

Women Can't Be Friends

by Pan

Lindy and Mia

"Of course women can't be friends," the speaker replied, rolling his eyes. "The sex always gets in the way."

Lindy didn't even know why the algorithm had served her up this particular video; it was one of the political pundits she liked the least, 'destroying' college students with his incredibly stupid take-downs.

Wow, a man in his late thirties who does this for a living can outtalk a teenager. Didn't make him a great mind. Didn't make his points any more valid.

This one seemed particularly dumb, even for whatever his name was, and Lindy found her attention being pulled away from the piece she was drawing (she used YouTube to keep her company during the long hours of sitting and working on commissions) to the idiot on the screen.

She should have skipped the video. But instead, she sat and listened.

"Shem Speyer?" Mia asked, as they sat on the couch. "The alt-right guy?"

"I know, I know," Lindy said, rolling her eyes. "He's a moron. But..."

She trailed off, and Mia gestured for her to continue.

"The things he was saying were so stupid. So wrong, so obviously, hilariously dumb...and I just thought about how much I wish I was there, how easy it would be to just pick it all apart, and show why it was wrong."

"Checks out," her friend nodded. She'd come over to help Lindy pick out a dress for her date that night, and Lindy had found herself telling her about the video.

"And I couldn't," Lindy sighed, looking at the wall.

"Of course you couldn't," Mia said. She was a short blonde with a sweet face and an acidic tongue. "You weren't there."

She spoke slowly, as if talking to a moron.

“No, I mean...I couldn’t work out how to counter it.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, I couldn’t actually...” – Lindy was blushing now, her face growing closer to the shade of her long red hair – “...like, pierce his logic.”

“You think he’s *right*?”

“Of course not! I just don’t...know why he’s wrong.”

Mia stared at her friend, a half-smile on her face like she was waiting for Lindy to get to the punchline.

She waited for more than twenty seconds before filling the silence.

“You’re serious.”

“Of course I am. I mean, he’s wrong. Right? He is!”

“Of course he’s wrong.”

“I mean...women *can* be friends.”

“Yes, Lindy,” Mia said flatly. The tone was there again, but now it was like she was talking to a toddler. A toddler who was also a moron. “*We’re* friends.”

“Right. Of course.”

Again, there was a silence, and again Mia was the one to break it.

“Lindy, are you trying to...come out to me?”

“No!” Lindy said, her voice louder than she’d meant it to be.

“Because, it’s fine if you’re–”

“I’m not a lesbian,” she said. “I’ve got a date with Todd tonight!”

“Bi?”

Lindy shook her head. “I don’t think so. I mean, no – that’s not what I’m trying to say. I just...”

She trailed off again, her eyes silently begging Mia to help her out.

“Lindy, honey, you’re gonna have to give me something here. Do you want to show me the

video?”

Lindy shook her head. “I can tell you what he said.”

“Okay.” Mia was flummoxed, but it was clear that her friend was agitated. “What did he say?”

“He said that women can’t be friends, because the sex gets in the way.”

“Right. You told me that part. And again...”

Mia gestured to the two of them, and Lindy nodded.

“Yeah. But he said that...even if both the women are straight, even if they’re not interested, they’ll still end up...y’know. Together.”

“That is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard,” Mia said flatly.

“He said that women are just so...inherently attractive, it’s like it transcends their individual sexualities.”

“Oh yeah, totally. That’s why I’m constantly having sex with every woman I know.”

Lindy shot her friend a look.

“I’m sorry, stupidity makes me snippy. Go on.”

“That’s kind of it,” the redhead said, her blush creeping up again.

There was a long silence.

“That’s *it*?”

“Yeah. And I know it’s wrong, but I...I can’t work out why.”

Mia’s look of derision had turned into one of worry. “You okay, Linds?”

“I’m fine. I just...I think I just need to talk it out.”

“Okay. Well, obviously you and I aren’t having sex.”

Now it was Lindy’s turn to throw her friend a look.

“I know.”

“So doesn’t that, like, prove it wrong immediately?”

“I mean, we haven’t had sex...yet.”

