

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

**A/N: Just remember, despite being Kryptonian, our MC has yet to spend any time under a Yellow Sun~**

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Being immediately captured was not on Myk-Zod's list of things to do upon his arrival in an entirely new universe. Unfortunately, as he wakes up shackled down to a table, he's forced to reconcile with that state of affairs all the same.

It takes the Kryptonian Scientist a moment to remember exactly what happened after he comes back to consciousness. He'd gone from standing in his workshop on Krypton to standing in the corridor of an alien building on another planet entirely.

This part was not unexpected. While he'd been able to make sure that he would land on a planet in the next universe, actually landing on precisely Krypton itself was never in the cards. Nor would he have wanted it to be anyways given the likelihood of a Krypton that was either already destroyed, about to be destroyed, or ruled by elites who wouldn't take too kindly to his presence.

However, he'd barely had a moment to get his bearings before shouting in another language had reached his ears and multiple aliens who looked surprisingly like Kryptonians had rushed him. All in uniform and wielding primitive-looking firearms, they hadn't exactly given him a chance to do anything before one of them had slammed the butt of their weapon into his face.

Just like that, he'd been out like a light. Now here he was, waking up strapped to a table.

A sudden voice tells him that he's not alone and Myk-Zod cranes his neck to see a man looking down on him from overhead. The first thing he notes about the alien is how... weak he appears. With a receding hairline, a nasally appearance,

and even ancient spectacles perched on his nose to likely improve his eyesight, he certainly comes across as... well, pathetic.

His snivelly captor moves around the table he's laid out on, seeming rather excited as he talks to Myk-Zod at a rapid pace. After a moment... the words begin to crystallize.

"-is simply fascinating! I knew thanks to Herr Schmidt that we were working in the realms of gods, but to think one would appear among us... from beyond the stars themselves!"

Thankfully, it appears the translator chip he'd stuck in his head is working well. It'd been a bit of a risk admittedly, the more technology beyond the armband that he tried to take with him, the greater the chance of catastrophic failure. That was something Myk-Zod hadn't been able to quite iron out in the limited time he had.

However, the universal translator being a nano-chip meant that it barely even registered on that scale, so he'd deemed it worth the risk. Especially since he'd been confident that wherever he was going, they wouldn't speak his language or any language he'd ever heard of. With just a few sentences, the universal translator could make him understand and speak any language he heard... as was the case now.

When the alien suddenly comes back over to him with a barbaric-looking needle, Myk-Zod jerks in his restraints, finally speaking.

"Do not."

His captor pauses, eyes widening behind his archaic spectacles and brow raising in surprise.

"You speak German? How is that possible? Still, I am afraid I must draw some blood for our tests. Please stay still and I shall try to make it as painless as possible."

Suffice to say, giving strange alien captors his blood so soon after escaping the destruction of his home planet was not his idea of a good time. He's tempted to continue to jerk around just to make things difficult... but he'd rather limit the harm done to him as much as possible, so in the end he stays where he is, watching as the alien man takes some of his blood.

German... was that the species or just the language?

"Herr Schmidt will be quite excited to meet you once he returns from his current excursion. And of course, we will wish to discuss this device seemingly fused to your arm!"

Myk-Zod stiffens as the alien reaches out and taps the armband. He'd made it as featureless and nondescript as possible in order to prevent most from realizing it was anything more than decorative. At the same time however, he wasn't about to rely on cultural camouflage alone. The armband could not be removed by anyone except for himself, keyed as it was to his biological signature.

Supposedly, they had tried to strip him of it while he was unconscious and from there his alien captors had figured out that it was more than it appeared. Frustrating to say the least.

"I don't suppose you could tell me what it is or where you come from, hm? I would love to pick your brain!"

... The alien drawing his blood is an excitable creature if nothing else. In fact, Myk-Zod suspects that this man to be an example of this species' scientists. With that in mind, perhaps this situation can still be navigated.

"Release me and I would be interested in an exchange of information."

... Unfortunately the nasally looking alien immediately winces.

“Ah. I’m afraid that is not an option, my mysterious friend. If I were to let you go and you somehow teleported out of the facility in the same way you teleported in... it would be very problematic, you see. Herr Schmidt would not be pleased.”

Who the fuck was ‘Herr Schmidt’? A leader of some sorts? Myk-Zod clenches his jaw and flares his nostrils.

