

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Tiny bit of a time skip~

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“What are you working on now?”

A smile spreads across Myk-Zod’s face as he looks up to see Sarah approaching. Her eyes slowly move around the interior of the laboratory, cataloging the new additions to his ‘arsenal’. It’s been a few months now since he and Mystique arrived in this world, and in that time he’s been... busy.

His first thought had been to upgrade resource collection, but then he’d actually taken a look at what the Terrans were working with and had to admit... their Space Construction Vehicles, or ‘SCVs’ for short, were already more than good enough. Sure they weren’t the absolute best they could be, but Myk-Zod himself was only one person. There was only so much he could go through in terms of resources on regular intervals.

And so he’d gone ahead and turned his attention to the next most important thing... the tools he would be using to eventually upgrade his own Kryptonian Technology. Terrans were much more advanced than their human counterparts back on Mystique’s world, but they didn’t quite hold a candle to Kryptonians yet.

If Myk-Zod had had more time back on Krypton, the wonders he could have made... but no, there was no point in thinking about what could have been. In the end, he’d done what he could with the time he had and the resources he managed to squirrel away.

Now though, he had all the time in the world and far more resources than he knew what to do with. As such, he’d spent these past few months using Kryptonian science to upgrade the Terran Science Vessel into something closer to a hybrid between the two. His advanced knowledge had turned it into what might just be the most technologically powerful Terran ship in the entire galaxy.

And the only reason he was adding the 'Terran' qualifier to that statement was because of the Protoss.

Myk-Zod had to admit, he still didn't fully know what to make of the Protoss. He had yet to meet the alien race or even get introduced to a single example of their technology. Apparently they were incredibly crystal reliant... which reminded him greatly of Kryptonian crystal technology.

Ah, but he's letting his mind wander isn't he? And that was rude to Sarah.

"I'm putting the finishing touches on the last tool I'll need to turn my attention to my bracer. I believe, if all goes well, that I might just be able to loosen the restrictions on what exactly I'm allowed to bring with me."

Instead of just people and the barest of garments, he might be able to actually bring more inanimate objects and technology along on this next jump. And that could make all the difference in eventually allowing Myk-Zod to build up enough that he could truly make a home for himself, Mystique... and whoever went with them.

"That sounds great. I'm really happy for you, Myk."

Myk-Zod looks to Sarah then knowingly. She and the other Terrans had taken to calling him 'Myk' in more recent days, with his approval of course. In this moment, her voice makes it clear she is happy for him... but also anxious at the thought of him and Mystique moving on. Probably because from what he's been able to pick up on, Mystique is trying to get Sarah in the right headspace to join them when they finally do.

... He's not going to push either way, he's decided. Best to leave that decision in Sarah's hands and any persuasion up to Mystique, in the end. Still, one thing is certain... if Sarah does come with them, he wants her to be able to bring more things from her home universe than he or Mystique were able to. He wants them all to be able to bring things from this universe, really.

Rather than call Sarah out on her inner turmoil, Myk-Zod changes the subject, even as he fiddles with what he's currently working on.

"How are things going elsewhere? Was there something specific that brought you to me today?"

Sarah huffs a little at that.

"What? Can't a girl just want to visit once in a while?"

She sounds a little pouty. Myk-Zod just gives her an amused look out of the corner of his eye though, not falling for it. After a moment, Sarah rolls her eyes and crosses her arms over her chest.

"... Things could be better. Mengsk and his Dominion are tightening up their grip pretty much everywhere at this point... we might not have anywhere to go, soon enough."

Myk-Zod hums at that, nodding to show he's heard her. Indeed, there was a new superpower in the galaxy, the Confederacy being rapidly consumed and replaced by the 'Dominion' that this Arcturus Mengsk fellow had started up.

Raynor's Raiders were essentially Enemy Number One in the new regime's eyes. But at the same time, the Dominion couldn't exactly deal with them, not easily. Even if the Dominion Leadership chose not to believe the stories of what Myk-Zod and Mystique had done at the Dylarian Shipyards, the fact remained... Raynor and his men had taken half a fleet of ships that day, bolstering their strength by several magnitudes.

While the Dominion Fleet was larger and continuing to grow larger the more planets it brought under its sway, it also had far more to protect. Raynor's Raiders were nomadic and shipbound... the Dominion had dozens of planets under its umbrella and was constantly adding new ones.

It meant that they were in a bit of a stalemate. On the one hand, the Dominion couldn't afford to spare the ships needed to hunt down Raynor and his men and

engage them in open battle. On the other hand, if Raynor's Raiders ever tried to claim territory or settle on a planet, it would leave them as sitting ducks and allow the Dominion to gather up a fleet to deal with them once and for all.

Instead, Jim Raynor had kept them on the move and had them helping out wherever they could. That, more than likely, was the other reason the Dominion wasn't trying as hard as it could to end the 'threat' they posed. Because despite the propaganda and the speeches from Mengsk himself, despite calling themselves 'Raiders', the truth was... Raynor and his men were only dangerous towards acceptable targets like military bases and Dominion supply depots.

Everyone else was more likely to get a helping hand from the Commander rather than a closed fist. And as much as the likes of Arcturus Mengsk might not want to admit it... that did put them lower on the Dominion's priority list than several of the other things it was dealing with.

