

COME BACK TO YOUR BODY

A BODY CONNECTION WORKBOOK

FANTASY AS MEDICINE™



SHE'S NOT FICTION. SHE'S YOU.

There's a version of you that shows up in your erotic imagination. You might not have thought about her before, but she's there. The fact that you're reading this tells me that she's not the same version of you that exists in your day to day life. At least not yet.

She wakes up in that spicy book chapter you've read four times. In the daydream on your commute. In the audio you listen to with your earbuds in after everyone else has gone to bed.

And then you put the book down. Or the audio ends. Or someone asks you what's for dinner. And she disappears. And the version of you that's left behind feels... smaller. Quieter. Like she's watching her life from behind glass.

Maybe you've stopped noticing that gap. Maybe you've told yourself the alive version is just fantasy, just escapism, just a guilty pleasure but at least you get to be her sometimes, even if its not "real".

Or maybe you notice it every single time. Maybe you feel that version of you come alive and it scares you because you know if you let yourself actually be her, feel like that, then you'll have to face the fact that something in your real life isn't matching up.

Either way, there's a gap. Between the woman who comes alive in your imagination and the woman who shows up to her actual life.

This is about that gap.

Not rushing to close it immediatly. Just... noticing it's there. And letting the version of you who wakes up in your erotic imagination stay awake a little longer.

Because she's not fiction. She's the part of you that remembers what it feels like to be fully alive. And she's been trying to get your attention.

How to use this guide:

Go at your own pace. If something stirs, pause with it. If your body says stop, stop. Hand on your chest, breathe, come back when you're ready. You're in charge here. Always.



YOUR BODY DOESN'T KNOW IT'S FICTION.

When you experience an emotionally charged encounter through reading, listening or watching, your brain fires the same neurons as if it were happening to you not just the characters. They're called mirror neurons, and they don't check whether something is real before they respond. They just respond.

That catch in your breath during a certain chapter? Real. The heat in your belly when he says her name like a prayer? Real. The heaviness in your chest when he leaves and you know he's coming back but your body doesn't? Real. Your nervous system is having a genuine experience. The fact that it's triggered by words on a page or in your ear doesn't make the experience fiction. It makes the delivery system fiction. What's happening in your body is as real as anything else you've ever felt.

This is why you can reread the same passage twelve times and your body still responds. It's not obsession. It's not addiction. Your nervous system is getting something it needs. Like pressing on a bruise... not to hurt yourself, but because your body is trying to process something it hasn't finished yet.

And if you're someone whose body has learned to go quiet... if you read and feel nothing, or feel something and immediately shut it down, that's your nervous system doing exactly what it was designed to do. At some point, feeling things in your body wasn't safe. So your system turned the volume down. But the volume knob still works. It hasn't been removed. It's just been turned so low you forgot it was there.

This is about turning it up. Gently. One notch. Just enough to hear what's been playing underneath the silence this whole time.



BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, LET'S MAKE SURE YOU'RE HERE.

Here as in... in your body. Right now. Because most of us spend our entire day from the neck up. Thinking, planning, scrolling, performing. Your body is just the thing that carries your head around.

So before we ask your body to feel anything, let's check you're actually home.

Try this. You can do it sitting, standing, lying down... wherever you are right now.

Feel your feet.

The weight of them on the floor. The texture of whatever's under them... carpet, wood, cold tile, socks. Wiggle your toes if you need to. Just bring your attention down there and let it land.

Now notice your hands. Where are they? What are they touching? The screen. A blanket. Your own thigh. Feel the temperature of whatever's under your palms.

Now your breath. Just notice where you feel it. Chest? Belly? Throat? Is it shallow or full? Fast or slow? Just notice. That's it.

And now check in.

What's your body doing right now? Is there tension somewhere? Softness somewhere? A buzzing, a heaviness, a nothing? All of those are answers. Even "nothing" is an answer. It means the volume is low right now. That's OK. We're just finding out where you are. And wherever that is... is the right place to start.

If you felt even ONE thing in that exercise you're connected enough to keep going. You just need to feel your own body existing.

