

Gradually we went through my questions, starting with how often Clint resorts to violence, then moving on to his belief in Shield's values, then if he had ever accepted a bribe. Apparently, it was pretty common for field active agents to be offered bribes even when not undercover and depending on the situation, they would sometimes accept to get proof someone was legitimately offering a bribe. Hard to say you were only joking when you're standing with a briefcase with twenty thousand dollars, surrounded by Shield agents. I reworded the question to take sting and undercover operations into account and he passed easily. Eventually, when I was finally satisfied that this realities Hawkeye wasn't some sort of Hydra agent or an evil clone, I pushed the glasses from their card and handed them to him.

"You use the buttons on the left side to change the settings, and the left scroll wheel to change the zoom." I explained as he pulled them on. "They are auto focusing so you don't have to worry about that. The selector on the right side changes the mode. Go ahead and give it a try."

Clint looked around the room, scrolling the zoom wheel up and down as he experimented with the binocular vision. Eventually he nodded and clicked the scroll wheel once, still looking around the room.

"It's a bit hard to tell because it's too bright in here but if it is night vision, not being blinded by a bright light is a bonus."

"Oh those sunglasses will never hurt your eyes." I assured him. "I'm pretty sure you could hold a flashbang in your hand and it wouldn't even strain them."

Clint nodded as he brought up his hand and scrolled to the next mode, sitting up straight when it shifted to thermal. He waved his hand in front of his face.

"Perfect thermal vision with no delay. I didn't even think about it but the night vision had no delay either." He said, stunned as he looked around, his eyes trailing over Ema for a second. "Any reason you chose color instead of monochrome?"

"Because that's the style of thermal vision I had to work with." I admitted with a shrug.

"Well with the temperature key in the corner, this is better anyway." Clint responded. "I'll be able to better judge temperatures while still being able to use it to see through stuff. What's next?"

"Select it and try to figure it out." I suggested, getting a grin from Clint as he clicked to the next mode.

Clint tilted his head as he looked around, trying to figure out what he was seeing. He looked down at himself, at Coulson and Natasha and finally at me.

“Some sort of electricity vision?” He asked, looking around at everyone. “...I can see your nervous systems.”

I froze for a second before nodding, not really hiding my surprise, since I was pretty sure Agent Romanoff could see right through any front I put up. I had no way of knowing of that capability, as I had made them when I was alone.

“If I’m honest I hadn’t thought of that possibility, but you are seeing electricity.”

“This... this is incredible. And slightly graphic. I can see your entire nervous system Natasha, it’s like a weird three dimensional overlay. Half see through half invisible. It’s a trip and half but this is going to be so useful.”

“I think the next two will be useful too.” I assured him.

“Wait, two more modes?” Clint asked, reaching up and selecting the next, looking around the room. “Wait... is this... metal vision?”

“Yeah, similar to the electricity mode, but with metal objects. Should let you scan a whole crowd for hidden knives or guns at a glance.”

“I... Fuck you weren’t kidding about these coming out good.” Clint admitted, still looking around. “What’s the last mode?”

“Give it a try.”

Clint nodded and switched to the next mode, his jaw dropping as he looked at the wall behind Ema and I. He looked to the wall to the left, to the right, and then the wall behind both him and Coulson.

“Seriously?!” He said, turning back to me. “How the hell are you making these things? I can see through the wall! Like they aren’t even there!”

I couldn’t help but laugh as he looked at me, giving a little shrug. “Sorry, not quite ready to reveal that.”

“But you will eventually?” Agent Coulson asked, leaning forward as Clint played with his sunglasses.

“Eventually, sure.” I agree. “I have a couple things I need to build before that, but yeah.”

Coulson and Natasha shared a look, one that I was pretty sure I understood. They were under the assumption that by me revealing how I did this they would be able to as well, them being Shield. The belt wanted me to be honest and explain that that wasn’t possible but I kept

my mouth shut. Eventually Coulson nodded and reached down to the floor picking up a briefcase and pushing it to me. I popped it open and carded the cash inside with a smile.

“A hundred thousand, half what we owed you because we managed to find everything you wanted.” He assured me.

“Perfect!” I said happily, sliding the briefcase back to Coulson before looking at Natasha. “I assume you are my next client?”

“So I've been told.” She said, casting another look at Coulson. “Clint and I work together a lot. Director Fury thought it would be a good idea to get me some... special equipment.”

“Alright, that makes sense to me.” I agreed with a nod. “Why don't you tell me what your specialization is?”

“Infiltration and undercover work.” She said simply. “Covert actions and assassinations.”

“I assume that means you're in civilian clothes a lot?” I asked “Not a lot of room for extra firepower, or any weapons at all, other than a small knife I'm guessing?”

