

## Women Can't Be Friends

by Pan

Rachel and Elle

"I can't believe we're interviewing Shem fucking Speyer," Rachel groused.

"Have you seen the video?" Elle responded.

Rachel also couldn't believe that Elle was in her greenroom again. Ever since the doe-eyed blonde had joined the team two weeks earlier, she'd invaded Rachel's space more and more frequently.

Rachel liked to be left alone before shows, to get herself into the right headspace. She also particularly liked to be left alone by the bimbo who had boobed her way onto Rachel's show.

"No," she admitted. She would before the segment, but watching viral videos wasn't high on her priority list. Especially from people like Shem Speyer, who were famous for having stupid opinions.

"Me neither," Elle replied, staring at herself in the mirror. She was fixing her lipstick.

Rachel rolled her eyes.

"But my boyfriend was telling me about it. It makes a lot of sense."

When the young, buxom news anchor finished touching up her face, she was met with the skeptical stare of her colleague.

"Are you serious?"

Elle faltered. Rachel had a decade of seniority over her, and was known across America for her toughness. To say she was intimidated by the older woman would be an understatement.

But Elle knew that she respected women who stood up for themselves.

"Yes?"

Rachel laughed, a dry, mirthless chuckle. "Explain," she said, and Elle felt her stomach drop. She loved journalism, but she knew that she couldn't hold her own in a debate with Rachel Levy.

"Well..."

But if she didn't try, she would never be able to. She'd never improve without messing it up first.

"He says that women can't be friends, because the sex always gets in the way."

"And you agree with him?" Rachel smirked.

Slowly, reluctantly, she nodded.

"Why?"

Elle paused. She was trying to come up with an answer, but it was hard when Rachel was staring her down.

"Because making friends with women is hard," she said softly. "They judge you for your looks, for your clothes. They get jealous, thinking that you're trying to steal their husbands. Sex always gets in the way."

Rachel's eyes widened. She was clearly impressed to receive such an honest answer from her new co-anchor.

When she didn't say anything, Elle continued.

"I mean, are we...are we friends?" she finished lamely.

"We're not," Rachel replied flatly.

Elle nodded. "Right," she said, glancing back at herself in the mirror.

The reason was clear.

Rachel was a beautiful woman. She had an ageless, timeless elegance, and was the most famous television personality in the country. Her long brown hair and piercing blue eyes were familiar to viewers across America, and she received thousands of pieces of fan mail each week.

She was gorgeous and graceful. Classy. And that was before you even considered her silver tongue and sharp mind.

But when Elle entered a room, the focus was on her. Even when across from one of the most powerful women in the country, men's eyes went right to Elle.

Of course, Rachel was jealous of Elle.

"I don't mean to offend," she said, but her co-worker waved her off.

"I'm not offended," she said. "I think you bring...something unique to the show. But we're not friends, and we never will be."

"Right," Elle said again, and there they were once more: the unspoken words.

Because sex was getting in the way.

“But that doesn’t mean women can’t be friends,” Rachel continued, her derision for the idea clear in her voice.

Elle was silent.

“Women can be friends,” Rachel insisted, but Elle noticed that she hadn’t provided any further support for her argument.

Despite her appearance, Elle wasn’t stupid. One doesn’t survive a career in TV journalism – let alone get on one of the most-watched shows in the country – without brains.

Rachel didn’t have any evidence to support her claim, which meant that...she might be wrong.

Elle might have a chance – perhaps her only chance – to earn her respect. To prove herself to the older women.

“So we could be friends?” she asked.

“Of course we *could* be,” Rachel scoffed. “We just aren’t.”

“Why not?”

There was a pause, as Rachel’s eyes narrowed. It was a look that Elle had seen a thousand times before.

She knew that Rachel *liked* being challenged. She liked the thrill of debate, and she liked to win.

And she always won.

But if you could survive more than a few rounds, she’d respect you. And since the moment Rachel had dismissed Elle as nothing more than a pair of tits who had fucked her way onto the show – which, for the record, she had *not* – the blonde woman had craved nothing more than the respect of Rachel Levy.

“Because...”

Rachel’s eyes flicked down to Elle’s top. She wanted to tell her that she hadn’t chosen her outfit, that the costume department had given her the white shirt that showed off her cleavage, but she knew it wouldn’t do anything. Rachel would condescendingly ask if Elle was unable of making a request, and she’d have to admit that she knew why she’d been hired, that she knew what was expected of her.

And that she didn’t mind.

“Because we work together,” Rachel said through thin lips. Obviously not a real excuse, and they both knew it.

