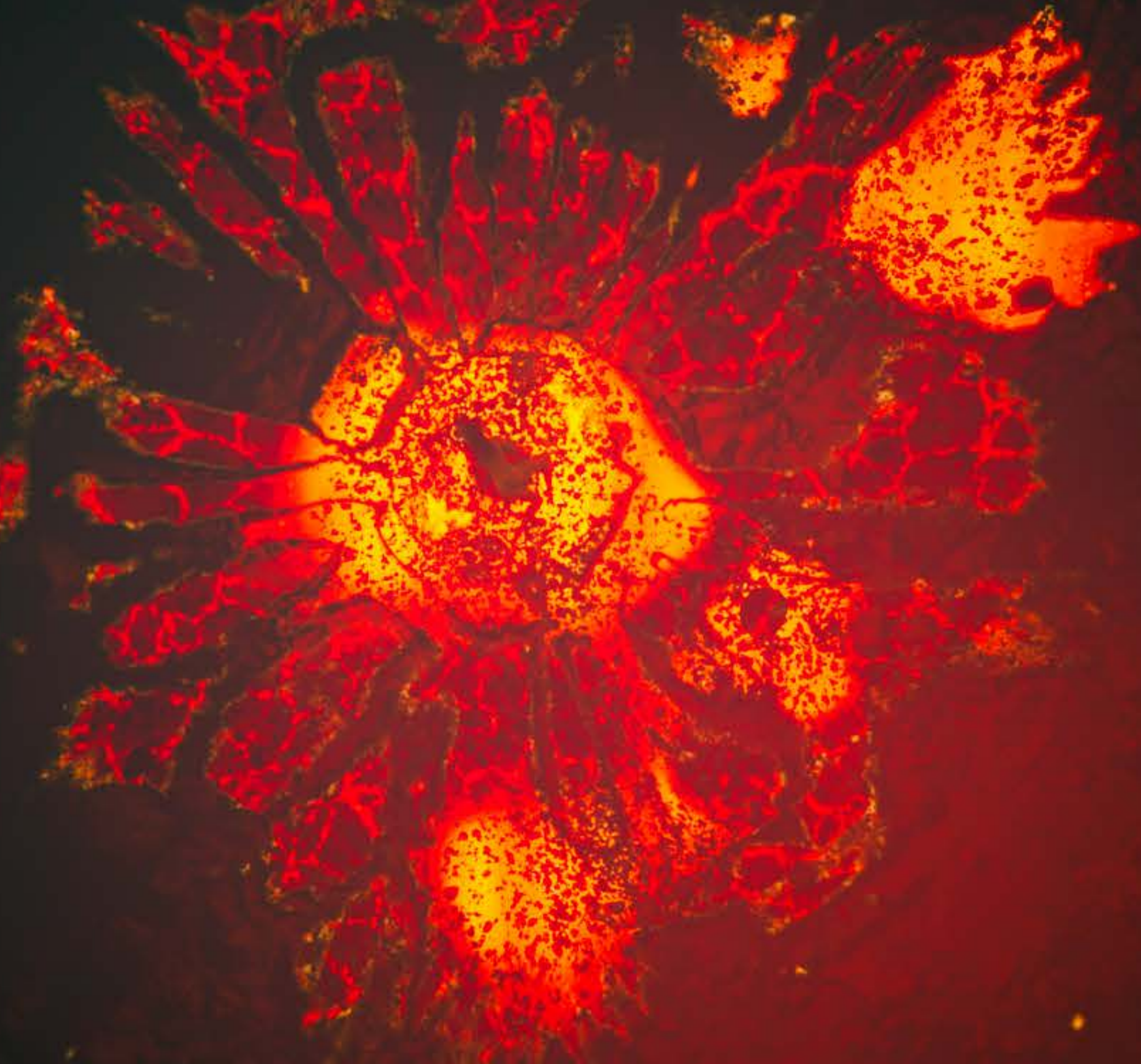


"Target will be transported to Rogers Military base into purpose built holding facility."

"Where the next stage of the plan comes into effect."

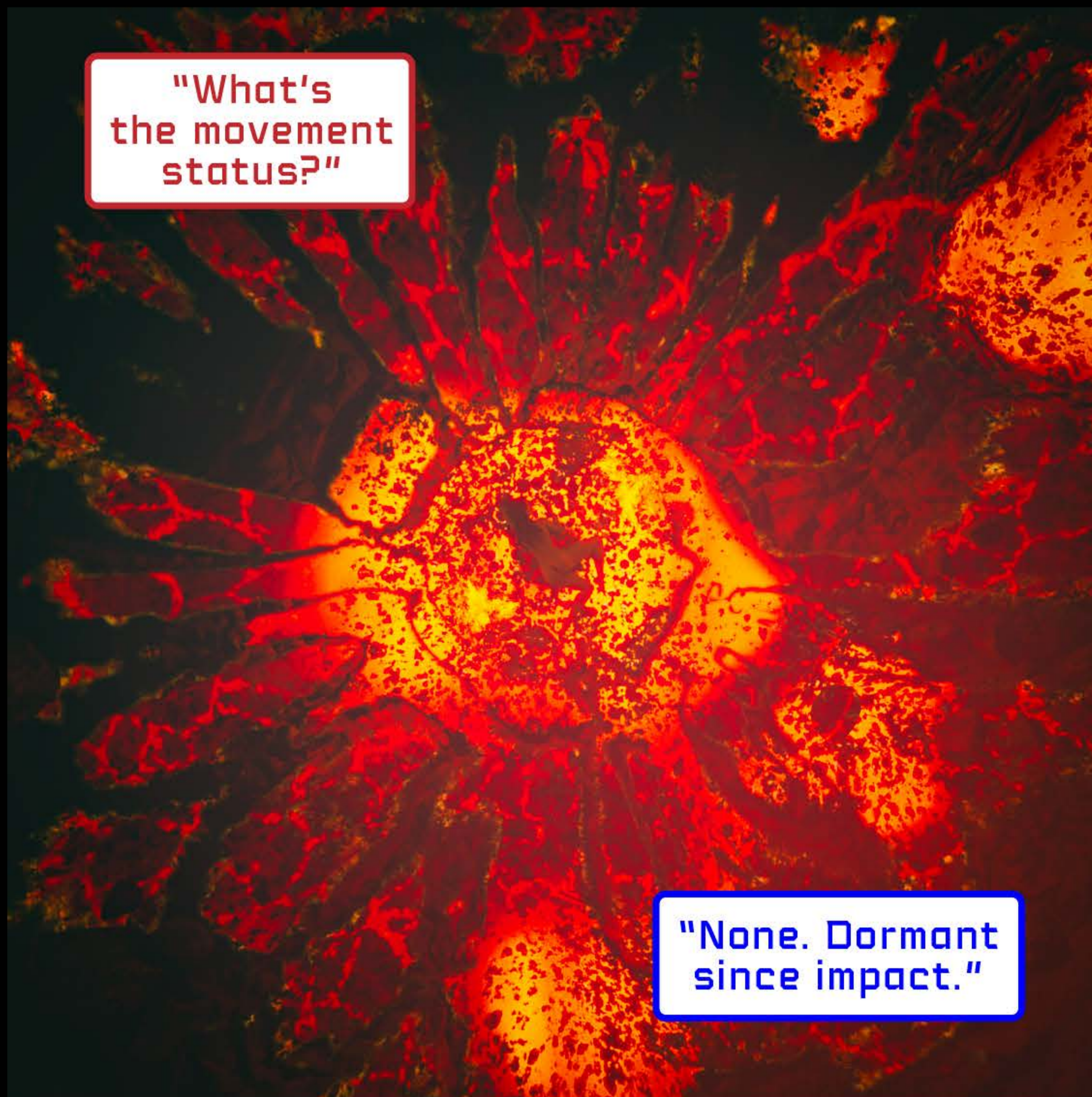
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"What's that?
About ten minutes
post impact?"



"Eleven."

"What's
the movement
status?"



"None. Dormant
since impact."

"Really?! This is
the first thing that's
actually worked
on it."



"Correction, sir."

"Correction?"



"That should
be her, now."

"Heh, I like you."

"You can lead the
away team to bring
her in. Let's hope
she doesn't get
angry."



"Uh..."

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...REMOVING TESTOSTERONE IN SIGNIFICANT QUANTITIES WAS THE FINAL BREAK-THROUGH.

NO MORE TRANSFORMATIONS, NO MORE *DESTRUCTION*, NO MORE *RUNNING*. YOU'RE THE HULK, BUT YOU'RE IN *CONTROL*.



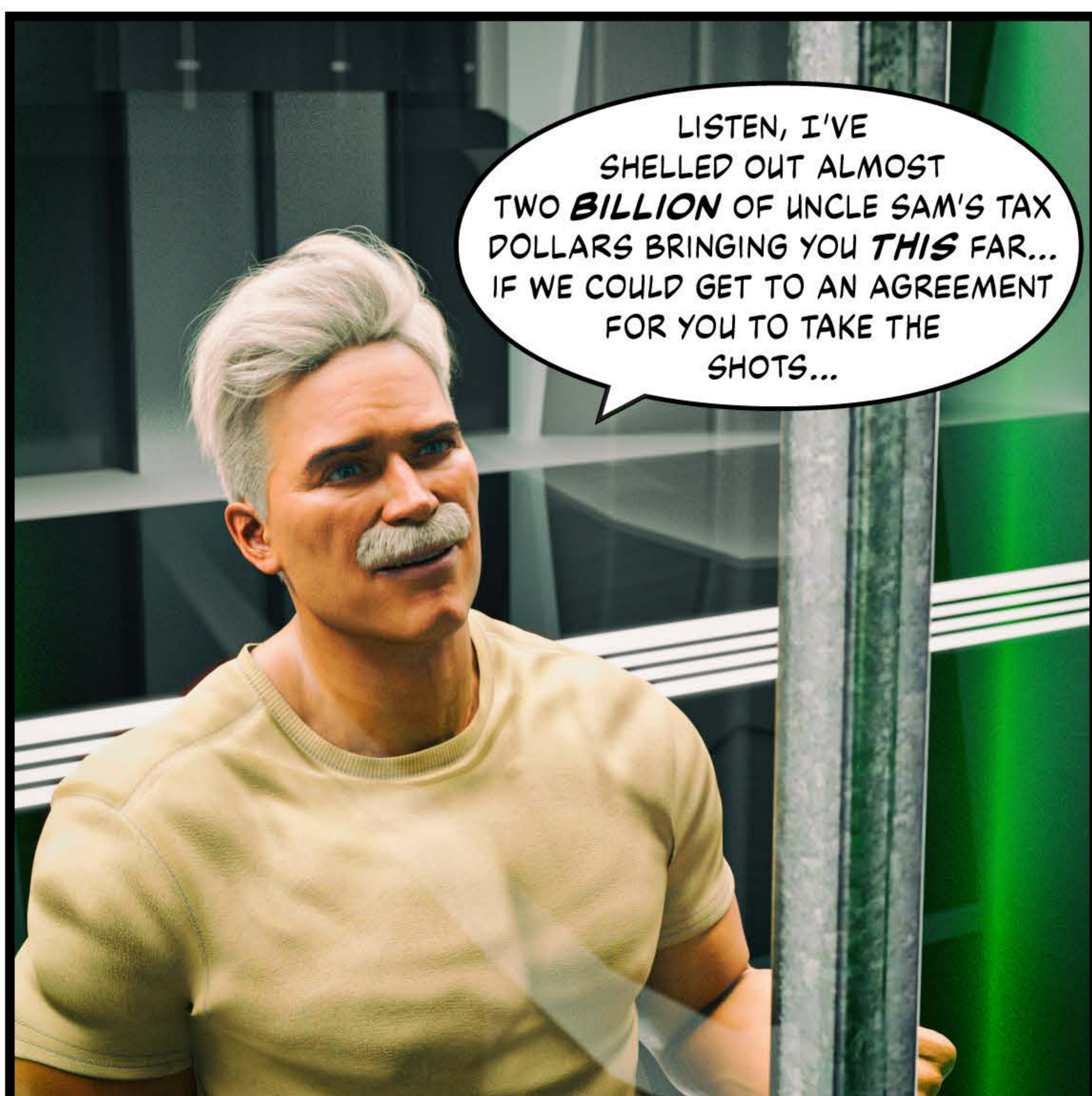
THE SOLUTION WAS WEAPONIZED AT *FIRST*, BUT THE CHANGE CAN BE MAINTAINED WITH REGULAR SHOTS.



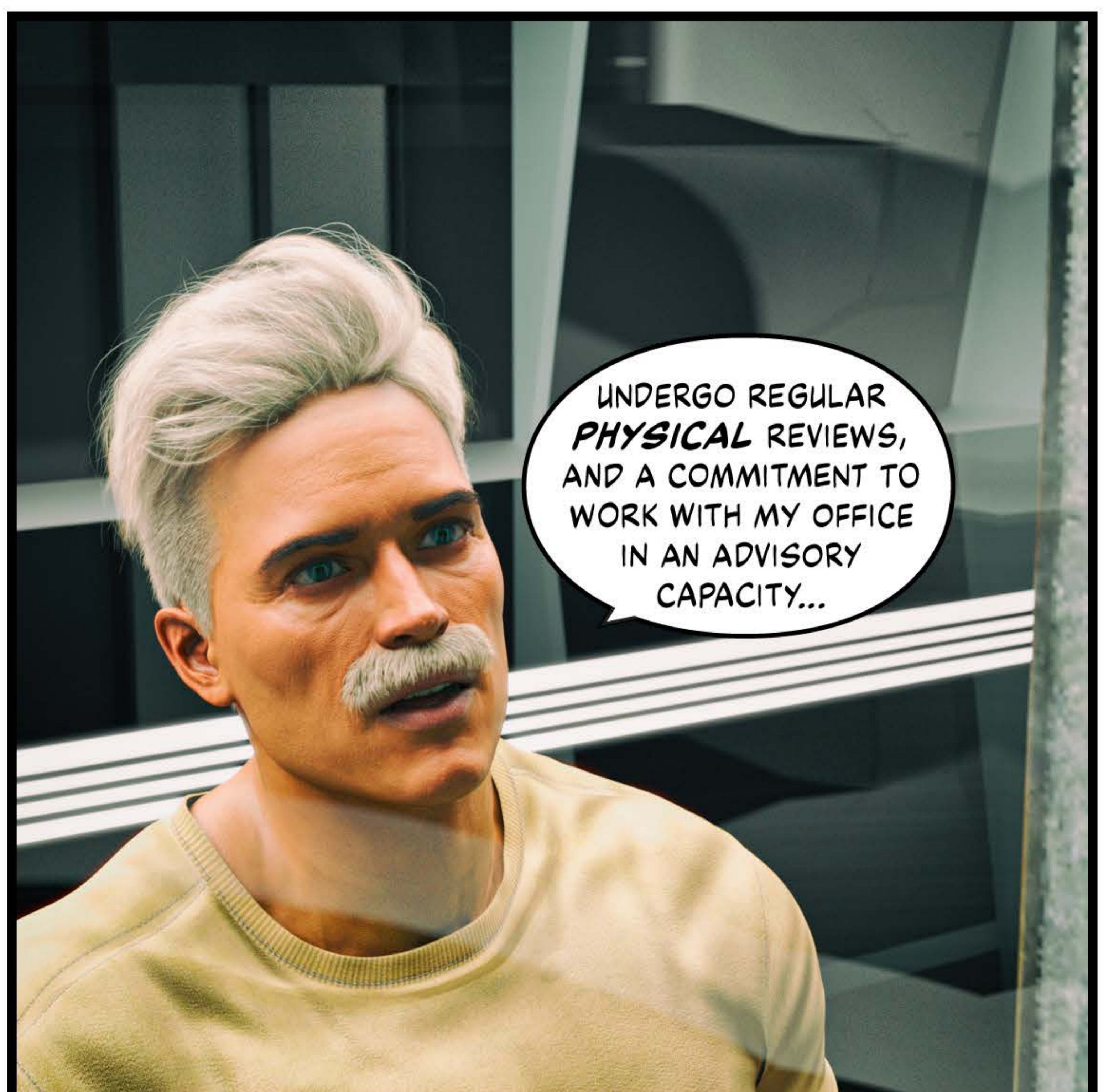
IT'S A CHANCE AT A LEVEL OF NORMALITY I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE EXPERIENCED IN A *LONG ASS TIME*, RIGHT?



