

It didn't take long to run into our first problem. In fact, it happened at the entrance to the warehouse.

"Are you going to change out of... that?" Fury asked Ema, gesturing to her exosuit. "It's not exactly inconspicuous."

I looked at Fury with a raised eyebrow. There was no way Ema was leaving her exosuit, not while we were going into a Shield headquarters, especially not when we were on our way to say hello to Thor.

"It's my armor, and my weapon." Ema responded before I could open my mouth. "Are you going to give me your gun?"

It took me embarrassingly long to figure out what was going on. Fury had assumed Ema was someone wearing a suit I had made, a mind boggling concept considering what she had been doing earlier, though we didn't have any idea when Fury had started watching us. Either way this was something I could take advantage of.

"You can't walk into Shield headquarters looking like you're looking for John Connor." He explained. "Even if we are parking in the back."

Ema was about to retort again when I held my hand up, gently gesturing to hold on.

"What about my stealth suit? Is that acceptable?" I asked, already pulling out the cards.

"The one you wore to explore Stark Expo?" He confirmed. "That's... better."

I nodded and pushed out all of the pieces of the suit, including my civilian shoes that I had worn on the way here. As she put them on she nodded at me, which I took as a sign she understood what was happening. Once she was completely dressed I took a look at her. The suit's ability had definitely activated when she wore it, which meant that she counted as using an item, something we should have probably tested before. The suit's ability was disconcerting but in the steadily increasing light of the day it was minor enough that you could ignore it. The only problem was a lack of gloves.

"Got any extra gloves on you?" I asked Fury.

Fury raised an eyebrow and nodded, before turning around and leaving the warehouse, Ema and I right behind him. Across the street from the entrance was a singular SUV, black, tinted

windows, the whole shebang. And knowing Nick Fury it could probably tank everything up to an actual tank.

“This the standard Shield vehicle or the Director special?” I asked as we got closer. “Pretty sure that level of tint is illegal in New York.”

“Don’t make me take back what I said about being easier to deal with than Stark.” He said while giving me a look.

Fury quickly handed me a pair of black leather gloves that he pulled from the center console of his vehicle before climbing in. I shrugged, took them and handed them to Ema before making my way around the vehicle and getting in the passenger side. Ema climbed into the back seat on my side before putting on the gloves by pushing her metal into its semi-liquid state and solidifying it inside the glove.

“So... where is Shield headquarters?” I asked Fury as he put away his phone and pulled out of the small run down parking lot.

“219 West 47th Street” He responded simply, his one eye not leaving the road.

The vehicle was quiet as Fury drove us across the city, managing to avoid most traffic and eventually making it to our destination. We kept driving around it however, entering a separate building and an underground parking structure. We pulled into a spot specifically marked for Director Fury. Waiting nearby was a brown haired woman at parade rest, dressed in a dark blue Shield uniform.

We all exited the car, eliciting a raised eyebrow from the calm faced woman. She fell in step with Fury as he made his way to an elevator.

“Maker, Emerald, this is Agent Maria Hill. She is my second in command.” He explained as he stepped into the metal box.

Maria put her hand out and for a moment I hesitated for just a moment before accepting the hand shake. Maria Hill was a controversial character to say the least, which meant I needed to keep an eye on her, especially if she became director at any point. She shook my hand with a firm grip before sticking out her hand to Ema, who also shook it.

The elevator started and rose five floors before it dinged and the doors opened. We stepped out onto a populated floor, people walking about their business. It was a three way split between people in suits and business wear, people in security uniforms and people in the simple Shield dark blue uniforms.

“Agent Hill will take you to Coulson and Barton. Consider Coulson as your handler for now. You need something, ask him.”

With a small nod and a gesture Fury continued walking, leaving us with Agent Hill, who stopped and turned to us.

“This way.”

Now being led by Agent Maria we were escorted through the building to a small area that was relatively secluded from the rest. There we found Agent Coulson and Clint, the first of which was going over some documents at a desk, while the other tinkered with a bow. When Clint saw me he smiled and nodded.

“Good to see you, Maker.” He said before focusing on Ema. “And Ema as well. Coulson didn't think you would show up.”

“I thought they would be difficult to convince, not that they couldn't be.” Coulson clarified, standing up from the desk. “I was however surprised to hear that Ema would be joining us. The way you talked made it seem like she wouldn't be participating in field work.”

I opened my mouth to respond, a lie that we were waiting for me to develop better armor for her to accompany me but I choked on the words, coughing roughly. I had left my lie detecting buckle on and forgotten about it. It took me a moment to recover.

“My exosuit wasn't ready yet.” Ema answered in my stead, giving me time to recover. “Now that it is, I'm prepared to provide Maker with back up in the field and off it.”

“Is that just his stealth suit?” Clint asked.

