

Women Can't Be Friends

by Pan

Audrey and Heather

“You didn't really mean that, did you?” Audrey asked, as her brother came down off the stage. She didn't normally go and see him 'debate' college students, but when his national tour had brought him to her small town, she figured she'd go along and support him.

Shem and Audrey had always gotten along. She didn't agree with all of his politics, but she loved him, and she knew that he believed in his message.

That's why his statement had confused her so.

“Of course I do,” her brother said, wiping his brow with a handkerchief.

“Shem, seriously? I'm friends with all kinds of women. I'm friends with my mother-in-law!”

“Are you?” he asked, shooting her a piercing stare, and Audrey faltered.

“Oh you know I don't keep up with that kind of thing,” Heather tutted, bringing Audrey a mug of tea. “Doesn't he go viral every few weeks?”

“Yes,” Audrey admitted. “But this one...”

The numbers had been staggering. In less than a week, eighty million people had seen the clip. “Shem Speyer DESTROYS heterosexuality.”

Such a strange title – in stark contrast with Shem's conservative, pro-family values – had made millions click on it, but it was more than that.

Something about Shem's words had stuck in people's brains.

Audrey hadn't been able to stop thinking about it herself. Even now, as she watched her mother-in-law cross the kitchen, it was hard not to view her in a new light. The curve of her hips, the way she bent over the table, her plump ass...

Heather was only fifteen years older than Audrey. She'd had children young, and Audrey had married a younger man. They'd gotten along from the moment they met, quickly becoming firm friends.

Friends. Definitely. They were...they were friends.

It was ridiculous to even contemplate they were anything else.

Anything...more.

“Is something wrong?” Heather asked, and Audrey realized she’d been staring.

“Oh! No,” she said. “Just...”

She trailed off, unwilling to admit that she’d let her brother’s words creep back into her head.

Of course women could be friends.

Heather was her friend.

They were friends.

Nothing more.

“Your cheeks are red,” Heather said with a chuckle. “Thinking about my son, I hope.”

Audrey loved her husband. Even four years into their union, they still had a healthy sex life. They’d even started talking about having kids.

Not once had she been tempted to stray. She’d never even *looked* at another man.

Of course, Heather wasn’t another man.

“Yes,” she lied. “Yes, of course.”

She sipped the tea, desperately thinking of something she could say, some way she could change the topic.

Some way she could get her brother’s ridiculous idea out of her head.

“Have you ever considered dating?” she asked, before she could think better of it. Heather’s husband had died before Audrey could ever meet him, and Heather had never even mentioned anyone else.

“Me?” Heather laughed. “Oh, I’m past that.”

“Of course you’re not,” Audrey scoffed. “You’re a beautiful woman.”

She couldn’t believe what she’d said. She didn’t know where the words had come from.

It was just...the truth.

“Flatterer,” Heather replied, but she sounded pleased.

Audrey could have dropped it. She could have changed the topic, or made an excuse to leave.

But for some reason, she didn't.

"I mean it," she pressed. "Heather, you're...you're very attractive."

Heather smiled, a little unsure. "Thank you," she said again. "So are you."

Audrey was sure she was imagining the hint of flirtation in Heather's voice.

She had to be.

She *had* to be.

They were just friends.

"I'm just saying, a woman as beautiful as you...you shouldn't be alone."

Heather shrugged. "I have my children," she said. "Though I wouldn't say no to a grandchild..."

She waggled her eyebrows at Audrey, but the younger woman refused to take the bait.

"And I have you."

Audrey bit her lip. She didn't trust herself to speak, she didn't know what words would come out. There was a long silence, and Audrey could hear her own heart pounding in her chest.

"I promise," Heather said, reaching out and resting her hand on her daughter-in-law's. "I'm happy."

Audrey nodded. That should have been the end of it.

But the words were spilling out of her mouth before she could stop them.

"I'm attracted to you," she said, her eyes wide, her voice shaking.

Heather was the one who was silent, now. Her eyebrows shot up at Audrey's confession, her lips parting in surprise.

But her hand was still resting on Heather's.

Audrey had never wanted anything more than she wanted to take the words back. She wanted to take it all back, to unthink it all. Of course women could be friends, her brother was just an idiot.

Except...he wasn't. He was one of the highest-paid political pundits in the world. He was famous – or infamous – internationally. And even though Audrey didn't agree with everything he said, she respected him.

If he said something, even if it was wrong, it was worth consideration.

“Oh,” Heather said softly, finally breaking the silence.

“I’m sorry,” Audrey replied. “I...I don’t know why I said that.”

“I’m flattered,” her mother-in-law said. “I...”

“I’m sorry,” she said again. “I just...”

Her mind was racing, trying to find a way out of this. She’d put herself in a position where she could never again have a normal relationship with her mother-in-law, and it was her own damn fault.

Neither of them spoke...

But Heather never let go of her hand.

Audrey looked up, meeting her mother-in-law’s eyes.