“Yes, I can sometimes fit a small pistol in a purse or a knife somewhere.” She said. “But yes, I am usually unarmed or under armed when I am undercover.”

“...I think I can fix that.” I said with a smile. “I can probably fix that completely.”

“How?” She asked simply.

“The same way I do this.” I said before tapping the deploy button for my helmet before pressing it again do put it away. “Do you have a firearm preference?”

“I...I usually carry two Glock 26's.” She answered with a slight hesitation. “But that is mostly because of how easy they are to conceal.”

“And if that wasn't a problem?”

“I would say a Glock 34 with some modifications.” She answered.

“What about bigger packages? Short to mid range?”

“The P90.” She answered easily.

“And long range?”

“An AWM.”

"What's your ring size?"

"Five."

"And that's all I need to know. Good choices by the way, though I'll admit I expected something more compact like the Styr Scout for long range." I said, still nodding appreciatively.

"No, long range is more about being accurate and penetration than it is being small and compact, at least for my targets." She explained casually. "You wait for your target to come to you rather than move to your target."

"Fair enough, I won't pretend to know anything about espionage." I admit before smiling. "Agent Romanoff-"

"Natasha." She said, cutting me off with a smile I'm pretty sure was designed to put me at ease

"Natasha, if you would like, I could keep you heavily armed no matter where you are or what you're doing."

"What is it going to cost?" She asked with a smirk.

"Another hundred grand. On top of the usual." I said simply, leaning back in my chair. "Along with a bunch of those guns with whatever attachments you usually use on them, ammo and maybe a dozen or so spare mags for each."

"That's a lot of firepower." Phil Coulson responded, leaning forward. "But doable. As long as you'll accept the extra cash on delivery?"

"Yeah, works for me."

"What if I don't want that?" Natasha said, getting a look from Coulson. "What if I want something else?"

"What do you want?"

"I want one of your masks." She said, leaning forward. "The ability to change my face, voice and hair? That would be a game changer."

I pause and examine her, looking back to Coulson and Clint. Clint had stopped looking around the room at some point and now had his glasses hooked onto a pocket.

“That will cost another hundred grand.” I said simply. “And the agreement that it won’t work on me.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean I will always know it’s you, it wouldn’t fool me.” I explained. “As much as I might trust you guys there is no way I’m handing that out without a way to monitor and stop you if you go rogue.”

“But it would work for everyone else?” She asked, nodding when I confirmed it. “Then I want that.”

“You don’t have to pick between the two.” I said. “If you meet both the criteria I’ll make it all for you.”

“Really?” Clint asked, suprised. “You were pretty set on two per person.”

“Two improvements. I wouldn’t offer to make someone really good armor and show up with just a helmet.” I explained. “I will make you the mask and keep you armed, that’s it.”

“In exchange for six hundred grand, and even more guns.” Coulson said.

“The guns are so I can experiment more and have a base to work from.” I explained, my belt not appreciating what I wasn’t saying. “I promise I’m not selling them or anything.”

Coulson nodded and pulled out his phone, calling someone and giving some orders to gather what I needed. He hung up a moment later.

“It will take ten minutes to get everything together.” He explained. “In the meantime, here is the first portion of your payment.”

He lifted a series of briefcases onto the table and opened them for me, showing off all of the cash inside. With a smile I carded it all, adding it to the same card I had the fifty grand in. I leaned back in my chair and looked over my shoulder at a clock on the wall.

“Okay, I’m gonna ask... What’s up with the color scheme Ema?” Clint asked.

Ema looked at me and raised her eyebrow, nonverbally asking permission. I gestured vaguely, letting her know she had the floor.

“It’s part of my armor. It was silver and metallic but recent upgrades allowed me to play with some coloring. I attempted to mimic human skin but it looked... creepy.”

“So you went with blue?”

"It doesn't trigger the uncanny valley, but I still look alive, rather than like I'm looking for John Connor." She explained before holding her hand up, the bluish coloration slowly shifting until it's the old normal burnished metal, shifting back just as quickly.

"Why bother with an upgrade like that?" Agent Coulson asked. "Especially if it can't mimic human skin."

"The blue skin will confuse people, which is much better than them immediately screaming in terror." She explained with a smirk. "In case we even need to show up somewhere to help again. Me wearing the stealth suit was a stopgap measure."

"And the armor on top?" Clint asked.

"It's better to layer protections, and it gives me more opportunities to add things." I explained, thinking of my own armor. "My under layer is just as strong as my deployable armor."

"Could I try your armor?" Natasha asked, an eyebrow raised and a smirk that I'm sure was intentionally teasing.

"No, it's already bound to me." I explained, tapping on the torc around my neck. "Which reminds me, I'm going to need at least five samples of your hair, blood and fingerprint."

"We have two already set for you." Coulson said, revealing yet another case, this one much smaller. "Natasha, go get some more containers."