YEAH.



LISTEN, I'VE SHELLED OUT ALMOST TWO *BILLION* OF UNCLE SAM'S TAX DOLLARS BRINGING YOU *THIS FAR*... IF WE COULD GET TO AN AGREEMENT FOR YOU TO TAKE THE SHOTS...



UNDERGO REGULAR *PHYSICAL* REVIEWS, AND A COMMITMENT TO WORK WITH MY OFFICE IN AN ADVISORY CAPACITY...

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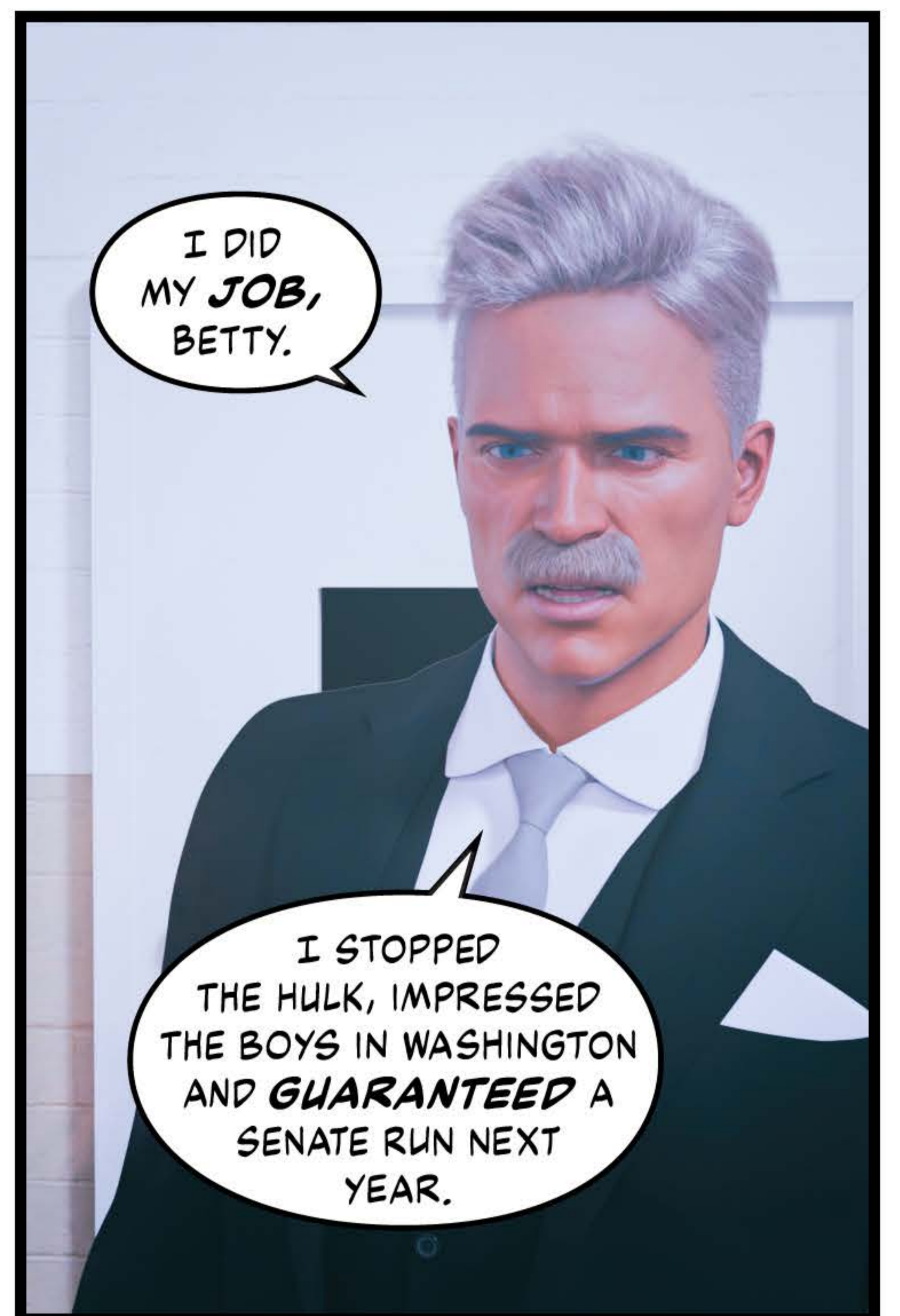
