

# SOFT BLUE LIGHT

By Piper Tee

Farah's shoes clattered to the floor, her feet practically sighing in relief to have them off. Behind her, Rose did the same, still clutching the leftovers from their dinner tightly in her soft blue hands. A little smile on her face made her cheeks stand out.

Both inside, they each felt a little more energized. As lovely as their trip to the restaurant was, they both appreciated coming back to the cozy little apartment. Streaks of yellow light from the sunset painted their walls with dazzling splashes.

"I'm going to go lay down for a minute. My hips are killing me from those heels," Farah said, giving her girlfriend a tender little kiss on her bare shoulder. Lifting her dress over her head and peeling her leggings off as she walked, she casually tossed them to the side in a heap as she approached the big and inviting bed in her favourite lacy bra and matching gaff.

Flopping back into the embrace of the bed, she closed her eyes and listened to Rose go about her business. Hints of her girlfriend going from room to room, a little clatter, a little clunk here and there and a trail of squishing footsteps echoing behind her as she walk around the apartment.

She heard her come into the room, and opened her eyes. Looking to the doorway, she saw her love in a cozy oversized sweater. Farah had bought that sweater ages ago, but decided that it looked so much cuter on Rose. Nearly down to her knees, fluffy but didn't hide her figure, and a soft pink that really complimented her blue and ever so slightly transparent body.

She patted the bed as an invitation for her girlfriend to join her. Rose eagerly joined and pulled a thin sheet over the two. Arms quickly entwining, they felt their warm bodies against each other. A heavy sigh came from Rose's little mouth as she snuggled in close.

"I know three months isn't exactly a huge milestone, but I'm so glad we celebrated it," she said, her voice soft and buried into Farah's shoulder.

"Three months is just as good of a milestone as any other!" Farah replied, running a hand against the top of Rose's head, where it was shaped to look like a lovely bobbed haircut. Farah always remarked on how great that style looked on her girlfriend, usually resulting in a blush.

Rose took a deep breath, her body language changing a little; stiff, more reserved, which Farah noticed immediately. She looked down at her slime girlfriend, placed a couple fingers on her chin and tilted her head up so her own brown eyes could meet with Rose's purple.

"Tell me what's on your mind, my love."

Rose started nervously tugging at the sleeves of the sweater as she moved herself to a cross-legged sitting position next to Farah.

"So... You know how I said I wanted to wait..." she said, trailing off.

"Of course."

"I." a deep sigh. "I think I'm ready now. Ready for you to..."

Farah grabbed her hands, stopping them from touching the sweater further, taking Rose's full attention.

"Do you mean... sex?" Farah asked.

"I... I think so..."

"My love, I want you to know. For sure, absolutely. We've talked about this before, I love you and I'm in no hurry." She adjusted her position to mirror her slime girlfriend, legs crossed.

"I'll be honest, I'm very nervous about this. But yes, I want this. I've wanted it for some time now, I just didn't know how to bring it up." A soft laugh came from her. "Part of me wishes you weren't so patient with me, that you'd given me a kick in the pants about this."

"Oh sweetie, you know I'd never. I'd wait for the sun to burn out if that's what it took." Farah pulled Rose close, hugging her tight.

"I know. I love you for that."

"I love you too." She placed a small kiss on Rose's mouth, her skin unbelievably soft, always tricking Farah's mind into thinking it was liquid for a moment. Another kiss, and another, passionate with excitement trailing behind. Her hand snuck up Rose's sweater, feeling her back and sides.

Briefly pausing the kisses, Farah spoke again. "You are absolutely certain you want this right now."

"Yes. Absolutely."

"Oh wonderful. I also want you to know you can stop at any time. Please stop if you are uncomfortable or uncertain. I want your first time to be lovely, don't think for a second I'll get upset if you end things, okay?"

"Okay." A content smile spread across Rose's face. She hugged Farah once more, as tight as she could. "Thank you, I love you."

"I love you."

Farah guided Rose's head to the bed sheets, so she could continue to kiss her: lips, cheeks, ear, jaw, all of her cute and round little face. She could tell Rose was getting aroused already - while her own skin would turn red with excitement, Rose's got little hues of green shimmering through.

The sweater found its way to the floor quickly; Farah was quite adept at taking Rose's clothes off, even if it previously hadn't gone further than make-outs, cuddles, and the occasional oral. This time was different though. Farah could feel her own excitement building, her underwear getting tight.

Her reading had taught her how people like her girlfriend reacted to types of touch. How nearly all of Rose's body would become receptive to the pleasure of insertion with enough arousal. How different it would be from when Rose was touched on the surface; whether it was the hands, body, or even inside her mouth.

