

I took the next morning easy, waiting until noon to go grocery shopping. I pushed building and concepts as far out of my mind as I could, managing to mostly succeed. After I got home and unpacked everything I sat down on the couch, kicked up my feet and turned on the TV. I felt calm, the stress from the past few weeks bleeding away as I watched a few mindless TV shows. I was heavily armed, I had my dangersense and I had a quick way to escape should anything bad happen. It was a lot easier to relax than it was a few days ago.

Eventually the TV show ended and I clicked it off, standing to go and make myself some lunch. As I made a sandwich in the kitchen Ema floated by the entrance.

“We should probably start figuring out what is next.” She pointed out. “Just so we know what the plan is and what our goals are.”

“Right.” I said with a nod as I finished making lunch, carrying the salami and cheese sandwich back into the living room. “It’s weird not to be scrambling to the next desperately needed thing. I mean I know I still have a lot to build but... Fuck now I’m thinking about everything that could go wrong. God I really hope this reality doesn’t get as insane as the normal one does.”

“There’s not much you can do about it now.” Ema said. “Just keep building and making things. Making a few more friends wouldn’t hurt either. You did say that you would talk to Tony Stark once you were set up.”

“Really? That doesn’t sound like me.” I teased before taking and chewing a bite of my sandwich.

“Of course, it must have been the other Carson Walsh I work with.”

I couldn’t help but smile, shrugging as I chewed.

“Alright” I said eventually. “First off, I need to crack flying and shields. I need to make the underside of the super truck bulletproof as well. And better armed. The repair tablet needs to be diversified, it shouldn’t be too hard to get it to repair more than just cars. Oh and I want to make a stealth cloak. Something better than the original stealth suit. We have learned a lot about how the deck works since the first one and I could probably make something pretty impressive now.”

“Right.” Ema said, floating to turn back to me. “When I suggested coming up with a plan or some goals I meant for more than just crafting.”

“Yeah... Yeah I know.” I said with a smirk. “Alright. First we should keep making things for Shield. Arming the good guys is always a good thing, even if I wasn’t getting paid. As long as nothing goes wrong at least/”

“Alright, what else?” She asked.

"I... I don't know." I admitted after a full minute of thinking. "I've been so focused on my build up I haven't really put much thought in what came after..."

"Well, what about going on patrols again, stopping crime?" Ema asked.

"I feel... Like that's a waste." I admitted. "I mean busting muggers and bank robberies might be a staple for cartoon and comic heroes but in reality? I can't think of a better way to get a bank robbery to turn deadly than me kicking down the front door and trying to stop the robbers."

"So what, you'll just keep building?" Ema asked incredulously.

"No... But I need to come up with a way I can help. Do some real good. Not bust some shop lifters for a quick thrill." I said with a shrug.

"Could you make something to direct you to serious things?" Ema asked. "Maybe use a compass?"

"There isn't much I can't do Ema.... But that shouldn't be too hard, and the compass would be a good place to start. But before I do that I need to crack flight. I'm not making something that will show me where the nearest kidnapping or rape is happening only to have to drive there."

"So that means the next challenge is flight." Ema said with a nod. "Then the crime detector."

"We can work on those after we drop off Natasha's order." I said, taking the last bite of my sandwich. "For the rest of today I'm finishing my suit off, adding some holsters to my leg armor."

"That's it?" Ema asked, surprised.

"It's already one o'clock and yesterday was a bit jam packed." I explained with a shrug. "I'm gonna take it easy."

I cleaned up from lunch, spent some time doing some research online before heading out. Again I visited both the Chicago and Austin area to find everything that I was looking for. The Austin leather shop had a few dozen holsters to choose from and I settled on two that would attach nicely to my deployable armor belt. I got the biggest ones they had and I was still worried they wouldn't be big enough.

When I was finally done shopping I headed to the quarry, unloaded my stuff and pulled out everything I would need. I quickly combined the rest of the kevlar I had, along with half of

what I had bought that day with four of five massive green full body hooded cloaks. I used some of my already proven stealth concepts, including enough sound absorbing padding to make me completely silent, as well as two dozen full camo uniforms. I also added in the old stealth suit, a few magic rods, more camouflage materials, as well as heat resistant, electrical safety and stab proof cloth, as well as a few types of heat reactive color changing cloth. I spread the combinations through all four modified cloaks. I then combined four rings, each combined with books about blending in, hiding and stealth into the simple pieces of clothing, one for each. I combined everything down into one, attached an on and off switch before combining it to the final, unchanged deep green sleeved cloak.

