

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

A/N: Myk-Zod does the dirty deed.

-x-X-x-

There's a long, pregnant pause after Zola's surrender. Silence hangs in the air as everyone waits to see what will happen. If they were actually allied soldiers, then of course Zola's surrender would be honored. But Myk-Zod was not a soldier. Neither was Mystique. And the knowledge in Zola's head was too dangerous to leave behind.

Unfortunately, Myk-Zod had no way of wiping the human's memory and leaving him otherwise intact. At this point, the only way to destroy Zola's research... was to kill the man himself. And his assistants. In fact, this entire facility needed to be destroyed.

Myk-Zod knew this was true... and more than that, he had the power to make it a reality. It wasn't a question of whether he could, but rather whether he should. He'd had the power to silence those Soviet Soldiers when he'd rescued Bucky as well... and yet, he'd left them all alive.

That was a different situation though. Ironically, Arnim Zola and his assistants were far, far more dangerous, both to Myk-Zod and this world, than those Soviet Soldiers with their guns had been.

“... I'll do it.”

Myk-Zod jolts as Mystique suddenly steps forward. She gives him a crooked sort of smirk.

“Don't worry about getting your hands dirty. This isn't my first time taking a life... it won't be the last either.”

That then and there... settles it for him. Before she can take another step, Myk-Zod reaches out and grabs Mystique by the arm.

“No.”

Hope flares to life on the faces of Zola and his cowering assistants. Meanwhile, Mystique gives him an incredulous look.

“You can’t possibly mean to leave them alive. In case it wasn’t already abundantly clear, they succeeded here today. Whatever that bastard did to me, it worked. The next time, he might do it to someone on *his* side if given half the chance. You can’t risk that. And you can’t rely on the other side to keep him under lock and key either. They tend to treat scientists like tools. He won’t stay in prison, even if we turn him over.”

All good points. Which is why Myk-Zod simply nods.

“I know. That’s why I’ll do it. You shouldn’t be dirtying your hands on my account. This was my mess to begin with... it’s time for me to finish cleaning it up.”

Mystique pauses at that, staring at him wordlessly for a long moment. Finally, she nods and takes a step back, giving him room to move forward. The hope has fled from Zola and his assistants, though that doesn’t stop Zola from blubbering and begging for his life as he approaches.

“S-Surely you would not kill unarmed men! We’ve surrendered! You are not so brutish as to rip us apart with your bare hands when we can’t even fight back!”

Myk-Zod pauses... and then nods.

“You’re right. I’m not.”

He doesn’t draw it out or anything. Even as Zola perks up, he reaches down and scoops up one of the energy rifles laying on the floor next to the two unconscious Hydra Guards. He’s had plenty of experience with the weapons to be fair, what with the Howling Commandos bringing back examples for him and

Howard to study these past several months. This will be the first time he's fired one at another person, however.

Girding himself, Myk-Zod looks the weapon over for a brief moment to make sure it's in working order... before leveling it at Zola and squeezing the trigger. The small man doesn't even have a chance to scream before the blast of blue energy hits him center mass and disintegrates him in an instant.

Quicker than they can even react, Myk-Zod turns the rifle on Zola's assistants next... and then on the unconscious guards as well. Admittedly, the last two men probably have the least knowledge about Myk-Zod's blood and Zola's experiments... but he can't risk it.

Just like he can't risk leaving this facility or anyone inside of it alive and intact. The evacuation has already started though so he's going to have to act fast... and mercilessly if he wants to contain things to here.

Looking to Mystique, his jaw set and his lips thinned out, Myk-Zod nods.

"I'm going to get you out of here and set you down nearby. Then... I'm going to destroy this place. After that, we can start figuring out what Zola did to you."

Mystique's hands curl into fists.

"I could help..."

But Myk-Zod shakes his head.

"Not this time. I'll be moving fast. Too fast for you to keep up."

And then, not waiting for an answer, Myk-Zod shows her what he means. He picks Mystique up with lightning speed, cradling her to his chest with one hand on the back of her head as he flies up through the hole in the ceiling his entrance had created. From there, he flies Mystique over to a clear spot a ways away.

For a moment, he's afraid that she'll be too cold to leave alone... but as he lets her down, she gasps and looks up at the bright midday sun blazing overhead.

"O-Oh... that feels..."

It's as he suspected... and feared. Whatever concoction Zola had made by the end, combined with Mystique's unique biology, had allowed for the creation of at least a partial Kryptonian. Even now, the Yellow Sun beating down on them was giving Mystique as much energy as it was him... more even given it was her first time experiencing it.

At least it meant she wasn't likely to freeze to death out here. And that meant he could go.

"Stay here, please. I'll be back as soon as I'm able."

Mystique looks at him for a moment before finally nodding.

"Alright. I'll hold you to that."

What follows... well, Myk-Zod would prefer not to think about it. Given his speed, strength, and power, nobody manages to successfully evacuate the last Hydra Base. He starts out with those who are already in trucks on the road out and works his way back from there before leveling the entire base inch by inch, foot by foot.

Nothing and no one is safe from him. The full breadth of his power is brought to bear and what is left when he's done is bedrock and not much else. Admittedly, the scientist in him does quietly bemoan the loss of knowledge. There was also something to be said about keeping the equipment intact for a bit just so he could run some tests on Mystique to fully understand what Zola had done to her.

The problem with that was this knowledge was of the forbidden variety. This world would not survive the rise of Kryptonian Hybrids. Human civilization was young and still in its cradle and if the likes of Zola and his ilk were allowed to decide who got such power, it would spell doom for everyone else.

