

The next few hours were spent giving my new armor pieces the same treatment I had given my new shield. First was figuring out how I wanted my armor to morph, settling on my upper torso armor being kept in my chest and stomach armored pieces while the armor for my lower torso would be kept in the hip pieces and armored belt. When I was done planning everything I made two more super metal sheets and applied it to my under armor. It was one of the most important things I had made so far and I didn't want to run out of resources before I gave it the same level of improvements. The new addition changed the look of the armor considerably. The small black metal plates that once made up the armor had grown larger, some now bands that encircled my limbs. The color lightened as well, becoming a gun metal gray.

After that I made super metal plates for all three of my helmets. I wanted the eventual helmet I made with them to be the most protective piece I owned. When I was done upgrading the helmets I used all but a few sheets of tungsten and molybdenum to make sure each plate grouping was as protective as possible, applying a super metal plate to each piece. Thankfully my bicep, shoulder, legs, knees and thigh armor plates were considered pairs and only needed one plate for each.

Once I completed improving the base armor plates I combined all the leg armor together, including the crotch plate, all the arm armor together, and finally the chest, spine and back armor together. The arms and legs were paired together into cards, meaning that I was ready for the next step.

Quickly I pulled all the materials I had bought to remake the strength and runners cuffs effects, spending a minute remembering the order before combining everything together. This time, instead of applying it to cuffs I applied the runners buff to the leg armor group and the strength buff to my chest plate. The effects were not as effective as they were on the cuffs, but they would still give me a significant increase when I was wearing the armor.

When I was finally done with that process I... took a break. I had a beer, made a sandwich and watched TV.

When I was finished eating I made two transformative amalgamations, using up a few more sheets of the remaining nitinol and a bunch of the umbrellas. I combined the amalgamations with the armored hip and belt combination, before combining that with the armored leg group. I quickly did the same for the upper torso, combining the transformative amalgamation into the upper torso group and then adding the arm group.

Resisting the urge to check out my new creations I focused on making a helmet. I quickly combined two of the helmets with the medical grade air purifiers and the last one with the dust mask. I combined all of the replacement filters into three lots and combined one with each helmet before combining the helmets together. The result was an incredibly durable, protective full covering helmet that should clean the air I breathed perfectly. My final addition was to combine the helmet with my bluetooth earpiece, a series of buttons appearing on the side. After

Ema and I confirmed the bluetooth worked, I made a final batch of the transformative amalgamation and applied it to the torc, combining it with the helmet. I carded all three of the final pieces of armor, revealing three B ranked cards that were extremely potent concept wise.

Finally done with crafting my new armor I pulled off my clothes, leaving me in just my armored under layer. I put on my armored belt, then my chest plate, loving how it fit perfectly. I put on my combat boots, my vambraces and my torc, before pushing out my green leather jacket and improved pants and shirt, putting those on over everything.

I walked to the bedroom and stood in front of the mirror, turning this way and that. Save for some minor bulk added to my chest when I moved in certain ways it was hard to guess what I was wearing under my clothes. I quickly carded the jacket, pants and shirt, leaving me with my upper torso armor and my armored belt. I looked down at my armor for a moment before finding two half hidden buttons, one just under the left side chest armor and one on the edge of the right hip plate. I took a breath and pressed them both at the same time.

The extra armor unfolded and extended much like the shield had done, fluidly wrapping around my body and attaching firmly. It was amazing to watch as the armor solidified, the plates forming and the seams that they used to extend fading and filling. It looked like futuristic body armor, a light metallic shine, noticeably lighter than the armored under suit it was attaching around. The under suit was visible in some places, mostly where I needed to bend and flex, and provided a darker contrast to the metallic plates.

After a moment of admiring my work, I reached up and pressed a button on the left knob of the torc. The helmet quickly formed around my head, enclosing me in my armor. It was easy to see through surprisingly, and the lightweight quality of the super metal I made meant looking around was easy, made even easier by my doubled up increase in strength. I flexed and moved, exploring my full range of motion. Because of the gymnastic knowledge I had, as well as all the stretching I had been doing, I could feel myself being slightly restricted, but it was negligible.

Grinning inside my helmet I spread my legs and took a defensive stance, bringing my arm up and pushing the button on my left vambrace. The shield emerged in what was quickly becoming a familiar manner, completely deployed in a moment. I pressed again and watched it disappear before reaching up and tapping the button on the neck of my helmet, watching it slide and fold back into the torc.

