
**The Vault.
Supermax Prison for Superhuman Offenders.
Nu-Earth.**

Wade Wilson banged his scarred and calloused forehead against the electric-shock enforced bullet-proof glass that nearly covered the entire front of his cell. The adamantium-reinforced door also had a force field of sorts backing it up as well. In short, Deadpool wasn't going anywhere. Even in this pseudo-utopia of a reality.

"This is totally putting a damper on my whole road-to-redemption thing!" Deadpool shouted. "Didn't even get to pass go or collect my \$200!!"

"You tried to kill the president, you moron...," a voice said from the next cell over. It was Taskmaster—a skilled mercenary with photographic reflexes.

"What? I might be pro-Second Amendment, but I wouldn't kill the guy for being Liberal!" Deadpool shouted. "What the hell kind of reality is this?"

"Uh...," Taskmaster paused. "A reality where Steve Rogers is the President of the United States—and likes to personally kick the asses of potential assassins on live television. But I understand you're not exactly *here*...in this reality. Ever."

"That wasn't me!" Deadpool pleaded. "This whole reality was engineered by a giant godlike robot! He has it out for me!"

"Got to hand it to you...," Taskmaster began. "It was interesting seeing your sentencing. They couldn't give you the death penalty. Simply because nothing could kill you...short of launching you into the sun...but the economic down turn made that virtually impossible."

"Gah...!" Deadpool spat. "I don't think I would have tried to kill President-Elect Captain America...unless the price was something I couldn't—how much was I offered to off him?"

"A hundred-gazillion."

"Well, I guess even with my newfound morals, that does seem like a lot to pass up...," Deadpool muttered. "Wait a minute—I need to get out of here! I need to fix this cosmic hiccup once and for all! I'm not going out like some two-bit Lee Harvey! I need to show the world I'm hero material!"

"If you're hero material, I win the Nobel Peace Prize," Taskmaster replied dryly. He shielded his eyes from a bright light that began to illuminate the cell block. "Ahhh...turn it down, already!"

A thunderous boom followed as a large bearded man wearing a white robe stood casually eating two Subway footlongs in each hand. The mysterious cosmic being known only as George swallowed before speaking (although his mouth was still full), "Wade!" He smacked his lips, "The footlongs in this reality are 50 cents! Can you believe this?!"

"Probably," Wade muttered. "What the hell is going on? I thought reality was supposed to be erased or something..."

George downed the rest of his subs in one bite, mayonnaise and ranch dressing oozing out the sides of his mouth and into his thick beard, "Well...that might have been a bit of a leap on my part. I'll explain on the way."

George snapped his fingers, and they were gone.



#11 (March 2011)

The Rubicon

Part II: "Nex"

Written by [Brad Horton](#)

Anchorage, Alaska. Summers Home.

The door to the rustic home opened with a creaking noise. Madelyne Pryor walked through, her red tresses slightly blowing in the unpolluted air. Her three-year-old son, Nathan, followed closely behind her.

"Where's Scott?" he inquired of his father, Cyclops of the X-Men, with an adult-like intensity.

Madelyne smiled, "Not here. Not anywhere."

Nathan glared at his biological mother, a clone of Jean Grey, "He's dead?"

Madelyne's eyes glowed with an ethereal green energy as she clenched her teeth, "Decidedly not, although it was one thing I've wanted to do for awhile...he is off-limits since he IS your father. This is your perfect reality, honey! Isn't this great?"

"You destroyed the universe...entire timelines were wiped out," Nathan said. "My wife was blinked out of existence."

"Because I've created this new reality for you, for us," Madelyne said with a smile. "Those terrible futures will never come to pass...you'll never have to experience loss again. No war, no mutant persecution. You finally have peace."

"Is the old reality still there? Did you really destroy all of it?" Nathan wondered.

"I took a cue from Apocalypse, don't worry," Madelyne said. "This isn't some blanket over everyone's eyes. This is real. It can't be reversed."

Nathan crossed his arms, "Not if I can help it."

Madelyne smirked, "You don't have any mutant powers. Not yet, anyway. Since you've always been with me in this reality, you've never been exposed to danger—your x-gene has remained dormant thus far."

