

Sex *NOT SO* AND THE SINGLE GIRL

Take one smart man...

... then never make the mistake of telling
him quite how clever he is, says Jo Usmar

The morning after a girls' night out, my boyfriend Ben found me hugging the toilet and crossing my fingers for a quick death. 'Good night?' he asked. 'Yeah,' I mumbled at the cistern. Once I was able to talk, I explained, 'We've worked out what's been going on with that guy Claire's* dating.'

To fill you in, after five dates he'd never so much as attempted to hold Claire's hand, let alone kiss her. 'He's clearly seeing another girl at the same time, but thinks that if he doesn't actually snog Claire, it's not cheating,' I announced. 'It sounds to me like he's a virgin,' said Ben, before sauntering off.

What? A virgin? Why would he be...? And then a dusty lightbulb pinged on in my smudgy brain. He *is* a virgin! It explained everything. I crawled to my phone to give Claire the good news.

'He's not seeing someone else – he's a virgin!' I shouted. 'Now's not a good time,' she replied. 'I woke up in the bath.' But a week later Claire reported back to me that Ben had been right.

I decided to see whether this spontaneous relationship insight was a one-off, and told Ben about another friend who'd suddenly broken up with her long-term boyfriend. He'd been as keen as a slaving whippet, buying her expensive

presents every other week (though he wasn't rich) and kowtowing to her every whim. She'd never said she felt suffocated and swore on her brand-new shiny MacBook (a gift) that she wasn't seeing someone else – so why had she given him the boot? 'He's compensating for something with the gifts,' Ben mused. 'He's probably shit in bed.' Turns out she hadn't had an orgasm in three years.

My boyfriend, I realised, was a problem-solving machine! He could spit out life-changing relationship nuggets in a sentence. I was about to inform him of his new-found genius when

I paused. If I told him he was right about my friends' problems, wouldn't I effectively be saying he was right about all of *ours* too? I'd never win a domestic disagreement again. By default, I'd be saying I'm always wrong. Every argument would be won with one smug raised eyebrow. I'd have created a monster!

There was only one thing to do: 'You know Claire's asexual bloke...?' I said innocently. 'Turns out he wasn't a virgin after all! I held my breath. Surely he'd recognise my 'I'm telling a whopping lie' face? Ben didn't even turn around. He had *no* recollection of what I was talking about. He just shrugged and went back to the telly. Yes, I do feel a tad guilty. But it's for the good of our happy home. It's not healthy for *anyone* to know they have that kind of talent. Now I just need to keep him away from this issue of *Cosmo*...

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