
In another time and place

I want to relinquish my power and return to the mortal plane, the Traveler said as he hovered upside down in the Lotus position. He had traversed himself long and far to get to his destination instead of an endless black void, he was in an endless white void.

**DOING SO WOULD CREATE A COSMIC IMBALANCE//LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE
STATE THAT FOR EVERY ACTION, THERE IS AN EQUAL OR OPPOSITE
REACTION//FOR YOU TO BECOME MORTAL, SOMEONE MUST TAKE YOUR PLACE//**

Nathan sighed, Can't you bend the rules a little bit?

**YOUR ENERGIES MUST BE OCCUPIED FOR THE UNIVERSE TO HOLD ITSELF
TOGETHER//YOU WERE CHOSEN BY THE CELESTIALS SO THAT YOUR RACE WOULD
PREVAIL**

I didn't make a DEAL with the Celestials! Traveler growled. That deal was made for me by someone else! A monster named Apocalypse!

He felt a gentle grasp on his shoulder, which caused Nathan to fall on a solid stone floor. He immediately stood up and came face to face with the man who touched his shoulder. He had a warmth to him as he smiled at the man in the blue cloak. He had a work apron on over his white robes as he dragged a wood chisel against the back leg of a chair that he was constructing.

Sorry, the man said as he stood up, my father can be a bit stubborn sometimes. Perhaps I can help you?

Will you set things right...? Nathan Summers asked as he held out his arms.

There are three essential forces in the universe, Jesus Christ began as a light wind blew through his mane and beard, One being equity, the others necessity and vengeance.

Nathan felt he already knew what the answer would be, I don't have time for this a simple no would have been fine by me. I'll find another way.

Let me finish, Jesus said. There was a commanding, yet fair tone to his voice that Nathan couldn't help but obey or at least listen to. There is a balance to everything. You know as much as I that this is true. It is akin to karma eye for an eye. The universe will usually find a way to balance itself out.

Nathan shrugged, For all my power, all I can do is watch. I can't interfere without destroying entire dimensions

But you tried once, didn't you? Jesus asked.

Yeah, Nathan said as he lowered his eyes, after the X-Men defeated Apollyon. I appeared and talked to those closest to me but what I didn't realize was that I destroyed a couple timelines in the process. I vowed never to do that again but I need to get home. If you refuse, I understand

Jesus smiled assuredly, While I never condoned violence, it is in human nature. Sometimes vengeance is a necessity in order to reestablish equity. Those three essential universal forces are related.

Nathan remained steadfast as he asked, Will you free me? If you could go back and stop the Romans from even entering Judea

MARVEL 2000 PRESENTS...

YESTERDAY TO TOMORROW

Part III: "Ex Machina"

Written by Brad Horton

Dr. Suriyama's Genoshan Secret Lab.

Expository Blah-Blah Intro.

These cold openers are getting weirder and weeeeeeeirdeeeeeeeeer , Deadpool warned in a sing-songy voice.

Did I mention I hate Genosha ? Cable wondered aloud.

Deadpool shrugged, The weather's nice. Lot of mutants, though. Can't be too careful. Especially the hot ones. Boobs.

Stop, Cable growled. Just stop thinking out loud.

Nate Grey sighed, Can we move this along so I can arrest and/or vaporize you?

Look, Nate , Cable began. I know things didn't turn out how we planned

We planned?! Soldier X exclaimed.

Oh, boy , Deadpool muttered as he smacked himself in the forehead. This feels like a married couple fight coming on

I've often wondered what it was that we planned to do, Soldier X shouted. Why we had to be merged together as a single being when clearly, it was me who was *your* power source!

Ladies and genitals of the jury, Deadpool said as he stuck out his chest and gestured to the mock jury in his imagination, Exhibit A. Defendant, your response?

Cable glared at his partner, Don't start with me. I have a degree from Harvard Law, remember?

Soldier X held out his hands as he telekinetically thrust out his will, taking hold of both Cable and Deadpool dangling them in midair, I said let's move this ALONG!

Are you thinking what I'm thinking? Deadpool asked.

Aside from summoning George? Cable wondered.

The other one, Deadpool grumbled.