"How did you come back?" Nathan asked. "You called yourself the Gblynn Queen. Is that your way of

saying you're the Limbo version of my mother?"

Madelyne's face turned pale as her eyes became green, her clothes burning off of her form like ashes. A violet leather costume formed over her nude body, complete with a cape that resembled bat or gargoyle wings, "Does it matter if I answer that question? Maybe I faked my death—or maybe I set this plan into motion when I was the Horseman of Death and the portal between Limbo and Earth was wide open? It's all pointless, Nathan...all you need to know is that you can grow up normally."

"I'm an exile," Nathan stated. "I'm unstuck from the multiverse—not even this façade can change me."

Madelyne laughed, "And yet, here you are...a mere powerless three-year-old against an omega-level mutant enhanced by demonic sorcery and a giant Celestial construct completely obedient to me. What can you hope to accomplish?"

"I can *hope* for quite a bit, mom," Nathan said as he crossed his arms.

Nate Grey awoke to the sound of a strange noise. He opened his eyes to the blinding light of the sun and the silhouette of a camel sniffing at his blue and gold uniform—the fashion mirrored that of his home reality. His Soldier-X costume was gone. He sat up and dug his fingers into the coarse sand. The Great Pyramids in the distance, he telekinetically lifted himself up.

His sinuses and inner ear felt as if an immense pressure were upon them. It was a sensation he had felt before—when the first time he had traveled through dimensional barriers. Nate deliberately clenched his jaw to try and get his ears to pop again, but to no avail.

That's when he knew this wasn't a different reality, but something else entirely. When Apocalypse used the M'Kraan Crystal—a cosmic diamond that housed a neutron galaxy that could potentially destroy the universe—to reshape reality, Nate was used to keep that faux-reality from collapsing.

But this faux-reality was made up of bits and pieces of the old one. It was self-sustained.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" a hearty voice asked.

Nate turned around and saw a large, somewhat heavyset man with a large black beard and white robe. If he didn't know any better, he would have pegged him as the archetype for a Greek god. Standing with the man was Deadpool, with dual katanas strapped to his back and various pouches of ammo, handguns, Uzis, and assault rifles strapped to his costume. He had a larger Gatling-like gun strapped over his shoulder.

"Huh?" Nate wondered. "What the hell are you and what are you doing with that killer?"

"I could ask you the same thing," Deadpool muttered with his gravelly voice.

The bearded man made a grand gesture with his hand, "My name is George. We need to talk."

"Thanks, but...I think I just want to find my way home," Soldier-X said.

George smiled a toothy grin, "Your home dimension was a flash in the pan. Your adopted home dimension was destroyed and reformed into this monstrosity—and boy, it isn't stable. The surrounding

universes are going to tremble and collapse around it—destroying everything.”

“And how do you know this?” Nate wondered as his left eye began to glow as bright as the blinding Egypt sun.

George pointed to his temple, “Boy...do NOT try and read my mind. You’ll only lobotomize yourself. I’m one of the cosmic forces.”

“Alright,” Nate said as his eyes returned to their normal luminosity.

“That fact is,” Deadpool began, “is that you’re an exile. Along with me, Bishop, Cable, and Apocalypse, we’re immune to universal hiccups.”

“They’ve all been scattered,” George said. “But we have to find the rest of your comrades and put a stop to this.”

“And what are we stopping?” Nate asked.

“Originally, we thought it was the artificial intelligence known as Prosh, but we now know he was just the muscle,” George began. “I believe you know the one behind this. Her name is Madelyne Pryor—one whom you reconstituted from a mere psionic echo.”

“Great...,” Nate said with a sigh. “Another fuck up that’s all my fault.”

George suddenly shed his normally jovial demeanor and gritted his teeth, “Boy, if you don’t start getting violently infectious with optimism, I will banish you to the dimension where there is only excrement!”

“It is alright, boy,” a deep echoed voice uttered. The man that approached them had slicked-back hair and a piercing gaze. He was wearing a black suit and tie. “It would be wise to listen to George for the moment.”