“What do you think?” I asked Ema, pulling the cloak around my shoulders.

“It looks big on you.” She said simply.

“It's meant to cover me when I wear my armor too.”

I quickly deployed all my armor and pulled the cloak around myself again. This time the cloak fit pretty well, though it still touched the ground. I secured it easily with the small chain and clasp system that hung around the neck, before pushing the added switch. The cloth shimmered for a moment before slowly fading from the switch outward until I had disappeared.

“Tada! Invisibility cloak!” I said happily, walking around the tent.

The cloak shimmered as I walked, becoming much easier to spot. It was hard to tell from my angle, but it seemed to hide me pretty well when I stopped moving. Better than the original stealth suit at least.

“Hmm maybe a six or seven out of ten.” Ema said. “It may be because I know you're there but you're not that hard to pick out.”

“Well... Maybe Shield has something to make it better.” I said with a shrug, turning off the cloak. “It will certainly keep me stealthy in the dark, or even low light.”

I laid the piece of clothing aside for a moment before picking up my leather jacket. I flicked out a card, one of the leftover transformation cards from the day before and added the jacket, before combining it with the cloak. I deployed and retracted it a few times, including once when it was on, testing it completely. Satisfied that it worked I carded the jacket, retracted my deployable armor and carded it, immediately pushing the undeployed leg armor back out.

It didn't take too long for me to work the two dark leather holsters into place, actually attaching it to the lie detecting belt, which was woven through the existing belt but had no attachments. I pulled the undeployed armor back on and activated them before spending a few minutes making sure everything worked well. The armor grew out fine, pushing the leather holsters away from my leg when it was deployed, while the holsters themselves sat on top of

said armor when it was done. The last thing I did before carding the armor was slide my revolvers inside the holsters, happy with the fit.

“And that’s my day.” I said with a smile, plopping down on one of the chairs. “And it’s only four o’clock. Not bad, why don’t we go get a movie and-”

I was cut off by the faint sound of a phone ringing, muffled almost completely. It was a default ringtone that I didn’t recognize. I looked over at Ema, who was still in her exosuit, and was the source of the sound. Ema tilted her head before shifting slightly, a cellphone pushing out from her hand.

“It’s Nick Fury.” She said after looking at the screen, holding the phone out to me.

I looked at the cellphone for a moment before realizing it was the emergency contact phone he had given me before our foray in New Mexico. Now looking nervous I took the phone and confirmed the call.

“Hello?”

“Maker, what are you doing right now?” The stern no nonsense voice of Nick Fury asked.

I reached down and tapped the lie detecting belt on before responding.

“Nothing important. What’s wrong?”

“I need you to come into the New York headquarters.” He said simply. “I have an urgent request, something that could help someone a great deal.”

“And this is Nick Fury? Who is asking me to come in of his own free will, with no ill intent to me?”

“Yes. This isn’t anything other than me with a few questions and a potential request.”

“...I’ll be there in an hour, maybe two.”

“Make it quick. We don’t have a lot of time.”

The phone went dead and I looked at Ema.

“We gotta go, something is going down and Fury wants to talk to us.”

It took twenty minutes for us to pack up and get ready. I put on everything and threw my newly modified jacket on, while Ema shifted to her armored form, her fake helmet covering her

face. I carded her and traveled to the bridge landing pad, carding the energy as we landed to keep the flash of light from attracting attention. Five minutes later we were in the super truck making our way to the headquarters.

“What do you think this is about?” Ema asked as I drove.

“I don’t know. It felt less like a dire emergency and more like they needed something made, a rush job of some sort. Oh by the way if this turns out to be an elaborate trap we are going to try and escape before we resort to teleporting. That’s our trump card, assuming they haven’t figured it out yet.”

“Are you worried it’s a trap?” She asked, turning to look at me, her face still in helmet form.

“No, but you never know. If it is, Fury didn’t know about it.”

About forty minutes later we pulled into the underground parking, parking the truck in an empty space. I carded it as soon as we were both out. Agent Coulson greeted us by the entrance, his eyes trailing over my obviously modified armements.

