

Dancing Naked, Slut Shaming, and Shit Sex...

The Feminine Woman | 1 September, 2016 | by Renee Wade

She barged into my room without knocking. What were you doing?! She said. She crossed her arms and looked me up and down. Then her mouth moved up in the shape of a smirk. "Ahh, you were dancing. Don't think I don't know exactly what you were doing." I looked downwards, the 17 year old me, knowing my mother would never approve of me dancing. I was even looking at myself in the mirror. Worse. I was enjoying dancing and looking at myself in the mirror.

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"Get that towel off your head!" she yelled. Only sluts wear towels on their head. "What?" I asked. "I'm wearing a towel around my hair to dry it." I said. "Take it off immediately. You're not allowed to act like a slut in my house."

"I said you're not allowed to tie that towel around your head. Ever. Again."

This sums up a lot of my teenage years with my mother. This was a long time ago. Don't worry, my mother and I love each other very much despite our issues.

Yet, you can have a guess, my mum had many ways to ensure I feared the act of being totally sexually alive, I did what I thought was being a "good girl" to avoid hurting my mother. Who doesn't want to be a good daughter, right? Well, I did, anyways.

That sounds all okay – but "good girl" me really was just a closed person, dulling my own wildness in case I did something wrong.

So, when my husband and I fell in love, the good girl restriction melted away, and made way for all the wonderful hormones of falling in love and meeting the man I am meant to be with.

Until...

A while after my husband and I first hit it off, I started clamming up at the thought of sex. The old fears about not being "good" came out.

This is many years ago now, but I remember it like it was yesterday. We had an argument about something I can't even remember...but during that argument, in anger, I said something like "what do you want from me. You only want sex from me. You don't love me!" And he said back in frustration: "No way, you don't understand, sex with you is shit!"

Well, ouch.

Now, just in case you mis-understand us, I'll confirm...my husband wasn't being abusive in any way. He also wasn't condemning all the sex we'd ever had, it was just his expression in that moment. He was telling the truth of how he felt at that moment, in response to my accusation that he [only wanted me for sex](#) (because that's what my mother always told me about men, too). And you know what they say...the truth hurts.

Let's be honest here...

Women dull their sexuality for other women who are threatened by them. Threatened by sex.

They also dull their sexuality to avoid being hurt, or raped by men. But we can also dull our radiance, our aliveness and sexuality for other women.

That is horrible. Because we can't live like that! We sacrifice ourselves so that others don't have to feel the truth. It's our responsibility, and ours only, to ensure that we live a full life, and I truly believe we must do this, otherwise, we grow old, and our bodies know we pushed down important parts

of ourselves that have been screaming to be let out, so we become resentful, and fearful of death.

And yet...

Sometimes women just can't let themselves surrender to their emotions, and connect with their innate [feminine personalities](#), and be sexually open to themselves, and be sexually open in a devotional, sacred way, to a man they trust.

Having sex is not being sexually open. And being sexually open doesn't mean having sex. Sexual openness involves (among other things) an aliveness and bodily awareness, and it's about moving energy through the body.

It's hard to let ourselves do that when we fear our own emotions; which is fearing ourselves.

I've heard young girls call their friends sluts for borrowing another male student's jumper. Anything goes with women when we're threatened.

Recently, myself and an acquaintance of mine (who I will call Fi) were talking about our high school days and she told me about how the girls were sleeping around in high school, and she had one steady boyfriend, whom she hadn't slept with yet.

And Fi's girlfriends always felt less attractive than her. So they would call her a 'slut' (serious) for no reason. Fi said to me 'what was all that about anyway... I used to think about it and wonder... is it just because I'm better looking than them, that they call me a slut?'

We're competitive with one another, for many reasons.

(There Are Exactly 7 Signs That A Woman is Perceived as Low Value to Men. Do You Know What They Are? (& How to Avoid Them Like the Plague)? [Click here to find out right now...](#))

And for those of us who are sensitive creatures, who are naturally quite light feminine in energy, and who want friends, who want to be [true and loyal](#), who want to stay close with other women, we can dull ourselves for the sake of not making other women feel bad.

And we all know somewhere inside of us that women who are unafraid, who are not asking for permission, are inspiring, but sometimes threatening.

These women are a reflection of who all of us truly are: unapologetically ourselves. But a lot of us don't allow that experience in us because other people have attempted to desensitise us to ourselves, and we also actively try to dull our own sensitivity to ourselves for the larger societal acceptance.

This is one reason why we're not as proud of our feminine anymore. We're all about dulling ourselves, desensitising and being disconnected, being successful, being independent, and using makeup and clothing and selfies (attention) to try to [feel beautiful](#) when feeling beautiful comes from moving energy through our bodies.

You know what I'm talking about, right?

Feeling beautiful is just that: a feeling.

(By the way, I want to teach you 5 secrets to having your man fall deeply in love with you and beg you to be his one and only. These 5 secrets are inside of my brand new DVD, and right now it's FREE. [Click HERE](#) to get yourself a copy before they run out!)