A note before we go further:

What comes next involves reading two short passages. They're emotionally charged. Not sexually explicit... but they're designed to stir something. Your body might respond. That's the point.

But if at any point it feels like too much... if your chest gets tight and it doesn't ease, if you feel panicky or spacey or like you're leaving your body instead of arriving in it... stop. Put both hands on your chest. Feel your heartbeat. Feel your feet on the floor. Your body is just telling you where its edge is right now. And that edge needs to be respected. You can always come back and try again another time.



TWO PASSAGES. TWO DIFFERENT FREQUENCIES.

They are short and carefully designed to safely stir sensation, not shock or overwhelm. Read each one slowly and pause in between to reflect.

PASSAGE ONE: THE SACRED PROTECTOR

The rain has turned the street into a river of light, reflections shivering in every puddle. Your jacket clings damp to your shoulders, your pulse quick from the press of strangers. And then, they're there. Unannounced but arriving like gravity.

A hand at the small of your back. Warm. Unshakable. The pressure subtle, guiding you just out of the crowd's path. You catch a trace of night-blooming jasmine, leather, rain, like the storm clings to them but bends around their body instead of breaking them.

Someone jostles your arm. Instantly their frame tilts, strong shoulders becoming a shield. You're not pushed aside, you're gathered closer, tucked into the curve of something that feels like safety in its rawest form.

When you finally look up, violet eyes are waiting. The world reflects in them, light, chaos, but none of it touches their certainty. Their voice is a promise dropped straight into your chest:

"I've got you. Always."

The words echo through places you didn't know were still braced. You test them, leaning, just a little, daring to collapse. They don't move away. They press firmer, wings arching to block the night. And in the hollow of that shelter, for the first time, you breathe without holding yourself tight.

Pause here. What did you feel in your body? Where?

Was there a specific line or moment that stirred that sensation? What was it?

PASSAGE TWO: THE CONTROLLED COMMANDER

The room hums with city light, glass walls glowing faint against the dark. The quiet click of the door pulls your gaze and there he is. No jacket, shirt undone just enough, hair damp as though he's only recently stepped out of the shower. The scent of cedarwood and clean skin threads through the air.

Your instinct is to look anywhere but at him. His fingers don't allow it. They tilt your chin up, pinning you in place. Grey eyes cut into yours, unflinching.

"Eyes on me."

Your body stills. Heat coils low, caught between pulse and breath. He closes the distance with deliberate calm until the warmth of his body is all around you, his hand anchoring your hip, pulling you exactly where he wants you.

"Don't move." His voice is steady, absolute. A command and a promise in one. Every nerve in you wants to yield. His thumb grazes your jaw, claiming the fragile line of your throat, and then his mouth lowers, not touching, just brushing breath against your lips.

"Good girl. Wait for me."

The words unravel something deep. Praise where you expected correction, clarity where you usually find chaos. And for a dizzy, impossible heartbeat, surrender doesn't feel like weakness. It feels like freedom.

Pause here. What did you feel in your body? Where?

Was there a specific line or moment that stirred that sensation? What was it?

AFTER BOTH PASSAGES

Which passage landed harder... the Protector or the Commander? Which did you prefer? Why?

What kind of energy does your nervous system seem to be reaching for?

Did your brain have an opinion that was different from what your body did?

And if you felt nothing...

Was there a flicker? A moment where something almost stirred but got shut down before it landed? Stay with that.

What was the flicker near?

Where was the flicker?

If you could change one thing about either passage to make it land... what would it be?



LET IT LAND.

You just stirred something in your body on purpose. And instead of chasing it, shutting it down, or judging it... you stayed. You noticed.

Sit with that for a second. Hand on your chest if it feels right. Feet on the floor. Breathe.

What are you taking away from this experience?

What surprised you about what your body wanted versus what your brain told you you should want?



SHE'S STILL HERE.

That version of you who showed up during those passages? She didn't disappear when you stopped reading. She's still here. Still paying attention. Waiting to see what you do next.