“Yes, but I am wearing my exosuit underneath.”

“When are we leaving?” I asked, steering the subject away from Ema and her Exosuit. “By the sounds of it this was an ASAP kind of thing.”

“It is, we are taking a helicopter from here to the airport in forty five minutes.” Coulson explained, looking at his watch as he did. “We were just waiting for you.”

“Well... that might be enough time for this.” I pushed out Clint's quiver, handing it to him. “Thanks for the push figuring out expanded space.”

“You actually did it?” He asked, clearly surprised, rushing forward to grab the quiver, turning it over and examining it. “How many does it hold?”

“A hundred and fifty.” I answered with a smile, using the shift in attention to click off my lie detector. “I kept it small and compact because it's just a container, no special organization or

anything like that. I figured you could attach it to your normal quiver or put it on your hip. It's already bound and can only hold arrows."

Clint nodded as I described it, a grin on his face that was hard to not share. When I was done he looked over at Coulson who nodded.

"Fill it with what you can find in the armory, we are not going to be late for our ride."

Clint nodded and with a smirk ran off, new quiver in hand. Watching him go I realized that somewhere along the conversation Agent Hill had also left, leaving me and Ema alone with Coulson.

"I appreciate you making that for him." He said after a moment. "His ammo was his major weakness."

"No problem. I was paid and I enjoyed the challenge." I admitted with a smile.

"Is there anything you need?" He asked. "I understand you could carry most stuff with you but we did get you when you were doing something else."

"I have everything I need." I assured him honestly.

I had been making an effort to leave unneeded things at home, but I was still paranoid about being caught with my pants down. With Ema out and wearing the stealth suit and myself already wearing most of my creations my deck had my two trucks, my civilian outfit minus the shoes, my bolt cutters, my lighter,, my stake out chair, a single pistol and a box of ammo for it, my wallet, modified debit card, the shirt from my casual suit and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in supposedly safe to use cash.

"He needs some breakfast." Ema said, walking a few feet away and sitting down in a chair that was against the wall. "I ate before but he was going to get something after we were done."

"I'll have something brought up. Any allergies?"

After I shook my head he nodded and sat back down, sending a text message before picking the documents he had been reading back up. I walked over to a separate table, pushed out all of the cash I had just been given out of its card. I tossed a stack of twenties to Ema, who caught it easily. She faked putting it inside the jacket but I assumed she had absorbed it into her exosuit. The toss served its purpose though as Coulson's eyes followed the bundle of cash I was able to absorb a half dozen bundles into my modified card. When Coulson looked back to me I was putting some loose bills into my wallet, where I also put my modified card. I debated putting my wallet in the pouches of my deployable armor but decided against it, returning it to a card. I did however hook my knife onto my belt.

“Alright, I changed my mind. Could I have a bag of some kind? Anything from a garbage bag to a duffel bag.” I asked, receiving a nod from Coulson.

“We also lack a way to detain people other than shooting them with an arrow or knocking them unconscious. And a holster or belt of pouches for myself.” Ema added a moment later. “We could also use a better briefing than what Fury gave us.”

Agent Coulson smirked slightly, sending out another text message before putting his phone back down.

“Part of the reason for that is we have very little information at the moment.” He explained, pushing a few pages from the document he was looking at to the edge of the desk.

Ema and I stepped closer, looking over the pages two were satellite imagery of a very small town, completely normal in its appearance as far as I could tell. The other was a snapshot of a facebook post.

“A local found it this morning, his son posted the picture to facebook. We found that in one of our sweeps for abnormal occurrences.” Coulson explained. “The town is small, less than a thousand citizens, nothing notable in the area. New Mexico is two hours behind us, meaning it’s currently seven in the morning. We should arrive around noon local time, before a two hour drive from the nearest airport.”

“Not a bad response time, all things considered.” I said, picking up one of the pictures. “Is it going to be just us responding to this?”

“We will be arriving first to secure the site before a full retrieval and quarantine team arrives. They are driving to the site as we speak from the closest Shield base.”

“Which one will we be doing?” I asked, passing the picture to Ema. “Quarantining or retrieving?”

“The initial report claims his father was unable to lift the object. The few posts and messages exchanged since then have corroborated this. It was this phenomenon that inspired us to contact you. That and the abnormal weather patterns.”

I nodded and examined the image of the hammer itself before passing the image to Ema, who shook her head and put the picture down immediately.

“Have you tried getting a better photo?” She asked, getting an odd look from Coulson.

“We have no Shield agents in the area.”

“But local law enforcement must exist.” Ema pointed out. “Even if they are outside your jurisdiction or just plain inept, call one of the locals and tell them you're a reporter and will pay

handsomely for a few high resolution images. If nothing else it will mean your researchers can start doing what they do while we are in the air.”

