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THE FORMIDABLE

Ω FORCE

HI!
WE'RE HERE
FOR K'OS!

THE REST OF YOU,
WE'LL JUST KILL!
DON'T NEED YA'.

PEW! PEW!
HAIL HYDRA!



DISMUKE

Book 2

K'os, Moondragon and Stronghold have survived the end of the Earth-616 universe. A new life starts for them as they are supplanted in a new dimension. They met this world's slightly different versions of Spider-Woman and Enigma. But the more things change, the more things stay the same. Hydra is up to no good and it is up to one team to take them down...

THE FORMIDABLE

Ω FORCE



K'OS

COSMIC BLASTING
IMMORTAL GENIUS



MOONDRAGON

MAJOR TELEPATH;
SHAO-LOM MASTER



STRONGHOLD

MULTIPOWERED
WARSKRULL



SPIDER-WOMAN

MEGA-ENHANCED
SHIELD AGENT



ENIGMA

ELUSIVE LATVERIAN
SUPER SPY



ASA HAWKE

REALLY SURPRISED
ΩFORCE SURVIVED



HYDRA

STUPID WICKED BAD WANNA BE
WORLD CONQUERING ORGANIZATION

OAKLAND SHIPYARDS

A DAMP FOG that stuck to the skin rolled into the gritty midnight shipyard. It created a glossy surface on the oil-stained cement that reflected the yellow dock lights. The smell of ship fuel and sea salt attached itself to the cold, humid air making nostrils feel sticky. Dozens of gloved men who were bundled up in work clothes worked at the menial task of moving wooden crates from here to there and from there to here. The sweaty men knew not to look at the crates. The cargo didn't matter. The pay did. The pay wasn't great. But it was pay. And for these felons, ex-cons and undocumented workers, they would take what they could get. Businesses weren't eager to hire their type. But there was always someone who would.

Asa grabbed his crate from the assembly line belt as it moved boxes from the barnacle-strewn Indonesian shipping vessel down onto the crate-laden docks. He hefted the fifty-pound wooden crate with ease. He regularly benched 350lbs. This was a warm-up in comparison. He walked five yards across the wet pavement and stacked the box in a transit container that was hooked to a semi. He didn't know what was in the crate. He needed the pay for him and Tetsua. He was undocumented after having been dropped off in this dimension by Doom. But Asa wasn't the type of humble undocumented worker who would avert his eyes from the words on the crate. "Madripoor." Most of the midnight shipments hailed from the city he once ruled in two separate universes. He laughed out loud at the thought.

Several grimy dock workers stopped their activities and looked at the dark-skinned man. One asked, "What's so funny, nigga?"

"Nothin." Asa Hawke learned not to talk much. The felons and ex-cons used information to create weaknesses in others. Asa returned to his work stifling a smile.

He heard a foghorn. He knew it well. Alcatraz Island. He couldn't see the island but the horn was like a beacon of comfort. It sent a warmth through his core like a shot of good whiskey. How many times had he used it to navigate back home? As much as things had come full circle, they were different. He was back in the San Francisco Bay Area. He was jobless, just like he was out of high school. But he was no longer the bright-eyed, bushy-tailed teen of yesteryear. He had lived two full lives in two different universes.

In the first universe, he had married Tetsua Nigasiko and fathered a beautiful daughter, Roots. They were his everything. They were his tether to sanity. They were killed by Skrulls. With their death, his dreams and hopes were shattered. He had a complete breakdown. So-much-so that a band of people he once viewed as allies had to come in and shut him down. How? By casting him into a universe

spawned from his own imagination. They could have given him a death sentence. Instead, they sent him to la-la-land. But all good things...

It was in this second universe where Asa grew up happy with both mother and father around. He married the love of his life, Tetsua, and spawned two children. He was a star quarterback, an Avenger, a billionaire, a hero. Everything was perfect. Too perfect. And Dr. Doom uncovered the cruel illusion. This filled Asa with enough anger to shatter worlds. But then fate flipped the cards.

His mother sacrificed her life-force to imbue Tetsua with actual existence, thereby, fulfilling her son's happiness. Though Tetsua's dream world collapsed, she survived the Incursion and was left on this new earth in a new universe with her husband. How would she react?

