
“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...”

Nate Grey (Solider-X) now recovered, took to the air and said, “Everyone within a 100-mile radius has been vaporized...thousands of psi-signatures just vanished, like they weren’t even there to begin with.”

“So, instead of decreasing Oblivion’s ranks, George just handed him a few hundred thousand replacements...,” Cable said.

“We don’t have to beat them, just survive,” Bishop said, reminding everyone. “At least long enough for that thing to swallow us...”

“It’s a rupture in reality,” Apocalypse said as he noticed the large portal high in the sky—where George sacrificed himself. Apocalypse sighed, “If I make you four an offer, will you accept?”

“We are not going to be your Four Horsemen—so stop asking!” Deadpool growled.

Apocalypse rolled his eyes, “I was offering to close the rupture, you pathetic imbecile!”

Wade crisscrossed his katanas together, extending them outwards, decapitating the first of many avatars to breach the perimeter. He immediately spun around and diagonally sliced another in half, “Shut up and do some violence!”

“Very well...,” Apocalypse said as his eyes glowed with a ruby red. He looked up towards the sky as his density and mass increased to giant size, rivaling that of a Celestial. His eyes shot out energy beams around the quartet, vaporizing every death-avatar they touched and providing proper cover time.

“Nate!” Cable shouted as he increased his mass as well to an exaggerated techno-organic Hulk-sized version of himself. He grabbed two avatars and smashed them together, causing them to dissolve into metallic dust. “You take out the opposite side so we’re not sitting ducks out here!”

Soldier-X nodded, "With pleasure!" His eyes poured psionic energy out of them as he pushed his telekinetic limits. He levitated himself high into the air and slowly clenched his fists together—lifting tons of rock and soil and crushing as many avatars as he could.

Cable morphed his huge fists into energy cannons and began firing in opposite directions blue-colored plasma blasts into the advancing army. He concentrated and formed a second dual-blaster forming out of his back—which began firing behind them.

Bishop fired blasts out of his energy rifle until the charge was empty. He dove backwards and clenched his fists together—firing a plasma blast out of his stored energy into the wave of avatars. Three of them jumped and tackled him, driving their clawed fingers into his rib cage.

"ARGH!" he shouted as he batted them away, vaporizing them with a solitary blast. Normally, he held back with his bio-blasts, but the fact that these monstrosities were nothing more than robotic shock troops allowed him to cut loose.

"I need a charge!" Bishop shouted as he unsheathed a Bowie knife from his boot, slicing an arm off of an avatar. He ducked and drove the knife into the eye-socket of another.

"Stand still," Cable shouted as he obliged and fired a couple of energy blasts Bishop's way. The blast burned through his uniform and skin slightly and only stung for just a second. Needless to say, he was back in the game as he began blasting more of the avatars down while waiting for cover from Cable—taking them hand-to-hand in the meantime.

While Apocalypse and Soldier-X continued to thin out the ranks, Deadpool switched to firearms in the form of his twin uzis. He armed a grenade and threw it into the crowd—watching as it exploded.

"Heh...," Deadpool mused. "Runnin' out of bullets here!"

A large massive shadow appeared overhead, the light of the reality rupture being eclipsed by the ten avatars that have leapt into the air—intent on piling on top of Deadpool. They landed on top of him, driving their claws into him, pinning him to the ground.

He winced, but had already armed his entire set of grenades. "Look out!" he shouted. Bishop tried to dive out of the way, but it was too late as the blast erupted into a fiery explosion, sending shrapnel and body parts in all directions.

Cable quickly grabbed Bishop and surrounded him to shield him from the blast while flying high into the air. Cable sorrowfully looked down to see if Deadpool survived...but only saw a smoldering pillar of smoke.



#12 (April 2011)

The Rubicon

Part III: "Vita"

Written by [Brad Horton](#)

When the dust settled from Deadpool's self-sacrifice, Oblivion walked down to see Deadpool's torso coughing as he attempted to reattach his detached left leg, which had been blown off below the knee. He was also missing his right arm. Half of his head was also missing, diagonally torn along his right eye. His brain and skull had already begun to heal itself first—and was healing the most rapidly.