"Oh Rose. I can't believe that the most beautiful girl around is here, in bed with me." Her soft and sincere words sent another wave of green blush over her partner's body.

A little moan of pleasure escaped from Rose's mouth, her hands reaching up to touch Farah's chest. Her skin was starting to loosen, enveloping Farah with her grasp. It was so very pleasant, Farah enjoyed having so much of her body touched at once. She quickly undid the clasp on her bra, and tossed it to the side so her bare flesh could be fondled by her lover.

The warmth on her breasts made her gasp. She laid down on top of Rose, supporting her own weight slightly into the mattress. Her kisses were long and wet, her tongue wriggling into Rose's mouth where it could taste the flavours. She never could know what to compare her to, a mix of contrasting but delightful tastes she was practically addicted to. Salt, sweet, floral and earthy, all at the same time.

Rose's arms looped behind Farah's back, pulling the two tight together, pressing Farah's bulging crotch into her slightly. Each felt tingles as they touched, each anticipating what may come.

"Take my panties off," whispered Farah between kisses, wanting to feel herself be freed. Rose's hands complied, moving from chest to crotch, tugging at the last piece of cloth separating the two. The two wiggled together in unison to get the panties as far off as possible, where they remained hooked on an ankle.

Farah laid back down again now that the task was complete. Chest to chest, stomach to stomach, her cock pressing gently against Rose's warm groin. Rose squirmed under the feel of it. She had enjoyed Farah's member a few times now, with her hands, with her mouth, even just watching. This was something else. The kisses got even more frenzied now.

Farah leaned back a little, shifting her weight to her knees, her face glistening with kisses. Her girlcock pointed in the air, eager to be put to use.

"One more time my love. Is this what you want?"

"Yes, oh yes." Rose said, her voice nearly squealing with joy.

"Okay, take a breath, I'll go slow."

She grasped her shaft with a couple of fingers to help guide it while she maintained eye contact. She started to gently rub the tip of herself against Rose's smooth crotch, pushing ever so slightly against the surface. She had done some reading on how to do this with women like Rose, she wanted to make sure that this would be as pleasurable as possible if it ever happened.

And it was happening. Farah's heart was pounding with excitement.

"Relax, relax, I'm going to push into you now, okay?"

"Okay." Rose's eyes were bright, her whole body pulsing with the faint green hue.

Using her hips, Farah put some pressure on Rose. The slimy soft body started to flex under the force. With a grunt, she had found her way in. Rose cried out in a mix of pleasure and a new, slightly confusing, sensation.

"Breathe honey, breathe," whispered Farah. "I'm not moving, adjust to this."

Farah watched Rose clutch at the sheets as she wiggled around, starting to understand the sensation. She moaned and squeaked a little, just from the feeling of the head of Farah inside her. Rose gathered herself slightly and wrapped her legs around Farah. The legs gave Farah a feeling of melting liquid on her, absorbing and spreading over her skin. Almost like honey, almost like cream, the legs seemed to join together, looping tight Farah.

Rose gave her a welcoming nod as she drew in a deep breath.

The thrust plunged Farah in deeper. She watched herself slide in, Rose's slight transparency giving hints at where her penis was, silhouetted by the setting sun. Farah groaned as she moved in further and deeper. She could barely comprehend how good it felt.

Hot, almost to the point of being uncomfortable, tight yet flexible, it felt as though Rose was flowing around her cock. She closed her eyes and kept pushing, she wanted more and more

of this feeling. Up to her base, her firm balls touching against Rose, going further in somehow as she was encouraged by Rose's pleased gasps.

She kept pushing, impossibly far. She opened her eyes and looked down, to try and figure out what was happening. Rose was starting to lose her ability to stay solid, still holding form, but so much more liquid, so much more gooey. Farah's hips were becoming enveloped by Rose's body, tingling wetness climbing up her, sending sparks of pleasure through her skin.

Farah went prone again, their breasts touching together, Rose's warmth drifting into her own body. She kept her face just above Rose's, a small gap, just enough space for their hot breath to mix together as they both moaned and gasped.

Worried she might push right through and hit the mattress, she started to use leverage her legs into thrusting motions. It was a bit of a struggle, as Rose was sticking to her ever so slightly, but she continued. She worked up and down in her lover, each thrust squishing into her.

"Faraah..." Rose called out into the air, barely able to get the word out of her mouth.

"My little Rose." she replied between groans.

Her body kept getting softer, more pliable; each surge of pleasure running through loosening further, making her come undone. Farah could feel sticky tendrils clinging to her body. They seemed to wrap around her without any command, instinctively wanting to feel more, to take in more.

Farah shifted her weight, attempting to place a hand on Rose's shoulder for support. It effortlessly pushed through, deep into her body, reaching the sheets below. Another surge of pleasure shuddered through Rose as the hand entered her, her whole body receptive to touch.