Naked dancing for connection to ourselves and sexual openness

And here is the crux of it: if you can't dance naked feeling, caressing (whatever word you wish to use) your breasts and vagina, loving them deeply, enjoying the skin on skin contact whilst feeling all that has been waiting to feel – then perhaps you're not feeling as sexually attractive as you could be.

Perhaps youâ€”re not feeling as open as you could be.

Perhaps youâ€”re not feeling as free as you could be.

And youâ€”re surely not letting yourself be sensitive to your bodyâ€”s feedback – which is essential for being able to gauge a manâ€”s intentions. As a rule, the less sensitive you are in your body, the less sensitive youâ€”ll be to how others treat you; and perhaps to a manâ€”s actions. And the more bad stuff you might tolerate because you donâ€”t let yourself FEEL it.

And what Iâ€”ve noticed is that when we donâ€”t feel attractiveâ€”

When we perhaps use make up as a way to hide thingsâ€”

When we hide from what actually makes a woman feel attractive (like allowing energy to travel freely through your body, making you alive), we become resentful.

Itâ€”s not healthy to pretend we donâ€”t need to feel attractive. Sure, not everyone will think Iâ€”m attractive, but I should definitely have the capacity to feel attractive.

Why? Because it makes a [woman feel alive](#). And confident.

Imagine not allowing ourselves this experience...what would happen as we get older? We get rigid and resentful and angry. And we feel more and more threatened by other women, even hating them for having what we reject in ourselves.

So, go...

Connect with yourself. Let yourself feel yourself. And always, stop if it is all becoming too much for your nervous system and you feel unsafe. The key is to go to a safe place and let yourself be free, where nobody can hurt you.

Dance all of you out...let the happiness flood every twinkling star in your extremities, let the hurt be felt, let the sensitivity you have be felt.

This is what it means to be you. I donâ€”t care how you currently feel about your figure, whether you feel good, horrible, or okay.

Feel your breasts and your thighs...

You go and put some music on – some earthy music (whatever that means), and get naked and dance. Feel your breasts, feel how incredible they are.

Feel your thighs, where thereâ€”s all this [feminine energy](#). Feel how wonderful they are for keeping you standing, for holding you up, for letting you stand tall.

Feel your vagina, feel how it opens to the world when itâ€”s safe and trusting; feel how it wants to open and let in only a man who is truly worth it; who is an actual trustable man.

Feel how it knows when to close...feel how it knows when it needs more time to trust a man, more talk, more trust. Feel how it yearns for more passion and aliveness and more masculine energy.

Never reduce your vagina to the task of sleeping with a man that you donâ€”t trust, or hate. A lot of women do this as a way to try to be enough. But thatâ€”s not a good idea.

And, never do [sex for the sake of keeping a man](#) around. The resistance you feel to sex is real, and there for a reason.

Dance.

Dance some more, do it naked. Do it song after song, after song. Feeling yourself with your hands and with your emotions...becoming more alive and more of you, touching the parts of you that make you feel a woman. Feel love flowing through your hands and fingers as you give your breasts and vagina the love

and devotion they deserve.

They are working hard for you.

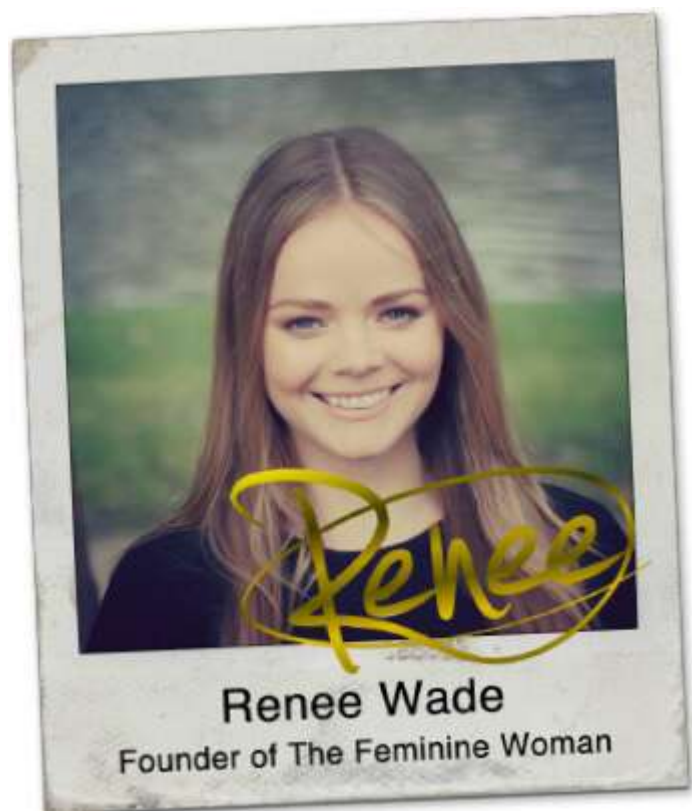
And, remind them that you love them. They are part of what makes you vulnerable, and they are also part of what makes you strong.

As you dance, let the tears flow if they need to, and allow yourself to feel all of you, exactly what you are:

BEAUTIFUL.

Do you know what attracts a man? [Click here](#) to learn the 17 Attraction Triggers.

Love,



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