

Chapter 3: Amends

"**Sorry!**" was all Pomni could get out before Ragatha pushed the door open and slammed it shut behind her.

She stumbled backwards. In the next moment, Pomni was lying on her back on the floor. With Ragatha kneeling above her. Her dress clipped off.

Pomni gasped so loud, she almost choked on air. Immediately, all of her higher brain functions shut off; Some of the basic ones, too, because she was pretty sure she forgot how to breathe after that.

It was the first time after Pierrosie's arrival she saw Ragatha nude again. And even though she had never seen her like this before her pregnancy, she could tell that her body was different now; Her hips wider, her breasts rounder, and her belly softer - with the previous patches still present, but faded. For some reason Caine had decided to permanently alter Ragatha's avatar now — and for once, Pomni was grateful for that. Ragatha's body represented what she already displayed so affectionately in her behavior: a mother. Or, to be a bit more precise, and for the lack of a better word: a MILF.

Her knees next to Pomni's face, she looked down at her; past all those incredibly sexy curves, her expression hungry and flushed. One of her hands drifting between her legs, pulling on one of the threads.

While watching Pomni like a predator.





Pomni moaned and squirmed, her whole body feeling as if it were catapulted into heat, but with no primary or secondary sexual characteristics to find relief.

Ragatha didn't talk. She didn't ask; at least verbally. This was highly unusual. But when looking into her eye, Pomni understood the reason for this: She was *overwhelmed* by need. So Ragatha could get into this cavewoman state of mind, too, huh?

Pomni watched Ragatha's fingers slowly pull out the thread stitch by stitch, opening up her seam. Yet, she waited.

It was unclear if it was to tease Pomni or to ask for consent, in a way; No matter the truth, Pomni's reaction was the same. She whimpered and grabbed Ragatha's thighs, almost drooling with half-open eyelids, her lips slightly apart, eagerly awaiting to worship Ragatha's digital body.

Ragatha granted her the wish; and sat down.

Pomni immediately accepted.

She wrapped her hands around Ragatha's soft middle and pulled her even closer as she put her mouth to good work.



She hadn't eaten her out that often before, as Ragatha was usually rather shy about it — but it was always such a unique, hot experience. Even though the transformed human's crotch didn't feel like a normal vulva at all, it was still incredibly satisfying to stimulate her this way. Especially in this new position. Even the slightest movement of Pomni's lips or tongue made the woman moan and shiver. And once Ragatha began grinding her hips into Pomni's face, it was over for the poor clown. She was her puppet. Her xtoy. Ready to serve whatever, however long.

With all that had been going on, Pomni hadn't noticed how much she had craved this, too.

They hadn't really... talked about how to proceed after Pierrosie's birth. In reality, they had hardly discussed anything at all. For the past week, they had simply been... present. To observe, to cater, to understand. With little to no space left for interpersonal thoughts. Were they still a couple? Well... sure, right? But... they hadn't really talked about that. Pomni had agreed to take on a parental role (albeit poorly). And they had been intimate. They occasionally referred to each other as girlfriends.

Therefore, it was natural to assume that things wouldn't change after the pregnancy. But still, it had felt strange to Pomni. Most likely because everything seemed like it was on hold. Maybe part of her had also thought that Ragatha wouldn't need her anymore, in an intimate way. Maybe the pregnancy had been the reason the ragdoll had accepted Pomni's advances. Maybe hormones. Or loneliness.

But feeling the ragdoll now rocking her body against Pomni with this intense desperation made her realize that Ragatha still wanted her. Maybe even more than before.

After what could've been five minutes or one hour of grinding, with quite a few reclipplings of Ragatha's dress, she finally elevated her hips again, giving Pomni the illusion of air to breathe.

"**You good?**" Ragatha asked in a husky voice while brushing off some filling from Pomni's cheek.

"**Mm... mhhm . . .**" Pomni responded while nodding groggily, not fully realizing that her mouth wasn't in use anymore.



"**Good. I'm not done**" Ragatha added and lowered her hips again. Though this time not onto Pomni's mouth — but her chest.

It took Pomni a moment to understand what she was doing, but the moment Ragatha's crotch touched Pomni's pompom, she dug her fingers into Ragatha's soft thighs, gulping audibly.

Ragatha moaned loudly. Then looked at Pomni's face, and without breaking eye contact, lowered herself even deeper; Her self-made entrance now engulfing this part of Pomni. It made her moan even louder.

Oh f %* k. Oh s !? t.

This was so weird.

And so intense.

And so, so hot.

Once Ragatha was settled, she leaned a little forward, then shoved her thumb into Pomni's mouth, playing with it, while observing her face.



"Your... face is so beautiful when it's being used..." Ragatha panted while rocking her hips ever so slightly - careful not to accidentally detach from the pom-pom. Pomni could do nothing but exist, drool, and try to keep it together; watching this hot mom using her for whatever she needed.

She nodded; defeated, devoted.

"Gosh ... how I've missed this..." Ragatha continued with a flushed face as if she were literally drunk. **"How I missed you... I haven't noticed how much I needed this..."**

Pomni nodded again. She also hadn't noticed. There simply had been no free space left to do so.

"How much more I want you now... after seeing what a cute daddy you are... To our baby..." Ragatha went on.

Pomni made a weak noise of disbelief.

"I know what you're thinking," Ragatha commented on her lukewarm gainsaying. **"But you were at my side the whole time... barely eating... barely sleeping... just as concerned and curious as me... I**

don't care about your parenting skills... I care about your heart, and... goshdarn, is it in the right place."

Ragatha took out her thumb and shoved in the stylized row of fingers now, gently fingerf !%&? g Pomni's face.

She moaned helplessly, accepting the oral penetration, while her own fingers dug into Ragatha's sides, desperately playing with the newfound changes in her body. Not as a desire, but as a need.

"Mmmh... Pomni..." Ragatha moaned into the touch, then continued, "You make me feel so much... your baby makes me so happy... and seeing you holding her, looking at her in wonder, even being nervous around her as if you were trying your best to make good first impressions... it makes me experience emotions... I didn't know I could have... ahh...."

Pomni felt so aroused that the world began to spin. She had to hold onto Ragatha.

"I love having her with you. I love experiencing this with you. I love being this close with you. And even though I was fully prepared to go down this route alone... I am beyond grateful that you decided to join in, Pomni..."

Pomni could feel herself coming close to fainting again. She couldn't process Ragatha's words anymore. But she could feel them, in every inch of her mind.

And she served her for a good while longer, until they both finally did what they actually had been planning, falling asleep while embracing each other, right there on the ground.



When they eventually came back, they saw Zooble, Gangle, and Pierrosie lay on the sofa, cuddled up and napping. All papers had been filled with hundreds of abstract drawings of the little clown doll, with some anime sketches in between.

