
When Deadpool reappeared after bodysliding off of Greymalkin, he was inside a dimly lit loft. He opened his eyes and immediately panicked, "Ooooh boy, I guess Greymalkin gets drunk if Cable is drunk...these coordinates are waaay off."

"What the hell are ye doin' here?" Theresa Rourke shouted, causing a minor shove of pure sonic force, knocking Deadpool against the opposite wall.

"Well, actually, I was going to use the front door, but...uh...I seem to have bad luck with teleporters," Deadpool confessed.

At the sound of his voice, Siryn suddenly realized who her intruder was, "...Wade? I didn't recognize you. But in all seriousness, what are you doing here? How did ye find me?"

Deadpool scratched his head as he removed some of the stray pieces of drywall from his mask, "Uh...no prob. Sorry about this. This may have been a bad time. Why are you wearing lingerie? Surrounded by rose pedals...? Ah fuck..."

Theresa shyly covered up her exposed areas, "Uhm...well, I was actually planning something for my boyfriend. He hasn't come home yet...it's our one-year anniversary."

Deadpool sighed as he nodded, "Yeah...I understand."

"I'm sorry if I led you on or something, but the only time we've really interacted was that whole incident with my uncle, an'..." Siryn stopped herself.

"I just..." Wade said as he pulled off his mask. "I just wanted to tell you how I felt. And this is Wade Wilson talking, not Deadpool. Deadpool is...the result of trying to suppress some really angry and depressing shit."

Theresa's eyes lit up in surprise. She smiled, "Wade...? Your...face?"

Deadpool's eyes widened as well. He turned around and looked at his reflection in a mirror. His scarring was gone. His skin was normal. He turned back to face Siryn.

"My healing factor is partially mental...I had to go through some intense therapy to heal my mind and body," Deadpool said with a smile.

"Wade—" Theresa began as she took a step towards Wade.

Wade similarly took a step backward, "No...Terry...it's okay." He reached for his belt buckle and pulled out a long slim paper bag. In it, a single red rose.

"I just wanted to give you this," Wade said humbly as he held out the rose in front of him. Theresa, clearly charmed by the gesture, covered her smile and took the single rose with her hand.

"Wade, you shouldn't —"

Deadpool was there to catch her before she fell backwards from the sedative hidden in the rose. He

gently laid her down on her bed and kissed her forehead, just as his skin once again appeared calloused and scarred.

"Sorry, babe...if the world's ending, then I want you in La-La Land until it's over," Wade whispered.
"Call me old fashioned, but...it's kind of romantic, right?"

*Don't do it.
Don't even think about it.
Don't you dare even think about--*

"Just one boob?"

--No!

"Arrrgghhh...stupid conscience!" Deadpool grumbled—as clearly, the road to redemption was a bumpy one.



#10 (February 2011)

The Rubicon

Part I: "Pondera"
Written by [Brad Horton](#)

Greymalkin.
Observation Deck.

"Prosh is just outside the solar system...," Cable observed. "Judging from his current speed, he'll reach Earth in about six hours."

"Six hours?" Bishop crossed his arms and turned his head, sighing, "That's not a lot of time."

"I think I have to go to the bathroom again...," Weasel grumbled as he quickly slid out of his computer chair and high-tailed it for the restroom.

George heartily slapped Bishop on the back of the shoulder, "It will be fine."

Cable placed his hands on his hips, "That's only if he's traveling at light speed. If he's going any faster than that or opening up a wormhole—it could be at any time."

Bishop glanced over at George, "And what is your role in this, again? Are you helping us fight?"

"Of course...it's my job," George replied. "Although I've never had to get my hands this dirty before."

"You've never even been in a battle?" Bishop wondered.

George shrugged, "Never had to. My father is Eternity—the personification of space and time. All the major cosmic deities have underlings doing the real work for them...unfortunately, we don't get the recognition. Well, actually..."

George paused for a moment as he stroked his beard. He looked up at Cable and Bishop.

"There is the **One Above All**," he replied.

Cable arched an eyebrow. He was never one to submit to the Judeo-Christian-Islamic faith, but Bishop managed to beat him to the punch.

"...God?" Bishop guessed.

George found it difficult not to roll his eyes, "If that's what your narrow-minded mortal brain thinks of when you think of the **One Above All**, then...sure."

