

## **WIBTA if I asked my ex best friend to be my plus 1 to my ex's wedding?**

*posted in r/AITAH by TealLightning ten hours ago*

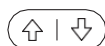
My ex (m34) is getting married this weekend and my date just bailed. I (28f) really don't want to go alone. I want to ask my ex best friend (m26) to be my plus 1.

But this ex best friend stopped speaking to me a while back. My older sister says it's because he's in love with me and I've been leading him on for years and he's just trying to get over me. But there's no way. My sister just got engaged and now she looks at everything with hearts in her eyes.

I miss him so much though. I feel like if he came to the wedding with me, it's a win/win. I'm not alone and we can catch up and it would be just like old times.

My younger sister says I would be the asshole if I did, because he would never be able to say no to me and I need to let his broken heart heal. But he's dated a ton of women who are not me since I last talked with him; clearly he's over his crush, if it was ever there to begin with. Which it wasn't.

Would I be the asshole if I asked him to the wedding?



 12 Comments



**thepoopsmith**—YTA

**itsholabitch3s**—ur the asshole. just leave him alone. god. if he wanted to be friends with u he would be speaking to you rn.

**shenanigans007**—NTA. Nothing wrong with asking. What's the worst that could happen? Seriously? A girl can't ask a guy to a wedding anymore is that what this is. This world is seriously f\*\*ked up yall I can't even right now with this

**raspberrylimeseltzerwater**—wait you think it's a win/win because YOU wouldn't be alone and it would be "just like old times" when clearly something went down that must've hurt him and changed everything? you're the assholeeeeeee

**iap384771oo1**—hey that's a good point. what actually happened last time you spoke to this dude, OP?

**TealLightning**—Nothing. I was at the bar he was working at and that's when I met my ex actually. That was the night my ex and I first hooked up.

**raspberrylimeseltzerwater**—something's missing from this story. why does your sister think he has a broken heart? what did u do to hurt him?

**TealLightning**—Jfc, I didn't do shit to him. So what if we kissed for the first time earlier that week? He knew it meant nothing, I knew it meant nothing. It meant nothing. Doesn't mean he gets to throw away sixteen years of friendship over it.

**iap384771oo1**—seriously you want him to go to the wedding of the guy you chose after kissing him for the first time? after he's loved you for years??! you're the asshole

**raspberrylimeseltzerwater**—that's what i thought. we're always missing some part of the story. YTA, OP, sorry not sorry

**shenanigans007**—yeahhh. yta. you're the f\*\*king asshole bitch I can't even explain how much rn, god this world is so freaking messed up, a guy can't even try to avoid a girl he loves anymore, I just?? you know?

**TealLightning**—whatever. I'm gonna ask him just to spite y'all. And after that I'm deleting this dumb post.



i've Been sitting in my car at the parking lot of cranberry Rose Company for almost twenty minutes. My ex, Nate Bowen, owns the place.

But I'm not here to see him.

My sister Sage and her man, Tenn, work here, too. Not here for them, either.

I suck in a breath when a tall, dark-haired Cuban American fellow steps out of the barn, pushing a wheelbarrow full of . . . I'm not sure what. Wood chips?

"Finally," I mutter, and get out of the car.

I push my nerves all the way down as I approach him, until my legs feel steady enough to walk without tripping all over myself. All morning, my heart has felt like it's grown iridescent, indigo-bunting wings and is vibrating against my rib cage. I couldn't even eat breakfast.

Since when have I ever been nervous to talk to Carter?

*Since he melted your boy shorts off with a single kiss last summer,* my brain responds.

I close my eyes, and when I open them again, Carter's looking right at me, a line between his furrowed brows. "Teal? What are you doing here?"

I try not to notice the dark clouds in the distance. If I do, they'll get here even faster.

"I'm—" I cough. "Um." I stop when I'm six feet away. I'm close enough to notice the way he looks at me like I'm some kind of a stranger to him now. Like we didn't spend our childhood collecting coins for the ice cream truck, eating our Choco Tacos and strawberry shortcakes in the big alder tree behind his mama's old house. Like I didn't call him every time Johnny made me feel like

shit, knowing that just Carter's voice would make me feel better about my life, about the fuckup I'd become.

I'm *not* close enough to him for dangerous things. Like to smell his cologne — Polo Green by Ralph Lauren, with its notes of citrus and leather. I'm not close enough to make out the sugar-sweet pink of his full lips. I'm not close enough to remember how they felt around my nipple through my bra — warm and wet and *everything*.

He frowns at me even more deeply. "Sage and Tenn aren't here today. They're working in the field."

"Carter," I say, and my voice breaks and I hate it, I hate it, I *hate* it. Thunder rumbles way too close. I'm running out of time. I always feel like I'm running out of time when it comes to Carter these days.

This time, his eyebrows rise in worry. "Teal, what's wrong? Is it Nadia? Is it —"

"No. Nothing like that." I shake my head firmly and inhale. One-two-three-four in, and out to the count of eight. *Just say it*, I will myself. And I do, in one whole breath, so fast even I can barely understand myself. "Do you wanna go with me to Nate's wedding on Saturday?"

I'm not the asshole, I swear I'm not the asshole. Carter and I might've kissed — *once* — but if it meant something to me? I wouldn't have gone off with Nate just two days later. And if it meant something to him? He wouldn't have slept with every woman under the age of forty-five in Cranberry in the last year.

I just want my childhood best friend back. That's it.

But with the way Carter's jaw tightens, and his eyes narrow — it looks like that's not going to happen anytime soon, if ever. "Weren't you going with Andre Castle?"

"No." Yes. I was, till Andre got sick of my bullshit and

dumped me just yesterday. “Anyway, I just thought we could, you know, go, as friends. And—”

“I already have a date, Teal.” Carter’s voice is as sharp as the art I saw at the gallery downtown a couple of weeks back, full of glass blown in veins of edges and blades. “And now I have to work.”

He dismisses me by angling the wheelbarrow away and marching down the hill toward the garden beds.



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