Cable rolled his eyes, I don't have telepathy anymore and your mind is a labyrinth!

Deadpool boasted, I like to think of it as more of a maelstrom.

oath, Cable sighed. Just kill us and get it over with.

ugh, a purple-skinned mutant in a lab coat groaned as he slowly got to his feet having previously suffered a brute beating from Cable. He looked around and saw his five other colleagues scattered around the floor. He looked up and saw his attacker was now the victim. Where's Dr. Suriyama and her son?

Not now, precious, Soldier X retorted as he attempted to release a hormone within the purple-skinned mutant's brain.

The man crossed his arms as Cable and Deadpool suddenly fell on the floor.

I cancel out mutant powers, precious, the man said.

Soldier X's left eye dimmed down until all that was left was a blue iris staring the man in the face. He grimly replied, Fine.

Before he could blink, Nate whipped out his gun equipped with a silencer and blasted a hole through the man's head. He quickly followed with four other shots, tagging the still unconscious mutants in the skulls.

His gun barrel still smoking, he quickly holstered it, only to be speared in the chest with Cable's metallic shoulder, knocking him to the ground.

Damn it, kid I was hoping you wouldn't go off the deep end, but now I see I have to teach you a lesson! Cable shouted as he drove his elbow into Soldier X's throat.

Guh! Soldier X moaned as the air trapped inside his lungs fought to free itself. The light in his left eye quickly reignited and blasted Cable in the chest, sending him flying in the opposite direction. He landed on his back, but his force field was already up a bit too late, as Soldier X managed to burn a hole in his chest.

Hey! Deadpool shouted as he drove his heel into Soldier X's toe, using the surprise attack to follow up with a resounding uppercut to his jaw, sending him and a few droplets of blood onto the cold metallic floor.

The former X-Man performed a kip-up maneuver and held out his right hand as if he were gripping something projecting his telekinesis around Deadpool's throat, choking the oxygen out of him.

You can heal, but what if your lungs don't have air and your heart stops beating?! Soldier X inquired.

Deadpool's mask began to peel itself off as it was ignited by Nate Grey's immense sledgehammer of psionic energy, revealing a wicked grin on his mouth.

Nate gave him the stink-eye in response to his grotesque visage, I feel sorry for you, actually

Deadpool gasped for air as he was released from the psionic choke-hold. He panted as he looked for a reflective surface, only to find that his normal appearance was apparently short-lived. His shoulders slumped, I guess overcoming psychosis is a marathon, not a sprint

Too bad for you, Soldier X warned as the air around Wade got hot. Molecules began peeling away from Wade's body.

[[Mutant frequency jammed.]]

What? Soldier X exclaimed as he shielded his eyes from an intense blue light emanating from Cable's metal palm akin to Iron Man's repulsor rays.

Cable sighed as he concentrated to heal his body with techno-organic nanites in his bloodstream, Don't make me render you fully powerless, kid I will.

Yeah, courtesy of his mutant nullifier application, numb-nuts, Deadpool wheezed as he shivered from the sudden switch in temperature after almost being microwaved. Ow I feel like I just got the Wayne Newton package at the tanning salon.

Let's go, Cable muttered as he continued to point his palm at Soldier X.

This isn't over, Solider X growled.

Deadpool smirked, Aw he's becoming a little rookie supervillain. Cute. You should grow a mustache can you? I mean, are you able to grow one have you even hit puberty yet?

I'm 18, you moron!

Yeah, definitely 18-year-old mini-Cable pimple-faced douche bag who thinks he's got it ALL figured out, Deadpool sighed.

Soldier X smirked, At least I got a good job in *this* economy

Save the meta-humor for me, okay? Deadpool said as he held up his hands. The M2K version of President Obama curb-stomped Dr. Doom while smoking a cigarette and single-handedly defeated the Skrulls.

Maybe it's just a fantasy of mine, then, Deadpool said. I'm parched. Let's get

some take out.

Bodyslide by two , Cable commanded as the duo was teleported instantaneously.