"So, is this One Above All related to you or your father?" Cable asked.

George shook his head, "None of us are really sure...we know it created the universe...or maybe IS the universe."

"I thought you said Eternity was the personification of the universe?" Cable said.

George threw up his arms in frustration, "Forget I said anything...you understood it better when you were the Traveler."

"What about Nate?" Cable wondered about his younger brother. "Isn't he an exile, too? He touched

the Fifth Dimension and came from a deceased reality..."

George gripped his chin and nodded, "Yes...I suppose he would be."

Cable's shoulders slumped, "I guess Apocalypse would be, too..."

"If he still had his powers," Bishop said. "Cyclops told me you nullified him."

Cable shook his head and pointed to his temple, "I have a Cerebro application...his powers have returned, somehow. My nullifier program isn't as good as the original, apparently."

"You think Soldier-X or Apocalypse would be willing to even help us?" Bishop asked.

"X-Man is a good man...he'll eventually come through, I think," Cable said.

Bishop walked up to Cable and gave him an inquisitive stare, "From what I experienced, he isn't X-Man anymore...he's Soldier-X. He's a cold, heartless bastard. You've seen it, too."

"When we were pulled apart...some of my essence was still in him and part of his was with me," Cable said. "He's fractured...haunted by my memories...and I by his. I was hailed as a hero by the Askani, but I have done some pretty un-heroic things when I was hunting Stryfe, fighting Apocalypse, and up to gathering The Twelve."

He turned towards Bishop and laid his hand on his shoulder, "As I'm sure you have."

Bishop crossed his arms, "I took a death-blow from Onslaught that would have killed the X-Men. Later, I even led some of them. I may have not planned to end up in the past alongside my childhood heroes, but I've done the best I can."

Cable smiled to himself, "Still got a lot of cop in you. When you've been a soldier for as long as I have, not everything is black and white."

"Still doesn't mean either of us are above the law," Bishop said. "As much as we'd like to deny it..."

Pamir Mountains. Afghanistan.

Apocalypse leaned up against the rocky interior of his hidden cave base, crossing his arms as a cool breeze blew in his face. He closed his eyes, tilting his head back, smelling the fresh air. It was calming.

It also brought things into perspective for the Egyptian-born mutant. The world needed saving. He could no longer stir the pot and wait for the strong to survive—he needed to step in and protect everything from his former servant.

Ship, he thought—as he had called it thousands of years ago when he acquired the Celestial vessel in Mongolia. It was there that Apocalypse infused himself with a variation of the techno-organic virus—

the very same virus that ails Cable currently.

Then, the ship became a man.

Now, it was an angry god with enough power to wipe out existence.

It was funny, knowing that Apocalypse himself once wielded that power—but chose to reshape reality instead. Of course, it wasn't possible without the alliance with Belasco and the denizens of Limbo...along with the M'Kraan Crystal.

And then, that too was short lived. Cable and Apocalypse ascended to the Fifth Dimension—beyond time and space—and battled to the death. Cable was originally merely a body for Apocalypse to inhabit, but with his newfound longevity, he no longer needed him.

It was true, that Cable was descended from Apocalypse directly—as was the entire Summers family. The mutant gene skipped a few generations until radiation and pollution were abundant enough to enact a genetic catalyst. Mr. Sinister thought he could rid the world of Apocalypse by using a Summers-Grey offspring, but knew nothing of the true origins of the Summers line. It eventually ended with Sinister's ultimate demise.

"What a strange path fate has laid out for us, hm?" Apocalypse asked aloud.

Hovering above him was a young man dressed in a gray trench coat over gray body armor. A white streak accompanied his otherwise brown hair and his left eye seemed to glow like a miniature sun.

"I had to see it to believe it," Nate Grey said as he looked down upon the alternate version of the genocidal maniac of his home reality. "Tell me why I shouldn't throw your ass into the sun?"

Apocalypse smiled a toothy grin, "My boy, if you wanted to do that, you would have done it before I single-handedly defeated the entirety of the X-Men. You and I both know I am far more powerful than I once was."

