

# DAWN PORTER *shares...*



FOLLOW DAWN  
ON TWITTER@  
HOTPATOOTIES  
EMAIL DAWN AT  
DAWN.PORTER@  
STYLIST.CO.UK

## *I'm too sexy for this meeting...*

In a recent business meeting I felt horribly uncomfortable with my appearance. What I was wearing was inappropriate, I looked way too sexy.

I was overdressed because I was meeting a friend afterwards. For dinner I looked hot, but for sitting in a small room with a slightly awkward Beta male wearing a wedding band and pink socks, I looked all wrong.

As I looked down at my leather thigh-high boots, my shiny black leggings and my bright red nails, I had one thought and one thought only: 'I am dressed like a dominatrix. Uh oh!'

As soon as I sat down I became overtly aware of my own sexuality. I was sitting with my legs crossed and my back straight. Worried I was seductively arching it I leaned forward. This exposed my chest as my top was low-cut - I hitched it up. As I was leaning forward this just looked like I was wobbling my breasts at him. Like strippers do when they cup and wobble their boobs in men's faces? I kind of did that. To a man I didn't know. In a meeting. Excellent!



SHARON STONE IN BASIC  
INSTINCT: NOT AN OFFICE  
WORKWEAR INSPIRATION

In this situation I was not empowered by my sexiness at all, it was nothing but an embarrassing hindrance that made me feel completely insecure. I wished I had worn a jumpsuit with shoulder pads and baseball boots. Or another outfit that any man would undoubtedly look at and say 'I don't get it'. Rather than what I was wearing, which simply said 'sex'.

I looked at him hoping to convey my non-sexual enthusiasm for our conversation, but I completely forgot what part of someone's face I was supposed to look at when I spoke. Into the eyes felt all wrong, way too intense. But if I wasn't looking into his eyes then where hell was I supposed to be gazing? I tried to remember previous conversations that I had had throughout my life, and where

I had looked during those, but I couldn't. I couldn't remember anything. I looked at him like I was looking at a face for the first time. Clueless. Wanton... Horny? Aghhghgh!

My eyes circled his features, which panicked me further as I thought he might think I was looking for the perfect place to plant my totally-

**"I WISHED I'D WORN A JUMPSUIT WITH SHOULDER PADS AND BASEBALL BOOTS RATHER THAN ONE WHICH SIMPLY SAID 'SEX'"**

over-glossed-and-juicy lips. I settled on the end of his nose and kept my eyes locked on that. Well aware of the fact that now, without a shadow of doubt, I was cross-eyed.

I was a mess. Totally overwhelmed by my own sexiness. Unable to see myself as anything but a big set of knockers with juicy lips that gave too many men the wrong idea, even though my intentions were quite the opposite.

At dinner with my friend I told her all about it.

"It was all in your head," she told me. "You're just paranoid about how you are perceived by people. He probably didn't fancy you at all."

"Really?" I asked. "He didn't fancy me at all?!" Damn!

Why dds  
are funny  
creatures...

Due to my dad being rather partial to eating a whole packet of crackers with half a ton of cheese every night before bed, I try to encourage him to swap the cheese for houmous. On the phone a few nights ago I asked how he was getting on. He said "You make me eat so much houmous, I am turning into a houmosexual." You've gotta love a funny Dad...



LIKE WORLD PEACE AND ANT  
AND DEC... WHO DOESN'T  
LOVE HOUMOUS?

The Breast Cancer Moonwalk on 15 May is getting closer and we are stepping up our sponsorship efforts. Please support my team of 10 ladies as we walk through the night in our bras to raise money for breast cancer charities. This is our page at [justgiving.com/teamcoppafeel](http://justgiving.com/teamcoppafeel). THANK YOU xxx



THE BREAST CANCER  
MOONWALK - PINK  
IS MANDATORY