Like she always did—perfectly. She was a mother in grief, having lost her two children, her friends, and her entire life, in the fake universe. But she was with her man; her one true love. They were poor, destitute, without money or identities. But they had each other. Asa would fall into brief depressions about everything he had lost. He would worry that Tetsua would think his love was a phantasm like the universe from whence they came. Tetsua would lovingly remind him with a calming whisper, “You resurrected your wife. You created a universe to bring me back. What other woman can say that? There is no greater love. I will never question how you feel for me. Never.”

His mother was right. Fabrix had given him the ultimate gift. Happiness.

Like a moth to a flame Asa Hawke drifted to San Francisco with his lady. He wasn't sure how much this universe was like Earth-616. He was happy to know it wasn't totally different when he went knocking on a familiar door. Thankfully, Rufus Hubbard's mother opened up. And he subsequently introduced himself to Rufus after a brief skirmish where Asa had to prove he was not a DEA agent. Rufus didn't know why, but he liked the bald-headed, tattooed mixed dude. The shady gang member hooked him up with a job on the docks. The job afforded Asa and Tetsua a dank residential hotel room in the Tenderloin District of San Francisco. They had to share a communal bathroom and kitchen with the residents with whom they lived on the fourth floor of the aged building. The job also gave him enough cash to BART across the Bay to his graveyard job on the Oakland docks and enough leftover cash to enjoy a steady diet of Top Ramen, cereal and water. His knowledge of the San Francisco welfare system due to his work two universes ago with the Hawke Foundation took care of their other needs. In time, Asa could earn enough money to buy them identities. They could get legal work. He could put his business acumen to good use.

Then they could start a family again.

Then the weird happened. Just a few hours ago before his shift began, he caught a quick news item. [Fabulous first issue, folks—ΩFORCE #1] Three characters appeared in the Presidio. One looked like the Avenger Moondragon. The other was some crystalline monster creature. Another one was definitely a Skrull who shapeshifted into the original Forcer Stronghold. Was it possible that the team—or a remnant of them—survived the Incursion event? And if they did, would he want to meet them?

He thought about all the fighting and strife in the past. Then his mind drifted to more lighthearted memories of heroism. What if the crystalline beast was yet another new body for K'cin or K'os or whatever he was calling himself these days. Asa laughed to himself.

“There he goes again!” The same felon broke into Asa’s private thoughts. “What the hell is so @#\$\$%^& funny, bruh?”

Asa nodded his head and wiped the smile from his face. “Don’t mind me,” he said using his sonic powers to distort the pitch of his own voice. He thought there might be tech surveillance on the docks given the high-price cargo in the area. He wouldn’t want a vocal recognition program to link him to his alter ego.

Oh, yeah. About the alter-ego: Asa was having a blast dressing up again. He had purchased some black jeans, sweater, boots and gloves. Tetsua was nice enough to sew him a green mask riddled with blue thread that looked like sonic waves. He was now running the streets and beating up bad guys like the good old days. He was able to glean enough information from the more chatty dock workers about criminal jobs taking place in the City and Oakland. He enjoyed showing up in his new duds, smacking heads around, and creating sonic echoes through the streets that whispered, “The Hawk” as he went to and from crime scenes.



Yeah. He was living the dream. But it was totally real this time.

Asa lifted another box to continue the zombie-like routine to and from assembly line and trailer. He cocked his head to the side when he heard an unfamiliar voice talking on the other side of a stack of crates marked for Panama. He used his powers to enhance the volume, but just for his own ears.

“...how many of these guys can we pay to create a distraction?” asked one voice. The accent was Filipino. Man. mid-30’s. Slight heart murmur and one-nonfunctional lung, probably from years of tobacco use.

The response came from an American with a Bostonian accent. “As many as you want. What do you need doing?”

The Filipino said, “We need you to give us about two dozen men. Split them up on two separate boats and head out to the Yacht Harbor and Marina in San Francisco. Weapons are on the boats. From there, we will give them further instructions.”

“You got it. Expecting trouble?”

“I like to be over-prepared. Now grab your men and go.” The Filipino started walking away. Asa heard him pause, turn around, and complete the interchange with a whispered. “Hail Hydra.”

“Hail Hydra,” the Bostonian responded and came around the corner to the gang of dock workers.