Department X.
Headquarters of Landau, Luckman, and Lake.
Oak Ridge, Tennessee
Current Time Displacement: 0.0021 Seconds

Malcolm Colcord walked through the darkened hallways of Department X the state of the art facility designed to remain a few seconds out of phase with the rest of reality invented by Blaquesmith's mother, oddly enough.

He clenched his teeth together as a cold sweat overcame him. He approached a large metallic door. By swiping his identification card, the hiss of air compression signaled the opening of the metallic door. Behind it was a smaller, more conventional doorway.

No one really mentioned the senior partners of Landau, Luckman, and Lake. Nor did anyone know who they were if they were human, mutant, or otherwise.

Always behind the scenes, the partners oversaw much of what went on politically and economically. With the Mithras directive a failure, and now the debacle involving the future-Deadpool proving to be a hoax, Malcolm Colcord was about to have his title of Overboss revoked

Malcolm turned the handle and pushed the door open, revealing a room of white light.

[[Please enter the password]]

Malcolm closed his eyes as the white light seemed to envelop him, penetrate his body like a shockwave of calming energy.

Nel nome del Padre, del Figlio e dello Askani, Malcolm spoke in an alien tongue as he genuflected.

[[Confirmation code, please]]

Askani, Malcolm said in English.

[[Welcome, Designate: Colcord, Malcolm. Homeworld: Sol-3]]

Yeah, whatever , Malcolm said as he took a deep breath and entered the room. He opened his eyes and saw a large conference table, fashioned in the same vein as the white room itself. Various portraits lined the walls in three rows. Various robed guards stood stoically around the table.

Three distinct plush chairs sat around the ovular table. One was faced away from Malcolm,

two seats were empty.

The chair swung around with Dr. Diana Russell sitting in it.

You're late, *Landau*, she said.

Malcolm sighed, Time is irrelevant here, *Luckman*.

We can't function without a third, Diana said. The code forbids it.

The position as the third partner is an important one, yes, Malcolm said as he sat in his chair. He folded his hands, But at the same time, never have two partners posed as agents of its own organization. Or have sent one of our agents against one of the partners just to set things into motion. We could have risked our closely-guarded secrets.

Diana smirked, It's not our organization, *Landau*. She gestured to the myriad of portraits of partners past, We signed away our lives to it.

Has there been a lock on *Lake*'s location? Malcolm inquired.

Diana's chin began to quiver as she became misty-eyed. She kept her composure and shook her head, There's been no lock on her position. It appears Pool Death was correct in assuming that spacetime itself was breaking down.

Malcolm grumbled, Not just that, but decomposing. At an alarming rate.

We always knew eventually she would have to leave, Diana said.

Malcolm nodded, To raise her son in the future

A robed guard suddenly appeared and placed a portrait of Dr. Janis Suriyama on the bottom row of portraits, labeled under *Lake*.

But now she's locked in the timestream, Diana said.

Malcolm said, I always hated that prophecy that said we'd be the last triad of partners.

The objective still stands, Diana said. We've pushed Wade Wilson into this life, knowing what role he'll play in the future

Malcolm nodded, We need to promote the reserve *Lequare* position to *Lake*. Immediately.

Lequare is just an arbitrary title based on tradition, it's never been a position of power meant to inherit one of the other's seats, Diana said.

Malcolm nodded, You're right. But we're out of options. Malcolm said matter-of-factly, We need a third, regardless. Too many checks and balances to go through all of

this with only two partners...

Greymalkin v3.

Earth s Orbit.

Cable gently grabbed the shoulder of Weasel as he furiously typed away at his keyboard, which was retro-fitted to interact with Greymalkin s systems.

How are we doing? he asked the information broker and arms dealer.

Weasel looked up with his wrinkled forehead from exhaustion, I ve had to cram two-thousand years worth of tech knowledge in my dreams with your post-hypnotic programs you ve been beaming into my brain

Can you fix her? Cable wondered.

Weasel s fatigued expression showed a glimmer of a smile, Of course. I ve integrated a better system for the Askani, Shi ar, and Technarch tech to be accessed through a single program which should make the entire station easier to use. For me and especially for you; you should be able to access any program remotely or by plugging in at all nodes on every level-in every room.

Cable nodded, Thanks. I appreciate it.

