

Bucky escaped within an hour and a half of leaving the facility.

It wasn't long after Fury managed to get me the samples of his blood and hair that they carted him off, chained and locked in an elaborate restraint system. Ema and Natasha both kept watch over the preparations. Apparently the Natasha of this reality also had some dealings with the Winter Soldier, though the timelines were obviously very different. They had both seen him off, with Ema promising that they would fix him, even if he didn't understand or want our help at the time. Fury had showed up not long after that to break the news. Peggy tore into him, only keeping quiet to not disturb Steve, though I wasn't sure yelling could wake him up at this point.

"Can you track him?" He asked me when Peggy eventually stopped to breathe.

"Definitely. You got me enough blood and hair that I could probably try a few times if I had to." I said confidently. "But just so you know, there is no way in hell Shield is going to have anything to do with it."

"What do you mean?" Fury asked, voice dropping as he looked at me in frustration.

"Steve and I are going to take a short vacation after he wakes up, probably somewhere off the grid so we can have some peace and quiet." Peggy responded with a sharp smile. "What we do, and who we run into is none of your concern."

For a minute Fury stared at Peggy for a long moment before looking back at me. I shrugged and nodded in agreement.

"Fine. Though the security council won't like Steve disappearing so soon after being brought back."

"Tough luck." Peggy responded without looking back up. "I'm retired and nothing will stop Steve from... going on vacation."

"Could I convince you to take Natasha?" Fury asked.

"Not a chance"

For a long moment Fury watched the retired Shield agent, before finally turning and leaving without another word."

"Lucky we already cleared this room for cameras and bugs." I said, shaking my head.

"No, he already knew they were gone." She said with a smirk, her frustration bleeding off. "Who do you think ordered them put here?"

Ema, who had been sitting in the corner pretending to catch up on sleep while Fury was there, slowly stood and walked to Steve's bed. The beam of her deepest scan ran along Steve's body, taking a few minutes to finish.

"His body is slowly normalizing." Ema explained. "I'd expect him to wake up soon, maybe by tonight."

"Thank you." Peggy said to Ema with a smile.

"Of course." She said with a nod before looking at me then sitting back down.

"Thank you Ema." I said, continuing with a teasing smile. "What would I do without you?"

"Slowly work yourself to death while falling into a paranoid spiral that would leave you a gibbering mess." She answered smoothly as she leaned back in her seat, closing her eyes as if she was going back to sleep.

The room was quiet again, lasting a few minutes before Peggy turned to me.

"Maker... would your amulet work on Steve? Help bring him back quicker?" Peggy asked a few minutes later, speaking softly as to not wake Ema, who had adjusted her fake breathing to simulate a deep sleep.

"I have no idea how it would react to the super soldier serum." I said, shaking my head. "Honestly I should have asked you a whole list of questions before I let you wear it."

"Like what?"

"Like whether or not you still have your appendix." I said sheepishly, rubbing the back of my head. "Also if you had any foreign implants, like joint replacements."

"Appendix? Why would... oh. Would it really regenerate something like that?"

"Honestly? I have no idea." I admitted with a shrug. "I would have said maybe if you asked me before I modified it, but now I have no idea. Do you have any obvious scars?"

"Yes, I believe I have a few." She said with a smirk, her hand reaching down to touch her left side. "Excuse me if I'm not prepared to jump and show you."

"No, I wouldn't ask that." I said, raising my hand defensively, Ema chuckling beside me. "Just let me know if they have faded next time you get the chance. I don't really have any scars big enough to say they have been fading or not."

“Would your amulet really react poorly to the serum?” She asked, pulling us back on subject.

“I honestly don't know. I can get into how my ability works later, but one thing you should know is that making an object isn't simple. It's not material A plus material B equals result C.” I explained, studying one of the pieces of medical equipment hooked up to Steve. “It's much more like the approximate material A plus the approximate material B probably has quantities of C, along with D, E and F.”

“And you're worried that D, E and F might affect Steve poorly,” Peggy nodded, easily following what I was saying.

“Not specifically Steve, that's more of my general worry for items that affect people permanently.” I explained. “When it comes to Steve I'm more worried that my amulet might interpret the serum as a foreign body and remove it. I can say with almost one hundred percent certainty that the amulet wouldn't kill him, but I'm not risking it without a life threatening injury or consent, preferably both.”