"Arm...where is my other arm?" Deadpool wondered. His vision blurred slightly and then readjusted as his eye grew back. He smiled, "Ah—there it is."

A piercing feeling shot through his entire being as he laid motionless. Wade looked up to see the cosmic being staring him down.

Oblivion's cloak hid his true face, but his eyes glowed with a blood red, **"Your body is dying and trying to revive itself at the same time—you have no idea how frustrating that is to me that I cannot take control of your soul!"**

"Is this because of my relationship to your...uh...sister, Death?" Deadpool wondered, unsure of the inter-relationships of the cosmic hierarchy.

"You are an exile...the only version of yourself in the entire multiverse...the only one of this pathetic rebellion that isn't particularly super-powered,"

Oblivion explained. **"Why are you such a threat to ME?!"** He picked up Deadpool by the throat and held him up to his face, his true face—an empty void, the very thing he personified.

"Argh...," Deadpool grunted as he struggled to breathe. "Well, could it be that...uh...there are prophecies and stuff that say that I play an important role in the End Times...?"

If Oblivion had a mouth, it would smile, **"Yes...perhaps you are the one to end it all for me..."** He dropped Deadpool onto the ground as his wounds began to regenerate.

"That's...," Deadpool paused as he kneeled down. "Not what I was thinking. I'm a hero now! Time for hero-stuff!"

"I kill you," Oblivion said as he raised his sword, **"I end it all right here! Perfect!"**

He brought the sword down, but it was stopped just a molecule away from Deadpool's neck.

Oblivion looked up to see Bishop's massive boot knock him backwards. Cable descended shortly afterwards—his left eye glowing blue.

"Boy, am I glad to see you two...," Deadpool said as he tried to get up.

Bishop grabbed Deadpool from behind by reaching underneath his armpits, "Can't believe I'm helping you..."

"I blew myself up to help you out," Deadpool said with a smile. "Also, still can't find my arm...how

come Oblivion can't move?"

Bishop looked up to see Cable's techno-organic form staring down Oblivion, "Cable's using his technopathy...since Oblivion and all of his minions are made of fragments of Prosh."

"Ugh, and to think I thought Death still had a crush on me...," Deadpool sighed. "Oh well." He looked down to see his right arm had slowly begun to regenerate.

Bishop grunted as he held Deadpool up with one arm, while using his other arm to fire a plasma burst with his other into a barrage of avatars, "Can you stand?!"

Deadpool grabbed his head and shook it slightly, "I think so!" However, upon standing, his leg detached, causing him to fall over.

"Fuck my life...," Deadpool said, his voice muffled by the ground.

Oblivion grunted as he fought Cable's control, **"You will not win, mortal..."**

Cable grit his teeth as his physical form became more and more difficult to remain in a humanoid mold, **{{Maybe I won't personally, but I'll fight with my last breath...if I have to...}}**

Oblivion eventually powered through Cable's mental command of his own techno-organic form and sliced his sword upwards—cutting Cable in half, bi-laterally. Both halves of the techno-organic mesh seemed to melt into a metallic liquid, seeping through the cracks of the scorched ground.

"As you wish," Oblivion replied.

Deadpool's eyes widened as the liquid metal seeped towards him, "Cable...? Buddy?"

{{This might be a little weird...}}

"This broken thermometer juice is talking to me!" Deadpool yelled. "My crazy is back! Woo-hoo!"

The liquid metal then rose out of the ground and surrounded Deadpool, forming an armor of sorts around him and making up for his lost appendages.

"Kewl!" Deadpool mused as he struck a heroic pose. He blinked for a moment, "Ah, I see what you're getting at now. This is a little weird. You barely hug. This has got to be a nightmare for you."

{{Just save the universe,}} Cable's annoyed electronic voice commanded.

Jet-boots formed around Deadpool's ankles as he and Oblivion took to the air.

Bishop began to notice the lack of gravity and general lack of substance the universe was starting to exhibit. His physical body began to flash in and out of reality—his present form—and that of his older self, the one that aged considerably in a reality where Magneto formed the X-Men.

High above the battlefield, Soldier-X vaporized the death-avatars by the thousands. Blood began to

trickle out of his nose as his telekinesis was pushed to its limits, "Don't quit...whatever you do...don't quit!"

