

Raunch: Huffington Post Says Friends Should Have Casual, Meaningless Sex

I don't know whether to laugh, throw up or both. A reader tipped me off to this Huffington Post article by D.A. Wolf headlined "5 Benefits of Having a Friend With Benefits." In case you're not hip to liberal-speak, "friends with benefits" refers to the "progressive" idea that it's really cool for friends to use each other for casual, meaningless sex.

What could possibly go wrong?

Writes Wolf:

"Some of us believe that friends with benefits can be mutually enjoyable and perfectly suited to our needs—not just when we're very young, and not as a matter of explicitly avoiding commitment.

"In fact, it seems to me that friends with benefits gets a bad rap, as if women aren't supposed to feel desire (in general) or lust (in particular)—especially once they become mothers, or if they're 'of a certain age.'"

Yes, nothing says "I respect you" like using your "friend's" body to sexually gratify yourself.

Wolf then asks the following:

"When we're putting the pieces back together after a divorce, isn't discovery of our newly single sexual self part of the process? Don't we want to enjoy the flirtation, the fantasy, the sensation and the sense of well-being that comes from sexual foreplay and sex itself? Who doesn't love the jolt of energy, the boost to mood, the sparkle of feeling fully alive that comes from great sex?

“And don’t we feel reassured when we re-engage with our sexual selves after divorce or a tough breakup?”

Yes, again, nothing gives a woman a “sense of well-being” like being exploited for casual sex by some jerk who calls himself her friend yet uses her like a piece of meat. Giving away the milk for free? Now that’ll earn you some respect. The fellas will be lining up around the corner with marriage proposals. But they’ll have to wait on all your “friends” to get done “benefiting” first.

Ms. Wolf, a veritable fount of “progressive” wisdom, blah-blahs on:

“In my opinion, especially as a mother, if you’re looking for sex but not in a position to pursue something more, whatever exploration you undertake, you owe it to your kids (and of course yourself) to do it safely.”

How thoughtful. Parent of the year material. Hear that, kids? Sure, mommy’s a trollop—and sure, she’s hooking up with all the guys at the office—but she’s “doing it safely.”

Aren’t we proud of mommy?

Wolf drones on:

“One of the advantages of a friend with benefits is freedom from overly romantic attachments. ... So why not experiment with your special friend, if the thought appeals to you?”

Exactly! Why not? For that matter, why short-change yourself? Why go gratis? You’re basically there anyway. Fifty bucks a pop would sure help with those Botox injections.

Wolf concludes:

“I admit that I was a fan of the friends with benefits model from an early age. I love being in love, but that sort of attachment doesn’t come around every day. Friends with

benefits—in my life—was just right, several times.”

Really? Only several times? Mommy has lots of “special friends,” doesn’t she? Your children must be so proud. “Hey, everybody! Look what my mommy wrote in the Huffington Post!”

And the great news? Once the feds figure out how to make this whole Obamacare thingy work, you’ll get all the herpes meds you can swallow—for free!

Now that *is* a “benefit” you can share with your friends.

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