“Apocalypse...,” George summoned with a smirk. “In your human guise I see?”

“I need to learn my surroundings before I reveal myself fully,” Apocalypse explained.

Deadpool’s neck shot back as he groaned out of frustration, “Apocalypse? Craaaaap!”

“What the hell is this?!” Nate screamed as his telekinesis roared from his mind and wrapped itself around the ageless mutant.

“We will have to work together—to fix this,” Apocalypse said calmly. “Or did you forget our little talk?”

“Whoa, whoa...,” Deadpool began. “Is there something you two want to talk about—clear the air?”

Soldier-X rolled his eyes, “Fine. Let’s just find Bishop.”

“That could be a problem,” George revealed as he closed his eyes. “I think he blipped out of existence. Or he’s in some kind of limbo. His body reacts weird to temporal energies...I can’t sense his exile-signature anywhere. We might have to do this without him, unfortunately.”

“So then we’ve got to find Cable?” Deadpool deduced. “And he’s in the clutches of his psychopathic

mom?"

"Yes!" George exclaimed with a smile as he held out his arms. "Now who wants some **Subway** before we go?!"

"There's people starving and you're a cosmic being—quit eating our damn food!" Deadpool shouted.

"Fifty-cent footlongs!" George pleaded as he held out his hands roughly 12 inches apart. "We can seriously go into battle knowing we had a good, nutritious meal for under three dollars with tax. What do you want, I've got a good memory—come on?"

"How is the chicken teriyaki...?" Apocalypse asked. "I think I'll have that."

"What if I want chips?" Soldier-X wondered.

"We're not doing chips," Deadpool said as he shook his head. "They make me poop."

"Alright, alright...," George said. "Let's just figure this out. Apocalypse wants the chicken teriyaki, right?"

"Yes."

****CCRRRACCALACK!****

A bright white light exploded and deposited a large muscular man wearing a dark blue uniform with white trim and a large gun strapped to his back. Bishop lifted his head to the quartet arguing over their Subway order.

George arched an eyebrow, "Delayed reaction, huh?"

"I am so not going to say anything racist about him showing up late, either," Deadpool said as he proudly crossed his arms. "Probably...unless he's of aboriginal-descent. But then again this is M2K—where we ignore stupid shit like that. I'll shut up now."

"Now I remember why I enjoyed killing you in my era," Bishop scoffed as he picked himself up and dusted himself off. "What did I miss?"

"This reality doesn't seem as stable as we once thought," George said as he rubbed his beard. "It seems as if we are being given a fighting chance by some higher power. We need to get Cable away from his mother and then destroy Prosh. Only then, will we fix reality!"

"Why just Prosh and not Madelyne?" Soldier-X wondered.

"Prosh has a lot of entropy energy encased inside of him," George explained. "Madelyne will be severely weakened once that energy is released—hopefully to the point where she'll die."

"Do not be so sure," Apocalypse warned. "When I made her a Horseman, she was both flesh and blood and an energy being."

"Well, let's get serious...," Deadpool began. "Admittedly, it's not characteristic of me to do so, but we need to get Cable out of harm's way. If his dead mom is behind this, then...we are not leaving him

behind. I am certainly not leaving another soldier behind.”

Anchorage, Alaska.

Nathan sat on the hardwood floor of his tiny playroom and crossed his legs, attempting the Lotus position. While his telekinesis wasn't active, he could theoretically still use his Askani teachings to open his mind.

“*Rachel...*,” he called out in his mind. He knew his alternate-reality sister was dead, but still one with the entirety of all psionic energy there was and will ever be—the Phoenix Force. He touched it briefly, it was a feat rarely granted to many mortal beings.

“She can't save you...,” Madelyne's voice echoed.

“...your voice,” Cable noticed. “You separated Nate and I. You're...Death?”

Madelyne suddenly appeared in her violet leather costume and pale visage, **“Is that who you thought I was?”**

“When I was the Traveler, I ventured to the Realm of Death to get the answers I needed—I suspected Death would be the one to grant those answers...,” Cable said in his toddler-aged voice.

“I told you to bring them oblivion...and that's what you did.”