“I’m sorry,” she stammered. “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Heather said. She smiled, her eyes crinkling at the corners. “I...I just didn’t know that you were...”

“I’m not!” Audrey said quickly. “I promise. I’m straight. I love your son.”

“Okay,” Heather said. “Okay.” Audrey could tell that she was confused.

That made two of them.

“I’m attracted to men,” she said, as though that would clarify anything. “I’m attracted to your son. But...”

She looked down at their joined hands.

“You’re...I just wanted to make sure you knew that you were...that I...”

Heather’s smile returned. “Thank you,” she said softly.

If Audrey had been able to stop there, maybe the conversation would have returned to normal. If she’d released her mother-in-law’s hand, perhaps they could have resumed their previous relationship, pretended nothing had happened.

But Audrey couldn’t. Or at the very least, she didn’t.

“I need you to know that I’m attracted to you,” she said, her eyes searching the older woman’s. “I’m sorry if that makes you uncomfortable.”

Heather gulped, but didn't say anything. The silence stretched on, the women holding hands across the table.

"You are very attractive," Heather said, surprising both of them. "I'm...I'm attracted to you too."

Audrey wished that her mother-in-law's admission didn't fill her with warmth. She wished that the butterflies in her stomach would go away.

But they didn't.

"Okay," she said softly, unable to stop a smile from crossing her face.

Heather giggled, squeezing her daughter-in-law's hand. "I've always thought you were a beautiful woman," she admitted. "My son's a lucky man."

Audrey blushed, looking down at the table. "I'm lucky," she said. "To have him."

The two of them stared at each other, and Audrey would have given anything to know what was running through her mother-in-law's mind.

Did she feel the same things that Audrey did? Was her heart pounding in her chest, was her head spinning? Was she feeling a sense of excitement and terror and arousal all mixed together?

Was she imagining running her fingers through Audrey's hair?

Or...kissing her?

Audrey had never kissed a woman before. She'd never even considered it. But suddenly, the idea was all she could think about.

She didn't know who moved first, but within seconds, their faces were inches apart. Audrey was breathing heavily, her skin burning.

"Audrey..." Heather breathed.

"It's okay," she said. "We're just..."

Heather's hand was still gripping hers, the other on her wrist. She was so close, so close.

"We're friends," Audrey whispered.

"Just friends," Heather echoed, her eyes fixed on Audrey's lips.

And then they were kissing.

It was gentle, at first. Soft, almost chaste.

And then it wasn't.

Audrey's mouth opened, her tongue pressing forward, her whole body pressing forward.

She wasn't sure which of them moaned first. She wasn't sure which of them stood, pulling the other to the bedroom.

All she was sure of was the heat between her legs, the warmth of Heather's mouth, the feeling of the older woman's body under hers.

All she was sure of was that she didn't want it to stop.

Heather was a good kisser. It wasn't like kissing a man, of course, but it was nice. It was soft, warm, tender.

Gentle.

More gentle than Audrey wanted her to be. She wanted her mother-in-law to press her into the bed, to hold her down, to kiss her and fuck her.

She wanted Heather to release the past decade of sexual frustration that she'd surely felt. She wanted it all directed at her.

Audrey wanted Heather to *use* her. Audrey wanted to pleasure her, to bring her to the heights of ecstasy, to make her cum again and again. She wanted to know what her mother-in-law was like in the throes of passion.

She wanted to know how she would taste.

"Heather," she breathed, as her mother-in-law's kisses turned to her jaw, then her neck. She was taking it slow, her tongue tentatively tasting Audrey's skin, her fingers threading through her hair.

"Heather," Audrey gasped again. "Heather..."

She finally pulled back. "I've never done this," Audrey admitted, her face flushed.

"I have," Heather said, a mischievous smile appearing on her face. Audrey didn't think she could have been more shocked if her mother-in-law had revealed that she used to be an astronaut.

"With a woman?" she squeaked.

"Mhm," Heather purred, her lips returning to her daughter-in-law's throat. "All-girls school."

Audrey's eyes widened.

Maybe women really *couldn't* be friends.

"Does your son know?"

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him," Heather said, her voice a low growl, and Audrey

realized she was talking about more than her sapphic past.

“Show me,” Audrey breathed, her pussy aching, her hands roaming across her mother-in-law’s back, her waist, her ass. “Teach me.”

Heather didn’t need to be told twice. With a low moan, she pushed her daughter-in-law onto her back, straddling her.

“Like this,” she said, pressing their bodies together.

“Like this,” Audrey repeated, and the women were kissing again.

Audrey’s hands found their way under her mother-in-law’s clothes, the warmth of her body radiating through her, her breasts heaving. She was touching and being touched, her entire body alight with arousal.

“Heather,” she gasped, when her mother-in-law reached between Audrey’s thighs.

“You’re wet,” she purred, a wicked gleam in her eye.

“I need...”

“I’ll give you what you need,” Heather promised.

And she did.