

After watching the video Peggy immediately rewinded it to listen to Sitwell's confession again, going over everything he said. Steve, already mentally messed up by Bucky and his lost time, all but collapsed into a chair. He looked lost as he rubbed his face with his hands.

"You said you gave Fury a way to track them?" Peggy asked, looking up at me. "Do you...?"

I wordlessly flicked a card across the table, a tablet popping out of the card as it stopped in front of her. It was about the size of a sheet of paper, with no discernible markings. The screen was simple and currently focused on the New York Shield headquarters. There was a heavy scattering of dots, unnamed because of how pulled out the zoom was.

"How did you even make that?" Steve asked, looking over Peggy's shoulder now. "That would have been invaluable during the war."

"I scraped off some of the different blood stains on my armor after saving you." I explained. "That, a few Hydra artifacts I managed to get my hands on and a few history books on them. I mixed it all up into a liquid that I could separate into different amounts, which was something I didn't know worked. Usually breaking things into chunks adds a broken or portioned concept, but because liquids don't really have those concepts it worked. It actually opens up..."

I trailed off as Ema poked me, shaking her head when I looked at her. I looked back at the other two and winced.

"Right. Sorry." I apologized, before getting back on topic. "Fury has everything he needs to end Hydra once and for all. They just need as much time as possible to use them."

"He is going to attempt to take down internal threats first, focusing on American and Canadian facilities." Ema explained. "If he is unable to gain a strong enough foothold he will scale back and attempt to secure the U.S. government as best they can."

"If that fails then we go on the attack." I added with a shrug. "With a few dozen sample sources I could pump out tracking tablets by the box. We would disseminate them throughout the world, making it impossible for Hydra to hide from anyone. I would also have to cross a line I set for myself when I first started dealing with Shield."

"Which is?" Steve asked.

"Forcing the truth out of people. Lie detection is fine, but forcing someone to answer a question truthfully isn't something I'm very comfortable with." I said with a shrug. "I'm not saying I would never do it obviously, but it's a gray area and I prefer not crossing those if I can help it."

"So why bring us here?" Steve asked, his face still carved in stone and impossible to read.

“Because-”

“We wouldn't be of any use at this stage Steve.” Peggy admitted, cutting me off, her hand on Steve's bicep as she looked at him. “You're a soldier, you don't really do espionage, and I have been out of touch for nearly three decades. I would be no more help than any Shield grunt or agent.”

Steve looked into Peggy's eyes for a long moment before looking away and letting out a big sigh. He took almost a minute to collect himself before finally looking back up.

“What do we do about Bucky?”

I pulled out the Bucky tracker, putting it on the table before holding my hand out to Peggy, who passed me the Hydra tracker. I put them on the table side by side, focusing them both on Bucky's location.

“Currently Bucky is here. He hasn't moved from this building. Once Shields' cover is blown, or Bucky leaves the premises we go in and rescue him.” I explained. “While I want to wait and let Shield make as much progress as possible, letting Bucky go out and do any more of their dirty work is not acceptable.”

Again Steve was silent for a moment, eventually nodding. He stood and walked away, making his way around the tent and out of sight. Peggy, still in shock, stayed seated.

“I spent my whole life after the war building Shield. I dedicated my life to it. To build something to continue Steve's legacy. Was it all useless?”

“No, it wasn't, Shield has done a lot of good work since its creation.” I assured her. “Honestly, if Shield wasn't here Hydra would have just chosen a different organization to take over, probably the U.S. government. Besides, Shield isn't gone yet. With some luck, Fury could pull this out. It's not going to be pretty, and it isn't going to be clean, but there is a good chance.”

“I... suppose you're right.” Peggy admitted, nodding along. “How many... what was the percentage of Shield to Hydra?”

“I don't know exactly, but it looks to be a bit over a fourth.”

Peggy nodded and stood silently, leaving the tent in the opposite direction as Steve. I looked at Ema and nodded towards the leaving woman, before standing and heading to the storage shed. Ema followed her with a nod, keeping an eye on the distressed ex Director of Shield. While she did I went through my gun crates, grabbed one, grabbed some ammo and went to find Steve. He was sitting by the edge of the quarry, feet dangling off the side, looking out into the water filled pit.

I made my way to him and sat down next to him, giving him plenty of space. I pushed out the crate, pulled out a M1 Garand and looked at him.