When can I expect to get paid for all of this? Weasel asked.

Cable put his hands on his hips, I honestly don t know. All of my funds are frozen as of right now. You can have this station. You fixed it, it s yours.

Weasel arched an eyebrow, are are you serious?

Cable crossed his arms and smirked, Of course I am, kid.

Weasel rubbed his face, Well what the hell am I going to do with a whole space station? Shoot down satellites for fun?

I was thinking of just mainly helping Wade and I, Cable said. Assuming we fix the timestream.

Hrm, Weasel mumbled as he swung back over his keyboard and began typing furiously. That reminds me, there was something strange about your last bodyslide like you two were being pulled slightly.

Pulled? Cable wondered suspiciously. He rubbed his chin, Or we were pulling something or someone else ?

Huh? Weasel interjected.

Sneaky , Cable muttered to himself. His left eye began to glow as he analyzed all of Greymalkin's surveillance systems. He held up his metallic forearm as it seemed to briefly form into liquid metal before solidifying into the shape of a double-barreled plasma rifle holstered to his wrist. Looks like someone's been piggybacking on our bodyslide signature

Weasel's eyes widened as he saw someone behind Cable, Ah, shit! He immediately ducked and hid under his computer station.

Cable's eyes darted to the side without moving his head, You know I can jam your gun from here? I can talk to technology the same way my telepathy could to people and your tech speaks with a certain world-weariness, Bishop.

Bishop lowered his rifle, which sort of resembled a futuristic shotgun, Nice guess.

Scott send you, I suppose? Cable deduced.

Bishop sighed, Yes. You did pretty much threaten to depower Jean, your own mother for Deadpool? To be honest, I don't blame Cyclops. However, operating on a different level like I do, knowing how certain events turn out, I could understand the circumstances. I just have to know is there something you need help with?

Cable turned around as his gun-barrel sunk back into his arm, As a matter of fact

NATE!

Cable's eyes darted for the main deck below. Deadpool was helping a limping robed figure with a distinguishable black beard, It's alright, George

Oath, Cable said as he jumped over the railing of the catwalk, activating his force field to slow his descent. When he hit the floor, he ran up to the two men. What happened?

I sent him a message and then he appeared out of nowhere , Deadpool grunted as he heaved George's massive arm off of his shoulders and gently laid the cosmic being down on the floor. A massive wound was bleeding through his robes.

I've been waiting an eternity for someone to summon me , George said with shortness of breath. I've been imprisoned in my own sanctuary been unable to fix the imbalances as of late

Do you know who did this? Cable asked.

George winced as he reached under his robe and plucked something presumably the object that wounded him. He pulled the object out from underneath his robe, still stained with blood, That's better don't worry, I'll be fine. It's just a scratch.

What the hell is that thing? Deadpool inquired, referring to the strange blade.

It's techno-organic," Cable said as he took hold of the blade. He closed his eyes as he began to read its contents. "Was this a Phalanx or Technarch that attacked you?"

Neither," George revealed. "He took my personal computer which allowed me to traverse the multiverse. He also called himself **Prosh**."

Cable's shoulders slumped at the sound of his former counterpart's name. Prosh was known as Professor to him, and Ship to Apocalypse and the original five X-Men. He bonded with Cable as an infant to help stop the spread of the techno-organic virus. Prosh was a second set of eyes then, and later, he would become a fellow soldier on the battlefield until Cable and X-Man became the Traveler.

Prosh became the new guardian of the M'Kraan Crystal, Nexus of Realities.

What has he done?" Cable asked.

George shook his head as he slowly got to his feet, "He is reversing the Big Bang tapping into an energy source that is forbidden to us cosmic types. He's presumably trying to fix all imbalances at once which is really dumb."

Do you know what caused all of this?" Deadpool asked.

George held up his hand, "The M'Kraan Crystal, which Prosh was guarding, it shattered somehow but it also repaired itself."

George looked at Cable and Deadpool together. His sensory was enhanced to the point where he could see different realities simultaneously however the two former enemies as Pool Death declared were unique throughout the multiverse. Normally, the frequency of a particular reality appeared as part of the visible spectrum, but Cable and Deadpool were grayed out. He also glanced out the corner of his eye at Bishop. He too, was grayed out.