Nathan closed his eyes—attempting to unlock his natural mutant powers—thinking they would be accessible in his younger body. Nathan was a rare class of mutant that exhibited mutant gifts before puberty, after all.

“I didn't do anything—you,” Nathan said before he paused. “You're not Death—but you're not Madelyne, either.”

“Right—I plagued you with images of a dystopian reality,” the faux-Madelyne boasted. **“Caused you to doubt your place in a godly realm—caused you to descend. Caused me to follow you and set things straight in this universe. A universe with rules is a universe without possibilities. If I make the rules, everyone is happy.”**

“The rules are in place for a reason—to keep reality in existence!” Nathan shouted. “There are more possibilities in a living universe than one that is falling apart because of you!”

The Fake-Madelyne smiled, **“Ah, but that's where you are wrong. I happen to think that when this is all said and done—when the multiverse ends, it will go out with a bang. It will be a completed masterpiece. It will be a masterful concerto, a**

finished piece of artwork, a television series that didn't jump the shark and bowed out while still on top. Order and Chaos, Eternity and Death—the endless tug-of-war will be over with! OBLIVION will be achieved—once and for all!"

Cable's left eye began to glow with a tinge of blue light as he grit his teeth, "So...Oblivion, huh? I guess that's your name. You must be some kind of cosmic being, I'm assuming?" His body began to display various circuitry lines as the color hue of his clothes and skin began to turn blue as well, "And I think I've figured out why I can't access my powers...Prosh hacked my techno-organic body—forcing me to change my appearance to that of a child."

Madelyne's smile quickly faded as her ruse was almost up.

Nathan's body mass quickly increased to match his actual age as his body of techno-organic mesh formed spikes all over him. He held out his fists, which morphed themselves into highly-advanced energy cannons.

"You can't kill me," Oblivion-as-Madelyne warned.

Cable winced as he took aim, calibrating his internal computers to target every inch of his opponent, "I'm gonna sure as hell try..."

Oblivion shook her head as the energy blasts simply passed through her. It changed its form into another that Cable was familiar with.

"Nathan, why are you trying to kill me?" Aliya asked. She walked up behind him as Cable lowered his guns, morphing them back into humanoid forearms.

"Good question..." Cable said.

"Is it really that important to you?" Oblivion asked, in the guise of Tyler Dayspring—Cable's slain son. "This universe? All it's ever done is dump on you..."

"Maybe," Cable said, "but that doesn't mean **you** should end it."

"You're a pathetic mortal," Oblivion said, this time as Apocalypse. His blue Celestial armor mirrored Cable's own fully techno-organic body. Oblivion looked down at his armor and smiled, "I have no doubt you've figured out I can take the form of anyone that has died—including those that have been resurrected?"

He then took the form of Cable, albeit his organic body, **"Yourself, included?"**

Sinister smiled, **"Your creator..."**

"...Your lover and chronicler," Irene Merryweather said with a seductive smirk.

"Or your savior..." Rachel Summers said in her Mother Askani guise.

"Or maybe your half-brother," Apollyon said. "Who, in reality, is more like your great-great grandfather, many generations removed...I guess that one is more confusing than most family trees."

"What...?" Cable wondered.

"Did I say that out loud?" Oblivion said as he turned back into Apocalypse. "I am your ancestor? Pish posh!"

Cable looked down at his hands—he was now reliant on the very techno-organic virus that kept Apocalypse alive for five millennia. He concentrated and shape-shifted his form into that of his old body, complete with a skin-tight blue and black armor.

"I suppose I should have told you," Blaquesmith said as he casually walked around, observing Cable's sullen body language. "Don't worry—not even Sinister knew, ironically...not until he had a pure DNA sample."

"It makes sense, though," Jean Grey said as she hovered in midair in her Dark Phoenix costume. "Apocalypse needed a body to live on in—one that was genetically similar. And of course, Sinister realized the genetic potential—the truth is, you're not special, Phinehasokpara the First One is. You weren't chosen by fate, you were related to him—that's why you were made to defeat him."