An inner fire began to creep in his chest.

Nate gripped his rib cage as he felt his heart stop.

His eyes rolled back into his skull as he plummeted towards the Earth, only to be caught by a giant hand, in the form of Apocalypse. The ageless mutant shifted into a normal size to conserve energy as he flew through the air with Nate Grey flat-lining in his arms.

"I see now...," Apocalypse whispered. "My life is no longer infinite. Only the strong survive...and you have, child..." Apocalypse landed and drove his fist into his own chest cavity, through cartilage and bone—pulling out his own heart, placing it over Nate's body. Upon touching his skin, Apocalypse's heart sublimated into pure energy—Soldier-X awoke almost instantly.

Nate was shocked to see Apocalypse standing over him, a large self-inflicted hole in his chest.

"I'm dying again...," Apocalypse said with a smile. "I was trying to give you a second chance..."

"You ruled my world with an iron fist," Nate Grey said. "Then you used me to destroy an entire city—and then to give Hell a revolving door here on Earth!"

"I did not forget," Apocalypse said as the embers of creation began to flake off of him. The very forces that held his molecules together began to quiver under the pressure of Nate's telekinesis. "And I can assure you I will return in some form..."

"I won't let it happen," Nate said.

Apocalypse smiled, "You're starting to learn..."

Nate's brow furrowed as his eyes glowed with the fires of life itself. That was when it sunk in. "You did this on purpose?"

"Only the strong survive...," Apocalypse said. "We need the Phoenix Force for this. I tried to wield it...but was unworthy. Perhaps you can reawaken it..."

The fiery psionic energy began to bathe around Nate's body—both mind and soul. Nate grit his teeth as he shook his head, "I'm not Jean or Rachel...this is too intense!"

Apocalypse forcibly grabbed Nate by the shoulders and shouted in his face, while his own body continued to disintegrate, "The Phoenix burns away what doesn't work! This CANNOT work! The Phoenix feeds on life, not Oblivion!"

Nate's entire being began to hum with the harmonics of the universe. His gray Soldier-X uniform began to rearrange itself on the molecular level until it formed into a skintight, blue-gold themed Phoenix costume.

Apocalypse breathed a sigh of relief as he fell backwards, his essence leaving his engineered body

behind. Upon hitting the ground, the body burst into flames, disintegrating.

Nate hovered motionless in midair as the Phoenix Force flooded his entire being.

/////THE PHOENIX BURNS AWAY WHAT DOES NOT WORK/////YOUR UNLIMITED POTENTIAL OF PSIONIC PROWESS WILL SERVE US WELL IN FIXING THIS FLUXUATION IN TIME AND SPACE/////

"Whatever," Nate simply grunted. **"Use my body for as long as it takes, then get the hell out..."**

///WE CANNOT GUARANTEE THERE WILL BE LASTING REPRECUSIONS TO YOUR MORTAL FORM THE LONGER WE INHABIT YOUR SHELL///WE ARE THE FIRES OF LIFE ITSELF/////YOUR FORM CANNOT TAKE THE PUNISHMENT///

"I'll take whatever you got," Nate said as he flew towards Oblivion.

Oblivion took a swing with his fist, connecting with Cable/Deadpool's chin, sending the duo spiraling out of control in midair. Cable's techno-organic form began to melt off of Deadpool like water.

"Holy ouch!" Deadpool shouted.

Nate, the latest Phoenix avatar, telekinetically caught them, adding some of his strength to their own—denoted by a fiery aura of psionic energy.

Soon, Bishop, surrounded by a similar fiery aura, levitated beside them, "Looks like the fight has just taken a different turn."

Cable's techno-organic form began to take on a more humanoid appearance as the portion of Phoenix Force within him began to awaken his own former psionic powers and convert a portion of his body into a more organic one. "I'd say so," Cable responded with a smirk.

Deadpool, meanwhile, having no true mutant powers to contain much of the Phoenix energies, completely regenerated all of his lost limbs almost instantly.

"This works," Deadpool nodded in admiration of his reformed body and mind.

"No Apocalypse?" Bishop wondered.