On the equipment front, meanwhile... technology simply wasn't advanced enough on this world for him to run the tests he would want to run on Mystique at this point. There was a reason that all of Zola's experiments had failed before now. A reason he'd had to use the naturally occurring mutation within Mystique to bridge the gap between where his knowledge ran into the limitations of the human race's current technological base.

All in all, it's better to just destroy it all. Wipe the slate clean and remove the knowledge... even if it meant removing everyone who might have that knowledge in their head in the process.

It doesn't feel good though. In fact, Myk-Zod's heart is quite heavy by the time he finally rejoins Mystique. She's waiting for him with a smile on her lips, but that smile fades when she sees the look on his face.

"... So it's done then."

Myk-Zod nods, landing on the ground in front of her.

"It's done. I'm sorry I was too late to stop him from hurting you."

But Mystique just shakes her head.

"Don't be."

Then, she reaches out and grabs him by the neck, pulling him in close. A combination of his surprise and her newfound strength allows her to do so without any resistance on his part, a grunt leaving his lips before said lips are subsequently covered by a particularly insistent mouth.

At first, Myk-Zod brings his hands down to Mystique's hips, intending to pull her away. Now wasn't the time for this... right? And yet, as she kisses him and presses herself against him, he finds himself pausing... hesitating... and ultimately giving in.

He understands on an intellectual level what Mystique is trying to do right now. He also understands its probably not healthy for either of them in the long term. He just... doesn't care.

Things quickly escalate from kissing, of course. Clothes are torn asunder as the blue-skinned woman uses her newfound strength to remove his garments. Meanwhile, the simple gown she'd had on doesn't survive much longer either.

As his cock comes free of its confines and Mystique's fingers wrap around it, a low growl reverberates up from Myk-Zod's throat against the blue-skinned mutant's lips. She moans in response, stroking his shaft the rest of the way to fully erect.

When he grabs her and lifts her into the air a moment later, she has no complaints about this, eagerly wrapping her arms and legs around his broad torso. They pull apart for air for a moment and she gasps as she looks him in the eyes.

"Give it to me. Fuck me just as hard as you fucked me that night. Harder, even... I want to feel every inch of your big fat cock, Myk-Zod."

A shudder runs through him at hearing his name on her lips while her body is pressed so firmly against his. From her full breasts to her glistening cunt, she's grinding on him like there's no tomorrow. Another rumbling growl leaves his lips before he moves his hands all the way under her, gripping her ass and lifting her up so he can line up her cunt with his cock.

A moment later and he's inside of her, burying himself in her clenching quim and impaling her on his shaft. As ever, he's still aware of his true strength even now. Even as he's losing himself in Mystique's warm, soft body, even as he's doing his best to forget what he just had to do... Myk-Zod is careful not to hurt her.

However, that isn't so much of a concern as it was previously. Even if he was weaker back when he had his first threesome with Lorraine and Mystique, even if he's much stronger now... he also has more control. But on top of that, there's also Mystique's change in circumstances.

Her thighs clench down on his hips as she wraps her legs around his waist and locks her ankles behind him... and Myk-Zod feels it. He feels the strength in her grip, even as she laces her fingers along the nape of his neck. She's stronger than she was previously... and she's getting stronger by the second.

As they join together, their mouths covering each other once more, Myk-Zod squeezes down on Mystique's ass and begins to fuck her hard from below, bouncing her on his cock and groaning into her lips all the while.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

She squeals and moans and mewls into his mouth in turn, her pussy walls flexing and clenching down on his shaft, trying their best to hold him in place but to no avail. Her cunt positively gushes for him, becoming sopping in no time the more he fucks her, until she's cumming on his cock just like she did back in the bunker all that time ago.

This time though... he's definitely holding back less because he can. As a result, the snow packed ground beneath his feet begins to crack and shatter. Rather than falling on his ass when he finally loses his footing, Myk-Zod rises into the air, going a few feet off of the ground and floating there as he continues to jackhammer his hips upwards while driving Mystique down on his cock again and again.

The shockwaves caused by this do send the leaves of the trees nearby rustling of course, causing most animals in the area to flee away from the repeated explosions of noise and force. Myk-Zod pays their flight no mind however, focusing instead on Mystique and losing himself in her body.

Mystique, in turn, holds onto him with all she's got, every ounce of her strength leading her to cling to him for dear life as she moans and kisses him desperately. That's the name of the game for this entire coupling, really. Desperation. It should be a celebration, but that doesn't feel quite right. No, it's darker than that.

And yet, Myk-Zod still enjoys himself. And he makes sure Mystique does as well. By the time he finally comes undone inside of her, his seed painting the insides of her womb white, she's already cum for him half a dozen times herself, orgasming on his throbbing cock over and over again until eventually she milks him of his release.

By that point... truth be told, Myk-Zod has no idea how long it's been. And when Mystique guides him back to the ground and has him lay down against a nearby tree so she can kneel between his legs and begin cleaning him with her tongue... he doesn't try and stop her. He just watches, a hand brushing through her hair as he considers what their future might hold.

Because that's the real kicker, isn't it? Mystique is his responsibility now. He can't just leave her to her own devices. Hopefully... hopefully she'll be willing to come with him when he's ready to leave this world behind...

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A/N: Continuing on from last chapter's closing author's note... I am currently leaning towards sending Myk-Zod (and Mystique!) onwards to the StarCraft universe after they're done here. So I'm looking for people to express their opinion about that choice, as well as where in the timeline and what location and what events people would want to see Myk-Zod get involved with if we did end up in StarCraft for a bit.

Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!