George smiled, "Thank goodness we've got some exiles on our hands." He snapped his fingers and instantly teleported Bishop at his side.

Was that necessary?" Bishop wondered.

My future-self said Cable and I were supposed to fix this ourselves," Deadpool said. "We don't need this guy."

On the contrary you're going to need all the help you can get," George said. "Prosh is coming he left me locked up in my own dimension, but he left and said he was going to destroy the Earth not to mention he's absorbed a bunch of exotic entropy energy."

Why would he destroy Earth?" Bishop asked.

The Celestials," George said. "Godlike beings they have a way of erasing knowledge of their existence. They usually act through others to do their bidding in this case, Prosh."

But I made sure Earth would be left alone," Cable said.

Apparently, they revoked that decision when *Phinehasokpara* Apocalypse decided to sneak his way back, George revealed. He sort of owes them a huge debt of some kind.

It wasn't Landau, Luckman, and Lake's fault? Cable wondered.

Their machine would have brought you back, but Apocalypse apparently took your place, George revealed. In the Fifth Dimension, no one really ever dies. Energy is energy, after all.

So what now? Deadpool asked as he put his hands on his hips.

Get impossibly drunk, ladies, George said as two twelve-packs of longneck beer bottles appeared in his hands. Because it's the end of the universe as we know it. All of them erm actually.

do I still get to keep Greymalkin? Weasel shouted, still crouched under his computer station.

More importantly, Cable began, what happens when Prosh reaches Earth?

He'll likely consume it with entropy energy thus destroying every single version of Earth across the multiverse anyone not unique to the multiverse like you fellas will probably cease to exist if Prosh reaches Earth or any other, George explained.

Hence, the beer, George said as he rattled the boxes in his hands.

But if we stop Prosh, we can bring everyone back, right? Deadpool asked.

George had already apparently popped open a beer, flipping the cap off with his thumb. Before taking a swig, he arched an eyebrow, In theory, yes I suppose.

Cable crossed his arms, You know, for a cosmic entity meant to fix this sort of thing, you're kind of bad at your job

From a cosmic standpoint, *last minute fix* is still more than enough time, George countered with a smile. Bottom's up!

Department X.

stupid , Diana sighed as she buried her head in her hands.

If you've got a better blasted idea, I'd sure like to hear it, Malcolm shouted as he pounded his fist onto the conference table.

Welcome to Landau, Luckman, and Lake, Diana said as she rolled her eyes. I trust you understand the seriousness of this position you're basically here to be a tie-breaker

during discussions motherfucker are you crying?!

I just I just love my country SO much, radio talk show host and conservative TV personality Ben Gleck said as he felt a lump in his throat.

Cut the shit, or I'll mindwipe your ass, Diana warned.

Malcolm sighed, With the world ending, we need a fringe personality. And with the rushed initiation, we needed someone who no one would miss for as long as we can fix this crisis

Sorry, I'm just a life-long New Englander, Diana said. This is horeshit!

I know, I know, Malcolm said as he folded his hands. Let's get down to business

Can I please have a tissue? Ben Gleck said as he wiped mucus from his nose with his sleeve.

Kree Outpost.

Outside Terran System.

Comet comet comet, Jar-Kor, low-level blue-skinned Kree warrior sighed as he read out the daily analysis charts. And comet. Praise Pama. We never see any action out here.

What do you expect? Gor-Dal, a fellow Kree soldier scoffed as he sat lazily in his chair on the opposite end of the miniature space station. The last big thing we saw were the Avengers when they went to Pluto.

What? Jar-Kor mumbled.

That's what the Terrans call the first outer-most planetoid they actually figured out that it wasn't a planet, Gor-Dal mentioned. Good for them, I say.

Are you going all Mar-Vell on me taking a liking to Earth? Jar-Kor teased.

Ah-ha! You called it Earth and not Terran or Sol-3! Gor-Dal shouted triumphantly. Now who's the Terran-sympathizer?

