

Buttah Love Diaries: Started From the Bottom, Now We're Nowhere.



Someone once told me to never date your best friend; that it can be gift or a curse. Maybe, I should have listened. I wanted to believe that dating my best friend would be better than any other relationship...but it clearly wasn't meant to be.

Now, our foreseeable breakup has left us trembling at the termination of two relationships: one romantic, one friendship.

I met him during my freshman year in Algebra class. He walked in wearing a fitted cap and some fresh KDs. We bonded over hating math and our long-term relationships with our respective high school sweethearts. I keep him awake in class and he gave me answers on the test from other students.

We ate lunch together often throughout the week. Sometimes we would study together at the library or hang out in my dorm room. He played basketball with my boyfriend at the time a few times a week at the gym. My mother and his god-mother were lunch buddies at work.

We fit.

We were friends; best friends. I confided in him about my life and relationship disputes, and he told me whenever his girlfriend was acting up. We were there for each other.

We were both combatting trust issues in our relationships, but his never made it, while mine dragged along.

It was the end of our junior year, and I had just ended my four-year relationship. He expressed his feelings for me during a time when I felt unloved and unappreciated.

He came to my rescue.

"I've always wanted you since we met, but I didn't know if you felt the same," he said.

I was shocked, yet felt warm inside. I knew everything about this man—his likes, dislikes, how he likes his food, his favorite music and he knew the same about me.

Everyone could see he had feelings for me, but not me. I guess I was clouded by what I thought would be my future husband after college.

I had to kiss him to know if what he felt was real. It was. So much so that we ended up in bed together.



He was sweet, gentle and catered to my every need. He knew how I wanted it. At the time, I had never been with someone, who was so in tune with my body. But I guess when you've yearned for something for so long, it becomes natural.

He knew how to touch and where to touch; the minutes felt like hours, maybe days. I couldn't remember. It was better than being with my ex-boyfriend, like he prepared for this moment.

After that night, we took things slow to get to know each other on a deeper level beyond our friendship.

Only my best friend and his best friend knew. We were careful not to be public, at least on campus. We saw each other every day after classes. We were both passionate about each other, so much so that when he argued it was almost like WWII. No one could calm us down.

One month into dating, he found out he had a baby on the way. He said it was a one-night stand from a few months ago and he wasn't even sure if he was the father. What do you think I did?

I stayed. Part of me hoped it wasn't his. I had never been with a man who had a child. For months he bypassed the baby issue only focusing on us, until the night she went into labor.

For 16 hours my mind raced. He's my best friend, but also my man. How are we going to maintain this relationship with him now being a dad? I'm young, I like attention. Now, I have to share my attention.

He wanted me to come to the hospital. At this point, I assumed the girl knew nothing about us or else she would not have agreed for me to come.

Don't trip!

I went but I didn't touch the baby, just looked, chatted for a few, and then

left. I accepted my fate. I always wanted to have someone's child first, as husband and wife, but I guess there was nothing I could do at this point but accept the inevitable.

In Maury fashion, he was the FATHER!

Here I was. 20, dating my best friend, who has a baby with someone else. Of course, he accepted responsibility as a dad and a boyfriend. Things got serious quick. More dates, spending nights together, home cooked meals, for Christmas, we went to see the lights in the city, and officially meet my mom. I even met his mom not long after.

Fast forward 9 months later.



I wasn't pregnant but simply looking to be acknowledged. He started being around a lot less. When I said something about it, he suggested he start bringing his son around, so he could spend time with both of us.

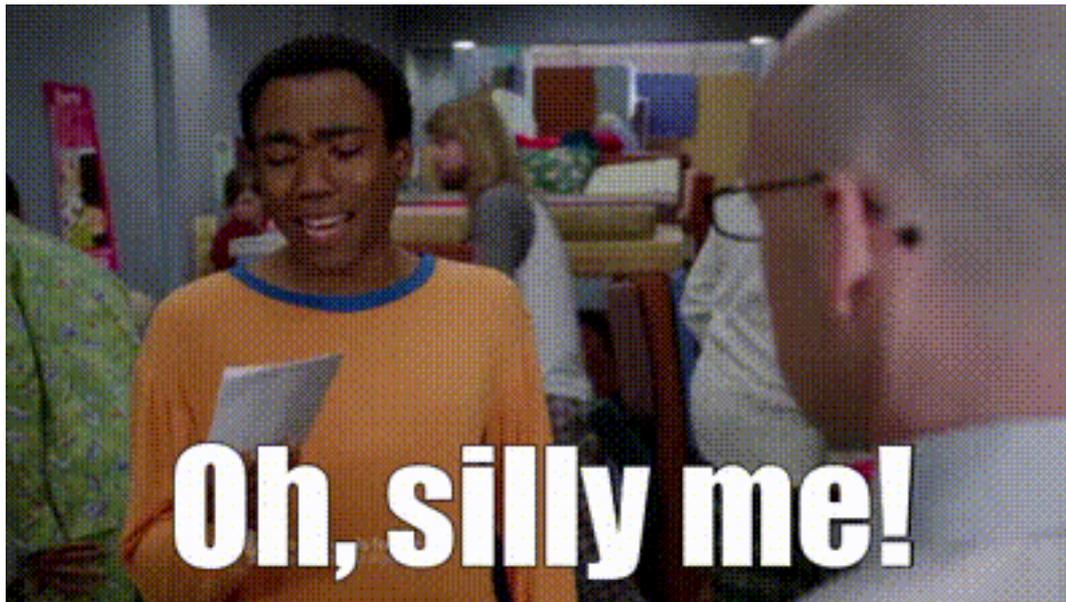
I agreed under one condition: he tell the mother about me.

She had told him numerous times that if he ever brought another woman around their child that she would move across the country. I'm not sure how serious she was, but I didn't want to be the reason why he didn't see his child, therefore, he had to tell her.

We argued about it for weeks.

Although I didn't say the words back, he told me he loved him one night after being intimate. I loved him, but only as a friend.

I thought he would do anything for us to be together. But after showing me that our relationship wasn't worth the risk of fighting for, I decided to walk away. It was hard for us to call it quits. On the surface, we fit perfectly. We knew everything about each other, or so we thought. We were more complex than either of us cared to notice as friends.



Six months after we broke up, he was back with the mother of his child—living together and engaged. I found out from stalking his Instagram page. Don't judge, I'm sure you've done it too.

I guess, he wouldn't risk us because I wasn't her.

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