"So I'm just a weapon, huh?" Cable asked. "Don't you think I figured that one out?!" He stretched his arms out and crashed through the ceiling as his T-O rich body took flight out of the tiny cabin.

[[Cerebro interface online—]]

Cable flew through the air like a rocket, "Advanced search—locate Apocalypse, Bishop, and Nate Grey."

[[Search complete,]] Cable's internal application said as a holographic map of the globe appeared in his peripheral. [[Current location(s): Oak Ridge, Tennessee.]]

"Department X...?" Cable wondered to himself as he immediately shifted his flight direction southeast. He shape-shifted the soles of his feet into miniature rocket boosters—increasing his speeds up to two-hundred percent.

Back below, inside the cabin, Oblivion transformed into his abstract form, that of a living shadow. Outside the cabin, amidst the backdrop of the Rocky Mountains, the Celestial construct known as Prosh came into view—over 2,000 feet tall.

"It is time for the final solution, Prosh," Oblivion said as his abstract body expanded upwards.

Prosh's vacant violet eyes opened as entropic energy poured out of them like an infinite furnace.

The remaining humanity left in the once sentient computer finally washed away as Oblivion's non-corporeal form entered the hardened techno-organic armor.

{{N-no!}} Prosh seemed to resist as his entire being was infected from within with an insidious disease.

But it was already too late. Birthed from his techno-organic body sprung hundreds—and then thousands of humanoid-sized avatars. With the entropy energy and Oblivion's connection his sibling, Death, the avatars took on the characteristics and traits of those that have died throughout the multiverse.

Eventually, Prosh's body was dispersed fully into an entire army of the dead—under the command of Oblivion himself, who crafted an avatar for himself. By dispersing his energies into multiple bodies, he could physically interact with the material world.

“First Earth, then everything else!” Oblivion growled. His avatar was a dark-cloaked figure that had an intimidating charcoal armor underneath and a hidden visage. His army roared with an unholy cry as they began their charge.

George and the four exiles stood in the vacant lot which had an old, rusty wire fence surrounding its square perimeter.

“Not here,” George said gruffly as he held up his hands, attempting to feel if the temporal-shifted building was still out of phase. “It was totally wiped out of existence. Landau, Luckman, and Lake is no more.”

“Diana...Mal...,” Deadpool muttered. “Damn.”

“Friends of yours?” Nate Grey asked.

“In another life—maybe,” Deadpool explained. “Or it could have been a lie to get me to join them and slay a cosmic being that would have ended all suffering. I’ve led a very weird life. Add this to the list, too.”

“Why is it always *s/lay* with a cosmic being?” Nate wondered.

“So, without Landau, Luckman, and Lake’s prophecies, we aren’t sure how to fix this reality hiccup?” Bishop wondered as he crossed his arms. “I’m not much for prophecies, anyway...I don’t remember hearing much about them in my time.”

George stroked his beard, “I’ll admit, they caused a lot of trouble with the multiverse—but they still operated within the rules, at least.”

Apocalypse squinted as he looked upwards at the glowing blue object that came rocketing towards them at an alarming rate, “Is that...?”

“Cable?” Soldier-X wondered as he could recognize the psionic signature.

The said object crashed into the ground a few short yards in front of them, creating a minor explosion. When the dust cleared, a techno-organic blob eventually formed back into Cable’s physical form.

He cleared his throat, “Oath...”

Deadpool ran up to his friend and quickly slapped him on the back, “Hey! We were just about to rescue you! But then we got into this whole Subway debate...kind of got sidetracked, but then we decided to see if Triple L survived the reality warp. No such luck...”

“You’re fully techno-organic?” Bishop noticed.

Cable glared at Apocalypse—who was still in his sleek businessman garb, “I have a feeling I have been for awhile. When the virus was reactivated in me, I obviously didn’t have my telekinesis to hold it back—I figured my technopath abilities were just a side-effect. Apparently, I subconsciously kept my

appearance normal, too.”

“And you can fly...kinda,” Deadpool observed.

“I’ll work on my landing later,” Cable said as he walked up to George. “I know you might think my dead mother is behind this, but I can assure you it’s not...”