"His essence is still out there somewhere," Nate responded as a phoenix-raptor began to manifest around the quartet. **"This is a lot easier with you all sharing the load, by the way..."**

"You think that just because you have the Phoenix on your side that this is over?!" Oblivion shouted, trying not to show his fear.

**///IT IS OVER///OBLIVION HAS UPSET THE
BALANCE OF THE UNIVERSE///ON BEHALF
OF ETERNITY//INFINITY//DEATH//THE
COSMIC BALANCE MUST BE RESTORED///**

Oblivion was suddenly smacked upside the head by a skeletal figure's hand.

"OWW!"

"What did I tell you!" Death screamed. "Freakin' idiot!! I just told you to do some of my errands, and this is what you do—cause a whole cosmic ordeal? Destroy the multiverse?! Seriously?!"

"Sorry..." Oblivion said as his techno-organic avatar lost its substance, returning him to his true intangible state.

"I'm keeping you on a short leash from now on...gah, what a moron," Death muttered as she waved her hand, causing Oblivion to fade away.

Death turned towards the quartet, surrounded by the phoenix-raptor. The purple-cloaked figure drew out one in particular, "Hello, Wade..."

"Yeah...hi," Deadpool scoffed as he crossed his arms. "You never returned my calls."

Death sighed, "Look, there's no easy way of undoing the entire multiverse's destruction...I'm going to need to use you to repopulate the multiverse."

Deadpool's jaw dropped, "...what?"

"You're the last one of yourself in the entire multiverse...I need to duplicate you infinitely so that I can fix all of this," Death responded. She looked over at Cable, "You, too."

"Guess the prophecy was right," Cable said. "You and I really do save the multiverse."

"What happens to us, though?" Deadpool wondered. "And what about Bishop and X-ManSoldier-X-Phoenix over there?"

Death shrugged, "Bishop can go home once their universe is reconstructed."

"And me?" Nate Grey wondered, his entire body ablaze with the Phoenix Force.

"I'm not about to get into a tug-of-war with the Life Avatar," Death said with a groan. "But your mortal life is done. You're too damn powerful now...you've gotta join the Phoenix completely or this is all worthless."

Nate lowered his eyes and solemnly nodded, **"Whatever I have to..."**

"There's gotta be another way." Bishop replied, "What if we stop this from happening? Isn't that easier than trying to recreate the entire multiverse?"

Death shook her head, "There is no timeline traverse to try and prevent it. Unfortunately, there isn't a cosmic reset button on this one. The Phoenix can't magically fix everything, either. Cable and Deadpool need to sacrifice themselves in order to jump start space-time again."

"By doing what?" Cable asked.

Death looked up and gestured to the giant gaping hole, rupturing reality itself, "Going into that. Only you two can close it and repopulate the multiverse, including your native universe."

"Is this going to kill us in the process?" Deadpool wondered. "...can we be together?"

"It might," Death said. "Although the process would—in theory—cause yourselves to be reborn with the new universe..."

///THERE IS NO EASY ANSWER///IT MUST BE DONE FOR THE CONTINUATION OF EXISTENCE///

"The only downside to this is that no one will remember this," Deadpool muttered. "I won't be remembered for this, but the lives I took...and my peculiar choice in women."

"I won't forget, Wade," Bea Arthur said as she suddenly appeared next to Death in spectral form. "I promise."

"Bea Arthur?" Wade said with a mile-wide grin. "Speak of the devil! Alrighty...I guess I'm all systems go for self-sacrifice!" He looked at Cable, "Are you...uh...ready?"

Cable looked up at the rupture, which continued to get bigger. He looked at Bishop and Nate, "I think so."

Bishop looked below the group as everything turned to black nothingness—into oblivion. "Looks like you two better hurry up."

Cable smiled as he patted Bishop on the shoulder, "Thanks for helping out. The battle I mean. And

deciding not to follow through with Scott's plan."

"Just extending a leap of faith to a fellow timewalker is all," Bishop said with a smirk. He shook the man's hand, "Good luck."

Cable nodded and hovered over towards his alternate-reality brother and would-be replacement, "So."

"So," Nate Grey replied.