Asa kept himself from staring at the man as he came around the corner. It would have seemed awkward. But he heard what he heard. So, Hydra was active on this world too. He took them down on Earth-616 and in Hawkeverse. Third time’s a charm.

“Listen up, meatpackers,” the white man belted out. “I got a job that will score you another four clams a piece tonight. But you can’t ask questions. And you better not get seasick. Who’s in?”

Asa shook his head, “Naw, not me, bruh. I get seasick in the bathtub.” He reached down and picked up another box. He headed toward the transit container. Asa continued to amplify the conversation for himself so that he could get any pertinent intel for the night’s upcoming mission.

The men who agreed to the job followed the Bostonian. Asa slipped away into the foggy night to don his hero gear. He kept it tucked away on the backside of an aluminum storage shed that housed chain link fence for repairs. He pulled a black sack from an empty oil drum. Soon he was in gully black action gear and his green and blue face mask. After he was appropriately dressed, he began following the sound of the wheezing Filipino man. Asa flew up into the dark night sky prepared to follow the man. He knew that was the most direct way to get to the bottom of what was going on and that’s what Asa wanted to tackle. But the two dozen armed thugs pulled at his conscience. What if someone innocent ran across those idiots with pop guns while Asa was traipsing across town to follow a white Honda into Daly City? He sighed to himself and said, “Ok, let’s set off the distraction.”

Asa floated on a bed of sound which he muffled to achieve stealth mode. He followed the retreating sound of the two powered boats full of dim-witted thug flesh. Using his sonar, he sensed them set course to the Marina and Yacht Harbor. He decided that one boat full of idiots was enough of a distraction. He fired a

sonic energy blast at the outboard motor of the boat that the Bostonian was riding on.

The Bostonian wastefully looked through his binoculars. All fog. Still, he wanted to seem important to the dozen men in his charge. He looked left at the other boat. SHREE-PWOP-CHUGGA! Then the engine blew out on his motorboat. The men frantically turned toward the smoking motor. “What in the name of...” the mercenary cursed as he pushed through the packed men to get to the rear of the boat. “Damn motor blew.” He got on his walkie-talkie and radioed the other craft. “Keep going. You got more than enough men and weapons.”

“We still getting paid?” a worried thug asked.

“Shaddup!” the Bostonian snapped back as he pocketed the walkie-talkie and attended to the malfunctioning motor.

MARINA YACHT AND HARBOR. 12AM.

THE OLDEST RECREATIONAL marina operating in San Francisco, and perhaps the Greater Bay Area, the harbor had vessels berthed in its original basin, now known as the West Harbor, since before the 1906 earthquake. The original marina was expanded in the mid-1960s and was now approximately 35 acres. The entire facility had 727 berths, including 15 end ties for guest berthing vessels up to 100 feet, free pump out stations and a commercial fuel dock.

Moondragon used her telekinesis to pop the lock to the harbormaster’s office at the Marina Yacht and Harbor facility. She made sure the two-story viewing station was clear of any personnel then waved K’os into the dark area. She motioned for him to climb the stairs. The crystalline man clambered up the narrow stairs, his sharp edges scraping the stucco off the wall. She followed behind.

Spider-Woman and Enigma watched Moondragon and K’os enter the harbormaster’s office and close the door. Then the two women proceeded to infiltrate the fog-soaked harbor each in their own unique fashion. Spider-Woman flipped under one of the docks. She wall-crawled on the underside and moved toward the largest yacht in the harbor, an exceptional 130’ Westport Antares. The Marina Yacht and Harbor normally only housed 100’ boats. So, the Antares stuck out like a sore thumb.

Enigma removed her costume and donned evening wear. She made her way onto the docks and moved toward another figure. She added a slight tipsy flair to her gait as she clung to the arm of her date, a bearded man in his 60s who she was accompanying to his yacht. Well, not actually his yacht. And not actually a human. The man was actually Cy’vyll in disguise, hence, he didn’t really own a yacht. His Skrull shape shifting came in handy at times like this, as did his

telepathy. **Moondragon. K'os. We are going to head for the vessel closest to the Antares. Even if Hydra is hiding close by, they should just perceive me as a lucky gent.**

Moondragon looked down through binoculars at the couple as they strolled along the wooden planks. **Enigma, you seem very comfortable with Spider-Woman's plan. Are you usually this trusting of new people you meet?**

Doom said you can be trusted. That is enough for me, Enigma responded without looking up toward the harbormaster's tower. Her escort helped her aboard a 70' yacht then got onboard.