“Damn... I look fucking good!” I said with a laugh. “Tony Stark eat your heart out!”

----- *A Few Hours Later* -----

It took me another few hours to finish doing everything that I wanted for the day. I bonded my deployable armor, my armored under suit and my cuffs to myself. My fingers were sore for quite a while after poking holes in them to get my blood. Surprisingly, nothing changed about them, making me think that the transformation only worked when I bound items away from myself.

After that I used the rest of my arrows to make what I called tank killers. A combination of drill bits, nails and screws made arrows that I was pretty sure could have done what I did to Abomination by themselves. Despite that I added in all of the larger caliber bullets I had as well, making twenty four of the most lethal things I had made to date.

With the arrows stored in a card, and everything that needed to be bonded to me bound, I got dressed to go out, normal clothes over my armor, my torc around my neck. When I was finally ready I held out my hand for Ema.

“I don’t know if I’ll be able to let you out at all, but I’ll feel better knowing I can if I need help.” I explained as she landed in my hand.

“Like I was going to let you go alone.” She responded.

“When we get back we need to discuss making you some upgrades.”

“Sounds like a good idea.” She agreed.

I carded her and left the apartment, double timing it down the stairs and out to the parking lot. As I drove away in my truck I started carding my normal clothes, leaving me in just my armored under suit and my new stored super suit. After a while of driving I parked in an alleyway and started putting on my casual suit. After I was appropriately dressed I stepped out of my truck and carded it before walking to the end of the alley and leaning on the corner. When I was all set I reached down and activated my lie detector belt before pushing out my prepaid cell phone and dialing the number that Agent Coulson gave me. The phone rang a few times before someone picked up

“Hello? It’s this Steve’s Pizza? I’d like a large chicken, mushroom, olive and extra cheese.” I said with a smirk.

“Hello?” A familiar voice asked. “Who is this?”

“Hello Agent Coulson. It’s Maker, just checking in to see if you are finished with your tests.”

“Ah, Hello Maker.” He said calmly. “We finished the tests. I should thank you, they kept me in for monitoring while they were running them. I managed to catch up on my reading.”

I paused as I felt the belt vibrate, frowning as I went over what was said so far, realizing he hasn’t responded to his name yet.

“I’m going to assume that that was a joke? That you didn’t spend the time reading a book?” I asked. “I need you to confirm that this is Agent Coulson.”

“Right. Yes this is Agent Coulson.” He said, getting no reaction from my belt. “Your lie detector works over the phone?”

“Apparently.” I responded before changing the subject. “So, is Shield interested in my projects?”

“We are. Immensely.” He said, his voice returning to its usual level of calm. “We would like you to start with Agent Barton. Clint.”

“Oh, sure, that works for me.”

“How much exactly will you be charging us?”

I thought for a moment, scratching my cheek as I thought about how much I would ask for. I knew I could basically name my price, but I was restricted by my need for cash. Eventually I smirked.

“Tell you what Agent Coulson. You can pay me whatever you want.”

“...What?”

“Yeah. I need it in cash, preferably not just one hundred dollar bills either. And half up front so I can spend some of it on production. But other than that it's up to you.”

“I'm not sure what you-”

“Of course you know underselling me would be a bad idea, as you guys want me nice and happy, making the best stuff I can. Not to mention that if it's not enough to keep me supplied for my own experiments and work then I might have to seek money elsewhere.”

“You... That is devious.” He admitted. “Are you certain you need it in cash?”

“Unfortunately, yes. It would make things much easier to be able to accept a check but I'm unfortunately limited to cash at the moment.” I paused as I realized a rather large problem. “Can I assume Shield will be tracking the numbers on the cash?”

“...Yes.”

“Don't suppose you could order them to delete those records?”

“I could.” He admitted. “But I would likely be overruled before I could finish the order.”

“Fine, thank you for your honesty.” I said, cursing under my breath.

“Not like I have much of a choice. Where should Clint meet you?”

“There is a restaurant in Brooklyn called Chrissy’s. I’ll be the redhead drinking a strawberry milkshake, under the name Jack.” I said with a smile. “And I don’t mind if he brings some back up, but try not to replace everyone in the restaurant with Agents alright? The ambiance is half the draw in here.”

“Alright. He will be there.”

“Great. And make sure he has what I need to bind his new equipment to him. I’m alright with making him two pieces of equipment so bring enough for that.”