"You're the reason Cable wanted he and I to stop being the Traveler and return to the mortal plane," Nate accused as a torrent of psionic energy physically manifested itself around the young man, igniting the air around him. "Regrettably, as I don't exactly remember a whole lot of my godly tenure, seeing you here...makes me think he might have been right."

Apocalypse nodded in admiration, "Good for you, son. You are finally getting out of his shadow—thinking for yourself, taking responsibility. You know...sometimes you remind me of your Uncle Alex."

"Cable and I are genetically similar...practically more than just brothers," Nate explained. "I'm sure Sinister made it so Scott Summers was only able to *produce* the right kind of genes. And I'm sure both the Sinister I knew...and the one whose psychometric signature is splattered all over the walls...thought of the same thing."

"Psychometry?" Apocalypse wondered. "That's one I don't even have. Impressive."

"Kind of developed after returning to flesh and blood," Nate explained. "Even got some precognition running around in my subconscious."

Apocalypse smiled, "So what do you see?"

"I see you and I...an empty battle field...and a bright light," Soldier-X said.

Apocalypse crossed his arms as he simultaneously rolled his eyes, "You still have some of his memories, hm?"

Nate paused for a moment and analyzed the mental image again, realizing it was a memory of Cable and Apocalypse fighting in the Fifth Dimension.

"Now you've decorated yourself with an arsenal of weapons and started calling yourself Soldier-X? Killing innocent civilians to complete your mission—whatever it may be," Apocalypse wondered. "Perhaps I was wrong. You're in his shadow more than ever."

Nate looked down at his hands, half-expecting his left hand to be techno-organic—but it wasn't. He had been having that problem of disassociating himself from Cable ever since he came back.

"You have all of his rage—and he has all of your wide-eyed eagerness and hope. He's weak and you're strong," Apocalypse observed. "You would make a worthy Horseman."

"I'm not much of an equestrian," Nate remarked as he expanded his telekinesis outwards, wrapping it around Apocalypse—positioning his body with his arms at his side and his legs neatly placed together, hovering just mere inches from the ground.

"You know you cannot kill me, boy," Apocalypse said. "Not in this younger body of mine. We are equals."

Nate gritted his teeth as the strain to hold the immortal mutant became more and more difficult—as if Apocalypse was somehow increasing his own weight and density. A trickle of blood fled his left nostril which caused Nate to finally let go.

Apocalypse landed on the rocky floor of the cave with a thunderous cracking sound. He looked up and smiled, "It was a valiant effort, however."

"I don't get it...I should be able to overpower you. Your bodies aren't supposed to be this resilient," Nate said, feeling a bit winded.

Apocalypse held out his hands, "I am the original mutant, the progenitor of what mutants have become today—weakened versions of myself diluted by generations of breeding with *Homo sapiens*. Thankfully, Essex, though treacherous, was able to engineer certain pedigrees to return mutants to their rightful status. The Summers-Grey brood being *one* of them..."

"You used me to keep a portal between Hell and Earth open...and before that, you used me as one of your Pale Riders—I destroyed an entire city!" Nate growled as his psionic powers manifested themselves physically. "This reality isn't mine, but it's a paradise compared to the one I was born in—I am NOT letting you destroy it!"

Apocalypse smiled, "I wish not to destroy much of anything, only to build a stronger foundation. A Celestial android is coming to destroy us. Time and space is crumbling—all of reality is collapsing on

itself. We must fight to survive. Read my thoughts if you do not believe me.”

Nate closed his eyes and peered into the recent memory of Phinehasokpara. Within moments, the mutant formerly known as X-Man opened his eyes, knowing the truth of what Apocalypse spoke.

“You’re...being genuine,” Nate said somewhat reluctantly. “What’s the catch?”

Apocalypse picked up his hand-made sword, made from the transmuted molecules of the Earth itself, “There is no catch. I have waited a long time for a battle like this. I would very much like to participate...are you with me?”

Soldier-X clenched his jaw.

“You said yourself you wouldn’t want this reality to be destroyed,” Apocalypse said.

Soldier-X sighed, “No...I wouldn’t. Who else is there?”

Berkeley, California.
Suburb of San Francisco.