Moondragon gave a glance at K'os who slinked in the shadows in an effort to keep out of site. K'os smirked. He didn't trust Doom. Maybe because they were too much alike?

Spider-Woman clung upside-down to the swaying wooden dock as the salty water lapped at the barnacled beams. She interrupted. **Enough tepe-chat, people. We need to secure that yacht without those agents catching on. Moondragon, keep us linked. But, do not scan the yacht. Hydra might have psi-defenses. Stronghold and Enigma, get in close and prepare to infiltrate the vessel and subdue those Hydra boatman as quietly as possible. K'os, stay hidden. You are the prize they are seeking. Let's make them come out and get you. We take over the yacht, find out where they stashed the Incursion vessel, and hightail it to that location before Hydra high command knows what's up. Follow my lead.**

The arachnid-themed female scurried on the underside of the dock until she reached the Antares. She hopped from the dock to the side of the vessel and slinked onto the deck like a creeping insect.

INSIDE THE ANTARES

THE HYDRA BOSS stood on the bridge of the Antares looking at all of the monitors. He held his hands behind his back like an inspector surveying a crime scene. He watched the radar as a lone boat approached the marina.

A Hydra technician humbly approached him. "Sir, it has been reported that one of the boats suffered an engine malfunction. However, we have a dozen men arriving to assist in the search for the anomaly."

The yellow-garbed evil agent squinted under his mask. A spark of curiosity struck him as he noticed a strange report from one monitor. The anomaly had somehow moved much closer to their location. He pointed at the bleeping blue dot on the screen as he spoke to the minion. "Send the hired help to this location. It seems to be the harbormaster's office. Have them surround this location and await my orders."

“Yessir.” The technician fled to a communications terminal to transmit the order.

The Hydra boss was about to return to his normal duties but then something caught the corner of his eye. He saw a shadow slink in front of one of the Antares’ outboard cameras. He toggled a joystick on the control panel to zoom back. And then he saw her. Spider-Woman!

UP IN THE harbormaster’s office, Moondragon looked through her binoculars. She noticed some movement coming out of the foggy darkness. “We have company. And they’re armed.”

“Hydra?” K’os asked.

“No. They look like common thugs. They are bee lining for our location.”

“Can you use your powers to send them on their way?”

Moondragon touched her left hand to her left temple. “Done.”

K’os was doubtful. He looked out the window and saw the dozen or so armed thugs walk past the harbormaster’s office and out of the Marina into the parking lot. “Just like that?”

“Just like that,” the telepath replied as she resumed monitoring the Antares through her binoculars. “You shall have to regale me with your old war stories sometime, K’os. However, it is important that you learn that stealth and subtlety are oftentimes optimal initial attacks. All other attacks should inspire fear in our opponents and garnish us glory.”

ENIGMA AND STRONGHOLD were still in their disguises as they watched the group of men leave the docks. They both assumed that was of Moondragon’s doing. Stronghold smiled. He was proud of his telepathic mentor. Maybe one day he would be equally powerful.

The Latverian super spy pretended to hug her date. But she actually looked over his shoulder toward the Antares. She saw Spider-Woman on the deck roughly ten meters away. Suddenly, a deck hatch slowly flipped opened. A Hydra agent armed with a hand weapon crept onto the deck, his eyes affixed on Spider-Woman. The scurrilous terrorist took aim at the ignorant hero and, before Enigma could respond, the Hydra agent pulled the trigger.

SHRACK! Spider-Woman was struck in the lower back by a red hot energy beam that emanated from the ray gun. It blasted her off the vessel. SPLASH! She

disappeared under the gently rolling waves leaving only a plume of smoke above the water.

K'OS AND MOONDRAGON witnessed what transpired. "My lord! That will leave a mark." Moondragon said.

The crystalline scientist did not display an overt reaction. It was as if he expected such a circumstance. He raised a glowing hand toward the source of the ray blast while factoring in distance, trajectory, and the density of the harbormaster's office window. "One good turn..." ZOOM-TASH-SPAKT!