“Throw a rock for me, will ya?”

He looked confused for a minute before looking around him. He picked up a palm sized stone and hurled it into the air. The rock hummed out, clearing the gap easily. For anyone else this would have been an incredibly difficult shot. Luckily my enhanced shooting ability was up for the challenge. The rock exploded around a hundred and fifty feet out. Steve looked surprised.

“That was impressive.” He said.

“Technically I’m cheating.” I said with a shrug. “But thanks.”

I passed him the rifle, which he quickly checked over.

“Not something more modern?” He asked, expertly checking the sights.

“I’ve found older guns tend to hold better concepts.” I explained, picking up a similarly sized rock. “We seem to associate older things with being well built, sturdy and more powerful. Plus the M1 is a great gun, even with the low capacity.”

He nodded as I cocked my arm back and chucked the rock with all of my strength. The rock fired out across the quarry gap and further still, not quite at the same trajectory that Steve had managed but still much more than a normal man could. The experienced soldier brought the rifle to his shoulder, lined up the shot and destroyed the still flying rock.

“Besides,” I said, continuing now that he had made his shot. “I got a whole shed of guns, modern and classic. I traded them from Shield so I could experiment and make my own weapons. Technically it wasn’t a hundred percent legal but I really didn’t have a choice. The gun laws in New York are extremely restrictive these days for someone trying to build up an armory to experiment on.”

“Gun laws? You mean like the Sullivan Act?” He asked as he passed the rifle back to me, this time grabbing two rocks. “They made more?”

“I... honestly have no idea.” I said, shrugging. Steve threw both of the rocks as fast as he could. I managed to hit the first one but missed the second. “There are a lot of restrictions on guns in some states, barely any in others. There is a lot of politics and statistics involved and I know just enough to know that I don’t know enough to side one way or the other.”

“I guess. I’ll ask Peggy to explain it.” He said with a shrug, accepting the rifle back, looking it over before passing it back. “Do you mind if I try out my revolver?”

“Yeah, sure.” I said, putting the rifle back in the crate and carding it. “In fact, c’mon, let’s set up some targets for you to practice on.”

Steve and I grabbed two sheets of aluminum each from my supplies and walked around the quarry. We set them up two, one on the other side of the quarry and the other about fifty feet behind that. We left the remaining two laid out on the ground for later use.

When we got back to the other side Steve spent a little while using his revolver, getting used to its dimensions. He easily dealt with its recoil, hitting tight grouping even when shooting rapidly to the far target. He had just switched to his shotgun when Peggy and Ema returned.

“So he got two options and I’ve only got one?” She asked, deploying her own revolver from her ring and aiming across the quarry. She hit the targets easily as well, though only when she was timing out her shots and compensating for the recoil.

“Hey, you asked for the basics.” I said with a shrug. “I could make you something to add to it if you’d like.”

“What are my choices?”

“Well that depends. The regenerating ammo is only possible for integrated magazines.” I explained. “If you’d be happy with something like what I made Natasha I can make you something more modern.”

Peggy was silent for a few minutes before smirking. “When I was in the storage room earlier I noticed you had a few lever action rifles. Maybe put a scope on one of those?”

“That’s a good idea. You two hang out here if you want, Ema and I will whip something up.”

It took me twenty minutes for me and Ema to quickly put together a quad stacked lever action with regenerating ammo, adding a selector wheel when I was done. The final step was a transformation card that shifted it into a simple gold bracelet. When I was done I made my way back to the impromptu firing range.

“Here you go Peggy. The most powerful lever action rifle ever made.” I said with a smile, handing her the rifle. “So far at least.”

Peggy took the gun from me and turned it over in her hands before aiming it over the quarry and fired, working the lever and firing again. She put a few dozen shots into the target at various strengths before lowering the gun.

“I like it.” She said with a nod. “Thank you Maker. And thank you for helping with all this.”

"It's not a problem." I said with a shrug. "Alright. Let's get it bound to you, then I'm going to do some shopping and I'll bring back some lunch. When I get back we can start planning our stakeout."

"Stake out?"

"We might be waiting for movement or the word from Fury to rescue your friend, but that doesn't mean there isn't anything to do." I explained. "Once I make a few things for us we are heading to DC to stake out where they are keeping Bucky. That way we can react instantly when we need to."