“I was surprised to hear from you,” an elderly woman said as she sipped her decaffeinated coffee from her large balcony porch. In her old age, she didn’t care for the caffeine as she did when her blood pressure wasn’t as high—rather the taste. She wore a blue and white striped shirt with white pants along with a decorative sunhat. She also wore larger than normal sunglasses to conceal her vacant, opaque eyes.

She was known only as Althea—but known to Deadpool as Blind Al.

Wade nodded as he sipped his coffee, occasionally pulling a flask of whiskey out of one of his pouches and adding it to the warm beverage.

“I was glad I could find you...after the destruction of San Francisco, I...was worried,” Deadpool said. “I admit I should have looked for you sooner.”

“So you could kidnap me again?” Blind Al wondered.

Deadpool smirked at the obvious jab, “What can I say? All the maids with good eye sight didn’t keep my bachelor pad as clean as you did.”

Blind Al put her coffee mug down on her glass patio table, “Wade, what’s wrong—you seem nervous about something?”

“The world is ending,” Deadpool said bluntly. “So, I’m pretty damn nervous, actually.”

Al’s eyebrows lifted as she nodded with a simple, “Ah.”

Wade pulled off his red and black mask and set it on the table, “But apparently, I’m one of a few that

can stop it...but if I can't, I just wanted to make sure to say..."

"...you don't have to apologize to me, Wade," Blind Al said.

"There are memories from my past," Wade began. "Memories I didn't have before. Except for one. I was hired to kill you in Zaire. Years ago...before Weapon X did this to me."

Blind Al took a sip of her coffee, "Yes...I suppose I remember that. But I'm old, so...it's sketchy for me, too."

Deadpool rolled his eyes somewhat playfully, "Whatever. The point is...I killed everyone in that base. Except for you. And I'm not sure why that is. I know you were probably in British Intelligence or something like that..."

Blind Al shook her head, "Maybe it was fate whispering in your ear. Maybe you made a judgment call. It could have been a variety of reasons...the point is, Landau, Luckman, and Lake has been involved in your life for a long time."

Wade stared at the brick layout of the porch, tracing the grooves and contours with his eyes. He nodded, "Yeah...slaying the Mithras. What fun."

"It was a stepping stone. If you hadn't killed that thing, we'd all be...," Blind Al explained before stopping herself. "Well...a lot worse off."

"Yeah," Wade said with a prolonged sigh, "sometimes I wish I just would have let that thing enslave us so we'd all be blissfully happy. Maybe Cable's future wouldn't have happened. He could have grown up without having to be the futuristic Buddha-soldier guy..."

Blind Al reached out and placed her hand on Deadpool's gloved hand, "I'm your *friend*, Wade...I'm not here to judge you. It doesn't matter if I'm old enough to be your grandmother."

Wade smirked, "Thanks, Aunt May."

"...?"

"Hey, I'm still a little crazy...had a brief identity issue," Deadpool exclaimed. He sat back in his chair and looked up at the sky...as a tiny eclipse seemed to occur. The blue tint to the sky was replaced by a deep violet.

"Did the temperature just drop?" Blind Al wondered.

"Yeah...," Deadpool said.

"...did you put something in my coffee to make me sleepy...?" she asked, slurring her speech slightly. "Because I already have a prescription for that sort of thing..."

Wade pulled his mask back over his face, "Sorry, Al...this is the most humane thing I've probably done for you ever since we met...I think Prosh is getting closer...and I've got to peeeeeee!"

Greymalkin.3

"Twenty meters tall...infinitely massive..." Weasel said as he nervously peered at the monitor in front of his tired eyes. "And he's starting to slow down...he just passed the orbit of Mars...and I'm not picking anything up behind him."

"Huh?" Bishop wondered as he sat against a large metallic cylindrical support beam with a small screwdriver in hand, cleaning his energy rifle.

George crossed his arms, "He's tearing through space-time. It's like oil in water..." For a moment, he seemed frustrated, "This is very messy. I'm not sure even I can clean this up."

"What do you mean?" Cable wondered. "Isn't this your cosmic duty? Fix time paradoxes?"

"Part of that duty is to remain anonymous," George said. He crossed his arms, "Space-time is like a complex computer system with multiple programs running all at once. If you have too many corrupted files...you almost have to wipe the system clean and reload everything from scratch."

"Like a continuity reboot?" Weasel wondered from his computer console domain. "Are we talking a *Star Trek XI* being the reboot to the entire movie series?"