Mia tilted her head to the side, and her next words were delivered slowly.

“Lindy, we’re not going to have sex.”

Lindy nodded, but then shook her head. “No, I know. I mean, I know we’re not. Right? Of course we’re not. You’re married to Mike, I have a date tonight. We’re straight.”

“Yes. I love you dearly, but I don’t think you’re attractive.”

As soon as the words were out of Mia’s mouth, she wished she’d chosen her wording more carefully. She knew Lindy was insecure about her weight, and after years of working out had finally gotten down to her ‘pre-college’ size.

Sure enough, a mask of hurt flashed across her friend’s face, and Mia was quick to backpedal.

“That came out wrong. Of course I think you’re attractive – I just don’t want to...to kiss you.”

The look of hurt lingered.

“Why not?”

Mia pressed on. “I mean, of course I want to *kiss* you, you’re gorgeous. But I don’t want to...y’know, have sex with you.”

“But you do want to kiss me?” Lindy asked, her smile returning.

“Yes,” Mia nodded confidently. “Of course.”

“And you’re attracted to me?”

“Yes,” the blonde nodded again, smiling. She seemed to have gotten out of the mire she’d found herself in. “But just to be clear, this isn’t going to turn into a thing, right? Because, like you said, we’re straight. I’m married. You like Todd.”

“Right,” Lindy nodded, a strange look on her face.

“Okay,” Mia said. “Now...how about...–”

Her suggestion that they start going through Lindy’s closet was interrupted.

“You want to kiss me?”

“Sure.”

“Right now?”

Mia’s eyes widened slightly, but she couldn’t think of a reason why not.

“Okay,” she said. “One kiss.”

She leaned over on the couch, and pressed her lips to Lindy’s.

Her friend’s mouth opened slightly, and their tongues touched, and for a moment Mia forgot where she was.

She didn’t know how long the kiss lasted, but when they broke apart her breathing was heavier.

“That was nice,” Lindy said, and Mia nodded.

“See,” she said, smiling. “Speyer has no idea what he’s talking about. Just because friends kiss, doesn’t mean...”

She trailed off as Lindy leaned forward and kissed her again. This time, Mia put her arms around the redhead and pulled her close. She was a good kisser, and even though they’d never been attracted to each other, even though Mia was straight – and married! – there was something very sexy about her lips and tongue and her breath.

They continued kissing for a while, Mia losing herself in the pleasure of her friend’s mouth, when she realized Lindy’s hand was on her thigh.

“Wait, wait, wait,” she said, pushing the other woman away. “Sorry, sorry, it’s just...”

“What?”

“Kissing. We were just talking about...kissing. Not...”

“You see what I mean?” Lindy said, confusion on her face. “I mean, did that *feel* like a friend kiss to you?”

Mia nodded, as firmly as she could. “Yes. Lindy. That was a friend kiss. Just friends.”

“Friends with benefits,” Lindy joked, and the blonde rolled her eyes.

“No. Kissing is just...friendly. Like hugging. Friends kiss.”

“We don’t,” Lindy said, and Mia shook her head.

“Well, no. We just did. So we...we do.”

“Do you normally kiss your friends?”

Mia shook her head. She’d never been one of those girls to Katy Perry it, no matter how much her boyfriend didn’t mind.

“You’re a...special friend,” she finally offered, and Lindy shot her a look.

“So you don’t think the kiss was...you know, sexual? At all?”

“No,” Mia said. She tried to laugh, and failed. “It was like...kissing my grandmother.”

Lindy raised one eyebrow. “You kiss your grandma with tongue?”

Mia was forced to admit that she did not.

“I feel like we’re getting off-track,” she said, raising her hands in defeat. “Aren’t we meant to be getting you ready for a date?”

“I liked kissing you,” Lindy said, refusing to be side-tracked. “And...I think you liked kissing me.”

There was a vulnerability in her voice, and Mia couldn’t help but nod.

“This is what he was talking about,” Lindy said softly. “Women can’t be friends.”

Mia decided to try another tack. “Lindy, I’m sure lots of women are friends and have kissed, and never slept together.”