"That... That sounds like a solid plan." Peggy agreed, shaking her head afterward. "Maybe Natasha was right, I am a little rusty."

"Plenty of time to work that rust off." Steve said, smiling at her. The two looked at each other for a moment before looking away, still smiling.

"Right... any requests for lunch?"

"Nothing heavy please."

"Whatever is good."

"Alright, I'll be back in a few hours. Ema will stay here in case you need anything." I said before traveling away to Austin.

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I came back with a bag of burritos and three cards of supplies. Peggy, Steve and Ema were all waiting for me under the tent, greeting me when I walked in. I put the bag of burritos down and sat down in an empty chair. Ema stepped closer and distributed the food to everyone, using her scanning to figure out what was in each burrito. Peggy explained what burrito was to Steve as well.

"Mexican food was just starting to get popular in America when I signed up for Dr. Erskine's project." Steve explained as he looked at his burrito. "I tried some salsa a few times, but money was a little tight to be trying new things like that."

He took a big bite out of his burrito, chewing it slowly, nodding his head. Peggy and I watched him as he swallowed.

"It's a lot of flavor." He said. "Very spicy. But really good."

"I'm glad Ema gave you the mild one then, the spicy one would have probably been a bit too much for you." I said, taking a bite out of mine.

The three of us enjoyed a late-ish lunch, quickly cleaning up and getting to planning. Bucky was being kept in an abandoned bank in Washington DC called the Ideal Federal Savings Bank. A quick google search brought up a few external pictures from a few angles.

"So... If I had a super secret Super Soldier in a bank..." I said, trailing off before continuing. "And I was a super evil member of a super evil organization bent on world domination or whatever, where would I keep him?"

"... Would they really keep him in the vault?" Steve asked after a long moment, looking skeptical.

"I... I don't know." Peggy said. "In some way it makes sense, where else would you keep him?"

"Which means I need to make something to cut open a vault, just in case." I said, nodding before looking at Ema, who was keeping an eye on the Hydra tracker. "How many Hydra minions are in the building?"

"Twenty five." She answered before letting out a sigh. "I wish we had a floor plan."

"Yeah... Is there a way to get those?" I asked.

"Yes, but not without potentially alerting someone, or in such a short time." Peggy answered, still looking at the pictures we found online. Steve was about to comment when my secure phone went off. I pulled it out and read it, frowning at the message.

"They are officially starting their attack." I told everyone. "Fury is clearing the Triskelion while Natasha and Coulson work through New York. After that they are going to break up into even smaller groups and clear secondary locations. If they still manage to keep it under wraps they are going to send teams out with my lie detecting bands to arrest anyone they can before the word gets out."

"We should get into position as soon as possible." Peggy pointed out. "In case it goes wrong quickly. There is a certain element of luck involved with these operations. Though you have given Shield a solid advantage."

"Right, okay." I said, nodding in agreement. "Let's get you into position, somewhere where you can use your super glasses to keep watch. I'll leave a traveling landing pad there and then go and get a few things ready."

We quickly packed up, shifted clothing to its less showy forms and grabbed everything we needed. With one final check we all traveled to DC. It was a half hour drive from the landing pad, which Ema had put in an abandoned building, to the area of the bank. We parked somewhere out of the way before making our way into another abandoned building, climbing a half dozen floors up before pushing into a room. There was a single window facing towards the bank. We quickly set up shop, which basically just meant pushing out the landing pad and a few chairs, before I jumped to the quarry and back, this time with Ema in tow.

“Okay, so Steve is in charge once this goes loud, right?” I said, looking between Peggy and Steve. “I have no experience save the last few weeks and Peggy, you’re more about espionage than open assault, right?”

“Right, yes that makes the most sense I suppose.” Peggy agreed, turning to look at Steve.

“Alright, I’ll do my best.” Steve said, accepting with a nod. “Then let’s settle in. We can take turns keeping an eye on the bank. I’ll go first... as soon as someone re-explains how these glasses work.”

“Alright guys, I’ll be back within a few hours, maybe less.” I explained as Peggy stepped closer to Steve to show him. “Call me if anything changes.”

Leaving Ema and the other two along I traveled back to the quarry. I had quite a few things I needed to make, with no idea how much time I had to make them.

“Alright. No wasting any time.” I said to myself. “Let’s get this thing going.”