George stroked his beard, "Not that simple...now that the multiverse is involved."

"And how is that, again?" Weasel wondered.

"Earth is a gateway to the other Earths...or something to that effect," Cable explained. "Even though I grew up in an alternate future, I've always had a connection to this timeline since I was born here."

"We better get ready," Bishop said as he cocked his energy rifle. "Cable, you said this place has its own reactor?"

"Yeah, lower levels...I have the elevator prepped to take you down. You need a radiation suit?" Cable asked.

Bishop arched an eyebrow, "Hell no."

"Just sayin'," Cable began, "how much energy can you store?"

"How much do you have?" Bishop countered as he ran through the corridor to reach the elevator.

Cable turned to George, "Are you ready?"

George winked and simply faded into nothingness as he teleported himself to Earth's surface.

Cable then turned to Weasel, "If anything happens, you can activate the timecore I installed. Try to escape, if you can."

Weasel held up a handgun, "I'd rather try this. Dying in space is one thing. Facing complete reality

erasure...is a gun in my mouth.”

Cable solemnly nodded, respecting Weasel’s decision, “In the meantime, you can monitor us, be our backup...try to stay out of Prosh’s sphere of influence. Greymalkin has got a lot of defensive weapons. Never had to use them, but now might be a good time.”

Mars Orbit.

Prosh silently hovered over the red planet, a tiny blue dot in the distance. It was his target. Behind him was a white wall of nothingness.

{{I am truly sorry, Nathan...}}

“Well, I appreciate that, Cable...,” Weasel began. He suddenly arched an eyebrow. “Why are you glowing?”

Cable winced as a tiny throb pulsated inside his skull. He pressed against his temple as Prosh’s interplanetary communication caused him serious pain.

“Oath...feel like...”

Cable’s techno-organic virus suddenly spiraled out of control—a series of flailing metallic tentacles swung and wrapped around his body—swallowing him whole until all that was left was a globule mass of liquid metal and circuitry. Out of the chaotic cesspool, a more humanoid form emerged.

Cable, now fully reformed as a techno-organic being, opened his glowing blue eyes. His body was rough and jagged. He resembled a member of the Earth-bound Phalanx, except his body was a bluish tint rather than golden brown.

“Bish—!” Weasel attempted to scream, except he was muffled by a techno-organic whip that wrapped around his mouth, protruding from Cable’s tongue.

In a panic, Weasel picked up the handgun he intended to kill himself with if reality was going to collapse around him and fired it at Cable’s head, splattering techno-organic mesh everywhere.

The diversion was enough to free Weasel’s mouth.

“Bodyslide by two!” he shouted. The mass of T-O material resembling Cable reformed just as Weasel was enveloped in a bright glow and teleported. Bishop, who was absorbing ambient energy in Greymalkin’s reactor core, was presumably teleported as well, leaving Cable alone.

{{You won’t win, even if you use me as a puppet,}} he said with an alien, electronic echo to his voice. **{{I’ll fight you to the end.}}**

{{I know of your little plan,}} Prosh stated through their special link. **{{I have not traversed**

this great distance across the cosmos for nothing.}}

{{Then face us...what are you afraid of?}} Cable wondered.

{{I'm not going to destroy reality, Nathan,}} Prosh said. **{{I'm going to FIX it.}}**

A ripple in the fabric of reality caused the entirety of the Greymalkin space station to fade away—literally blinking out of existence, because time has stopped progressing to the future where it was originally built. This left Cable out in the vacuum of space...in his new techno-organic form, he was impervious to the conditions of it.

Cable watched the ripple continue past him, towards the blue planet he called home...

"Uh-oh...," Malcolm Colcord said from within Landau, Luckman, and Lake's secret interdimensional cabal.

"Motherfuck!" Diana Russell, famed mutant psychiatrist and one of the three mysterious Senior Partners, responded, "Greymalkin is gone. They don't have any means to teleport. They're on separate ends of the globe."

Ben Gleck, conservative television and radio commentator—filling in for absent partner Janis Suriyama, peeked from beneath the round table, "Are we safe in here?"