“Like who?” Lindy asked, her expression making it clear that she knew how Mia would respond.

“Like us,” she said anyway, and the redhead shot her a look.

“No, really. Name two.”

Mia sat in silence, and as she went through her mental rolladex, was acutely aware that Lindy’s hand had never left her thigh.

“There must be some, right?” she finally said, and Lindy shook her head.

“I don’t think there are,” she said, a note of sadness in her voice. “I think Speyer is right. Women can’t be friends.”

Mia’s entire body slumped. “What are you saying, Lindy? You don’t want to be friends with me any more?”

“I *want* to,” Lindy said, shaking her head. “I just...I mean, I love having you in my life. But...now I know...”

“You don’t know anything now,” Mia said firmly. “You just watched a tiny idiot with a huge platform talk about something he doesn’t understand. That doesn’t mean you have to agree with him.”

“But what if he’s right?”

“He’s not. I promise.”

“I think he is.” Lindy’s hand was drawing patterns on Mia’s skin now, but the blonde woman couldn’t bring herself to push it away. “Women can’t be friends. The sex always gets in the way.”

“It doesn’t have to,” Mia said, her voice barely above a whisper. “We can just...we can just keep being friends.”

Lindy shook her head.

“Please, Lindy...”

Lindy didn’t respond. Instead, she leaned in and kissed Mia again, her hand moving further up the blonde’s thigh.

“Don’t,” Mia said weakly, when they broke apart, her breathing heavy. “I don’t want...we shouldn’t...”

“You do,” Lindy whispered, and this time her friend couldn’t argue.

Lindy’s hand was under Mia’s skirt now, and she pushed her panties to one side and ran her finger along the length of her slit. Mia had never been touched by a woman before, and it was...it was...

“Stop,” she said, pushing the other woman away again. “This is so wrong. You have a date. With Todd. Who is a man. And you’re going to have sex with him. I’m going to go home and have sex with my husband. Who is a man. And when we next see each other, we’ll be friends. Just...just friends. Nothing else.”

There was desperation in Mia’s voice, and she didn’t know who she was trying to convince – Lindy or herself.

To her relief, Lindy didn’t lean forward and kiss her. If she had, Mia didn’t know if she’d have been able to resist.

“Friends who kiss?” Lindy said, a small smile playing on her lips.

“Friends who kiss. Sometimes. Like, special occasions.”

“Friends who touch each other?”

Lindy’s hand moved back to Mia’s thigh again, and the blonde had to take a deep breath before she could respond. It was hard to focus on anything except how turned on she was.

“I’m married, Lindy.”

“That’s not a no.”

“This is wrong,” she pleaded.

“You’re not saying no.”

“What if someone found out?” Mia asked, her voice soft as a the fluttering of a butterfly’s wing.

“I won’t tell if you don’t.”

“Please...” Mia said, but didn’t know if she was begging her friend to stop or to continue.

“Tell me you don’t want this,” Lindy said, her hand still resting on Mia’s thigh, her thumb now stroking her skin gently. “Say the words. Tell me you don’t want this, and I’ll stop.”

Mia froze.

Lindy’s face was flushed, her green eyes bright and piercing. Her lips were open slightly, and her chest rose and fell as her breathing became more labored.

“Say the words,” Lindy repeated, and Mia looked at the ceiling, then the floor, then the wall, anywhere except into her friend’s eyes.

“Please,” she whispered again.

“Just say the words.”

Mia didn’t. She couldn’t.

“Please,” she said instead, and felt Lindy’s hand slip into her panties, and her index finger slip inside her slit.

She let out a low moan, and Lindy smiled.

“Please,” Mia said again. “...don’t stop.”

The redhead’s smile broadened, and before Mia knew what was happening, her friend’s lips were on hers once more, and the room was filled with moans.

Considering she was straight, Lindy’s fingers knew exactly what they were doing, expertly teasing Mia as they kissed, her mouth and tongue filling Mia’s world. The whole experience was intoxicating, and Mia knew this wouldn’t be the only time they did this. She was straight. Lindy was straight. But she couldn’t deny it...

Women couldn’t be friends. The sex always got in the way.