Jar-Kor suddenly saw a spike in exotic energy outside of the solar system. He looked again and his eyes widened, What is that? Gor-Dal walked over from his post and looked over his partner's shoulder, Probably just some residual cosmic energy from the star system

But it's red-shifting meaning it's coming towards us, Jar-Kor said as he stood up.

I want a visual. Give me a display. I want telescopes sensitive on all frequencies.

A full-color holographic screen popped up in front of Jar-Kor's face. He tapped his fingertips on a few holographic buttons and adjusted some frequencies manually to show an expanded view of everything around the base.

Jar-Kor pointed on the right side of the screen, "See that?"

Gor-Dal squinted at the screen, "It looks humanoid. Only larger. Twenty meters in length. The density is off the charts - it's travelling faster than light!"

Jar-Kor muttered, "Pama - it's leaving a trail of nothingness in its wake, as if it were erasing time and space completely as it tears through reality."

"That's not even possible, is it?" Gor-Dal wondered.

"We don't have long - we can't get out of its way, but maybe we can slow it down!" Jar-Kor said as he jumped into the pilot's seat of the space station.

Gor-Dal felt a rush of fear come over him, "This was just supposed to be like any other day - He reached for his gold-plated plasma pistol and began to point the barrel at his right temple.

Jar-Kor pushed the accelerator lever forward as he attempted to collide with the object and give Earth a chance, "Mar-Vell is not the only Kree to

****KLANG****

Gor-Dal's gun fell to the floor. Not because he pulled the trigger, but because he was simply not there to begin with. The space station continued to drift into space, but no one was there to pilot it.

Prosh only briefly glanced at the Kree outpost as he continued his way towards Earth. His mechanical eyes were oozing with an exotic violet energy. His techno-organic insides were a stored battery of anti-matter entropic energies.

He simply whispered one thing.

{{I am coming }}

Greymalkin v3.

Earth's Orbit.

I almost forgot how good beer tasted - Cable said amidst Deadpool, George, Bishop, and Weasel - passed out on the floor. Cable stumbled a bit, "Although the urgency of the matter is kind of a buzz kill - and George - for a cosmic being, you're kind of a lightweight,

dude

Deadpool sat up and immediately gripped his forehead, "Ugh, he created it. I'm sure he switched around the molecules to make his brew a little stronger for someone like himself."

"Whoa, Cable said as he sat down in Greymalkin's oversized kitchen and lounge area. He closed his eyes, "that's pretty damn smart."

Deadpool sighed, "But for someone like *me*, the buzz doesn't last that long. In fact, when I get this drunk, I'm reminded at how much of an act that Deadpool is to cope with Wade Wilson's problems."

Cable shook his head and waved his arms, "You're getting waaaay too deep for me, now."

"Never seen George this scared before," Deadpool said as he pulled his mask off. He looked out the window at the emptiness of space. He looked at his reflection. His face was still scarred and calloused. "Never saw you get scared before..."

Cable snorted and shook his head as he grabbed for a bowl of pretzels, "No, no, I'm not scared. I'm just having a little fun before the world ends."

"Well, I never thought you'd let yourself get this drunk and let your guard down in front of someone who used to dream about killing you," Deadpool said with a smile.

Cable buried his head in his hands, "Ugh, I think I prefer you wacky and sober, not drunk and philosophical."

Deadpool unsheathed his katana and swung it, stopping just short of Cable's jugular.

Cable suddenly snapped out of his drunken stupor and furrowed his brow, "Wade."

Deadpool returned the glare, "Let's make one thing clear, alright?"

Cable reluctantly nodded, "Alright."

"Just because my future self said we were supposed to save the world doesn't mean we have to be friends," Deadpool said. He lowered his katana and sighed, "This is so stupid. What am I supposed to do exactly? Fire bullets at a Celestial-sized android?"

"You're the only one of you in the multiverse that's got to count for something, Wade," Cable said.

"But what's supposed to happen to me after this is all over, assuming we survive?" Deadpool wondered. "I can't go back to mercenary work, that's just like waving a bottle of whiskey in front of an alcoholic."

"I don't know, join the X-Men?" Cable pondered. "It's not like they haven't accepted non-mutants to their team before, it might be a nice starter team for you if you're really..."

looking to rehabilitate yourself. I don't think you're Avenger-class just yet.