"Phoenix Force, huh?" Cable gruffly observed.

Nate shrugged, **"Figured it would happen at least once...I'm starting to feel the pull...my entire soul is on fire..."**

"I...," Cable began.

Nate chuckled to himself as he shook his head, **"Don't do that. Not to me."**

Cable held up his hand and continued, regardless, "You're better than me...," Cable said. "I'm so damned tired of this fight. All of this has made me realize what I've been fighting for is so small compared to the big picture. There are nearly infinite realities with infinite timelines out there. I don't know if I've got much fight in me left...I'm an old man who just wants there to be peace. But you're young...and passionate about what you do. Besides, you're my brother...and I'm damned proud to say it, even if you are a rookie at this."

"At least I get an open invite from the Phoenix Corps," Nate said with a smirk.

Cable lowered his head, as his skin became a blue-gray metallic color and his techno-organic appearance returned, **{{See ya around, kid.}}**

Nate felt a lump in his throat as his eyes began to sting, **"See ya..."**

Cable suddenly grabbed Nate's forearm and physically ripped him away from the fiery aura which was trying to consume him.

"NO!" Nate shouted as he tried to struggle to get his connection back with the Phoenix Force. "Let me do this! I can do it!"

Cable smiled as the phoenix-shaped avatar surrounded his techno-organic body, **{{Sorry, kid...I already lost Rachel because of this very thing...I'm not gonna let you throw it all away like you have something to prove. This is my burden to carry...it was meant to be you saving the multiverse...}}**

"Wait...," Deadpool said as he held up his hand. "You have to be the one up there with me, you're gonna die, you moron!!"

{{No shit,}} Cable mused. **{{The kid and I are practically the same person give or take a few genes and about half a century...you two are gonna have to get along just this once to save existence—so just do it!}}**

of the other infinitely.

"Yikes...twelve issues for THAT revelation?" Deadpool asked.

"Well," Nate said as he became self-aware of the fourth wall. "Let's unfold ourselves then...I think that's what Death was trying to get at."

Deadpool grabbed his scalp and forcibly tore off his skin, "Ow."

Nate arched an eyebrow as the energy swirling around them began to get more aggressive as if churning the entire multiverse like a cauldron, "I was thinking more metaphysical..."

"Oh," Deadpool said as he attempted to replace his scalp, as if placing a hat on his head until it was perfect. "Rock and roll!"

The energy grew faster and brighter by the second until the silhouettes of both men were simply lost in the intensity...

**Department X.
Earth-616 (Rebooted).**

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

"I thought you said we were safe in here?" Ben Gleck cried from within Landau, Luckman, and Lake's secret interdimensional cabal.

"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 for a brief moment, half expecting reality to cease. "—right?"

Diana closed her eyes and breathed a sigh of relief. She leaned back in her chair.

"What happened?" Ben wondered aloud.

Malcolm rubbed his eyes as he flicked his wrist, commanding the various robed figures to take the conservative radio and television personality away. The white-robed figures quickly surrounded the man, knocking him out with an aerosol gas, wiping his short term memory from the past few hours. They then took him away, fading into the white light that surrounded the room.

Malcolm folded his hands and leaned his forearms on the conference table. "Did we...?"

"Prevent the apocalypse?" Diana replied with a smirk. She looked at the large room as two more portraits were added to the various generations of Senior Partners of Triple L—appearing on the wall out of nowhere. "Yeah..."

Malcolm and Diana silently nodded as the swift realization their contracts were released came to pass.

"We're fading away...," Malcolm said as he noticed his hands becoming transparent.

Diana nodded as her own form took a non-opaque shade, "I suppose so."

"Is this our reward...or punishment?" Malcolm wondered.

Diana simply rolled her eyes, trying to hide her own inner fear of impending doom, "Stop being such a pansy. We manipulated events, treated people like chess pieces...for the greater good, of course. My answer, it's both. The universe has its way of fighting its own non-existence. We were the ones that held its hand, dangling from a cliff—pulling it back to safety."

"Well, if I'm to make any sense of what you just said...As long as I get some of the damn credit, you twat," Malcolm said before he and Diana faded away fully.