Malcolm sighed, "For the last time, yes!" He typed a few commands into his holographic keyboard hovering over his spot on the table, "Alright, now we finally are able to put the pieces to the puzzle together. Our precogs were right, for the most part. It's Prosh trying to destroy reality as we know it by bleeding all realities together until it's some kind of primordial universe."

"Cable and Deadpool weren't the only ones to stop him, either," Diana noted as she looked through her digital notes on her own personal holographic screen. "Luthor Bishop, En Sabah Nur—aka Phinehasokpara—aka Apocalypse, Nate Grey—aka X-Man—aka Soldier-X, and...George, whoever the hell that is."

"One of the cosmons," Malcolm declared.

"And Cable's now a puppet to this Celestial AI, Prosh," Diana said. "The two have had a bond since Nathan was an infant..."

[[Reality rupture in T-minus, six seconds...]]

"I thought you said we were safe in here?" Ben cried.

"Well...," Diana grumbled. "Hopefully we'll wake up from all of this as if it were a bad dream..."

"Diana...you better be—" Malcolm began, but was stopped by the sudden halt in time.

Earth.
Baxter Building; New York, NY.
Present day.
Current time: 1:00 PM.

"Madelyne?"

The redheaded woman in her yellow sun dress turned and smiled towards the other woman who called her name. In Madelyne's arms was her toddler-aged son, Nathan.

"Susan?" Madelyne wondered in reply. Madelyne Pryor-Summers wasn't involved with her husband's day-to-day activities leading the X-Men, but she knew a celebrity when she saw one.

The Invisible Woman walked up with her similarly-aged son, Franklin, in tow. She smiled, "Sue, please. It's nice to finally meet you. I see you brought the little one along?"

"Not many babysitters in the superhero community," Madelyne said with a slight chuckle as she briefly lifted Nathan in her arms to get a better hold of him. "Honey, you weigh a ton...why don't you play with Franklin?"

Nathan groaned as he rubbed his eyes and was forcibly set on the ground by his mother. To the surprise of the boy's three-year-old frame, his eyes had a world-weariness to them...that same characteristic that seemed to affect his playmate, Franklin.

"My dad's the smartest person in the world...," Franklin boasted as he sucked every last molecule out of his juice box. "Probably the whole galaxy. Today I'm seven, but soon I'll be eight and then I can stay up a little later than normal. How old are you?"

"Pushing sixty...last time I checked," Nathan said. He paused, as if astonished by the very sound of his high-pitched voice. "Oath..." He looked down at his hands. Both were one-hundred percent organic. He had no trace of the techno-organic virus in his system, which meant something was terribly wrong.

Nathan looked around at the various superheroes from a diverse group of people from all walks of life, noticing their relative happiness.

"What did you do, Prosh?" Nathan muttered to himself.

"Wait...," Franklin said. "You're not sixty...but...I think you *think* you are."

Nathan gently grabbed Franklin by the shoulders, "You can see it too?"

"Kinda...," Franklin sheepishly said as his eyes darted from side to side. "What is it? Why are you a kid?"

Nathan grabbed his chin in thought, "It must be the age I would have been if I was never sent into the future...but why would Prosh destroy reality...only to create...this?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Madelyne quipped as she was suddenly standing over the two boys. "He was the

distraction.” She smiled at Franklin as his eyes began to glow green, “Run along.”

Franklin then seemed to deliberately follow her orders as he slowly turned and walked away.

“Madelyne?” Nathan wondered. “You were dead...”

Madelyne’s eyes glowed, “The Gblynn Queen isn’t. And besides...every mother deserves a second chance.”

NEXT ISSUE: The Gblynn Queen adjusts to her new role as the mastermind behind this all-new reality whilst the remaining “exiles” have to try and save a toddler-aged Cable. But they’ll have to go through Prosh to do it! George will be there, too. Mainly to try and cop a feel off the Gblynn Queen.

CABLE / DEADPOOL BIBLIO/GRAPHY

Madelyne Pryor, the clone of Jean Grey created by Mr. Sinister, is the biological mother of Cable and first wife of the X-Men’s Cyclops. When Jean Grey (thought dead at the time after the events of the infamous Dark Phoenix Saga), showed up alive, Cyclops left his newfound family—driving Madelyne insane to the point where she struck a deal with the demons of Limbo, combining her omega-level