George suddenly became visibly fearful as he responded, “I know...it’s... **Oblivion**.” His normal jovial nature quickly vanished, “Kind of hoped it wouldn’t be one of the abstract cosmic forces...”

“Uh...,” Bishop uttered as he quickly grabbed his energy rifle from the strap on his back, his stored energy briefly flashing in his eyes.

“...shit,” Nate Grey said as he observed the same thing. Surrounding them on all sides was a near infinite army of entropy-enhanced techno-organic avatars—powered by the souls of the dead.

Leading them was a noticeably larger figure in charcoal armor under a black cloak, **“Destroy the exiles!”**

“Anyone else have to pee before we die?!” Deadpool squealed.

“He said he wanted to end the universe,” Cable said as he shape-shifted his forearms into large energy cannons—along with rocket launchers protruding from his shoulder blades. “True oblivion...but he has to kill us before he can do that.”

Apocalypse shape-shifted into his Egyptian warrior form, complete with the unbreakable sword he forged out of the Earth itself, “Then I say LET HIM **TRY!**”

“You know, for an immortal Darwinist tyrant, you’re pretty inspiring,” Deadpool said as he withdrew his dual katanas.

“No!” George shouted as he grit his teeth, glowing with white energy, “It is my responsibility to defend the multiverse and fix temporal anomalies! I will defeat this fiend!!”

The heavy-set deity leapt into battle, charging his fists with energy—diving straight for Oblivion.

“Irrrk!”

The cloaked figure grabbed George by the throat, however—stopping all momentum and inertia dead.

“GEORGE!” Deadpool shouted as his eyes widened in horror. “Someone get the man a beer! It’s like Popeye and spinach!”

Oblivion growled as he clenched his fist tighter and tighter around George’s throat, **“Your journey ends here, brother...”**

George smiled as cracks began to form across his skin, revealing a blinding light within—as if he were made of light, “They will stop you, brother...just as soon as I take you and half of your army with me—”

“Get behind me!” Nate shouted, thinking fast, as his left eye bled visible psionic energy, forming a

shell around them.

“George!” Deadpool shouted as he ran towards Oblivion. “Don’t do this, man!”

“Wade!” Cable shouted as he extended his techno-organic arms, stretching them far enough to grab Deadpool and snatch him backwards.

George cackled with delight as the cracks began to become more pronounced, the cosmic energy within him getting brighter.

“**Bah!**” Oblivion shouted as he threw George high into the atmosphere, where the deity simply vanished into the intense explosion of light—expanding outwards at an alarming rate.

BUUUUUHTHOOM

Nate Grey clenched his teeth as the light caused him to shut his eyes tightly—but that also caused him to lose his concentration on the telekinetic shield protecting everybody...

Apocalypse held out his hands, using his fine-tuned molecular manipulation to direct the energy flow away from the group. When the energy finally dispersed, the city of Oak Ridge was a smoldering waste land.

Oblivion once again took to the front of the line as the thousands of death-avatars that were still standing took charge.

“Damn it, George...,” Deadpool grumbled as he took the defensive stance with his katanas increasing his potential reach for an attack. “He owed me ten bucks...”

NEXT ISSUE: It’s the final battle for the multiverse! Oblivion and his army against the quintet of Cable, Deadpool, Bishop, Nate Grey, and Apocalypse! Who lives, who dies? Will there be an appearance by a female character to break up this sausage fest? Find out next time!

CABLE / DEADPOOL BIBLIO/GRAPHY

-Oblivion actually made an appearance at M2K before, in Chris Oliva’s *Eye Scream* series. Previously in Marvel proper, he has encountered Iceman. Keen-eyed readers of *Cable/Deadpool* may remember Cable having said “Bring them oblivion” when he was imprisoned after returning to the mortal plane after becoming a higher being. Clearly, he was referring to Oblivion by name. Oblivion is not interchangeable with Death, though is closely associated with her in the way Eternity and Infinity are closely related. Someone get Jim Starlin on the phone...

Anyway, we now know that it was Oblivion (posing as Death, posing as Jesus Christ) that separated Cable and Nate Grey and sent them to the mortal plane—which somehow allowed him to set the