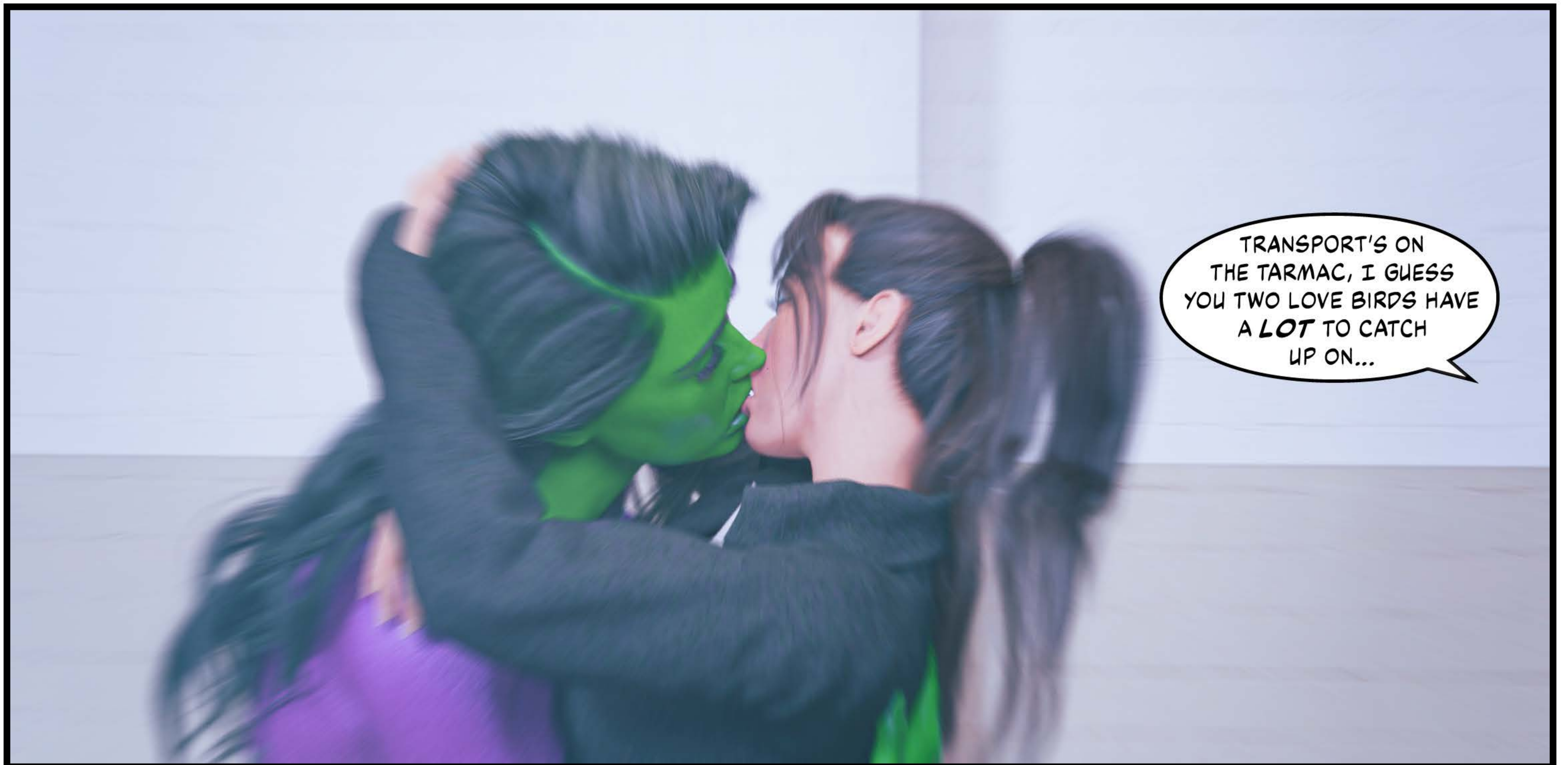
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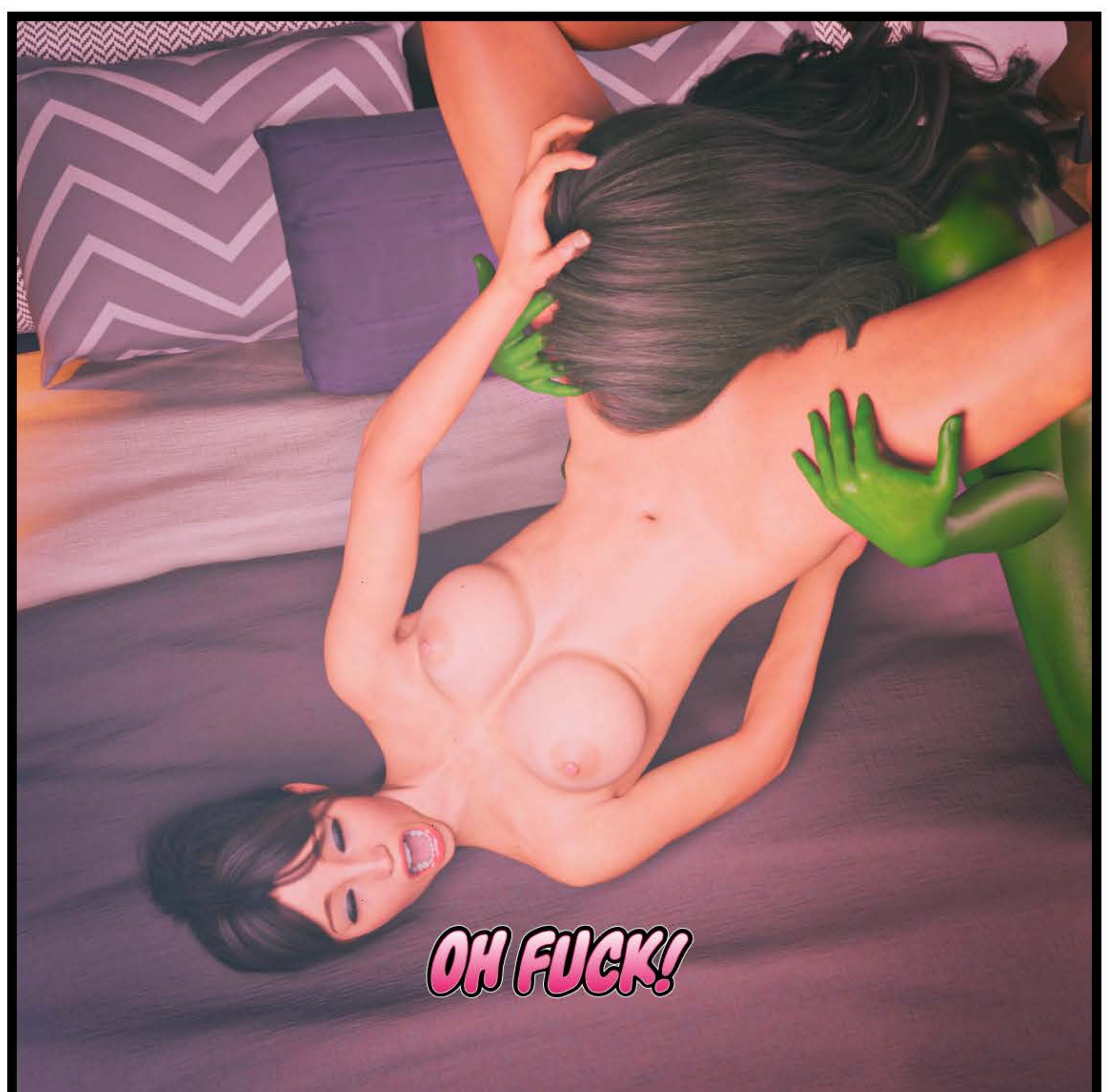
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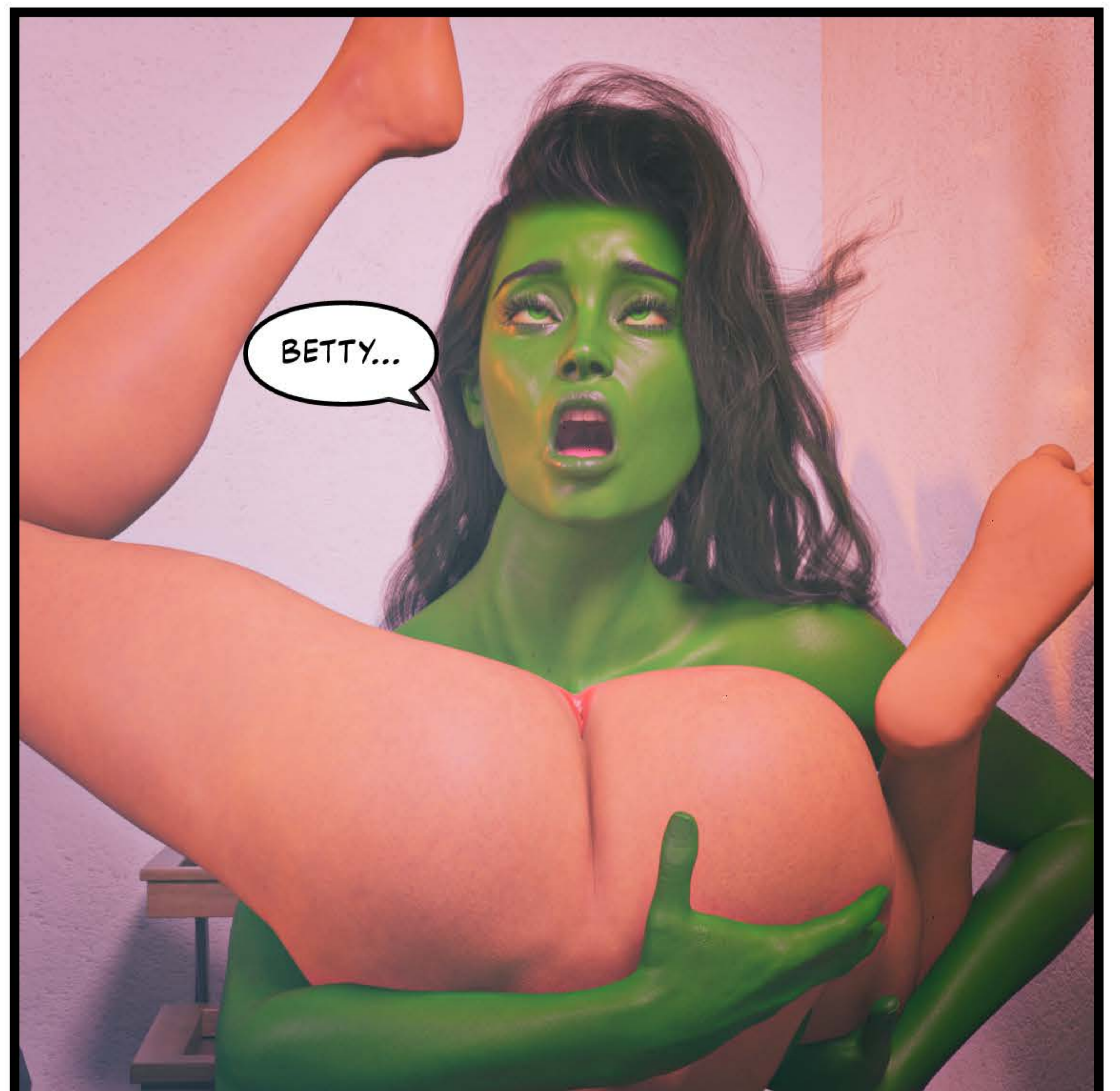
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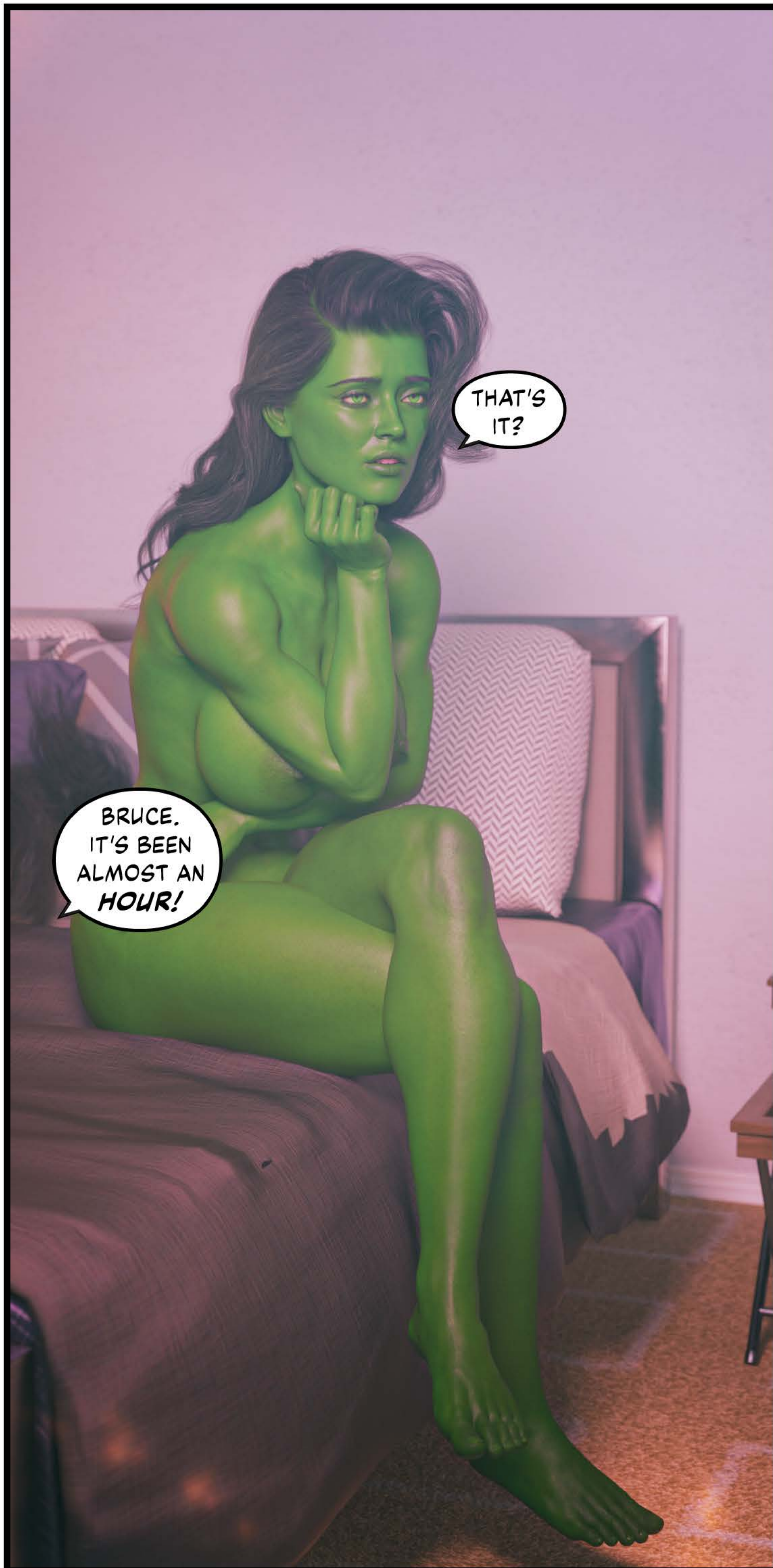
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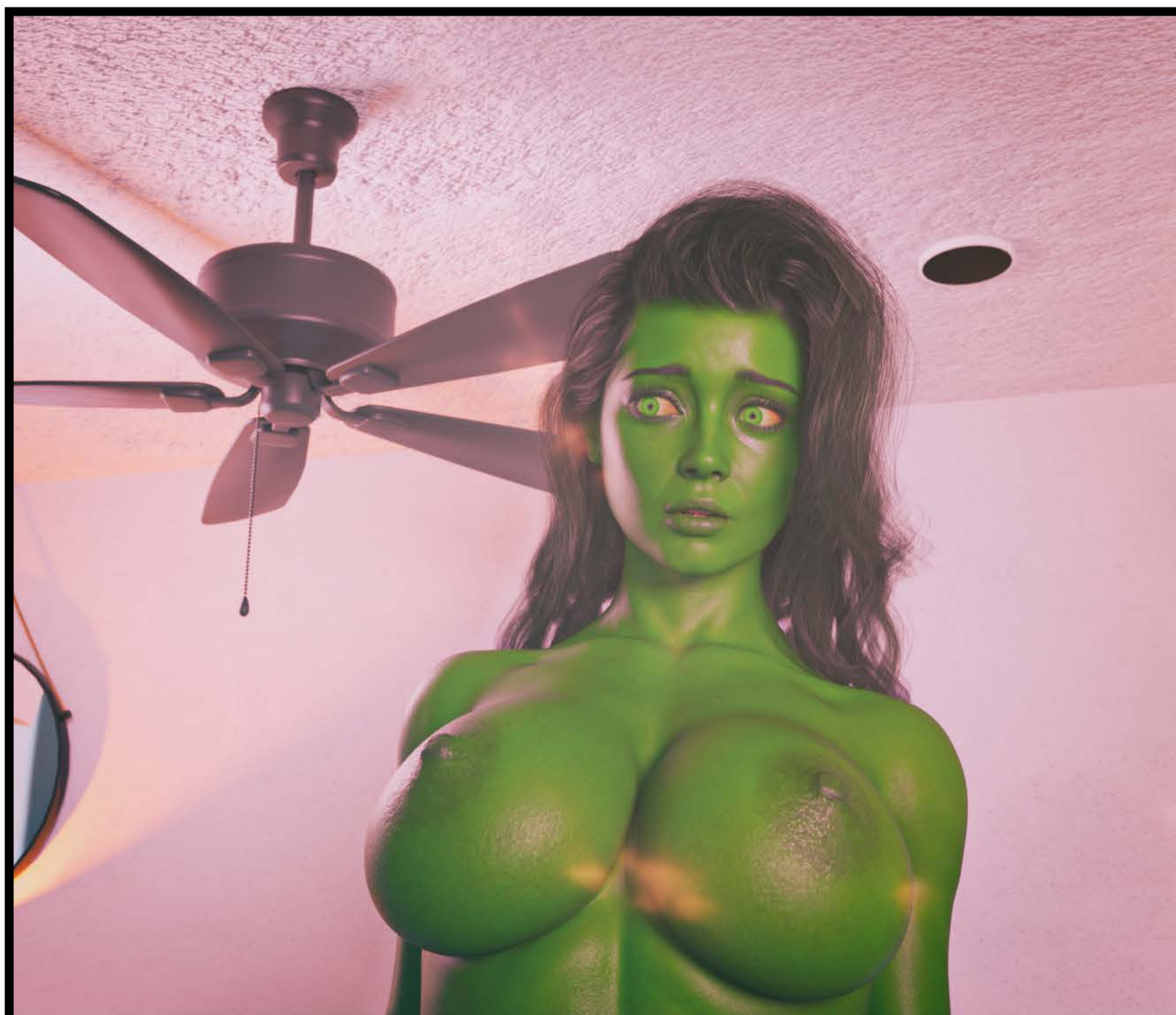
