

Chapter 15

Getting to work did not take long, and it did not take long for me to pack it up for the night, unable to concentrate. I was looking forward to having a Dungeon of my own. I was also happy to be in a room with my sense of fashion again. It was nice sitting in the mix of Goth and a bit of punk. I then narrowed my eyes at my work tables, which had been set up, but they still lacked tools, so I immediately set out to purchase the necessary tools.

These were highly specialized tools that I would need in the future moving forward to modify things that went wrong with my designs. I would not build the device myself, but if it wasn't working, I would take it home and start modifying it to save time and money.

Finding just some of the tools I needed took longer than I expected, and I already knew I would forget a bunch and would need to order them later. I got into it, though, and ordered most of them from Europe. The Europeans were much better at making high-end technology than the Eagle and Maple nations. The Maple nation was well known for its rich mineral reserves, which they hesitated to use, while the Europeans were ahead in manufacturing technology, and the Eagle nation was ahead in Software development and services. It was what brought the Nation ahead so far, and why the last decade was such a bad one for the Eagle nation.

The leadership did massive damage to the Service industry that the Eagle Nation did. Thankfully, it was not complete, and I would be using those services in the future. I would get my manufacturing Tech from the Eupropians and from other places, too. The Dragon nation was great at certain technologies that I would need in factories, and I would procure those things from there.

Building an underground nation was not easy and would take a lot of work. People do not understand how much things rely on other things to function, and forcibly removing one part will set technology back.

I do, though. I lived through the massive downfall in Technology. Losing almost all of it because of no trading channels. It was why I wanted the area in Maple Nation. The Maple Nation has rich, abundant resources, including oil, which I can use to make plastics. I would not want too much diesel. Clean energy would allow me not to think about the air problems that will arise. The air in the upper world was going to be polluted, and although technically breathable, you would be coughing ash for weeks afterward, and your lungs would hate you with some serious medical conditions afterward.

Which meant, burning fuels is a level of stupidity I would not do without serious thought. Also, I would need refineries and various other things that will already be releasing pollutants. In fact, this will need to be an early research topic, and I will need to determine the size of the farm I will need to function.

My thoughts were all over the place as I continued to buy highly specialized tools and decided to finish for the night, and stripped before heading to the bathroom for the night. It had been a good day, and I took a nice, long bath and relaxed, deciding to spend a bit of time in the sun tomorrow after working out.

Soon, I was in a Blastoise onesie and felt it getting tighter around the chest. Also, I would call the Tailor and see if she could make me some onesies. I needed new ones. They were so comfortable, and I felt so much better sleeping in them. I do not know how I got used to living without them in my life. I quickly crawled into bed and passed out, my mind shutting down delightfully.

In the morning, I was quickly up, dressed in workout clothing, and then sparring in our new sparring ring. By the end of a couple of hours, I was now covered in dozens of new light bruises from Alica showing her Mistress love by showing me how I was doing things wrong. I tried to adapt, but it was hard, and Martial arts were not easy for me.

It did not help that I was so much shorter than her.

At the end, I got up, showered off the sweat and tears, and went up to the rooftop to bathe in the sun for a bit. I put on an alarm to ensure I called Jessica and i bathed in the rising morning sun. I sighed as I felt myself loosen up and my naked body soaked in the cool rays of it all.

This was a feeling I will not be able to get in a decade. I could set up a virtual room to give a sense of partiality, and some shelters would help keep people sane. Note to self, make sure I do that. But I planned to do green spaces and various things to help with that as well. For now, I basked in the sun, feeling the warm glow on my body.

I heard a door open, then a Sharp intake of breath a moment later. "Mistress, I have breakfast for you," I heard Alica say, and I turned to her and smiled, opening my eyes.

"Mmm, bringing a peace offering for beating me up?" I asked, and Alica flushed but walked over her face, serious.

"I do no such thing. You want to learn, bruises make people learn," She notified me, and I nodded, agreeing with her.

"You have anything you can put on my body to assist with the healing?" I asked curiously, and Alica nodded while setting the food beside me, and I picked up the tray and got up a bit and smiled. "Then go get it and help me put it on," I told her, and Alica froze cutely for a moment and nodded.

"Yes, Mistress," Alica said and rushed off, and I chuckled.

Then I heard a Squeal again, and I froze, remembering that squeal when I first hired her. I am exactly her type, I just did not expect the strong, scarred, battle-hardened veteran Green Beret

special forces bodyguard to have such a cute side. Did she know I could hear her when she squealed like that?

I turned back and ate the breakfast, thinking about that, and wondered what happened to Alica in her past life. She would have been unemployed at the same time or probably would have gone back to the Army. Just because they forgot to do the paperwork did not mean they would not take her back if she wanted it. It was something that they would do in a heartbeat.

But the question is, did it matter?

Alica was in my hands now, and I would enjoy her thoroughly. Especially when I got that dungeon.