The room started to go dark as the sunset fell below the horizon. It was then that Farah began to notice it - a faint, almost unnoticeable blue glow coming deep from inside Rose's core, trickling out through her translucent body. Farah smiled as she continued to thrust. She knew that this was a possibility, she knew that it was something that Rose might do. But she didn't expect it. It was rare in Rose's species, or so the books she read had said. Yet here it was: she was glowing in joy.

This encouraged her further, her whole body sinking further into her lover's form with each thrust, her sweat mixing into the slime that was practically coating her at this point.

"I..." Rose tried to speak, her mind swirling.

"Yes?"

"I want to get on you."

With a purr of pleasure, Farah helped roll Rose and herself over, getting onto her back. Her hands were barely able to grab onto anything of her partner, sliding through.

The weight of Rose on top of her was wonderful as she sat upright on Farah, her body dripping down all over her, thick tendrils of pulpy goop sliding onto Farah. Rose's form was losing its structure, Farah watched her body endlessly melting. Some would splat down, more would be drawn back up from the puddles forming on the bed, and on Farah, going back into the core of Rose.

Rose gyrated her hips on Farah's cock, even and smooth thrusts back and forth, gasps of pleasure as she rocked on her lover. Farah could feel Rose's body melt onto her shaft, loose, drippy arms placed on Farah's solid chest barely providing support.

The blue glow was getting a little brighter now. Farah could see it easily, pouring into the room as the two pushed into each other. Rose flopped onto her, unable to stay upright anymore, letting Farah be covered in the silky slime. From neck to shin, she was enveloped as Rose desperately contracted and relaxed her whole body, giving Farah tight squeezes. Farah could feel a puddle forming around and on her.

"Oh Faraaah..." she said with haggard breath, the glow getting brighter still, almost filling the room.

Farah ran her hands through Rose's thick, warm body, swiping paths through her malleable form, seemingly giving Rose the same pleasure as her cock. She continued thrusting upwards into her girlfriend, hips working under the weight of her body.

The two found a rhythm, their bodies flowing together, Farah practically drowning in Rose. Thick globs dripped down, some landing in her mouth as they thrust. She drooled them out, tasting the ever so delicious fluids on her tongue. But she noticed they were ever so slightly sweeter now, even more intoxicating, at that moment she wanted to drink up Rose.

Farah could feel Rose's body shift even more, ripples tensing across her body, tightening and relaxing, the light shimmering across her. Her sounds of desire and satisfaction gurgled out of her.

"I... I..." she stammered. "I love you Farah!"

"I love you Rose, my little Rose."

Rose's orgasm was a wondrous sight. Shivering and shuddering, her inner light came to the surface, a voice squeaking out as she poured her joy onto Farah. Farah noticed how the walls were covered in beautiful blue light that shifted as Rose's pleasure raced through her, reminding Farah of reflections off of water. Reminded her of the Northern Lights. Rose's body still pulled tight as if it were a single muscle, before it would release and tighten again.

Farah watched as she continued to thrust slowly, continued to rub her arms through her love, the body giving almost no resistance anymore. She kept swirling herself through Rose, the two entwined in ways Farah didn't know possible before. The glow started to fade, but did not diminish fully, still painting the room in soft blue light, shining in Farah's eyes.

They laid together like this for some time, letting Rose gather herself, her body slightly starting to regain some of its form. She eventually dripped off of Farah, pulling her still liquid self across her lover's body, forming a puddle to her side. Now next to Farah's sweating body they hugged as Farah pulled the sheet over the two to avoid becoming chilled as they basked in the feelings.

The stars twinkled gently through the bedroom window as the two held each other.

"That... Was amazing." Rose said, her voice bubbly and warm.

"Yes. Oh yes it was. What a wonderful way to celebrate."

"Look at this!" Rose held up her own arm into the air, seeing the faint glow inside. "I've never done this before!"

Little giggles came from her as she waved her arm through the air, earning a huge smile on Farah's face.

"I have to say, I'm a little envious. My body doesn't do fun things like that."

"Oh Farah! Don't say that, your body is amazing! And it definitely does lots of fun things," she said. "Speaking of, did... Did you not finish?"

"No. But it's fine, don't worry, I had plenty of fun."

"Are you sure? I could-"

"I swear, I am plenty satisfied right now," Farah laughed, cutting Rose off. "This was the most enjoyable sex I've ever had in my life."

"Same for me," Rose said, laughing.

"Hmmm, and I'm sure next time it'll be even better."

"I don't know how, this was magical. I love you so much."

"I love you too, Rose."

The two cuddled together, Rose's body slowly regaining its shape, and the lovers drifted off to sleep, the blue light still not faded.