She nodded and left, walking out of the room with smooth confidence while I reached over and opened the case, carding the two blood samples into one card, the two hair samples into another, and the two thumbprints into a third. After a minute or so Natasha returned and sat back down, now holding some tape, three bags and three small vials. Without saying a word she cut some of her hair, gave her three thumb prints and nicked her finger with a knife, filling the vials up halfway before sealing them.

"Here you go." She said, sliding it all to me.

"Thanks." I said, adding the new samples to the others. "I know it's a pain but if it means no one can use your stuff against you?"

"It's worth it." Natasha agreed, nodding her head. "Not like I haven't had worse."

She bandaged her finger while I stood and made my way to the green crates, carding them all separately. A few minutes later there was a knock at the door. It opened and two Shield agents dropped off another massive crate... and then another. I smiled and walked closer as the two agents left, adding those to the deck alongside the others.

“Well... That seems to be about it.” I said with a smile. “Natasha, I will have your equipment ready in about four days, I'll call if it's any longer.”

“Thank you for seeing her so quickly.” Agent Coulson said, standing to shake my hand. “We appreciate your flexibility. I'll escort you out.”

----- *Later That Day* -----

Ema and I ended up driving around for a bit before heading into a parking garage, carding the truck and traveling back. This time I remembered that I could just probably card her completely, without having her leave her exo suit. I didn't go home though, we had a few hours to try out our new guns, so we traveled directly to the quarry. Once there I used my strength to set up a workbench using a slab of relatively flat rock sitting on two other chunks of rock. I pushed out my green crates and started popping them open with Ema's help.

The first two we cracked open were the guns for Natasha's equipment. I pulled out a P90, flipped it around to take a look at both sides before expertly sliding the magazine into place on the top of the gun. I took a short walk to the edge of the pit and unloaded all fifty rounds into the water and shear walls. I couldn't help but smirk at how easy it was to control the recoil with my extra strength, and how I knew exactly how to shoot it with my marksman's ring. Smirking I popped the now empty magazine and walked back to the improvised workbench and put the gun on it.

“So, what do you plan on making her?” Ema asked as she went through the boxes, checking what was in it.

“I'm thinking we push the limits of what the transformation concept can do.” I answered. “I was thinking of two rings that turn into pistols, a bracelet that turns into a P90 and a necklace that turns into an AWM.”

“That's a lot of firepower.” Ema pointed out. “Are we going to make them more powerful?”

“I'm going to try to make them silent and give them expanded magazines, cause otherwise she would have to carry extra and that defeats the purpose, but I'm not turning them into super ultra magic railguns, no.” I assured her. “I'm not handing the super assassin a gun that can get through my armor.”

“Just equipment that could catch you unawares.”

“My next project is danger sense. I honestly should have thought of it earlier but I can't change that. After that is an energy shield, armor or protection I can wear all the time without covering my face.”

“Any idea how you're going to do that?”

“Without someone coming up with one first?” I asked. “No, not really. Doesn't mean I won't figure it out anyway.”

“Well the danger sense is first.” Ema said, getting a nod and a smile from Carson.

“I'll make it tomorrow. Or try to make it tomorrow rather. I'll get the supplies I'll need when I'm getting the stuff to make Natasha's mask and her weapons. Speaking of which... Do you want a mask? For the exosuit?”

“Would it even work for me?”

“Well the archery ring does right? And the bow, and the stealth suit. Unless the mask has some sort of special qualifier to it I don't see any reason it shouldn't.”

“...maybe. This suit still just feels like a suit, not my body, but it might be nice to be able to blend in more.” She responded before continuing. “Though I kind of like being blue to be honest.”

“It kind of suits you.” I said with a shrug when she looked at me. “I figured you'd want to be green but... blue works for you.”

“Thanks.”

“Either way it's up to you, I'll make you one but you don't have to use it unless it's to actually hide or something. I'd never tell you to wear it.”

“Thank you Carson.”

“So tomorrow's schedule is shopping... Making a danger sense object, then whipping up Natashas guns and mask, neither of which will take very long considering I've made one once before, though I might have to mix up some things to get a pair to work.”

“Is that how you're going to keep track of it?” She asked, finally done inspecting the two green crates I had out by the table. “By making two masks at once?”

“And combine one of the results with a couple of compasses.” I added. “And include an on and off switch, constantly knowing where the mask is would get annoying quickly.”



Ema chuckled as she started closing up the boxes, but not before I slid the P90 back into place. When they were all sealed up I recarded them and pushed out two more.

“Let's go through the rest of these and then we can head home.” I said, cracking open the one in front of me.

We spent the rest of the night going through the crates, trying a few of the guns out and talking about what we could do to make them better. Eventually, when the sun had completely set we started packing everything back up before traveling home