“You’re friends with Steve,” Elle replied. He was the director of the show, and had been for the entirety of Rachel’s tenure.

“We’ve known each other for a decade.”

“So you can only be friends with people at the ten-year mark?”

“No,” Rachel admitted.

“So why can’t we be friends?”

To Elle’s surprise, Rachel faltered. Rachel *never* faltered.

“We’re just too different.”

“Different how?” Elle pressed. When her co-worker hesitated once more, the blonde pushed a little harder. “I’m a tough cookie. You can tell me.”

“Fine,” Rachel snapped. “Because I’m smarter than you.”

Elle shook her head, a smile on her face. She wasn’t insulted – Rachel’s opinion of her intelligence had been obvious since the first moment they’d met.

“You’re smarter than everyone,” she retorted. “Hell, you’re smarter than Steve. If that were your criteria, you wouldn’t have a friend in the world.”

Rachel frowned. Elle had never expected to survive this long in the debate, and she decided to take advantage of the moment.

“We can’t be friends because we’re both women,” she said, crossing her arms. “And women can’t be friends, because the sex gets in the way.”

Her co-host’s brow was furrowed now, and she wasn’t sure if the older woman was more angry or surprised by how the conversation was going.

“You can’t seriously believe that,” she snarled, but Elle noticed that she still wasn’t offering anything to support her case.

“I do. And judging by Speyer’s numbers, I’m not the only one.”

“So you’re saying that we can’t be friends because...because...”

“Because of sex,” Elle concluded.

The look on Rachel’s face showed that the older woman knew she’d lost.

“Fine,” she said, her voice soft and dangerous. Rachel never lost, and rather than gaining a newfound respect from the result, Elle was suddenly nervous.

What if Rachel hated her, now?

“If we can’t be friends because of the sex, then let’s have sex.”

Elle blinked twice. That wasn’t what she’d meant at all. She had interpreted Speyer’s argument as referring to sexual *jealousy*, not sexual *attraction*.

But it seemed Rachel had thought...something else.

“What?”

“If women can’t be friends because they’re too busy *fucking*,” – Elle had never heard Rachel swear before, and it felt wrong – “then let’s fuck.”

“I...we...”

“Unless you’re saying that women *can* be friends, that is.”

Elle’s eyes widened as she realized what was happening. Rachel was bluffing. She’d shown her hand – if Elle backed down now, her victory would dissolve.

But if she pushed her bluff, if Rachel was the one to fold...

Elle could win. She could gain the respect of the woman she admired the most, and prove her value as a co-host.

“Okay,” she said, a quiver in her voice.

“What?”

“Okay,” Elle said. “Let’s fuck.”

If Rachel was surprised by the response, she didn’t show it. Instead, her gaze was steady as Elle moved to the greenroom door and locked it.

She turned back, and the pair stared at each other. Elle tried to swallow, but her mouth was dry.

“Come here,” Rachel said, her voice low. Elle refused to back down, refused to give in.

Instead, she obeyed.

The blonde woman crossed the greenroom and stopped a few feet away from her co-host. Her heart was pounding, and it was only partially due to fear.

“Here,” she repeated, a little firmer, and Elle’s heart began to pound.

She stepped forward.

She was close, now, so close. She didn’t think she’d ever been this close to Rachel. When she’d

started at the studio, she'd gone in for a hug, but had been rejected in no uncertain terms.

Rachel didn't hug.

Her expression was...something. It was stern, but not cold. It was a challenge.

"Well?" Rachel demanded.

"Right," Elle breathed. She'd expected...she didn't know what she'd expected. She'd never done anything like this before, had never even *thought* about doing anything like this before. She'd kissed other women, sure, but always with an audience. To impress a boyfriend, or get the attention of a guy...

Never like this.

Elle's hand was shaking as she raised to Rachel's cheek, to her jaw. Her co-host didn't flinch at her touch.

"Right," she repeated, leaning in. Rachel didn't lean forward to meet her...but nor did she pull back.

Elle could feel the older woman's breath, hot against her skin. Her heart was beating so fast, she was worried it would explode.

But she couldn't back down. Not when she was this close to...to winning.

And so they kissed.

The kiss was soft, and gentle, and it made her stomach do flip-flops.

She was kissing Rachel Levy. The woman she'd idolized for her entire career. The woman she'd been so, so excited to work with.

The woman who had, in no uncertain terms, rejected everything about her.

They were kissing. She was kissing her.

It was better than anything she could have imagined.

Rachel didn't respond at first, but as Elle's hand slid from her jaw to the back of her head, to her hair, the brunette finally returned the kiss.

