

# THE ULTIMATES 2

ISSUE

# 9

GRAND THEFT AMERICA



Natasha Romanov  
and  
Mr. Anthony Stark  
invite you to share in the joy  
of the beginning of their  
new life together.

MILLAR  
HITCH  
NEARY

**MARVEL**

PARENTAL ADVISORY



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DIRECT EDITION

When faced with Nazi Germany's military advances, the U.S. government decided that the best weapon against them was a person, not a bomb. With this in mind, Steve Rogers volunteered for a covert military experiment that turned him into Captain America. After a few years of exemplary service, Captain America fell in battle—his body wasn't recovered. Years passed and Captain America was found frozen in suspended animation. When he awoke, he was convinced to join Iron Man, The Wasp, Giant Man, Black Widow, Hawkeye, and Thor in forming the superhuman defense initiative run by Nick Fury, called The Ultimates.

## PREVIOUSLY IN THE ULTIMATES:

After saving the world from an alien invasion, the Ultimates were hailed as the world's greatest celebrities. Unfortunately, times change.

The Hulk is executed for a murderous rampage through Manhattan. Thor, supposed God of Thunder, is locked away after being revealed as a mentally-unbalanced human. Hank Pym, the down-on-his-luck former Giant Man, is in contact with a mysterious traitor on the team, hatching an evil scheme.

But the situation reaches a new low when Hawkeye's entire family is brutally murdered...and video from the crime scene proves the killer is Captain America! With the Captain in custody, the rest of the team go about their lives as best they can, preparing for the wedding of Iron Man and the Black Widow...

# GRAND THEFT AMERICA



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# THE ULTIMATES

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LOCATION UNKNOWN:


Hello,  
Hawkeye.

Feeling  
drowsy?

That's because you've  
just spent the last three  
days doped up on sodium  
thiopental while we ripped  
a bunch of *state  
secrets* from your  
head.

You didn't think we'd  
execute a high-ranking  
S.H.I.E.L.D. officer with  
all that *classified  
information* in there,  
did you? Those were  
*tranquilizers*,  
silly boy.

But the *children* swallowed  
bullets. And that fat wife of  
yours, too. What was her name  
again? Lana? Laura? Doesn't  
matter now, I suppose.




Oh, look who's getting angry. I bet if there was a knife or a gun or a safety pin lying around, I'd be dead already.

But there isn't, is there? And there's nothing less frightening than the best shot in the world with nothing in his hands.




Two minutes.




I can't believe you never saw this coming. I can't believe you never guessed what we were up to, after Banner and Thor and even poor old Cap got set up by the team's *traitor*.

I mean, think about it--who profits most from disabling *The Ultimates*?

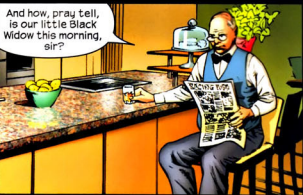


America's enemies have been organizing something *huge*, Hawkeye...

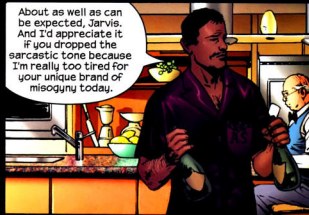


...and, thanks to you, we've now got all the *security codes* we needed.

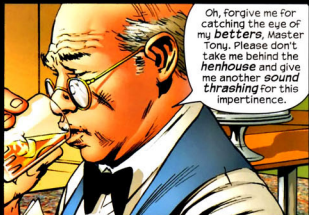
TONY STARK'S TOWNHOUSE



And how, pray tell, is our little Black Widow this morning, sir?



About as well as can be expected, Jarvis. And I'd appreciate it if you dropped the sarcastic tone because I'm really too tired for your unique brand of misogyny today.



Oh, forgive me for catching the eye of my *bettors*, Master Tony. Please don't take me behind the *henhouse* and give me another *sound thrashing* for this impertinence.