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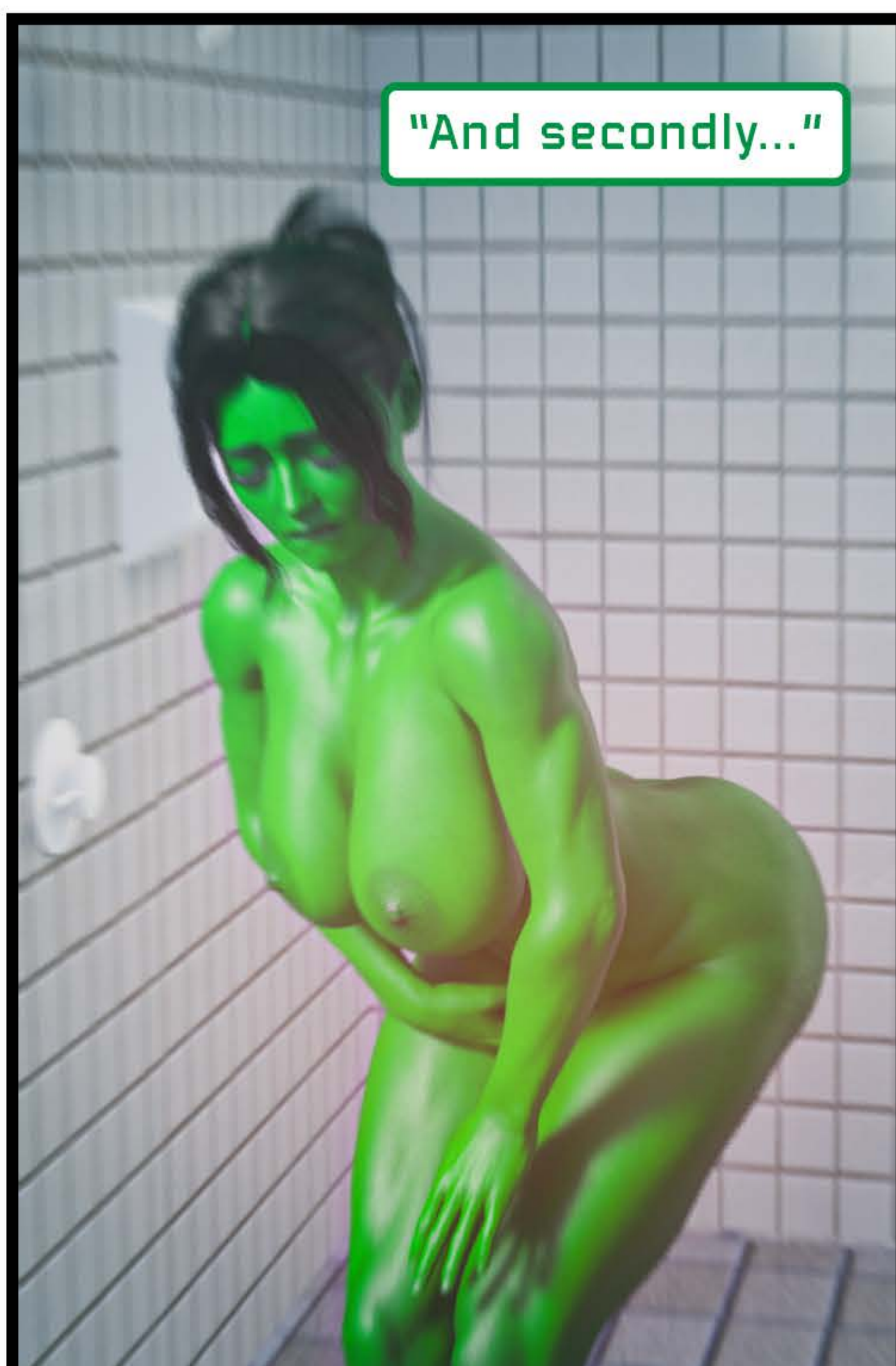
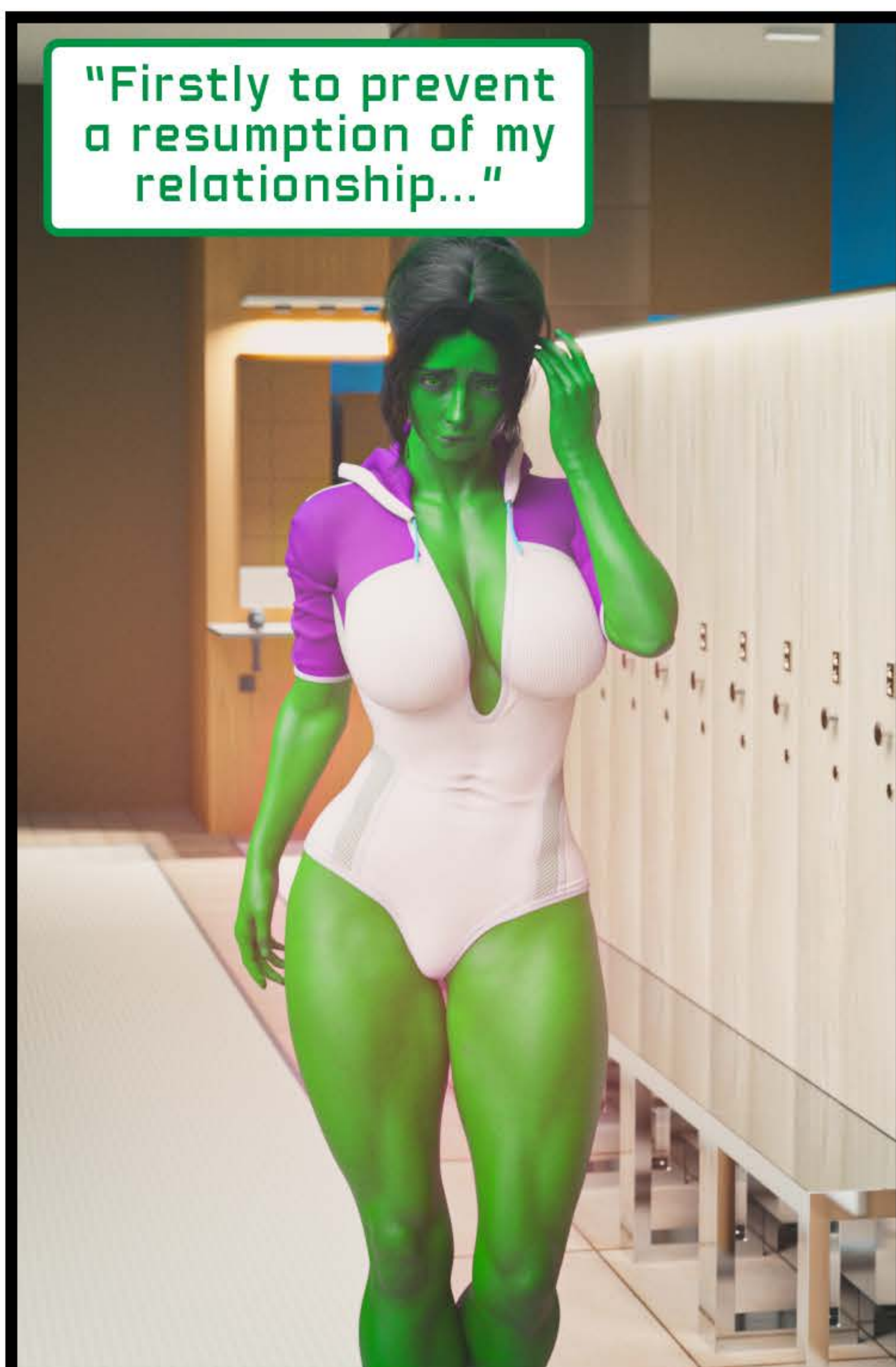
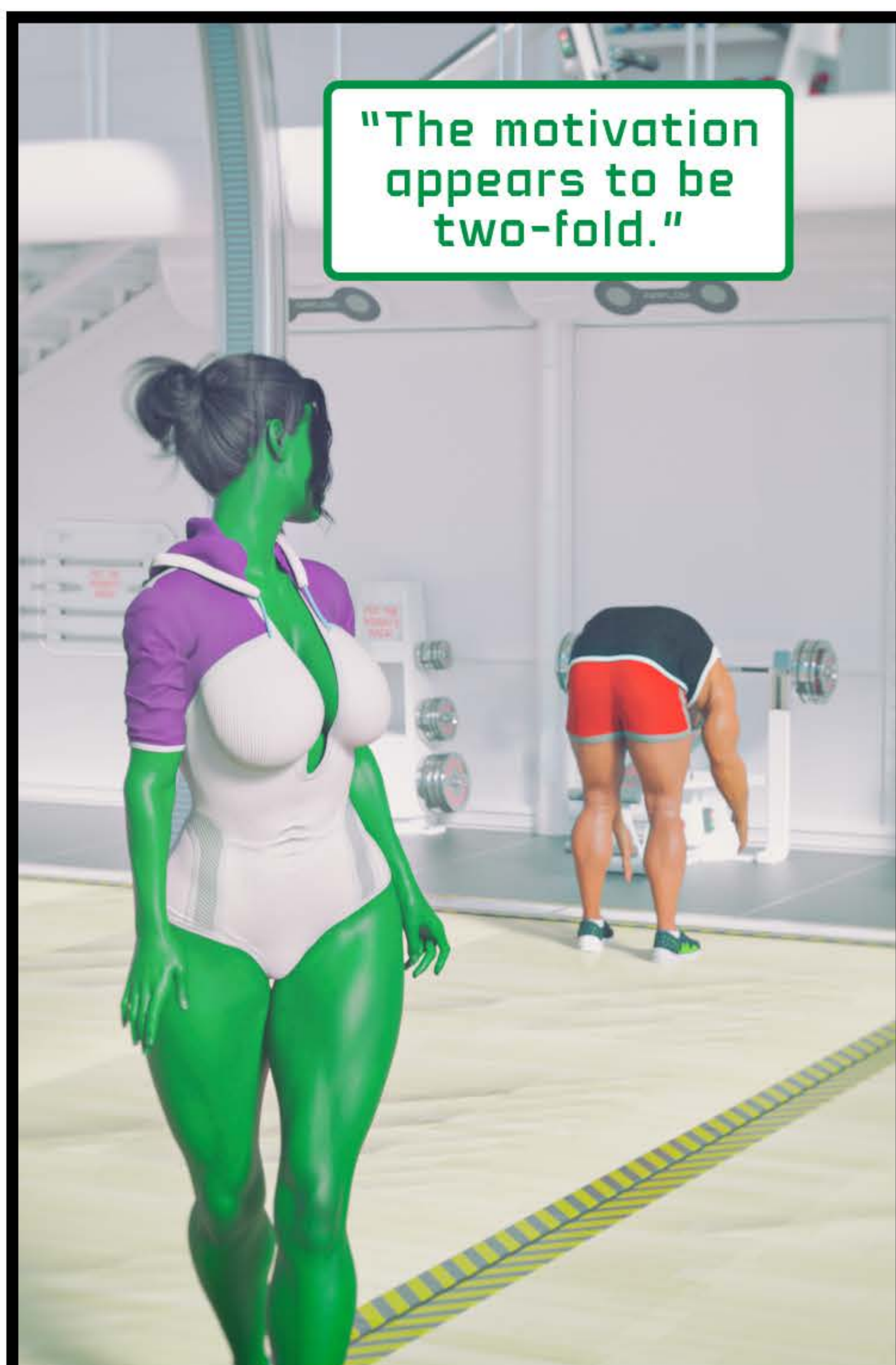
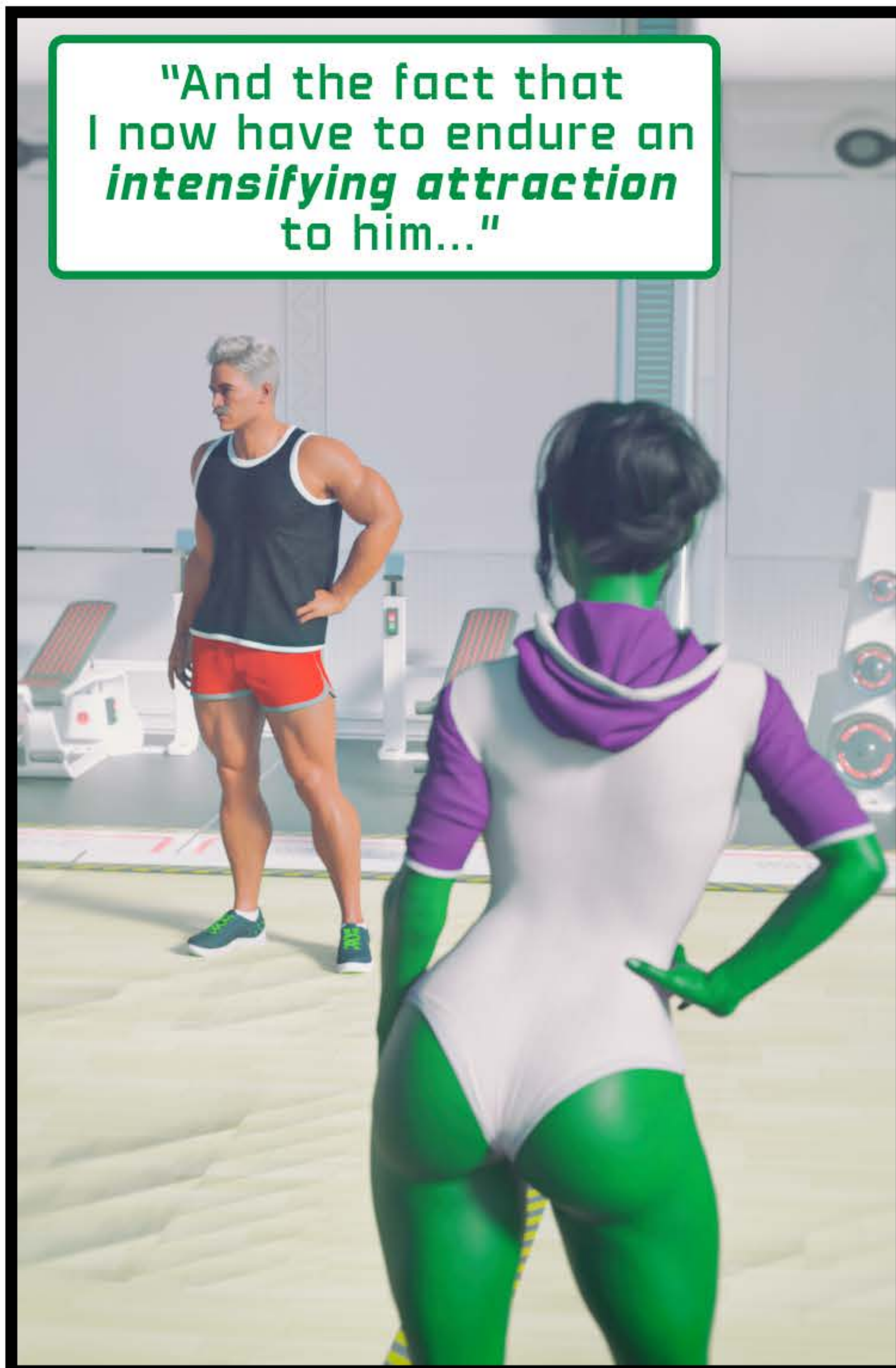
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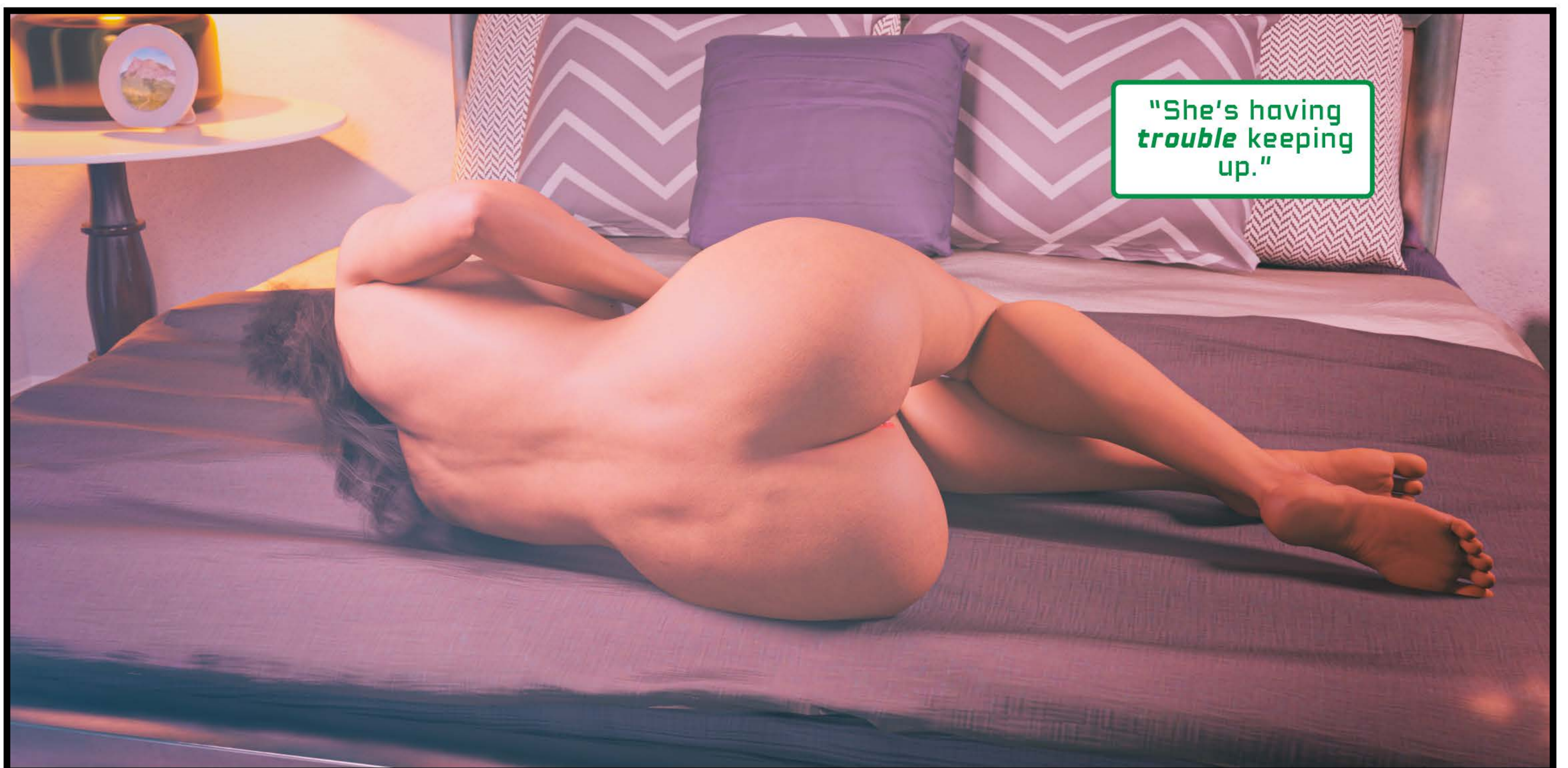
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BUZZ!