Wade sighed, "Meh, too much bad blood there. Especially with all the former X-Force boners on the team now, like Cannonball and

Domino," Cable said as he suddenly became glum. "I haven't seen her in ages. And yet, I could see her any time I wanted, but

I feel the same way about Terry," Deadpool revealed. He shyly avoided eye-contact with Cable, "Fuck, I can't believe I said that

Terry? As in Siryn?" Cable asked. "I thought she was with Proudstar, but then again, it's been awhile since I've seen either of them, too. Why Siryn? Why not Copycat?

She's known me before," Deadpool said as he pointed to his face. "Sure, I love her, but it's not the same. Not when I'm looking to get my life back on track. Terry was able to see past my appearance and my psychosis and see the real me.

Well, according to George, we've got a few hours before Prosh arrives," Cable said. "I can track Terry for you and you can go see her. Just tell her how you feel.

Deadpool crossed his arms and mumbled, "Who am I kidding? She's probably got a stupid boyfriend

In a few hours, she won't have anything," Cable said. "You should go see her.

Will you see Domino? Or your parents?" Deadpool asked.

Cable put on his poker face and remained tight-lipped, "no.

Why not?" Deadpool exclaimed. "You gave me the guilt trip about Theresa, now you should go see Casper-Boobs!

I, uh, she's got a boyfriend, actually, plus she has many more men on the side wrapped around her trigger finger," Cable said as he folded his hands. "I was gone for a year, she's not meant to wait that long, besides, I just saw an alternate version of my dead wife not too long ago. Not really in the mood to go into a fight with a broken heart. Or to break someone else's.

Wade pulled his mask on, "Can you at least bodyslide me within a couple blocks of her apartment?"

Cable smiled as his left eye glowed, "Sure." He concentrated and Greymalkin had already begun calculating the bodyslide coordinates as if he were connected to it like a second nervous system, reading his every subconscious thought.

It's ready," Cable said.

Deadpool stood up and looked down at Weasel, strangely positioned next to Bishop sucking

his thumb.

He's going to be okay, right? Deadpool asked. Weasel?

Cable looked over and nodded, Hopefully. As long as he stays out of Prosh's way up here

With all that's going on, I almost forgot he's not in this in the cosmic sense, Deadpool said.

When it comes to the cosmic everyone's involved, Wade, Cable declared. When I was a god whatever you want to call it, I saw all universes at once. Everyone plays their part. Even you.

Thanks, Wade said as his shoulders relaxed themselves.

When and if we fix this, Cable began, we don't have to stop being allies or even friends. I have your back.

Deadpool rolled his eyes and exhaled profusely, Okay, are we going out or something fer cryin' out loud? I get it jeebus! Wade put his hands on his hips, Well since the world is ending just as my road to redemption motif is going on I've got some people I need to meet with

Afghanistan.

Pamir Mountains.

{{I am coming, Phinehasokpara of Earth.}}

Apocalypse awoke from his sleep in a daze. The stench of Sinister's carcass still filled the caves his blood still fresh on his hands. The end of the world was coming, that much was for sure. But there was something different.

It wouldn't be for survival of the fittest.

The Celestials were coming for *him*, in the form of his former servant, no less. He cheated death and imprisonment in the ether of the Fifth Dimension, but he knew it would be at a cost.

He was not going to let his debt go unpaid for using the Celestial technology as his own to live beyond his years.

Apocalypse knelt down and dug his hands into the cave ground. He clenched his fingers into the dusty earth and focused his molecular manipulation outwards, transmuting the sand into an unbreakable metal. He pulled his hand-made Egyptian-style sword out of the Earth.

He simply whispered one thing as he polished his newly-formed weapon with a blast of heat

from his eyes.

I am ready, old friend.

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE: *Prosh is coming closer and closer towards Earth and erasing existence along the way and it's not good. Well, the issue will be good. The circumstances? Not so much.*

CABLE/DEADPOOL

BIBLIO/GRAPHY

-Bibliography has been erased from existence by Prosh. He's a real dick!