“Understandable, I wouldn't want to risk it either.” She agreed, giving Steve's hand a squeeze. “He was incredible before Doctor Erskine's serum, but his transformation let him show the world.”

The room grew quiet after that. I dozed mostly, time passing as I rested. Peggy never moved, sitting next to Steve, holding his hand. She was clearly determined to be with him when he finally woke up. After an hour or so there was a knock on the door, pushing open to reveal Agent Coulson. Behind him was a nameless agent, pushing a tray of food.

“Thought you guys might be hungry.” He said, his eyes locking on Steve for a moment before he stepped out of the cart's way.

The Shield agent set out a tray of food that screamed cafeteria catering, before leaving the room, shutting the door behind him. Once the Agent left Ema stood again, scanning the entire table and nodding to us.

“It's clean.” She said simply, once again retaking her seat.

“I watched them make it.” Coulson assured us. “How is he doing?”

“Ema says he will probably wake by tonight.” Peggy answered.

“Really?” He asked, looking at the armored construct. “Our doctors could only guess. We were going to move him to a more comfortable room once he had completely stabilized.”

“Here is fine dear.” Peggy said, smiling as she looked down at the still unconscious soldier. “I think he has been moved around quite enough.”

Coulson opened his mouth to say something but closed it before he could, deciding to simply nod before turning to me.

“Do you need anything Maker?”

“No, I’m good for now.”

The personable agent nodded politely and promptly left, leaving us alone again. I had a quick lunch, there was no reason to let it go to waste after all, before I stood and patted Ema on the shoulder, as if I was waking her up. I’m not sure if we were fooling Peggy at this point, but it was mostly for the shield agents and doctors who were coming and going.

“Ema, I need you awake.” I said, prompting the construct to perk up and look around.

“What is it?”

“I need to go to the workshop for a while.” I explained. “I want a full outfit waiting for Steve when he wakes up. Nothing I haven’t made before so it shouldn’t take too long.”

“And you want me on guard when you’re gone.” She finished, sitting up straight. “Alright, I’ll keep an eye open.”

“Good. If you need to, you have permission to go all out.”

“Full scary mode?”

“Full scary mode.” I confirmed with a nod before standing and looking at Peggy. “I’m going to make a bunch of things for Steve when he wakes up, maybe prepare a bit for our vacation. Is there anything you want me to make?”

“Truly? Anything I want?” She asked, looking at me curiously. “You hardly know me, and I’m hardly a cultural icon like Steve is.”

“You would have to go through the same vetting process that everyone has to. Namely a whole list of questions with my lie detector on.”

“... Something to heal me, and maybe others as well?” She asked, looking down at Steve. “I’m not quite ready to leap into super soldier territory. Though that may change.”

“Alright.” I said with a nod, suddenly much more confident in my decision. “I’ll make you some armor to wear under your clothes as well.”

“Yes, that would be fine. Thank you.” She said, focusing on me with a smile.

“I’ll be back, probably within three hours.” I said with a nod. “Depending on how badly the truck is messed up.”

I hated leaving now, a large part of me wanting to stick around in case I missed Steve waking up. But I pushed it down, knowing that Peggy was the only one who needed to be there when he woke up, and that Ema and I were just backup security. And Ema could handle anything anyone threw at them, especially if she went all out.

I headed to the stairs, the elevators still down after the attack, descending to the underground parking lot, barely a thought spared for the fully armed agent who joined me walking down the stairs. At least until I got a message from Ema warning me that Natasha was coming down the building two. I rolled my eyes and kept walking.

“Already getting plenty of use out of it then?” I asked, not stopping to turn around.

“It has been fun trying it out.” She admitted, pulling her mask off, revealing her true face. “Where are you going? I didn’t think you would be leaving Captain Rodgers’ side until he was awake.”

“I’m going on a booze run, we ran out of Fireball.” I said with a smirk, pushing at a door. It didn’t budge.

I let out a sigh before turning to Natasha, who was a few steps up from me. I gestured to the door and she smirked, making her way down and swiping her ID card. The door beeped and I pushed it open, stepping out onto the floor connected to the parking structure. Another door swipe later and I was pushing the super truck into a parking space.