Her lips were so soft. Her skin was so warm.

Elle had been nervous, at first. Now, she was emboldened.

She had won. She had proven her point.

She pulled back, a smile on her face. But Rachel didn't look contrite. She didn't look like a

woman who had just lost.

Instead, there was a challenge in her eyes.

Right. Kissing wasn't sex. Kissing was kissing.

Sex was sex.

Elle leaned forward and kissed her again, more firmly, pressing her tongue against the older woman's lips. They parted, and soon the two women were exploring each other's mouths, Elle's hands running through her co-host's hair.

The kiss went on for several minutes. Minutes where Elle forgot the world around her, where nothing mattered except the warmth of the older woman, the feeling of their bodies pressed together, their lips interlocked.

When her consciousness surfaced at last, she knew that she'd have to be the one to move things forward. To push past kissing...

...into sex.

Her hands found Rachel's ass, surprisingly firm, and the brunette moaned into her mouth. Elle couldn't help but wonder...was she aroused?

Was she turning Rachel Levy on?

With a gentle push, Elle directed her towards the couch, until Rachel fell backwards. The blonde paused, taking in the sight.

Rachel Levy, the most powerful woman in television, lying back on the couch. Her hair was tousled, her cheeks were flushed, and her skirt had ridden up to reveal a teasing amount of thigh.

Elle felt a strange desire to tear her clothes off. She wanted to pin her to the sofa and fuck her. Not to win the debate...well, not *just* to win the debate.

It was a little because Rachel was always so poised, so well put together. Seeing her like this, a little disheveled, a little messy...

It was nice.

But more than that, it was because Elle wanted to.

She wasn't gay. She loved her boyfriend.

But she really, really wanted to.

"Well?" Rachel demanded, a hint of anger in her voice.

Right.

Elle didn't waste time on foreplay, though Rachel didn't seem to mind. She was gasping as Elle's fingers worked their way up her thighs, her panties already wet as the younger woman pulled them off.

"Yes," Rachel breathed.

Elle had never eaten a woman out before. She'd never even considered it. But the moment the older woman's legs parted, the moment she could smell her pussy, she couldn't resist.

Her tongue pressed forward, her hands finding her co-worker's waist, pulling her closer, pulling her into her. Elle had never given a moment's thought to whether Rachel Levy shaved, or waxed, or kept herself neatly trimmed, but when her mouth pressed forward, she realized that her co-host was completely untrimmed.

A full bush.

It was strangely sexy.

Rachel was moaning, her hands reaching down, grabbing Elle's head, her fingers tangling in her hair. The young reporter gasped, her whole body on fire, her mouth burning with the taste of Rachel's sex.

She was doing it. She was having sex with her co-host.

And it was hot.

"Yes," Rachel moaned. "Oh god, don't stop..."

Elle was happy to oblige. She pushed her tongue inside, exploring the older woman's pussy, her fingers digging into Rachel's skin.

"Don't stop," Rachel panted, and Elle could tell that she was close.

Her tongue worked faster, harder.

"Don't..."

She was going to cum.

Elle was going to make her *cum*.

Doing as she always wished men would, Elle maintained her speed as the older woman's orgasm overtook her. She continued at the same pace, her tongue and mouth and lips working as Rachel cried out, her body shaking, her muscles clenching.

When she was done, Elle sat beside her on the couch, giving her a moment to recover. When her



eyes opened once more, they looked...soft.

Elle had never realized how tense Rachel always was around her. She knew she didn't like her – it was a thought that stung more than a little – but she'd never considered that the older woman could be *scared* of her. That she could consider her a threat.

But now that tension was gone, and it made her look years younger.

“Wow,” Rachel breathed.

“Wow,” Elle replied, leaning in and kissing Rachel gently on the lips. She didn't resist, and when Elle's tongue teased her mouth open, Rachel moaned.

Elle finally pulled away and glanced up at the clock. They still had ten minutes before they were due in make-up...and Elle knew her own body well enough to know that would be more than enough time.

“My turn,” she said. Again, Rachel didn't resist, dropping to her knees in front of the young blonde.

As she lifted Elle's skirt and lowered her head, the young woman sighed. She knew they'd do this again. It was too easy to imagine their future – secret make-out sessions in the greenroom, in the office, wherever they could find a spare moment.

Perhaps their chemistry would translate to the show. Perhaps they'd become a power duo, and everyone would see Elle as more than just a pair of tits.

But no matter what the future held, Elle knew one thing for certain. They'd never become friends.

Women never could.