



**Edenbright was
built for peace.**



**No one there
needed a hero.**

The city
trusted its own
goodness.



The city healed
without cost.



The city governed
with open hands.



Below it,
strength learned
a new name.

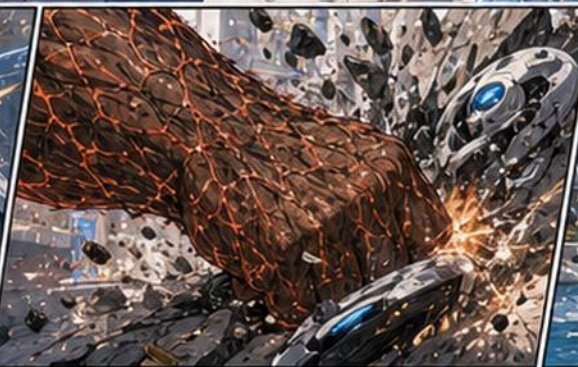


The gang leader
took Super Steroid Z.



Then he called
himself Z-Man.

Bullets flattened
against him.



A city of peace
met a one-man army.

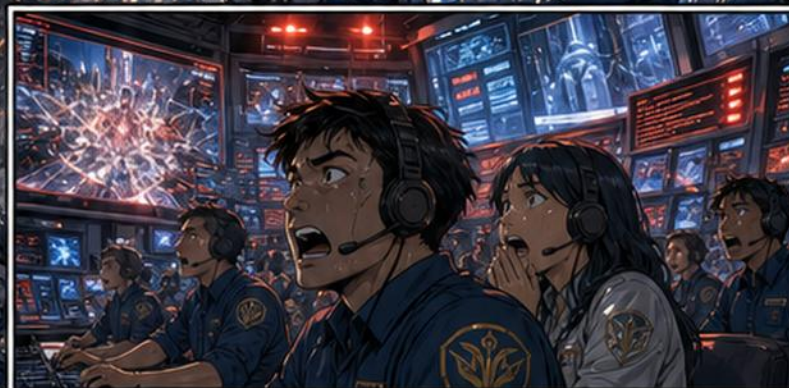
Edenbright
answered with
every system
it had.



Z-Man
kept walking.



Armor, law, and
mercy all failed.



Someone impossible
would have to answer.

The city bent
around his hunger.



The innocent paid
for his hour of power.

The old stranger
knew the formula's
shadow.



Z had been
born from Y.



Y-Man had once
saved lives with
Super Steroid Y.