Still...

"I'm sorry to hear that. Is Raynor still standing strong in his refusal to consider your idea?"

That brings a scowl to Sarah's face and her crossed arms tighten a bit as she grimaces.

"... Yes. He doesn't want me to do it. Not because he cares about Mengsk, but rather because he cares about me. He doesn't want me to... stain my soul further, or something I suppose."

Myk-Zod hums at that. It was a somewhat fraught situation, to be fair. From what he understood, Sarah had been involved in killed Mengsk's entire family once upon a time. To be fair to her, she was taken at a young age and practically brainwashed, conditioned and trained into a hardened killer.

Afterwards, Mengsk had been the one to rescue her from some Confederate Laboratory. All things considered, she'd owed him more than one. So she'd

signed on and done her best to help him defeat the Terran Confederacy once and for all.

When Tarsonis happened, Sarah had been betrayed. But it wasn't just Mengsk's betrayal of her that left her nursing a grudge now. It was everything he'd done, everything he'd proven willing to do... all so he could seize power and name himself Emperor of the new Terran Dominion.

So of course, Sarah had suggested having her go and assassinate the new Emperor, to end Mengsk's ambitions and rise to power once and for all. Only for Raynor to put his foot down and tell her he wouldn't condone such a thing.

As she'd just said, Raynor wasn't saying such for Mengsk's sake... rather, he truly didn't want Sarah to engage in such activities at this point.

Myk-Zod understood both points of view, much to Sarah's surprise back when they'd first had a conversation on it. He wasn't going to necessarily say that assassinating Mengsk was the right thing to do or anything like that, but he couldn't exactly condemn the idea. Sometimes, people had to die.

That was something he'd learned on Earth and found himself looking back at Krypton and wondering if things could have been different if they were a bit less... pacifistic about everything. He didn't necessarily believe his uncle had been right or anything like that, but... he did wonder.

"But enough about that!"

Myk-Zod blinks as he's pulled out of his thoughts by Sarah clapping her hands together. She'd fallen into quiet contemplation too for a moment there, but now she's all smiles, albeit slightly forced.

"Earlier you asked if there was something specific I came here for today. And there is! The system we've found ourselves in... scans have located the remains of a Protoss Outpost down on the planet below. Thought you might want to check it out with me."

That... a wide grin spreads across Myk-Zod's face as he quickly finishes up what he's working on and then sets it aside.

"I would very much like to do so, yes."

Sarah's smile becomes a bit more genuine at that, any tension at his refusal flowing out of her shoulders.

"Excellent. You ready to go now?"

"Indeed I am."

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It's just the two of them down on the surface of the planet. The planet itself is nothing special... a bit too arid for Myk-Zod's liking, but beggars can't be choosers. Meanwhile, they set down a fair distance away from the Protoss Ruins, prompting him to glance at Sarah with a raised brow.

"Gotta be careful. Protoss Tech doesn't just shut down when it's abandoned. So long as it still has energy, there doesn't need to be any Protoss around for it to function automatically. Basically... you should always anticipate the defenses to still be active on this sort of outpost."

Hm, interesting. Myk-Zod nods slowly at that, even as they climb out of the small two-person ship. Still, there's no way he's walking a mile over to the ruins. Not at Sarah's pace anyways. Before she can react, he's already scooped her up into a bridal carry and lifted off the ground.

Yelping, Sarah blushes and smacks his chest.

"Hey! Warn a girl next time!"

But Myk-Zod just grins knowingly at her.

"Do you really want me to always ask for permission before picking you up?"

That brings a much deeper blush to the red head's face, and she averts her gaze without giving him a proper answer. He, Mystique, and Sarah had continued their... dalliances over the last few months. For all that Sarah was an extremely competent woman with skills that boggled the mind even now, she became... very different in bed. Submissive, inexperienced, and eager to please all jumped to mind.

She liked being taken in hand and shown what to do, really. And she loved being held.

Regardless, Myk-Zod flies over to the ruined Protoss Outpost, able to easily make it out in the distance thanks to all of the glittering gold facades. Even somewhat in ruins, even ravaged by time, it was still a rather impressive sight.

Of course, he's keeping an eye on things and once he gets close enough to the Outpost, it's just like Sarah had warned. On the outskirts of the ruins, seemingly coming up out of the ground, are glistening golden balls that hover in place for a moment before rotating upwards and pointing directly at him and Sarah.

"Photon Cannons!"

Myk-Zod grunts as a sphere of antimatter energy expels from the cannon, flying through the air at them. He dodges out of the way with ease of course and also dodges the next few as well from the other defensive cannons that come out of the ground.

While part of him is morbidly curious to see if he could tank such a shot, he's not about to risk Sarah's life in this moment. And besides, it's only a small part of him that is curious... by and large, he's far more interested in figuring out how the Protoss Technology works rather than some brutish mindset of 'testing his might' against it.

That said, he now finds himself at a crossroads. Does he set about disabling the defenses so he can look them over directly? Or does he dodge around them

and descend deeper into the outpost where their blasts won't be able to reach in hopes of finding a way to shut them down safely?

Hm...

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!