“If you insist on keeping me imprisoned, then I will not be pleased. Nor will my people.”

He adds that last lie mostly on a whim. But it couldn’t hurt right? If he has this alien thinking that he’s backed by an entire ‘people’, then perhaps he can negotiate his release under that false pretense.

Alas, while that does seem to worry the alien man, he just finishes taking Myk-Zod’s blood before shaking his head.

“Hah... well, we are already at war with the rest of the world, my mysterious friend. What is another world on top of that?”

Myk-Zod’s jaw clenches as the alien scientist walks away. He considers calling after him... but there will be time to talk more later. For now, he takes the chance to study his surroundings a bit more and find out if there’s anything close by that he can use to escape this... predicament.

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By the time his solitude is interrupted again, Myk-Zod has not made much of any headway in plotting an escape from his captivity. He remains restrained to the damn table, though at the very least the alien scientist from before had the good sense to bandage the spot where he drew blood so that Myk-Zod didn’t bleed out on said table.

Still, he’s feeling rather restless when alien guards drag another alien into the room between them. This third alien seems to be delirious... and doesn’t seem to be on the same ‘team’ as the ones that Myk-Zod has dealt with before. He’s

mumbling something in a completely different language under his breath as they strap him to a table right next to Myk-Zod's, and by the time they have him down, the universal translator has figured out this language as well.

“Sergeant Barnes. Three-Two-Five-Five-Seven-Zero-Three-Eight. Sergeant Barnes. Three-Two-Five-Five-Seven-Zero-Three-Eight. Sergeant Barnes-.”

From all of the provided context clues, Myk-Zod is able to piece together that this particular alien is not just not on the same side as his captors, but in fact an enemy soldier and likely a prisoner of the ‘war’ that the other alien had mentioned.

After a beat, the guards finish restraining their prisoner and depart from the room, leaving the two of them alone. Frowning, Myk-Zod clears his throat.

“Hello.”

The other man's eyes turn over to him but seem glazed with exhaustion and fatigue. He's clearly sick.

“... Sergeant Barnes. Three-Two-Five-Five-.”

“Yes, I heard you the first dozen times. Only, there's nobody else but us at this point and suffice to say, I'm not anymore on their side than you are, Sergeant.”

There's a pause as the alien prisoner looks Myk-Zod up and down, seeming rather nonplussed as he takes in the Kryptonian's restraints and current situation. Finally, he swallows thickly before speaking.

“Who the hell are you supposed to be exactly? Some kind of alien?”

He bites back the initial impulse to say that the other man is the alien here. Technically this is not his planet... so in fact, he is an alien to this world. Though it must be his attire that twiggled this ‘Sergeant Barnes’ on to the idea. After all, he otherwise shares a startlingly similar visual appearance with this alien species. It's only the Kryptonian Jumpsuit he has on that really gives him away.

“As far as you’re concerned, I am indeed an alien yes. My name though, is Myk-Zod.”

Again, Sergeant Barnes just stares for a long time. Then, he smirks tiredly.

“Cool. Though you’re really not as little or green as you’re supposed to be.”

He... doesn’t know how to respond to that. Perhaps this world had previous contact with a species that were much smaller and green in complexion?

“Also... Myk-Zod is a bit of a tell. Gotta... call you something more normal so you can fit in. Let’s go with... Mike. Short for Michael...”

... Was this delirious alien prisoner of war trying to convert him or something? Myk-Zod can only blink in confusion, even as he flexes in his restraints almost instinctively. At this point he’s begun straining against his shackles every so often as a matter of rote, trying to see if there’s any new give to them.

“You are sick, Sergeant.”

“Heh... yeah. Got pneumonia. They got pneumonia on your planet?”

Myk-Zod clenches his jaw.

“I cannot say that we do, no.”

However, he was not worried about catching the Sergeant’s illness. On top of the universal translator nano-chip in his skull, he’d also taken a number of immune system boosters spaced out over the span of months back on Krypton.

Some of them were shots that Kryptonians hadn’t used in literal centuries due to their isolation... but they were still available, still out there if one knew where to look for them. The likelihood of him getting sick from some alien microbe SHOULD be next to none.

“Damn. Lucky bastards.”