Suddenly, I heard a rush up the stairs, and Alica popped out carrying a jar of cream. I smiled as I continued to eat. "You can apply it for me when I finish this," I told her, and Alica nodded seriously with a faint flush on her cheeks.

Cute.

I could tell, though, that she spent some time getting her mind back together, and I lay back after finishing and turned onto my stomach. "Alright, go ahead and apply it," I told her. Alica walked over and started rubbing my bruises with the soothing cream, and I sighed. She quickly finished, though, and I grinned, looking at her. "Good girl," I told her, "Now, massage me without getting in the way of my sun," I told her.

Alica froze, then happily went to work massaging my back as the sun beat down on me. I was in bliss, and I turned around and let Alica have some advantages for a bit. When the alarm went off, I stopped her and watched her disappointed face for a moment before I picked up the phone, called Jessica to schedule an appointment, and told her I would like to see her as soon as possible at my address.

Jessica hesitated for a moment and asked, "I just happened to have a cancellation today. Does that work for you?" She asked, and I grinned happily.

"Absolutely, I will call security, and you can walk up to the guard to point you in the right direction," I replied, and Jessica quickly replied to me.

"Alright, I will gather my wife and head over there," Jessica said and hung up, and I quickly called the security guard and let him know about my tool deliveries that will be coming over the coming weeks, and that I would be having a lesbian couple visit.

With that, I got up and stretched and almost moaned from how much better I was feeling as I walked past my cute bodyguard and headed downstairs, and I got dressed. It was about an hour later that Jessica got to the house and came upstairs, where Alica opened up the door and let them in to see me.

First, I ran over to my onesies and quickly brought them out, lined them up, and waited for Jessica to arrive. When they made it up the elevator, I was in a tank top and a small skirt I bought from her a few days previous, hanging out on my new couch, lounging as I waited. Not many moments longer, Alica let them into the house, and I smiled.

“Hello, Riley, right?” Jessica asked with her tatted wife behind her, and I smiled.

“Yes, Hello again, I have some things I would like made by you, or to be honest, a good tailor,” I said, and I pointed towards the onesies, and I saw Jessica’s eyes light up.

“Oh, My God, these are so cute~!” Jessica exclaimed, her eyes widening, and I smiled, getting up and nodding.

“Yeah, I absolutely adore them, but I forgot where I bought them, and honestly,” I paused for effect, “I want you to make a bunch in my new sizes since these ones have been getting tighter. I would also like these ones fixed up a little, and some made larger around the breasts, just in case they decide to continue growing. I want DOZENS of them. In different cute little pajama onesies meant solely for me to go to sleep in and lounge around my house on my lazy days,” I declared with a massive smile on my face, and I noticed her look at me with a smile.

“Seriously? I would love to see these are ADORABLE,” She exclaimed, and she grabbed me, “Please, I need to see how these fit, and I want to check your sizes again and ensure I have everything perfect. Also, how do you wear them? What about periods?” She asked, and I guided her toward my bedroom.

For the next couple of hours, I did a little fashion show for Jessica, and she swooned in happiness at seeing it all. “I think I will make some of these for Lina and myself, although I know she will be annoyed if I take it too far,” Jessica said as she measured me one last time, and I chuckled.

“She wears the pants?” I asked, then covered my mouth, “Oops, should not have asked,” I said, and Jessica chuckled.

“We are both switches, so, no, we more or less take turns depending on the mood, how about you and Alica, she likes to pin you down?” Jessica asked in return with a mischievous grin.

“HAHA~!” I laughed in return, “I do,” I told her bluntly, “I am a Pansexual Dominatrix, so I always wear the pants,” I said, licking my lips, and Jessica flushed in embarrassment.

“Oh, we have never done THOSE types of things,” Jessica meekly replied and went quiet.

The mood turned awkward, and I told myself that this is why you do not talk about these things in a professional setting. But as she pushed the measuring tape up towards my crotch, she asked, “So, you do BDSM?” Jessica asked.

“Yes, I do, although I am waiting for my dungeon to be put together in the house,” I told her honestly, and she went quiet again, and I started to wonder something. Were they interested in getting dominated together?

Jessica did not say anything else after that. She took some notes, gathered up one of my onesies, and we left my bedroom, with me now dressed once again in a tank top and a short skirt. Jessica almost fled to Lina, who seemed to be in some sort of staring contest with Lina.

“Alright, do you need anything else?” I asked, and Jessica shook her head, “Remember to make as many of those as you want in those sizes. I will pay well for them, thank you,” I told her, and Jessica nodded with a flushed face as I could tell she had something on her mind. I was not the only one to notice as Lina frowned and followed her wife out, waving before departing, and Alica turned to me.

“What was that about?” Alica asked curiously.

“She asked about BDSM,” I replied with a half-smile. “I have the feeling she might be interested, but for now, I have work to do,” I told her, and walked toward my office. “I have no plans to leave today, so you're free to do what you want. If my plans change, I will let you know.” I finished telling her, opened the door to my office, walked to my computer, and got to work.