BUZZ!

HEY BETTY.
SURE, I'D **LOVE** TO
COME OVER... JUST
GIVE ME AN HOUR
OR SO.

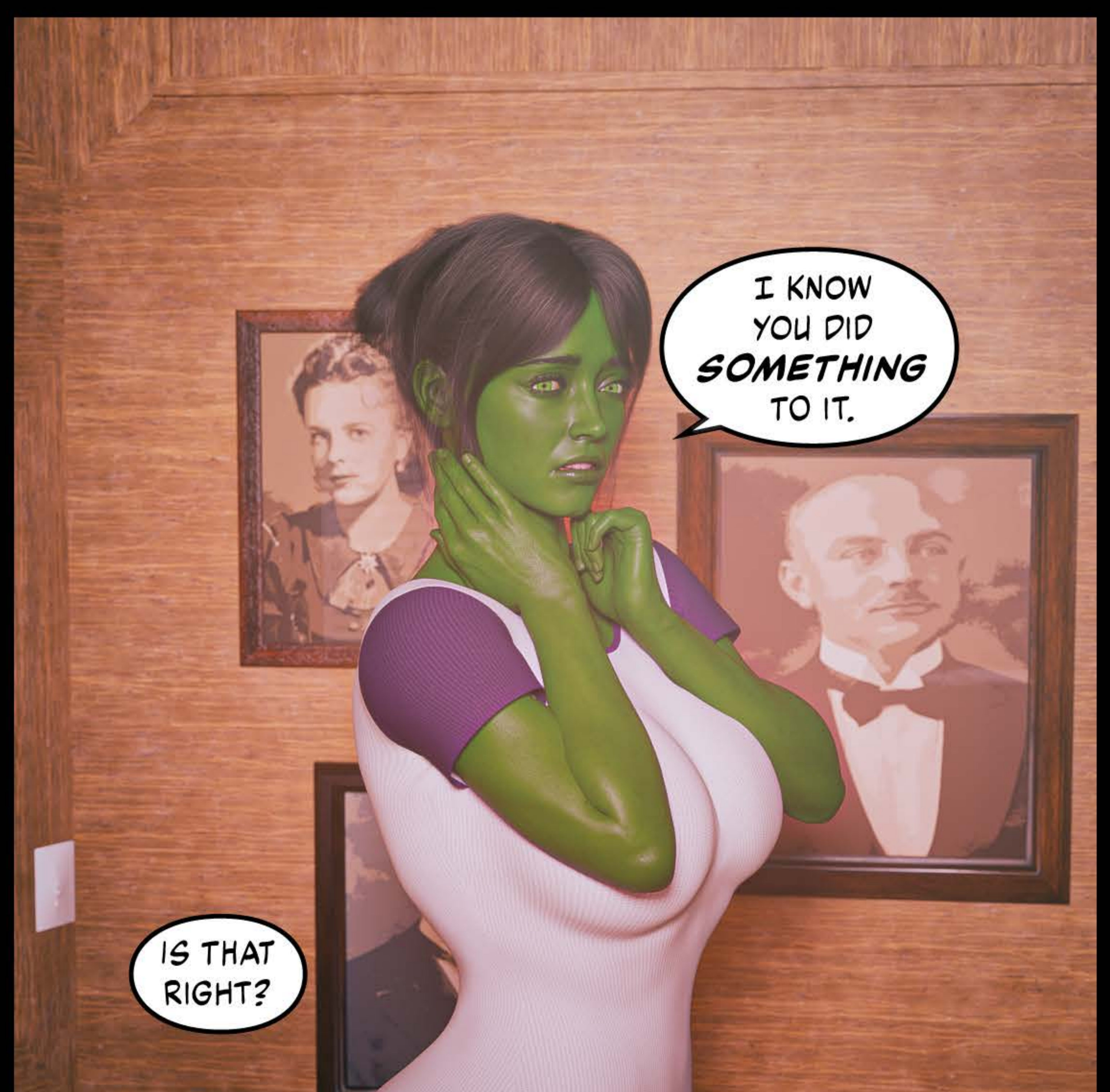
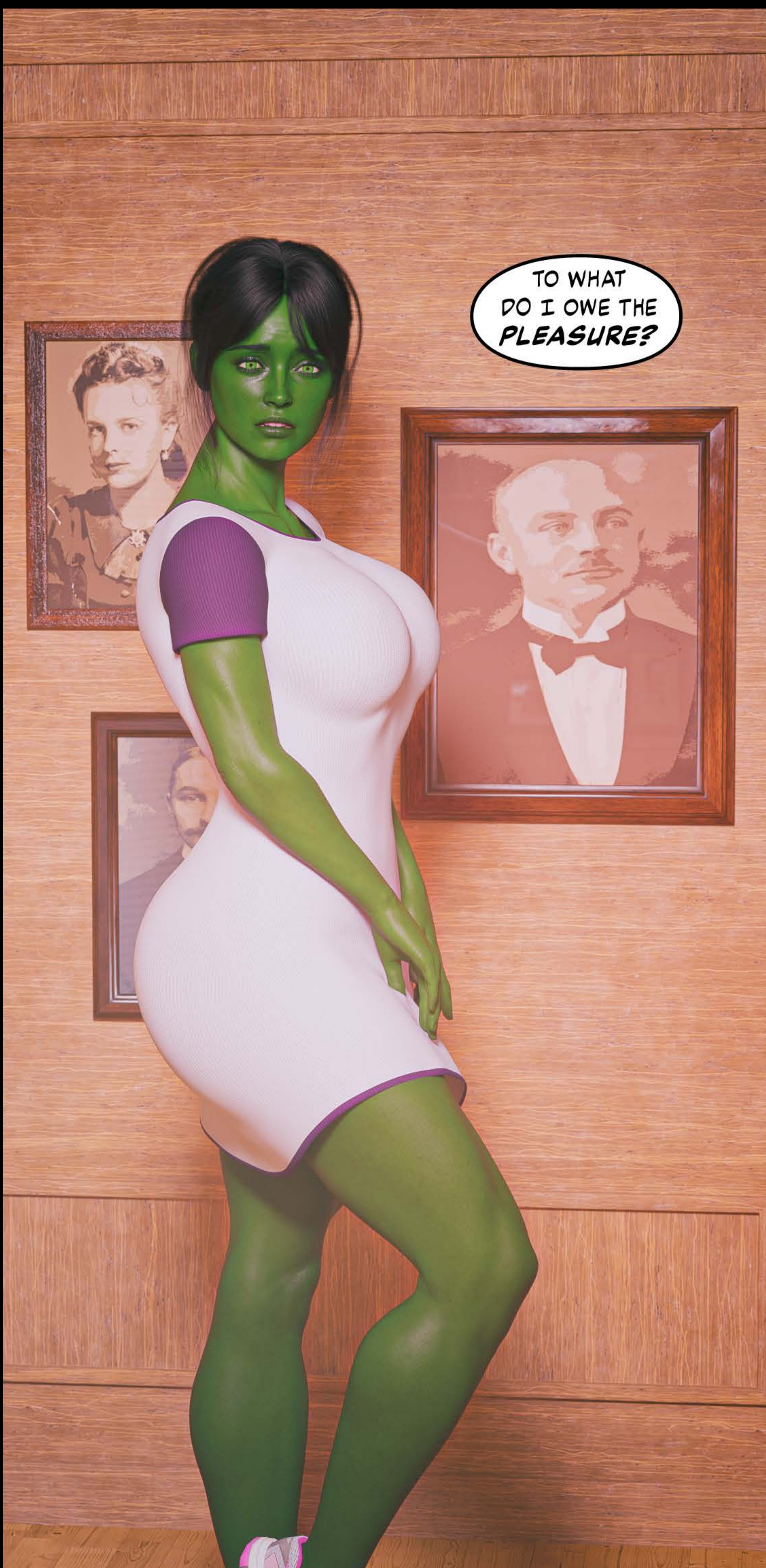
THERE'S
JUST SOMETHING
I'VE GOT TO
DO.

"I intend
to take my
accusations to
the General."

"If I can't
fully review the
contents of the
serum I've been
given, I'll **refuse**
to take it."

"He can change
my **body**, but he
can't mess with
my **mind**."