The front end was covered in soot, the hood dented from when I ran and jumped off of it. The front lights were visibly busted, some clearly damaged from being peppered by the machine gun and the explosion. I shook my head when I saw most of the spotlights were busted as well. I had completely missed that damage, even when it was happening. After giving it a cursory inspection I hopped into the passenger seat, Natasha still following me.

“How bad is it?”

“I’ll tell you in a second.” I answered as I pulled the car repair tablet from the glovebox, its wires already connected.

I scrolled through the list of damage, quickly setting the list to filter out cosmetic and non essential damage. In the end it would take an hour to fix the busted transmission and oil leaks, a surprisingly low amount of time. Even so, it wasn’t going to be ready quickly enough, so I was

better off on foot. I set it to fix the important things first before carding the truck again, leaving me alone in the parking lot with Natasha.

"I'll be back in a couple of hours," I explained with a shrug. "Ema can get in contact with me if there is an emergency."

I carded, collapsed my armor and guns before putting on my jacket, leaving me in what was almost a normal looking outfit.

"Alright. Don't be late." She said with a smirk. "Wouldn't want you to miss Captain Rodgers waking up."

-----

Within a matter of twenty minutes I had teleported from a random shop bathroom to the quarry workshop, ready to start making Steve's gear. I didn't want to go crazy just yet as I was sure Steve would need a while to adjust. So I kept it simple. Kind of.

The first thing I did was push out the truck so it could start the repairing process. The timer read two and a half hours, so I decided that would be my time limit.

After that was set up I made a short shopping trip to Texas and a visit to the apartment. I quickly whipped up two undersuits, tops and bottoms. They were made from my super metal and had two forms, one only covered the vitals but could be worn with shorts and short sleeves, the second one that extended down to a full covering version. I liked this development so much I applied it to my own undersuit. All forms and pieces increased resistance to heat and electricity, while remaining flexible and breathable.

When I was done with their armor I got to work on a gun for Steve. Well, first I checked that he used guns, and confirmed that Steve was a badass during the war. I whipped up a revolver not dissimilar to one of my own, save the addition of the Destroyers blast. It was quad stacked with a selector for power levels, regenerated ammo almost as fast as you could shoot, and morphed into a trench shotgun, which triple stacked and regenerated ammo. I whipped up a revolver for Peggy as well, just in case. It wasn't anything special, just a simple triple stack with regenerating ammo.

Done with guns I moved onto utility. I whipped up two knives for Steve, basically just repeating the process I had used to make my own, resulting in a KA-bar and a pocket knife that could cut through steel. On a whim I made a pocket knife for Peggy as well. She hadn't asked for anything special but I was on a roll and it was better to have and not need than to need and not have. After the knives were done I put together two healing amulets, one for Peggy and one for Steve. They followed the same basic combination that mine did, but I left out Thor's spark, and while I was still worried about potential interactions between the super serum and any healing amulet, I assumed that binding it to Steve would make an already small chance of

backfiring even smaller. I would leave it up to him. With the healing jewelry done I started working on a device for healing others. I tried several things, tearing a few of my non functional attempts into nothingness. After my third attempt I sat down for a while to think, finally coming up with a solution.

I left the quarry and went on another shopping trip, buying any healing concept I could find. I combined dozens and dozens of herbs, crystals, equipment and over the counter medicine and ointments. Each step of the way I added in dozens of high quality flashlights and magic rods. The result was a B rank flashlight light was intensely driven by a healing concept. I tested it by pulling off my amulet and cutting my hand. It healed with an impressive speed, making the decent sized cut disappear in about ten seconds. I Immediately used the leftovers to make a second one.

The last thing I did was combine a portion of Bucky's hair and blood into two compasses, combine them together, combined three top of the line cell phones with Where's Waldo books, then combined all three of those with GPS navigators for hiking and driving. I mixed them all together and added a second sample of hair and blood. I turned on the handheld device and the screen lit up. It had very few controls or buttons, instead it was a simple screen that I could zoom, move around and focus in different places. When zoomed out all the way there was a single dot over the east coast.

Satisfied with my creations and eager to show Peggy the device, I quickly packed everything into two separate boxes and carded them. I carded the truck after putting the repair tablet away and making sure it was done, before carding the storage shed as well, only stumbling a bit before standing back up straight. Satisfied everything was cleaned up I teleported away to the bridge landing pad, carding the energy to keep it from being obvious. I pushed my truck out onto the road when no one was looking and headed out.