“Maker, thank you for joining us on such short notice.”

“Yeah, no problem.” I answered, following the agent into the elevator. “Where is Fury?”

“The Director is in his office, waiting for your arrival.”

We rode the elevator up, much higher up in the building than I had gone before. When we eventually got off Agent Coulson led us directly to a large corner office. He opened the door for both of us, but closed it behind us and did not enter. Instead he stood outside, keeping watch, his back to the door. Ema and I shared a look before looking back at Fury, who was sitting behind his desk, leaning back in his chair.

“Sit down.” He said, gesturing to the chairs in front of his desk.

“What can I do for you, Director?” I asked, looking around his office as I sat down in the comfortable chair.

“You have a... piece of equipment that heals you, is that correct?” He asked.

“Yeah, I’ve had it for a bit.” I answered with a nod. “Clint made contact the night I was testing it.”

“Yes, I know. Can you confirm it is its own separate object, not part of your strength enhancement equipment?”

“Correct.” I said, thumbing the chain of my healing amulet, which was under my armor. “Is someone injured?”

“No, though you should know that Shield is very interested in that ability.”

“I can imagine.” I answered simply.

Nick Fury nodded, as if acknowledging my hesitancy to elaborate on his statement. He leaned forward in his chair and rolled closer to the desk, leaning his elbows on it. After a moment of thinking he looked at me.

“Does it affect aging?”

I looked at him for a moment, surprise in my eyes as I tried to puzzle out why he would be interested in that. After a moment I shrugged.

“I... I don't know. It hasn't de-aged me, or I would be an infant. That said it would at least help with a lot of issues related to aging. It would probably fix things like alzhiemers, cancer, organ failures. Curing old age though?... I don't know.”

“Would you be willing to find out?”

“I might. For the right reason. Being known to have an on tap fountain of youth is a particular flavor of Pandora's box I wouldn't crack open lightly.”

Again Nick Fury stared at me, still leaning on his desk, his hands on his chin. Eventually he nodded, as if coming to a conclusion.

“Two days ago a Shield team discovered the remains of the *Valkyrie*, the bomber Steve Rogers crashed into the arctic circle, off the coast of Greenland. We quickly investigated and managed to pull his body from the wreck... only to find he was still alive, despite being frozen in ice. We have since transported him here, where he is slowly being unfrozen and treated. Our doctor's best guess is that he will be awake in less than a week, most likely in the next few days.”

“That... That is incredible!” I said in excitement, my mind running fast. “Does he need healing? Has he aged while in the ice or something?”

“No, the super soldier serum seems to have preserved and kept him alive.” Nick explained.

“Then why were you curious about de-aging?”

“Because, when Steve Rogers wakes up he will be in a world that is vastly different, completely alien to him.” He explained. “During the war Steve Rogers worked closely with several people, a few of which are still alive. One of those people is Margaret Elizabeth “Peggy” Carter. Currently she is almost ninety and beginning to struggle with Alzhiemers. We have her downstairs with a family member who is taking care of her.”

“Why her specifically?” I asked. “I can’t believe this is all from the goodness of your heart.”

I was desperately going over what I could remember about her from the comics. She was an important person, having worked alongside Steve both before and after his deep freeze. They had been in a relationship, but they had issues after Steve came back... I think she died and came back at some point?

“Though Rogers was lost in the crash before anything could develop it was widely known Rogers and her were... very close.”

“And because she was a member of Shield and would tie him to the organization.”

“That's what the security council thinks.” Nick Fury said with a chuckle, shaking his head. “I, on the other hand, actually know her. If Peggy Carter thought Shield was taking advantage of Rogers she would burn it to the ground without a second thought. She helped build this organization and she would be the first to light the match if she thought it had been perverted. No, I want her up and functional because she would be a massive stabilizing element on Rogers, and a huge asset to Shield.”

“And how would you deal with her suddenly being young again?” I said before adding. “If this even works.”

“Peggy Carter will pass away quietly in her sleep and Shield will hire someone who looks an awful lot like her not long after. She has already agreed.”

“...I’m willing to give it a shot.” I said eventually. “I’ll even make her a mask to help her blend in, if she wants one.”

“Alright.” He said with a nod. “Follow me.”