The Hydra agent was blasted off of his feet. And, predictably so, this awoke a hive of trouble from the Antares. A cargo hatch to the aft of the vessel opened like a yawning giant releasing a gaggle of yellow-garbed jet-packed terrorists in the direction of the harbormaster's office! "Hail Hydra!" And they came out shooting! SHRAKKO! ZAPPO! VLARCH!



"VLARCH! Really?" K'os said as he dodged laser bolts that shredded drywall, ignited stucco and shattered glass. Intertwining his hands as if cracking his knuckles, he broke off shards of his crystalline claws and hurled them at the incoming, high-flying agents. Moondragon, sidestepping between two laser rays, issued a telekinetic blast at the glass to bolster her ally's assault. The combination of glass and bio-crystal became a volley of gear-shredding and jetpack exploding awe! Hydra agents rained from the sky like a New York ticker tape parade and plummeted into the water. .

CY'VYLL, STILL IN his human guise, reached out with his mental powers in a two-fold manner blocking out the madness in the sky. First, he made contact with Spider-Woman's unconscious form as it sank underwater. Secondly, he reached out with a bounty of seaweed that obeyed his command. The plantlife wrapped Spider-Woman in its caring grasp. "Enigma, you have got to get on...that boat," the Skrull said as he strained to maintain mental contact with Spider-Woman and the aquatic plant life. It was a true test of his telepathic might. "I...must concentrate to...save her life."

As the world went crazy around him, Cy'vyll, the Forcer known as Stronghold, did not give up. This may not have been the Jessica Drew he knew. But it was still

Jessica drew the Spider-Woman. He would save her! He knew he must! With his telepathic power pushed to the max, he made the seaweed bring her to the surface on the far side of the yacht. Spider-Woman gasped weakly for air. But she was alive. And she was relatively safe. Cy'vyll nearly collapsed from the effort.

Enigma was worried. With all hell breaking loose, the Hydra boss might signal high command ruining their chances to replace the crew of the Antares. Without the Antares, it would be very difficult to launch a stealth mission to recover the mysterious Incursion vessel. Her band had this one chance to make their move, jam any outgoing signals, and take over that yacht! Her sharp mind scanned the scenario. Hydra agents and their weaponry lay strewn all over the decks. She had a wooden dock between her and the Antares. With that thought, Enigma went on the move like a bullet shot from a gun.

She leapt off of her boat. She bounded like a cat on the wooden dock while simultaneously snatching a Hydra weapon from the planks and launched herself into the air with an amazing forward flip. Midair, she activated a tech scrambler affixed to her belt that emitted an EMP burst ZAMP! in the general vicinity. By the time she landed on the Antares' deck, the ship went dark...which is how she liked it. Her glasses transformed CLIK-KLAK-KLIK into her high-tech visor. The red hue of infrared vision kicked in. ZEEMP! She could see into the open hatch with a helpful heads-up display (HUD). This ship would be hers.

MOONDRAGON AND K'OS were losing track of all the action. They scanned the shattered window of the harbormaster's office. Yellow-costumed bodies were all over the docks and floating in the water. There was a moment's quiet save for the lapping of the water and the foghorn of Alcatraz Island. The two felt good about their effectiveness.

However, they looked at each other when they heard something like the whistle of a falling bomb. KABOOM!!!!

The impact of the large mass hit with such force that Moondragon was violently ejected from the shattered office like a stone from a slingshot. Her body bent backwards as the kinetic energy sent her into the mast of a nearby sailboat SMACK! She bounced off of the mast and landed on the boat's deck. A flapping white sail draped itself over her as it settled.

K'os was nowhere to be seen post-impact. But then a large, metallic thing began to move in the crater that was once the harbormaster's office. It stood atop K'os, one foot on the crystalline being's back. It looked down at K'os and grinned.

Moondragon poked her head from under the sail. She saw the metal man. Three other strange beings joined him. One red-hued man was hard to look at. A woman, ephemeral in appearance, dressed in green was nearby. In front of her, a yellow and orange man held a strange scanner in his hand. It crackled like a Geiger counter. The man's skin—if that was what it was—seemed to change shape as if looking out of a window into a bizarre universe. He pointed at K'os and said, "We did it, my U-Foes. We found our prize!"



TO BE CONTINUED....