Would you stop being a pain and go make some breakfast? Natasha's still upset and nothing raises the spirits like an ostrich egg omelette and a glass of champagne.

I grabbed a couple of bottles from the cellar this morning, but appear to have swallowed them quite accidentally.

Yes, sir. Very good, sir. After all, I've absolutely nothing better to do than run around after *you* all day...

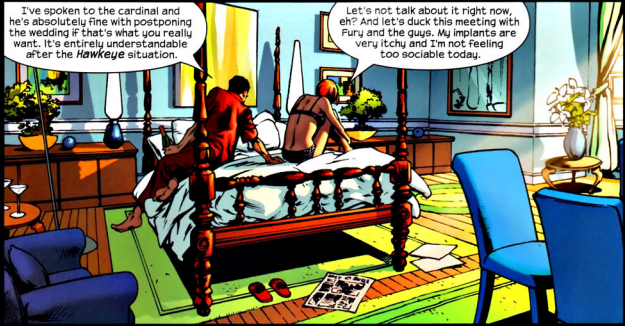


How are you feeling this morning, darling?

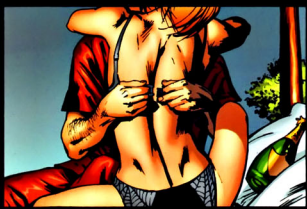
Not too bad.

I've spoken to the cardinal and he's absolutely fine with postponing the wedding if that's what you really want. It's entirely understandable after the *Hawkeye* situation.

Let's not talk about it right now, eh? And let's duck this meeting with Fury and the guys. My implants are very itchy and I'm not feeling too sociable today.

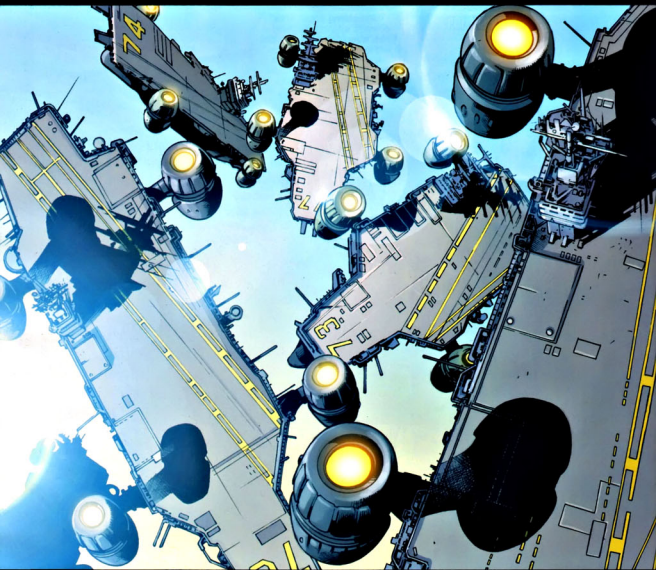


Could we snuggle up for a while instead?

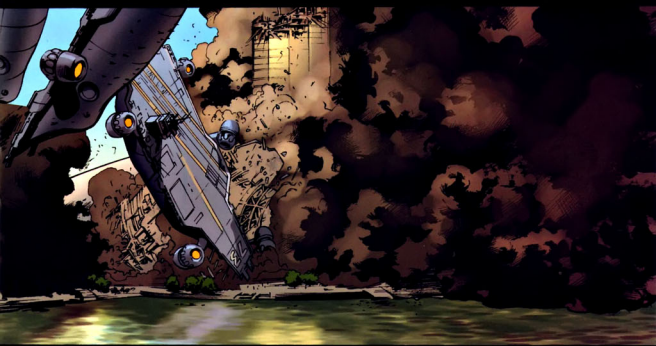


NICK GURVY'S OFFICE, THE TRISKELION:



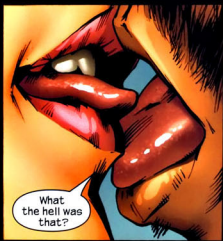








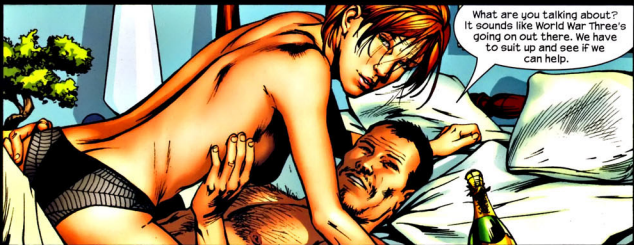




What the hell was that?



It doesn't matter. Just relax.



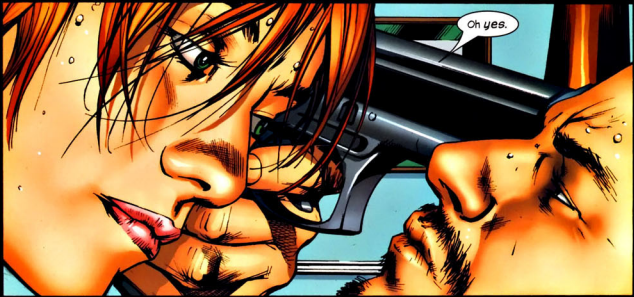
What are you talking about? It sounds like World War Three's going on out there. We have to suit up and see if we can help.



Shh. Would you relax?



Oh no.



Oh yes.

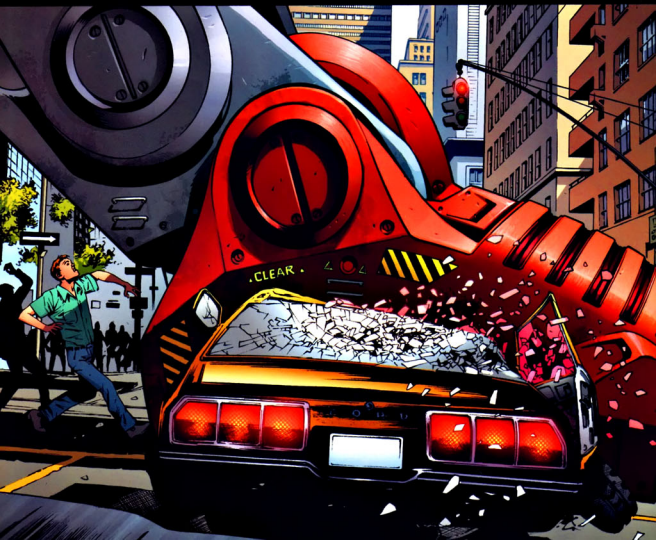
Master Tony, I'm afraid we didn't have any *ostrich* eggs for breakfast, but I managed to find a quail's egg and a rather good magnifying glass...



Jarvis?



Thanks for the *laughs*, comrade.







Jeez!  
How did--?

You can thank me later, General. I managed to save the top three floors, but couldn't get the others out in time.



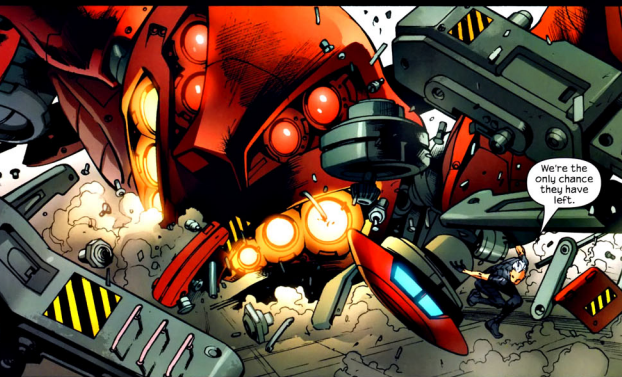
Wanda, keep in touch.



Where's he going?