I hung up and carded the phone before smiling and walking down the street. I was a few blocks away from the restaurant, which I had actually never been to before. It was about five minutes before I reached the place and another ten before I was sitting at a table in the back, facing the entrance and drinking a surprisingly good strawberry milkshake.

About forty minutes later I saw Clint walk in, dressed in civilian clothes, and talk to one of the staff before getting pointed in my direction. When he made it to me and sat down he was smiling.

“You really know how to make a deal.” He said. “It took fifteen minutes of arguing to decide what to pay you. The first half is outside in the car.”

“I’m glad I could provide you with entertainment.” I said with a chuckle. “So, Clint Barton. What would you like me to make you?”

“Well... The obvious thing would be some more impressive arrows.” He said, leaning back in the chair. “But that kind of just seems like a waste. Could you just super strength me?”

“I could, but think about this. You’ve been doing this, working for Shield, for a while I assume?” I asked, continuing after he gave me a nod. “Which means you have had plenty of time to develop what you’re good at. If I gave you super strength you would either only use it occasionally when you had to, or you would redesign your entire MO to revolve around the fact that you are just around peak human, maybe a bit over.”

“That’s uhh... Surprisingly insightful.” He admitted. “So you’re suggesting I get something to enhance my strengths?”

“That’s exactly what I’m suggesting.” I explained. “What about something to improve your vision?”

“Like what?”

“Well to be honest it’s not something we have experimented with, so what I can ultimately do may vary. That said, I should be able to make something simple to see much farther at least, something that doesn’t look obvious.” I explained. “Plus something like thermal and night vision as well. I think you will be pleasantly surprised.”

“Alright, I’ll take your word for it.” He said, before asking. “You said you would make me two objects?”

“That’s right, do you have something in mind?”

“I don’t suppose you have an endless quiver?”

“No, unfortunately I haven’t cracked that nut quite yet.” I admitted. “My quiver is self organizing and gives me whatever arrow I ask for, but no bigger on the inside tech just yet.”

“Mine does too.” He says with a smirk before shrugging. “I’m not sure what to ask for, I don’t know what’s possible and what isn’t.”

“Okay, how about this.” I said, leaning forward. “I will take another genuine crack at making you a bottomless or expanded quiver. If I succeed great, if I can’t figure it out I’ll make you something that will let you run faster, longer and recover stamina faster. How does that sound?”

“I think it sounds like a win win for me.” He said, reaching over the table for a handshake, which I gladly took. “Sounds like a deal

“Glad to hear it.” I said with a smile. “Now as much as I’d like to have something to eat, all of your friends watching us is making me jumpy:”

“I can neither confirm nor deny...” He said, standing up from his spot.

“Yeah, I’m sure.” I respond, standing up and throwing a hundred dollar bill onto the table. “Well, let’s get me paid so I can get to work.”

“How long do you think it will take?” He asked as we walked out, heading to the parking lot.

“I don’t know. Probably two days each, unless I run into trouble. If I do I’ll let you know.

He nodded as we headed to a normal looking car. He pulled out a set of keys and clicked the trunk open with a beep. As we got closer I saw four large briefcases and one smaller one stacked in the trunk. I looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“Two hundred thousand dollars in hundreds, fifties and twenties.” He explained. “Half up front.”

I did my best to keep the shock and amazement out of my face, reaching out and opening one of the briefcases, quickly carding all of the money, repeating this for the other three. I cracked open the last case and carded the contents, which were the ingredients for binding. When I was sure they matched Clint I stood back up straight to find that he was holding back a laugh.

“What?”

“You just won me a hundred bucks. I didn't think you would fall for taking the entire case, someone else thought you would.”

“Paranoia has its uses.” I said with a smirk and a shrug. “Pleasure doing business with you Clint. I'll see you in a few days.”

“We will be waiting for your call.”

I nodded and turned around, calmly walking away with more money than I had ever seen in my entire life. I walked on the sidewalk, calmly getting around the corner a block away before breaking out into a sprint, focusing on keeping it within the realm of human ability. I ran for another block, looking behind me to see if anyone was following. I didn't see anyone, but that didn't mean no one was. Another two blocks I saw what I was looking for, a subway station.

I rush down the stairs, putting on a bit more speed before having to slow down from the crowds. I wove between people and made my way to a bathroom, heading inside and locking myself in the handicap stall. I quickly carded my casual suit and adjusted my face changing mask, going blonde with average features. I quickly threw on my regular clothes and shoes and exited the bathroom, heading out into the crowds and up out of the station.