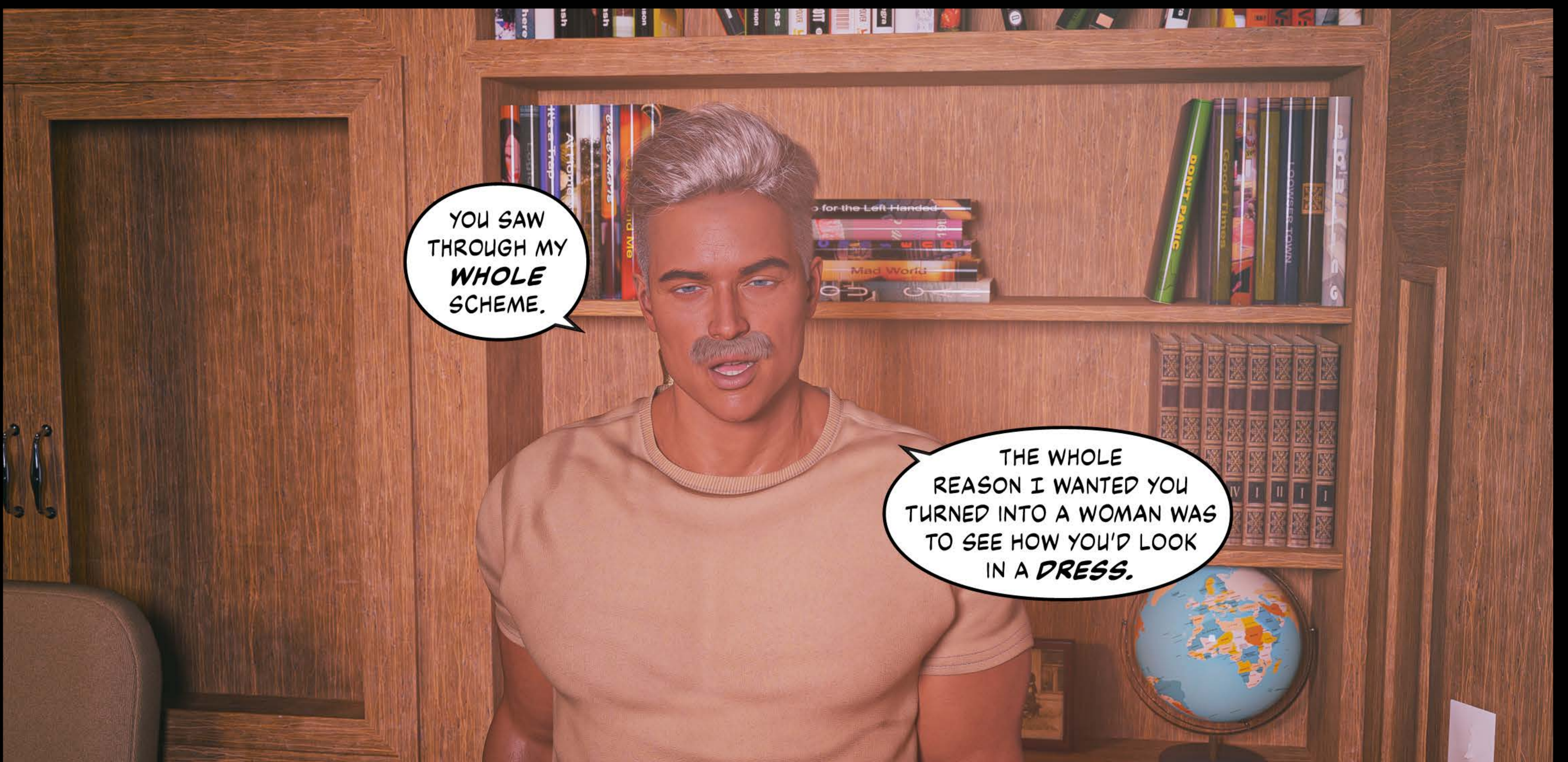
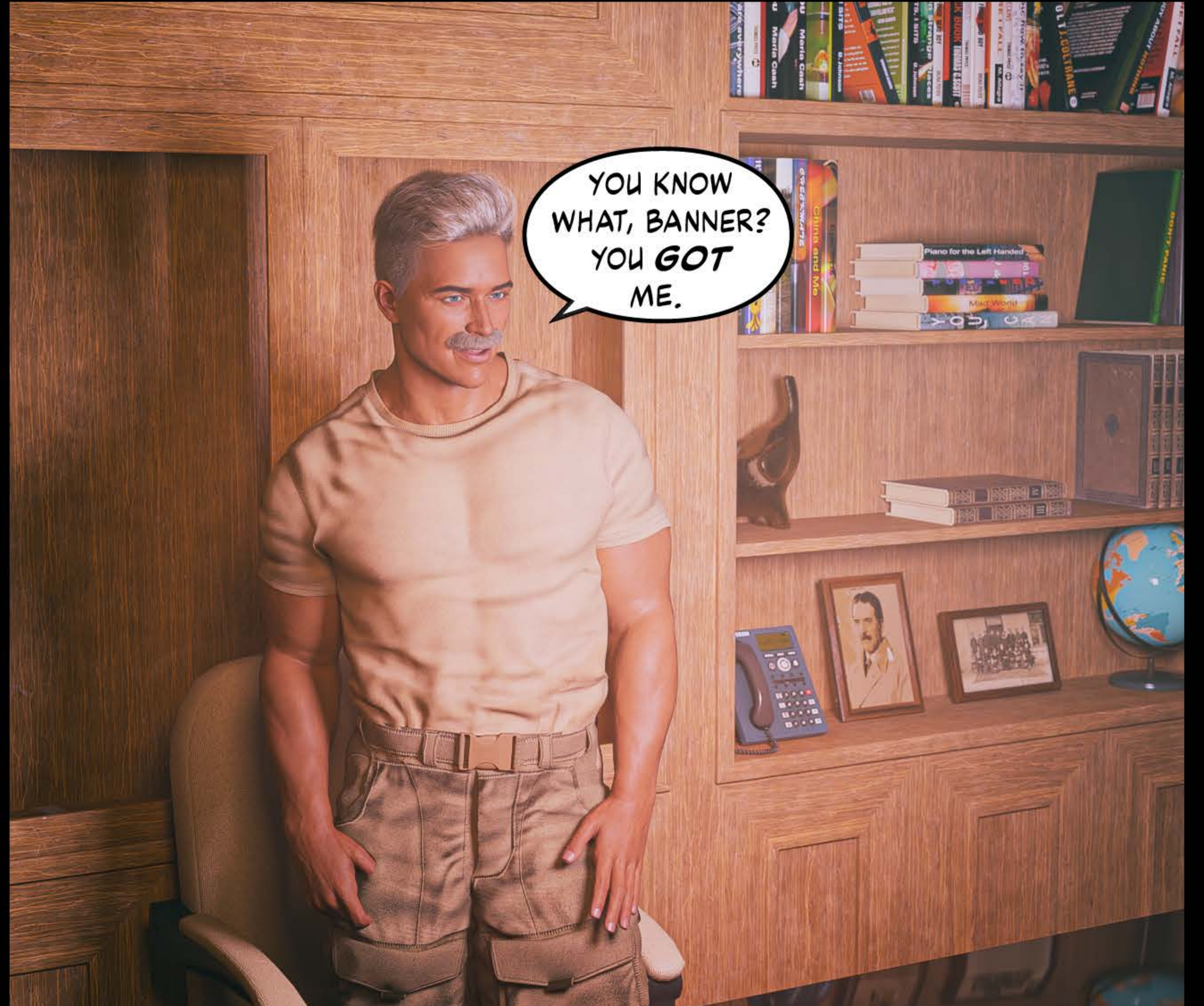
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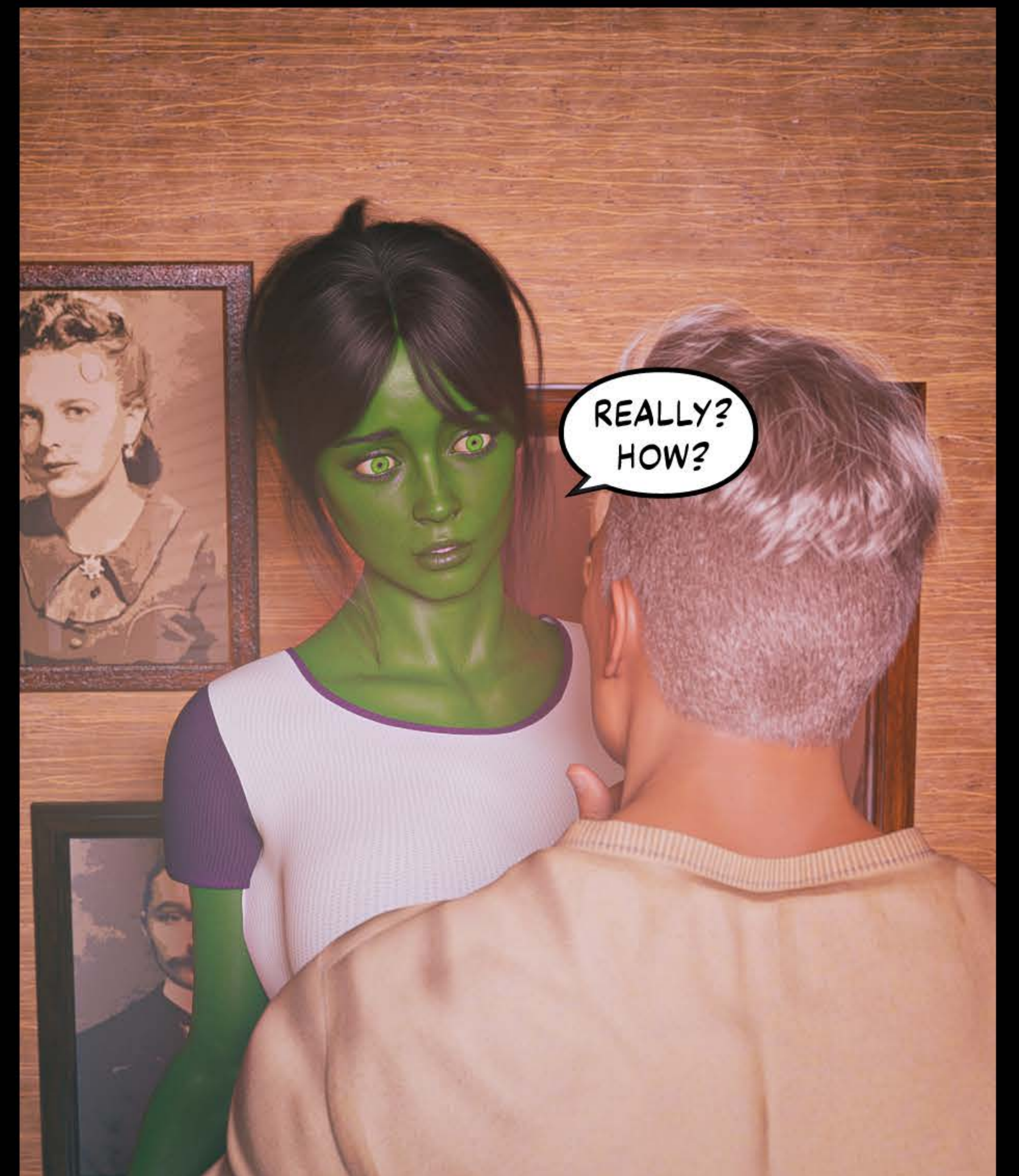
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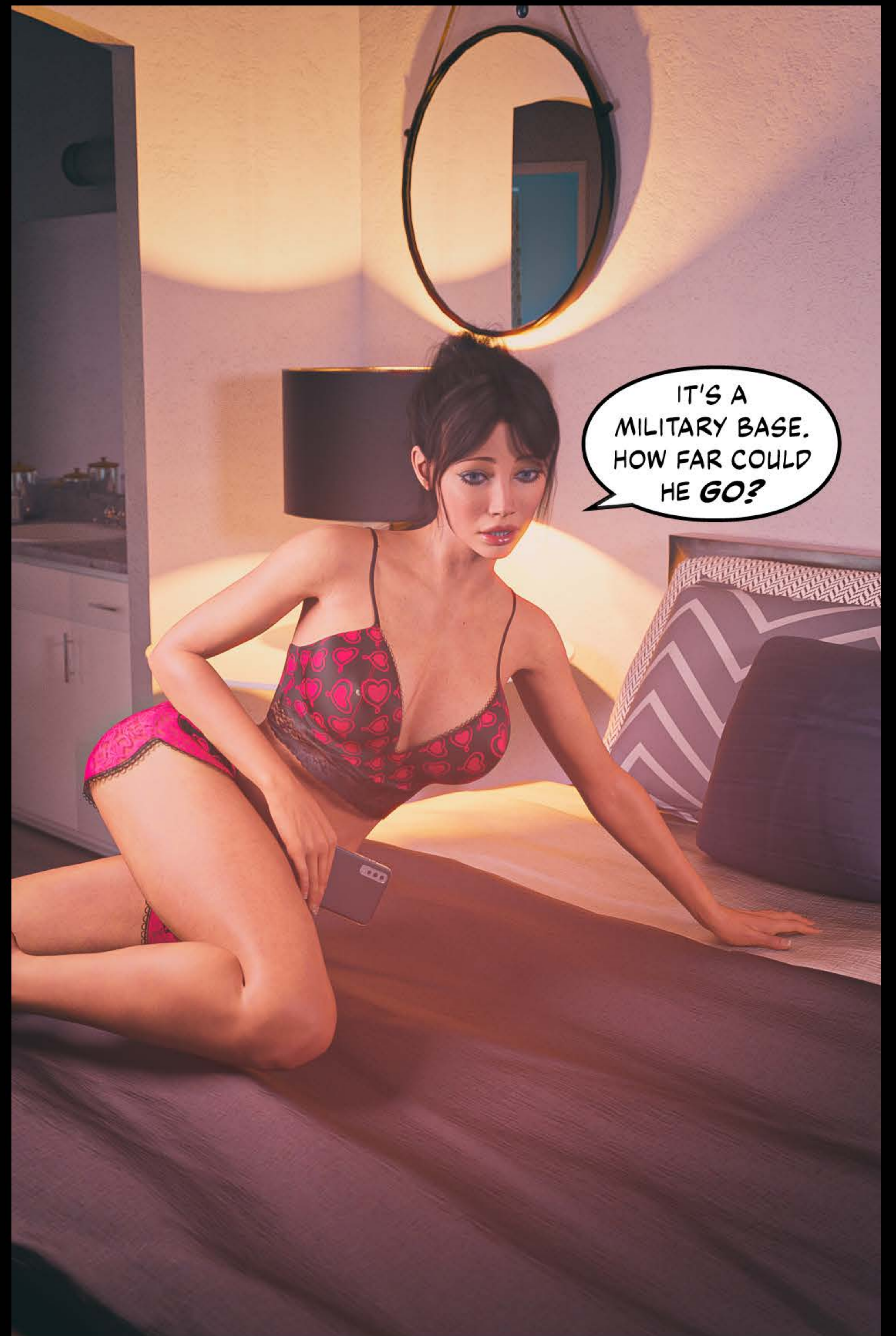
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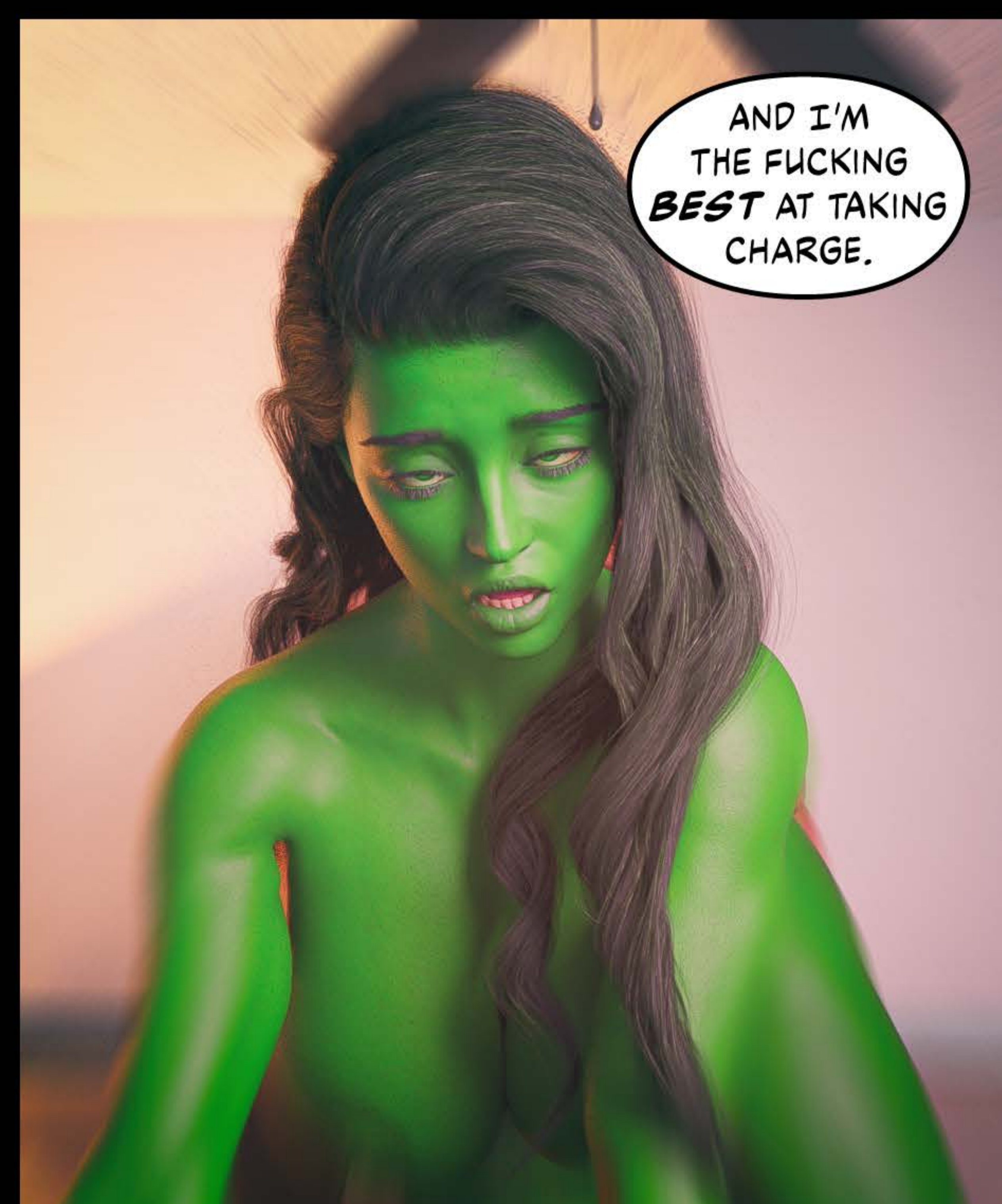
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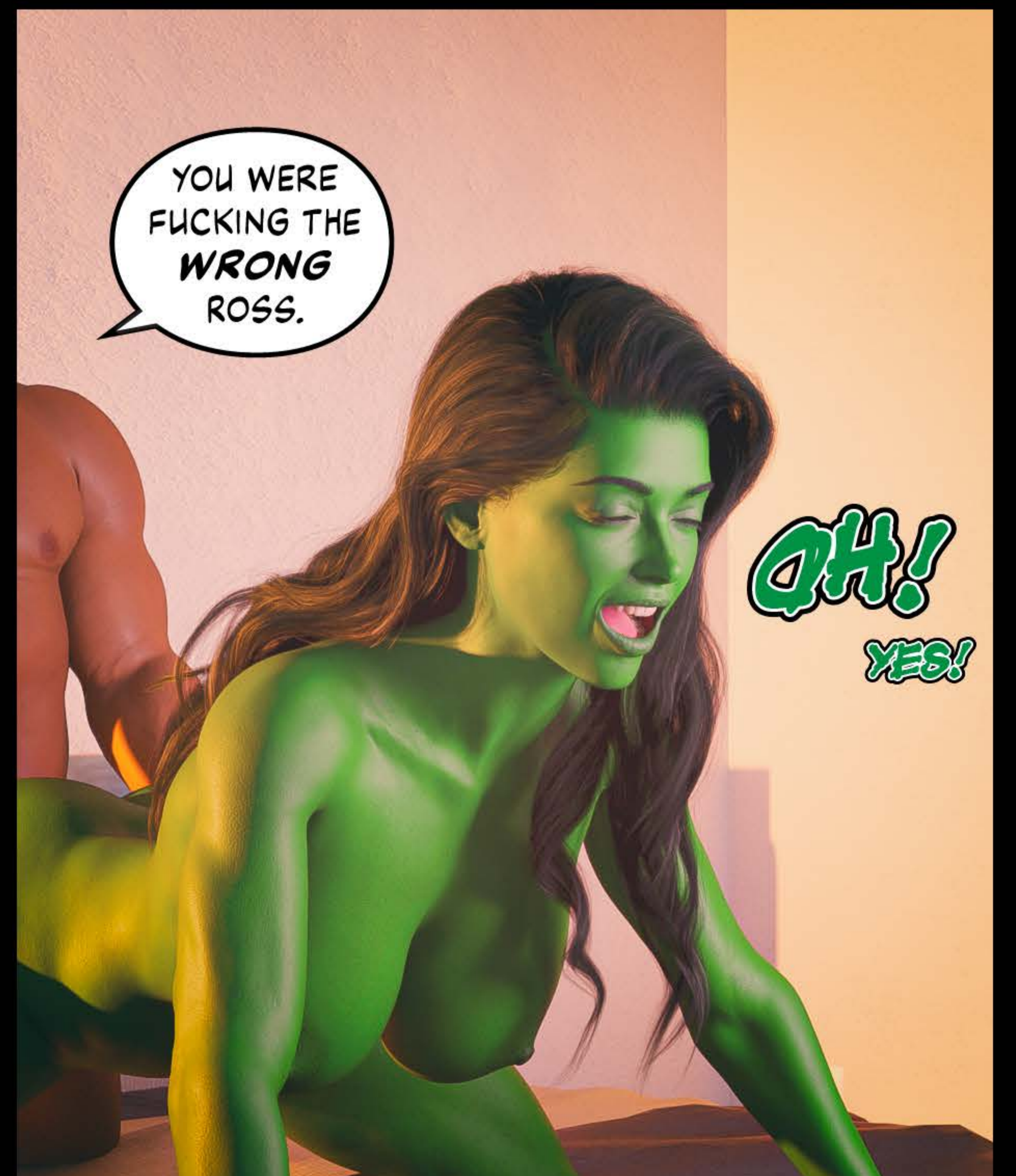
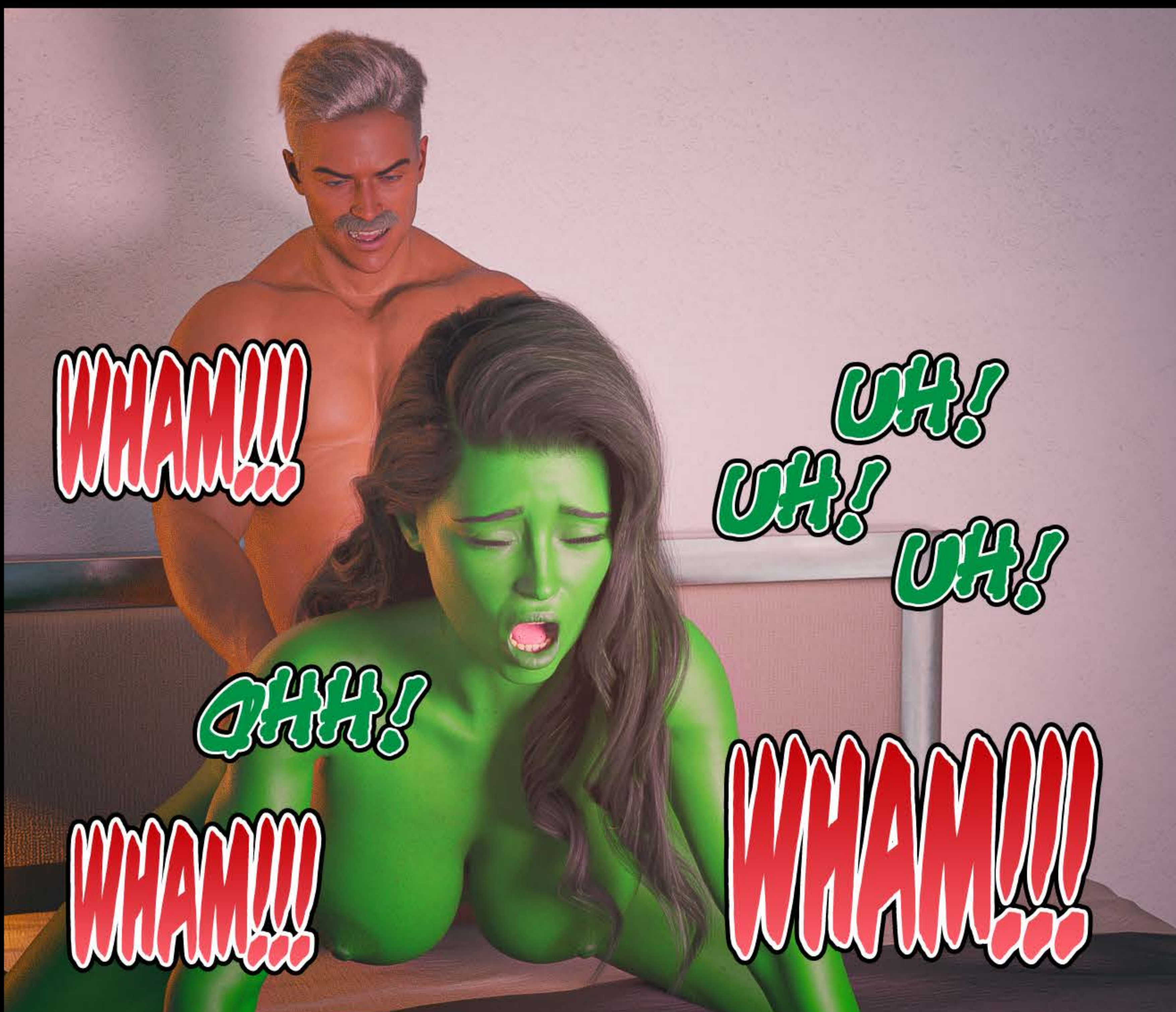