Pietro, get back here. I can't fight these things on my own. There must be dozens of them. Hundreds...







Where are the reserves? What the hell happened to Iron Man and all the other super soldiers?

It doesn't matter. I can do this. All I have to do is change the probability of something bad happening to them...



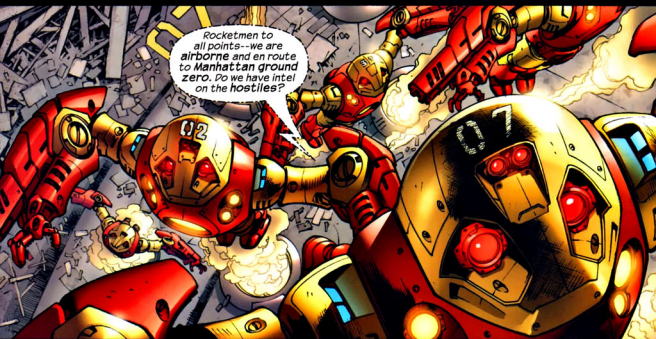
...but the equations are so damn complex. I could fry everyone if I get this wrong.



Aw, hell. There must be millions of these dirty @#%&?!







Rocketmen to all points--we are airborne and en route to Manhattan ground zero. Do we have intel on the hostiles?



Negative! No info available while the mainframe is down, but there's hundreds of them, man.



Our boys never trained for this.







It doesn't matter. Stay cool. You've got to keep your **head** together, honey! **Please!**



There's too many of them, Nick. I can't keep it up. There's just too many distinct sets of **probabilities**. I--



**WANDA!**



All this carnage must be very satisfying after everything the Americans have done to *your* country, eh, Colonel?

I didn't come here for revenge, Loki. I volunteered to lead this international collective because America's plans simply had to be curtailed.



The world is a safer place now this new Roman Empire has been restrained.



LOS ANGELES:

Los Angeles is clear, Chicago is clear and all the major military and nuclear facilities are under our control, Colonel.

Of course they are. Any word on Washington?




WASHINGTON:

The White House and Pentagon have both been *subdued*, sir. And we won't have any trouble from the European Union. Not now we're holding the nuclear codes.

What about the Fantastic Four?






Buried in the Baxter Building. Likewise, the X-Men have been restrained and our people are trawling their building now, looking for any *mutant strays*.

Good. Now call Pym and tell him he's needed for the containment procedure.



I still can't believe this. The world's last superpower and we've seized complete control in less than an hour. Such perfect planning. All plotted so *meticulously*.

I don't understand why *you're* so excited, Loki.




I mean, I know why our Chinese agents did this. We did it to stop more preemptive strikes. Likewise, the Russians, the Arabs and all the North Koreans.


Even *the Widow* infiltrated these people for free because she feared what America might do next.



But why should *you* give a damn?



Because I'm the Lord of Mischief, Dynamo, and what could be more mischievous than World War Three?



Besides, they had a Norse god on *their* side. It's only fair that you should get one, too.



Ha! Would you look at that?



Someone get me a camera. I want this everywhere. I want this on every news broadcast and all over the Internet tonight...



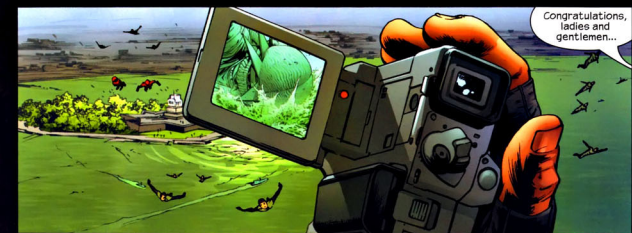
"We told you to stop making *super people*, America. We told you not to interfere with cultures you can never understand."



"This is what happens when your *ambitions* outstrip your *capabilities*."



"The empire takes a *fall*."



Congratulations, ladies and gentlemen...



The Great Satan has just been liberated.

To be continued