

Sex and the...

...single girl

There are few bigger turn-offs than unsexy sexting, reckons **Laura Jane MacBeth**

Sexting, eh? We've all done it. Okay, perhaps we haven't all done it. What I really mean is, I have. A few times. But one thing I think we can all agree on is that there's nothing worse than a bad sext session, as I discovered this month when an ex-fling made a mobile-based reappearance.

It should really have been the start of an exciting – or at least entertaining – sex venture. But while he's good at some things, the quality of his erotic output is sadly lacking.

He kisses me 'hungrily with a low growl' (weird). He enjoys 'the sudden rush of colour' to my cheeks (unlikely) when he traces my thigh with his knuckle (*knuckle?!).* He envisages me 'squirming' in the back seat.

Hands 'delve', taking my 'breath away momentarily'. Stuff actually *pulses*. It's an uncomfortable mix of Mills & Boon and terrifyingly scientific jargon, and it's one massive mood kill.

The thing is, I have had good sext. Streams of the stuff.

Endless, button-pushing filth that's kept me up till 3am, and run a close second to the sex itself.

Which only makes these texts more disappointing.

It's like being in bed with someone and feeling too awkward to point out that if they keep doing *that*, with the same force/speed/unpredictability, they might injure you (*always* point this out).

On the plus side, it's far more straightforward to up and leave a sext conversation (no errant knickers swallowed up by the bed; no having to whisper-call a cab from the bathroom).

So that's what I did, without so much as a goodbye kiss. However 'hungrily' he 'craved' one.



PHOTOGRAPHS ANTONIO PETRONZIO. HAIR AND MAKEUP VICTORIA BARNES

...not so single girl

If you love your man, shouldn't you also love his hobbies? There's a limit, says **Jo Usmar**

My friend has a new man. He's clever, funny and beardy. Perfect, except for one thing: he loves camping. I don't mean in an Alan Carr way. I mean in a 'he knows what a Primus stove is and how to use it' way. This would be fine, except my friend *hates* camping. In her idea of hell, there are leaky tents, no electricity, a broken water pump and a hole in the ground with 'toilet' spelt out above it in twigs. Which is why I guffawed when she said she was braving the great outdoors with him. "I want to pretend I'm open to new experiences," she said. "But you hate new experiences," I told her. "Especially ones involving sleeping on the floor." But off she went in her new waterproof slacks, hoping to make a good impression.

Then I thought about *my* hobby adopting. Ben likes football. Don't get me wrong: he's not one of those scary shouty, toothless men with a tattoo of Gazza on his back, but he knows his way around a pitch. When we first got together, I went to watch one of his Sunday-league matches and found myself bellowing, "WHO ARE YER?" when his team conceded a goal. Apparently that's not good touchline etiquette and I was given a lifetime ban. But, seven years later, I'm proud to say I know my Arsenal from my, er, elbow.

My interest in football has definitely made things easier for us. But what if Ben's hobby had been tightrope-walking between cliffs? Breeding tarantulas? Or even camping? I would *never* have got involved, which could have been a deal-breaker for both of us.

"How did it go?" I asked my friend on her return. "Pretty terrible," she said. "And now he's refused to come swing dancing with me." Well, I guess everyone has their limits.



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