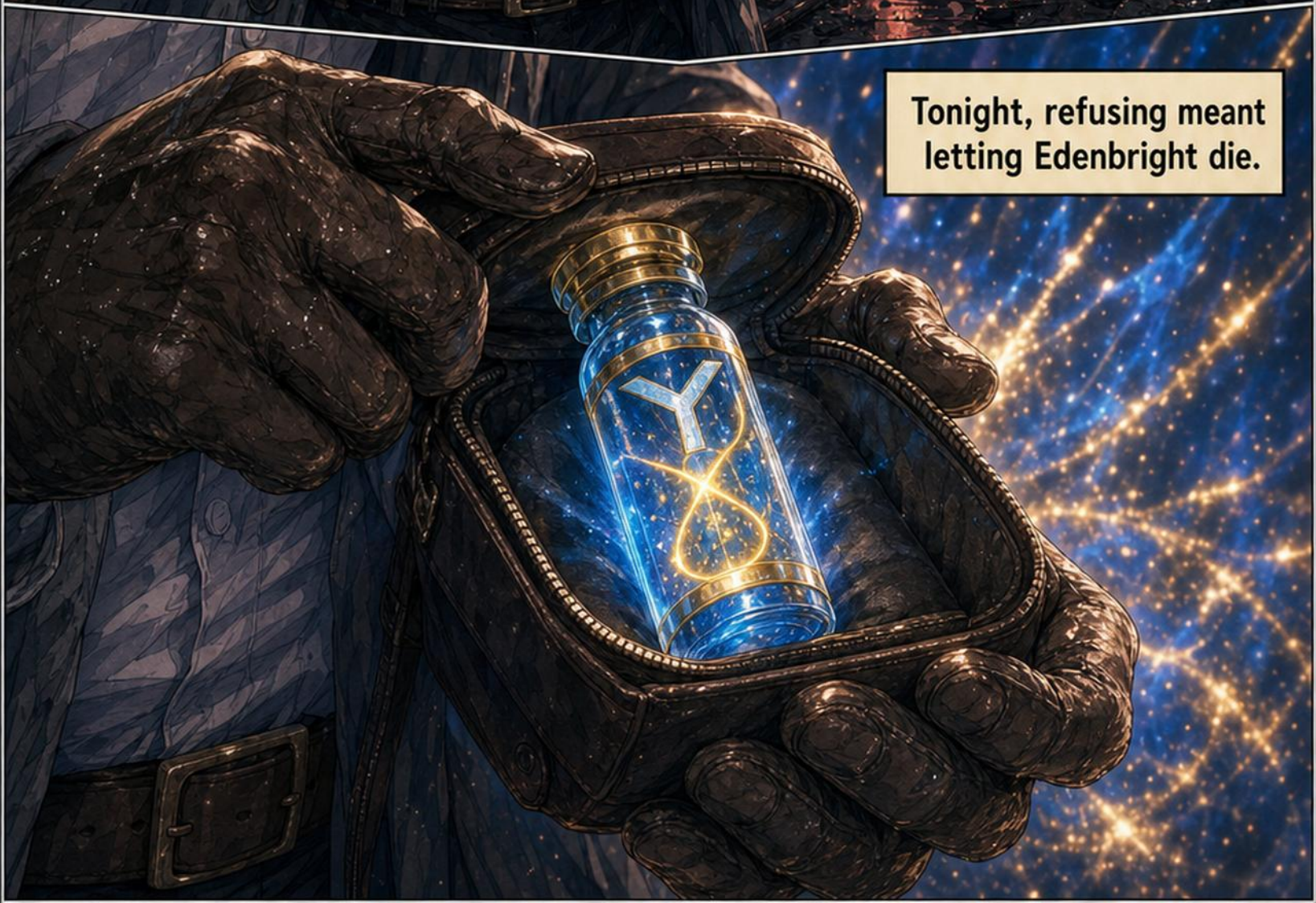


Then the miracle
became a chain.

He had
stayed sober
for years.



Tonight, refusing meant
letting Edenbright die.



The last vial
gave him one hour.



It also opened
the old hunger.

Youth returned
like lightning.



The clock started
inside his heart.

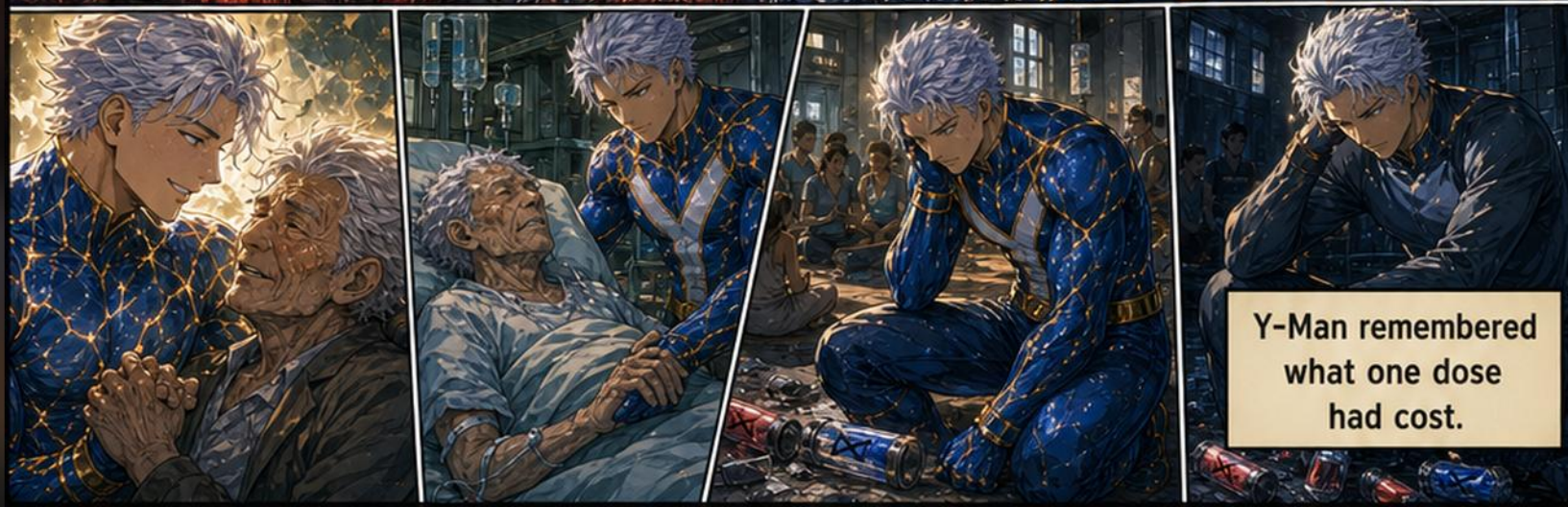
Z-Man fought
like appetite.