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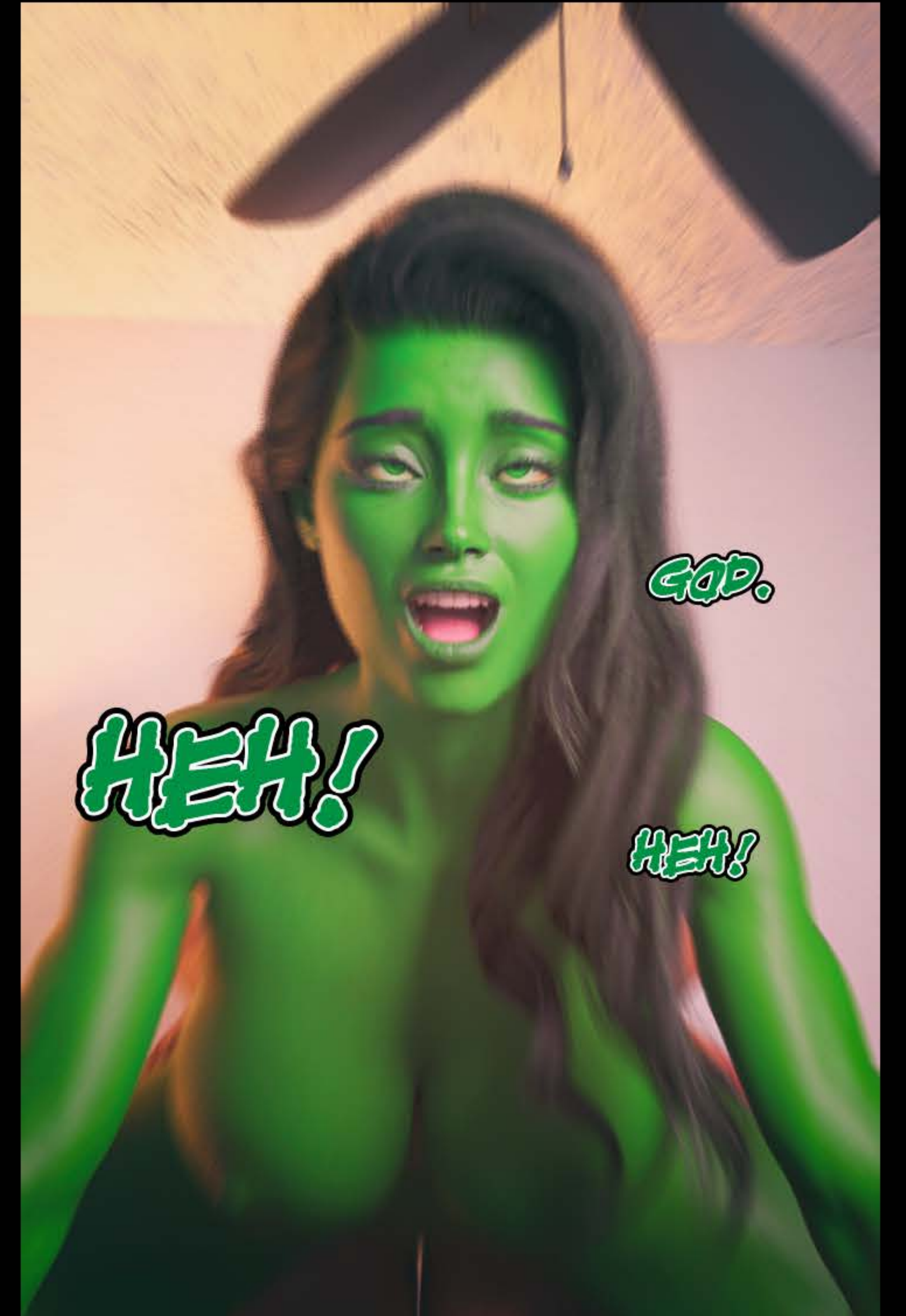
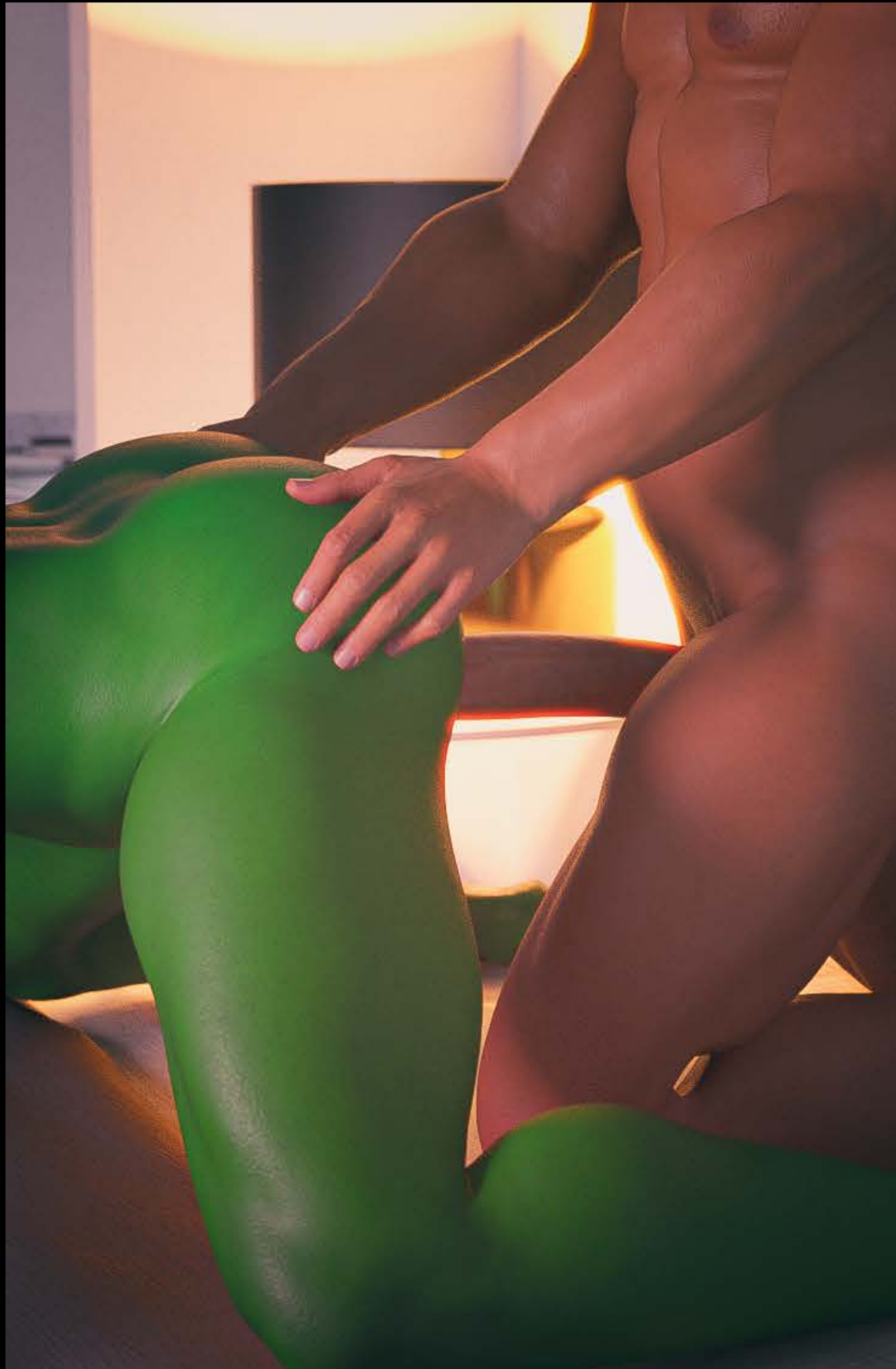
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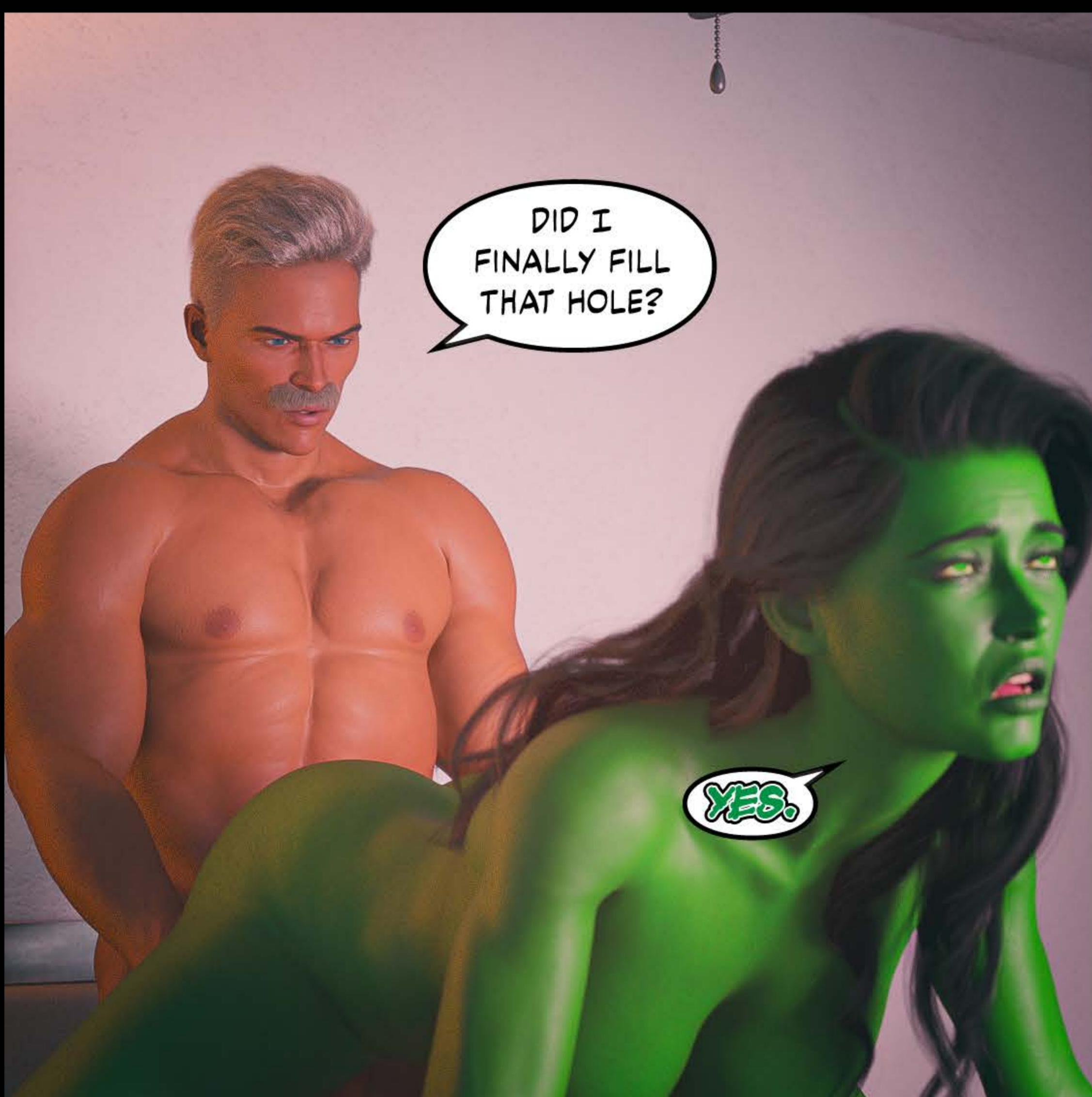
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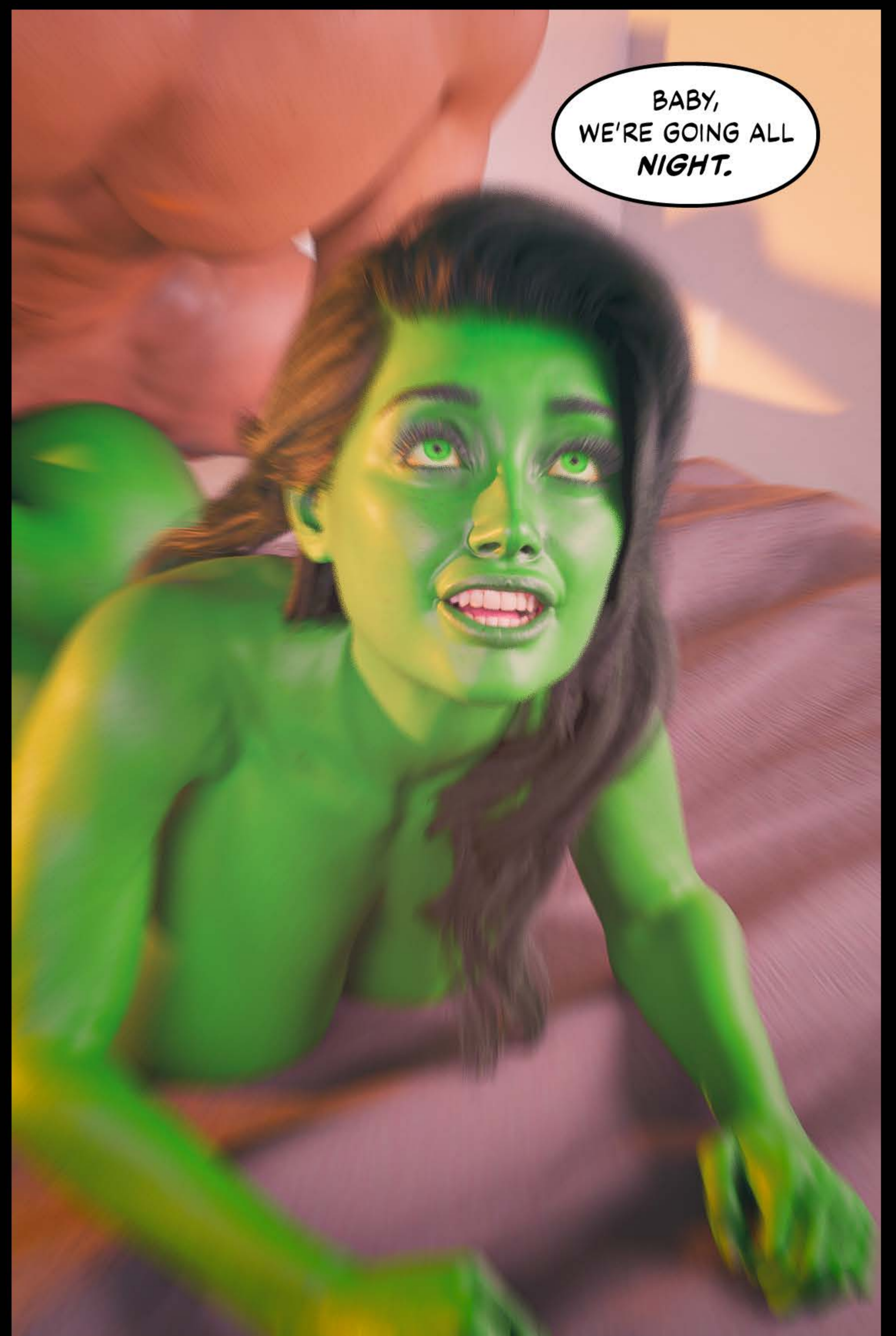
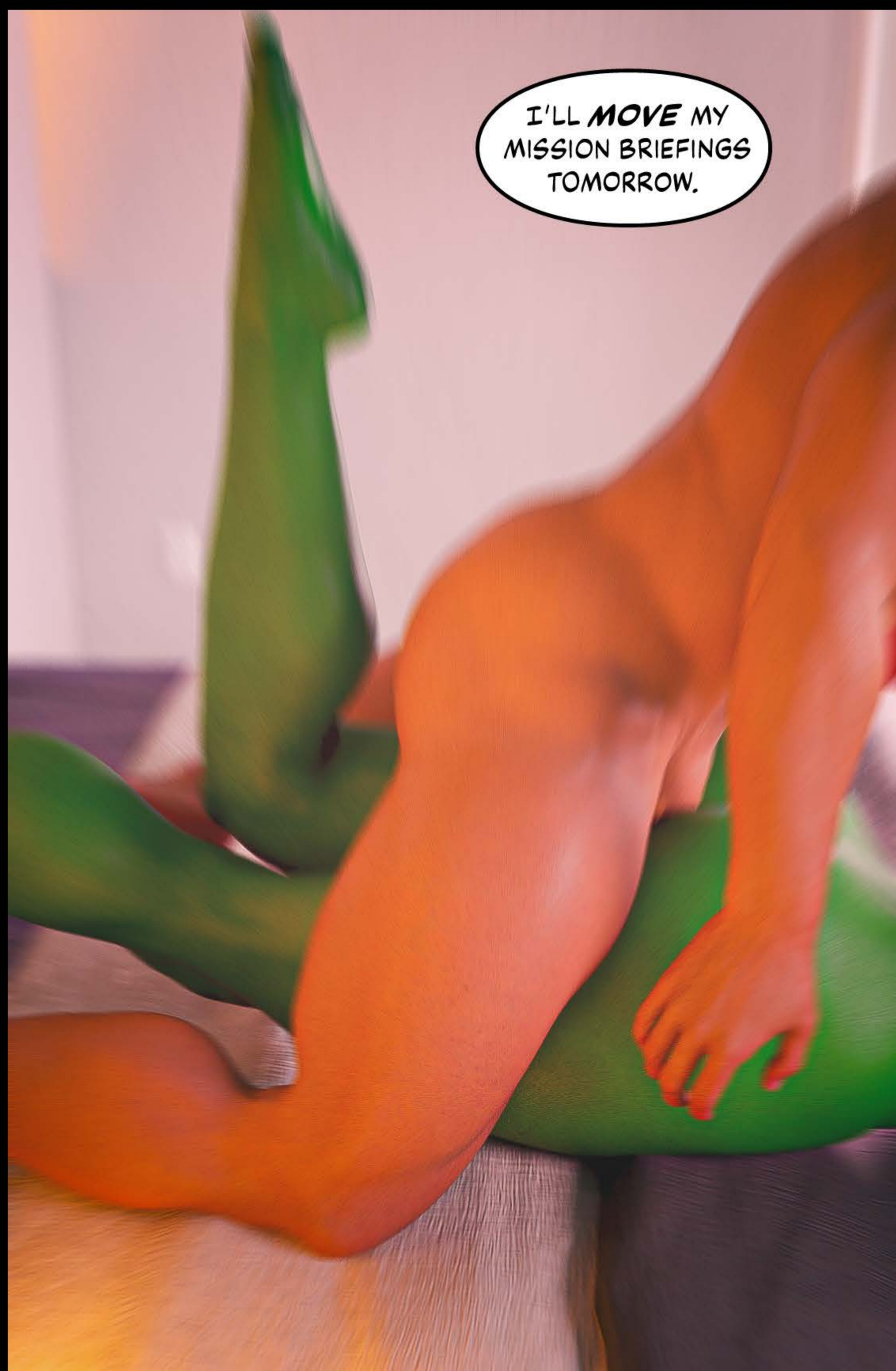
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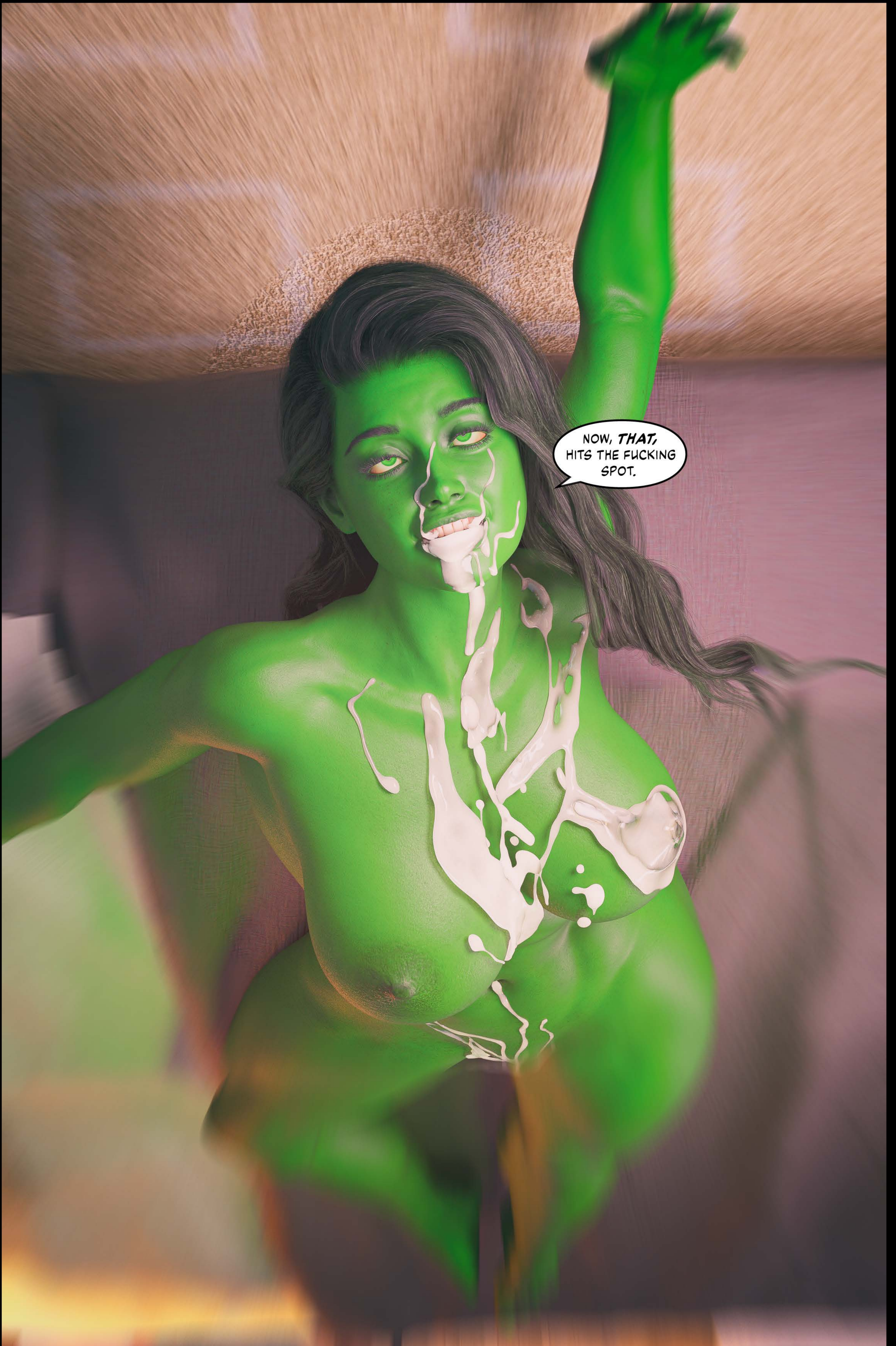