Agent Coulson looked at Ema for a moment before standing and grabbing his phone from the table. He scrolled and picked a number, taking a few steps away to talk animatedly to someone on the other end.

“Nice idea.” I said, reaching out with my fist.

She shrugged, but reached out and fist bumped me before picking up the folder the pictures had come from, and that Agent Coulson had been reading from. She waved it at Coulson and pointed to herself when Coulson looked back at her. He nodded and gave her a thumbs up, prompting her to sit down and start going through the information.

Not long after that someone came into the small area and dropped off an aluminum tray of food. I sat down and quietly ate while Coulson finished his phone call, returning to the desk.

“Thanks, with that the boys downstairs will hopefully be able to tell us more about the anomaly before we arrive.”

Ema nodded, but stayed quiet and continued reading through the information in the folder. Eventually Clint returned, his new quiver full of arrows and strapped to the side of his old one, carrying a half full duffel bag. He placed it on the same table as the rest of my money. I smiled and walked back to it.

“Thanks. Just trying to clean out my cards.” I explained, unzipping the bag and looking inside.

With a smile I reached in and began unloading the bag, pulling out two tasers with spare cartridges, two stun guns and four pairs of handcuffs, as well as a holster belt. I motioned for Ema to come over before putting a taser, a stun gun and two pairs of handcuffs into my belt. Ema followed suit, putting the belt around her hips and putting the other things in their places.

“Thanks. I had plans to make some more non lethal takedown stuff but hadn’t had the time yet.”

“No problem. Your quiver works by the way, thanks.” He said with a smirk, reaching out and shaking my hand enthusiastically . “A hundred and fifty arrows. You just solved a literal nightmare of mine.”

“You’re welcome.” I said with a smile. “You should thank Ema as well, she is the one who cracked the nut on expanded storage.”

“Really? Thanks.” He said, giving Ema a nod. “What was the problem? Or the solution I guess.”

“Well one, I do recognize an attempt to get more information, but I don't mind answering that, at least not in broad strokes.” I said, waving away Ema's concerned look. “I was approaching the problem from the wrong direction. I envisioned creating something that contained more space than it seemed, a bag of holding type object. What I really needed was an item to hold more of something than it should be able to. A slight difference, but enough of one that I was able to connect the dots between it and a previous discovery.”

I explained, keeping the general idea intact while remaining obscure, as well as staying away from the idea of concepts. As I talked I stuffed my money into the now empty duffel, as well as pushing out my civilian clothes and my casual uniform shirt. Then I zipped up the bag and carded it. I was about to ask Clint what he thought about the color scheme of his quiver when Coulson got our attention

“Alright everyone, time to head up to the roof.” Agent Coulson said, standing from his desk. “The helicopter just landed.”

Clint nodded and grabbed his things, while Ema stood from her seat, put the folder down on the corner of the desk before making her way to me. It was a quick walk to the elevator, before a longer ride to the top floor. I was slightly nervous about being on a helicopter but I steeled myself with a deep breath.

When we stepped out onto the roof the helicopter was already spun up. We climbed in one after the other, with Agent Coulson helping Ema and myself buckle in and put our headphones on. When the vehicle took off, Ema distracted me by talking about what she had read in the file.

“Atmospheric disturbances before something falls from the sky?” She asked. “They are clearly connected.”

“Probably!” I shouted, before wincing and speaking into the microphone. “Probably”

“Do you have any theories?” Coulson asked.

“No, I might once we are there or maybe when we get some better pictures.”

“How are you going to get those?”

While Agent Coulson was describing Ema's idea and how they were actually implementing it I put my hand around her back, a casual gesture that could easily be explained. She stiffened for a moment but relaxed quickly. I smiled at her and began slowly writing on her back with my finger. It took more than a few minutes but I managed to write the message “I know. Thor's Hammer. Origin Story?” out. When I was done she gave me a subtle nod. A few minutes later we landed at JFK airport, jumped out of the helicopter and climbed into a small black jet.

The interior was sleek and clearly custom, with a complicated multi screen computer setup to one corner of the interior and several large seats including a couch. The whole interior was leather and wood paneling.

“Damn, you guys travel in style like this a lot?” I asked as I sat down on a comfortable seat. “Or did you guys roll out the special treatment?”

Clint and Agent Coulson shared a look before Clint answered with a shrug.

“It happens, but when you're in a rush you get whatever is quickest.” He explained. “We could have just gotten lucky...”

“Or someone is trying to impress me.” I finished with a nod. “Either way, it looks like we will be able to relax for the next five hours. I'm not going to complain.”

I smirked and reclined in my seat while Ema chuckled. I put my hands behind my head and relaxed as much as I could, the plane already starting to taxi to the runway.