Y-Man fought
like restraint.



Z-Man offered
a god formula.



Y-Man remembered
what one dose
had cost.

He did not
combine them.



He ended them.



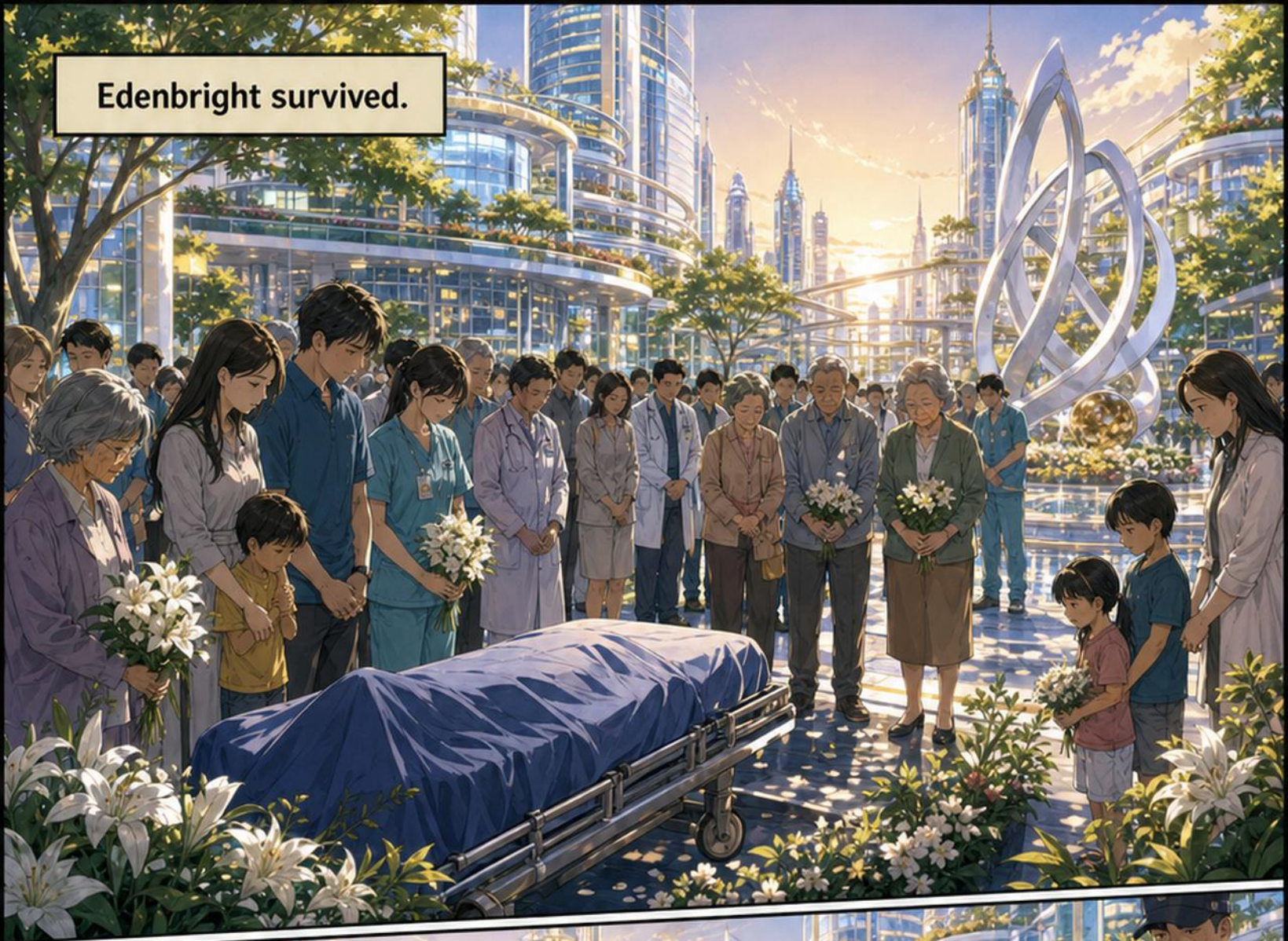
Without the serum,
Y-Man became
old again.



Z-Man saw the price
and swore off drugs.



Edenbright survived.



Its savior did not
stay to hear thanks.



The city rebuilt
around his absence.



Peace grew where
the vials had broken.

Years made
the wound gentle.



Even gratitude
learned to sleep.

No one needed
Y-Man anymore.



That was the
last gift he gave them.

**ONE LAST DOSE.
ONE SAVED CITY.**



**Y-Man ended the formula
before it could rule the world.**