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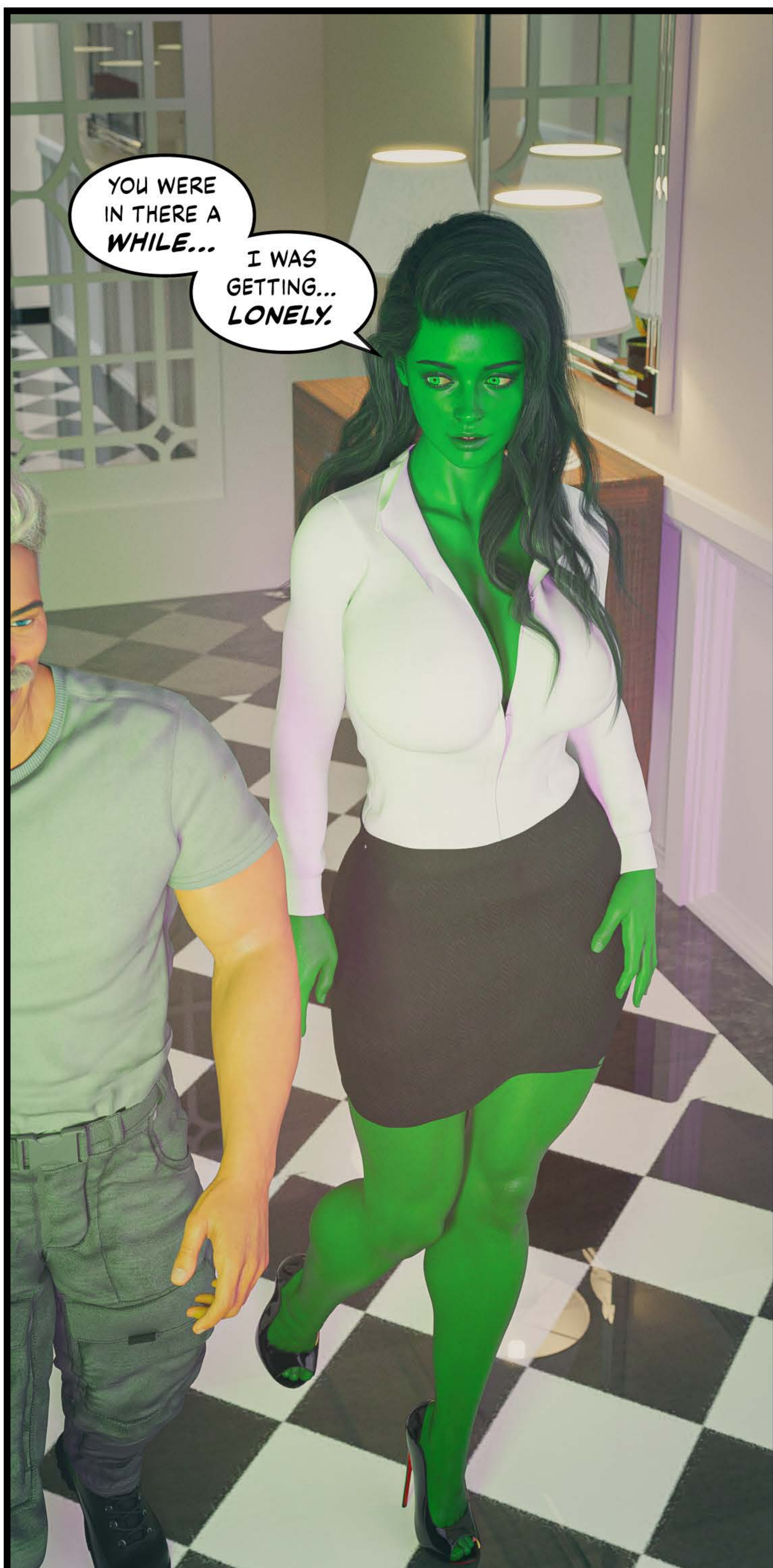
WASHINGTON D.C.
FIVE DAYS LATER...

"Well General,
you've given the boys in charge
a *lot* to think about. Maybe we can
skip the whole senate thing and
go *straight* for the White
House."

"Mister
Secretary, that
doesn't sound
like a bad idea
at *all*."



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CAN'T WE
DO **BOTH**?

GOD.
WHAT A WOMAN.
THIS IS THE **FOURTH**
TIME SINCE WE GOT
HERE THIS
MORNING!