Diana smiled as she closed her eyes, "Chivalrous to the end..."

Xavier Institute.

"Bishop?" Beast of the X-Men asked as he turned around from his wall-sized monitor. "It's a pleasure to see you. What brings you to the Institute?"

"I...," Bishop began as he looked down in shock at his attire. He was wearing a modified version of his old XSE uniform under a large trench coat. "Was actually looking for Scott."

Beast clenched his teeth. He whistled as he lowered his eyes and scratched the back of his head with his clawed fingernails. "What for...may I ask?"

"Did the timeline shift or something?" Bishop wondered.

"Timeline shift?" Beast echoed. "Are you feeling okay?"

"Didn't Apocalypse attack you all a few weeks ago?" Bishop asked.

"Well, yes...that was months ago." Beast arched his eyebrow and rubbed his chin, "Maybe you should see Jean on your way out...?"

Bishop was trained for this moment—it wasn't the first time he had returned from a fractured reality. He remembered bits and pieces with the Oblivion incident just as he did with the "Age of Apocalypse" reality in which Xavier was killed before he could form the X-Men.

"Actually...," Bishop said. "I think I'm alright. Uh...I know I've been out of the loop for awhile."

Beast nodded as he pulled up a chair, "Well...you got time?"

Bishop smiled as he sat down, "Lay it on me."

Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

Former site of Department X (Landau, Luckman, and Lake).

Wade Wilson opened his eyes and realized he was face down in a pile of dry dirt. He coughed and slowly regained feeling in all of his appendages, flopping his right arm and then his left, propping himself up high enough to let his legs do the rest of the work.

“Ugh...God,” Wade said as the ground beneath him betrayed him and caused him to fall backwards onto his back, knocking the wind out of him for but a second.

Even with a healing factor, being subdivided across the entire multiverse created quite a hangover-esque effect.

“Cable...?” he managed to ask, coughing a little in the process. He pulled off his mask, lazily dropping his arm onto the ground with his red and black mask clenched in his hand.

That’s when it hit him. He sat up and rested his elbows on his knees. He looked up to see a young man in a gray trench coat hovering in midair with his arms outstretched. Deadpool could notice that his body was limp—being held up by unconscious telekinesis.

You’ve never lost a friend before...it stings a little, huh? T-Ray was a little different—brought back through voodoo, then he made your life a living hell...

Deadpool’s breathing began to deepen as he shut his eyes, “Not now...”

Sad? Or is it that you never intended to survive? You were hoping Cable would because he was the hero—not you. You wanted to finally die?

Cable wasn’t coming back and he saved billions of lives across infinite realities.

And a murdering psychopath lives.

As Wade shut his eyes, fighting the stinging sensation, tears rolled down his cheeks. They weren’t for Cable’s sacrifice, but the lack of his own.

Wade looked up at the floating man in the trench coat as his memory began to stitch itself back together. A wave of calm overcame him. Wade wiped his eyes and pulled his mask back on.

What are you doing?

“Come on...come on...damn it...urrghhhhhhhh!!” he grunted as tugged at Nate Grey’s trench coat until his telekinesis released him, causing him to fall to the ground, unconscious. Deadpool picked him up and threw him over his shoulder.

Seriously, what the crap are you doing? This

kid will play Legos with your molecules if he loses concentration for an instant...or sneezes unexpectedly!

“Oh, yellow box, how much you have to learn...,” Deadpool said with a grin as he began to walk alongside the countryside road. “What is...is.”

Next: In the *Cable/Deadpool 2011 Annual*, Nathan Dayspring Summers will get a well-deserved send-off from some important figures in the M2K-verse, including those who have worn the X at one point or another. But will they be able to accept someone like Wade Wilson into their extended family? Also, Nate Grey will have to make an important decision regarding his not-so-heroic stint as Soldier-X and keeping the legacy of the Askani'Son alive...

CABLE / DEADPOOL Biblo/graphy

Oblivion, an associate of Death, represents non-existence and a counterforce to the expansion of the universe. He has the power over the souls that have died and also those who have been wiped out of existence by time paradoxes. He is also the reason for the temporal disturbance which set Cable and Deadpool's planned partnership into motion.