Myk-Zod arches a brow and doesn't say anything about the fact that by now, his planet might very well be gone... or if not by now, then soon enough. He could only hope that Alura was safe... even if it would mean that asshole Zor-El's plan working.

But whatever. Focus on the present.

“What can you tell me about our captors? I don't even know what you all call yourselves.”

There's a lengthy pause at that as the Sergeant blinks at him, peering at him curiously. After too much silence, Myk-Zod scowls.

“What? What is it?”

“... Just trying to figure out if you're... playing me or not. Could be a German plant put here to get me to spill the beans or... something.”

Myk-Zod raises an eyebrow.

“Are you telling me that your species' name is something these... Germans do not know?”

The ill Sergeant blinks again and then lets out a tired chuckle.

“Fuck... you got me there. Alright space man, listen up because... I'm not sure how much strength I've got left before I pass out on you. First of all, we call ourselves humans. Second...”

As Sergeant Barnes talks, Myk-Zod listens. After all, if there's one thing the Kryptonian Scientist knows, it's that knowledge is power.

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Eventually, its as the Sergeant says... he does in fact pass out on him. But to be fair, the human man is very, very ill. He needs medicine, but instead what Myk-Zod now knows to be a German Scientist in the form of that nasally man from before... well, he seems intent on running experiments on Sergeant 'call me Bucky' Barnes.

Days go by in which their only company is either each other... or the man that Myk-Zod comes to know as 'Doctor Zola'. Where the Sergeant is an experiment, Myk-Zod is a curiosity, and Doctor Zola makes every effort to try and squeeze as many secrets out of him as he possibly can.

Suffice to say, Myk-Zod is not forthcoming. He refuses to answer most of Zola's questions and also refuses to allow him access to his armband as well. Mostly through extensive stony silences and glares.

The German Scientist tries hard to be affable, almost seeming to want to befriend Myk-Zod at certain points... but his true nature shines through in his impatience and frustration, as well as the way he treats his other prisoner. It's very clear to Myk-Zod that Dr. Zola does not view Sergeant Barnes as a 'person' at this point.

Frankly, as more times goes on and he watches Zola inject Barnes with who knows what, Myk-Zod is just glad that the German didn't take him up on his original offer of release in return for an exchange of information. Finding out how much of a monster he is has completely soured the Kryptonian on wanting to make any sort of deal with him or anyone else, including this superior of his, this 'Herr Schmidt'.

Unfortunately, under the current circumstances, Myk-Zod does not have much of a choice. In the end, it's out of his hands and one day Dr. Zola arrives in the laboratory with another man in tow... a man who screams 'danger' to Myk-Zod's senses.

He stalks into the lab like he owns it... which to be fair, given the reverence with which Zola talks about him, seems to be true. His eyes don't even glance in Sergeant Barnes' direction, instead zeroing in on Myk-Zod right off the bat.

Striding forward, he stops at the foot of Myk-Zod's table and stares down at him.

"Greetings. I am Johann Schmidt, Leader of Hydra. And you... you are quite the specimen according to the good doctor here."

Circling around the table, the human smiles thinly.

"I must admit though... biology has never been my strong suit. I leave such things to the likes of Dr. Zola... and in the past, other brilliant minds."

Stopping at Myk-Zod's side, Schmidt reaches down and taps the featureless, unassuming armband that rests on his forearm.

"This though... this interests me greatly. Technology is power. Power is knowledge. Magic and science... to lesser men, the difference becomes purely academic, doesn't it?"

... This human was rather mad, wasn't he? Even Barnes was more coherent than this 'Herr Schmidt' and Barnes had only been getting sicker these past couple of days.

"I am very interested to know what this device is capable of. Release it into my custody and tell me its functions and how it allowed you to teleport into this secure facility... and we can discuss improving your accommodations."

Leaning forward, the human bares his teeth.

"Otherwise we might just need to take... more drastic measures."

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**A/N: Well at least he's not on a planet doomed to explode anymore right? Out of the volcano and into the fire, heh. Just need to make the jump into the frying pan and from there it's a hop and a skip to safety!**

**Do not fret, Myk-Zod will not be a prisoner for long. I just decided this is where I wanted to insert him into the first Captain America movie. Relatively low stakes compared to most of the universes he could end up in, but still pretty high stakes at his current resource and power level!**

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